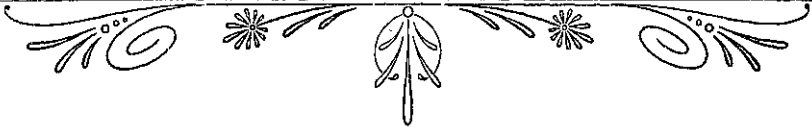




GEORGE'S HOLIDAY.

By H. J. PRIESTLEY.

Illustrated by Ashley Hunter.



GEORGE is not exactly gifted with a genius for affairs domestic; but he thinks he is, and that, I suppose, is a comfortable delusion. It is, however, rather a trial to his woman folk, whom he invariably holds responsible for his failures.

The other day Jean was making pan-cakes, turning them over with an egg-lift. She had no difficulty in doing so, but George did not approve.

"The proper way to turn pan-cakes is to throw them up and catch them. Colonials never do make them properly," he ejaculated.

This was by no means the first time that day that George had taken upon himself to teach his grandmother to—I mean to expound to his wife the mysteries of cooking, and there was a rather dangerous light in Jean's eyes.

"Would you mind showing me how your mother turned them, dear?" she meekly said.

Misguided woman! Benzine is dear, sulphurous language is demoralising, painting masculine burns with white of egg is a thankless task; a mixture of batter, grease, Fox's serge, and profanity, is not inviting in a husband, yet all this Jean brought upon herself in the twinkling of an eye, or, to invent a new metaphor, in the turning of a pan-cake.

It was a large pan-cake; but beards, men's suits, and kitchen hearth-rugs are very absorbent, so we did not get any of it.

I will say that George is not an idle man. Sometimes I wish he were. He hates to see women overworked and attempting things

beyond their capacity, and so he follows us round, suggesting all sorts of labour-saving devices.

I was laboriously rubbing up the hall linoleum, George meditatively sauntering behind and watching me. I hate to have men about when I am on all fours—especially George—and I purposely obstructed his path several times, and accidentally tripped him twice.

"Isn't that hard work?" he enquired.

"Very," I answered, viciously dabbing at his feet. Whereupon exit George with a meditative expression upon his handsome countenance, only to return in two minutes with an enormous bundle in his arms, covered with an ancient carriage rug.

"Get up, Kitty!" he cried. "You women have no idea of economizing labour. Look at that, now!" And he rushed up and down the hall, pushing the bundle, his face growing red, his long legs describing ungeometrical figures in the air, his whole figure forming now an acute, now an obtuse, now a right angle, and finally a straight line, as he stretched himself triumphantly, and cried: "Look at *that!* It's done in half the time!"

I did "look at that." Indeed, I had been "looking at that" all the time as I sat on the stairs well out of the way, wondering where the old carriage rug had been to grow so rich in dust, for as George rushed and pounded up and down the hall, he seemed to extract from it the dust of ages.

"That's the way to do it," he exclaimed, "just come and try, Kitty." So I, though scenting danger, obediently descended, grabbed the corners of the bundle, and, at