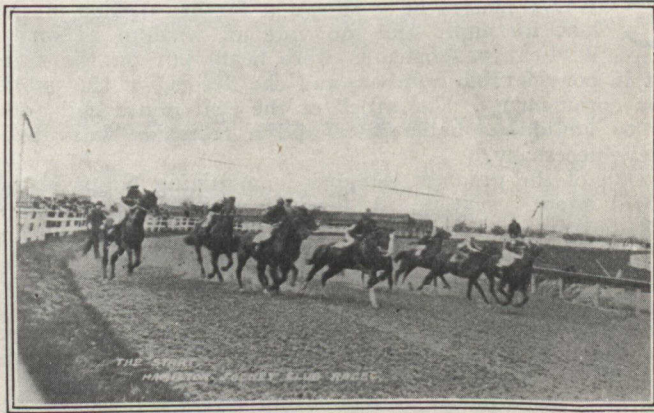
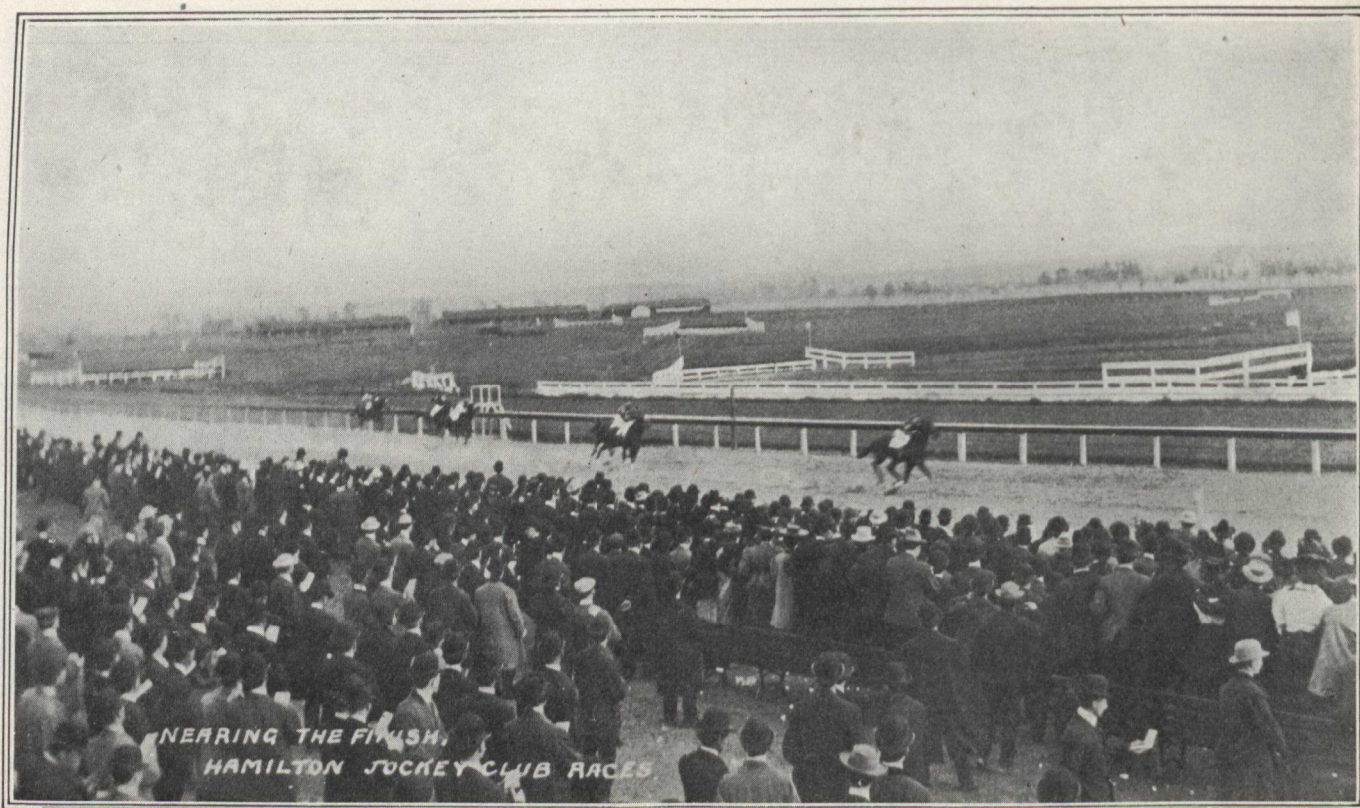




SCENES AT THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES, HAMILTON.

Our Vulgar Foods

"A WITNESS in a New York law court," says the San Francisco "Argonaut," "casually refers to a certain restaurant as being a 'low class establishment,' and he justifies this reflection on the ground that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions figured on the bill of fare. Of course this explanation passed without challenge because in polite society there could be no defense of a restaurant that thus flauntingly catered to tastes that have been relegated to the hopelessly vulgar.

"It is strange that in matters of diet we thus allow ourselves to be dominated by a fashion that sets human tastes at defiance and utterly bans the dishes of which we are most fond. We by no means exhaust the list of forbidden foods when we say that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions must either be avoided altogether or shamefacedly eaten in furtive secrecy. There are many other dainties upon which fashion has set the seal of an arbitrary disapproval. For instance, what is the matter with succotash that it should be ostracised, and why should we abandon hope that we shall find 'sausages and mashed' on the menu card of the society dinner to which—hypothetically—we have been invited? Then, again, why is boiled beef tabooed, with or without carrots, while roast beef is still allowed to hold up its head with the best? Why is boiled mutton in conjunction with the agile caper a mark of gastronomic depravity, while roast mutton is still tolerated, even by men of distinction, men who have more than one suit of clothes and who get their boots blacked every other day?

"The more this matter is looked into the more inexplicable does it become. How long shall we be denied the delights of the baked potato, plain baked potato, sanctified by a dash of salt and, for the luxurious, just a suggestion of butter? Here at least fashion has been

compelled to compromise. We refuse to be altogether deprived of the baked potato, and so we glorify it with a French name and eat it under the mean disguise of 'pomme de terre sautee.' Then, again, there is pork. Every man who has been decently brought up in an atmosphere of family prayers loves pork, and especially roast pork, but on no account must he eat it. He may have a rasher for breakfast, and there are one or two other parts of the pig that are allowed to masquerade under fancy names, but the degraded appetite that frankly yearns for plain roast pork—of course with apple sauce—must sneak away into some vague locality "south of Market" and gratify itself unobserved. The pig, as such, the plain and unassuming pig, the pig of the simple life and the strenuous death, must not appear upon the dining table of society except under an alias that even a detective can not penetrate.

"One day there will come a change. We all of us love these vulgar dishes, and most of us furtively eat them. We do it by stealth and blush to find it known. How willingly we would exchange the flower-bedecked dinner table and the menu printed in a tongue not understood by the common people, for the simple plate of "sausages and mashed," or the succulent boiled mutton, or the entrancing roast pork, or even for the tripe-and-onions, that are so nice and so vulgar. There is many a fashionable hostess who is yearning for a notoriety that mere money can not purchase. Here is her opportunity for a sensation that would raise her in a moment to a pinnacle of popularity and that would make her little dinner invitations sought after by art and literature and wealth. Let her boldly place these prohibited dishes upon her table, calling them by their plain and historic names, without French disguise or foreign trimmings. It would be a stroke of genius, an utter eclipse to her rivals. It would be the triumph of a season."