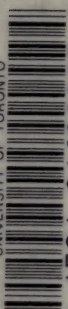


THE GOURMET'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

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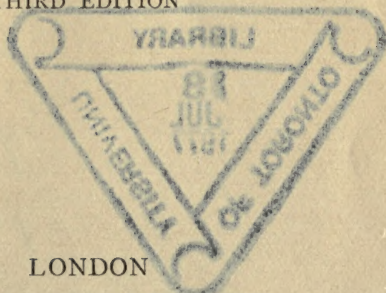
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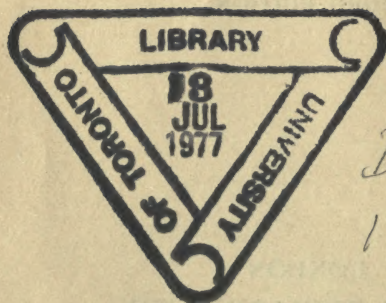
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THIRD EDITION



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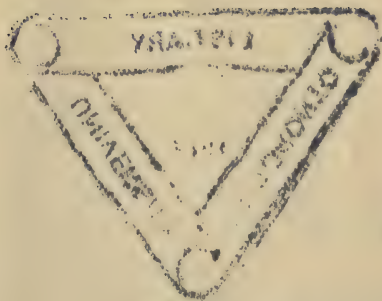
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*The pleasures of the table
are common to all ages and
ranks, to all countries and
times ; they not only har-
monise with all the other
pleasures, but remain to con-
sole us for their loss.—*

BRILLAT SAVARIN.





PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

My idea in writing this book is to give information to travelling Anglo-Saxons, of both sexes, who take an interest in the cookery and food of the countries they pass through, and are not content to dine and breakfast every day at the hotel in which they may happen to stay.

In the present edition a considerable amount of new information regarding the bourgeois restaurants will be found in the Paris chapter, and the chapter on the restaurants of French provincial towns has been amplified. I have rewritten the chapter on Berlin from personal experience, and have dealt more fully with The Hague, Geneva, and the Northern Italian towns than I did in previous editions. I have carefully gone through the book, and corrections and additions will be found in every chapter. I have added to the information concerning the dining possibilities of most towns, some slight indication of what amusements are to be found "after dinner," and I hope that this feature may prove useful.

Once more I thank Mr. Horace Lennard for bringing up to date the Belgian chapters.

I record with much regret the death of Mr.

Algernon Bastard, who was my collaborateur in the first edition of this book.

I once more plead extenuating circumstances should there be any inaccuracies in the book, for it is very difficult, even with willing helpers, for one man to keep his eye on all the restaurants of Europe.

With the publisher's cordial assent, no advertisements of any hotels or restaurants appear in the book.

As travelling gourmets, for the good of the great epicurean brotherhood, have helped me in the past by sending me information of any new dining-places which can be recommended, and of any alterations and improvements in old-fashioned ones, so I hope they will continue to do in the future. I am particularly indebted to several German and Austrian gentlemen who have written to me concerning the chapters on their countries. Any letters addressed to me at the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

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I

PARIS

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AN Englishman who loved his Paris beyond any other city of the world once said to me, as we stood chatting in the Place de l'Opera, "If you find the central spot of this square, you may rap your stick upon it and say, 'This is the centre of the world.'" Paris is certainly the culinary centre of the world. Wherever the great cooks are born—and most of them as a matter of fact see the light in the Midi—they all come to Paris to learn their art, and then go out through the whole civilised world as culinary missionaries preaching that there is but one cuisine, and that the Haute Cuisine Française.

France is the country of good soups, of good fish, of good vegetables, of good fowl, of good sweets. *Hors d'œuvre* are a Russian invention, and are only to be tolerated when at a restaurant they keep a diner in good temper while the chef is cooking the fish. Oysters, prawns, and caviare may, I think, be excused from this anathema; but the real gourmet who orders a dozen *Cancales* or *Marennés* with which to commence

a dinner rarely introduces fish into his menu. Caviare, be it black or grey, be it sent from the land of the Volga or the states of the Danube, is too excellent to be a mere relish. It is a dish for *déjeuner*; and the man before whom has been placed a jar of good caviare sunk in cracked ice, who has a fresh lime and some Brittany butter at his elbow, and who is brought relays of hot toast, may well leave the consideration of the *plat* which is to follow until his appetite for caviare is appeased. Curiously enough, the squeeze of lime or lemon juice on the caviare was not originally intended to give a contrast of taste. When transport was less rapid, the caviare which reached Western Europe was not always as fresh as it should be, and the lemon juice was used to disguise any musty taste. Soup, in my humble opinion, should be the *hors d'œuvre* of a dinner; and a thimbleful of strong hot soup to commence a meal would, I believe, stimulate without cloying, and leave a diner with an appetite unimpaired for the dishes that are to come. This, however, is my own little pet heresy, and I do not wish to insist upon it. Russia is the only country the soups of which can compare with those of France. Ever since the days when Henry IV., whose memory is honoured in the name of more than one soup, vowed that every French peasant should have a fowl in his pot, soup, from the simplest *bouillon* to the most lordly *consommés* and most splendid *bisques*, has been better made in France than anywhere else in the world.

Every great cook of France has invented some particularly delicate variety of the boiled fillet of sole, and Dugleré achieved a place amongst the immortals by his manipulation of the brill—I always find, may I say in parenthesis, that a safe card to play in any Paris restaurant and in any good restaurant of the provinces is to ask for the “sole of the house” at the fish stage of the dinner and the “*fine* of the house” with the

coffee. The soles of the north of France are as good as any that ever came out of British waters; and Paris—sending tentacles west to the waters where the sardines swim, and south to the home of the lamprey, and tapping a thousand streams for trout and tiny gudgeon and crayfish—can show as noble a list of fishes as any city in the world.

The *chef de cuisine* who could not enumerate an hundred and fifty entrées all distinctively French, would be no proficient in his noble profession. The British beef stands against all the world as the meat noblest for the spit, and Scottish sirloins are sent as far south as Monte Carlo, but the French ox which has worked its time in the fields gives the best material for the soup-pot; and though the Welsh lamb and the Southdown sheep are the perfection of mutton young and mutton old, the lamb nurtured on milk till the hour of its death, and the sheep reared on the salt-marshes of the north, make splendid contribution to the Paris kitchens. Mutton is often described on the bill of fare by the name of the breeder of the sheep. Several of the great sheep-breeders of France, the Marquis de Behacque amongst them, have imported Southdown sheep, and the mutton called by their names has an English ancestry. Veal is practically an unknown meat in London; and the calf of Pontoise, which has been fed on milk and yolk of egg, and which has flesh as soft as a kiss and as white as snow, is only to be found in the Parisian restaurants. Most of the good restaurants in London import all their winged creatures, except game, from France; and the Surrey fowl and the Aylesbury duck, the representatives of Great Britain, make no great show against the champions of Gaul, the fowls of Mans and Houdan and Bresse, and the duck of Rouen, though the Norfolk turkey holds his own.

A vegetable dish, served by itself and not flung

into the gravy of a joint, forms part of every French dinner, large or small; and in the battle of the kitchen gardens the foreigners beat us nearly all along the line, though I think that English asparagus is better than the white monsters of Argenteuil. A truffled partridge, a partridge *à la Bourguignonne*, cooked in a terrine with a red wine sauce, or the homely *Perdrix aux choux*, or the splendid *Faisan à la Financière* show that there are many more ways of treating a game bird than plain roasting him; and a woodcock, in my humble opinion, never tastes so well as when it has been *flambé*, an *auto-da-fé* which takes place almost under the diner's nose. The Parisian eats a score of little birds we are too proud to mention in our cookery books; he knows the difference between a *mauviette* and an *alouette*, and I trust insists on his cook not sending him to table the skylarks, for a true gourmet should never encourage the slaughter of any winged thing that sings. Perhaps the greatest abasement of the Briton, whose ancestors called the French "Froggies" in scorn, comes when his first morning in Paris he orders for breakfast with joyful expectation a dish of the thighs of the little frogs from the vineyards. An Austrian pastry-cook has a lighter hand than a French one, and the heathen Turk makes the best sweetmeats in the world, but the Parisian open tarts and cakes and the *friandises*, the creams, and the ice, or *coupe-jacque* at the end of the Gallic repast are excellent.

Let me omit the regulation long moan over the disappearance of the great restaurants, the dining-places which made much culinary history. The Riche, the Café Véron, Hardi's, D'Hortessio's, Bignon's, the Trois Frères Provencaux have either disappeared or have been converted into brasseries or tavernes, and men swill beer in the Marivaux where poor Joseph flourished his knives over ducks of surpassing juiciness.

The Maison Dorée and the Grand Vefour have been the most recent additions to the list of casualties. At the Maison Dorée I was one of those friends of the house who were allowed to choose any two dishes from the luncheon carte for a quite ridiculously small sum of money, and the old waiter who wore the decoration for long service treated me with as much respect and as great deference as though I had thousands of francs to spend. At the Grand Vefour, the house to which M. Hamel, cook to the king, brought in the time of Louis Philippe the surplus crockery from the palaces, that his clients might dine from royal china—but now, alas! turned into a tavern and an American bar—I, while still a very small boy at Harrow, made my first essay in selecting a dinner at a Parisian restaurant. I ordered one dish, quite at random, and then sat, very small and rather afraid, looking at the mirrors and the gilding, wondering what I had ordered, whether it would be very long in making its appearance, and whether I should have enough money to pay for it when I had eaten it. When my dish did appear, it was a strange, dark-looking thing, which I eventually discovered was a *râble de lièvre*. I fancy that the stately *maître d'hôtel*, who carved the dish for me with all dignity, must have been inwardly much amused at the disappointment of the small patron. I had hoped that something very sweet, with plenty of cream and sugar in unexpected places, would appear, for I had chosen far down the bill of fare. The Grand Vefour has gone the way of all flesh, and the Verdiers, now that the Maison Dorée is no more, are scattered about Paris. Casimir, the great cook of the Maison Dorée, went to the Champeaux, and I have, at various times, heard of others of the family at the restaurant on the Isle de Jatte, where the duellists breakfast after scratching each other on the forearm, and at the Restaurant des Fleurs, which now calls

itself Le Grand Vatel. But, as I have written, I do not propose to deliver a funeral oration over the dead restaurants. Some of the classic restaurants still survive, and happily flourish.

THE CLASSIC RESTAURANTS

Two restaurants in particular, the *Café Anglais* and Voisin's, have undisputed right to classic honours, and Paillard's I think may be allowed to scrape into this category.

The *Café Anglais*, the white-faced house at the corner of the Rue Marivaux, has a history of more than a hundred years. It was originally a little wine-merchant's shop, with its door leading into the Rue Marivaux, and was owned by a M. Chevereuil. The Peace of Amiens first brought it into favour with the English, and at that period the charge for a dinner there was three louis. The ownerships of MM. Chellet and de L'Homme marked successive steps in its upward career, and when the restaurant came into the market in '79 or '80 it was bought by a syndicate of bankers and other rich business men who placed it in the hands of its present lessee. The Comte de Grammont Caderousse and his companions in what used to be known as the "Loge Infernale" at the old Opera, were the best-known patrons of the *Anglais*; and until the Opera House, replaced by the present building, was burnt down, the *Anglais* was a great supping-place, the little rabbit-hutches of the *entresol* being the scene of some of the wildest and most interesting parties given by the great men of the Second Empire. It was to the *Anglais* that Rigolboche raced in the costume of Eve from the *Maison Dorée*. The history of the *Anglais* has never been

**The Café Anglais,
13 Boulevard des
Italiens**

written because, as M. Burdel, the lessee, will tell you, it *nèver could* be written without telling tales anent great men which should not be put into print ; but if you ask to see the book of menus, chiefly of dinners given in the "Grand Seize," the room on the first floor, the curve of the windows of which look up the long line of the boulevards, if you are shown that treasure you will find in it records of dinners given by the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, by the Duc de Morny and by D'Orsay, by all the Grand Dukes who ever came out of Russia, by "Citron," and Li Hung Chang, and Le Roi Milan, by the lights of the French Jockey Club, and many other celebrities. There is one especially interesting menu of a dinner at which Bismarck was a guest—before the terrible year of course. While I am gossiping as to the curiosities of the Anglais I must not forget a little collection of glass, mostly with gold initials, and silver in a cabinet in the passage of the *entresol*. Every piece has a history, and most of them have had royal owners. The great sight of the restaurant, however, is its cellars. Electric lamps are used to light them, luminous grapes hang from the arches, and an orange tree at the end of a vista glows with transparent fruit. In these cellars, beside the wine on the wine-list of the restaurant, are to be found some bottles of all the great vintage years of claret, dating back almost as far as Noah's vineyard, an object-lesson in Bordeaux ; and there are little stores of brandies of wondrous age, most of which were already in the cellars when the battle of Waterloo was fought.

A dreadful shock was given in the early days of June 1910 to the habitués of the Anglais when they found on the white front of the restaurant a great placard announcing that the building was for sale. The sale was necessary owing to some difficulty in division of the property, and was the result of the com-

plicated French law of succession. Francs 1,300,050 were bid for the building, which passed into the possession of a Belgian syndicate. Till the termination of the present lease the restaurant will be carried on as before. What will happen when the lease falls in, only the members of the Belgian syndicate know.

The Café Anglais does not advertise itself in any way. Until late years its name was in very small golden letters on its front; but some new glass plates with big lettering have now been put over the windows. A majority of people who did not know their Paris used to pass its white-curtained windows without any idea that it was a restaurant, and it still requires a little moral courage for a stranger to walk into an establishment which so obviously keeps itself to itself. Once inside, however, this feeling disappears; the ladies in black silk who sit at a desk in the tiny hall facing the door smile reassuringly, and either in the triangular room to the right, where a gilt tripod gives light in the centre of the floor, or in the two little rooms to the left there is sure to be a table vacant. There is the charm of perfect quiet about the Café Anglais. No man dining there ever rushes away from it to go to a theatre or a business appointment. If a first act has to be missed, or somebody kept waiting, it is a regrettable necessity; but to hurry over a lunch or a dinner at the Café Anglais would be a crime as dastardly as *lèse-majesté*.

The three downstairs rooms are all white; the service is absolutely silent; the plump head-waiter has learned the secret, which, until I became a frequenter of the Anglais, I believed was only possessed by the dignitaries of the Church, of being fat without being hot; the linen and the silver on the tables are perfection. There are tiny details of the service at the Café Anglais I always enjoy: I

like, for instance, the heart-shaped little paper slip put on the neck of the bottle of any decanted wine, with the cru and the year noted on it. I feel personal satisfaction when M. Burdel, very distinguished in appearance, with iron-grey hair *en brosse*, and with the broad black ribbon of his eye-glasses stretching across his shirt-front, walks through the rooms, bowing to a client here, making a suggestion there. When he halts at my table and inquires whether I have had a good passage across the Channel, I almost purr with satisfaction. I like the presence of my neighbours at other little tables; they all look as though they played some important part in the great world, and most of them do.

The *plats du jour* at the Anglais are invariably admirably prepared, and it is the one restaurant at which I have eaten a *Gigot de sept heures* cooked as it should be. The *Potage Ceremani*, made from the livers of fat fowls, is no longer on the daily bill of fare at the Anglais, a fact which I do not regret, for this particular delicacy used to cost £1 a plate when served at a banquet, and I never pay as much as that for my entire dinner. Dugleré was the chef of the Anglais, M. Burdel was one of his pupils, and a *Barbue Dugleré* is one of the special dishes of the house. *Potage Germiny* used to be claimed as a dish of the house both by the Anglais and the Maison Dorée—indeed, one of the MM. Verdier once told me a detailed story of Casimir announcing to the Marquis de St. Georges that he had invented the soup and dedicated it to him, and of the tears of joy the Marquis wept—but the Anglais can now alone assert its right to it as a *creation*. *Filet de Sole Mornay*, and *Poularde Albufera*, which is really poor little Portugal's one great addition to the book of cookery, are two of the dishes which the Anglais cooks better than any other restaurant in the world, and *Pommes Anna* may perhaps be added to this tiny list.

May I pause here to tell you the tale of how the *recette* of the *Poularde Albufera* came to Paris. When in Peninsula days the French troops sacked the monastery of Albufera, the only thing of any value that they found was the book of recipes in the kitchen. Some of these were new to the French cooks, and one in especial of a chicken stuffed with rice proved so delectable that the *recette* was forwarded to headquarters at Paris, and duly took its place in the golden book of the *haute cuisine*.

On the subject of the prices at the various restaurants I write at the close of this chapter. The payment of the *addition*—the word is slangy, but it is used even at the Anglais—is a disagreeable necessity, and a polite *maître d'hôtel* deplotes its necessity as much as does a satisfied client; so I tuck the details away out of sight till the last moment, and only say now that a man with any knowledge of how to order a dinner and with a louis in his pocket can walk into any restaurant in Paris as though he were an Emperor.

I always chuckle over a tale of three young Englishmen who, coming to Paris for the first time, thought that they had discovered Voisin's. They fancied that all the other English who had been to the French capital had overlooked this quiet restaurant with windows cloaked by lace curtains in the sleepy Rue St. Honoré, and that they were likely to obtain a rough but well-cooked bourgeois meal there at quite a nominal price. The various stages of their disillusionment were amusing. Voisin's, like the Café Anglais, is a white restaurant inside; but its whiteness is relieved by the deep red of mahogany. It has a comfortable brown front on the ground floor.

Restaurant
Voisin, 26 Rue
St. Honoré

Like the Anglais, it had quite humble beginnings, the original Voisin of 1813 being a wine merchant in a very small way of business. M. Bellanger, his head waiter, enlarged the

little restaurant, but it was not until the present proprietor, M. Braquesac, took possession, after the days of the Commune, that the restaurant rose to its greatest glory. When I first saw Voisin's, it looked as unlike the house of to-day as can be imagined. I was in Paris immediately after the days of the Commune, and followed, with an old General, the line the troops had taken in the fight for the city. In the Rue St. Honoré were some of the fiercest combats, for the regulars fought their way from house to house down this street to turn the positions the Communists took up in the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Tuileries. The British Embassy had become a hospital, and all the houses which had not been burned looked as though they had stood a bombardment. There were bullet splashes on all the walls, and I remember that Voisin's looked even more battered and hopeless than did most of its neighbours. The cellars of Voisin's were flooded during the great rise of the Seine in the early months of 1910, and the bins of the wonderful vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundies were threatened with a bath of icy water; but the precious bottles were carried as carefully as if they were children to a place of safety above flood level, and were restored to their snug sawdust beds again when the danger had passed.

The diplomats have always had an affection for Voisin's, perhaps because of its nearness to the street of the Embassies; and in the "eighties" the attachés of the British Embassy used to breakfast there every day. Nowadays, the *clientèle* seems to me to be a mixture of the best type of the English and Americans passing through Paris, and the more elderly amongst the statesmen, who were no doubt the dashing young *attachés* of thirty years ago. M. Braquesac, grey-haired, and with an aquiline nose, is always, when he is in the restaurant, the most distinguished-looking man there.

M. Braquesac has a racing stable, as his amusement, and his talk to his cronies amongst the *clientèle* of the restaurant is generally of Longchamps and Auteuil and Maisons Lafitte. Young M. Braquesac, almost as distinguished in appearance as his father, is always in evidence as the manager of the restaurant. There is always a feeling of calm in Voisin's. Paul, the *maître d'hôtel*, is quite episcopal in appearance, and the head sommelier, whose face is round and whose hair is curly, is equally well favoured. From the street a glass door leads straight into the restaurant. Two *dames de comptoir*, who sit at a little desk by the door, look as though their lives had been entirely free from trouble. Close to them, in one of the small windows, the fruit for dessert is placed. Voisin's has two rooms downstairs, an outer one and an inner. The white of its walls and the gleam of its mirrors are subdued by the deep red of the mahogany of its door and window frames. A little staircase leads to the rooms above.

The great glory of Voisin's is its cellar of red wines, its Burgundies and Bordeaux. The Bordeaux are arranged in their proper precedence, the wines from the great vineyards first, and the rest in their correct order down to mere bourgeois tippie. Against each brand is the price of the vintage of all the years within a drinkable period, and the man who knew the wine-list of Voisin's thoroughly would be the greatest authority in the world on claret.

Mr. Rowland Strong, in his book on Paris, tells how, one Christmas Eve, he took an Englishman to dine at Voisin's, and how that Englishman demanded plum-pudding. The *maître d'hôtel* was equal to the occasion. He was polite but firm, and his assertion that "the House of Voisin does not serve, has never served, and will never serve, plum-pudding" settled the matter.

Voisin's has, amongst the specialties of the house, its own particular soup and its fillets of sole. The *Poularde Voisin* is a most admirable bird, and its *chaud-froids* and the terrines of *foie gras* are world-famous. If the *maître d'hôtel* looks upon you with eyes of favour you will be presented by him with a little pink card folded in two on which is the menu of a dinner given at Voisin's on Christmas Day 1870, on the ninety-ninth day of the siege, and you will note that though *Consommé d'Elephant*, *Le Chameau roti à l'anglaise* (I wonder whether this was a sly joke at perfidious Albion), and *Le Chat flanqué de Rats* are prominent dishes, the wines are *Mouton Rothschild* 1846, *Romanée Conti* 1858, *Grand Porto* 1827, and other great wines of great years.

If the Anglais and Voisin's may be said to have much of their interest in their "past," Paillard's should be taken as a restaurant which is the parent of the present up-to-date restaurant. The white restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens has sent out more culinary missionaries to improve the taste of dining man than any other establishment in Paris. Joseph, who brought the Marivaux to such a high pitch of fame, came from Paillard's, and so did Frederic of the Tour d'Argent. Henri of the Gaillon, Notta, Charles of Foyot's—all were trained at Paillard's.

Paillard,
38 Boulevard
des Italiens

The restaurant has its history, and its long list of great patrons. *Le Désir de Roi*, which generally appears in the menu of any important dinner at Paillard's, and which has *foie gras* and, I fancy, the "trails" of woodcock and snipe as its principal components, has been eaten by a score of kings at one time or another, his gracious Majesty the late King Edward heading the list. The restaurant at first was contained in one small room. Then the shop of Isabelle, the Jockey Club flower girl, which was next door, was

acquired, and lastly another little shop was taken in, the entrance changed from the front to its present position at the side, the accountant's desk put out of sight, and the little musicians' gallery built. M. Paillard has pleased the ladies amongst his customers by giving them music with their dinner. He also gives them music, too much music, with their supper. Paillard's has now a supper *clientèle* of the most unblemished respectability. The great classic restaurants resemble Napoleon's Old Guard in that they die but do not surrender. The Maison Dorée went to its end like a hero, refusing to bow to vitiated modern tastes. M. Paillard, however, prefers that his restaurant should not die, and if the modern ladies who sup like to see Spanish dancers gyrate while they eat their chicken, and are prepared to go up to Montmartre to see them, M. Paillard, being a gallant man, will save the ladies the journey to the northern heights by allowing dancers in his restaurant on the boulevards. All this savours of the modern smart restaurant, and I feel a doubt whether Paillard's should not be now classed amongst the "smart" instead of the "classic" restaurants.

The restaurant as it is with its white walls and bas-reliefs of cupids and flowers, its green Travertine panels let into the white pilasters, its chandeliers of cut glass, is very handsome. M. Paillard, hair parted in the middle and with a small moustache, irreproachably attired, wearing a grey frock-coat by day, and a "smoking" and black tie in the evening, is generally to be seen superintending all arrangements, and there is a *maître d'hôtel* who speaks excellent English.

Amongst the specialties of the house are *Pomme Otero* and *Pomme Georgette* (both created, I fancy, by Joseph when he was at Paillard's), *Sole Paillard*, *Timbale de queues d'Ecrevisses Mantua*, *Filet Paillard*,

Rouennais Paillard, Terrine de Foie Gras à la gelée au Porto, Perdreau et Caille Paillard.

THE "SMART" RESTAURANTS

"Breakfast *chez* Henry, dine at the Ritz, and sup at Durand's," was the advice once given me by a man who knows his fashionable Paris Henry's, Place Gaillon thoroughly; and it is difficult to better it. Henry's is in the Place Gaillon. There is another Henry's, an English hotel and bar, in the Rue Volney. Henry's is on the site of a much older restaurant, the Maison Grosstêtes, which had its days of celebrity under the Second Empire. Henri Drouet, a former *maître d'hôtel* at Paillard's, restored the fortunes of the restaurant and partially rebuilt it; and the present proprietor, M. Marius Durieux, who wears Piccadilly-weeper whiskers, who is his own *maître d'hôtel*, and who learned his business at Paillard's and at the Gaillon, has further decorated and enlarged the restaurant. The plate-glass windows are curtained with lace, a little shelter of gilt metal and glass is over the door, pillars of white and grey marble with copper capitals stripe the front with soft colour. Go in through the revolving glass door and you find yourself in luxury. Two rooms thrown into one stretch before you, another room is to the left. The restaurant is white in colour, but its chandeliers of cut-glass, its *étagères* and flowers, its liberal ornamentation, keep it from being severe. The tables are put as close as possible to each other all round the three rooms, the *dames de comptoir* are given a tiny desk against the wall, the *chasseur* hurries backwards and forwards through a small door with coats flung over his arm and hats balanced on sticks and umbrellas. Henry's is always full, the proprietor is always in despair because he cannot accommodate all

his would-be clients, and his patrons who have secured tables beforehand feel that they have shown singular acuteness in doing so. The cuisine of Henry's is excellent. A number of dishes named after the Rue Port Mahon, which is on one side of the restaurant, are some of the Gaillon specialties, and *Consommé Fortunato*, *Crêpes des Gourmets*, the *Poires Gaillon*, and, of course, the sole of the house, are excellent. I know of no restaurant where the *hors d'œuvre* are more excellent and varied, where the sweet dishes, creams and open tarts, and fruit are more tempting. At Henry's there is always on the bill of fare a larger number of *plats du jour*, ready at any moment, than at any of the other restaurants of the first class. The fly in the milk to me in the Place Gaillon is that, the dining tables being so close together, the serving tables have to be placed in the centre of the rooms, and no serving table can ever be a beautiful or appetising sight. M. Marius has now extended his activities to the Chateau de Madrid on the border of the Bois de Boulogne, where he has built an hotel and rebuilt the old restaurant.

La Rue's and Durand's are on either side of the Rue Royal, where it joins the open space before the church of La Madeleine. Both have a few little tables and chairs outside, forming what is known as a *terrasse*; both are in high favour with travelling Britons; both are as neat as new pins; a porter of noble proportions is ready to call up the motors at each door; a little page, who likes to be called *Chasseur*, is alert to do any small service which may be rewarded by a tip. Durand's is to the east of the Rue Royale, and carriages cross the pavement to reach it. Jules Simon in marble looks longingly over his shoulder at the restaurant. On entering, a great pane of glass to one side forms a transparent wall to one of

the restaurant's rooms. On a shelf against this glass are the little baskets of apples and pears and other fruits. The *dames de comptoir* are enthroned in the entrance hall. Durand's has made enlargement after enlargement, and its interior at first sight looks as though one room were reflected in three or four great mirrors. In reality, three or four rooms have been opened one into the other. The waiters are mostly plump, and are all polite; a table is swiftly pulled out, and space made for him who would breakfast or dine, and the garçon, who has a quick eye for the nationality of the clients, and knows the shade of politics of his French customers, puts a newspaper—British, American, or French—on the table. One of the proprietors, brisk little men both, with a napkin over one arm, glances to see that the table is all in order, a comfortable *maître d'hôtel* bows as he offers the *carte de jour*, and behind him the black-aproned *sommelier* waits for you to make a choice of wine. Durand's has, of course, its specialties. Its *Consommé Baigneuse*, its *Barbue Durand*, its *Poulet Sauté Grand Duc*, and its *Soufflé Pole Nord* are excellent. Durand's clients are drawn from many nations, and many of the Parisians breakfast and dine and sup there. A Parisian in Paris is more particular than the most strait-laced of the travelling British and Americans where he takes his women-folk at supper-time, and Durand's at that hour combines smartness and respectability. The Brav' Général was a good patron of Durand's, and many of his friends, grey-headed, military-looking gentlemen, still breakfast there. It was, I believe, in one of the little private dining-rooms at Durand's that General Boulanger sat and doubted whether he should initiate a *coup d'état*, and finally went home to bed. The Café Riche also claims to have been the house in which the General failed to make up his mind—perhaps the would-be Dictator had two evenings

of irresolution. I give the menu of the *table d'hôte* supper Durand's gave its customers one Christmas Eve, that being the night when all Paris, respectable and not quite respectable, sups at one café or another :—

Consommé de Volaille au fumet de Céleris.

Boudin grillé à la Parisienne.

Ailerons de Volaille à la Tzar.

Cailles à la Lucullus.

Salade Durand.

Ecrevisses de la Meuse à la nage.

Crêpes Suzette.

Dessert.

Champagnes.

Clicquot Brut, Pommery Drapeau Américain.

G^{de} Fine Napoléon.

The *boudin* is the indigestible sausage, in which pigs' blood is an ingredient, which is a necessary portion of every Christmas Eve feast. The proprietors of Durand's now own the little pavilion which Paillard opened in the Champs Elysées.

The interior of La Rue's is pleasantly bright. Its seats of crushed strawberry colour, its pillars with the La Rue's, Place deep pink silk running half-way up de la Madeleine them, its mirrors with cut-glass electroliers on their surface, make it a typical Parisian restaurant. In one corner a band plays quite inoffensively. When the original proprietor of La Rue's retired with a fortune in 1909, M. Vaudable, a former *maître d'hôtel* in the restaurant, and M. Nignon, who is an *ex-chef de cuisine* of the Hermitage at Moscow, stepped into his shoes, and the cookery of the restaurant became to a great extent Russianised. If I were to publish in full the leaflet which gives the "Mets Russes Nationaux" to be obtained at La Rue's, I should practically give a list of most of the *plats* in the Russian cuisine. The Russian soups *Rassolnik* and

Stchi and *Salianka*, sturgeon cooked in various forms, and *Koulibianka* of fishes, *Srazi Popoloski*, *Azou à la Tartare*, *Schachlik Pokarski*, and a dozen *entremets* which are delightful to the tastes, but the names of which read like different varieties of sneezes, are all on this list. Where Cubat failed Nignon has succeeded, and the Parisians flock to La Rue's to eat the *plats* of their allies the Russians.

A word of advice should be addressed, however, to the *maître d'hôtel* at La Rue's, and indeed to the *maîtres d'hôtel* of all fashionable restaurants in Paris, not to treat cavalierly people whom they do not recognise as frequent customers, but who may have been in past days very good friends of the house. Such a man, a friend of mine, lunching at La Rue's, ordered an apple for his guest, an abbé, and when the bill was brought called attention to the fact that 4 francs had been charged for the fruit, he supposing that two apples had been put down on the bill. The *maître d'hôtel* did not behave at all politely, and the reduction of 50 centimes which the house offered to make, was proffered with such a bad grace that it was refused. As a matter of fact at that time the charge for an apple at the Café Anglais and most other smart restaurants was 3 francs. This incident shows that it is wise to ask the price of fruit at La Rue's before ordering it.

The Café de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opera, is at breakfast and dinner time a restaurant much frequented by cosmopolitan Paris, and the cuisine is excellent. It is wise if you wish to breakfast there to tele-
Café de Paris,
Avenue de
l'Opera
 phone in advance for a table. At supper-time the butterfly ladies of Lutetia are to be seen there in all their glory. The building is wedge-shaped, and two rooms fork right and left from the entrance. The room to the right is the one most in favour with the Parisians. The leader of the band of Tziganes,

a pale young man, with a mass of red hair, who is dressed in ordinary evening clothes, is a favourite object for the pencil of Sem and other Parisian caricaturists. It is quite possible that if there is a rage for Apache dances, or for Spanish dances, or for Otaheitan dances, one of these dances may be performed by professionals at 1 A.M., for the Café de Paris, content that its excellent cookery shall keep it in the front rank at the breakfast and dinner hour, despises none of the methods which supping places adopt to attract customers.

