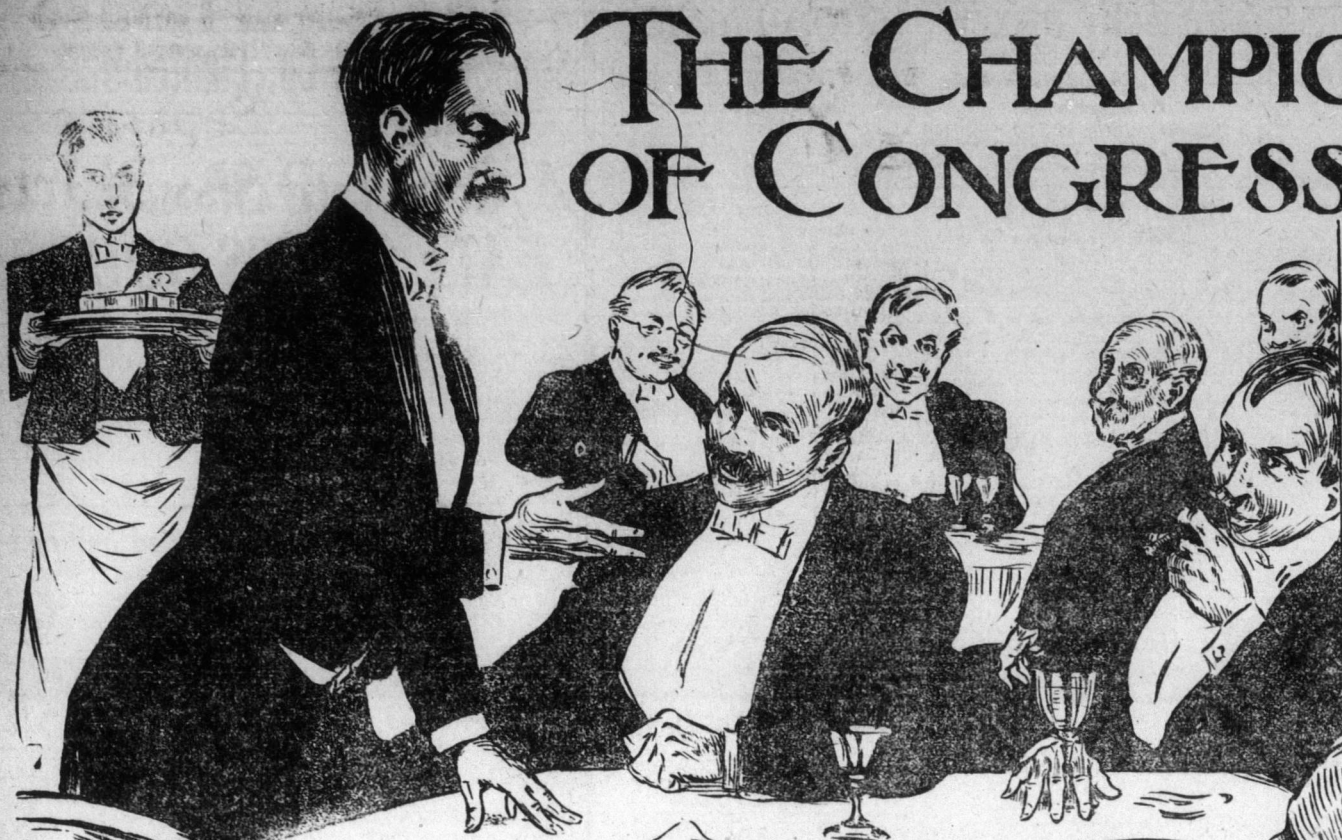


THE CHAMPION DINER-OUT OF CONGRESS



TID BITS

CAPE COD OYSTERS
CELERY
CREAM OF FRESH MUSHROOMS
HORS D'OEUVRE
PLANKED ROE SHAD
POTATOES PARISIENNE
LOIN OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
RICE CROQUETTES GREEN PEAS
SORBET
QUAIL WITH CRESS ON TOAST
CHIFFONADE SALAD
CAMEMBERT AND ROQUEFORT CHEESE
FIVE O'CLOCK ICES
CAKES
COFFEE

A Specimen of the Menus that greet him

Representative Moore's Popularity a Strain on His Digestion

"DINING out is a splendid means of becoming acquainted with people in a personal way—especially for a man holding office does the social dinner or banquet form an important part in his career. No form of entertainment so tends to make a man understand his real position in life; for it is a place where the rough edges are smoothed, and enemies can meet and have a good time."

