

SOME FAMOUS FEASTS RECALLED

By Edward B. Clark

RECENTLY there was given in Paris a great feast to the mayors of France. Some of the French newspaper men declared unthinkingly perhaps that in the point of the numbers fed and in the sumptuousness of the banquet it was the greatest affair of the kind ever given in the world.

If the Paris correspondents are Frenchmen they are to be forgiven, perhaps, for leaving out of their calculation another Parisian feast given nearly five hundred years ago. At that banquet 100,000 people were fed. Wine was not served from bottles, but the revelers filled their flagons and cups from fountains which ran the product of champagne and Burgundy throughout the livelong day. It was the English King Henry V. who gave this feast, and it was in celebration of his conquest of France and of his being declared king regent of that country. Of a truth the Parisians may be forgiven if their minds revert not to that former festival.

As a matter of fact there are in gastronomic history scores of dinners that outdid in the number of diners and in the elegance of appointment, the one which the government of France gave to the mayors of the country's municipalities. The story of the banquet which Tigellinus gave to Nero, as it appears in "Quo Vadis," has foundation in fact. That feast was held on a raft made of gilded timbers, the structure being moored to the shore by means of golden ropes. The whole earth contributed of its birds, mammals, fish and plants to the spreading forth of the table. The entire revenue of a Roman province for a year went to pay the cost. The canopy which was spread over the heads of the diners was of Syrian purple, while the glassware was "the plunder of Italy, Greece and Asia Minor."

The cost of the French mayors' banquet, putting it at \$250,000, sinks into the pit of insignificance compared with the amount of money which a single man, Marcus Gabius, spent on his appetite. This Roman epicure of the early empire period paid \$4,000,000 for the gratification of his palate. When he had spent all of his money barring a trifle of \$400,000, he poisoned himself in order that he might avoid the misery of being forced to live on a plain diet.

One needs to go no farther than to England to find a feast at which more people were fed than partook of the French government's hospitality. When Henry III's daughter Margaret married Alexander III of Scotland, 60,000 people partook of the royal hospitality at one sitting. A curious feature of this banquet was the serving to the assembled multitude of whales and porpoises, sea mammals which the English of that day regarded as the chief of delicacies. That their taste may not have been of the most refined may be guessed perhaps from the fact that on the same day they ate glutiously cranes, herons and hawks, birds that would turn the stomach of the bon vivant of today. The Scotch and English on that occasion, in addition to other edibles, disposed of 100 oxen specially fattened for the feast.

The French people may find an instance in their own history of a dinner given by the government in the person of the king, which for novelty and cost far surpassed the gathering at the board of the mayors. Near the end of the fourteenth century Charles V of France wanted to do something nice for the emperor of Germany, so he invited him to dinner, promising him as an inducement to come something which he had never seen before. The emperor came, and guests to the number of many hundreds were seated about the board in a great open pavilion. When the banquet had reached the point between fish and fowl a shadow fell athwart the table, and looking up the astounded banqueters beheld a full-rigged ship with sails all set bearing down upon them. It was impelled across the land by unseen and noiseless machinery. At the edge of the pavilion the vessel cast anchor.

On its deck was seen a knight representing Godfrey de Bouillon surrounded by scores of men at arms. No sooner had the anchor been dropped than there appeared at about one hundred yards distance the city of Jerusalem, with its walls and turrets manned by Saracens. The knights, led by Godfrey, left the vessel, pitched a camp and then attacked the city. The Saracens defended its walls vigorously, and so realistic was the fight that a large number of the besieged and besiegers were injured. When the affair was over Charles V and his German guest went back to their hotel.