The Ermitage Restaurant at the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées used to be a smart restaurant, much frequented by people of position in the world of sport. Chevillard was the original proprietor. It then passed into the hands of Emile Aoust, whom Englishmen will remember at the Amphytrion Club, and from this to those of M. Courtade, a Belgian. The restaurant at the time I write is closed; but it is sure sooner or later to be reopened, as its position is an excellent one.

The newest of the smart restaurants is the Daunon, which has sprung up in the road of that name near its junction with the Avenue de l'Opera.
The Daunon,
Rue Daunon The restaurant is a large hall, lighted from above, with walls of light colours ornamented with Wedgwood plaques. There are green marble pilasters with gilt capitals, and great flower baskets on the wall which conceal electric lamps. The carte is *chiffré*, the prices reasonable, and the attendance good. After supper there are "attractions" which take the shape of dancing girls.

Of the restaurants attached to hotels I do not propose to write at length. At the Elysée Palace
Elysée Palace,
Champs Elysées in the Champs Elysées the restaurant is an excellent one, and there is also a grill-room on the London model which is very

popular with theatre-goers both at dinner and supper time.

The restaurant of the new Meurice Hotel in the Rue de Rivoli is making a bid to be considered something better than a mere appanage of the hotel. The room is a very fine one, with marble pilasters and cut-glass electroliers, and a good picture in the circular panel above the fireplace. Its cooking is decidedly good.

**The Meurice,
Rue de Rivoli**

I find that on days when there is racing in the Bois an appreciable number of parties on their way to the course call a halt at the Restaurant des Champs Elysées, which is a part of the Hotel d'Albe, to breakfast.

**Restaurant des
Champs Elysées,
Champs Elysées**

The restaurant of the Hotel de Crillon, the great palace at the north-west corner of the Place de la Concorde, is the newest of the notable dining places attached to hotels. The restaurant is on the first floor in the Salon des Aigles of the Dukes of Crillon, and the cuisine is excellent.

**Hotel de Crillon,
Place de la Con-
corde**

The Restaurant Volney is an offshoot of the Chatham Hotel, but has a separate entrance in the Rue Volney. It is a snug dining place, with red carpets, red screens, a scarlet band in a crimson alcove, and lamps which are apparently of mother-of-pearl. There is an abundance of flowers always on the tables. I can recommend the sole of the house, served with truffles and the flesh of lobsters. My dinner on the one occasion I have dined there cost me 18 francs, a moderate sum for quite a good meal.

**The Volney, Rue
Volney**

The Ritz Restaurant holds an exceptional position in the dining world of Paris. The Ritz Hotel is not a large one, but the Ritz Restaurant is of a goodly size, and therefore the Ritz establishment is a restaurant firstly and an

**The Ritz, Place
Vendôme**

hotel secondly. It is the restaurant of the smartest foreign society in Paris, and the English, Americans, Russians, Spaniards, dining there always outnumber greatly the French. It is a place of great feasts, but it is also a restaurant at which the *maîtres d'hôtel* are instructed not to suggest long dinners to the patrons of the establishment. In M. Elles' hands or that of the *maître d'hôtel* there is no fear of being "rushed" into ordering an over-lengthy repast. This is a typical little dinner for three I once ate at the Ritz, and as a feast in the autumn it is worth recording and repeating :—

Caviar.

Consommé Viveni.

Mousseline de Soles au vin du Rhin.

Queues d'Ecrevisses à l'Américaine.

Escalopes de Riz de veau Favorite.

Perdreux Truffés.

Salade.

Asperges vertes en branches.

Coupes aux Marrons.

Friandises.

In the afternoon the long passage with its chairs, carpets, and hangings, all of crushed strawberry colour, is filled with tea-drinkers, for the "five o'clock" is very popular in Paris, and the Ritz is one of the smartest if not the smartest place at which to drink tea. In the evening the big restaurant, with its ceiling painted to represent the sky, and its mirrors latticed to represent windows, is always full, the contrast to a smart English restaurant being that three-quarters of the ladies dine in their hats. Sometimes very elaborate entertainments are given in the Ritz, and I can recall one occasion on a hot summer night, when the garden was tented over and turned into a gorge apparently somewhere near the North Pole, there

being blocks and pillars of ice everywhere. The anteroom was a mass of palms, and the idea of the assemblage of the guests in the tropics and their sudden transference to the land of ice was excellently carried out.

THE SUMMER RESTAURANTS

Of all the pleasant impressions that Paris leaves on the mind of any one not too *blasé* to be receptive the remembrance of breakfasts and dinners eaten in the open, with delightful surroundings of flowers and green turf and great trees, is one of the pleasantest. The little tables, the white-aproned waiters scuttling over the gravel, the checker of light and shade, the colour and movement are all redolent of the spirit of Paris. Breakfast at Ledoyen's on the day of a *vernissage* at one of the Salons, dinner at the Armenonville or Pré Catalan or Chateau de Madrid on a hot June night, tea at the Cascade after a race day at Longchamp, are part of the life of all those who are in the movement; and to watch the bourgeoisie enjoying themselves whole-heartedly at the Porte Jaune in the Bois de Vincennes, to sit on the terrace at the Pavillon Henri IV. at St. Germain and to look over the plain and the twisting rivers towards Paris, to breakfast at the Pavillon Bleu at St. Cloud, and afterwards see the merry-making of the bridal parties that have come out from the city, are each a separate delight.

The Champs Elysées hold several clusters of the summer restaurants, which open as soon as the chestnut trees are in blossom. Ledoyen's, on the south side of the central road, has been a favourite dining-place for more than half a century. Guillemin, who was cook to the Duc de Vincennes, brought the restaurant into great favour about 1850. Ledoyen, whose name the restaurant bears, was originally a *plongeur*, and

it may be that his early experiences in a cellar gave him the knowledge of wine which enabled him later in life to lay down one of the best cellars of wines in Paris. Ledoyen's is built on the plan of most of the open-air restaurants. A gay little pavilion, which contains the kitchen and some salons, and round three sides of which runs a glazed shelter, a refuge should the weather be cold or rainy, is the hub of the restaurant. Flowering creepers and grape vines are trained up the supports of the shelter, and fuchsias and other flowers give a plenitude of colour. In front of the little house is a gravel space, which is enclosed either by a privet hedge or by shrubs in green tubs. Trees large or small give shade to the enclosure, and the white-clothed tables are dotted here and there. Ledoyen's is not an expensive restaurant, and all the worlds of Paris go there. On a Sunday you will see a grey-headed old retired officer giving breakfast to his son, who is in the uniform of a military college, and the little clerk entertaining his fiancée and his future mother-in-law, as well as the well-to-do Parisian and his wife, and the inevitable parties of Americans and English. At Ledoyen's the waiters push about great dishes on high cradles, and the joints of the day are carved at the little tables. To say that one always gets one's food at the out-of-doors restaurants as hot as one does where one is nearer to the kitchen would be to say the thing which is not; nor is the service always as quiet-footed and unhurried as in the classic restaurants; but the out-of-door restaurants vary as much as the indoor ones do in character—and in price.

The Pavillon d'Elysée and Laurent's, on the north side of the central road, near the Rond Point, are quite first-class in every way, even as to prices. The Elysée is a charming little building, and is a magnified

jewel-case in stone and glass and metal. It has its pink and white awnings for hot days, and its interior is light and bright and summery. Pavillon d'Elysée, Paillard opened it, and then parted with Durand's, his rights to a company, and the company made it over to the proprietors of Durand's. Champs Elysées The proprietorships and managements of the Parisian restaurants change as often as do those of the Paris theatres, and only the tax-collectors try to keep well informed as to the various permutations and combinations. The Elysée remains what Paillard made it—a very charming little summer restaurant, with excellent cuisine and service, and prices to match.

Laurent's Restaurant, built after the model of a Roman villa, stands far back from the centre road, and is so enclosed by trees and thickets that one has to look for it to find it. About once every three years it is thoroughly renovated and redecorated, and it is, as it has always been, one of the pleasantest as well as one of the quietest of outdoor restaurants. Laurent's, The azaleas and the rhododendrons Champs Elysées which are about it clothe it with colour in the spring and early summer, and the acacia trees keep its little space of gravel in pleasant shade. For many years I used to dine at Laurent's every Grand Prix night with a well-known explorer and traveller, and a *Canard Pompeiane*, a wonderful cold duck with black and red figures designed upon its snowy breast, was always one of the dishes on the menu of my host's dinner. A little band, which plays quite inoffensively, is the latest addition to the attractions of Laurent's. Partly for old association's sake, partly for its quiet, partly for its good cuisine, I always have a warm corner in my heart for Laurent's.

The restaurant of the Ambassadeurs is on summer nights one of the dining-places to which the cosmopolitan world of Paris flocks. The ex-proprietors and

present managers of Maxim's, the supping-place in the Rue Royale, are the lessees of the Ambassadeurs, and

The Ambassadeurs, Champs Elysées

the cuisine is very good. The tables

sought after are those of the front of the

balcony which faces the stage, and to sit

after dinner and smoke and drink coffee and listen to and watch the performance is one of those combinations of pleasant things obtainable in Paris, at a price, but which are unknown to us in London. The Am-

The Alcazar, Champs Elysées

bassadeurs has a little garden behind

it, which is a pleasant place at break-

fast-time. The Alcazar has a restaurant and a garden which is under the same management as the Ambassadeurs.

The Pré Catalan is the latest addition to the smart restaurants in the Bois, though some of the older ones have lately been rebuilt. The Pré Catalan used to

The Pré Catalan, Bois de Boulogne

be a farm where children and a few

fashionable ladies used to drink milk in

the early mornings, and there always

had been a chalet restaurant at its entrance. The proprietor of one of the most popular Paris newspapers saw that the children were monopolising one of the most charming enclosures in the Bois, and he obtained the right to build a restaurant and lay out a garden there. The restaurant is a great banqueting hall with a cupola in the centre. Large mirrors on one side reflect the long windows on the other, and the big room, all white and ornamented with great taste, might well have been copied from some palace. The servants wear quiet handsome liveries, and the *carte du jour* has the prices marked against the various dishes, information which some of the restaurants do not give to their clients until the bill is presented. The Pré Catalan has its lawn, which is a favoured spot at tea-time on race days. Both the Pré Catalan, and the restaurant next on my list, the Armenonville, are now

controlled by M. Charles Mourier of the Café de Paris.

The Pavillon d'Armenonville, another of the Bois restaurants, has always been in high favour with smart Paris. It has been the custom since its building that men shall wear dress clothes when dining at this restaurant,

Armenonville,
Bois de
Boulogne

an unwritten rule which has not been enforced in any other restaurant. When the very broad glass shelter which runs round the house is filled with diners, the ladies in dinner dresses and plumed and feathered hats, the men in their evening black and white ; when the tables are heaped with flowers ; when the trees outside are garlanded with coloured lanterns ; when the two bands, playing alternately, make gentle music which does not interfere with conversation, then Armenonville forms a scene brilliant enough for any theatre to stage. The luxurious surroundings have, of course, to be paid for, but though the prices at these little palaces in the great wood are high, they are not exorbitant.

The Château de Madrid used to be a collection of old buildings grouped about a courtyard in which were trees. Under these trees were little iron tables ; Japanese lanterns were amidst the foliage ; and there was a pleasant sensation in dining thus in a half light, with the buildings around all in deep shadow. The old buildings have now disappeared, and have been replaced by a brand new white restaurant, with great plate glass windows and large mirrors, and decoration of trellis work, and by a new hotel which stands facing the road. The trees still remain, and under them on hot evenings the little tables are still set. But the charm of the old château has disappeared. There is a blaze of electric light, and a band plays all the airs of the moment. M. Marius, of Henry's of the Place

Château de
Madrid, Bois
de Boulogne

Gaillon, is the proprietor of the new hotel and new restaurant, and the prices are those of the Place Gaillon, and also, happily, so is the cookery. The château is just outside the Bois, and the steam trams of the Chemin de Fer du Bois run past it. One breakfasts there very pleasantly on race days.

The Pavillon Royal, at the near end of the lake in the Bois, used to be a bourgeois restaurant, where one **Pavillon Royal**, might breakfast and dine in comparatively humble company at a comparatively humble rate. It, however, has been rebuilt and redecorated, has become smart, has an excellent cook, and its prices have risen with its reputation.

The Châlet du Cycle, which also used to be a very bourgeois restaurant, has also now grown proud, and calls itself L'Ermitage de Longchamps.

The Restaurant de la Cascade is a gay little café near the racecourse, and many people breakfast on its lawn on race days.

The Châlet des Isles is a favourite lunching-place when the lakes are frozen.

In the Avenue Victor Hugo is Carron's, a simple and cheap restaurant, which is sometimes patronised in cold or wet weather by men going to the races. A gargantuan dinner can be obtained there at five or six francs.

The Select Bar is a little restaurant, and is rather off the beaten track, but the St. Cloud tramcars pass it. **"Le Select"**
Bar, Quai de
Billancourt It is kept by two sisters who give their personal attention to everything with excellent results. A very quiet, little-frequented eating-house it was, and the prices very moderate. It has of late, however, sprung into fame, and on days when there is racing at St. Cloud, it is wise to retain a table there in advance by telephone. The specialty of the restaurant is the *garbure*, the

savoury mess of the south, but two days' notice must be given for the preparation of this delicacy.

ACROSS THE RIVER

The Tour d'Argent on the Quai de la Tourelle, nearly opposite the island on which Notre Dame stands, has been made known to the world by its proprietor, Frederic Delair. It is a small old-fashioned house, with a narrow entrance hall and a low-ceilinged parlour. I can remember the days when its floors were spread with sawdust, but it has outgrown that sign of simplicity. Frederic much resembles the pictures of Ibsen. He has a wave of hair, now whitened and rather thinned by the years, curving back over his head, and flowing whiskers. A chat with the master of the restaurant is an amusing part of a lunch or dinner. There is a famous portrait of Frederic painted by one of his friends, an artist; and I once had the satisfaction of comparing the picture and the original. Frederic's daughter held the picture, and he, having passed a hand over his hair and having spread out his whiskers, stood close to the canvas, assuming the expression which the artist had reproduced. Frederic's conversation is amusing and instructive. He has some curious theories. He holds that different kinds of fuel should be used for the roasting of different kinds of meat, believing that the spiced scents of some woods transmitted in the cooking add to the pleasure of eating all kinds of game. Frederic is not alone in holding this belief, for the old Roman gourmets thought as he does, and spent large sums of money on the woods for their kitchen fires, as do also the Japanese, that very practical and up-to-date nation believing that burning sticks transmit their essences to that which is cooked before

Tour d'Argent,
Quai de la
Tourelle

or over them. Every visitor to the Tour is given a paper whereon are printed the "créations faites à la Tour d'Argent par Frédéric." The great cook—for Frederic goes into the kitchen to give the finishing touches to the dishes for appreciative clients—has named many of his inventions after well-known people who are, or have been, good patrons to the establishment. *Œufs General Williams*, *Filet de Lièvre Arnold White*, *Filet de Sole Loïe Fuller*, are three out of two-score dishes to which celebrities have become god-parents. A poet has sung Frederic's praises, for the Marquis de Lauzières de Themines has put into archaic rhyme a eulogy of Frederic and his works and a description of serving *Canard à la Presse* :—

" La d'un canard, donte reste la carcasse
 Dans une boîte, on la broie, on la moud.
 Un rude engin l'écrase, la concasse.
 Il résulte un jus exquis au goût."

There are many claimants to the honour of having discovered the method of squeezing the last drop of juice out of a duck, but the real discoverers were the poor peasants of the Midi, who smashed with stones the carcasses of their tough and skinny ducks to extract all the essences. One of the great *maîtres d'hôtel* whom Paillard's has sent forth—whether it was Frederic or Joseph or Charles or another matters little—remembered this custom of his *pays*, and the silver turnscREW was the result. Joseph, whose carving and squeezing of the duck was quite a sacrificial ceremony, generally used two ducks, one well-cooked for the meat and the other part-cooked for the juices. Frederic gives on his leaflet wild ducks, woodcock, *Le Poulet Belgrand*, *La Langouste Winterthur*, and *Pieds de Mouton Poulette* as the dishes which have made the fame of the house; but the *Filet de Sole Cardinal*, little fillets pressed into crayfish tails and served with a red crayfish sauce, is the best known of

all Frederic's *creations*. Frederic is a believer, as all great *maîtres d'hôtel* are, in a very short dinner. When the Secretary to the Behring Sea Conference interviewed Frederic, at Lord Hannen's request, told him that the members of the two Missions would dine at the Tour d'Argent, and sketched out a twelve-course dinner with two soups, two entrées, and a sorbet in the middle of it, Frederic asked him very politely to take his diplomatists elsewhere, for such a barbarous meal would never be served on the Quai de la Tourelle.

Frederic has a short way with all Philistines, even if they be of the gentler sex. I once took a lady to breakfast at the Tour—she had selected it as being close to the Morgue, and thought that a good lunch would be a cheerful beginning to her sight-seeing—and Frederic himself had come to take the order. "Eggs, a bird, a vegetable, an *entremet*," I had said, as if I were inventing a new drawing-room game, and Frederic had run his fingers through his wave of hair and had gone into a reverie—the reverie which precedes some wonderful combination. I insinuatingly said, "For the eggs," as the cue for his first pronouncement. Frederic breathed hard and looked at the ceiling. "*Uffs à la plat*," said the lady, who fancied we were both at a loss as to how eggs could be cooked. Frederic came back from the clouds and gave the lady one look. It was not a look of anger or contempt, but simply an expression of pity for the whole of her sex.

The Restaurant de Lapérouse on the Quai de St. Augustine is old-fashioned in appearance, and its first floor is a rabbit warren of little dining-rooms decorated with scenes of rural merrymaking and landscapes.

Laperouse,
Quai St. Augustine

This restaurant is a favourite lunching-place of the lawyers whose business lies hard by in the Palais de

Justice. The students in the "Quartier" when they are in funds sometimes dine at this restaurant, which they call "Le Navigateur"—there is a portrait of the old sea-dog and a sketch of his ship the *Astrolabe* on the *carte du jour*. Some of the specialties of the house are *Filets de Sole Lapérouse*, *Bouillabaisse*, which is served always on Fridays, and *Tripes à la mode de Caen*, provided on Thursdays. The connoisseurs say that the Maison Joanne in the Rue Montorgueil cooks the finest tripe in Paris; but the little upstairs room in that establishment near the Halles is not to be compared in comfort with the rooms of the "Navigateur," and I have tasted the tripe at both establishments and could detect no difference. The burgundy at the Lapérouse is excellent; Corton and Chambertin of 1878, Richbourg 1874, Clos Vougeot 1893, and a beautiful Romanée 1887. Its Bordeaux, its Château Yquem in particular, and its wines of the Rhone are also to be recommended.

Foyot's, where one lunches well if one is going to spend an afternoon in the Luxembourg, and
 Foyot, 33 Rue de Tournon where one dines before going to the Odéon, is quite an aristocratic restaurant. It is one of the restaurants which M. Charles Mourier controls. The restaurant is at the corner of the Rues de Tournon and Vaugirard, and when the Anarchists thought that to blow up a restaurant would be a warning to aristocratic diners, Foyot's appeared to them to be very handily situated for their purpose. The bomb exploded, but the only person hurt was an Anarchist poet who had been so false to his tenets as to have taken a very pretty lady to dine *à deux* in this restaurant of the well-to-do, and to have given her *Truite Meunière* to eat. Needless to say, Paris laughed at the incident. *Potage Foyot*, *Riz de Veau Foyot*, *Homard Foyot*, and *Biscuit Foyot* are some of the dishes of the house, and are all excellent.

Of the restaurants of the "Quartier" I write in conjunction with those of Montmartre.

THE RESTAURANTS OF THE PARISIANS

In labelling some restaurants as being Parisian I only wish to indicate that they are more patronised by the French people and less by the cosmopolitan world of Paris than the "smart" restaurants are. If we start from the Madeleine Square and walk up the boulevards towards the Place de la Bastille, we shall pass most of the best known of the typically French restaurants. In the Madeleine Square Lucas, Place de la Madeleine is Lucas's. It used to be a very quiet and rather sombre restaurant, and its clients were very steady-going, a number of the better-class visitors from the provinces making it their headquarters at meal-times. Large windows, in nouveau art frames, have now taken the place of the old-fashioned casements, and the interior has been rather garishly decorated. I suspect the prices of having gone up a step when the alterations were made, but the cuisine remains quite excellent. The Taverne Anglaise, 28 Rue Boissy d'Anglas *Harengs Lucas* are the most appetising *hors d'œuvre* I know, and in the cellar there are some fine old cognacs which are not at all unreasonable in price. In the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, behind Lucas's, is the Taverne Anglaise, a quiet establishment, the patrons of which say that they get Lucas's cookery at considerably less than Lucas's prices.

A little way up the Rue Royale is Weber's Restaurant, which at one time was known as His Lordship's Larder, and where the cookery Weber's, Rue Royale used to be semi-British. Weber's is entirely French now, and has swallowed up one or two neighbouring establishments, including

an Irish American bar. A detective of European fame used to find it useful to dine in this bar and to listen to the conversation of other diners. The name of the *plat du jour* was always on a bit of cardboard which was hung over the bar. One day the detective found that D.D.S. was the dish of the day, and inquired its meaning. "S stands for spy," said the man behind the bar. Sherlock Holmes looked at the faces which surrounded him, and did not ask for an explanation of the other letters. That, however, is very ancient history. Weber's to-day is a large bright restaurant much patronised by Frenchmen belonging to the liberal professions, by the Deputies, who find this restaurant within easy distance of their Parliament house, and by English resident in Paris.

The Taverne Royale is close to Weber's. I do not propose to give a list of the Tavernes, which hold to the Paris restaurants somewhat the same position the grill-rooms hold to the London ones. At the Tavernes Royale, Tourtel, Brebant, simple food, sufficiently well cooked, and admirable light beer are obtainable, and after some days of eating rich food in the temples of the higher art it is pleasant to rest one's digestion by a cup of simple clear soup, the thigh of a fowl, and a slice of cheese at a Taverne.

Viel's, or to give it its alternative title, the Restaurant de la Madeleine, is on the boulevard of that name. It is a white-faced restaurant, and its interior is also white. Its prices are moderate, and I have found it a pleasant restaurant at which to sup, for it is patronised by a pleasantly Bohemian world of authors and actors and actresses and artists, who go there to avoid being stared at and to eat their evening meal in peace and quietness.

The Taverne Olympia, which opens its doors at 5 P.M. and closes them at the hour of early breakfast,

has its principal entrance in the Rue Caumartin. The Taverne is an underground place of feasting. Its prices are moderate, and its simple food is well cooked. There are two or three of the little theatres in the Rue Caumartin, and the Taverne benefits by its propinquity to them.

Taverne
Olympia,
Rue Caumartin

On the Boulevards des Italiens and Capucines the restaurants crowd together. Every big café has a restaurant as part of its establishment. The Café de la Paix boasts a grill-room; the private rooms at the Café Rougemont are exceedingly well decorated; at the Américain, where the dining *clientèle* is quite different from the supping one, great joints are wheeled up to the tables and carved there. Julien's, the La-fitte, the restaurant of the transformed Café Riche, which is making a bid, a not very successful one, to become a light-hearted supper restaurant—all have their crowd of French diners.

In the Rue Port Mahon is Cerny's Bar, which has taken the place of the Cabaret Lyonnais, a house where tench used to be cooked with infinite skill, and where a still pink champagne used to be the favourite wine. Cerny's Bar is very central for the theatres. It is managed by two ladies. The *clientèle* of the restaurant consists of racing men, young men and their lady friends, actors and butterfly ladies. Every one seems to know every one, conversation flies across the snug dining-room, and the diners throw poker dice to see who shall pay for the dinners. On this account it is rather embarrassing for a solitary stranger to visit; but beyond an expression of surprise at seeing a strange face, he will not be disturbed. No *à la carte* dinner is served, only a six franc *table d'hôte* meal which is always excellent and of reasonable length, and is served at lightning speed to any man who tells

Cerny's Bar,
Rue Port Mahon

the waiter he is in a hurry. The restaurant is closed in August, and during parts of July and September.

A curiosity in restaurants is Blanc's, in the Rue Favart, close to the Opera Comique. Its specialities are the dishes of the Midi, and those who are curious in such matters can taste there the *Brandade*, and *Aioli*, and *Bourride*, and *Bœuf en daube* without making the railway journey to the land of Tartarin.

In the Passage des Princes, but a stone's throw from the boulevards, is Noel Peters', an excellent specimen of the bourgeois restaurant. I am sorry, however, to find that Noel Peters' now describes itself as an American restaurant, hoping to draw into its net the thousands of Americans who drift through Paris, and who would sooner eat dry hash and crackers than the most elaborate dishes of the French cuisine. The rooms are decorated with reproductions of the tiles and stencilled patterns of the Alhambra at Granada, the colour of which is very gorgeous and very beautiful. A large sum of money was expended on this decoration, and it is well worth the while of any one lunching or dining at the house to walk round the rooms and to look at their adornment. The prices are reasonable, and the service quiet. The fish dishes at Noel Peters' are always excellent, and the sole of the house is to be warmly recommended. The sole of all soles is, however, to be found further up the boulevards, at the Restaurant Marguery. M. Marguery, who died in the winter 1909-10, is mourned as a benefactor to Paris, for he it was who took a lead when the boulevards had to be decorated in honour of any great celebrity, and he was always to the fore in any big scheme of charity. If there were starving poor he fed them, and his name headed a list of subscribers on the occasion of any great catastrophe, such as a big

fire or a flood. Marguery's, which has banqueting rooms as well as public dining-rooms, is next door to the Gymnase Theatre, and is always crowded and bustling. The *Sole Marguery*, the secret of which is the very strong fish stock used in its preparation, is a noble dish, and so is the *Barbue Marguery*, and there are a score of other *creations* of the house ; but it was on the back of his sole that M. Marguery rose to great wealth and eminence.

Marguery,
34 Boulevard
Bonne Nouvelle

But before proceeding as far up the boulevards as Marguery's I should have dealt with the restaurants of newspaper land which lie round and about the Faubourg Montmartre. If you walk up

the Rue de Richelieu from the boulevards you come, after a hundred yards or so, to what appears to be one of the ordinary Parisian drinking houses. The bar, however, is of marble, and if you look up to the first floor you see an illuminated sign telling that this is the Restaurant Gaucclair. Round the corner in the Rue St. Marc is the entrance. There is a small white room on the ground floor, and this is the favourite dining-place. There are three other dining-rooms on the first floor, and a little salon for private parties. The house at meal times is always in a bustle, and resonant with the voices of the waiters shouting orders down speaking-tubes to the cook in the basement. The cookery of the Gaucclair to-day, under M. Maurice, is very much what it must have been when the restaurant was first founded in 1810. It is the good bourgeoisie cuisine, everything excellent of its kind. Nor is it likely to deteriorate, for most of its *clientèle* are the gentlemen who drive quills and occasionally wield the "*épée de combat*" on behalf of the *Temps*, the *Matin*, and other great papers which have their offices in the neighbourhood. Most of these gentlemen are gastronomes of the highest order.

Restaurant
Gaucclair,
Rue St. Marc

Beaugé's is another quiet, essentially French restaurant in this central quarter. It shows a brown face, its principal entrance, and windows with lace curtains to the Rue St. Marc, and it has another en-

Beaugé's, Rue St. Marc Variétés, its face turned towards the arcade being rather forbidding in appearance. It was founded in 1848, and except that it is lighted by electricity, must now be very much as it was when first built. The street entrance leads into a little ante-room where cold meats and tarts and fruit are set out temptingly. The tables are placed very close together in the little rooms on the ground floor, and the lady at the desk is squeezed up against the window in her little pen; but the restaurant has a dignity of its own, and the plump proprietor is efficient though unhurrying. It has its "dishes of the house." There is, of course, a *Sole Beaugé*, and there is a *Filet de Barbue Beaugé* and *Rognons Beaugé*, and a very special *Tarte Beaugé*. The patrons of the restaurant are like its cookery, comfortable and unpretentious.

Lapré's, in the Rue Druot, next door to the *Figaro* offices, was originally an oyster shop, and still retains a little oyster bar in its front of light oak. Little

Lapré's, Rue Druot curtains of green silk and lace shelter diners and those who sup at Lapré's from the eyes of the curious outside. A little grotto and creepers on trellis and baskets of illuminated flowers form part of the adornment of the first room. In the second room are more illuminated bouquets of flowers and mirrors in Oriental frames. Lapré's is open all night long, and is much frequented by journalists and also by pretty ladies. It has its specialties, which are mostly of fish and oysters, and lobsters and langoustes. It has a dozen various methods of cooking shellfish, and its oyster soup and its *Filet de Barbue* are both excellent.

Boilave's, just off the Faubourg Montmartre, at the corner of the Rue Montyon, has oysters in baskets, and bottles and shell-fish in its windows. Boilave's,
Rue Montyon It would be taken by the uninitiated to be a bar, but in the side street is an entrance to the restaurant, and the dining-rooms will be found on the first floor. Boilave's holds in Paris very much the position that the Cheshire Cheese did in London before it was discovered by the American tourists. The Redacteurs-en-Chef and Secretaires de la Redaction congregate there. Only women cooks are employed, and the cuisine is kept rigorously bourgeoise, none of the foreign introductions which have been accepted by the *haute cuisine* being permitted.

Müller's, in the Rue Pasquier, which is another journalistic resort, is one of the few Müller's,
Rue Pasquier remaining little "dives" which never close. Of course the Coq d'Or, the entrance to the restaurant of which is in the Rue St. Coq d'Or,
Rue Montmartre
and Rue St. Marc Marc, is the best known of all the resorts of Parisian journalists. It is part café, part restaurant, the restaurant being decorated in the *nouveau* art style, while the café is all of dark woods.

Maire's, at the corner of the Boulevards St. Denis and Strasbourg, is the connecting link between the smart restaurant and the bourgeois one. At one time it used to be very smart indeed, but its cuisine then was no better than it is now. If a Frenchman is taking his wife to the Théâtre Antoine or the Scala, he dines previously at Maire's. There Maire,
14 Boulevard
St. Denis are many dishes of the house, all good. The *poulet Maire* is an excellent bird, there is no better fillet of beef than that which bears the name of the house, and its *Sole à la Russe* is excellent. There is on the wine list a Beaujolais which is named Charbonnier, and which is, in a way, connected

with the rise of the house from very small beginnings. The first proprietor of the restaurant found in the cellar of what had been a small wine-shop rows of bottles under a heap of charcoal. He called the wine Charbonnier, and its fame went abroad. The present Charbonnier is the successor of that first famed Beaujolais. I am told that Maire's under new management hopes to recover its former supper trade.

There are restaurants still further up the boulevards which deserve notice. When the Folies Dramatiques or the Ambigu Theatres have, either of

Gosselin, them, a successful play, the Restaurant
50 Rue de Bondy Gosselin, a quiet little *à la carte* establishment at the corner of the Rues de Bondy and de Lancry, reaps a harvest; and if any adventurous British theatre-goer ever journeys so far as the Théâtre Déjazet, he may safely dine at the Restaurant Bon-

Bonvalet, valet, on the Boulevard du Temple.
29 Boulevard The Bonvalet, which is painted brown
du Temple outside up to the third story, and which has some big saloons for marriage feasts and banquets, is a house with some history attached to it. Under the name of the Café Turc, it was a fashionable gathering-place in the days of the First Empire. Ladies used to go there to sup, and as a concession to these fair visitors no smoking was allowed in the café. The Bonvalet provides *table d'hôte* meals as well as *à la carte* ones, and I have dined there in the days of my youth very satisfyingly for three francs.

