

TALK OF EUROPE

EVER since the armistice, the French secret-service has been busy throwing a net round all those suspected of intelligence with the enemy. The 'Affaire Judet' is now in the public eye.

M. Judet, former editor of the *Eclair*, who is alleged to have had dealings with the enemy, is taking action for libel against Madame Bossard, who accuses him of having shared with her husband money received from Herr Romberg, the German Minister in Switzerland. According to the Lucerne correspondent of the *Matin*, Maître Schaller, who was asked to defend M. Judet's interests, has declared that he could do so only when M. Judet returned to France and disposed of the accusations against him.

Madame Bossard, continuing her revelations, alleges that at a second interview at the villa, at which Herr Romberg, M. Judet, the Deputy, Paul Meunier, and her husband were present, she overheard the German Minister say, 'We shall conquer. We have hundreds of thousands of Polish slaves or Russian prisoners who are grubbing up our land. France will never be able to starve us. If she believes she can, she is strangely mistaken.' Madame Bossard asserts that while the German Minister was in the villa, she was ordered to act as policeman in the house, to keep the servants away and watch the smoke-room, where Romberg was received. As to the money received, her husband told her about it. When Bossard obtained the reward of his intervention, thanks to which Romberg could meet M. Meunier,—the amount Madame Bossard alleges was £20,000,—she says her husband seemed very unhappy because he had to share it with Judet. 'It was my husband who, unknown to Judet, proposed the sale of the *Eclair* to the German Minister. He confessed to me that he had received the price demanded in the Jagow telegram — £56,000 — and had given a receipt for this sum to Romberg. After-

ward he made attempts to get back the receipt.'

The Comtesse de Martel, writer of numerous novels under the pseudonym of 'Gyp,' who was a neighbor of M. Judet at Neuilly and wrote for his paper, has been heard at the inquiry here. She says that until she receives proof she will refuse to believe that M. Judet has betrayed his country. Judet was a pacifist, she adds, but for her his pacifism had nothing in common with the defeatism of the anti-patriots. 'Gyp' was mixed up with 'Boulangism' and the Dreyfus affair. She knew Paul Déroulède, and on one occasion was imprisoned for a few days.

DENBY DALE, in Yorkshire, is debating as to whether or not it should celebrate the peace season with a traditional giant pie.

As far as one can discover, the first of the Denby Dale pies was a serious loyalist effort signifying the satisfaction of the inhabitants in 1788 at the recovery of George III from a grave illness. In 1815, to mark the signing of peace between England and France, another pie was built (an architectural word is really called for). Twenty fowls and a sack of flour were used on this occasion — a quite moderate effort compared with some that were to follow, and not equaling in the number of its inhabitants the famous traditionary pie that housed four-and-twenty blackbirds. The pie of 1846 had a political flavor, celebrating as it did the repeal of the Corn Laws. This pie was such a dish as Pantagruel would not have despised in his hungriest moments. There is a fine Rabelaisian flavor, indeed, about its whole story. It was seven feet in diameter and one foot ten inches deep. Thirty-one horses were employed to drag it through the streets of the village, and its procession is said to have been witnessed by 60,000 persons. Its crust was made of 40 stones of flour, and in its cavernous belly were five sheep, one calf, 140 pounds of beef, 13 dozen pigeons, five

hares, 81 couples of rabbits, ten brace of poultry, six couples of ducks, five brace of pheasants, 12 brace of grouse, 133 brace of small birds, 91 pounds of beef suet, 32 pounds of lard, and 26 pounds of butter.

The fourth Denby Dale effort was as disastrous as it was magnificent. It received an encouraging 'preliminary notice' in the local press, which announced that, to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the inhabitants of Denby Dale would bake, in a specially constructed pan placed in a specially constructed oven, a pie two feet deep and measuring eight feet six inches from rim to rim. It would require two and a half 'packs' of flour, and among its ingredients would be between 200 and 300 pounds of beef, mutton, pork, etc. 'Geese, fowls, grouse, and small birds will be among the tasty morsels enclosed within the crust.' Special plates were to be provided embellished with portraits of the Queen and a suitable inscription. These would be sold on the spot to pie-buyers. The newspaper which contained this fine promise printed the next week, under its local news, this harrowing paragraph: 'Kirkheaton—This village contributed largely to the disappointed multitude that went to have a look at the big Jubilee pie. Every kind of conveyance was called into requisition to convey to Denby Dale from this district hundreds who, on returning in the evening with disappointed looks, were loud in their anathemas against the committee of management.'

It was a sad story. The pie was 'high.' The *Yorkshireman* of that date has a satirical account of the scene 'when the pie was opened.' The opener had been furnished with a specially prepared knife, two feet six inches long, and a fork to match. 'The first lash into the crust with this enormous knife,' says the *Yorkshireman*, 'produced effects the plain statement of which is discredited by the public who were not there. But the simple truth is that, while the crowd was utterly uncontrollable and was crushing up round the pie-dish until the carver had no elbow-room, the mere opening of the pie and the fragrance from it instantly cleared a space of 20 feet on either side.' It is said that a man secured a piece of the pie and took it to Bradford, and that

'the moment he produced his trophy there was a sudden and general disposition of the company to go elsewhere.'

After this unhappy venture 'Denby Dale pie' seems to have become one of those bywords that need only to be said to raise a laugh, just as one may raise a laugh by simply saying, 'Desist!' if one is clever enough to look something like Mr. Robey while saying it. An advertisement of a sale of rugs at that time begins: 'This is not a Denby Dale pie story'; and included in the programme of music to follow a cricket club's annual dinner is 'a song composed on the Denby Dale pie.'

Smarting, doubtless, under the anathema of Kirkheaton, and fearful lest one bad pie should corrupt a good custom, the committee of management set to work again. A second Jubilee pie was produced, and it gave satisfaction to 3,000 hungry souls. It contained 47 stones of beef, one calf, one sheep, 48 stones of flour, and 100 stones of potatoes. Another pie, almost as large as the Jubilee pie, was made when the South African War came to an end.

R. H. S.

At the sale of government cars recently held in London, one of the cars was described as a 'rattling' good one. It is said that the sale included a tame squirrel trained to run behind and pick up the falling nuts. Truly English humor is of a more gentle kind than ours.

A RECENT dinner conversation in an English country house turned on the curious sights seen on the road. There were many notable experiences, but they were all capped by this story, told by one of the guests, which surely deserves the epithet 'unique.'

'I was driving into Winchester,' he said, 'some fifteen years ago, with my wife, and on the road, some distance ahead, we saw two men shoving a handcart, which seemed to be occupied by another. On getting near we found that the owners of the cart were two sailors, and the occupant a seal, lolling in a well at the back of the vehicle, in which there was a little water. The startling thing, however, was that the seal wore an old top hat, and seemed quite happy and