The stories of the Arabian Nights' feasts are glittering. It is an easy matter to pick out three or four which would surpass the French affair, but the trouble is the stories are fiction pure and simple. There is, however, one absolutely authentic account of an oriental feast, beside which all the other banquets of history are but as candles to the sun. The Caliph El-ma-Moon was to be married to the daughter of a rich dignitary. The



prospective son-in-law wished to do things in proper style, so he asked everybody, rich and poor alike, within 100 miles of his residence, to attend the marriage feast. The historical accounts of the affair say that ten great palaces with all their rooms could not have given standing room to the multitudes that came. When the people had assembled, the poor as if by instinct, herded together while the rich kept by themselves. In order that the common people might not become impatient while waiting for their dinner, the caliph and his bride stood upon a great platform and directed the movements of a score of servants whose labor it was to shower the poorer guests with gold coin. The coin storm was succeeded by one of small bags of ambergris as valuable as the glittering gold which it followed. Then, as a further diversion, balls of musk were thrown among the people, who scrambled and struggled mightily for their possession. Inside each musk ball was a ticket which entitled the lucky holder to enough land, slaves and horses to make him independently rich. The guests all sat down to dinner together and were served by an army of attendants. If they had been at one long table the man who sat at the head could not have seen the man who faced him at the foot. One of the features of this dinner was a candle of ambergris weighing 80 pounds. This candle, worth a fortune in itself, was kept alight for days by the eastern potentate, who literally had money to burn. The bride sat at meat with the guests, and as she took her place at the table her grandmother approached and emptied a bucket of pearls over her head.

The caliph's father-in-law "went broke" over this banquet and in order that he might reimburse himself the caliph made him satrap of one of the richest Persian provinces. Inasmuch as the holding of this office carried with it the privilege of raising or lowering taxes at will, it may be imagined that the feast-giver was not long in getting even.

The Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, if he could have been consulted through a proper spiritualistic medium, would have been able to give the Parisians some sound advice on how to feed a multitude. There sat down daily as the guests and retainers of the Earl of Warwick during the height of his power not less than 30,000 persons. The Earl was a good entertainer, and some of the banquets which he gave have lived in history, but more because of their size than because of their sumptuousness. He was a believer in beef and ale rather than in pheasants and champagne. The king-maker lived some four centuries or more ago, but may it not be said with some truth today that the different ideas that then existed in England and France as to the proper food exist in a large measure today and find some reflex in the characters of two great peoples?

ODD CAUSES OF INTOXICATION

Fruit and Vegetables Capable of Having Disastrous Effect on the Nervous System.

Those who cannot resist the temptation of too many strawberries should not be surprised if they are attacked with "fruit drunkenness," for it is an extraordinary fact that the excessive eating of strawberries often results in many of the sensations connected with alcohol attacking the eater. These symptoms consist of giddiness, headache, blurred sight and occasionally double vision.

For strawberries contain far more acid than most of the other fruits in season at the same time, and this juice acts very quickly on the nervous system, especially in the case of stout and full-blooded people. Excessive rhubarb eating can also produce symptoms of intoxication, owing to the excess of oxalic acid which lurks in this fruit.

But this is only one of the many ways in which symptoms of drunkenness can be developed, apart from excess of alcohol. It is quite possible to become temporarily intoxicated by excess of emotion, whether it be sorrow, joy or music.

The explanation is that deep emotion deranges the nerve centers, which are thrown out of union with each other, so that such actions as walking and talking become difficult. An invalid who lives on diet for some considerable time, and then suddenly has a huge meal, can quite easily get symptoms of drunkenness on a chop or steak.

Strong coffee on an empty stomach also produces results similar to alcohol, whilst the fumes of turpentine are very liable to render you light-headed. Recently six men were reduced to a rolling condition while unloading a cargo of this spirit from a barge at Bristol, England.

No "Ear for Music."

Dr. Birman-Bera, after making a study of the ears of famous musicians, has come to the conclusion that the construction of that organ has little to do with one's musical appreciation, and that it is not necessary to have even normal ear-drums to become a finished musician.

Dr. Birman-Bera says that his observations have shown that composers as a class have erect, almost vertical ear-drums, and that other musicians other than composers have ear-drums the position of which varies from the slanting to the vertical, including all intermediate forms. Whether Dr. Birman-Bera's discovery will result in the discarding of that handy and much-used phrase, "an ear for music," of course, remains to be seen.