Les Quatre Sergents de Rochelle, named after the heroes of the "Conspiration de la Rochelle," whose fame has been perpetuated by Eugène Sue, is the last restaurant I need mention on the boulevards. It is on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. It is all white outside, and cream and gold within. A picture of the four gallant sergeants, who were so basely

**Les Quatre
 Sergents,
 3 Boulevard
 Beaumarchais**

betrayed by Goupillion, clinking cups, is on the face of the restaurant. Inside, the wine-growers and merchants and buyers from the great *depôt* across the river, fine, fat, bull-necked gentlemen, eat rich meats and drink generous wines. A *filet de bœuf* at the Quatre Sergents always seems to me to be more juicy than any I get elsewhere, and the restaurant has a good cellar of Burgundies.

Of restaurants away from the Grands Boulevards the *Bœuf à la Mode*, the Regence, and the Champeaux deserve special mention. The first is in the Rue Valois, which runs down one side of the Palais Royal. Its signboard, *Bœuf à la Mode*, 8 Rue de Valois which is of an ox garlanded with flowers, has a history. When the restaurant was first established in June 1816 and hung up its sign of an ox dressed in garments of the fashion of the day, the Comte Decazes, the then chief of the Paris police, denounced the inn-keeper to the king as a revolutionary, and was commanded to inquire into the matter of the seditious sign-board, "for," the order ran, "the ox, the symbol of force, is dressed in red cashmere, with a straw hat having white plumes and a blue ribbon, and this hat, which obviously represents the crown, is falling off." The proprietor of the restaurant was held to have been prompted by no treasonable design in his choice of a sign-board, but flowers were at once painted in place of the fashionable clothes. It is quiet and quite comfortable. When I first knew it the walls of its rooms were either ochre-coloured or covered with green trellis work, but now they have become fashionably light in tint. The dish from which the restaurant takes its name is always on the bill of fare, and is served with due dignity on silver plates. I always find the cuisine at this restaurant excellent, and the prices moderate. It is an establishment at which I often

see English ladies lunching without escort, and the proprietor, who is immensely proud of being allowed to supply our Queen Mother with woodcock *pâtés*, speaks English fluently. The Champeaux is the restaurant of the Paris Stock Exchange, being in the Place de la Bourse. Its dining-room is a winter garden, with trees, palms, hanging baskets, a fountain, and an abundance of flowers as decorations. It was at the Champeaux that the Chateaubriand was invented, and the cuisine has always been of the best. I need hardly pause to tell my readers what a real Chateaubriand is, but I find that even in Paris any thick steak is called by that name. The real Chateaubriand was invented for the great man of that name by the first Champeaux. It is a steak of great thickness with two thin slices of rump-steak tied above and below it. These slices are burned in the cooking and are thrown away, the steak done-through being passed over a bright fire before being served, to brown it. When Casimir, the celebrated cook, left the Maison Dorée, he went to the Champeaux. At lunch-time the restaurant does a great trade, but by the dinner hour the bustle of the day has ceased, and one dines both leisurely and well. The cellars of the establishment contain some very fine wines. There is a pretty story connected with this restaurant. Champeaux, its founder, as a poor boy came to Paris, starving and without a sou. A kindly restaurateur gave him at daybreak a dish of broken food. When he himself was prosperous and a restaurateur he ordered that all the food left over should each morning at daybreak be given to the hungry poor, and this is still done.

The Café de la Regence dates back to the year 1718, and it has some very interesting relics of past glories kept as curiosities. It has kept abreast of the

times, and flames with much light outside at night. It has a little room off the café with mirrors and panels painted with flowers, and with leather-covered seats against the walls, where excellent bourgeois dishes are served to its excellent bourgeois *clientèle*. It is an *à la carte* restaurant. Its prices are moderate. The café is in the Rue St. Honoré, almost opposite to the Comédie Française. All the world knows Maxim's as a rather noisy supping place, where the ladies are not all of the "upper ten"; but comparatively few people know that it is a quiet but not unamusing restaurant at lunch and dinner time, and that its cookery is noticeably good.

There are a dozen other restaurants away from the boulevards which deserve a word : Sylvain's, Sylvain's, for instance, in the Rue Halevy, which at one time was the chosen supping place of the butterfly ladies, but which now is chiefly celebrated for an excellent brand of old cognac (it has lately changed hands, and M. Jarandon, the new proprietor, has smartened up the house and advertises a "symphonic orchestra" and a "terasse exotique"); the big Brasserie Universelle in the Avenue de l'Opéra, which gives its clients a choice of fifty *hors d'œuvre*; and the Restaurant de la Rotonde in the Boulevard Haussmann—all three have faithful and admiring *clientèles*.

If you are going by a mid-day train from the Gare St. Lazare, you can breakfast in reasonable comfort at the Restaurant Mollard, facing the station, or at the Restaurant de la Pepinière, a rotisserie which Mr. Roland Strong was the first Englishman to discover, and which has since prospered exceedingly. The food there is very cheap, and the game and poultry are exceptionally well cooked. The Restaurant Lequen, facing the Gare du Nord, is also a well-managed establishment.

THE RESTAURANTS OF THE QUARTIER

Of the restaurants of the Quartier, Lavenue's, opposite the Montparnasse station, is one of the best.

Lavenue,
68 Boulevard
Montparnasse It has a café, which is quite gorgeous, and in the three little rooms at the back some of the most celebrated men of the world of art—Rodin and Falguière, and Jean Paul Laurens and Bonnat and Whistler—used to meet to breakfast and to talk art. At the Café Soufflot

Café Soufflot,
Boulevard St.
Michel the budding doctors and the students of the Polytechnic hold their feasts; and at Thirion's, on the Boulevard St.

Germain, you will find half the young British and American art students in Paris at breakfast. Thirion's looks like a cheap photographer's studio, for its walls are chiefly of glass. A bill of fare is

Thirion, Boule-
vard St. Ger-
main pasted on the window-panes of the ground floor giving the *plats de jour*

and the prices. Just inside, Madame, plump and smiling, sits at her desk. The waiters rush backwards and forwards, doing wonderful balancing tricks with piles of plates and mugs of beer, the chickens stray in from the back yard and pick up crumbs, and a great noise of jovial Anglo-Saxon speech drowns the clatter of knives and forks and plates. Thackeray used to breakfast at Thirion's when he was an art student, and Dickens knew the little restaurant well.

MONTMARTRE RESTAURANTS

There are many places where one may dine, and dine well and cheaply, in the Montmartre district;

Rat Mort, Place
Pigalle but different establishments gather in a very different *clientèle* at different hours of the evening. At the Rat Mort, in the Place

Pigalle, early in the evening artists and artists' models and other people of the Butte dine and pay 2.50 f. for their dinner. Later in the evening the butterflies of Paris take possession of the restaurant.

So it is with the Abbaye de Thélème, Abbaye de
Thélème, Place
Pigalle almost next door to the Rat. At 7 P.M.

it has its diners, none of whom is overburdened with money. At 2 A.M. Grand Dukes and millionaires from South America and the young men about town of all nationalities, and actresses and *cocottes de grande marque* occupy all the tables.

There is a third restaurant in the Place Pigalle in the same building as a little music hall; a restaurant which has led a short and chequered life. The police thought that the suppers at a louis a head which were graced by the presence of ladies in the costume of Eve were a scandal, and closed the restaurant for a time, but it has now reopened on far more respectable lines, and describes itself as Pigal's. The music hall is now occupied by a cinematograph show.

At the restaurant of the Place Blanche many of the well-known artists breakfast and dine, and the onion soup there is celebrated. Next door to the Boîte au Fursy, the little theatre where Fursy sings his *Chansons Rosses*

Café de la Place
Blanche, Place
Blanche

and the Poètes Chanteurs and a pretty actress or two play impudent little revues, is a restaurant which, I believe, is owned by the directors of the

Bal Tabarin, where there are pictures of nymphs on the walls, and where a

Treteau de
Tabarin, Rue
Pigalle

simple dinner can be eaten with amusing and Bohemian surroundings. The Bohemianism of the place becomes overwhelming later in the evening.

All the restaurants on the heights are not Bohemian: some of them are quite sedate. I used at one time to dine occasionally at Le Père Lathuille, a comfortable old-fashioned restaurant which possessed a parc,

which was really only a garden, but which had an historic interest, for it was there that the Count de Neipperg used to meet Queen Marie Louise. Le Père, however, has disappeared, the restaurant and parc having been obliterated by a huge music-hall. A pleasant old-world restaurant is Au Père Père Boivin, Boivin, in the Avenue de Clichy. Its 6 Avenue Clichy service is somewhat slow, but its cookery is good and its prices moderate. It has a good cellar of red wines, and it has a larger selection of the wines of Touraine and Anjou than is to be found elsewhere in Paris. Its Burgundy is excellent and cheap, and its old brandy is excellent and rather expensive. Various *plats* of veal kidneys are its specialties, and are excellent. The downstairs room is rather small, but there is a large room above. In this room on Saturday evening are often to be found wedding parties of the tradespeople of the quarter, and the feasts are amusing to watch. Le Père Boivin is about fifty yards from the Clichy station of the Metro.

Under the theatre and dancing-room of the Moulin Rouge, a place of entertainment I need not describe, Moulin Rouge, is a supper and dining hall opened in Place Blanche the early days of 1908 with a great flourish of trumpets. Its decorations are gorgeous, and it has several orchestras. When last I saw this hall it had been converted, permanently or as a temporary measure I know not, into a ball-room.

FOREIGN RESTAURANTS AND OYSTER BARS

If the foreigner in Paris wishes to eat the dishes of his own country, Lutetia shrugs her pretty shoulders and permits him to do so. Jews, Turks, infidels, and all the outlanders, can dine on food cooked after their

national manners, if they will. If an American longs for dry hash and corn cakes he will find them at Léon Caquet's Restaurant in the Rue Daunou. Léon has succeeded Vian, who catered with wonderful success for the English-speaking colony during the dark days of the siege. The Americans who always cluster in the morning in and round the Banking Agency at the corner of the street as often as not go over to Léon's for breakfast, and the proprietor, who is a good business man, always has two or three typical American dishes ready on his bill of fare. Léon's is a small restaurant, one little room on the ground floor and another in the *entresol*, but I should fancy that it must be a gold mine to its owner.

A very Parisian restaurant, which has been partly captured by the United States, is Prunier's, in the Rue Duphot. It is the aristocratic oyster and snail shop of Paris, and it has attached to it a very busy restaurant, which does a great trade during the months with an *r* in them. Outside the establishment is a long counter, on which are thousands of oysters of all the kinds beloved by Frenchmen and foreigners, and half-a-dozen men are busy all day long opening them and packing them in little baskets for the *en ville* trade, or giving them over to the waiters for the customers in the restaurant. The rooms on the first floor are quite gorgeous, but the snuggest room is on the ground floor, a little brown red-curtained chamber, with a sawdusted floor, where you may see fat Burgundians eating the rich snails of their native province, drawing the long brown, steaming, gelatinous things out of silver bowls with silver two-pronged forks. The Americans do not go to Prunier's to eat snails, but they find there oysters cooked in the various styles to which they are accustomed across the Atlantic. Prunier imports

Blue Points, his broiled lobsters are excellent, and his chef will fry, or scallop, or broil, or stew oysters as well as any cook above whom the Stars and Stripes wave. I am sufficiently patriotic to prefer a Colchester Bag to a Boston Steak, but the latter combination of good beef and good oysters is to be obtained in perfection at Prunier's.

Another restaurant which has an oyster bar in the front of its premises is Le Grand Vatel in the Rue St. Honoré, a house which has had a chequered existence. As the Restaurant des Fleurs it made a bid to be one of the supping-places of Paris. Then it changed its name and adopted the American cuisine. It next adopted the Russian cuisine. It seems now to exist quite happily with oysters and the French cuisine as its strong card.

Drouant's Restaurant, which began as an oyster-bar, faces Henri's across the Place Gaillon. Its fare is simple and cheap, and its oysters excellent. It merits discovery by Anglo-Saxons.

There are scores of British bars in Paris where an Englishman, if he desires a chop, can get one, but most of the English in Paris are quite contented with plain French cookery. The Italians, on the other hand, patronise the Italian restaurants, and even the French acknowledge that an Italian cook fries well, and that the *Risotto*, with its various seasonings, the many different forms which the *Paste Asciutte* takes, and the *Minestrone* and the *Fritto Misto*, are good dishes. There are half-a-dozen Italian restaurants in the centre of Paris, but I have only eaten meals

at two of them—the Restaurant Italien, which is in the network of galleries behind the Variétés, and Sansiarto's, in the Rue St. Augustin. The first-named was the restaurant at which Rossini used generally to breakfast,

and I believe it was there that he invented the combination of force-meat and macaroni which he taught the chef of the *Maison Dorée* to make, and which bears his name. The *Restaurant Italien* has many mirrors and a frieze of Italian landscapes. Great Chianti flasks stand in plated tripods on a shelf, and on the desk, behind which two comfortable ladies in black are enthroned, are two great bowls filled with flowers or bright-tinted foliage. The waiters all wear moustaches. This, until three years ago, was a proof evident that they were not Parisians; but since the great strike every waiter in Paris may grow a moustache if he wishes to, and many of them have done so. On Monday, at the *Restaurant Italien*, you will find *Lasagne Passticciate* as the *plat du jour*, on Tuesday *Osso Buco*, on Wednesday *Risotto à la Milanaise*, on Thursday and Sunday *Ravioli* and *Timbale Milanaise*, and on Friday a selection of Italian dishes of fish. The *Zabajone*, the Italian egg-nogg, which can be drunk either hot or cold, is admirably made at the *Restaurant Italien*. *Minestrone* is the soup of the house. Sansiarto's is the home of Neapolitan cookery, for Sansiarto came from Naples, and so did his successor Bernasconi, and all the dishes of the south, the *Mozarella in Carozza*, the *Pizza alla Pizzaiola*, and the other *plats* of that sunny land, are obtainable there. The *Posilippo* of the house is excellent.

The Spanish restaurant which bears the name of Señor Don José Roblez Ruiz, in the Rue de Helder, is an excellent restaurant in which to study the Spanish cuisine, for the oil used there is above reproach, and the garlic is not too much insisted on. The restaurant has rooms both on the ground and first floors, and the decorations are brilliantly-coloured pictures of the modern Spanish school. When a pretty lady, her hair

Sansiarto, Rue
St. Augustin

Roblez, 14 Rue
de Helder

piled high after the Andalusian fashion, sits at the little desk, with the plates of oranges and apples before her, and the patchwork of a rich-coloured landscape behind her, she forms quite a perfect study of Spanish life. An old waiter, with the head of a Roman senator and a method of talking French which recalls the hard click of the castanettes, will always advise the novice as to what he should order, and tell him how the dishes of the day, the *Guisillio*, the *Cocido*, the *Arroz*, or the *Bacalao*, are prepared. Señor Don José had a fine cellar of Spanish wines, and Léon, who has succeeded him, sees that both the cookery and the cellar of the house are kept up to the mark.

There are several Austrian and Hungarian restaurants in Paris, the most typical one being that in the **Widerman, 5 Rue Hauteville**, kept by M. Widerman, where floors and walls are of comfortable brown, and seascapes form the decorations. All the appetising snacks the Austrians love—the smoked goose's breast, the little sausages, the many cold preparations of fish—are to be found here; and the cuisine is that of Vienna. The **Restaurant Tchèque, 7 Rue de Port Mahon**, kept by Madame Husak, in the Rue de Port Mahon, almost opposite to Cerny's Bar, which has replaced the Cabaret Lyonnais, is celebrated for its Gulyas.

Greeks in the Rue des Ecoles, Turks in the Rue Cadet, and other Orientals, have their own restaurants in various parts of Paris, mostly across the bridges; but the man who faces the delicacies of the near East, as served in the West, requires a stomach of the poet's triple brass.

THE CHEAP RESTAURANTS

A word as to the very cheap restaurants of Paris. The Bouillons Duval and the Bouillons Boulant are

extremely cheap *à la carte* establishments, and two francs goes a long way towards obtaining a satisfying meal. Of the many very cheap *table d'hôte* establishments, Philippe's, on the first floor of a house in the Palais Royal, is a typical **Philippe, Palais Royal** one. Half-pay officers, authors, and **Royal** journalists, and a great number of clerks and other men of the pen, patronise Philippe's. The custom there was for the clients of the establishment to sit at long tables. Directly all the seats at a table were filled the waiters took round the two soups, of which a choice was given, and the dinner commenced. Nowadays small tables have replaced the real *table d'hôte*. The charge for lunch is 1 f. 60 c., for dinner 2 f. 10 c.

I should say a word for the *table d'hôte* breakfasts both at the Grand Hotel and at the Continental. Each is an excellent 5 francs worth.

THE RESTAURANTS OF THE SUBURBS

The Pavillon Henri IV., on the terrace of St. Germain, where every travelling Briton and American breakfasts once during his summer stay in Paris, is "run" by **Pavillon Henri IV., St. Germain** the management of the Champeaux, and one gets very excellent cooking and service in consequence, the prices not being at all exorbitant. One groans, sitting at the little tables on the terraces and looking at the view, to think of the chances some of our hotels near London, with even finer views, throw away through lack of enterprise.

The Pavillon Bleu at St. Cloud, at the foot of the terrace slope, and having a fine view of the Seine, is a cheerful little restaurant **Pavillon Bleu, St. Cloud** with good cookery and a capital cellar of wines. M. Moreaux, who is a power in the

world of restaurants, has, or had, an interest in the restaurant; he bought many of the bins of fine wine at the sale of the *Maison Dorée* and sent them out to St. Cloud. The wedding parties which patronise the cheaper restaurants in the town are a never-ending source of amusement.

The *Pavillon de Belle Vue*, which has a splendid view over the Seine, is also on the western side just outside Paris. M. Poullard has acquired this restaurant.

The *Porte Jaune*, on an island in one of the lakes of the Bois de Vincennes, is a merry restaurant. The prices are cheap, the food is plain but sufficiently well-cooked, and its great attraction is that breakfasting there on a Sunday or on a holiday one is right away from the tourist's beaten track, and that one can see the people of Paris enjoying themselves at their ease. Another little café restaurant on the island in the Lac de St. Mandé in the Bois de Vincennes is also quite an amusing place to visit.

At the much-advertised Casino of Enghien-les-Bains there is a restaurant overlooking the lake, where the cookery is good, and the prices at a corresponding height. This is the menu of a dinner at which I was one of the guests, which was a very carefully ordered and well-cooked and well-served feast:—

Hors d'œuvre.
 Consommé Madrilène.
 Crème de poisson Soubise.
 Barbue à la Russe.
 Sellé de Behague à la Montmorency.
 Poularde en cocotte Grande Cercle.
 Aubergines Cochachinois.
 Profiterolles Désir du Roi.
 Friandises.

At Fontainebleau the Savoy Hotel is a new modern hotel, and its cuisine is quite first-class. It is some distance both from the town and chateau. **Savoy Hotel, Fontainebleau** This hotel makes very substantial deductions, both for rooms and meals, to golfers who come to play on the Fontainebleau links.

The cuisine of the Hotel de France et de l'Angleterre, an old house, with furniture and engravings which are quite in keeping with the palace across the way, is decidedly good. **Hotel de France et de l'Angleterre, Fontainebleau** The meals are *à la carte*, and the prices are high. The attendance is good, and people who go to Fontainebleau to visit the chateau will find it a capital though expensive place at which to breakfast.

Of the accommodation and cookery in the surrounding villages, an artist, who knows the forest well, writes thus to me : "At Barbizon the Hotel des Charmettes, and at Marlotte the Hotel Mallet, are fairly comfortable and picturesque inns, though apt to be overcrowded in the summer. In fine weather meals are served under an awning in the garden, and the prices are quite moderate. They do not pretend to be anything but inns, and the company is usually somewhat mixed. At Samois-sur-Seine the Hotel Beau Rivage is a small but comfortable hotel, with a terrace on which meals are served. The terrace has a delightful view of the river."

The Golf Club of Fontainebleau has a good clubhouse, where an excellent 3-franc lunch is served. It is possible to dine there on giving **The Golf Club, Fontainebleau** notice. The subscription is 125 francs a year for men, 100 francs for ladies, and 200 francs for double tickets. For a month, a quarter, a week, the subscriptions are in like proportions. For a day the fee is 5 francs. The links are open all the year round.

At Versailles the classic restaurant at which to lunch is that of the Hotel des Reservoirs, Madame de Maintenon's old villa. All the crowned heads who visit the palace are given an official lunch at the Reservoirs. Below is the menu of déjeuner offered there by the President of the Republic to King Edward and Queen Alexandra on 4th February 1907 :—

Hors-d'œuvre variés.
 Œufs brouillés pointes d'asperges.
 Filets de Sole Mornay.
 Noisette d'Agneau.
 Pommes de terre nouvelles.
 Chicorée à la Crème.
 Poulardes froides.
 Salade.
 Pots de crème, vanille et chocolat.
 Desserts variés.

This is an excellent menu to suggest for any large party. My experience this year of the restaurant of the hotel, which has a big glassed-over balcony, is that the prices are quite moderate, but that the service is rough. In old days the waiters in black ties and dress coats had the dignity which comes of serving in a house which entertains kings. But they have been told so often to "hustle along" by American patrons that they now almost fling the food at their clients.

The Hotel des Reservoirs now has a rival in the newly-built Trianon Palace Hotel at the corner of the park. The restaurant of this hotel has a long open-air terrace, the views from which are agreeable, and on this terrace a 6-franc breakfast and a 7-franc dinner are served. I breakfasted there during the early days of the hotel's exist-

ence, and found the service rather confused, but no doubt this has now been altered for the better.

There is a little restaurant on the Isle de la Jatte which acquired a reputation for good breakfasts when the island was a favourite ground for duellists to settle affairs of honour; and any one who wishes to see the Parisian counterpart of our Hampstead can dine on a platform amidst the foliage of the big trees at Sceaux-Robinson, and can pull up to his eyrie the basket, containing cold fowl and bottle of red wine and a yard of bread, by a rope.

Restaurant de
la Grande Jatte,
Isle de la Jatte

Le Vrai Robin-
son, Sceaux-
Robinson

I am told that the Rond Royal at Compeigne has a pleasant restaurant at which to breakfast, but I cannot write from personal experience of it.

THE BILL AND TIPS

I now come to the very important matter of prices. A Frenchman will tell one that it is possible by careful choice of dishes to obtain two good meals at a comfortable restaurant *à la carte* for ten to twelve francs a day. My experience is that an Englishman who is in Paris to enjoy himself, going to the best restaurants, and neither stinting himself nor launching out into extravagance, spends about fifteen to sixteen francs on his breakfast and from eighteen to twenty francs on his dinner. For instance, the last time I dined at the Café Anglais by myself, this was my dinner: A half-dozen Ostend oysters, *Potage Laitues et Quenelles*, *Merlans Frits*, *Cuisse de Poularde Rôtie*, *Salade Romaine*, some cheese, half a bottle of Graves 1^e Cru, and a bottle of St. Galmier. It was a very simple dinner, but I did not want an elaborate one, as I was going on to a theatre. This dinner cost me eighteen francs. When two people dine together the cost a head is

always less than for a single dinner, and in many of the restaurants one portion is quite sufficient for two people. This used to be the case in all, but now on many of the *cartes du jour* the mystic letters "P. P." follow the prices, which mean that the figures show what is charged *per personne*. Somehow or another a Frenchman and his wife always dine more cheaply than an Englishman and his wife. It is, I believe, because the *maître d'hôtel* will generally save the pockets of his compatriots if he can, but has not the same sympathy for the strangers who come to the restaurant.

I will take as being typical three other bills I have preserved. One is for a lunch for two people at Maire's: *Hors d'œuvre*, a dish of eggs and tomatoes, a *Filet Maire* and potatoes, cheese, a couple of pears, a bottle of the Charbonnier of the house, and a bottle of mineral water. The total of this was 18 f. 50 c. At the Restaurant Lapérouse I have eaten prawns, always an expensive dish, *Bisque*, *Filets de Sole Lapérouse*, *Noisettes de Veau Sautées Champignons*, *Haricots Verts nouveaux*, and a slice of cheese, and drinking a bottle of Musigny, have been charged, for two, splitting the portions, 17 f. Breakfasting by myself at the "Au Père Boivin," I have eaten *Goujons Frits*, a *Demi-Noisette de Filet Grillé Sauce Estragon*, and *Cépes Bordelaise*, have drunk half a bottle of Vouvray, and have been charged 7 f.

To these totals the tips must be added. In the expensive restaurants a franc per louis or a franc per head is the least the head waiter expects, and I am sorry to say that we English and the Americans have so spoilt the market that a franc is scarcely received now with a "Thank you" at the smart restaurants. The *sommelier* is always on the watch expecting a tip, the portier who takes the hats and coats and the *chasseur* who calls a *fiacre* are permanently hopeful.

A half franc apiece to these worthies is more than sufficient. If one is fairly generous three francs should see one clear after dinner or breakfast; but some men deal out francs to every servant who looks as though he would like one.

THE PARIS CLUBS

The Club life of the Parisians differs very considerably from the Club life of Britain and America. In a Parisian, or indeed any club of the continental nations, the "introducers" of any candidate have, when he becomes a member, a far larger responsibility than the proposer and seconder of a candidate for any London or New York club. The introducers, amongst other duties, are expected to present the new member to such gentlemen of the club as are of their acquaintance, and the new member has to record in his memory the faces of those gentlemen to whom he has been introduced and be ready to greet them. This etiquette makes all club life a little difficult to the Englishman or American who for the first time becomes a member of a purely French club, or of a club organised on French models. The Anglo-Saxons in Paris, to escape this etiquette, have always of late years possessed a club or clubs of their own.

Among the Anglo-Saxon clubs which are in existence in Paris at the present time is the Travellers' Club in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. The house, the Hotel Pavia, has history attached to it. It was presented to a great *demi-mondaine* in the days of the Second Empire, and its salons became a centre of the dragon-fly life of impenitent Paris. When France fell sobbing into Russia's arms, proclaiming that she had at last found her *amant de cœur*, Cubat, the well-

The Travellers'
Club, Avenue
des Champs
Elysées

known restaurateur of St. Petersburg, who had been cook to a Czar, thought that as Paris loved St. Petersburg so ardently, *louis* might be coined in a Restaurant Cubat in Paris while only roubles were to be taken in St. Petersburg. The Restaurant Cubat, excellent as it was, with its mixture of the French and Russian cuisines, did not "catch on" in Paris, and after the great Exposition of 1900 Cubat went back to St. Petersburg. For a while the Hotel de Pavia remained empty, but eventually the Travellers' Club was formed on European lines, having an attached association in London, and it has become an admirably managed club on the same lines as the best London clubs, and with a subscription equally high.

The British Club, which has been in existence a dozen or more years, has had many homes. It began life in the Grand Hotel, emigrated to the Boulevard des Capucines, moved on to the Rue de l'Arcade, and now, at last, seems to be securely established in the Boulevard Malesherbes, not a stone's throw from the Madeleine. The tax the French authorities levy on clubs has been a difficulty which the British Club has had to meet, and, like the Travellers', it has faced it successfully. The subscription to British members residing in Paris is £2 a year, and there is a small entrance fee. The club has foreign and country members, and it extends the privilege of temporary membership to certain of the London clubs. The British Club has an English billiard-table, a reading-room, and a certain number of bedrooms for the use of its members.

The Lawn Tennis Club on the Isle des Puteaux is a pleasant place at which to take afternoon tea under the big sunshades, and in the summer-time is a meeting-place for the smart people of the French and Anglo-Saxon world.

The British
Club, 8 Boule-
vard Males-
herbes

Tennis Club,
Isle des Puteaux

The Polo Club at Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, close to Longchamps, is to Paris what Ranelagh and Hurlingham are to London. It has its Polo Club, Bagatelle little pavilion where the ladies take tea, and its flower-beds and decoration are very well arranged. Bagatelle has its gymkhanas, its races for children, and its competitions for ladies, after the manner of the clubs upon which it is modelled.

If La Boulie had done nothing else to deserve fame, the fact that it was the training ground on which Massy, one of the world's champions, Golf Club, La Boulie learned his golf would make it notable. Great attention has been given to the greens. They have been partially underlaid with sand, and in the summer are watered daily.

Of the purely Parisian clubs in Paris the Union Club is the most exclusive. It corresponds perhaps more nearly to the London Marlborough Club than to any other club I know. Its club-house is on the Cercle de l'Union, Boulevard de la Madeleine Boulevard de la Madeleine, where it occupies two floors of one of the big houses. There is very little card-playing at the Union, the traditions of the club being that it should be a salon and not a gaming-place, and politics are kept rigorously in the background. It has nearly 400 permanent members and a little over 200 honorary members. King Edward was one of the permanent members.

The best known of the Paris clubs is undoubtedly the Jockey Club. If nothing else about it is remembered, the story of Isabelle the flower-girl, who was practically adopted The Jockey Club, Boulevard des Capucines by the club, can always be recalled.

The club was founded by an Englishman, Lord Seymour, and many of the members of the British Jockey Club also belong to the French one. A "commission of dukes" secured the present club-

house on the Boulevard des Capucines and superintended the furnishing and adornment of its very comfortable rooms.

The Club of the Rue Royale is very much like any of our large London social clubs. It is at the corner of the Rue Royale in the great Hotel Choisin; one face looks on to the Place de la Concorde and the other looks across the Rue Royale to the Ministry of Marine. Some of the English residents in Paris belong to this club.

Every one who has walked in the Champs Elysées on a fine summer day has noticed the well-groomed elderly gentlemen who sit on the raised terrace at the corner of the Rue Boissy d'Anglas and watch the people coming and going from the Place de la Concorde to the Champs Elysées. These are the members of the Epatant, as the Cercle de l'Union Artistique is familiarly called. This club is the most amusing of all the Parisian clubs, and its fêtes, its theatricals, its art exhibitions, have gained for it its astonishing nickname.

Other Parisian clubs are the Automobile, next door to the Cercle de la Rue Royale, which has a garden on its roof; the Military Club in the Avenue de l'Opera; and the Cercle Agricole, which is the most aristocratic and entirely French of all the clubs.

AFTER DINNER

To give any description of the performances likely to be found at the opera-houses and theatres and music halls of Paris would be an impossible task, for there is a constant change not only in the entertainments, but in the style of entertainment as well. The Opera and the Opera Comique, of course, are standing dishes

for their particular types of opera, and the Française and the Odeon are subventioned to keep classical comedy alive. The Gymnase and the Vaudeville generally house modern comedy, and at the Palais Royal, the Variétés, and the Nouveautés there is an abundance of Gallic salt in the pieces performed. One little tip I may give even to Anglo-Saxons who know their Paris, and that is to buy at any kiosk, on the day of arrival, the little paper *Comœdia*, which not only gives the "casts" of all plays, but also a sketch of the plots. It also gives the programmes of all the music halls, big and small, tells one who are the stars singing at them, and what *Revue*s are running, and gives all the Cabaret Artistiques, and the places at which the bands play in the afternoons. It is a great help in deciding what plays may suit one's mood after dinner, or what other amusement one prefers.