The Hon. J. Hampton Moore, congressman from Philadelphia, made this declaration the other day. Few congressmen excel Mr. Moore in popularity as a banquet guest either in Washington or in his home city, Philadelphia; indeed, one newspaper reports his having attended 103 banquets in 102 days. This, Mr. Moore says, is slightly exaggerated, although he has a record of about 150 banquets during two years of office.

What Mr. Moore has to say about dining out is of interest. As secretary of the famous Five O'Clock Club of Philadelphia he has made himself, the club and Philadelphia famous. There are few more enjoyable talkers and clever raconteurs when coffee is served than the Philadelphia congressman. There are secrets to success in all trades and professions and even recreations. Mr. Moore says:

"The experienced diner-out must be cautious about his eating and drinking, and though he attend two or three banquets a night at the height of the season, he must yet preserve himself for the business of the morrow. He dare not overindulge."

PERHAPS dining out to you may seem the crowning joy of a congressman's career or any kind of successful career.

Perhaps you picture to yourself visions of Lucullan repasts, with food on hand and wines on the other—an unlimited quantity of rare eatables and drinkables.

Possibly you long for the dainties brought in by the waiters, to hear the popping of corks from apollinaris and other bottles, to eat to your heart's content with the greatest and wisest of the land.

And you dream of going from one dinner table to another dinner table, transitions from one gastronomic heaven to another.

But to be a champion diner-out—to attend a function almost every night for a week, and sometimes two and three affairs a night—you think this must be the acme of human enjoyment.

This is the dream of Congressman Moore. He has reason to be proud of it, not because of any gargantuan feats which he accomplished in the storing away of diets of beef or of something else, but because they attest to his popularity.

Mr. Moore, during his term at Washington, literally goes from one dining table to another, and in Philadelphia from one dining table to the next. But the strain has become such that he declares he is cutting out all but really important functions.

This is an item of news importance to the honorable and ancient clans of good eaters, for Mr. Moore's after-dinner talks were rare treats. They came as brain dessert after the grosser physical foods had begun to assimilate with "extra dry" varieties of third quenchers.

Mr. Moore's popularity, let it be stated, is not due altogether to his good looks. Despite his extensive dining out, he is thin; a suggestion that he may be a reincarnation of the famous corpulent senatorial diner-out of Nero's time will be dissipated when one visits and sees Mr. Moore for himself.

He is of medium height, slight of build, with a pleasant face, alert, keen black eyes and not too luxuriant hair. His charm lies in his manner, which is cordial and unaffected. Most of the dinners he attends are stag affairs. He knows little, and wants to know little, about chic dress and "social flap-doodle." He goes to banquets to meet folks, to help to entertain when he is called upon and to enjoy the spirit of good-fellowship which prevails. Of his dining out, what has he to say?

"I have had experience at dinners from the time when I was a newspaper reporter, when it was a 'Come and get something to eat,' until now when I've got to avoid eating that which comes.

"A man who dines must be cautious. If a man would indulge himself at two and three banquets a night it would be almost suicidal. One would not dare eat and drink all the things that are offered. Discretion in this matter is necessary for the man who would be successful at dinners."

Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, who averages 15 Banquets a Year