GREAT MEN IN COMMON CLAY

Models by C. A. BEATY Words by GENE MORGAN



WOODROW WILSON.

New Jersey "begs to offer" here a statesman, ripe, though young, who thinks with his own thinker and who talks with his own tongue. He used to run a college which wore ivy on its eaves, and each morn' he'd chuck his college gown and roll up both his sleeves. His hands were full of blisters, but he'd ring the old cracked bell and all the merry scholars would erupt the football yell. And then across the campus in their sweaters—"tiger" hue—they'd rush to greet "Prex Woodrow," cheering Alma Mater, too. Those humdrum days are ended, days of culture, cant and kids; days of research work and lectures, bulldozers, pipes and funny lids. Erasing those fond memories came a blare of brazen brass, thumps of gavel, throaty fireworks, shrieks of commonwealths en masse; cruel cartoons and wierd clay models, rorbacks, crossfire from the foe, miles and miles of unknissed babies, office-seekers all aglow, private cars with speaking porches, lozenge drops for rusty pipes, would-be friendly New York tigers who wore not the Princeton stripes, gay and sad campaign predictions, tin horns, rattlers, megaphones—tender fondness for such terrors no true Princeton scholar owns. But New Jersey men are Titans, skeeter-proof and full of vim, and since cane-rush days of boyhood this one's kept in fighting trim.

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GETTING OUT OF THE WOODS

Simple Rules to Be Observed if One Has the Misfortune to Stray From the Camp.

If you discover that you are lost in the woods, sit down and think calmly back over the road you have traveled, trying to decide where the camp should lie. Then, if you have your compass, and it seems to agree with your judgment, stick faithfully to that direction. Even if you are wrong in your decision, it is better to keep on in one direction, because you may fall in with some stream, and can follow it to a human habitation.

If you have no compass, the sun is an excellent guide during the day. Should the sky be overcast, place the point of your knife-blade on the nail of your thumb; turn slowly until the full shadow of the blade obscures the nail, and you have discovered where the sun is.

You can discover the points of the compass in other ways; by noticing that the tops of the tall trees incline to the north; that the leaves of trees are generally closer on the south side; that their branches are shorter and more irregular on the north side.

To prevent getting into the circle habit break off branches of the bushes you pass. Start a fire, if your match safe is with you—as it should be. Remember that a fire piles up with damp wood makes a dense smoke, and quickly attracts attention. Two fires going at once, one a little removed from the other, constitute a well-known signal of distress among woodsmen. The firing of three shots in succession—two at first, then a pause, then the third shot—is another recognized signal. If you happen to have a gun—Woman's Home Companion.

Kleptomania.

The paragraphist opened his typewriter, adjusted a sheet of paper, lit his pipe and sat for a moment immersed in thought. Then he clicked of a single line of copy. He glanced at what he had written and a look of surprise came across his classic features. Then he gasped, shrieked and went into a fit of hysteria.

His colleagues rushed into the room, but he was beyond human aid. In ten minutes he had laughed himself to death. Then one bethought himself to look at the last lines those fingers, now cold and still, had written. At the top of the all but unaltered sheet appeared these words: "Another shop-lifter arrested in one of our big stores has been dismissed with a warning, and her name withheld from the papers. What used to be called a crime is now yclept a mania."

That was all. But it had caught the paragrapher unawares.

HER LITTLE GAME

By LOUISE OLNEY.

Adela rose in her gray mood that hates itself and all the world. Unfortunately, the mirror was the first thing she looked at—and she winced. Surely, at only twenty-seven, she need not look so drawn and old and ugly. She turned away and getting into her kimono armed herself with towels, soap and toothbrush and prepared to wait for her turn at the lodging-house bath. Her natural fastidiousness made her hate the common bath. If she could have a home of her own, however humble, she would have been satisfied. She liked separateness.

