

THE WAR ON GERMAN TRADE.

A very interesting collection of British-made synthetic chemicals was exhibited at the opening meeting of the Chemical Society, held recently at Burlington House, Piccadilly.

The exhibits included specimens of chloral-amide, chloramine-T., acetanilide, aspirin, paraldehyde, salol, adalin (bromdiethylacetylurea), phenacetin, hexamine, antipyrine, phthalic anhydride, and digitalin, all of which in pre-war times were made only in Germany.

The specimens were from the fine chemical works of Messrs. Boots' Pure Drug Company, Ltd., Nottingham.

The processes employed in the manufacture of these products have been worked out in the Sir Jesse Boot Research Laboratories, where a staff of scientists are wholly engaged in research work; and the products are manufactured in extensive new factories specially erected for this purpose during the past two years at Nottingham.

The success already achieved bears eloquent testimony to the energy and skill with which the war on the German fine chemical monopoly has been prosecuted by Messrs. Boots, and augurs well for the future success of this new British industry.

THE HEALTH AND FITNESS OF MUNITION WORKERS.

The physical fitness of munition workers is of the utmost importance, but certain unavoidable conditions militate against this. Gastric troubles, indigestion, and general debility have caused deterioration of efficiency, a slackening of output and national and individual loss. The remedy that has proved most efficient is milk, not only because of its food value, but because it has been proved to be a curative and healing agent, and to act as an antidote in certain conditions common amongst munition workers, so that they are compelled by the managers of many works to take it in specified quantities each day.

But everyone who deals with milk at the present time knows the difficulty of getting a pure supply in sufficient quantities, and at moderate cost, and of keeping it in proper condition when obtained. Also, many people find a difficulty in assimilating and digesting ordinary milk, and it is not the fact of swallowing a certain amount, but of digesting it that is important.

For all these reasons Horlick's Malted Milk, the value of which does not need emphasising to trained nurses, is used in many instances by munition workers. Its nutritive value is considerably greater than that of ordinary milk, and it can be taken without difficulty by persons of the weakest digestion. It is also obtainable in tablets, which can be dissolved in the mouth when it is not convenient to prepare a drink.

Those interested in the subject should communicate with Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.**"THE GREEN ALLEYS."***

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is so at home with Nature, and so much in sympathy with her, that his writings would always be a delight even if they were not allied to a very charming tale. "The Green Alleys" deals with the Kentish hop-fields, and the romance is connected with master growers, and the love-making is often carried on under the shadow of the vines.

Nathan Pomfret and Nicholas Crown were brothers. Nathan, the elder, was born before the marriage of his parents and in consequence suffered the disability of an illegitimate son. On his father's death he therefore left the farm, which should have been his, to the lawful possessor, his younger brother. The brothers nevertheless were devoted to each other, and the love of Georgina their mother for them both, is the love of one of those forceful women and mothers whom Mr. Phillpotts knows so well how to portray. Though Nathan was debarred from his inheritance he was the master of a prosperous farm adjoining his brother's property, and the relation between the two houses was of the happiest nature. It was not until the advent of Rosa May that any difference arose. Georgina's feeling for her two sons is described as follows:—

She put her hand on Nathan's arm. "You're my first-born and properly precious to me," she said, "and nothing you might have to tell me about yourself would fail to hold me. Your crops and your cattle, your good and your bad—everything to do with you, Nat, is very close to me. But 'tis the price that such steady, solid chaps as you must pay for their level minds and unchanging outlook, that they don't play on a mother's heartstrings like the more wayward sort. 'Tis the flower that has given him most trouble to raise that the gardener makes most fuss about; and difficult children, just for their difficulty, command more care and so more interest and love even than the sort that never want a thought or breed a pang." So, when it came to her knowledge that there was rivalry between her two sons it was the suit of Nick that she would have forwarded. She tells Nat, "I'm somebody still and you're only boys to me, though meh to yourselves no doubt, and I say this, Nat, that you're wrong." Nat tells her, "I can't argue on such an awful delicate subject, my old dear, and I daresay you're right. I don't know how to answer. I almost wonder if you know what you're talking about, or remember what you felt like when you loved father first."

"I should never have thought you could have put Number One to the front like that," she said. "I never did when I was young, and I never taught you to do it." It was Nathan who in the end won sweet Rosa May, and we think she made

* By Eden Phillpotts. Heinemann, London.

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