II

FRENCH PROVINCIAL TOWNS

Some Dishes of the Provinces—Calais—Boulogne—Wimereux—Hardelot—Le Touquet—Montreuil-sur-Mer—Dieppe—Puys—Pourville—Etretat—Havre—St. Adresse—Gonneville—Duclair—Rouen—Honfleur—Trouville—Caen—Dives—Cherbourg—Granville—Mont St. Michel—St. Malo—Cancalle—Dinard—Roscoff—Brest—Quimper—Pont Aven—Quimperlé—Bordeaux—Arcachon—Biarritz—Marseilles—Cannes—Nice—Beaulieu—Monte Carlo—Mentone—The Pyrenees—Pau—Aix-les-Bains—Vichy.

WHEN I sat down to write for the first edition of this book a chapter on the cookery and restaurants of the big towns and bathing-places and summer towns of France, I had no idea of the impossible task I had undertaken. I had, to use an expressive Americanism, bitten off more than I could chew. No chapter could possibly cover this wide subject; only a large book would do it justice; and that book is not likely to be compiled, for no Frenchman would have the patience to write it, no German the taste, and no Englishman the knowledge. Almost every town of any importance has some special dish or some special *pâté* of its own, there are hundreds of good old inns where the cuisine is that of their province, and there are great tracks of country, which ought to be marked by some special colour on all guide-book maps, where the cookery is universally good. Do you know the Chapeau Rouge at Dunkerque, the good old inn with a cardinal's hat as a crest, where the cookery

is that of the northern provinces at its best, and where the Friday *dîner maigre* is a good example of what good ecclesiastical cookery used to be? At Lille there is a restaurant, the Divour, the entrance to which is up a passage leading from the main street, which should be included in any guide to good eating in France, and I am sorry not to discourse on this and the buffet at the station, which is in high favour with the townspeople. Do you know the Cloche at Dijon? and the Univers at Perigueux? and the Cambronne at Nantes? and the Lion d'Or at Reims? These which come to my mind as I write are but a few of the tens of hundreds of inns and taverns of big towns in France which deserve each a chapter, but which are beyond the scope I am going to allow myself. One exception I am making to my own rule, and that is, that I hope to include in other editions of this book some information as to the restaurants and dining-places to be met with on favourite expeditions in the interior of France. I have made a beginning in this edition by giving attention to the tours of the Roman cities in Provence, and have written a few words about the towns of the Loire.

It sometimes happens that a gourmet making a journey through some portion of France in search of the picturesque finds himself in a district of good cooks, and makes note of the fact and enjoys their handiwork. This occurs more often in the southern provinces than elsewhere. Leaving the Roman cities of Provence, and the Provençal cookery, the gourmet who has time to journey leisurely, and has an automobile at his command, may make a most pleasant journey of gastronomic exploration in the district between Montpellier and Toulouse, which is a cradle of great cooks, and where the traditions of the cookery of the Romans, brought by great soldiers and great administrators into Gaul, still linger. The land of

the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Saone, from Verdun down to Dijon, is another and a more northerly paradise of good cookery. In Dordogne there is not a peasant who cannot give a traveller *en panne* a truffled omelette which would make an alderman's mouth water, and a tumbler of the *vin pierre à fusil*, which is quite one of the best of the wines of the people; and all the Midi from the Alps to the Pyrenees is a happy hunting ground for the gastronome.

In this chapter, however, I only, with the exceptions I have already stated, intend to write of those seaside towns of amusement to which an Anglo-Saxon is likely to go to enjoy himself in summer or autumn or winter, and the towns in their neighbourhood to which excursions will probably be made; of the principal "cure" places to which a Briton or an American is likely to be sent by his doctor, and of the big ports at which a traveller going to or coming from France may be obliged to remain for a few hours or a few days. I roughly follow the coast-line in writing of the various towns on the sea.

CALAIS

Calais, now that it possesses a bright little casino on the beach, which, of course, possesses a restaurant, and has had its bathing machines newly painted, aspires to be a "resort," and considers itself just as good as any of its neighbours. Its buffet at the

Gare Maritime Gare Maritime still remains the best of its restaurants. The Calais buffet has always had the reputation of being the best, or one of the best, railway refreshment rooms in France; and though the typical Englishman in a hurry generally calls for stewed chicken and mashed potatoes, and tells the waiter to open the bottle of wine which is nearest to him on the table, the man who is not

suffering from train fever asks the cook what is in the dozen chafing dishes and casseroles which are kept hot on the centre table, looks at the vegetables, and gives a glance at the buffet of cold meats and the fruit counter before he sits down and orders his breakfast. The minute occupied by doing this is not misspent.

AFTER DINNER

If you are detained at Calais (and every man at least once in his lifetime is detained at Calais) you will probably find a travelling company, should the period of the year be winter, playing in the theatre, which stands in a square just off the Avenue Leon Gambetta. There is a second theatre in the old portion of the town, close to the Hotel de Guise. In the summer the evening's amusements are focussed at the little Casino.

BOULOGNE

Before turning my attention to the existing restaurants in Boulogne let me drop a figurative tear for the smallest and most distinctive of the Boulogne restaurants, the little white café-restaurant on the north pier, which has been destroyed by fire. The *moules* to be obtained there were always of the freshest, and its fish dishes—*Sole Normande* or *Sole au vin blanc* or *Sole Dieppoise*—were excellent, for it has one of the best fish markets in the world to draw upon. I have eaten as good a *Chateaubriand* there as any man could require. When the improvements to the harbour are completed a new north pier, giving a wider entrance, is likely to be amongst them, and the little white restaurant will probably be re-erected on this pier.

An able gentleman, M. de St. André, has be-

come the new director of the Boulogne Casino, and amongst the departments which he has galvanised into life is the restaurant. One of the proprietors of Maire's, in Paris, is now the lessee of the restaurant, and gives his personal attention to its management. The banquets which are given there are quite good examples of big dinners, and as a change from the *table d'hôte* meals of the hotels a breakfast on the terrace may be safely essayed.

In the town, in the Rue de la Coupe, there is a little tavern, the Royal Oak, kept by an Englishman. The Royal Oak is renowned for its hams and its Welsh-rabbits.

The buffet at the Gare Maritime is an uncertain quantity. I have known it at periods to be an example to English railway refreshment rooms, but at other times it drops down to the unappetising level of the usual station buffet. There is a *petit salon* leading out of the large room which is a pleasant place in which to dine, and a letter or a telegram to secure this room and a specially ordered little dinner or breakfast is a precaution I always take if I entertain one or two people while waiting to catch a train at the other station. This is one of the dinners which a manager provided on one of these occasions :—

Salade Boulonnaise.
 Consommé Royal.
 Filet de Sole en surprise.
 Tournedos Princesse.
 Dessert.

The *salade* is a savoury mixture in which *moules* play a leading part. The *filet de sole* was surprised to find itself inside a potato baked with its jacket on.

The confectioner's shop of Caveng in the Rue Victor Hugo must be mentioned if only because more

little cakes and other confectionery find their way from that shop across the Channel to little English children than from any other shop in *Caveng's, Rue France*. There is a comfortable tea- *Victor Hugo* room adjoining the shop, and a salon behind it. Tea is not the only liquid served in this annexe, for an Englishman who wants a whisky and soda or a glass of wine can get either of them there.

THE BOULOGNE CLUBS

The English club of Boulogne no longer exists. Its numbers dwindled to twelve, and then two of those twelve quarrelled, and the club dissolved itself. A card with a good London club in a corner and the payment of five francs secure entrance to the Club Privé of the Casino.

A good deal of money has been spent in putting in good order the golf links near Wimereux.

AFTER DINNER

In the summer time the theatre of the Casino caters for the needs of the Boulogne public, and gives them in turn comedy, operetta, and "Music Hall" performances. The stock company takes holiday should any Star with his or her own company pay a visit to Boulogne. In the winter the town theatre, just off the main street of the town, is open, but the performances are not too well patronised. A carnival ball, however, at this theatre is well worth seeing, because of the extraordinary mixture of people who form the dancers. The best sight that Boulogne has to show after dinner is a Bal Populaire in the grounds of the Casino, a ball at which the fisher girls in their distinctive costume form the majority of the dancers.

WIMEREUX, HARDELOT, LE TOUQUET

The little towns to the south of Boulogne, and within easy reach, I know better than I do those to the north. Wimereux, the nearest northerly town, has its two or three hotels all with restaurants, and of these the Splendid seems the most popular. There is a café in the Casino, and a theatre, but I do not remember a restaurant there. To the south of Boulogne, Mr. Whitley, who made history as the organiser of the first Earl's Court exhibitions, secures during the summer season a cook from one of the big London restaurants for the Hostellerie des Marmousets at Hardelot.

The cookery at Le Touquet is quite good. M. Diette, who was at the Berkeley in London and afterwards at the Palais at Biarritz, is the lessee of three of the hotels, the Golf Hotel, the Atlantic, and the Hermitage, and he has good cooks at all of them, and gets all his meat and his fowls and most of his other provisions from Paris. Madame Mouston at the Regina, and the proprietor of the Hotel des Anglais follow suit. Though the golfers who come over from England to play on the links sometimes grumble at the Le Touquet prices, they rarely abuse the cookery.

Le Touquet-Paris Plage, the town settlements, boasts two Casinos, one in the forest and the other on the sea front. Little horses, baccarat, and an entertainment of some kind in the theatre are to be found at both during the summer season.

MONTREUIL-SUR-MER

Any one interested in old France and old French customs and old French manners should go from

Boulogne by train or by motor-car to Montreuil-sur-Mer, and eat a mid-day meal at the Hotel de France. The hotel is just what an inn was in the days of plumed hats and long boots, Hotel de France "Miladi" might look out of one of the upper windows at any moment, and one would not be in the least surprised to see Athos, Porthos, and D'Artagnan swagger down the rickety staircases. To breakfast on a sunny day in the courtyard where creepers form a canopy is an artistic pleasure, and the food prepared in the spotlessly clean kitchen is quite well cooked and palatable, though the service and napery are rough, and the cellar has no great pretensions. In the kitchen, through which visitors can pass at any time, the whole family of the proprietor is busy; even the old grandmother will make a salad, in the mixing of which she is an adept, for a favoured guest. One of the daughters of the house married the *patissier* of the town who makes woodcock *pâtés*, the fame of which deserves a wider publicity than it has. Montreuil has a liqueur of its own distilled from the wild plums and other woodland fruits which grow in the moat of the old fortifications.

DIEPPE

Dieppe has its own particular dish in the *Sole Dieppoise*, in which shrimps and mussels add their flavour to the white wine sauce; and *Moules Marinières* and *Coquilles St. Jacques* it also claims as its own. Being a town of Normandy, it is a stronghold of such local dishes as *Sole Normande* and *Faisan Normande*, a pheasant cooked in a tureen with apples. In the little streams of the forest in the country behind the town swim trout, the flesh of which is exceedingly and pleasantly sweet.

Dieppe has always been a town of good cookery, and in the days of the Second Empire Lafosse's

Restaurant in the Grande Rue was one of the best dining-places in the provinces of France. You dine very well nowadays in Dieppe, for the restaurant of the Casino and the Royal, in friendly rivalry, keep each other well up to the mark. The Royal is one of the Gordon Hotels, and M. Varnier, who in winter is to be found at the Metropole, Monte Carlo, is the director. The windows of the restaurant of the hotel look over the great stretch of grass which separates the houses of the Plage from the sea. The prices of the Royal are said to be high, but I found that I dined in the very pretty little restaurant of the hotel just as well as I should have dined in a first-class Parisian restaurant, and that the prices were those of Paris. This is one of the little dinners for two I ate at the Royal, very well cooked, very well served, and not costing a fortune :—

Cantaloup Frappe.
Potage St. Germain.
Rouget en Papillotte.
Cotelette de Veau en Cocotte.
Aubergines Frits.
Coupe Royal.

The Casino Restaurant is managed by M. Doucoudert, who is the proprietor of the Grand Hotel. It is a white room, with a wall of windows looking out on to the terrace and the sea. Of an evening it is pleasant to sit at one of the open windows and to look on the terrace in half light with its little tables and its groups of people walking leisurely backwards and forwards, and to hear the sound of the waves breaking on the beach, mingling with the strains of the band. On fire-work nights there is no better position from which to see the Catherine-wheels splutter and the rockets shoot up than the windows of this little

restaurant. The cookery there is quite good, and the prices are about the same as those at the Royal, which seem to me not cheap, but on the other hand not extortionate.

Just outside the Casino gates, and under the same management, is the Casino Brasserie, a long wooden shanty painted in bright colours, where a little band plays and many cool Bocks are consumed, and where there is much jollity. An excellent lunch is to be obtained for 2.50 francs, and the dinner at 3.50 francs is also excellent at the price. All sorts and conditions of men and women lunch and dine there, and any one who does not require quietude while he takes his meals will find the place distinctly amusing.

The Faisan Doré, kept by M. Caboïs, is a restaurant above a charcutier's shop in the Grand Rue. A little flight of stairs leads to the first floor, where is the dining-room, and in the interior, on the ground floor, can be seen a white-capped, white-jacketed cook, very busy amid the Vandyke shadows of his kitchen. The prices are moderate, and the resident English give the little restaurant a good deal of their custom.

The Restaurant A. Lefevre, in the Rue de l'Hotel de Ville, has a *clientèle* of men of the brush and pen. It is to all outward appearance a workmen's café, for it turns to the street a room with brown walls and black covered seats against the walls and zinc tables. Little chairs and some white painted tables are outside on the *terasse*, an old woman who is the *grand-mère* sits at the *comptoir* inside. This simple establishment is the restaurant beloved of old by Whistler, and Madame Veuve Bellet, the young and sprightly widow who is the proprietress, will tell you how he used to come there every day to breakfast, saying that he could not get a *Sole Dieppoise* really well cooked anywhere else.

The Casino
Brasserie

The Faisan Doré,
74 Grand Rue

Restaurant A.
Lefevre, Rue de
l'Hotel de Ville

Many artists of note have followed Whistler's example in breakfasting at the café, and there is a pleasant artistic and literary and theatrical atmosphere about the place. Henri, the waiter who spends his spare time in the kitchen, the shining pots and pans in which can be seen down a passage, is a character who is quite willing to go out fishing at unearthly hours of the morning to secure soles for a favoured customer. Madame Bellet, who is a cook, and a very good cook too, on occasions, will cook the fish secured by Henri to oblige any old friend. I was taken to lunch by one such old friend, and the excellent meal I was given left a mark on my memory. A table was laid for us in the salon, a little room where a stuffed seagull hangs from the ceiling, where a piano occupies a corner, and the windows of which look out on to the sunny little square, in the middle of which stands the old grey church of St. Remy. Madame was in the kitchen, but Mademoiselle, her daughter, in rose-sprigged muslin, was there to wait on us. A pretty smiling girl is Mademoiselle. The great question of the wine to be drunk with breakfast had to be settled. Madame had sent us a message that she recommended the old Chambertin. Mademoiselle thought we should prefer the Barsac. We solved the difficulty by drinking a bottle of Chambertin first and then a bottle of Barsac, and we came to the conclusion that Mademoiselle was a good judge. An *omelette aux credettes* was followed by the *Sole Dieppoise*, with a delicious sauce in which tiny mushrooms and *moules* and shrimps were bathed. A grilled chicken came after with lemon squeezed over it, and then Madame in black silk and lace walked into the salon to hear what we thought of the sole. For the sole we had nothing but compliments, but Madame was a little grieved to hear that we thought the old Chambertin had seen its best days and that we liked the old Barsac

better. "Oh, you gentlemen ! It is always like that. You like the Barsac best because it is a pretty girl that recommends it," said Madame, shaking a finger at her daughter, who laughed back at her. A cream cheese of the country, so light that it melted in the mouth, completed the repast.

While I am writing my reminiscences of good lunches at Dieppe, let me describe a lunch I ate in admirable company just outside Dieppe at an open-air breakfast place one summer on a hot day. At a long Porte Normande the motor cars come to a halt in a little village street. A Norman gate has above it a thatched roof, and the long roof to this gate also shelters an array of white clothed tables. Beyond it is an orchard where wooden tables are set under the trees. From a barn, which has been converted into a kitchen and which has on its outer wall a copper washing-basin and a little cistern and a towel on a roller, issues a plump lady in a black dress. She is bare-armed and bare-headed. She is Madame, the proprietress. Says she, "Certainly Monsieur can have *Truite Meuniere* and a *Poulet en Cocotte* and *Haricots Verts Panachés* and a *Tourte à la Creme*, and will the ladies choose their table ?" for a lady and her two little daughters were of our party. We go through the orchard to the trout-stream which, with a pleasant gurgle, runs between grass-covered banks. The water is crystal clear, and moves the long green weed in it gently to and fro. The shadows above the pebbles are trout, cautious, well-fed fish, which are rarely to be caught at this point with a fly, but which by some means or another are regularly transferred from the stream to the tank in the barn. Hidden by trees, but its presence made clear by the clack-clack-clack of its wheel, is the mill driven by this stream. Across the water are meadows in which placid cows graze, and in the

Clos Normand,
Martin-Eglise,
Normande

shadow of a pollard willow an old peasant sleeps. The apple trees by this brook shelter the most favoured tables, and one of these we secure and sit on rush-bottomed chairs to look at our neighbours while the trout are being cooked. There are two big parties of good bourgeois, each with a silver-haired *grand-mère* in the place of honour, each with the men in shirt-sleeves, for the mid-day heat is tropical, each with its three or four children. There is a pretty lady wearing a purple motor-veil and a white dress, and her cavalier, a Frenchman who plays for big stakes at the Casino; there is a widow and her two daughters; there are two Englishmen; and a fat Frenchman in a broad-brimmed Panama hat and a nankeen coat, who mops his head continuously with a bandanna handkerchief. In the distance, near the Porte Normande, a violinist and a 'cello player in scarlet jackets and an Italian girl with a guitar make fine patches of vivid colour amidst the green. There are plenty of farm animals in the orchard. A white goat comes to the table and stands on its hind-legs to ask for bread, and a superannuated old sheep-dog which, one of the little girls asserts, has Chippendale legs, puts a cool nose against one's hands as a hint that he is present and ready to be fed. A little flock of geese take to the water and swim up stream, keeping just level with our tree, their beady eyes on the alert for any crumbs which may be thrown them. Our tree is no ordinary tree. Withies have been interwoven in its branches and a creeper trained over them. I do not suppose this is good for the tree's apple-bearing, but it certainly makes an ideal sunshade of it. A waiter in shabby dress clothes, whose shiny red nose tells of much running to and fro in the heat, lays a white tablecloth and receives our order for some of the oldest cider of the house with a resonant "*Bon.*" He presently comes shuffling over the grass with his arms full of hot plates, two

bottles of cider, and a covered dish in which sizzles the trout. The cider proves to be excellent, as it should be, for we are in Normandy, the cider country. The Italian girl begins to sing songs, "Santa Lucia" and "Adio Napoli," and the others, which always conjure up a vision of moonlit nights in the Bay of Naples and the singers rowing round the vessel. The 'cello moans in accompaniment to the voice and the tinkling guitar, and gives that undercurrent of broken-heartedness which is in most of the south Italian peasant songs. It is quite incongruous, these songs of the south in a Normandy orchard, but the sunshine and the old cider and the clack of the mill and the sound of running water brings it all into the picture. The fowl in its big brown circular pot is as good as the trout has been, and the Italian girl, smiling to show two rows of brilliant teeth, brings round the plate with a napkin folded on it into which the sous are slipped. She asks us whether we would like to hear "le petit" play and sing. "Le p  tit" is a small boy in a sailor's dress, who is one of the little troupe, and who presently takes a violin and leads the band of three with much *aplomb*. Then he comes to an open space amid the trees and sings a comic song with a little dance after each verse. He too brings round the plate and takes away with it a great triangle of the *tourte*, having looked to the Italian girl for permission before he accepts it. And then we find that it is nearly three o'clock, and we have to drive through the For  t d'Arques and see the castle and be back in Dieppe by four. So the little girls are sent running to tell the chauffeur to be ready, and we pass out of the lotus-land calm of the orchard on to dusty roads. The Italian girl, her mouth full of bread and sausage, comes to the door of the barn kitchen to wish us the pretty Italian equivalent of "Au revoir," and "le petit," clasping a toy boat, comes with her to wave

his hand. The name of the orchard restaurant is the Clos Normand, and it is at Martin-Eglise, a mile or two out of Dieppe.

THE DIEPPE CLUBS

The subscription to the Grande Cercle des Bains, the Baccarat Club of the Casino, is 10 francs. Membership of a good English club does away with any delay in admission. The Dieppe Golf Club, of which the British Vice-Consul is secretary, has an 18-hole course, and is a mile from the town. Visitors pay 2.50 francs a day, 10 francs a week, and 25 francs a month. The nine holes on the sea-side of this course are situated in wonderfully picturesque positions.

PUYS

At Puits, a mile and a half from Dieppe, Mons. Pelletier laid down an excellent cellar of wines in the Hotel Château de Puits. The **Château de Puits** restaurant of this hotel, on a plateau jutting out seawards and commanding some marvellous views, is a pleasant place at which to breakfast.

POURVILLE

At Pourville, two miles from Dieppe, uphill, past the golf links, M. Gras is responsible for the entertainment at the Hotel Casino. The **Hotel du Casino** restaurant has a special reputation achieved, in the first place, by "Papa" Paul Graaf, who was one of the chefs at the Tuileries in the days of Napoleon III. A gourmet *en voyage* writes thus to me of M. Gras: "Gras is a very shrewd fellow who adds every year to his hotel accommodation,

which is extremely simple—no gorgeous furniture or anything of that sort. The place is not cheap, and for meals *à la carte* the charges are by no means low. But the food is good and uncommonly well cooked. Gras looks after his business very closely, and is proud of his kitchens and larders, which he loves to show to visitors. His wines are good and not too expensive, and he can cook you a lobster *à l'Américaine* as well as it can be done in any New York restaurant. My impression of the Hotel du Casino is that it is a second-rate place run in first-rate style."

ETRETAT

At Etretat there is a Café Restaurant in the Casino where a déjeuner, *vin compris*, is obtainable for 4 francs, and a dinner for 5 francs; but most of the English settled in Normandy go **Hotel Blanquet** either to the Hotel Hauville or the Hotel Blanquet for any meals when they visit this seaside town, the prices at the Roches-Blanches being somewhat frightening. The Hotel Blanquet charges 4.75 francs for its déjeuner served at separate tables.

HAVRE

Havre is one of the towns in which the Englishman or American crossing to Southampton or coming thence often finds himself for some hours. Tortoni's in the market-place has a reputation for good **Tortoni, Place Gambetta** cookery. Judging from the two or three dinners I have eaten there, both *à la carte* and the *table d'hôte* one at 5 francs—eight courses and a pint of wine for one's money—the cookery is of the good solid bourgeois order. Tortoni's Hotel Restaurant must not be confounded with the Brasserie Tortoni quite close to it, which is a bachelor's resort; and

which I, as a bachelor, have found very amusing sometimes after dinner.

Frascati's Restaurant, an adjunct to the big hotel on the sea-shore, is the classic restaurant of the place, and many a man who has come over by the midnight boat and has stayed for a bathe and a meal at Frascati's before going on to Paris by the mid-day train has breakfasted there in content. The *Ecrevisses Bordelaises*, the *Croûtes aux Champignons*, the *Salade Russe* here have left me pleasant memories. In the winter the chef retires to Paris or elsewhere, and the restaurant is not to be so thoroughly trusted; and sometimes when a crowd of passengers are going across to Southampton by the night boat to catch an American steamer, I have found the attendance very sketchy, owing to the waiters having more work than they can do satisfactorily. The restaurant in summer is in the verandah facing the sea.

The Hotel de Normandie is a hostel at which the cooking and the wines are good. This is a menu of a *table d'hôte dîner maigre* served there on Good Friday, and it is an excellent example of a meal without meat:—

- Bisque d'Ecrevisses.
Reine Christine.
Filets de Soles Normande.
Nouilletes Napolitaine en Caisse.
Saumon de la Loire Tartare.
Sorbets Suprême Fécamp.
Coquille de Homard à l'Américaine.
Sarcelles sur Canapé.
Salade panachée.
Asperges d'Argenteuil Mousseline.
Petits Pois au Sucre.
Glace Quo Vadis.
Petits Fours. Corbeille de Fruits.
Dessert.

Hotel de Nor-
mandie, Rue de
Paris

The restaurant of the Continental Hotel, on the Chaussée des Etats Unis, opposite to the Setée, has recently become one to be recommended. One of its specialties is a *Poulet Grand Duc*, in the sauce of which both whisky and brandy are used. I have not tasted this alcoholic dish myself, but I have the word of a gourmet of unblemished taste that it is excellent.

The Continental,
Chaussée des
Etats Unis.

One of my correspondents sends me an account of Perrier's, a little restaurant, which I give in his own words: "The quaintest and most original place in Havre is a little restaurant on the quay, opposite where the Trouville boats start from. It is known equally well as 'Périer's,' or the Restaurant des Pilotes. It is kept by one Buholzer, who was at one time chef at Rubion's in Marseilles. He afterwards was chef on one of the big Transatlantique boats, where he learnt to mix a very fair cocktail. The entrance is through a tiny café with sanded tiled floor. Thence a corkscrew staircase leads to a fair-sized room on the first floor. All the food you get there is excellent, and *Bouillabaisse* or *Homard à l'Américaine*, 'constructed' by the boss, is a joy, not for ever, but, in the case of the first-named, for some time. The house does not go in for a very varied selection of wines, but what there is is good."

Perrier's,
The Quay

My correspondent qualifies this good report by telling me that the last time he breakfasted at the Restaurant des Pilotes it took the proprietor a very long hour to prepare the feast.

The Fox Bar alongside the Bourse has during the past two years been much patronised by the sporting members of the British community. It is owned by Reynard, who is the proprietor of the Café Guillaume Tell on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. Jules, the bar-tender, was

Fox Bar

for years smoke-room steward on *La Champagne*, and can mix any cocktail ever invented in America.

ST. ADRESSE

The outlying suburb of Havre, St. Adresse, is, I have little doubt, the future summer "resort" of

Le Commerce Havre. One of the richest and most enterprising Frenchmen of the day, M. Dufayel, whose great shops in Paris are world-known, has acquired a large space of land there, has built a splendid club, which he leases at a peppercorn rent to the local yacht-racing association, and a fine restaurant to be called the Commerce, which, however, is at present without a tenant. An hotel which was commenced by M. Dufayel has been delayed in erection by landslips.

There are half-a-dozen little cafés and restaurants
Le Broche à Rotir at St. Adresse, and the Broche à Rotir has always been a favourite resort of the people of Havre.

GONNEVILLE

At Gonneville, which can be easily reached by train either from Havre or Etretat, at the Hotel

Hotel Aubourg Aubourg, there is a very interesting collection of old cupboards, china, and works of art. The food is excellent, and very cheap, and the proprietor is a "character" who is very proud of his visitors' book.

DUCLAIR

On the upward voyage, going from Havre to Rouen, Duclair is passed twelve miles from Rouen.

The Hotel de la Poste there is a house worthy of special notice. The proprietor, Denise, himself cooks a *Canard-Duclair* with a skill that no great chef could better. He has a good cellar, but the visits of a little band of gourmets from Havre have made serious gaps in its bins. The hotel, with the exception of the kitchen, which required no improvement, has lately been entirely modernised.

Hotel de la
Poste

HAVRE CLUBS

The Cercle François I. is a social club which consists of about 180 members. It opens its door to all nationalities. Members can give their friends cards of admission for the day, week, or month without charge. The cuisine is excellent and the wines well chosen.

Cercle Fran-
çois I.

At St. Adresse, the Havre Yacht Club has as a home a beautiful building, probably the finest clubhouse of the kind in Europe. It stands high above the bay, opposite the winning flag in the regattas. It has a long wide verandah, and its suite of rooms, high and finely proportioned, comprise a dining-room, a ball-room, and a concert-room or theatre.

Palais des
Regattes

AFTER DINNER

Havre boasts two theatres—the large municipal theatre in the Place Gambetta, where one obtains solid amusement, and the Theatre-Cirque on the Boulevard Strasbourg, where lighter fare is provided. The Folies Bergères in the Rue Lemaitre is the Café Concert of the town. There is music after dinner at Frascati's and the Casino at St. Adresse.

ROUEN

The restaurant at the Hotel d'Angleterre is the dining-place at which the travelling Englishman generally orders his *Sole Normande* and *Caneton Rouennaise*, and the hotel and restaurant, which have been recently redecorated, are very fresh and smart. The proprietor of the Hotel de Paris, on the Quai de Paris, prides himself on the cookery in his restaurant, and his 4-franc *table d'hôte* dinner is really an excellent meal at the price. I am told by men who know Rouen well that the cookery of the Hotel de la Poste is all that a fastidious diner can require, and that the prices are very reasonable.

The Restaurant de la Cathedrale in the Rue des Carmes is under the direction of MM. Convert and Schwartz, the former of whom was for a while *maître-chef* at Marlborough House. Its cookery under the personal superintendence of M. Convert is first-class, and it has an excellent cellar of wines. MM. Convert and Schwartz cater for some of the leading clubs in the city—the Union and Lloyd's, for instance. The view of the cathedral from the windows of the restaurant is a fine one.

Of course the Rouen duck is not any particular breed of duck, though the good people of Rouen will probably stone you if you assert this. It is simply a roan duck. The rich sauce which forms part of the dish was, however, invented at Rouen. The delights of the *Sole Normande* I need not dilate on. A good bottle of burgundy is the best accompaniment to the duck.

The Restaurant de Paris, in the Rue de la Grosse

Horloge, is a very cheap restaurant, where you get a great deal to eat at dinner for 2 francs, and where you will find the *Choux Farcies* and other homely dishes of Normandy as well as the excellent little cream cheeses of the country.

AFTER DINNER

At the Theatre Français the municipality supplies for the winter a company to play comedies and operettas. The Theatre des Arts, on the Quai de la Bourse, is popular, and there are two Café Chantants, the Alhambra in the town, and the Folies Bergères on the island in the midst of the river. There are concerts on summer evenings at the Café Victor.

CAUDEBEC EN CAUX

In the quaint little mediæval townlet of Caudebec the cookery at the Hotel de la Marine, a good old-fashioned hotel beloved by artists, is quite good. The hotel is new in front, and is old-fashioned and picturesque in its back regions. Its proprietor is now building a quite new hotel, the Villa Isabelle, with a good garden before it and a fine view of the Seine.

Hotel de la
Marine

HONFLEUR

Crossing the Seine, one is in the land of cider and Pont l'Evêque cheese. At Honfleur you will find splendid *Moules Marinières* and a very good *table d'hôte* at the old-fashioned Cheval Blanc on the Quai; and at the Ferme St. Siméon up on the hill, in beautifully wooded ground,

Cheval Blanc

there is to be obtained some particularly good sparkling cider. Honfleur has a special reputation for its shrimps and prawns.

TROUVILLE—DEAUVILLE

During the Trouville fortnight, when all the world descends upon Trouville, the various big hotels and the Casino have more clients than they really can cater for. At the Roches Noires, or the Paris, one is likely to be kept waiting for a table, and at the Casino a harassed waiter thrusts a red mullet before one, when one has ordered a sole. The *moules* of Trouville are supposed to be particularly good, and also the fish. There are *table d'hôte* meals at the restaurants of the Helder and De la Plage, the second being the cheaper of the two, and food is to be obtained at Tortoni's and at the Brasserie on the edge of the Promenade des Planches. But Trouville in the season may be taken to be exiled Paris in a fever, half as expensive again, and not half so "well done." The amusements after dinner are concentrated at the Casino and a little music hall, the Eden Casino.

