

# GROWLS

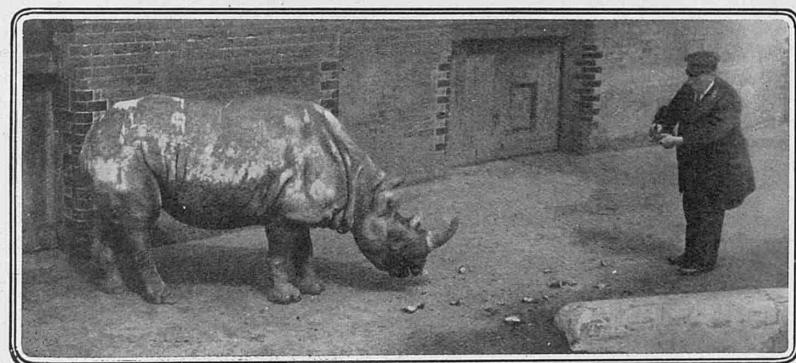
By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

**No More Food.** I wish I were my own great-great-great-grandchild. Not the great-great-great-grandchild of anyone else. I am quite satisfied to be my own descendant. I do not wish this because I have any overwhelming desire to meander through meadows in a stream of future years, but simply and solely because it seems quite within the realms of possibility that in those days, those far-off days, those seemingly so blissful days, there will be "no more food." My great-great-great-grandchild will consume sustenance in tabloid form. Consider the many, the enormous advantages under which my great-great-great-grandchild will exist. To start with, if a woman, she will undoubtedly remain a sylph from early youth to old age. It does not seem quite certain that she will ever show any signs of advancing years. Fearfageitis will be an unknown disease in her day. The Sandow corset will be an unnecessary adjunct of her wardrobe. She will never suffer from "the little more"—and how the hand of the weighing-machine goes round. She will never have to deny herself sweets and cakes. She will have no taste for them. In fact, it is more than possible that she will have no taste at all. At present the sense of taste and the sense of smell are so horribly mixed up that if a spring-onion is on the table one cannot taste a strawberry. But my great-great-great-grandchild will suffer no such inconvenience. The scent of the rose will be to her sublime—it will not be accompanied by an absurd desire to eat it.

**Toothless.** Doubtless my great-great-great-grandchild will be toothless from birth. Shades of Grosvenor Street, of Brook Street, of all those large and sad and tragic houses in the surroundings of Bond Street! The footsteps of my great-great-great-grandchildren will never echo on your tessellated-paved halls. Nor will the shrieks of them sound in the chambers of horror. Toothless, but not mumbling, will that generation pass through life. For them no teething fits between the age of one and three. For them no plates to keep the crooked tooth in its narrow way. For them no crowns, no bridging; no gas, no ether. And if their looks should be impaired? Fashions alter. And in this blessed period teeth will not be the fashion. That is all. Oh, lucky, lucky great-great-great-grandchildren! For them

we do seem to be getting a little tired of mutton." "Tired of mutton? Absurd! Why, we haven't had mutton for two days!" "No, M'm; but master he does like a change." "Well, veal, then." "Please, M'm, butcher hasn't got no veal." "Well, pork?" "He says he'll have a nice piece of pork next Saturday." "Well, beef." "Please, M'm, he can't recommend his beef to-day." Even in the days of aeroplanes it is not permissible to throw a book, or even a pillow, at the head of your cook. You have to mention very quietly that there appears to be no other alternative than to order the mutton which at first you had suggested. And she, as quietly, will acquiesce. But the great-great-great-grandchild will suffer none of these troublous chatters. In a charming little silver box, on a charming little tray, appear the little white tabloids of sustenance. With delicate little sugar-tongs the tabloids will be lifted and dropped into the mouth. Though

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AN INVALID WHO HAS BEEN ON A MILK AND CARROT DIET FOR A YEAR: BREAKING UP FOOD FOR THE "ZOO'S" RHINOCEROS.

The rhinoceros, having been an invalid for the past year, has been indulging during that time in a liberal diet of milk and carrots. He consumed about 15,000 lb. of carrots during the period in question, and the milk bill rose from £122 to £584. He is now much better.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]

toothless, it seems tolerably certain that the mouth will still be there.

**Food is All Wrong.** There is nothing right about food. And nothing like being quite positive and quite extreme in one's views! And so I point it out again. Food is all wrong. The early morning tea and bread-and-butter. The hefty breakfast: porridge, bacon, eggs, rolls, and coffee. The midday meal: joint, hot or cold, cheese, sweets. The afternoon tea; and cakes, and bread-and-butter. Dinner! (As I write I become tremulous at the enormity of it all.) Soup, fish, entrée, meat, and sweets. Think of it,

O people, think of it with horror. Observe the flabby cheeks, the unhealthy colour, the purple flush, the unshapely figure. And try a day in which, whenever the pangs of real hunger reach you, you gently take one sip, but only one sip, of lemon-and-soda. One day and a half, or even two days. You will scarcely recognise your face in the glass. And you will positively loathe the sight of food. It is a habit, of course, this eating; and a very bad habit, too. The more we eat, the more we wish to eat, and the more we do eat. We know the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. But we do not realise that if we eat, eventually we overeat. Should the day arrive in



SIGNING CONTRACTS TO APPEAR IN VARIOUS BULL-RINGS IN SPAIN: LA REVÉRTÉ, THE WOMAN BULL-FIGHTER, SETTLING BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

Photograph by the Central News.



MATADORA (OR MATADORESS?): LA REVERTE, THE FAMOUS WOMAN BULL-FIGHTER, TAKING A LAST LOOK IN HER MIRROR BEFORE ENTERING THE RING.

Photograph by the Central News.

no timid knock upon the door: "The butcher, please, M'm." The startled awakening. "What is there in the house?" "There was a little piece of beef, M'm, and I did think of doing it up for luncheon." "We'll have a leg of mutton to-day." "Well, M'm,

any of our lives when food is no more, in imagination I can hear paeans of praise rising from the lips of every weary woman who housekeeps in our land. "Blessed be the inventor of the tabloid food, for he has given us rest."