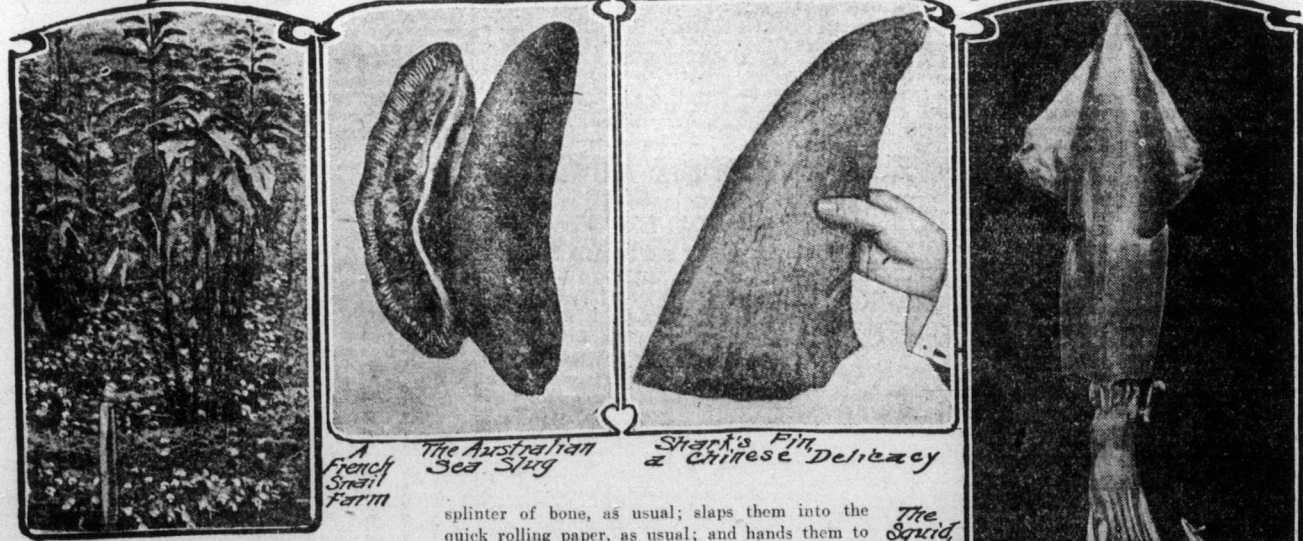
Attending as many banquets as he does, one would imagine that Mr. Moore's fund of stories and talks would run out. The surprising thing is that they don't. And the reason:

"I never prepare a talk in advance; in fact, attending as many dinners as I have, that would be impossible. Usually talk on the spur of the moment, and I pick up topics of interest. A story is good after

dinner—if it is not too long. A joke is an excellent thing. The speaker should be sincere in what he says—and nothing ruins an audience so much as sincerity. There are men, however, who, like Carlyle, won't talk because they fear the terrible consequences of their words."

Mr. Moore went to Washington in December, 1906. Since then Washington has been coming to him—with

Tempting the Palate with Strange Dishes



"NOW," you say to the butcher, "I don't want these chops cut at least an inch thick, because I'm going to have company, and I want to broil them, and I simply can't have them tasting like shoe leather. And do trim off at least some of the bone before you weigh them; I don't think I ought to pay 25 cents a pound for bone, even if lamb is high."

And the good, kind butcher cuts them half an inch thin, as usual; chips off the infinitesimal

death of their quarry, cut the jugular and drink the flowing life stream, confident that it makes them strong and hearty.

Only one generation has passed since a party of bon vivants in Philadelphia sat down to a steak dinner which had been provided by the favorite stand of their host—an experiment in gastronomy regarded at the time with unaffected disgust by their fellow-citizens at home and elsewhere, for the story of the daring innovation was heralded afar.

But those men were not the fools their town thought them. They approached their steaks with mouths as open as their minds. They agreed that horse meat was a mighty enjoyable viand. In the years that have passed, their example and the experience of the Parisians during their fearsome siege has borne highly important results. Horse meat has become a considerable factor in the world's dietary. In Berlin there are regular slaughter houses for horses, and hundreds of tons of the meat are consumed annually.

So with dogs. The dog, until the last ten years, was

splinter of bone, as usual; slaps them into the quick rolling paper, as usual; and hands them to you, with the usual: "There you are, Mrs. So-and-so. Anything more today?"

Cheer up. There are other staples than beef, pork and mutton in the world's larder. Remember, if you want to give a run for their money to those circus society folk in New York who are writing under the exhortations of Mrs. William Astor, you can have a menu of marvels such as are the delicacies of all the climates and races of the earth.

Take a walk through the Italian settlement of your city and buy a few pounds of those black shellfish they call mussels, at 4 cents a pound. Bought in cold weather and served in a cream dressing flavored with their own juices, after they have been steamed like oysters, and you will have a dish fit for the most exacting epicure.