CAEN

My experience has been that whether one stays on a yacht or in a hotel or villa at Trouville one is glad to motor over to some one of the towns in the district to eat a meal in quiet, and to escape for an hour or two from the racecourse and the baccarat-room. Dives and Caen form the goal of two of the pleasantest excursions from Trouville.

Tripes à la mode de Caen may be a homely dish, but it is not to be despised, and it can be eaten quite at its best in the town where it was invented. I have eaten it with great content at a bourgeois

restaurant, opposite to the Church of St. Pierre, the Restaurant Pépin, if my memory serves me rightly, and a *Sole Bordeaux* to precede it. The proprietor, M. Chandivert, was very anxious that I should add a *Caneton*

Pépin,
13 Marché-au-Bois

Rouennaise to the feast, but I told him that "to every town its dish." He gave me a capital pint of red wine, and impressed on me the fact that he had obtained a gold medal at some exhibition for his *andouillettes*. Another restaurant celebrated for its tripe is that of Busch, in the Rue St. Laurent.

Busch, 1 Rue
St. Laurent

Caen is the town of the *charcutiers*, and you may see more good cold viands shown in windows, in a walk through its streets, than you will find anywhere else outside a cookery

Angleterre, Rue
St. Jean

exhibition. Caen is an oasis in the midst of the bad cookery of Western Normandy; and the restaurant at the Hotel d'Angleterre and the Restaurant de Madrid are very much above the average of the restaurant of a French

Madrid, Rue
St. Jean

country town. In both restaurants you can dine and breakfast in the shade in the open air, the Madrid having a good garden, the Angleterre a great tent in the courtyard,—a welcome change from the stuffy rooms, full of flies, of most Normandy hotels. I have a most pleasant memory of a *Homard Américaine*, cooked at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which was the very best lobster I ever ate in my life. The old chef who made the fame of the Angleterre has retired, but his successor is said to show no falling off in the art of preparing a good dinner. I would suggest to the wayfarer to breakfast in the garden of the Madrid and dine at the Angleterre. There is a little restaurant, A la Tour des Gens d'Armes, on the left bank of the canal, which is much frequented by students, and where an *al fresco*

A la Tour des
Gens d'Armes

lunch is served at a very small price. The food is good for the money, and there is always a chance of finding some merry gathering there. A note of warning should be sounded as to the cider and *vin ordinaire* supplied as part of the *table d'hôte* dinners in Caen, and indeed everywhere in Normandy. There is almost invariably good cider to be had and good wine on payment, but the cider and wine usually put on the table rival each other as throat-cutting beverages. Vieux Calvados is an excellent *pousse café*. It reads almost like a fairy tale to be able to recount that the delicious oysters from the coast-villages of Ouistreham and Courseulles can be bought at 50 centimes the dozen, or very little more.

DIVES

The Hotel of Guillaume le Conquerant at Dives is an interesting old house full of curiosities. There is some furniture there which belonged to Madame de Sevigné, and the chair used by her when writing some of her letters. The courtyard with its statues, its flowers, and its creepers is quite out of the ordinary. Mons. Remois, its proprietor, is a man of great taste, and has personally superintended the restoration of the old house. The 5-franc *table d'hôte* dinner is quite good of its kind.

CHERBOURG

Cherbourg, the calling-place for Atlantic steamers, is a very likely place for the earnest gourmet to find himself stranded in for a day, and I regret that there is no gastronomic find to report there. A most competent authority writes thus to me on the capabilities of the place :—

“There are no restaurants, in the true sense of the word, in Cherbourg.

“The leading hotel, where most of the people go, and which is the largest, with the best cuisine and service, is the Hotel du Casino. This Hotel du Casino,
La Plage hotel is managed by Monsieur Marius, and though partially shut during the winter season, travellers can always get a good plain dinner there. During the summer season, that is from May till October, the hotel is fully open, and has a *petits chevaux* room, entry free of course, and also good military music in the gardens, twice a week. The gardens are also very prettily illuminated very often, whilst from time to time firework displays help to pass away the evenings. The dining-hall faces the only nice portion of beach in the town, and being entirely covered in with glass, is warm in winter and cool in summer, when it can all be open. The meals are usually *table d'hôte*, but it is possible also to order a dinner *à la carte* if one prefers to do so. Here also the traveller will find a little English spoken among the waiters and *maîtres d'hôtel*. The wines are pretty good, but there is no very special brand for which the place is known; nor does the hotel boast of any special *plat*.

“The Hotel de France, another fair-sized hotel, is the one patronised mostly by the naval and military authorities of the town, but is not so Hotel de France,
Rue du Bassin amusing a place for the traveller to stay at or dine at; though I understand that the dinner to be obtained there is in every way satisfactory.

“Finally, I might mention two other hotels at which one can dine comfortably; these are the Hotel d'Amirauté and the Hotel d'Angleterre, at both of which a good plain dinner is served.

“The chief joint obtainable here to be recommended is of course the mutton, as Cherbourg is

noted for its *pré-salé* all over France; but beyond this the food is of the usual ordinary kind to be obtained in most French towns of this size."

GRANVILLE

On the west coast of Normandy, Granville is the first town of any great importance. Its hotels still adhere to the Norman custom of placing all the guests at one table, unless an extra 50 centimes a head is paid. A 4-franc dinner with a pint of wine included is served at the Casino Restaurant.

M. Roche, who made a fortune in London in Old Compton Street, has taken a little hotel near Granville, and as he learned cooking under Frederic of the Tour d'Argent, he may be depended upon for an excellent meal.

MONT ST. MICHEL

In no holiday resort that I know of is there more energetic touting carried on by restaurants than at Mont St. Michel. Boys in blue aprons interrupt their game of tossing sous into the air to shout to the passengers arriving by tramway the merits of the various restaurants on the rock, and all the way up the narrow street, which climbs, by steep gradients and occasional steps, to the abbaye, the best-looking maid of the many cafés and restaurants stands at the door offering a card, and extolling the view to be seen, the luncheon to be eaten, or the coffee to be drunk. The higher one goes up the street the cheaper the luncheon becomes. At the Poulard establishment, almost on a level with the sea, the price is 3 francs. A hundred feet higher the price drops to 2 francs. From the number of Poulard's establishments one might suppose that the mount was peopled by Poulards,

but the establishment nearest the gate of entry into the fortifications is the Restaurant Poulard, with a celebrity for the making of a great eighteen-egg omelette, and for fowls roasted, half-a-dozen at a time, on a great spit. Madame Poulard, in old days, used herself to wield the titanic pan in which the omelette was made. I believe that the good lady has sold her restaurant to a Paris syndicate, and has retired; but the great pan is still to be seen in the kitchen, and is used when tourists wish to see the omelette made.

Poulard Jeune and Poulard Aîné used to have restaurants in opposition to each other, but they are now joined under the name of Poulards **Les Poulards Reunis**, and form one large hotel restaurant, with several "dependances." There is plenty of noise at the Poulard Restaurant, for a waiter in the shelter across the street, where coffee is served, rings a big bell whenever he has a few seconds to spare. The luncheon rooms, big bare rooms of match-boarding and plaster, are on the first floor, and when the summer season is at its height there is often a great crush on the narrow staircase leading up to them. A big table runs down the centre of each room, and there are smaller tables by the walls. Sturdy waitresses in black bustle about, clearing away dirty plates and glasses, and laying a fresh set for each new arrival. The lunch is a big 3-francs worth, with the usual 50 centimes added for proud people who wish to sit at separate tables. On the day I lunched there it consisted of cold ham, an omelette, mutton cutlets and potatoes, roast veal and salad, and cakes and cheese.

The Duguesclin, further up the street than the Poulard establishment, has an airy **The Duguesclin** dining-room looking out on to the rampart. The lunch is, I believe, a 1.50 one, but it may have risen to 2 francs.

ST. MALO

Brittany, the land of eggs and butter, is also a land of gigantic meals at very cheap prices, roughly served, wholesome no doubt, but better appreciated with an appetite sharpened by Brittany air than they would be under less healthy conditions. In St. Malo there is one restaurant, that attached to the Hotel de France et de Chateaubriand in the Place Chateaubriand, which has pretensions to distinction and elegance. The entrance to the restaurant is in a side street. The rooms have crimson portières to their windows; there are palms, and the little tables are not set too near each other. The linen and cutlery are better than are usually to be found in Brittany. A lunch and a dinner of the day are the meals usually served in this restaurant, the prices, if I remember rightly, being 3 and 5 francs respectively. It is as well to take the meal which is ready, for I have found by personal experience that the kitchen has no great variety to offer for a lunch or dinner *à la carte*.

In the Place Chateaubriand, the little square which is the centre of the life of the town, in which are four or five cafés, two of which at least have ladies' bands as an attraction, is the Hotel de l'Univers, the dining-room of which is patronised by the "commis voyageurs" who come to St. Malo on business, and who go to no hotel that has not good sound bourgeois cookery. The room, or rather rooms, are rather low, and a long *table d'hôte* table runs down the centre of each; but there are small tables at the side for the use of people who do not wish to herd with all-comers. The price of the meals is a small one, and the cookery is probably the best in the town.

Hotel de France
et de Chateau-
briand, Place
Chateaubriand

Hotel de l'Uni-
vers, Place
Chateaubriand

The Franklin Hotel, almost next door to the Casino outside the walls of the town, caters for an English and American *clientèle* which lives *en pension* there. The meals, neither very good and not remarkably indifferent, call for no special comment. The Franklin

Other restaurants in the town, for which correspondents have had a good word as to cheapness, are the Perdrix in the Rue Jacques-Cartier, and that of the Lion d'Or in the Place Chateaubriand, and the restaurant in the fish-market, with a specialty of shell-fish; but I cannot speak of any of these from personal knowledge, except the latter, where I ate *moules à la marinière* amidst noisy though amusing surroundings.

AFTER DINNER

In summer any one staying at St. Malo is quite likely to see a very good performance of opera at the Casino. The opera and the ballad are recruited for the season from the younger members of "The" profession in Paris, and a clever band of singers and dancers is usually brought together. There is, of course, a baccarat club and the usual ball game in the Casino.

CANCALE

A tram connects St. Malo with Cancale, the town of oysters. The Hotel Duguesclin, Duguesclin which has a large garden, is a pleasant halting-place, and its prices are very cheap.

PARAMÉ

My knowledge of the restaurants of Paramé, the town which adjoins St. Malo, is confined to a dinner and a lunch eaten in the restaurant of the Hotel

Royal. They were both very well cooked little meals. As I was a guest on both occasions, I do not know what their cost was. In the summer the Casino at Paramé has all the usual attractions, and the *chemin de fer* in the Club Privé is often for very high stakes.

DINARD

It is rather surprising that, at such a flourishing town of amusement as Dinard is, there should be so few first-class restaurants; but the people who live in the beautiful villas entertain, for the most part, in their homes, and the greater number of people who stay in the hotels are *en pension*, and are contented with the *table d'hôte* meals of their hotel. The one restaurant of the first class is that attached to the **Restaurant de l'Hotel Royal** Royal Hotel. It is a semicircle of glass windows, with a wooden roof, and though it affords splendid views of the bay and the islands, is a difficult restaurant to keep cool in summer and warm in autumn. It is closed during the winter months. It is quite first-class in all its appointments. Its cookery justifies its prices, which are on the Bois de Boulogne scale. Leoni's band makes music outside in the lounge, and M. Renaud, who manages the restaurant of the Cannes Casino so successfully during the winter months, brings his good taste and his knowledge of the predilections of each member of a large *clientèle* to Dinard for the summer season as the manager of the restaurant.

The other restaurant in Dinard which merits particular description is the **Restaurant Beau Vallon, La Vicomté** the Vicomté, the peninsula which runs out into the Rance, the great estuary which is between Dinard and St. Malo. The restaurant is an easy walk from the town, and the cliff path by which it can be approached is a

pleasant way by which to reach it. The restaurant, which is quite a small building, has in its grounds a terrace half way down the cliff, where there are a dozen little tables set out, and which commands a very fine view across the Rance to the St. Servan bank. There are also tables sheltered by hedges of privet, and little summer houses, each with a table in it. The Beau Vallon is a favourite place at tea time, and it is also popular at luncheon time. The prices, as a rule, are quite moderate; but if the proprietor is put on his mettle he can serve a feast of ceremony with due dignity, and charge a high price per head for doing so. A dish of crab is one of the specialties of the house. Crab and *langoustes* are plentiful in this part of the coast, and in the St. Malo fish-market I saw a number of boxes of sardines in salt. At one time the sardines deserted this coast, but I take it that they have now returned. Very sweet little Slips come from the bay, and one of the delicacies is fried Equilles, the little eels which are dug out of the sand. They are dug for on other sandy beaches, but are, I believe, usually used for bait. They are rather oily, but quite pleasant morsels. Of the many very cheap restaurants which are near the landing-place, and in the main street at Dinard, that Des Colonies in the largest of the streets is the tidiest and most airy. The lunch there is a 2-franc one.

THE DINARD CLUBS

The Dinard Club is cosmopolitan in membership, but the Anglo-Saxon members greatly outnumber the others. It is run on pleasant British lines, and its cookery is French, but plain enough to suit British tastes. It has bridge and billiard rooms. The subscription is 120 francs for a

The Dinard
Club

year, 10 francs for a week, and other sums in like proportion for other periods.

The Golf Club of Dinard is four miles distant at St. Briac. The links are good ones on the downs, with fine sea views. A tramway connects St. Briac with Dinard.

AFTER DINNER

The Dinard Casino, with its opera and operetta troupes, its balls, its Tzigane musicians, and its baccarat club, focuses the evening amusement of Dinard. There is a second Casino, which was at one time in competition with the "high life" one, but is now to be incorporated into the Royal Hotel.

DINAN

All the hotels at Dinan cater for the excursionists who come there for the day by steamer or rail. I ate at the Hotel de Paris et d'Angleterre portions of a huge meal, which comprised ham, cold bar and *sauce Tartare*, beef, and a fricassée of *haricots blancs*, veal and potatoes, cheese and fruit, the cost of which, including unlimited red or white wine or cider, was 2 francs. Had I gone to the Hotel de France or the Hotel de l'Europe I should have been offered a similar barbarous feast at the same extraordinarily small cost.

ROSCOFF

Roscoff is celebrated for its *primeurs*, for the Gulf Stream gives it an equable climate, and the market gardeners whose ground is near the sea supply vegetables to the Paris markets very early in the year. Lobsters and *langoustes* are exported in great quantities from Roscoff, and here, as along all the Brittany coast,

prawns, artichokes, eggs, lobsters, crabs, *langoustes* are plentiful.

Here is a typical Breton menu, one of the meals at the Hotel des Bains de Mer, Roscoff:—

Hotel des Bains
de Mer

Artichauts à l'Huile.
Pommes de terre à l'Huile.
Porc frais froid aux Cornichons.
Langouste Mayonnaise.
Canards aux Navets.
Omelette fines Herbes.
Filet aux Pommes.
Fromage à la Crème,
Fruits, biscuits, &c.
Cidre à discrétion.

This is rather a terrible mass of food ranged in the strangest order, but I insert it to show the traveller in Brittany that he need never think his meal ended when he reaches the omelette, and that he had better take a gargantuan appetite with him.

BREST

This great naval town has better cafés than it has dining or lunching places; the Café Brestoï in the Rue de Siam, and the Grand Café in the same street, being both good. Besides the restaurants attached to the hotels, there are the Restaurant Aury and the Brasserie de la Marine, both on the Champ de Bataille, but I have no details concerning them.

QUIMPER

At the Hotel de l'Épée the *table d'hôte* meal is good at 3 francs a head. The hotel is a real old-fashioned French provincial one, and stands on the quay. Fresh sardines and excellent vegetables are specialties of this hotel,

Hotel de l'Épée

PONT AVEN

Apart from being a good homely place to stay at, La Villa Julia, or to give it its grander name, the **The Hotel des Voyageurs** Hotel des Voyageurs, at Pont Aven is worth a visit, for it has been the temporary home of many of the greatest French painters, notably poor Bastien Lepage. They are welcome, and are provided with studios, being only charged 5 francs a day *pension*. "The country is charming," writes an enthusiastic correspondent, "and one lingers there, and the food is excellent. Even were it not, dear old Mlle. Julia Guillon is worth a journey. She is one of the most delightful of French landladies. In the old inn the walls of one large room are covered with pictures and sketches given her by her *chers artistes*."

QUIMPERLÉ

At the Lion d'Or, the old-fashioned, comfortable hotel of the town, the food is excellent, and it tastes none the worse because it is brought **Lion d'Or** to table by the laughing waitresses all dressed in the picturesque dress of the province. Another hotel in Brittany, at which four sisters, who always wear, or wore, Breton costumes, are the landladies, is the Hotel Lecadre at Rochefort-en-terre.

THE LOIRE COUNTRY

Touraine, with its chateau and its pleasant inns, I have not yet explored myself, but I hope that before this book calls for a fourth edition I shall be able to write with personal knowledge on the subject. The following items of information have been given to me by motorists who have passed through the district and

have noted where they have been well cared for at inns and hotels. One of them, writing of the journey between Orleans and Blois, says, "At Mer, the town where one leaves the main road for Taleyr, we happened on an inn (the Hotel du Commerce) which provided us with rather a good instance of the resourcefulness of the French innkeeper, for its outward appearance, the sanded floor of the room into which we were shown, and the fact that it was an off day in the town, led us to make up our minds that we should be given quite an indifferent meal, but we were provided in quite a short time with an excellent repast."

For the cuisine at the Hotel d'Angleterre at Blois, several of my correspondents have a good word. At Chambord there is an excellent inn, so I am told, almost in the shadow of the chateau. It stands by itself in the park. One motorist tells me that the *déjeuner* that he and his companions were given at this wonderful inn was so good that it decided them to stay the day at the inn. I hear also good accounts of the cuisine of the Hotel de l'Avenue de Chateau at Chaumont. The Univers at Tours is one of the best known of provincial French hotels, and I have never heard a dissenting opinion as to the excellence of its cookery. Authorities are not so well agreed as to the cookery at Le Faisan, one critic assuring me that it was excellent bourgeois cookery, while another is not at all enthusiastic on the subject. Praise is given to the *déjeuner* at the Hotel Lion d'Or at Langeais, and at Chenonceaux the Hotel de Chateau receives nothing but praise. At Saumur the Hotel Budon has an excellent cook and a cellar of wine which deserves special attention. At Nantes the Hotel de France is both in cuisine and other matters quite first-class. There do not seem to be any very special dishes belonging to the Loire

country except the *Rillettes de Tours*, little patés of chicken liver, which in their way are real delicacies.

BORDEAUX

I make no mention of the Plages d'Océan which lie between the Breton resorts and Bordeaux, for they are visited by very few English or Americans, and I pass on to the town of clarets and Cèpes.

The restaurant of the Chapon Fin is one of the best known in France, and it thoroughly deserves its high reputation. Its dining-room is a great winter garden with ferns and rockeries and a great tree, the trunk of which is in the restaurant, the boughs outside the roof. MM. Dubois and Mendionde are the proprietors. The cellar contains a splendid selection of good clarets of all the great years and of all the great names. The Chapon Fin has of course its own especial sole, and there is a *Potage Chapon Fin*, a vegetable soup which is excellent. Lampreys *à la Bordelaise* and crayfish *à la Bordelaise*, and in the autumn Cèpes *à la Bordelaise*, three of the Bordeaux dishes, are obtainable at their best at the Chapon Fin. I need not warn gourmets how rich these dishes are. The Chapon Fin is not cheap; but its prices are not extortionate.

I should put the restaurant *à la carte* of the Hotel de Bayonne, a great conservatory, very much on a level with the Chapon Fin in the matter of cookery. They are both excellent dining-places, though it should be remembered that the cuisine of the south is richer and more full-flavoured than that of Paris.

The Café de Bordeaux has on its first floor a very pleasant room, the walls of which are white and are decorated with many mirrors,

AFTER DINNER

Bordeaux prides itself on the operatic performances at its Grand Theatre, and its audiences are very critical. It has two other theatres for lighter fare, and the Casino des Lilas, on the Boulevard de Caudéran, is the music hall of the city.

ARCACHON

Arcachon, though it is one of the great centres of oyster culture, is not a happy hunting ground for epicures. The High Life Restaurant, attached to the Victoria Hotel, is in summer much patronised, and its cookery is good. At the Golden Anchor, in the Place de la Marie, you can breakfast for 2.50 francs, and dine for 3 francs, and the same prices obtain at the Golden Star opposite the Casino.

High Life,
Boulevard de
la Plage

The two Casinos, one on the Plage, the other in the Forest, are under the same management. The Cercle Nautique et des Sports is in the Casino, the Cercle des Etrangers is in the Avenue Gambetta, and the Cercle d'Arcachon at the Grand Café.

BIARRITZ

The average of cookery in the hotels at Biarritz is very good, for the competition is very keen ; and as money is spent by the handful in this town on the bay where the Atlantic rolls in its breakers, any hotel which did not provide two excellent *table d'hôte* meals would very soon be out of the running. In the basement of the building in which is the Big Casino, "M. Boulant's Casino," as the natives still call it, is a restaurant where a *table d'hôte* lunch and

dinner is served ; but *the* restaurant of Biarritz is the one which Ritz established on the first floor of the

Little Casino Little Casino, the Casino Municipal, and which continued, after the Ritz company had ceased to be connected with it, as the ex-Ritz, the "ex" being printed very small indeed. One breakfasts there in a glazed-in verandah overlooking the Plage and the favourite bathing-spot, and at dinner one looks across to the illuminated terrace of the other Casino. Biarritz depends but little on the surrounding country for its food, as the Pays Basque gives few good things to the kitchen. Fish is the one excellent thing that Biarritz itself contributes to all the menus, and the *Friture du Pays* is always excellent. Here is a menu of a little dinner for three at the restaurant of the Little Casino. The *Minestrone* is an excellent Italian soup (which, by the way, Oddenino of the Imperial in London makes better than I have tasted it anywhere else out of Italy) ; the veal, I fancy, came from Paris, the *ortolans* from the far south :—

Melon.

Minestron Milanaise.

Friture du Pays.

Carré de Veau braisé aux Cèpes.

Ortolans à la broche.

Salade de Romaine.

Coupes d'Entigny.

I have not kept any bill for this, but I know that I regarded the total as moderate in a town where all things in September are at gambler's prices. The Royalty, in the main street at Biarritz, is the afternoon gathering-place for the young bloods, who sit outside on the *terrasse* and there drink cooling liquids through straws out of long tumblers, while the ladies hold their parliament at tea-time in Miremont's the confectioner's shop almost next door.

BIARRITZ CLUBS

Each of the Casinos has its Club Privé for baccarat. A visiting card with a good London address is generally all that is required to obtain a ticket of admission.

The County Club, a villa some little distance outside Biarritz, has, I am sorry to say, ceased to be in existence for the last few years. There is talk of re-establishing it, for its loss is much felt in Biarritz. It was a centre of sport. In its grounds were the large field in which the Concours Hippique is held, and a pigeon-shooting ground. It was a very cosmopolitan and very cheerful club.

The Golf Club is at Anglet, up on the cliffs about a mile distant from Biarritz.

The British Club has a comfortable house in the Avenue du Palais. It accepts properly introduced visitors as temporary members at 48 francs for a month, and half that sum for a fortnight.

MARSEILLES

All the travelling English eat *Bouillabaisse* at Marseilles at least once in their lives. If you wish to eat the dish of the Phocian town in comfort, take one of the tram-cars which run to L'Oriole, or a *voiture*, and go along the Corniche Road to the Reserve, which those of us who are grey-headed still call Roubion's. Mons. Echenard, who owns the Reserve, has added to the restaurant a very comfortable hotel, which is christened The Palace. From the shaded terrace there is a lovely view over the bay of Bonne Veine.

The Reserve is a house of three storeys of balconies sheltered from the wind by glass screens. In winter one lunches in one of these balconies, in summer on the terrace. In the sea, at the foot of the bluff on which the restaurant is built, are the tanks, through which the salt water flows, in which the fish and oysters are kept. You here get the world-renowned *Bouillabaisse* in perfection.

I suppose it is not necessary for me to give any description of what *Bouillabaisse* is, or how the Southerners firmly believe that this dish cannot be properly made except of the fish that swim in the Mediterranean; the rascas, a little fellow all head and eyes, being an essential in the savoury stew, along with the eel, the lobster, the dory, the mackerel, and the girelle. Thackeray has sung the ballad of the dish as he used to eat it, and his *recette*, because it is poetry, is accepted, though it is but the fresh-water edition of the stew. If you do not like oil, garlic, and saffron, which all come into its composition, give it a wide berth; but I should mention that the *Bouillabaisse* at the Reserve is quite a mild and lady-like stew compared to that one gets at Bregaila's or the restaurants of the Rue Noailles.

The best shell-fish are the *praires* and the *clovisses*, about the same size as walnuts or little neck clams; the *clovisses* are the largest, and rather take the place of oysters when the latter are not in season, in the same way that the clam does in America; others are mussels, oysters, and *langoustes*. *Langoustes* differ as much as a skinny fowl does from a *Poularde de Mans*. M. Echénard gets his from Corsica, and you then learn how they can vary. *Praires* are rather expensive luxuries. They look like marine walnuts. When they are split open the gelatinous morsel inside is well worth the trouble of the preparatory proceed-

ings. M. Echénard serves a *Poularde Réserve en Cocotte Raviolis*, which is a dish to be remembered; his *Filets de Sole Sauce Cardinale* are excellent, for the small fat sole caught between Hyères and Toulon is not to be despised.

If you wish to taste the *Bouillabaisse* as the Marseillaise themselves eat it, with the saffron and garlic in full force, take tram to L'Estagne. You will have to pass L'Estagne the Abattoirs, which do not form an appetising sight; but when you reach L'Estagne, you will find the bon bourgeois and his wife enjoying their fish stew immensely, and you can be sure that the fish you eat has just been caught from the sea.

For the curious in such matters, Pascal's, in a smelly little square to the east of the Vieux Port, will be interesting. Pascal, out of pure *blague*, adds "Gargottier" to his name. Here, in what Pascal asserts is its ancient home, you get the *Bouillabaisse* in its fullest strength. Pascal boasts much of his *grillades*, which we call grills. To give his customers privacy Pascal at breakfast time lets down a great sun-blind before his restaurant.

Those adventurous souls with strong stomachs, who wish to eat the fry of sea-urchins and other highly savoury dishes, with strange shell-fish, and other extraordinary denizens of the deep as their foundation, should go to Bregaillon's at the Vieux Port. Bregaillon's has lately absorbed another restaurant, Bosso's—or rather Bosso's has absorbed Bregaillon's. Both restaurants are much alike. Each has in front of it a long stall with shell-fish on it. If you pause a moment to look at these a waiter dashes at you and shows you the menu of the meal which is being served in the restaurant. It is necessary to have a liking for garlic and a nose that fears no smells for this ad-

L'Estagne

Pascal's,
Place Thiars

Bregaillon's,
Quay de la
Fraternité

venture; but if you bring your courage to the sticking point, order a dozen *oursins*, a *petit poêlon*, which is a *tournedos* in a *casserole*, and a *grive*. *Gigot à l'Ail* is one of the dishes of the house, and a *Coquille des Fruits de Mer*, a *rechauffé* of all the shell-fish of the southern sea, is another. A John Dory with a *Sauce Poivrade* is one of Bregailon's triumphs. Cassis is a white wine of the house; and it has some good Château Neuf de Pape. The best wine, however, of the house is the Pouilly Suisse, the Suisse being the name of the proprietor of the vineyard.

Mistral's, a little more gilded and a little gayer than the two restaurants noted above, is next door to them.

Mistral's, 7 Rue de la Fraternité Its proprietor is Alphone Cassino, and its *table d'hôte* meals cost 2.50 francs and 3 francs, including half a bottle of white or red wine. One can almost smell the garlic as one reads this menu of one of the breakfasts:—

Coquillages ou Hors-d'œuvre.
Bouillabaisse ou Loup remoulade.
Petits des Italiennes.
Entrecôte grillée au Cresson.
Pommes Macaire.
Dessert.

—
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Vin blanc ou rouge.

Isnard's, the official name of which is the Hotel des Phoceans, at the crossing of two back streets—

Isnard's, Rue Thubaneau Rues Thubaneau and Recollettes—just off the Cours Belsunce, is in high favour with the upper classes of the Marseillaise. The cookery here is always good, and if you order *Bouillabaisse* you have to wait twenty minutes while it is cooked for you, and you only.

The Brasserie de Strasbourg, in the big square

opposite the Bourse, is where many of the business men of the town lunch, and that in itself is a proof that the food is good. On a great slate over the front door the dishes of the day, all of good southern bourgeois cookery, are written in white.

The English Chop House of Richard, in the Rue Pavillon, a little traverse connecting the Cours St. Louis with the Rue St. Ferriol, is a noticeable little place of good cookery. Richard is a Frenchman, and has been chef in very high places. In full canonicals he stands over his *batterie de cuisine* and cooks his *creations*.

Brasserie de
Strasbourg,
Place du Bourse

English Chop
House, 12 Rue
Pavillon

The *salon particulier* in this little temple of good living is screened off, like the squire's pew, by a grille.

The Café Restaurant Boudoul, on the first floor of which is the best club of the town, is the Carlton of Marseilles. It has a fixed price dinner and breakfast. Here you may be sure that you dine in good company.

Café Boudoul,
18 Rue St.
Ferriol

The Hotel d'Orleans, for a plentiful meal at a low price; the Restaurant Gilbert, in the Place de la Prefecture, where the Colavery, the wine of the house, is excellent; and the English Grill Room of the Hotel Florence, deserve mention.

AFTER DINNER

The Grand Theatre is a fine opera-house, and its prices are a franc or two higher than those of theatres in most provincial towns. Many of the great stars of opera appear there. There are two other theatres in Marseilles, and operetta is frequently sung at the Alcazar, which is a variety hall. The Palais de Crystal is a music hall where the southern temperament can be studied. In times of excitement a Marseilles audience can be very noisy. For those men who

hate the idea of going to bed before the small hours, Therèse's Bar, which opens at midnight and closes at early breakfast time, is a refuge.

ARLES

The first town that most people go to in making the round of the old Roman towns of the Midi is Arles.

Hotel du Forum,
Square du
Forum An exceptionally shaky omnibus takes one through narrow streets in which the shops are very much of the size and type that they must have been in old Roman days, and lands one in the little Square du Forum, where are the two hotels. The officers mess at the Hotel du Nord, but the Hotel du Forum has a highly decorated dining-room which is kept fairly well aired. There is little to choose between the feeding at the two houses, the cookery of both being Provençal. At the Forum the soup will probably be found to be a vegetable one with plenty of onions in it, and the fish *Cocquillages*; but the surprise of the dinner comes with the tender slice of leg of lamb. To judge from the mutton one gets throughout Provence the sheep that pasture on its great plains must be very well favoured. On the wine list are the wines of the province—red St. Georges and white St. Gilles, and there are also the wines of the Rhone, Château Neuf du Pape, and the rest. Arles is celebrated for its sausages, but I was not bold enough to try them. The decorations of the dining-room of the Forum Hotel appear at first glance to be Japanese, but they are really large water-colour works of scenes near Arles, and it is the appearance of the groups of Arlesiennes in their bright shawls and chappelles, the head-dress of black velvet and muslin bows, which give the Japanese tone, the pretty girls of this old Roman town somewhat resembling in their costume the little

Japanese *mousmées*. Any one who wishes to study Provençal local colour will find it in abundance in this hotel. The manageress sits in a glass case in the hall, which runs up to the roof and a skylight, and chats with or scolds all comers; a pointer chooses the centre of the hall floor as a sleeping place; a pretty girl with a shock head of hair arranges flowers and eats her breakfast at one and the same time; a cook with a huge black moustache rushes in and out of his kitchen, and meals are continuous from sunrise to sunset.

