

## ON KETTLES

Probably, my dear reader, I should not be the cause of your condescending to read an article on such an insignificant topic as a kettle; but again, I think that it is good recreation and not a little bit invigorating for people to read a small amount of nonsense at least once or twice a year. No matter at what time of the day or even year it may be, I find a great delight in sitting beside the stove in my kitchen, smoking my pipe and watching the antics of the kettle. I said no matter at what time of the year, but again, I should prefer the winter time, and a cold stormy night, when the windows are covered with frost, and the wind whistles through the trees and rattles the panes in a fierce attempt to dislodge me from my perch.

It is very fascinating to watch the kettle as it boils on the stove, while outside the wind plays havoc among the trees. The cover jumps up and down while the steam pours out at every possible opening. As I sit there, musing, I contemplate the great power that is in such a small amount of steam, and how just such a kettle as this was the cause of the discovery of that power. I am in the habit of picturing James Watt as a very naughty, curious boy, with large inquisitive eyes, always bothering his mother with his very foolish questions. As a man I see him with similar characteristics. As he sits before the stove smoking his pipe, he watches the kettle, while the cover jumps away from the steam as if it had sat on a red-hot stove. I see him go to pour himself a cup of tea, only to scald his hand in the attempt. Then he naturally becomes angry at the nasty steam, and, to punish it, he has it placed in the boilers of steam locomotives and in other places where it can do the least harm possible. I see even another who has received minor injuries go further and make electricity by means of steam. Eventually he has this electricity do the work of steam in running trains and other means of conveyance, all on account of that innocent steam which burned his hand.

Not only in the kitchen is it delightful to watch the kettle, but even when one is away from the usual round of home life. Out at the summer camp, as I sit watching the sun slowly sink on the far away horizon, the kettle is still present. It is my favorite companion. Sometimes one would think that it actually had life and was



trying its best to tell one not to be lonely. Often have I forgotten all about my supper as I sat there, contemplating the jumping and capering of its cover.

But there is a time when I appreciate the kettle more than did Watt or any of his followers. This is when I am hungry or when I wish a cup of hot tea. What a wonderful feeling it is to come into the kitchen and hear the kettle simmering on the stove, ready and willing to serve you! How invigorating to drink a cup of tea after a hard day's work! To me, this is the best service it can render, and I am heartily thankful for this one small favour at least.

Such, in short, are my feelings towards that harmless kettle, be it of iron or aluminum, that simmers playfully or boils menacingly on my stove from early morning until late at night.

—A.E.L., '31

