

I like potatoes. I dare not say I should like to sing a song about them, for I know only too well what would happen if I did. I should receive manuscripts of the song I *ought* to sing about potatoes from all quarters of the globe, many of them good enough, no doubt, for anybody to sing, and I simply should not have the time to read them, let alone sing them.

But somebody ought to make a song about the potato, if only to counteract all these attacks people make on the poor defenceless vegetable. They say it makes you stout. Well, I eat potatoes, just how and when I like, and whatever else my critics may have against me, they can't accuse Gracie of being stout. Thank goodness, I can eat anything in reason and moderation. It may be just my good fortune, but I have never had to diet, and I hope I never shall. Food doesn't worry me so long as it is good and well cooked.

And if it did, I should be very sorry to take to some of these methods of slimming one hears about, so drastic that they make the woman who is trying to slim far worse in health than if she had been wise enough to let Nature alone. Dare I say that if it is a woman's nature to be stout, that is what she will be? Or shall I get into trouble for interfering in matters I don't understand? After all, quite a number of nice women, and quite a number of fine artists, of the past and the present alike, were and still are stout, and neither they nor anybody else minds.

In any event, why blame it on to the potato, which cannot answer back? Why be cruel to this particular Vegetabuel, when the whole question is so doubtful.

Such injustice is enough to make any potato with eyes in its head weep most bitterly.