You will find those Italians selling one of the most repulsive-looking fish the seas hold, the squid, or devilfish. Given even a moderately cultivated Latin taste, and you will admit that the squid tastes far better than he looks.

You will always find Neapolitans selling snails, great, big fellows, curled back tightly in their shells. Cook

the piece de resistance of the Sioux Indian alone; horrible the tales that Germany read of the potato on the American prairies, where the abandoned aborigines immolated their faithful dogs in the kettle of hospitality. Today imperial Berlin has its dog abattoirs, under government inspection, where thousands of animals are slain for food every year.

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the menus quotations from the talks of bright members, and a great hit was scored.

"What's the use of printing trite quotations when we have just as good original matter at hand," said Secretary Moore. "Some of the members are saying as great things as some of Shakespeare."

This was the new secretary's first innovation. Others followed. A Five O'Clock dinner was announced, and lo! when the diners assembled there were souvenirs—such as they had never heard of before! One of the first was a clock modeled after that of the old Statehouse in Philadelphia. There were chateaus for the ladies and innumerable other clever novelties. But this was not all. Mr. Moore broke into verse.

Epics flowed from his pen in which the members of the club figured. There were poems of all kinds—and the members and guests were delighted. In the menus, for instance, such a poem as this, entitled "Greeting," was likely to greet them:

Ye ask me the sign of the Five O'Clock Club!
It is "Enter and be of our kind."
Ye ask me the time of the Five O'Clock Club!
It is "Now," when we look not behind;
Ye ask me the law of the Five O'Clock Club!
It is "Solace for body and mind."
Then follow the sign, if ye please,
In the time that dawns welcome ye here,
For the law setteth each at his ease,
And the life of the day disappear.

Guests were entertained by the club from all parts of the country, and from \$4000 to \$5000 a year was spent making the hospitality of Philadelphia famous. As a consequence, Mr. Moore was invited here, there and everywhere, and when he went to Washington he was already well known.

"I had little difficulty when I got to Washington," said Mr. Moore. "I had already met many men at the dining clubs. The social feature of the dining club is of great advantage to the man in public life—you get to know men in a more personal way. You learn the good qualities of those about you."

"What, in your opinion, is the secret of a dinner's success?" was asked.

"Much depends on the manner of the banquet, on the inspiration. If a dinner is for committing some one to some project or policy, or is called with a purpose behind it, it may not be as successful as the host could wish. If a chairman is weak, or cannot appreciate the merits of his guests, he may not be able to get them to assemble again. An incompetent chairman could spoil any dinner. A cold, inconsiderate chairman will not make friends. A good material about every board—and a good chairman should be able to get something out of every dinner."

"Some men hesitate to speak—a good chairman can make almost any man appear in good form."

"How did you learn the art of talking?"

"I just did it," replied the congressman with a smile. "It was at the Thistle Club, and I got up, nerved myself and talked."

HELPS IN A BUSINESS WAY

"Do congressmen do much dining?" was asked. "Some do and some don't. The majority are not active diners-out. Some are too busy; some won't. Some senators will not dine unless they have a month's notice beforehand. Some are dreadfully dilatory about making an utterance, and want to prepare things carefully, fearing the dreadful effect of their grave opinions. Some go without preparation."

In Washington, as elsewhere, as I say, by dining out one gets in more friendly touch with people, which helps one in a business way later. Among the banquets in Washington, those of the Gridiron Club, of course, are the best known. They get most distinguished speakers, and one derives genuine pleasure listening to them. Vice President Fairbanks is one of the most delightful hosts.

Last May Congressman Moore attracted country-wide attention by introducing an act to regulate laundries. In Washington the tearing of one's clothes by the laundries has long been a matter of complaint, both with residents and officials and their families. The act, which would prevent Mr. Laundryman from eating up your dress shirt with acids, provoked a great deal of good-natured raillery.

"But it is a serious proposition—this laundry business," declared the congressman. "When one dines out he must wear clean shirts, and he doesn't want a shirt frayed like a flag turned loose in the breeze. It is true that I wear clean shirts, but I have only two shirts and lost one, nor that I had 102 shirts to wear to 102 banquets. But the shirts I did have were so badly destroyed by the laundries that I had to buy new ones. My experience was not different from dozens of other men who came to me. Regiments of government clerks, whose salaries were being eaten up, thanked me for the action. I expect to see the bill passed next term."