As she waited on the stairs for the opening and shutting of the bathroom door, Mazie Forman, still half-asleep, her eyes dewey, her tail of golden hair over her blue-kimonoed shoulder, joined her. Mazie was flush like a baby after a nap. She was pretty, but trivial, empty, selfish, calculating. She looked Adela over a bit pityingly.

"Say," she remarked, suddenly, thrusting out her left hand to show a new ring set with a chip-diamond. "I'm goin' to get married. What do yuh know about it? You see, I'm sick of this life—nothin' in it. Yuh work your head off an' don't even make ends meet in an office. I can't say I'd rather have Mark than anybody in the world, but he's the best on the list, and he's plumb crazy about me. He's got a little money. I'll have a place to stay and something to eat without worrying about rent and board bills. A girl's got to look out for her future."

Adela looked the girl over thoughtfully. Mazie laughed. She liked this quiet woman nearly ten year her senior.

"Say," she advised Adela, "do you know you're lots better lookin' than I ever was? Trouble is you don't know it and use your looks. You don't make a man know when you're around. You shrink back into yourself. A woman has to make a man want her—that's her little game. Don't you see? You ought to be married this minute. You'd like it—you've got sense and you'd be pretty if you'd loosen up your hair and powder a little and show off! There's Mr. Howe—I couldn't make him look at me—I don't mind owning that I've tried. But you could do it. You're his style. But you act as if he was poisoned meat because you're afraid he'd think you're running after him. Don't you like him?"

Adela gave a gasp and a wave of dull red swept over the velvety dark of her face.

"Do—I like him?" she gasped. Mazie laughed and, seeing her chance, made a run for the bathroom, followed by Adela. They washed and splashed, Mazie silent because she had again forgotten everything but herself, Adela from sheer outraged astonishment. It is awful for a chit of a common child, barely eighteen, to read your own soul before you read it yourself. Did she like Mr. George Townsend Howe?

For a week she shunned Mazie, and then the girl went away to be married. Something new arose within Adela's heart. Had the child been right? She looked up one day at the thought and met the quiet gaze of George Howe bent fully upon her. Her heart stood still and she felt that she paled, then flushed, then paled again, and a sense of shame and guilt oppressed her, and she hated herself. It was base—it was what Mazie called "woman's little game."

For the remainder of the day she worked like a fiend and tried to look at nobody. When she was ready to leave she came from the dressing-room hatted and gloved. Mr. Howe stood at the door, casually went down to the street with her, talking pleasantly, and presently lifted his hat and left her, his grave fine eyes full upon her.

That night Adela was restless. Her down-town life more than ever palled upon her. She was domestic in every taste and instinct, by inheritance and in up-bringing. Only need for bread sent her into the working world. She knew that—and, moreover, she could not forget Mazie's really brutal talk. Was the girl right? Perhaps she, Adela, was foolish and impractical. Her thoughts rested again upon George Howe, and she owned to herself that he was everything that she would like in the way of a husband. He was good and kind and successful; he was pleasant to the eyes. She liked the little things about him, the way he moved his hands, his smile, the timbre of his voice. There was rest and confidence in his presence. In the gray of the morning she finally slept with a new resolve upon her. She would try the woman's little game! Surely it would be no sin to attract him to her—she would afterward make up for it in a thousand little ways.

That morning began a new life for Adela Shaw. Her eyes were brighter, with hope and purpose, she powdered delicately, she arranged her hair more becomingly. There was no great change in her, but in a thousand small ways she became alluring. A bit of bright color at her throat accentuated the velvety dark of her eyes and hair. She thought of herself as attractive, a state of mind and heart which is bloom in itself. Also, the excitement of this—to her—daring thing gave her life and animation.