NIMES

Nimes, from the gastronomic point of view, is a more civilised town than Arles. The dining-room at the Luxembourg Hotel, which is an **Luxembourg** old-fashioned hostelry with a certain **Hotel** dignity of its own, resembles the banqueting hall of some old castle. It has a groined stone ceiling, and all its decorations are in keeping with this. The *table d'hôte* dinner is an ordinary hotel dinner, but I was assured that if I chose to order a dinner of local dishes there would be no difficulties made. The St. Gilles at this hotel is an exceptionally good wine—so good, indeed, that I had serious thoughts of bringing some to England to use as a table wine. At the Luxembourg the commercial travellers sit at a long table in the centre of the room, while the tourists—French, German, English, and American—sit at the little tables by the walls. Perrier is the local mineral water, that spring being in the immediate neighbourhood of Nimes.

The Restaurant Peloux is just across the street from the Luxembourg. The restaurant, three rooms thrown into one, is on the first floor, **Restaurant** which is reached by a dark staircase. **Peloux**
The restaurant, however, is bright enough, its walls

being of buff colour. There is a 3-franc lunch and a 4-franc dinner at this restaurant, which is patronised by the well-to-do citizens of Nîmes. I both lunched and dined at the Peloux, but while the cookery was quite satisfactory, there was nothing especially of note. The Cérons of the house is a very good white wine.

AVIGNON

The Hotel de L'Europe is a very pleasant old-world hotel kept by three elderly ladies who wear black silk dresses, who sit in a little office just off the hall, and spend their spare time in knitting. The old head waiter bows one into the salon as if one were an ambassador, and when you arrive the man who shoulders your luggage and takes it up to your room is dressed in evening clothes and wears a white tie, just as though he were a waiter. The atmosphere of the place is steeped in good manners, and there is some old furniture in some of the bedrooms well worth looking at. The cookery of the house is the old-fashioned provincial cookery of hotels in the days when there was distinguished provincial cookery. It is not Provençal, for it is not redolent of garlic, and there is not too much oil used in it. It is too light-handed to be bourgeois, but not up-to-date enough to be Parisian. There is a good deal of pleasure to be obtained by a stay in this old hotel in an old town, and though the *table d'hôte* dinner is set down to be at a ridiculously early hour, the old head waiter will see that it is served at any time.

The Restaurant de Bagatelle is a little white villa with a big wooden shelter alongside of it on the island which divides the Rhone into two parts. The views from the island of Avignon and Villeneuve are beautiful. I breakfasted at this

little restaurant, and found that the trout were quite fresh and that the cook who made my omelette had a light hand. In the Place de l'Hotel de Ville and on the road to the station some of the cafés are also restaurants. The Café de France has a *déjeuner* of the day which I found quite eatable, and I also breakfasted satisfactorily in the little glass house attached to the Hotel Crillon.

PROVENÇAL COOKERY

To those gourmets who care to go into the matter of Provençal cookery, I can recommend the *Cuisinière Provençale*, by J. B. Reboul, which can be bought at any of the Provençal towns. From it they can learn of what *Aigo-Sau* is made, what *Aioli* and *Bourride* are, how an *Oursinade* may be composed, and the mode of cooking an anchovy tart, that a *Tourte* is really a *Vol-au-vent*, and how to stuff a cabbage so as to convert it into a *Sou-Fassu*.

CANNES

Cannes is the first important town of the Riviera that the gourmet flying south comes to, and at Cannes he will find a typical Riviera restaurant. The Réserve at Cannes consists of one glassed-in shelter and another smaller building The Réserve on the rocks, which juts out into the sea from the elbow of the Promenade de la Croisette. The spray of the wavelets set up by the breeze splashes up against the glass. To one side are the Iles des Lerins, St. Marguerite, and St. Honorat, where the liqueur Lerina is made, shining on the deep blue sea, and to the other the purple Montagnes de l'Esterel stand up with a wonderful jagged edge against the sky. Amongst the rocks on which the building of the restaurant

stand are tanks, and in these swim fish, large and small, the fine lazy *dorades* and the lively little sea-gudgeon. One of the amusements of the place is that the breakfasters fish out with a net the little fishes which are to form a *friture*, or point out the bigger victim which they will presently eat for their meal. The cooking is simple and good, and with fish that thirty minutes before were swimming in the green water, an omelette, a simple dish of meat, and a pint of Cérons, or other white wine, a man may breakfast in the highest content, looking at some of the sunniest scenes in the world. There is always some little band of Italian musicians playing and singing at the Réserve, and though in London one would vote them a nuisance, at Cannes the music seems to fit in with the lazy pleasure of breakfasting almost upon the waves, and the throaty tenor who has been singing of Santa Lucia gets a lining of francs to his hat. Most of the crowned heads who make holiday at Cannes have taken their breakfast often enough in the little glass summer-house, but the prices are in no way alarming. A new dining

and supping place has been given to
The Casino Cannes by the building of the Municipal Casino. The Casino stands on the Croisette, and the windows of its great white restaurant look on to the wide sea-wall and promenade on one side, to the harbour on another side, and out to sea on a third side. The manager, M. Renaud, is one of M. Ritz's lieutenants of old days, and everything is done with the finish of a first-class establishment. It is the place at which most of the fashionable dinner-parties of Cannes are now given. It is not cheap, but all the prices are marked against the dishes on the bill of fare, and no man need order an expensive meal unless he is inclined to do so. I found that my average bill for breakfast came to between 8 and 10 francs,

and that I dined very well, without wine, for about 12 francs. The Casino restaurant is a distinct gain to Cannes, and it is the correct thing to drink five o'clock tea in the big hall of the Casino, where the band plays. A small orchestra of Tziganes plays at lunch and dinner in the restaurant. The ladies also gather at tea-time at the white building, where Mme. Rumpelmayer sells cakes and tea and coffee, or at Rohr's; and the Gallia also has a *clientèle* of tea-drinkers, for whose benefit the band plays of an afternoon.

CANNES CLUBS

Clubs play a very important part in the life of Cannes. A little house built in the expectation that King Edward would come to the town and occupy it was converted into the Cercle de l'Union, which was really a British club though a Russian Grand Duke founded it. It was a particularly snug and home-like club. Alas that I should have to chronicle its demise, and the absorption by the Cercle Nautique of its permanent members.

The big French club, to which many of the British residents belong, is the Cercle Nautique, the great building on the Croisette. A band sometimes plays on its terrace; club dinners are frequently held, as well as the daily house dinner, and there is a baccarat-room. A Ladies' Club, which has its own rooms, and which gives suppers and dances, is part of the Cercle Nautique, and so is a theatre to which the public is admitted when charity performances are given there. The fashionable place from which to view the Battles of Flowers is the raised terrace of the Cercle Nautique. This club admits properly introduced visitors on very easy terms. A house-boat, a very big house-boat, known as Noah's Ark, and moored in the harbour, is another nautical

club, and is a very merry one during Carnival time. The Cercle Privé of the Casino is the usual baccarat club attached to every Casino. A card with a good London club address and a louis entrance fee are the requisites for admission.

The fame of the golf links at La Napoule has gone out to all lands, and in the club-house many people who never hit a ball sit down to lunch; for the club is a very fashionable social centre.

The Cannes Polo Club is the latest addition to the clubs. Its ground lies to the left as you enter Mandelieu from Cannes. A large number of polo ponies are at the disposal of the members. Captain Lambert is its honorary secretary.

AFTER DINNER

Baccarat at the Casino Club is the usual fashionable after-dinner pastime, but the performances of comedy and opera in the theatre of the Casino are well worth going to, as a rule. The theatre of the Cercle Nautique is used chiefly for performances for various charities. A little music hall, which styles itself a Casino, changes its programme every week. It is chiefly patronised by the townspeople.

NICE

At Nice the London House was one of the classical restaurants of France, and one talked of it in comparison with the great houses of the boulevards of the capital. It was a little too solemn and dull for the present day, and it has now, in the hands of some enterprising ladies, become a tea-house, as which, no doubt, it will flourish.

The little Restaurant Français, on the Promenade des Anglais, is one of the cheeriest places possible to

breakfast at on a sunny morning. In the garden are palm-trees, and the tables are further shaded by great pink and white umbrellas. A scarlet-coated band of Hungarians plays in-offensive music under the verandah of the house, and the page and the chasseur water the road before the garden constantly with a fire-hose, in order that the motor-cars which go rushing past shall not smother the breakfast-eaters with dust. Broiled eggs and asparagus points, a trout fresh from the river Loup—if such a fish is on the bill of fare—and some tiny bird either roasted or *en casserole*, with some light white wine, is a suitable meal to be eaten in this garden of a doll's-house restaurant.

Restaurant
Français, Pro-
menade des
Anglais

The Restaurant de la Méditerranée in the same building as the big club is one of the most up-to-date dining places in Nice.

Restaurant de la
Méditerranée

The Helder Restaurant used to be a very fashionable one; but of late years it has gradually sunk its prices to bring in a larger *clientèle*, and it has finally become a Brasserie, at which, however, quite good food is obtainable.

The Helder,
Place Massena

Caressa's in the Avenue de la Gare, which is a charcutier's shop, much in favour with the Nicois, has added a grill-room to its premises.

Caressa's,
Avenue de la
Gare

In summer days, before the smart restaurants open, all that is smart in Nice goes to the restaurant of the Café Lyonnais, in the Rue Biscarra.

Lyonnais, Rue
Biscarra

The Belle Meunière, to which the revellers who have been over to Monte Carlo often return to sup, keeps open till all hours of the morning; Ernest's prides itself on being the Maxim's of Nice, and the Regence, which is now managed by Marius from Cirós, and the Garden Bar are two other resorts of the young bloods of all nationalities.

The restaurant attached to the Cercle Privé of the Casino Municipal is a good one, though apt to be crowded at dinner-time when all the baccarat tables are in play. It ran the Helder hard in the race for fashionable patronage. It is quite one of the places at which a visitor should dine.

Casino Municipal, Place Massena
 Vogade in the Place Massena, and Rumplemayer's on the Boulevard Victor Hugo, are the two fashionable tea-shops.

NICE CLUBS

A delay of a few hours and a louis as subscription passes any man who belongs to a good British club into the Cercle Massena of the Municipal Casino. There is another baccarat club in the Palais de la Jetée. The Cercle Méditerranée, on the Promenade des Anglais, has a fine club-house. It has *matinées dansantes* to which all the cosmopolitan society of Nice goes. It has also its card-rooms. The restaurant in the building is managed by M. Simonini, one of *Ciro's maîtres d'hôtel* in old days. The subscription to the club for temporary members, who must be duly proposed and seconded, is 240 francs for the season; 60 francs a month. The Méditerranée ranks with the Cercle Nautique of Cannes as a club of the highest standing.

The golf links and club-house are at Cagnes, which is easily reached either by train or tram.

AFTER DINNER

The Municipal Casino has a winter garden which is a pleasant lounge in the afternoon and in the evening, and its theatre is kept busy with performances of

comedy or operetta, most of the good travelling companies which tour in the winter playing short seasons here. The Casino de la Jetée also has a theatre, where operettas or a music hall entertainment are generally the attraction, and in the town there are the Olympia and Eldorado, each calling itself a Casino, where operetta is usually the attraction. There is also a new theatre behind La Belle Meunière. At the Opera House, grand opera, often some quite new production, is sung on most days in the winter. The Capucines is a theatre which some winters opens, some winters is closed.

BEAULIEU

At Beaulieu the Restaurant de la Réserve is famous. It is just a convenient distance for a drive from Monte Carlo, and the world and the half-world drive or motor out there from the town on the rock and sit at adjacent tables in the verandah without showing any objection one to the other. The restaurant is a little white building in a garden, with a long platform built out over the sea, so that breakfasting one looks right down upon a blue depth of water. There are tables inside the building, but the early-comers, and those wise people who have telephoned for tables, take those in the verandah if the day be sunny. There are tanks into which the water runs in and out with each little wave, and in these are the Marennes oysters and other shell-fish. Oysters, a *Mostelle à l'Anglaise*—Mostelle being the especial fish of this part of the world—and some tiny bit of meat is the breakfast I generally order at the Beaulieu Réserve; but the cook is capable of high flights, and I have seen most elaborate meals well served.

MONTE CARLO

The first time that I stayed for a week or so in the principality, I lodged at the Hotel du Monte Carlo, on the hill below the Post Office. It was a dingy hotel then, and the idea of converting it into the splendid sporting club had not yet entered M. Blanc's mind ; but it had the supreme attraction to a lieutenant in a marching regiment of being cheap. When the first day at dinner I cast my eye down the wine-list, I found amongst the clarets wines of the great vintage years at extraordinarily low prices, and in surprise I asked the reason. The manager explained to me that the hotel was in the early days used as a casino, and that the wines formed part of the cellar of the proprietor—whether M. Blanc, or another, I do not remember. Most of them were too old to bear removal to Paris, and they were put down on the wine-list at ridiculously low prices in order to get rid of them, for, as the manager said, "In Monte Carlo the winners drink nothing but champagne, the losers water or whisky and soda." So it is. In Monte Carlo, when a man has won, he wants the very best of everything, and does not mind what he pays for it ; when he has lost, he has no appetite, and grudges the money he pays for a chop in the grill-room of the Café de Paris. The prices at the restaurants are nicely adapted to the purses of the winners ; and there is no place in the world where it is more necessary to order with discrimination and to ask questions as to prices. At Monte Carlo it is the custom to entirely dissociate your lodging from your feeding, and you may stay at one hotel and habitually feed at the restaurant of another without the proprietor of the first being at all unhappy. *Ciro's*

in the arcade is a restaurant only, or rather a restaurant and a grill-room and bar, and is very smart, and not at all cheap. A story is told Ciro's, Galerie
Charles III. that an Englishman, new to Monte

Carlo and its ways, asked the liveried porter outside *Ciro's* whether it was a cheap restaurant. "Not exactly cheap," said the Machiavelian servitor, "but really very cheap for what you get here." On a fine day grand duchesses and the *haute cocotterie* beseech *Ciro* to reserve tables for them on the balcony looking out on the sea, and unless you are a person of great importance or notoriety, or of infinite push, you will find yourself relegated to a place inside the restaurant. At dinner there is not so much competition. *Ciro* himself is a little Italian, who speaks broken English, and has a sense of humour which carries him over all difficulties. Every day brings some fresh story concerning the little man, and a typical one is his comforting assurance to some one who complained of an overcharge for butter. "Alla right," said *Ciro* complacently, "I take him off your bill and charge him to the Grand Duke. He not mind." The joke is sometimes against *Ciro*, as when, anxious to have all possible luxuries for a great British personage who was going to dine at the restaurant, and knowing that plovers' eggs are much esteemed in England, he obtained some of the eggs, boiled them, and served them hot. *Ciro's* restaurant originally was where his bar now is; but when the *Café Riche*, almost next door, was sold, he bought it, redecorated it, and transferred his restaurant to the new and more gorgeous premises, putting his brother *Salvatore*—who, poor fellow, has since died—in charge of the bar which he established in his old quarters. I cannot put my hand on the menu of any of the many breakfasts I have eaten at *Ciro's*, so I borrow a typical menu from V. B.'s interesting little book, *Ten Days*

at Monte Carlo. He and three friends ate and drank this at *déjeuner* :—

Hors d'œuvre variés.
Œufs pochés Grand Duc.
Mostelle à l'Anglaise.
Volaille en Casserole à la Fermière.
Pâtisserie.
Fromage.
Café.
1 Magnum Carbonnieux 1891.
Fine Champagne 1846.

This feast cost 61 francs. The Mostelle, as I have previously mentioned, is the special fish of this part of the coast. It is as delicate as a whiting, and is split open, fried, and served with bread crumbs and an over-sufficiency of melted butter.

Of course *Ciro* always provides something new each year for his customers to talk about. One year all Monte Carlo was surprised to find that a dried haddock, as cooked in the *Galerie*, was very delicious. Another year everybody at *Ciro's* ate their caviare between two small very hot pancakes. In the winter 1907-8 a new silver grill dazzled the eyes of all his clients. The winter of 1910-11 has seen the promotion of *M. Rizzi* from the post of *maître d'hôtel* at the Hotel France to be *Ciro's* partner. *Ciro* proposes to retire from business in three years time.

At Monte Carlo one is given everything that can be imported and which is expensive. The salmon comes from Scotland or Sweden, and most of the other material for the feasts is sent down daily from Paris. The thrushes from Corsica, and some very good asparagus from Genoa or Roquebrune, are about the only provisions which come from the neighbourhood, except of course the fish, which is plentiful and excellent. I was one spring entrusted with the

ordering of a dinner for six at the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris, the most frequented of all the dining-places at Monte Carlo, and I Hotel de Paris told M. Fleury, the manager, that I wanted as much local colour introduced into it as possible. He referred me to the chef, and between us we drew up this menu, which certainly has something of the sunny south about it :—

Hors d'œuvre et Caviar frais.
 Crème de Langoustines.
 Friture de Nonnats.
 Selle d'Agneau aux Primieurs.
 Bécassines rôties.
 Salade Niçoise.
 Asperges de Gênes.
 Sauce Mousseline
 Dessert.

VINS.

1 bottle Barsac.
 3 bottles Pommery Vin Nature 1892.

To crown this feast we had some of the very old brandy, a treasure of the house, which added 60 francs to the bill. The total was 363 francs 10 centimes.

In this dinner the *Crème de Langoustines* was excellent, a most delightful *bisque*. The nonnats are the small fry of the bay, smaller far than whitebait, and are delicious to eat. They are perhaps more suitable for breakfast than for a dinner of ceremony, and had I not yearned for local colour I should have ordered the *Filets de Sole Egyptiennes* in little paper coffins, which look like mummy cases, a dish which is one of the specialties of the house.

Dining at the Hotel de Paris one pays in comfort for its popularity, for on a crowded night the tables in the big dining-room are put so close together that there is hardly room for the waiters to move between

them, and the noise of the conversation rises to a roar through which the violins of the band outside the door can barely be heard.

The restaurant of the Grand Hotel, where MM. Noel and Pattard themselves see to the comfort of their guests, is also a fashionable dining-place. I first tasted the *Sole Waleska*, with its delicate flavouring of

Grand Hotel Parmesan, at the Grand Hotel many years ago, and it has always been one of the special dishes of the house. This is a menu of a dinner for six given at the Grand, as a return for the one quoted above of the Hotel de Paris :—

Crème Livonienne.

Filets de Sole Waleska.

Baron de Pauillac à la Broche.

Purée de Champignons.

Petits Pois Nouveaux.

Merles de Corse.

Salade.

Asperges. Sauce Mousseline.

Soufflé du Parmesan.

Friandises.

Unfortunately I have lost the bill of this feast.

A *Poularde Santos Dumont*—a boiled chicken stuffed with a variety of rich good things and served with a brown sauce—is one of the *creations* of the chef of the Grand.

The Hermitage, in which MM. Benoit and Fourault are interested, has quite the most beautiful dining-room in Monte Carlo. It has a **The Hermitage** *clientèle* which is just as lavish as the diners at *Ciro's* and the *Paris*. Indeed one may frequently see the most wealthy people of three continents dining at neighbouring tables in the beautiful Hermitage dining-room. Other people collect stamps and butterflies, the proprietors of the Hermitage have a fad of collecting multi-millionaires. The following

is a dinner for five people at the Hermitage, the cost of which was 100 francs a head :—

Hors d'œuvre.
 Caviar d'Astrakan.
 Petite Marmite Henri IV.
 Langouste Thermidor.
 Suprêmes de volaille Gismonda.
 Perdreaux Souwaroff.
 Cœurs de Laitues.
 Asperges d'Argenteuil—Sce. Mousseline.
 Soufflé Hermitage.
 Glace Armenonville.
 Panier de Friandises.
 Fruits.
 VINS.
 Château Margaux 1875.
 Moët Brut 1884.
 Grande fine Champagne des Tuileries.

The Sporting Club and the Palais du Soleil both have restaurants, and both are controlled by the Blanc-Fleury interest. **The Sporting Club**
 M. Schipper, from the Café de Paris, is this year the manager of the Sporting Club restaurant, and has revived the glories of Roumanian cookery there.

There are other restaurants not so expensive as the ones I have written of, and further up the hill, which can give one a most admirable dinner.

The Helder is one of the restaurants where the men, who have to live all their winters at Monte Carlo often breakfast and dine ; and Aubanel's Restaurant, at the top of the gardens, the Princess', which one of the great stars of the Opera has very regularly patronised, **The Princess'** deserves a special good word. **The Restaurant Ré,** which was originally a fish and oyster shop, but which is now a restaurant **Restaurant Ré** with fish as its specialty, is also an excellent place for

men of moderate means. Madame Ré learned the art of the kitchen at the Réserve at Marseilles, and she knows as much about the cooking of fish as any woman in the world. When it came to my turn in the interchange of dinners for six to provide a feast, I went to Madame Ré and asked her to give me a fish dinner, and to keep it as distinctive as possible of the principality, and she at once saw what I wanted and entered into the spirit of it. She met me on the evening of the feast with a sorrowful expression on her handsome face, for she had sent a fisherman out very early in the morning into the bay to catch some of the little sea hedgehogs which were to form one course, but he had come back empty-handed. The menu stood as under, and we none of us missed the hedgehogs :—

Canapé de Nonnats.
Soupe de poisson Monégasque.
Supions en Buisson.
Dorade Bonne Femme.
Volaille Rôtie.
Langouste Parisienne.
Asperges Vinaigrette.
Dessert.

The *Soupe Monégasque* had a reminiscence in it of *Bouillabaisse*, but it was not too insistent ; the supions were octopi, but delicate little gelatinous fellows, not leathery, as the Italian ones sometimes are ; the dorade was a splendid fish ; and though I fancy the langouste had come from Corsican waters and not from the bay, it was beautifully fresh and a monster of its kind.

The Riviera Palace has a restaurant to which many people come to breakfast, high above Monte Carlo and its heat, and the cook is a very good one.

Any mad Englishman who like myself takes long

walks in the morning, will find the restaurant at the La Turbie terminus of the mountain railway a pleasant place at which to eat early breakfast; and the view from the terrace, where one munches one's *petit pain* and drinks one's coffee and milk, with an orange tree on either side of the table, is a superb one.

La Turbie

After the tables are closed the big room at the Café de Paris in Monte Carlo fills up with those who require supper or a "nightcap" before going home; and though a sprinkling of ladies may be seen there, the half-world much preponderates. The night birds continue the evening at the Carlton, where the lights are not put out until the small hours, and see daylight at the Austria.

MONTÉ CARLO CLUBS

The Sporting Club, which was established to save the gamblers who went over to Nice to play baccarat the fatigue of a train journey, is the club of the principality.

Some golf links, 2000 feet above the sea, have been made at Mont Agel.

AFTER DINNER

The directors of the great Monte Carlo industry—that of winning the money of gamblers—do not encourage their guests to stray too far away from the gaming tables. The concerts in the Casino theatre and the performances of opera are world-renowned, but it is often not easy for ordinary visitors to obtain tickets for seats during the opera season. There are comediettas and operettas at the little glass palace in the Casino gardens, but they are usually performed of an afternoon. A new theatre on the Condamine, for

the benefit of the people of Monaco, is amongst the proposed improvements which are to come from the profits of the tables.

MENTONE

Mentone has splendid tea-shops at Rumpelmayer's and Eckenberg's. A pleasant restaurant at which to lunch is that of the Winter Palace, and the Belle Vue has been improved by a new dining-room. Many people drive from Monte Carlo to lunch or take tea at the Cap Martin Hotel, and it is a pleasant place with a splendid view from the great terrace. Another favourite restaurant at the end of a drive is the Restaurant des Rochers Rouges, just across the Italian frontier.

Mentone has at last obtained its much-needed Casino, containing all that is necessary to make it a success, on the ground of the Château du Louvre. Mentone has its club, to which the subscription is 100 francs for the season, or 25 francs a month. It has also its golf club.

THE PYRENEES

As a gastronomic guide to the Pyrenees I cannot do better than introduce to you my very good friend C. P., who knows that part of the world as well as any native, and whose taste is unimpeachable. I therefore stand down and let him speak for himself:—

Throughout the Pyrenees, in nine hotels out of ten, you can obtain a decently cooked luncheon or dinner—neither above nor below the average.

But in order to depart from the beaten track of the ordinary menu, abandon all hypocrisy, oh, intelligent traveller! and do not pretend that you can turn a

fastidious nose away from the seductions of the burnt onion and the garlic clove, the foundations upon which rests the whole edifice of Pyrenean cooking. Phari-saical density would be only wasting time, for these two vegetables will be your constant companions so soon as you decide to sample the *cuisine bourgeoise* of the country. You should on no account fail to venture on this voyage of exploration, as some of the dishes are excellent, all of them interesting, and, once tasted, never to be forgotten.

To attempt to enumerate them all, to describe them minutely, or to give any account of their preparation, hardly comes within the scope of these notes. Suffice it to give the names of two or three.

First comes the *Garbure*, a kind of thick vegetable soup containing Heaven knows what ingredients, but all the same sure to please you. Next comes the *Confit d'Oie*, a sort of goose stew, utterly unlike anything you have tasted before, but not without its merits. Next, the *Cotelettes d'Izard mariné* may interest you. The izard, or chamois of the Pyrenees, has been *mariné* or soaked for some time in wine, vinegar, bay leaves, and other herbs. It thus acquires a distinctive and novel flavour. Don't forget the *Ragout* and the *Poulet*, either *chasseur* or else *paysanne*; nor yet the *Pie de Mars* if in season. By way of fish you will always find the trout delicious, either fried or else *à la meunière*. (Don't miss the *alose* if you are at Pau.) Lastly, the Pyrenean *pâtés*, *Gibier* and *Foie de Canard*, are justly celebrated, and can more than hold their own in friendly and patriotic rivalry with any of those purporting to come from Strasbourg or Nancy.

At first acquaintance you will not care much for *pic-à-pou* or the wine of the country, but with patience you may possibly learn to appreciate the *Vin de Jurançon*. Tradition has it that Henri Quatre's nurses preferred to give this form of nourishment rather than

the Mellin's Food of the time. Perhaps babies were differently constituted in those days.

In any case you will always be able to get a good bottle of claret, bearing the name of some first-class Bordeaux firm, such as Johnson, Barton Guestier, or Luze, &c. If you are lucky enough to obtain a glass of genuine old Armagnac, you will probably rank it, as a liqueur, very nearly as high as any cognac you have ever tasted.

A word of warning ! Don't be too eager to order whisky and soda. The "Scotch" is not of uniform quality.

So much for eatables and drinkables. A few hints now as to where you might care to lunch or dine.

PAU

To begin with Pau. There is really a great artist there—a man whose sole hobby is his kitchen ; and who, if he chooses, can send you up a dinner second to none. His name is Guichard. Go and have a talk with him. Hear what he has to say on the *fond-de-cuisine* theory. Let him arrange your menu and await the result with confidence. That confidence will not be misplaced.

For general comfort the English Club stands easily first, and the Englishman who has been privileged to become a temporary member will find that the coffee room is admirably "run," and as for wine and cigars
Palais d'Hiver, they are the best that money can buy.
Parc Beaumont For a supper after the play you should give a trial to the restaurant of the Palais d'Hiver.

The Gassion and the France, the two leading hotels, have both been renovated. The France has
Hotel de France, a particularly good restaurant, and M.
Place Royale Campagna, who came from the Casino
 Belle Vue at Biarritz, is in supreme command there.

This is a menu of a dinner which Comte Roman Potoki gave in the restaurant :—

Hors d'œuvre à la Russe.
 Green Turtle. Purée de Grives au Pain Noir.
 Pinces de Homard à la Hongroise.
 Selle de Veau à la Doria.
 Spooms au Cliquot.
 Tinamons de Mériel Truffés.
 Salade Potoki.
 Peches Dame Blanche.
 Excellences.

For confectionery, cakes, candied fruits, &c., Luc or Seghin will be found quite *AI* ; whilst for five o'clock tea, Madame Bouzoum has deservedly gained a reputation as great as that of Rumpelmayer on the Riviera.

The golf-links and club-house at Billière are the oldest, with two exceptions, in the world—outside Scotland, of course.

Throughout the mountain resorts of the Pyrenees, such as Luchon, Bagnères de Bigorre, Gavarnie, St. Sauveur, Cauterets, Eaux Chaudes, Oloron, &c., you can always, as was stated previously, rely upon getting an averagely well-served luncheon or dinner, and nothing more—trout and chicken, although excellent, being inevitable. For the Hotel de Hotel de France, Eaux Bonnes France at Eaux Bonnes I can say something which is warmer praise than this, for its cookery is quite beyond reproach. At Argelès-Gazoust there is a choice of two good dining and lunching places—the Hotel du Parc, Hotel du Parc, Argelès kept by M. Lassus, and the Hotel de Hotel de France, Argelès France, where young Peyrafitte controls the kitchen which his father, “Papa” Peyrafitte, made famous. “Papa” has retired, but now and Hotel de France, Argelès again comes to the Hotel de France to see that his son does not fall away from the family

traditions. "Papa" loved his cooking pots as a fond father loves his children; to see him in his kitchen was to see a master of his art in his studio; he understood exactly how local colour should be introduced; and he loved, over a glass of quinquina and vermouth, to chat with any enthusiast of a like kidney.

In conclusion, should you find yourself anywhere near Lourdes at the time of the Pèlerinage National, go and dine at one of the principal hotels there—say the Hotel de la Grotte. You will not dine either well or comfortably, the pandemonium being indescribable. But you will have gained an experience which you will not readily forget. *Adishat!*

AIX-LES-BAINS

Most of the French cure places are for invalids and invalids only, and the gourmet who goes to them has to lay aside his critical faculties and to be content with the simplest fare, well or indifferently cooked, according to his choice of an hotel.

Aix-les-Bains, the big Savoy town of baths, is the principal exception to the rule, for the baccarat in the two Casinos draws all the big gamblers in Europe to the place, and one half of Aix-les-Bains goes to bed about the time that the other half is being carried in rough sedan chairs to be parboiled and massaged.

In the late spring there is an exodus from the Riviera to Aix-les-Bains; doctors, *maîtres d'hôtel*, musicians, lawyers, fly-men, waiters, move into summer quarters; and any one who has time to spare, and enjoys a three-day drive through beautiful scenery, might well do worse than make a bargain with a fly-man for the trip from the coast to the town on the banks of the lake. When a fly-man does not secure a "monsieur" as a passenger, he as often as

not drives a brace of friendly waiters over just for company sake. Thus any gourmet who knows his Riviera finds himself surrounded by friendly faces at Aix-les-Bains. There are excellent restaurants in some of the larger hotels, and you can dine in a garden, under lanterns lit by electric light, or on a glassed-in terrace whence a glimpse of the lake of Le Bourget under the moon may be obtained.

The restaurants of the Casino, the Cercle as it styles itself, and of the Villa des Fleurs, are naturally the dining-places to which any one who is tired of his hotel *table d'hôte*

The Cercle

goes. I have always been well treated at both, and have always regarded the restaurant of the Villa des Fleurs as one of those dining-places where one is invariably well treated.

Villa des Fleurs

But I find that it is wise to inquire each season who is the *maître d'hôtel* at each, to ask as to the chef's qualifications, and whether the service is good.

The one restaurant for which every one always has a good word is that attached to Nicola's Bar, opposite the entrance to the Casino. Nicola is a bright little Italian, who marked him-

Nicola's

self first in my memory by charging me two francs for a whisky and soda at his bar. His catering for his tiny restaurant, which is under a canopy, is faultless. He will not have any salt-water fish in his larder, for Aix in summer is so hot that sea-fish do not always come to table quite fresh, and this risk he will not run in the interest of his clients. Nicola's prices are not low, but his chef's cookery is first-rate, and all the material beyond reproach.

