

## PEOPLE OF POPHAM

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Probably no properly constituted married person would wish to. But she might.

There are women, I believe, who, when their husbands dine out, look forward to having a poached egg on a chair, as a relief from the routine of a regular dinner. Such women, I can imagine, might very naturally turn to the wrong end of a toasting-fork when they were bored to death with the right end. I can imagine worse ways of enforcing one's views on the rights of women. More dangerous ways, at all events.

But to return to the poached egg on a chair! The egg is naturally on a plate, the plate on a tray, and the tray on a chair.

I give these instructions, in detail, in case any one should care to try the experiment. Like so many amateur recipes, "A poached egg on a chair!" errs on the side of simplicity.

My point about the toasting-fork is that people should be allowed to use the wrong end, if they like, and that it is wrong — tyranny, even — that the perfectly innocent words, "I like the wrong end, thank you," said by the most docile wife to the most indulgent husband, should tend to make a temporary estrangement between them. However married one may be, I think the free choice of the ends of a toasting-fork should be allowed one. Otherwise what becomes of one's individuality?

Of course, there is the toast to be thought of. That is another question altogether.

How I came to be in the position, at the age of six-