In a few weeks others in the office

began to notice her. Jennie Thurston asked what had gotten into Adela Shaw, young Phelps would stop to chaff, and once he asked her out to lunch, and then to theaters and parks. She, formerly the lone one, became popular. But, while she often found the eyes of George Howe upon her, he became more and more aloof. She made a timid effort or two to talk to him, and although he was courteous she felt no great friendliness. She spent an agonized night or two over her forwardness, and then absolutely ignored him. But she went straight ahead with her new idea of being attractive. Young Phelps was a year her junior, but she liked going about with him. It amused her, and bolstered up her self-respect. But in her heart she was miserable.

Soon after this she realized that she loved George Howe, and with the agony of the knowledge that he did not care for her, she went to the house of "Kimball & Kimball" and engaged herself for work with them. Then she gave Mr. George Howe, manager for "Howe, Anderson & Howe," a week's notice. To her surprise and relief, he courteously accepted her resignation. He did not ask her a question as to why she was going. It half killed her that he did not care enough—but had he asked her she would not have known how to answer. A substantial increase of salary was her reason to the rest of the office.

A week in her new position, a week a year in loneliness, passed, and Saturday night, one lovely, breathing, rose-scented June night, found her face-down upon her bed, crying it out in the approved, woman's way. Her face was tear-stained; she no longer felt nor wished to be alluring. She was simply wretched. And then she heard the landlady's voice at the door.

"Someone to see you—out on the porch," she said briefly and was gone.

Thinking of some woman friend, she wiped her face, gave a vicious pull or two at her hair and dress, and went down, still not knowing nor caring how she looked. From a porch chair in the dusk rose the figure of Mr. George Howe. He reached out his hand and, taking hers, looked about to see if they were alone. Distrusting the open lodging-house windows, he asked her to walk, and without waiting for her to consent, drew her arm under his and took her out upon the street.

When they had reached a little park space he suddenly stopped and gazed down at her. She was drooping, tired, cried-out—and a bit defiant.

"Look here," he said, abruptly, "do you know that I love you? Did you leave to get rid of me? Do you know how miserable I am without you? Didn't you see all the time how—it was with me? Answer." But she could only shake her head. Shame and truthfulness overwhelmed her. He pursued relentlessly. "Can you truthfully say that you never could—love me?" Again she shook her head. "Answer me in words," he urged. A new, fine courage came to her.

"Oh," she said, with gentle vehemence, drawing her hands away from him, "I—do—love you. No, stay away till I tell you. I do—but at first I didn't—really. I was just lonesome and miserable and I—wanted a home. I liked you and so I deliberately tried to attract you. Now you will hate me. It was cheap and—unthinkable—and unwomanly. I tried to make you—want me. And when I—thought you wouldn't, I found that I had—learned to love you. I couldn't stand it, so I went away. I—am—very miserable, and I'm not fit to love—after doing such a—"

His low, contented laugh made her look up. He took both her hands.

"You—darling!" he said. "No other woman on earth would tell what she had done, or think it unwomanly! Be comforted—for I loved you long before you began to blossom out and attract flies—like young Phelps! I actually thought you might—care for that boy! I was—jealous. Say again that you—really love me."

She said it again, but still he was not content.

Arm in arm they walked under the summer moon, arm in arm they talked and planned—and talked the immemorial nonsense of lovers! She, wondering, blessed Mazie, and the woman's little game—which is to love and be loved in return.

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The Quintet.

All of us demand an occasional holiday, and the dresser of the great actor at the Frivolity had a night off, so another dresser reigned in his stead—a stranger forsooth, unused to the ways of the classic boards.

In due time the great actor arrived, and in due time the makeshift dresser began to dress his temporary master. Time sped on, as is the habit of time, and anon the great actor turned to his mental.

"George," said he, "where are they now? Are they doing the quintet yet?"

George hid him down the passage and to the wings adjacent to the stage. He looked and listened, then hid him back to the dressing room.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he said, respectfully withal; "but there's three young women singing like old boots, and a couple of blokes who keep chipping in every now and again!"—Answers, London.

Britain's Grip on Woolen Trade.

In the woolen trade during the last 10 years Great Britain has made nearly five times as much progress as Germany, and 15 times as much as France.