

CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

Jane Discusses the Restricted Food Problem

By Dorothy L. Warne

You simply can't get away from it nowadays ; it's the sole topic of conversation,—in fact, food is in everybody's mouth. Anyway, when you come to think of it, what a huge factor in life food is. Man uses it on every conceivable occasion to express joy. If Mr. X—— has a million dollars left him by some decrepid relative he invites his pals to a fourteen course dinner (at least, he did before the war). When Mr. S——'s mother-in-law leaves for the Sunny South he hies to his pet restaurant and enjoys himself hugely. But 't isn't always to celebrate joy that we eat. Take the case of the dear old lady watching by her sick husband's bedside. He smells a savoury odour ascending from the kitchen. "Liza," he says, "I could just eat a bit o' that bacon." "Lor', Tom," she replies, "you can't have none of that, that's for yer mourner's supper." Taking it all round, the new food laws are mighty disconcerting, and have nipped many a promising affair in the bud. Jack is a delightfully interesting boy in that cosy little tea-shop with pink-iced frivolities ; but love has got to be an enthusiastic thing to flourish on war bread and buns. Even the most ardent beau cannot put real feeling into his glances when he has taken his best girl out to dine, and he realises with a pang, as the orchestra strikes up "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," that it's only one minute to nine, and that's all that he jolly well will be able to drink to her with. But that is wandering from the food question.

Personally in my own priceless collection of war relics I'm keeping a spud and a lump of sugar.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Brown sent her hubby out with a little string bag to buy a quarter pound of sugar. The girl in the store informed him that only by buying a dollar's worth of other things could he be supplied. He spent a solid hour in making unnecessary purchases up to a dollar, then went home spent and weary. "This is fine, dear," said his spouse, "but, where is the sugar?" He had come home without it after all.

On Tuesday we had a new sort of pie for dinner. Our cook, who's most patriotically economical, was very dark about its origin, but it was pretty tasty anyway. In the middle of the meal little Baby Molly came into the dining-room wailing :

"Pussy's lost," she sobbed. "Twite gone."

Puss ? Puss ?