

THE DOMESTIC QUESTION AS DEVELOPED AT RECENT MEETINGS.—From sketches by E. Jump.



THE PARLOUR KITCHEN 50 YEARS HENCE.

PROFESSOR C.—"Now this is my beau ideal! Beauty, Elegance, and Utility, all combined. "Parlour" from *parler*, to talk (we get that like other pretty ideas from the French). "Kitchen"—a place to work in (decidedly German)—or as our Roman friends have it "Laboratory"—all combined in one charming and savoury apartment. Good again! What have we here, Miss Angelina?"

MISS ANGELINA.—"A standing dish in our parlour, Professor, on the first of January. Bore's head!—he, he!"

PROFESSOR.—"Good again! *Ingenus didicisse*, etc. But really that amiable Doctor, who first suggested the "Parlour Kitchen," would be delighted to see the "Bores of the Period" so sensibly converted into "comestibles" and handled so embracingly by you, Miss Angelina!"



THE PATENT GRIDIRON.

BIDDY.—"If ye please, Ma'am, your new fanglings have dropped me mate in the floor! What'll I do?"

MISTRESS.—"Well, Biddy, Professor Cook tells us that only the carbonaceous portion undergoes combustion, so I suppose you can quickly rescue the fibrinous residue!"

BIDDY.—"Faith, Ma'am, an' if it's this rat trap of a toasting fork ye mane, I wish it gone busted like the mate, shure I niver lost my stake thro' my fryin' pan that way."



THE COOKING MACHINE, 1873.

MARY-ANNE.—"Now this is what I call 'real nice,'—compared to the times Grandma used to talk about, when the girls were perfect slaves, and spoilt their complexions over horrid stoves!"

EMMA.—"Well, there's something natural after all in having manual labour done as it ought to be by men. Thank goodness we've got our 'rights' at last, but what a time it took to get 'em!"