

POEMS OF A GREAT RANGE.

Do Smells Mix?

ON the way to the oven a Raspberry Pie
Did a Sirloin, a Duck and a Biscuit espy,
With a couple of Onions of very strong smell,
Who said they were bound for the oven as well;
"Oh, no!" cried the Pie, "we'll go one at a time,
For our flavors are varied, and never would chime;
Our smells would get mixed, and the kitchen would reek
With an odor of everything tainted with leek—
It's out of the question!" "Not so!" cried the cook,
"Come on all together, don't worry—for, look!
The Oven I use is the Souvenir Range—
Aerated, you know—and, though it seems strange,
Your smells will not mix—the current of air
Going all through the oven, moves everywhere;
So come right along, I've no time to wait,
The Souvenir Range will keep you all sweet."
And, true as she spoke it, the fact proved to be,
From all odor of cooking the kitchen was free;
And even the oven, when open the door,
Was as free from all smells as it had been before
The things were put in; this wondrous narration
Illustrates the virtues of good ventilation,
Which means circulation of ever new air,
Passing in and revolving there everywhere;
By a special device which we always arrange,
And which only is found in the Souvenir Range.
The odors, you see, escape as they rise—
Whether coming from onions, or roast meat, or pies—
They pass through a flue, up the chimney, away,
And hence in the oven can't possibly stay;
So you see it saves time, and temper, and work,
When the cook can do pastry along with the "turk,"
And anything else she may wish to provide;
Her labor's made easy and simplified.
For a kitchen this Range is an ornament rare,
One lasts for a lifetime; sold everywhere.