In a speech before the House last May Congressman Moore had this to say:

"The purpose of the bill has no other significance than that it is desired to compel the laundries to treat the public to their laundries to treat it decently and return it in good order. Why should we have to lay aside the aggravation which comes to men and women alike as the result of their nerve-racking experiences, why should not the proprietors of these establishments give the same careful attention to their work as is required in other lines?"

Why should they be permitted to wantonly destroy property that is placed in their hands? The more the property of the grocer against the sale of adulterated food products, the more the property of the laundry against the destruction of the property of the public. The more the property of the laundry against the destruction of the property of the public, the more the property of the laundry against the destruction of the property of the public.

Of course, it is needless to remark that the laundry question assumed more than ordinary importance to one so popular as Mr. Moore—with seventy-five banquets a year!

them and try to eat them, and you will long to return and commit murder. But make yourself a French restaurant and order French snails, and you will think of planning a small farm in your own backyard.

There are four husband four and you adventurous, there is nothing to debar you from a trip to Chinatown and a banquet there, whose delights will titillate your palate, as its expense will stagger your economical humanity. But don't abstain on any score of taste. Shark's-fin soup is truly a delicacy, and birds' nest soup, made from nests of oriental swallow, glued together with the saliva of the fowl and gleaned from cliff faces at imminent risk of life by hardy hunters, is worth the \$5 you two will pay before you get enough of it.

It is really nothing more than a matter of taste, after all. The palid clay-eaters of the Carolinas would look with horror on the hungry Russian of the autumn of 1906, who is today mixing common weed seeds with his wheat to stay his avid stomach, while the starving Chinese will shrink in gratitude at sight of a lone tree from which they can strip the bark.

You will pay 50 cents this winter for a brace of rabbits, and thank your lucky stars to get them. In Australia, not long ago, at a shearing camp, the men nearly murdered a cook for serving them rabbit stew. There the rabbit is vermin, on a plane with rats. But a kangaroo's tail, stewed, is esteemed a dish for millionaires.

In Egypt the locust comes down nowadays, at times, as plausibly as it did when patriotic Pharaoh was cursed for his policies. Immense clouds, impossible of destruction, settle on harvest fields and leave the land bare as a brickyard. But the natives have learned a thing or two since Pharaoh got in bad on the Semitic question. They garner the locusts instead of the grain. In soup and in locust cakes, the depredators are a prized article of diet, and Europeans who have eaten them agree that they taste very good.

In Africa the natives have a special bonhom, made of cicadas, in which the insects are combined with crushed dates. There are honey ants, whose abdomens, containing a single drop of purest honey, is bitten off by modern epicures when they are procurable. Caterpillars, humble bees, crickets, butterflies, sea slugs—these are not the chosen viands of the omnivorous Digger Indian. Among them are delicacies that have been honored by such unspoiled tastes as the appetites of English school children, on the one hand, and such cultivated palates as those of Greeks and Romans on the other.

Problem of the Airship's Flight

THE aeroplane alighted gracefully and easily on the ground between the residence of Professor Sayer, the famous astronomer and mathematician, and the domed observatory a few rods away.

The professor, wearing a dressing gown and a studious skull cap, appeared in the hospitable doorway. "Gentlemen," he remarked, pleasantly, "you are unexpected, but welcome. May I ask your names?"

"We," responded the older of the two aeronauts, "are the enigmatical Blank Brothers."

"Oh, yes; distinguished honor, I assure you. Have you come any distance?"

"Only thirty-six miles. We were trying out maneuvers in circling most of the way."

"You look rather tired. Come right in. Did you make good speed?"

But here the enigmatical Blanks balked. Yet some sort of reply was needed, so, with a quiet grin, one of the air winds answered: "Well, if we had made it another mile faster an hour we'd have been here three hours earlier."

"Quite a remarkable feat, gentlemen," rejoined the professor, with his dry, answering smile. "You have made a record for slowness. You came at the rate per hour of—"

But just then the clouds broke away, and the astronomer hastened to excuse himself: "I must be at work in the observatory. I'll send some one to look after you."

How many miles an hour did they travel, anyway?