Many of the excursions from Aix have a little restaurant as the point to be reached. At Grand Port, the fishing village on the borders of the lake of Le Bourget, there is a pleasant house to breakfast at, the Beaurivage, with

Beaurivage

a garden from which an excellent view of the lake and the little bathing-place can be obtained. They make a *Bouillabaisse* of fresh-water fish at this restaurant which is well worth eating, and which is generally the Friday fare there. At Chambotte, where there is a fine view of the lake, Lansard has a hotel and restaurant. At Marlioz, near the race-course and an inhalation and bathing establishment, the pretty ladies of Aix often call a halt to breakfast, *Ecrevisses Bordelaises* being a specialty. At the little mountain inn at La Chambotte, the proprietor has married a Scotch wife, and her excellent cakes, made after the manner of her fatherland, come as a surprise to the French tourists. The châteaux at the summit of the Grand Revard belong, I believe, to Mme. Ritz, wife of the Emperor of Hotels, and the feeding there naturally is excellent.

Most people who go a trip to the Lac d'Annecy breakfast on the boat, though I believe there is a fair breakfast to be obtained at the Angleterre. On the boat a very ample meal is provided—the trout generally being excellent—which occupies the attention of the intelligent voyager during the whole of the time that he is supposed to be looking at waterfalls, castles, peaks, and picturesque villages.

A run over to Allevard les Bains on a motor will introduce you to "Les Quatres Bouledogues"—Richard the proprietor and his three animal bull-dogs being the four. Richard is a humorist. He is a capital cook; he writes poetry—of a kind; and edits a newspaper. These are the *spécialités* of the Quatre, which the restaurant is called for short: *Petites Croustades à la Lucullus*, *Œufs à la d'Orléans*, *Tripailles Richard*, *Tête de cochon à la Deibler*, *Pain de Volaille à la Chevalière*, *Alhambra de Canetons*, *Turban de Queues de Langoustes à la Moscovite*, *Tesckea au Kirsch d'Allevard* (Sauce

Les Quatres
Bouledogues,
Allevard

Sabayon), *Café pure chicorée*, *Sirop de Parapluies toujours frais*.

AFTER DINNER

The two Casinos, each having its theatre and each being quite catholic in the matter of entertainments, giving opera, operetta, variety shows, and fireworks, supply all the after-dinner needs of Aix, and the Club Privés put no unnecessary difficulties in the way of respectable strangers becoming members.

VICHY

Outside the hotels, the restaurants attached to which give in most cases a good *table d'hôte* dinner for 6 francs and a *déjeuner* for 4, there are but few restaurants, for most people who come to Vichy live *en pension*, making a bargain with their hotel for their food for so much a day—a bargain which does not encourage them to go outside and take their meals. The Casino of course has its restaurant. The Alhambra Taverne is a restaurant and Brasserie in the Rue Sornin, and the Français is in the Rue du Marché. There are several small restaurants in the environs of Vichy. In the valleys of the Sichon and the Jolan, two streams which join near the village of Cusset and then flow into the Allier, are two little restaurants, each to be reached by a carriage road. Both the Restaurant les Malavaux near the ruins, and the Restaurant de l'Ardoisière near the Cascade of Gourre-Saillant, have their dishes, each of them making a specialty of trout and crayfish from the little river that flows hard by. At the Montagne Verte, whence a fine view of the valley of the Allier is obtainable, and at one or two other of the places to which walks and drives are taken, there are cafés and inns where decent food is obtainable.

The golf club, under the management of M. Aletti, is a flourishing institution, and the links are sporting ones.

EVIAN

Evian, the most French of all the French watering-places, depends on its hotel restaurants for its good meals. The terrace of Hotel Royal,

Hotel Royal high above the town and the lake, is a delightful open air dining-place in warm weather. M. Metivier, who came from the Esplanade Hotel, the hotel owned by the Ritz syndicate in Berlin, is the *maître chef*, and M. Ali, the clever Egyptian, well known as the *maître d'hôtel* of the Armenonville in Paris, occupies a like position at the Royal in the late summer. The cooking is good, and nowhere can one eat to better advantage the Ombre, the king of all fishes that swim in the Lake of Geneva.

The Splendide and the Hermitage, the two other large hotels of Evian, are above the average in their cuisine.

III

BELGIAN TOWNS

The Food of the Country—Antwerp—Spa—Ostende—Bruges—
Heyste—Blankenberghe—Nieuport.

I CANNOT do better in commencing this chapter than to introduce you to Mr. Horace Lennard, litterateur and “fin gourmet,” who knows his Belgium better than most natives of that country, who has written the notes on “the food of the country,” on several of the towns, and to whom I am indebted for the entire succeeding chapter on the Brussels restaurants.

THE FOOD OF THE COUNTRY

The Belgian is a big eater and a bird-eater. As a rule, in Belgium the restaurant that can put forth the longest menu will attract the most customers. There are people in Brussels who regularly travel out to Tirlemont, a little Flemish town nearly twenty miles away, to partake of a famous *table d'hôte* dinner to which the guests sit down at one o'clock, and from which they seldom rise before five. The following is a specimen carte of one of these gargantuan gorges served in December :—

Huitres de Burnham.

Potage Oxtail.

Saumon de Hollande à la Russe.

Bouchées à la Reine.

Chevreuil Diane Chasseresse.
 Bécasses bardées sur Canapé.
 Tête de veau en Tortue.
 Surprises Grazilla (*à sorbet*).
 Pluviers dorés poire au vin.
 Jambonneau au Madère.
 Petites fèves de Marais à la Crème.
 Salmis de Caneton Sauvage.
 Faisan de Bohême.
 Salade de Saison.
 Dinde truffée Mayonnaise.
 Glace Vanillée.
 Fruits. Gâteaux. Dessert.

All this for five francs ! with a bottle of burgundy to wash it down, at any price from a crown to a pound. One thing may safely be said about the Belgian restaurants ; a bottle of good, sound burgundy can almost always be bought in both town and country. It is often told that the best burgundy in the world is to be found in Belgian cellars. Whether this is a reputation maintained in honour of the Dukes of Burgundy who once ruled the land, or whether the good quality of the wine is due to the peculiar sandy soil, which permits of an unvarying temperature in the cellars, I will leave others to determine, but the fact remains that from a Beaujolais at 2 francs 50 centimes to a Richebourg at 20 francs, the burgundy offered to the traveller in Belgium is generally unimpeachable. Ghent is another town famous for its big feasts. The market dinner on Friday at the Hotel de la Poste, which has just been rebuilt, is often quoted as a marvellous "spread," but the best restaurant in Ghent is undoubtedly Mottez's, on the Avenue Place d'Armes. This is an old-fashioned place, with no appearance of a restaurant outside, and a stranger would easily pass it by. Here one dines both *à la carte*

and at *table d'hôte*; the *table d'hôte* is well worth trying, though some of the dishes can be safely passed over. The wines at Mottez's are very good, and some special old Flemish beer in bottles should be asked for. A great local dish is *Hochepot Gantois*, a mixture of pork, sausages, and vegetables which only the very hungry or the very daring should experiment upon at a strange place. Flemish cooking as a rule is fat and porky, and there is a dish often seen on the carte called *Choesels à la Bruxelloise*, which is considered a delicacy by the natives, and it is supposed to be a hash cooked in sherry or marsala; it is, however, a dish of mystery. A *plat* always to be found in Belgium (especially in the Flanders district) is *Waterzoei de Poulet*, a chicken broth served with the fowl. This is usually very safe, and any one going to Mottez's at Ghent should try it there. The Rocher de Cancale is also a restaurant at Ghent that can be recommended. It is at the corner of the street leading to the Place d'Armes, on the way from the station. *Carbonades Flamandes* is another Flemish dish, which, if well prepared at a reputable establishment, can be eaten without fear. This is beef-steak stewed in "faro," an acid Flemish beer, and served with a rich brown sauce. *Salade de Princesses Liégeoises* is a salad made with scarlet runners mixed with little pieces of fried bacon. The bacon takes the place of oil, while the vinegar should be used with rather a heavy hand. When other salads are scarce, this makes an excellent dish. Of all the Belgian *plats*, however, the Belgians place foremost *Grives à la Namuroise*, which of course are only to be obtained in the autumn. I have said that the Belgian is a bird-eater, and throughout the country all kinds of birds—even, I regret to say, song-birds—are pressed into service for the table. A stranger visiting the Ardennes will be struck by the sad silence of the

woods, which is caused by the wholesale destruction of the birds. How the supply is kept up it is difficult to say, but no Belgian dinner is considered complete without a bird of some sort, and when *grives* are in season, thousands must be served daily. A *grive* proper is a thrush, but blackbirds and starlings often find their way to the *casserole* under the name of a *grive*. They are cooked with the trail, in which mountain-ash berries are often found. These give the bird a peculiar and rather bitter flavour, but the berry mostly used in the cooking is that of the juniper plant, which grows very plentifully in Belgium. When *grives* go out of season, we have woodcock and snipe; and there are several houses which make a specialty of *Bécasses à la fine Champagne*. At Mons and at Liège, and I think at Charleroi also, there is every year a woodcock feast, just as there is an oyster feast at Colchester. At these festivities a little wax candle is placed on the table beside each guest, so that he can take the head of his *bécasse* and frizzle it in the flame before he attacks its brains. Then we have plovers and larks in any quantity, but I would not like to vouch for what are often served as *alouettes* and *mauviettes*. The one bird that we never get in Belgium is grouse, unless it is brought over specially from England or Scotland. It has always been found impossible to rear grouse in the country. In the neighbourhood of Spa there are great stretches of moorlands reaching almost to the German frontier, covered with heather, which look as if they would be the ideal home of the grouse. Here M. Barry Herrfeldt, formerly of the Château du Marteau at Spa, a real good sportsman, tried his utmost to rear grouse; first he laid down thousands of eggs and set them under partridges, but this proved a failure; then he introduced young birds, but they all died off, and I think he has now given up the attempt in despair.

Whilst speaking of partridges, I ought to mention that there is no partridge in the world so plump and sweet as one shot in the neighbourhood of Louvain, where they feed on the beetroot cultivated for the sugar factories. At a restaurant *Coq de bruyère* is often served as grouse, but this is a blackcock. In many of the Belgian towns out of the beaten track good food can be obtained at tavernes and cafés, but as a rule it is best to avoid those in the vicinity of railway stations. It is well to go near the market-places. On the Grand' Place at Ypres, a wonderful old town well worth a visit, there is an excellent *La Châtellenie*, restaurant attached to the Hotel de la *Ypres* Châtellenie. The *table d'hôte* at 2 fr. 50 c. is remarkable value for the money. Any one dining here should ask to see the club rooms and pictures upstairs. There is a good garage for automobiles here. At Thielt, another small town in Western Flanders, I have also eaten well for a reasonable price at the little Hotel de l'Esperance on the market-place, opposite the belfry, that has a very silvery carillon. The wines here—Moselles and clarets especially—are of good vintage years and well cellared. One last note: outside the capital and at all but the best restaurants the Flemish custom is to “dine” in the middle of the day and “sup” at about seven.

ANTWERP

It is strange that a big city and seaport like Antwerp, which is a favourite stopping-place of English and American visitors to the Continent, should have so few good restaurants. None of the establishments near the quays can be classed as even third-rate, and it is in the neighbourhood of the Bourse that the best eating-houses will be found. At the Rocher de Cancale, usually called Colon's

(after the late proprietor), the cooking and the wines are everything that can be desired, and the prices are by no means high. This restaurant is

Rocher de
Cancale,
19 Rue des
XII Mois

situated at the corner of the Place de Meir and the Rue des Douze Mois, a little street leading down to the Bourse.

Antwerp has a grill-room that can be highly recommended in the Criterium, situated on the Avenue de Keyser, near the Central Railway Station. The

Criterium,
Avenue de
Keyser

Criterium is also known as Keller's, and has a large English *clientèle*. Besides chops and steaks from the grill,

there are other viands, and a *table d'hôte* dinner is supplied in the middle of the day at 2 francs 50 centimes. The food is of the best, while a special feature is made of English beers and other drinks usually sought after by the Briton travelling abroad. The restaurant at the Zoological Gardens is well managed and much frequented, and the Café Weber, a big establishment on the Avenue de Keyser, is also highly spoken of. At the Hotel St. Antoine on the Place Verte there is a grill room for outside visitors, but I have found it rather dear.

SPA

Once upon a time the pretty little town of Spa, situated among the green hills of the Belgian Ardennes, was one of the most fashionable and most frequented watering-places in Europe, but a succession of anti-gambling regulations reduced its attractions. Although the glories of the place have departed, its natural beauties remain. The Casino has been rebuilt, and both baccarat and *petits chevaux* were, or are, played there; but the regulations as to gaming sometimes seem in abeyance in Belgium, sometimes they are severely enforced, and it is impossible to predict

whether six months hence baccarat will be in full swing at the Club Privé, or whether *chemin de fer* will be played under the rose, with the constant fear in the minds of the punters that a police raid may take place at any moment. The authorities at Spa quite realise that more people used to come to Spa to try their luck at the tables than to drink the iron-waters at the Pouhon and other springs, or to take the effervescing baths and douches. Of the Spa restaurants as they exist to-day, there is little to be said and less to be praised. To tell the truth, there is not a really first-class restaurant in the place. To nearly all the springs, which are located in easy proximity to the town, so-called restaurants are attached, but the patronage being intermittent and uncertain, the choice of *plats* is limited, and the service is slow and bad. The Sauvenière Spring is nearest to the town, but the drive there is all uphill, monotonous, and dusty. The Géronstère is more prettily situated, and is a favourite resort for luncheon during the summer season; but unless the meal is specially ordered beforehand, the visitor will, as a rule, have to be content with eggs, beef-steaks, or cutlets. The Tonnelet is situated on the roadside, and the restaurant there is often uncomfortable and dusty. Those who make the Tours des Fontaines will be best advised to stop for lunch at the Source de Barisart, which is situated in a most picturesque part of the woods, 160 feet above the town, from which it is distant about a mile. The much-written-of Promenade de Meyerbeer is close at hand, and a stroll beneath the trees before or after lunch will be enjoyed, for the surroundings are charming and romantic. If previous notice for a meal can be given, so much the better; there is probably a telephone from the town. In trout time this fish should be included, as it is caught plentifully in

Source de
Barisart

the district, and is, as a rule, fresh and good. As before said, there is no good restaurant in the town,—excepting of course those in connection with the principal hotels, where a *table d'hôte* is usually served at mid-day and in the evening.

Perhaps the best of the restaurants is the grill-room and Brasserie combined, in the ground-floor of the rebuilt Casino, now called the Kurhaus. **Brasserie-Restaurant, Kurhaus** Neri of Nice is the restaurateur, and one can lunch quite well there for about 9 francs, and dine for about 12.

The gourmet can safely be advised to eat a meal at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, where M. Henrard **Hotel de l'Europe** Richard always paid great attention to his cuisine. Although he no longer personally controls the management of L'Europe, the hotel is still under the direction of his family, and retains its high reputation. The following is a menu of a 7-franc *table d'hôte* dinner served in September. It has not been specially selected, and is therefore a fair specimen :—

Bisque d'Ecrevisses.
Brunoise à la Royale.
Truites Meunière.
Filet de Bœuf garni Beaulieu.
Ris de veau Princesse.
Petits pois à la Française.
Perdreaux rôtis sur Canapés.
Glace Vanille.
Gaufrettes.
Corbeille de Fruits.

The wines here are good, the Moselle and Rhine wines being especially cheap. Other hotels with restaurants attached that may be mentioned are the Britannique (with a fine garden in which meals are served), the Bellevue, the Flandre, and the Rosette.

The last-mentioned is a small hotel attached to the Palace of the late Queen of the Belgians, and is run by her Majesty's chef. The meals for the Palace were always cooked at the hotel, and the restaurant, though simply appointed, has latterly been excellent in its way. Strangers feeding there should try and secure a table on the little glass-covered terrace in front of the hotel. Mention might also be made of a couple of small restaurants that in the past were mostly supported by the professional players at the tables. One in a side street near the Casino, kept by a Frenchman, has a reputation for its cheap French wines; and the Macon, at a franc the bottle, is indeed drinkable. At the other, the Limbourg, the cooking is German in character and flavour. Both places may be recommended as wholesome and honest to people who want to "get through" on about 10 francs a day. There is no more to be said.

OSTENDE

Ostende, or as we call it Ostend, is not renowned for the cheapness of its food, and the great majority of its well-to-do visitors make a bargain with one of the hotels to take them *en pension*, and are content with the *table d'hôte* dinner, which looks quite showy on the menu card, though it does not waken that extra sense of appreciation which every true gourmet possesses.

But Ostende is by no means a city of Dead Sea apples, though he who would dine well there amidst refined surroundings must have a long purse. The same syndicate, or company, which owns the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo has bought the big Palace Hotel, which with its Sports Club and its theatre and its great stretch of garden, stands between the race-course and the sea, and the manager brings there during the season his

The Royal
Palace Hotel,
The Digue

cooks and *maîtres d'hôtel* from the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, and, I should also add, his prices. A stock of that old brandy which all connoisseurs know has also been laid down. The restaurant, with a stained-glass roof, has windows which look across the walk on the sea wall to the sea, and it is a remarkably pleasant place in which to lunch or dine or take tea; but the prices are Monte Carlo prices. Let me give a personal experience. I went there by myself to lunch. The *carte du jour* presented to the clients has no prices on it, which much exercised the mind of a veritable John Bull who was sitting at the next table to me and who asked, "How much is that?" concerning the dishes, to which question he received soothing but quite non-committal replies. I ordered a *friture* of *langues d'avocat*, the little flat-fish that somewhat resemble pointed tongues; and as the shooting season had just commenced, the *maître d'hôtel* recommended two quails and a *pilaf* of rice, which seemed to me to be an admirable suggestion. I ordered half a bottle of Château Carbonieux and half a bottle of one of the mineral waters. After my quails—little birds with brown firm flesh, differing much in this from the fattened-up, imported quail of the South which we eat in London—I thought I would like a pear; and the waiter brought me, packed in cotton wool, a monster pear and two apples with little landscapes traced with a graver upon their rosy cheeks. I know those pears and apples of old. If one happens to be giving dinner to a lady in whose company one does not wish to appear mean, and the waiter brings a box of those marvellous pears and apples to her, one makes a swift mental calculation of all the money one has in one's pockets at the same time that one wishes that the waiter might suddenly be struck with apoplexy. In the present case, being alone, I grinned at the waiter and told him to bring me something cheap. He returned with some peaches.

They also were packed in cotton wool, and the bigger ones had a little collar and bow of black and gold ribbon just like pet kittens. I imitated my John Bull neighbour and asked the price. The waiter thought that the big peaches were eight francs apiece and the smaller ones five francs. "I will bring you some greengages, they are *very* cheap," said the waiter, who did not require to be told that I would be no peach-eater. Now I happened to know that greengages *were* very cheap that day. I had been round the market, and knew that they were being sold at 30 centimes a kilo at the stalls, and were 35 and 40 centimes a kilo in the shops, just as I also knew that at Jean Bogaert's shop in the Grand Place the quail were priced at 1 franc each. The waiter brought me a big box of greengages, and I took a handful, five in all. My bill came to 20 francs 75 centimes, and I found that I had been charged half a franc each for the greengages. The cooking at the Palace and the service are admirable, for the major-domo always gives his guests of the best ; but the man who dines or breakfasts there must expect to pay gambler's prices. My heart went out to one of my friends who, when I laughingly told him of the cheap greengages, informed me that one day at the races his wife thought she would like to take tea at the Palace, and invited half-a-dozen other ladies. He was detained in the paddock, and when he joined the tea party found that not content with tea and cakes the ladies had eaten the contents of three of the boxes of specimen fruits. A dinner party would have cost him less than that afternoon tea.

The Plage Hotel has always had a reputation for good cooking, and its restaurant used to be a place where a good but expensive *à la carte* meal was to be obtained. In the autumn of 1907 the hotel changed hands, being sold by the Wagons Lits Company to

The Plage
Hotel, The
Digue

the proprietor of the Splendid and Continental Hotels. The restaurant has now been divided into two parts by an imaginary line. Those careful guests who are *en pension* and eat the lunch and dinner of the day, quite good meals, are bowed to the left, the people who dine and breakfast *à la carte* are told to walk straight on to the tables in the centre and on the right.

The Restaurant of the Kurhaus, as the Casino is called, possesses an excellent cook, and its prices

The Restaurant of the Kurhaus, The Digue are high. The restaurant is in the building, and arches in the wall of the great concert hall connect it with the

dining-room. Outside these arches, and actually in the concert room, the restaurant has a little roped-in enclosure, and it is quite *chic* to secure a table in this space and dine there on the nights when any celebrity is singing. You start your dinner at 8.30, the hour of the commencement of the concert; you talk loudly and clatter knives and forks during all the orchestral items; and you become silent and allow the entrée to get cold while Caruso, or Bonci, or Noté sings.

The Restaurant du Helder, attached to the big Brasserie of that name on the Boulevard van Iseghem, is a moderate-sized white restaurant.

Restaurant du Helder, Boulevard van Iseghem It has white *étagères*, white chairs, and is much after the Parisian model.

One has to note that the linen is not of the finest make, that the glass is not of the thinnest, that the imitation flowers on the table with electric lights concealed in them are just a little gaudy, to appreciate its provincialism. Its prices are about Parisian prices, those that one expects to pay at Durand's or La Rue's or Henri's, and both the cooking and service are good. The *habitués* of the restaurant tell me that no one is ever "rushed" there into ordering a longer and more expensive dinner than he requires, and that where two portions will

serve for three people, a suggestion is always made by the *maître d'hôtel* that two will suffice. All of which I am glad to record. Most of the items on the bill of fare seemed to range between 2 and 3 francs, and if I had not been tempted by an 8-franc partridge my bill for a solitary dinner would have been under 20 francs. As an indication of the prices of the Helder, this was my dinner: A slice of Cantaloup melon, a slice of brill with white wine sauce, a partridge and salad *Cœurs de Romaine*, a bit of Camembert cheese, and a pear. A small bottle of Sauterne and a small bottle of Vichy water, a cup of coffee, and a glass of the "fine" of the house, Courvoisier at a franc a glass, and very good at the price. My bill came to 24 francs 75 centimes, the melon and the partridge being the expensive items in it.

The Café de Paris of Brussels has opened a branch in Ostende.

The man who wishes to keep his dinner bill below 10 francs or even below 5 need not fare ill at Ostende. In the Grand Place "**Au Gourmet,**" is the charcutier's shop of M. Jean **Grand Place** Bogaerts, who is a "Fournisseur du Roi," but who modestly describes himself as *Traiteur*. In his shop window during the shooting season is always some choice game, and relays of fresh trout are sent him daily. On the first floor above the shop is a little restaurant which bears the title "**Au Gourmet.**" It is a very unpretending little place, the knives are black-handled and the napery is coarse, but it is perfectly clean. On the mirrors are wafered the names of the *plats du jour*, the cost of which seem generally to be 1 franc 50 centimes; a modest bill of fare conveys fuller information; a little girl sits at the *caisse*; and an elderly waiter with a blue black moustache and embroidered shirt and gloomy views concerning life takes one's orders. Little

things show that the service is good. I ordered some shrimps as *hors d'œuvre*, and a finger glass was brought me after I had eaten them, and a large goblet was given me to wash the grapes of my dessert if I wished to. These are quite small matters, but they showed that the waiter, who looked like an Italian Count who had seen better days, knew his business. The prices charged for the game dishes showed me that one could get any of the birds shown in the shop downstairs at their sale price plus 50 centimes for cooking. Shrimps, a baby sole *à la meunière*, a roast snipe on toast with water-cress, cream cheese, a bunch of black grapes, a pint of Cerons, and a small bottle of Louise Marie, the best known of Belgian mineral waters, and my bill came to 6 francs 65 centimes. Partridges I noticed were priced on the bill of fare at 4 francs 50 centimes, quail at 1 franc 50 centimes. The wine list, which is short, contains some good names. Volney Santenoy at 10 francs a bottle, and Chevalier Montrachet at 6 francs a bottle, should tempt connoisseurs. My snipe was overdone, but then I omitted to send word to the cook that I was an Englishman and liked my snipe but half roasted, a wise precaution anywhere on the Continent for the man who likes his snipe to have "just flown through the kitchen," as they say in Ireland.

There are Tavernes and Brasseries in number on the Boulevard van Iseghem, and in the Rue de la Chapelle, which runs across the town from the Digue to the harbour. On the Rampe de Flandre, which is the commencement on the seaside of the big street, is the Taverne St. Jean, a cheap and not particularly inviting

The Taverne St. Jean, Rampe de Flandre establishment, which is kept by an ex-head-waiter from Madame Ré's fish restaurant at Monte Carlo, and he has brought some of the good traditions of that establishment with him to the borders of the North Sea.

The Taverne St. Denis is a little eating-house in the main street which is quite clean in its appointments, and where I have obtained a quite satisfactory fillet, and washed it down with some excellent beer from Bruges.

The Taverne St.
Denis, Rue de
la Chapelle

The tea-rooms of Ostende are Marchal's, on the Boulevard van Iseghem. They and the pâtissier's shop form the corner of the block which the new theatre occupies. The rooms, airy and marble-walled, are quite first-class; the waiters are in liveries which fit them; and a Roumanian gipsy band plays. The foyer of the theatre is immediately above these rooms, and steps from the theatre hall lead into them. They serve as the theatre café, and the Englishman who wants something stronger than tea between the acts can be sure that his "peg" will be compounded of good materials.

Marchal's,
Boulevard van
Iseghem

Maxim's, like its Paris namesake, becomes merry about midnight, and remains open till the small hours.

Maxim's,
Boulevard van
Iseghem

THE CLUBS OF OSTENDE

The Club Privé of the Kurhaus is, at intervals between raids and other disagreeable events, a baccarat club, and there is a roulette table which is in use during certain hours of the day. It was during the season of 1910 a branch of the Cercle Litteraire in the town, but that did not prevent the police and magistrate from Ghent making a descent upon it. Forty-eight hours generally elapse between application being made and the acceptance of a candidate who belongs to a recognised London club. It is wise to send in an application to the secretary before arriving at Ostende. Entrance fee is 1 louis.

Club Privé

The Sports Club at the Palace Hotel is also a club where *chemin de fer* is generally played. The committee not infrequently exercise their right to keep out would-be members who are not in their opinion sufficiently vouched for. The entrance fee is 2½ louis.

There are in the square of the town the Literary Club and the Club St. Cecile, but these are for the inhabitants of Ostende more than for the strangers within its gates.

AFTER DINNER

The theatre in the Rue de Flandre and the Boulevard van Iseghem is excellently managed, companies playing comedy, opera, and operetta there, Brussels and Spa sending operatic stars, and travelling companies playing short seasons. At the Scala, the variety theatre on the Rampe du Cerf, a revue is produced early in the season, and runs till Ostende empties. The daily evening concerts at the Kursaal have a world-wide fame. The orchestra is formed of 120 performers, and all the greatest operatic stars of the world sing there as soloists. After the theatre and the concert the clubs fill up, and the lights are not out at daybreak.

BRUGES

I had always looked upon Bruges as the sleepest city in the world; and the most peaceful spot in Bruges I always considered to be under the apple-tree in the garden of the Hotel de Flandre, where the perfect occupation is to drink a bottle with a friend of the '67 Chambertin and to listen to the chimes ringing in the old brown belfry. The last occasion on which I was at Bruges was during the Golden Fleece Exhibition. I lunched at

the Hotel de Flandre, and found it crowded by English people who had come from Ostende and Brussels to see the exhibition. The dining-room has been enlarged and glitters with new decoration, and the extension has eaten up a part of the garden, though the apple-tree and the wonderful bit of statuary still remain. The wine list still contains an admirable selection of burgundies—the pint of Volnay which I drank was exactly in the right condition ; and peeping into the kitchen, I found that it is as clean and as perfectly kept as of yore. The cooking at the Hotel de Flandre I have never found noticeably good, but it is quite sufficiently good not to interfere with one's enjoyment of the burgundy ; and now that the scurry of an exhibition is no longer a disturbing element, I say to the good gourmet, go and sit under the apple-tree in the Flandre garden and study good burgundy under exceptionally pleasant conditions.

Otto, who used to be head waiter at the Hotel de Flandre, is now proprietor of the Hotel de Londres in the Station Square, and he can cook *a sole au gratin* as well as any man can. In the visitors' book of the hotel are recorded the names of some of the patrons of the prize ring who went over to Bruges to see the fight between Smith and Kilrain. It is a puzzle to discover who the proprietor thought some of the noble lords were when he tried to write their names.

The Hotel de
Londres, Station
Square

HEYST AND BLANKENBERGHE

Time was, not so many years ago, when at both these towns, northwards along the coast from Ostende, there used to be inns much patronised by the Brussels tradespeople who come in numbers to both these seaside resorts during the bathing season. The guests took their seats at long tables, each man and woman

with knife, fork, spoon, a yard of bread, and a glass before him or her. The serving maids then placed a great pile of plates, ten or twelve or even sixteen, in front of every diner. On the first occasion that I lunched at Heyst and this occurred, a horrible fear came upon me that I was going to be asked to carve some dish, but a glance round the table reassured me. The number of plates indicated the number of courses of the feast. All these old inns seem now to have vanished, and their places have been taken by tall modern hotels. I have lunched quite satisfactorily both at the restaurants of the Hotel des Bains and the Hotel du Kursaal at Blankenberghe, but they were modern moderate meals eaten amidst twentieth-century surroundings.

NIEUPOORT

My experiences of the luncheons at the Esperance and Pélican at Nieuport, the old town which lies away south of Ostende, eleven miles down the coast, are that they are satisfying though not delicate meals. The gourmet will find, however, that the quaintness of the old town makes amends for its primitive cuisine.

IV

BRUSSELS

The Restaurants of Brussels—The Clubs—"After Dinner."

BRUSSELS must have been a gayer city than the Brussels of to-day when it earned the title of "a little Paris." There is at the present time very little indeed of Paris about the Belgian capital, and, in the matter of restaurants, there is a marked contrast between the two cities. Here the latter-day Lucullus will have to seek in queer nooks and out-of-the-way corners to discover the best kitchens and the cellars where the wines are of the finest *crûs*. The aristocracy of Belgium mostly dines *en famille*, and the restaurants that cater for the middle classes are the most patronised. There are, however, several establishments which provide for more refined tastes, but they will not be found upon the big boulevards or the main thoroughfares. Four of the best restaurants in Brussels are in two narrow little streets, and their exteriors resemble old-fashioned London coffee-houses, rather than resorts of fashion. Brussels is particularly destitute of smart rooms where one can sup in gay company "after the opera is over." Until the Savoy was opened, we had, in fact, nothing beyond the ordinary restaurant with its little *cabinets particuliers*. When Mr. Arthur Collins of Drury Lane was in Brussels a few years ago, he asked me to take him

one evening, after leaving the Scala, to the local Romano's. "We haven't such a place," I explained, "but we can go to the Helder." "I dined there this evening," said A. C.; "it was a very good dinner, but deadly dull; show me something livelier." We resolved to try the Filet de Sole, thinking, as it was close to the Palais d'Été, we were certain to meet some people there, but the place was empty. The fact is, Brussels at that time had little night-life beyond the taverns and bars of low character, but we now have three high-class supper-rooms in the Café de Paris, the Savoy, and the Grand Hotel Grill-room, which has a separate entrance in the Rue Grétry. If a stranger came to Brussels, and wanted to be shown the best restaurants, I should start him with lunch at the Savoy, dine him at the Helder or Filet de Bœuf, and finish him off with supper at the Café de Paris. The grill at the Savoy is excellent, and by no means dear. 1 franc 75 centimes is charged for a chop or steak, including *pommes de terre* well served. The *hors d'œuvre* are a specialty at luncheon. There is great variety, and the pickled shrimps would tickle the most jaded appetite.

The Savoy is situated in the Rue de l'Evêque, by the side of the General Post Office. It was originally
 Savoy, Rue de l'Evêque a kind of offshoot from the American bar and grill-room of the Grand Hotel. Being done in good spirit and with good taste, it soon acquired favour, and at certain times in the day the premises are almost too small. There are private dining-rooms upstairs, and a restaurant on the first floor has lately been added. Everything is *à la carte*. The *plats froids* are a specialty at the Savoy, and are remarkably well served there. *Lanson père et fils* is the champagne that seems to be the drink of the house.

The Brussels restaurant *en vogue* at the moment of

writing is the Filet de Bœuf in the Rue des Harengs ; but the public is fickle, and tastes **Filet de Bœuf,** are constantly changing. To-morrow **Rue des Harengs** another establishment may become the favourite, especially should some patron with a circle of friends quarrel with the management, or take offence at an apparent inattention. The Filet de Bœuf is a very small restaurant, consisting of two *salles*, one called the "pésage," and the other the "pelouse." There are only six tables in each room, and only people well known, or recommended by the right set, have any chance of reserving a table. The patrons are principally leaders in the worlds of sport, finance, and the theatre. Everything is very dear, but very good. The dishes are specially cooked for each customer, and, consequently, one has to wait a little time after ordering before a dinner can be served.

The Epaule de Mouton is also in the Rue des Harengs, one of the little streets already alluded to, which run from the Grand Place to the **Epaule de Mouton, Rue des Harengs** Rue Marché aux Herbes. In this street, which is barely five yards wide, are some of the best restaurants of the town ; but the stranger must be particular and not enter the wrong door, as they are all huddled together, and the names of some of the establishments are very similar. There is, for instance, a Gigot de Mouton next door to the Epaule de Mouton. It is at the Epaule, however, where the better cuisine will be found. Behind the door on entering a snug corner for a *tête-à-tête* is to be found. Although the title of the establishment suggests Simpson's and a cut off the joint, the bill of fare will be found thoroughly French, and everything is well and tastefully done. In ordering, it must be remembered that one *plat* is enough for two persons, and this is the rule in most Belgian restaurants. The burgundy at L'Epaule de Mouton is renowned.

La Faille Déchirée is at a corner of another little street, the Rue Chair et Pain, close by the Rue des Faille Déchirée, Harengs. The construction and decoration are quaint ; one sits in a kind of Rue Chair et Pain tunnel and eats *Homard à l'Américaine*, which is a specialty of the house. Woodcock, when in season, is also a dish to be ordered here.

Le Lion d'Or is a small establishment in the Rue Grétry, and may safely be called the *chic* little restaurant of Brussels. The salon Lion d'Or, Rue Grétry downstairs is a perfect little *bonbonnière*, and the rooms above are extremely cosy and comfy. The proprietor is Adolph Letellier (of course called simply "Adolph" by *habitués* of the house), and he is immensely popular among the young sports of the town. The *vrai* gourmet will appreciate *les plats les plus raffinés*, on which Adolph prides himself. Everything is *à la carte*, prices being plainly marked. They are not cheap. The restaurant and rooms upstairs are open till two in the morning.

At the new Palace Hotel on the big square in front of the Garde du Nord is a restaurant, managed by The Palace Hotel Restaurant M. Neri, from Nice. The *table d'hôte* dinner at 5 francs is well and copiously served. The wine that is made a specialty of here is the Champagne Rose Napoléon, which one always looks for at Paillard's in Paris. At the Palace Hotel Restaurant a feature is made of afternoon teas, and at five o'clock it is the rendezvous of Tout-Bruxelles.

The Régina is a restaurant at the top of the town, near the Porte de Namur, that was opened in 1901, Régina, Porte de Namur and it was soon found necessary to enlarge the premises. It was the high-class kitchen that made the early reputation of the place, but after the alterations the character of the *clientèle* changed and everything became more bourgeois. Flemish dishes are safe to try here. The prices are

very moderate, and the *plats du jour* range from 1 franc to 1 franc 75 centimes, each *plat* being enough for two persons. Breakfast dishes, such as *Œufs Gratinés aux Crevettes* and *Œufs Brouillés au foie de Volaille*, are also well done here. *Ecrevisses Régina* used to be a special dish of the house. There are always two special *plats du soir*. During the Brussels Exhibition of 1910 a number of new restaurants were opened in the neighbourhood of the Porte de Namur, but several of them do not look like surviving. Already the names of some have been changed with the idea of attracting new clients. At the corner of the street leading to the Molière Theatre from the Chaussée d'Ixelles there is a large café-restaurant, which, after being closed for a short time, has reopened under new management and is well spoken of. The Old Tour Tavern and the Café de l'Horloge are much frequented in this locality.

The Helder is in the Rue de l'Ecuyer, near the Opera House. It is a smart restaurant, and the rendezvous of the *monde élégant* in Brussels. No one thinks of dining there before half-past eight or nine o'clock. The proprietor is M. Artus fils, whom many will remember at the Carlton in London. He is a son of M. Artus of the Laiterie, and has gained a wide experience in high-class hotels and restaurants. He should be personally consulted if a special dinner is wanted.

The Filet de Sole is in the neighbourhood of the markets and close by the Palais d'Été. In the days when Emile Beaud was proprietor an excellent lunch could be obtained here at a fixed price, but now everything is *à la carte*. Prices are lower than at most of the first-class restaurants, but the cuisine and wines are both safe and sound. There are private rooms upstairs.

Wiltcher's, on the Boulevard de Waterloo, provides

the cheapest *table d'hôte* of a bourgeois and somewhat English character in Brussels. The price is only 3 francs, and wonderful value is given for the money.

Wiltcher's,
Boulevard de
Waterloo

One must not, however, expect anything smart in the way of service or attendance, as the waiters have, as a rule, too many tables to look after, and the residents in the hotel receive the first consideration. The following is the menu of a dinner in January :—

Consommé à la Reine.
Filet de Sole à la Normande.
Quartier d'Agneau.
Mint Sauce à l'Anglaise.
Epinards à la Crème.
Poularde de Bruxelles en Cocotte.
Croquettes de Pommes de Terre.
Gangas du Japon à la Broche.
Compote de Mirabelles.
Salade de Laitue.
Glace Arlequin.
Biscuits de Reims.
Café.

In old Mr. Wiltcher's time a good many people came from outside for the excellent food here provided ; but now so many families reside all the year round in the hotel, that it is difficult to get a table for dinner when it is not ordered beforehand. One sometimes meets a strange bird here. Gangas is a Japanese partridge. The birds migrate to Northern Africa in winter, and often cross to Spain, where they are caught in large numbers. The plumage of the gangas is very beautiful, and the flesh is excellent eating. The outarde, or little bustard, is often to be had at Wiltcher's, and it is the only place at which I have eaten the great bustard, whose flesh is very much like a turkey's. White pheasant is another bird I remember

here. Excepting in its plumage, it in no way differs from the ordinary pheasant. A feature of Wiltcher's dinner is that no fruit is ever included in the menu, although coffee is always served. The story goes that Wiltcher the First, who took great pride in his table, found it almost impossible one winter to give as dessert anything beyond apples, oranges, pears, and nuts, there being no other fruit on the market. One day some diners rudely complained, and insisted on a change, expecting perhaps that pine-apple should be included in a dinner at this price. "You wish a change in the dessert, I hear," said Mr. Wiltcher, in the suave and courtly manner which had earned for him the sobriquet of "The Duke." "Very well, to-morrow you shall have a change." To-morrow, there was no dessert upon the menu. When the reason for this was demanded, he simply answered: "You wanted a change, and you've got it. I shall give no fruit in future." This has become a tradition.

Justine's is a little fish restaurant on the Quai au Bois à Brûler, by the side of the fish market. It has distinctly a bourgeois character. It is Justine's, Quai au Bois à Brûler not the sort of place you would choose to take a lady in her summer frocks to, but you get a fine fish dinner there nevertheless. There is no restaurant in the world where *moules à la marinière* are served in such perfection, and you can rely on every bit of fish supplied there being fresh. The exterior is unattractive, even dirty, and the service inside is somewhat rough. On Fridays the place is always crowded, and there may be a difficulty about retaining a room upstairs, where it is best to go when you wish to be specially well served. In the old days it was the fashion to go on Fridays (or on any day for a fish lunch) to Le Sabot, a *restaurant-estaminet* of the same order a little lower down on the quay, which has a reputation for its manner of cooking mussels; but,

since the death of old François, who kept it, the place does not appear to be so much in favour, and the tide of custom now flows towards Justine's. It must be remembered that this house is mentioned simply as a feature of Brussels life and not as a representative restaurant.

L'Etoile, in the Rue des Harengs, is the most famous restaurant in Brussels. In the time of Louis L'Etoile, Rue des Harengs Dot, it certainly held rank as the first of all, both for cooking and for wine; and Emile Ollivier, Dot's successor, is doing his best to sustain the reputation. Neatly framed and hung on one of the walls is still to be seen the card signed by the late Henry Pettitt, the dramatist, attesting to the fact that he had just eaten the best lunch of his life. This card some years later was countersigned by a Lord Mayor of London; and a Lord Mayor surely should be a good judge of a lunch. Whatever place is visited in Brussels, L'Etoile should not be missed. The stranger should be very careful to go in at the right door. The wines at L'Etoile have always been good, and Dot used to have some burgundy that was world-renowned. His *fine champagne* was also famous, and he had some extra special for which he used to charge 4 francs 50 centimes a glass. I have heard Dot himself tell the story how a well-known restaurateur from London came one evening with two friends to see how things were done at L'Etoile. After dinner they sent for Dot, to compliment him and ask him to join them with a liqueur, and he was to give them some of his best brandy. They smacked their lips on tasting it, and the glasses were filled a second time; but the gentleman who paid the bill rather raised his eyebrows when he saw the item, "Liqueurs, 36 francs." "He got even with me, however," said Dot, "for when I went to London I returned his visit. I had a good dinner (not so good, I think, as I

should have served), and I sent for him to join me with the coffee. While we chatted, I ordered cigars, repeating his words, 'Give us some of your very best. He did, and he charged me 7s. 6d. apiece for them.' The rooms at L'Etoile are very small, and if any one wants to prove the establishment at its best, he should take the precaution of retaining a table and ordering dinner beforehand.

The Palais Royal is a quiet little restaurant in the Rue Grétry, where the cuisine is excellent. The proprietor is M. Got, Palais Royal,
Rue Grétry formerly chef at the Lion d'Or. This is a place that can be confidently recommended.

The Café Riche used to be a high-class restaurant opposite the Helder, but it was closed a few years ago and the building has been converted into a big shop. The Café Riche was founded in 1865 by Gautier, the nephew of Bignon of Paris, who retained the proprietorship and management until his death. It had always had an aristocratic *clientèle*, and was specially favoured by Parisians visiting Brussels. During the political troubles in France the Duc d'Orléans, Prince Victor Napoléon, and Henri Rochefort were all patrons of the Café Riche, and it required all the tact and *savoir faire* of the proprietor to keep apart, and at the same time give satisfaction and pleasure to, the conflicting parties. In the place of the Café Riche we have now the Café de Paris on the other side of the Opera House, at the corner of the Rue des Princes. This is the place to sup after the theatre. The director is M. Lastreto, Café de Paris,
Rue des Princes *un meridional sympathique*. French cooking is a specialty, and everything is very well done.

Duranton's, on the Avenue Louise, is now "run" by Monsieur Pierre Strobbe, who took Duranton's,
Avenue Louise a first prize at the Brussels cookery exhibition. The restaurant is pleasantly situated, and

on Sunday, if you wish to go to the races in the afternoon, it is very convenient, being on the direct route to Boitsfort. There are three rooms on the ground floor, in which you can lunch. That on the right, a small narrow room, is considered to be the smartest, but the one on the left is the brightest. The charges are the same. The cooking for all the rooms is also the same, and it is good. Order your cab to be at the door half-an-hour before the first race.

When the races are held at Groenendael, you should lunch or dine at the restaurant of the Château in the woods there. You can order your table by telephone. This is a very pleasant excursion in summer. The cooking is good, and the Moulin à Vent (1887) at 5 francs a bottle is the wine to ask for.

The Laiterie is in the Bois de la Cambre. In summer-time it is indeed the most pleasant place to dine in Brussels. In the Bois there are several places that supply lunches, dinners, and light refreshments, but the Laiterie is the only one that is really first-class. For seventeen years it has been under the management of M. Artus and his son. The establishment is the property of the town of Brussels, and is well kept up in every respect. Here on a Sunday as many as 1500 chairs and 400 tables are often occupied. In the evenings the gardens are brilliantly illuminated, there being 1100 gas lamps. Music is discoursed by a Tzigane orchestra, and the late Queen of the Belgians, who often used to stop her pony chaise at the Laiterie to hear them play, subscribed from her private purse 200 francs every year to these musicians. Dinners are served at separate tables, under Japanese umbrellas, and the cooking is excellent; but it is as well to secure a seat as near to the main building as possible, to overcome that objection to *al-fresco* meals—cold

dishes. The wines are good, and M. Artus has always the best marks of champagne in magnums. There must be something about the cellars of these outdoor places peculiarly favourable to beer, for no pale ale in the world can compare with that drawn at the bars of the Epsom grand-stand, and in Belgium there is no bottled Bass so fresh and palatable as that which one gets at the Laiterie.

Other restaurants in Brussels worthy of mention are the *Taverne Royale*, at the corner of the *Galeries Saint Hubert*, where some real 1865 cognac can be had at 75 centimes the glass; the *Frères Provençaux*, in the *Rue Royale*; the *Restaurant de la Monnaie* (a large place, generally noisy, with not the most rapid of service); and *Stielen's*, in the *Rue de l'Evêque*. At the *Taverne de Londres*, in the *Rue de l'Ecuyer*, there is generally a good cut of cold roast beef with English pickles. A new restaurant, "*Le Chapon Fin*," has been opened in the *Rue Grétry*. It has boxes like *Simpson's* in the Strand. It is always crowded on Bourse days, and is specially patronised by visitors from Antwerp.

On Wednesdays all the Brussels restaurants are crowded, that being Bourse day, and in more senses than one, "market" day, when over five thousand strangers, mostly men, come into the city from provincial towns. In conclusion, I may mention that I have failed to discover the restaurant where George Osborne gave his "great dinner" to the Bareacres a few days before the battle of Waterloo. Thackeray records that as they came away from the feast, Lord Bareacres asked to see the bill, and "pronounced it a d—— bad dinner and d—— dear!" Probably the place, therefore, is extinct; for happily the double pronouncement cannot be applied to the dinners I have eaten at any of the restaurants mentioned in this chapter.

THE CLUBS

The aristocratic club in Brussels is the Cercle du Parc, generally called the Cercle des Nobles. It is situated in the Avenue des Arts, and the Belgian Jockey Club has lately taken up its headquarters in an annexe. All members of the diplomatic services are admitted to the Cercle du Parc without ballot. The subscription is 200 francs a year. Members have the entry to a private stand on the Boitsfort and Groenendael Racecourses.

The Cercle de l'Union is a very old-established Cercle de l'Union, and aristocratic club at 56 Rue Royale. 56 Rue Royale It is generally called "Le Bac," but there is not much play there nowadays.

The Cercle des Sports is a new club on the Avenue de la Toison d'Or, and takes the place of the old Cercle des Eleveurs. It is a club of sportsmen, and the annual subscription is 100 francs.

The Cercle Artistique et Littéraire in the Rue de la Loi, adjoining the Parc Theatre and Wauxhall Gardens, is a very useful club for strangers. Entertainments are given here, and there is a good reading room.

The Union Club, that formerly had its quarters at Wiltcher's Hotel, has removed to premises on the Avenue de la Toison d'Or. It is an English and American club. Years ago there was an English club in the Rue de Trône to which an English billiard-table was left as a legacy by an old member. Round this table the present club was formed, but now the American element predominates. The subscription is small, and temporary members are admitted.

AFTER DINNER

The Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, the Opera House of Brussels, is just off the Boulevard Anspach, and faces the General Post Office. It is subsidised by the State and the Municipality. An excellent company is always to be found there during the opera season, and prices are much lower than in London. Seats can be booked even in the cheapest parts of the house. On Sunday afternoons popular concerts are often given; and during Carnival time there are several Fancy Dress Balls. In summer the orchestra of the Opera House performs every evening in the Wauxhall Gardens, adjoining the Park Theatre; vocal numbers by well-known artistes are included in the programme, and "Wauxhall" is one of the pleasantest places to go to after dinner. The seats are arranged round little tables in the open air, and refreshments are served.

At the Theatre Royal du Parc high-class comedies are played, in which a "star" from Paris usually appears.

The popular theatre at Brussels is the "Galleries," situated at the end of the Galeries St. Hubert, the covered arcade that runs from the Rue de la Madeleine to the Rue de l'Ecuyer. Here popular successes from Paris are usually played, preference being given to musical pieces. In the middle of the same arcade is the Vaudeville Theatre. It is devoted to farces, usually of an extravagant or *risqué* character. Smoking is allowed in this theatre. It is hardly the place to take one's daughter or maiden aunt. At the Olympia Theatre, near the Bourse, there is generally a good entertainment. The Alhambra, an enormous building near the Hotel Metropole, used to be one of Barrasford's Music Halls, but it is now a theatre

devoted to strong melodrama and spectacular pieces. The "Molière" is a cheap theatre at the top of the town, near the Porte de Namur. The Scala, opposite the Hotel Metropole, is a music hall often devoted to Revues; the best Revue of the year, however, is always given at the Galeries. Other music halls are the Folies Bergère, near the Gare du Nord, and the Varieties. The Folies Bergère is a comfortable house with seats well arranged. A favourite portion of the hall is the "terrasse" with little tables, the charge for seats there being 1 fr. 50 c. There is also a one-franc promenade. In the middle of the Markets, at the back of the Grand Hotel, is a big building called in summer the "Palais d'Été," and in winter the "Pole Nord." Here the summer entertainment is of a music-hall character, and is the best provided in the city. Seats can be booked, and there is also a promenade. The Palais d'Été is the place every one goes to after dinner in the summer months. When converted into the Pole Nord for the winter it is devoted to skating on real ice. Some of the fêtes given here are well worth going to see.

V

HOLLAND

The Food of the Country—The Hague Restaurants—The Hague Clubs—Scheveningen—Amsterdam—Rotterdam.

THE food of the middle-class Dutch consists to a great extent of vegetables, and it is characteristic of Dutch cleanliness that no lettuce is ever sent to table with a discoloured leaf on it, and that all vegetables are inspected with minute care to detect any blemish before they are allowed to go into the cooking-pot. Vegetable soups, salads, vegetable dishes and much fancy bread and butter and cheese, pastry, gingerbread, honey cakes, and sweets form the principal dishes of a typical Dutch meal. A writer in *Food and Cookery and the Catering World*, writing on "Dutch Fare," thus describes a typical Dutch breakfast. "I made a note of what was actually on the table at the small and inexpensive hotel at which I put up in Amsterdam, and the list comprised various kinds of bread and rolls, including the currant rolls and loaves which are everywhere to be found, rye bread, biscuits, gingerbread (kept fresh in a small sarcophagus), liver sausage, salami, ham, raw ham, cold veal and pressed beef, all in slices, sardines, four kinds of cheese (the most violent restrained under a glass bell), marmalade, jam, butter, and a stand of boiled eggs. No wonder this hotel describes its breakfast as 'extensive.' This is fairly typical of the first meal of the day in Holland, and one can do very well on it.

The coffee is quite good, while tea, contrary to the belief prevalent in England, is by no means an unknown beverage, but is favoured by a great many Dutch people." The cookery of the better-class restaurants is purely French, a Frenchman being generally the chef. A feature of the cookery in the houses of rich merchants are the dishes of the Far East. Malay curries and the fruits of Java and Sumatra are often offered to the guest, and it is not at all uncommon for a merchant returning from the Dutch colonies to bring his Malay or Madras or Chinese cook home with him. The favourite dish of the lower classes is a sort of kedjeree, in which dried stockfish, rice, potatoes, butter, and anchovies all play their part. Sauerkraut and sausages, soured herrings and milk puddings also have claims to be considered national dishes. The hour of the mid-day meal throughout Holland is generally between noon and 2 P.M., and the dinner hour between 5 P.M. and 8 P.M.

THE HAGUE

There are several restaurants in the Hague which deserve mention. One is Twee Steeden in the **Twee Steeden, Buitenhof**. This is a new building next door to the Hotel Deux Villes, or Twee Steeden, a comfortable hotel with a garden. The building of the restaurant is of buff stone with a good deal of carving and gilding on the front and balconies of wrought iron. The walls of the restaurant's big room on the ground floor are crushed strawberry in colour, and the upholstery is of greenish grey. There are other rooms on the first floor. The service is good and quiet, and the menu of a breakfast of the day at 1.50, selected at random, was *Coquille of Salmon*, pigeon and peas, *escaloppe de Veau*, and cheese.

Another is the Café Royal in the Vijverberg, an establishment which has its large room on the ground floor. The restaurant is comparatively Café Royal,
Vijverberg airy, and the cookery French, and my Dutch friends tell me "fairly good." I did not make experiment there myself.

The most distinctive of the Hague restaurants calls itself simply The Restaurant, though it made its name and its fame as Van der Pijl's. It is in The Restaurant,
18 The Plaats the centre of the town, and its three windows look out on to the dusty little triangle of the Plaats and the tower where the brothers De Witt were torn to pieces by the populace. The walls of the dining-room are panelled with blue silk, and during the week of my visit to the Hague, when I both dined and lunched several times at the restaurant, I was always received by a very fat *maître d'hôtel*, who bowed in a dignified manner by letting his first chin drop into his second and third ones. The cuisine is French, and it has a cellar of excellent wines. A good set luncheon is served at this restaurant for the very moderate price of a florin and a half—it used to be a florin, but prices have risen in the Hague, as in other capitals. This is a lunch of the day, but I fear I have not kept a very favourable example of the menus. *Œufs à la Gambetta*, Irish stew—made without onions and therefore rather tasteless—cold meats, and cheese. It is wise to order dinner *à la carte*, and to give some hours' notice. It is advisable to secure a table near the windows, especially in summer. Some of the best wines are not put on the wine-list.

In former years the proprietor of Van der Pijl's was possessed of a puritanical conscience, and would not allow any two people to dine alone in his private salons. So strictly did he adhere to his rule on this subject, that when a well-known man about town insisted on his right to dine in the *petit salon* alone with his

wife, the inexorable proprietor turned him out of the restaurant. There was, however, another well-known member of Hague society who succeeded where the gentleman who thought that matrimony overrode all rules had failed. The hero of the little story had made a bet that, in spite of the puritanical proprietor, he would dine *à deux* with a lady in the *petit salon*. He won his bet by subtlety. He ordered a dinner for three, and when he and the lady arrived they waited a quarter of an hour for the other imaginary guest. Then, remarking that he was sure Mr. X. would not mind the dinner being begun without him, the host ordered the soup to be brought up; and so, with constant allusions to the man that never came, the dinner was served, course by course, and the bet won before the proprietor had the least idea that a trick had been played upon him.

A somewhat similar story, it will be remembered, is told of Delmonico's and its proprietor in the early history of that great New York restaurant. In the American story, the youth who had dined in a *cabinet particulier* with a lady, in contravention of the rules of the house, had not the sense to hold his tongue until after he had paid his bill. When that document did make its appearance, some of the items were astonishing. "You don't expect me to pay this bill?" said the staggered diner to the proprietor, who had made his appearance. "No, I do not," said Mr. Delmonico; "but until you do you will not come into my restaurant again."

The following are some of the dishes of which Van der Pijl's makes a specialty—*Poule au pot Henri IV.*, *Sole Normande*, *Côte de Bœuf à la Russe*, *Homards à l'Américaine*, *Poularde à la Parisienne*, *Perdreux au chou*, *Omelette Sibérienne*, *Soufflé Palmyre*, *Poires Alaska*, most of them standard dishes of the usual *cuisine Française*, though the *Omelette Sibérienne* was invented

to please a British diplomat who preferred a *soupeçon* of absinthe to either rum or Kummel with his omelette. And this is a typical menu which reads as though it were for a French banquet :—

Huîtres de Zélande.

Caviar.

Consommé Diplôme.

Truite Saumonée à la Nantua.

Poularde à l'Impériale.

Noisettes de Chevreuil à la St. Hubert.

Délice de foie gras au Champagne.

Bécassines rôties. Salade St. Clair.

Tartelettes aux Haricots Verts.

Mousse Antoinette.

Sandwiches au Parmesan.

Dessert.

Of the hotels which contain restaurants, the Hotel des Indes and Hotel Vieux Doelen have a reputation for good cookery. The former was **Hotel des Indes**, in olden times the town house of the **Lange Voorhoofd** Barons van Brienon. In winter many people of Dutch society, coming to the capital from the country for the season, take apartments there, and during that period of the year the restaurant is often filled by very brilliant gatherings. The manager and proprietor is Mr. Haller. It was the hotel at which I stayed, and I generally dined there, finding the dinner of the day well cooked, and quite elaborate enough to satisfy a man whose tastes are simple but rather exacting. The restaurant can serve elaborate banquets, as the following menu will prove; it was composed for a banquet given by Count Henri Stürgkh :—

Huîtres.

Consommé Bagration.

Filets de Soles Joinville.

Carre de Mouton Nesselrode.

Parfait de foie gras de Strasbourg.
 Fonds d'Artichauts à la Barigoule.
 Grouse rôtis sur Croûtons.
 Compote de Montreuil.
 Cœurs de Laitues.
 Crème au Chocolat et Vanille.
 Paillettes au Fromage.

The Vieux Doelen, a house with a pleasant old-fashioned front looking on to a shady square, has a beautiful old dining-room, and it is here that every year the smartest balls in the capital take place, given by the Société du Casino, and generally attended by their Majesties and the Court.

The Hotels Paulez and Bellevue are other hotels to which restaurants, for which some of my correspondents have a good word, are attached.

Hock's fish shop in the market has a room where excellent oyster suppers are served; but this is not a place to which ladies should be taken at night, for it is then patronised by damsels who take the courtesy title of actresses, and the students from Leiden.

The clubs of the Hague are the Plaats Royal, the Hague Club, and the Witte Societeit.

The latter of these is a large club with a fine reading-room, and is hospitably inclined towards such strangers as have the necessary introductions. Its town house is in the busiest part of the city. It has a terrace, and on hot days the chairs of the club overflow on to the square before it. It has a pavilion, in an enclosure which, being of wire netting, resembles a gigantic chicken-run, in Het Bosch, the park outside the city. In this enclosure in summer a band plays on Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon. The friends of the members sit in the enclosure and drink tea or coffee

and eat ices. The general public walk about outside.

The Hague Club is the aristocratic club of the city, the members of the nobility and the diplomatists being amongst its members. The Hague Club,
Voorhout

The Plaats Royal is small and exclusive. It has a semi-circular white front, the long windows in which look out on to the little lake and the Plaats. Plaats Royal,
Plaats

AFTER DINNER

During the week of sleepy summer weather I was at the Hague every place of amusement was closed. If one wished for entertainment of an evening one took train or tramcar out to Scheveningen; but in winter the Opera House, where opera and comedy alternate, and the Scala, a music hall, are open.

SCHEVENINGEN

All the hotels and the Kurhaus at the Dutch Brighton are controlled by one syndicate. The restaurants of the hotels differ somewhat in the quality of their cookery; and a Dutch friend tells me that when he is at Scheveningen he dines at the restaurant of the Palace Hotel or that of the Kurhaus for choice, and he has a good word to say for the cookery at the Hotel d'Orange. I have eaten a simple but well-cooked meal at the Café de la Plage, which is below the Kurhaus Terrace, and which at all hours of the day and evening is full, during the season, of merry company of all classes.

The principal club at Scheveningen has rooms at the Hotel d'Orange; and there is a small but merry

club, the Deli, at which baccarat is played for low points. The golf course of nine holes is on the dunes. There is a club-house and links for ladies.

AFTER DINNER

When the season is at its height there are concerts at the Kurhaus, and a French company generally plays in the theatre. A circus and a variety theatre are also to be found in full swing. The Kurhaus Bar and cafés are the refuges for those who look on the small hours as reasonable bed-time.

AMSTERDAM

The Restaurant Riche is managed by a Frenchman, and the cuisine is French. It is necessary to order **Café Riche,** dinner in advance, and it is well to be **81 Rokin** particular. Under these circumstances an excellent dinner is obtainable. There is a cellar of good wine, the burgundies being especially to be recommended.

The Restaurant van Laar, in the Kalverstraat, **Van Laar, 3** has a celebrity for its fish 'dinners, **Kalverstraat** and excellent oyster suppers are to be had there.

The Amstel Room in the Hotel de l'Europe is **Amstel Room,** well spoken of, and there are scores **2 Doelenstraat** of cheap restaurants where the food is above the average of such places.

AFTER DINNER

In summer the large theatres close and the smaller houses are the only indoor places of amusement, for the larger variety theatres also close their doors.

There are concerts in the Zoological Gardens, but on what nights it is well to inquire, for the days vary according to the season of the year. In summer a band plays on Friday evenings in the Voridel Park.

ROTTERDAM

The Stroomberg is the restaurant at Rotterdam for which people who know the town have a word of praise, and the restaurant on the first floor of the Hotel Coomans is much frequented by the Dutch themselves.

Stroomberg, 2
Westnieuwland

Hotel Coomans,
12 Hoofdsteeeg

From the Café-Restaurant Fritschy on the Noordereiland, the big island in mid-stream, a very fine view of the town is obtainable.

Fritschy,
Noordereiland

AFTER DINNER

The two principal theatres of Rotterdam are not open every night of the week, but on an average three evenings. There are three variety theatres, and the performances at these are generally good. There are concerts in summer on Tuesday and Friday evenings at the Zoological Gardens, and at the Officers' Club in the Park there are concerts on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. For these last-mentioned concerts it is necessary to obtain tickets of admission to the enclosure.

VI

GERMAN TOWNS

The Cookery of the Country—The Rathskeller—Beer Cellars—Dresden—Munich—Nürnberg—Frankfort-on-Main—Düsseldorf—The Rhine Valley—Homburg—Wiesbaden—Baden—Baden—Ems—Aachen—Hamburg—Kiel.

THE COOKERY OF THE COUNTRY

A GERMAN housewife who is a good cook can do marvels with a goose, having half-a-dozen stuffings for it, and she knows many other ways of treating a hare than roasting it or “jugging” it. She also is cunning in the making of the bitter-sweet salads and *purées* which are eaten with the more tasteless kinds of meat ; but, unfortunately, the good German housewife does not as a rule control the hotel or restaurant that the travelling gourmet is likely to visit, but rules in her own comfortable home. The German Delikatessen which form the “snacks” a Teuton eats at any time to encourage his thirst, are excellent ; and the smoked sprats, and smoked and soused herrings, the various sausages and the pickled gurnards, are the best edible products of the Fatherland. The German meat, with the exception of the veal, is as a rule poor. The best beef and mutton in the north has generally been imported from Holland. A German housewife has soups in her recipe-book which we Anglo-Saxons have never tasted. *Bier-suppe*, in which light beer is one

of the constituents, is in great favour, and, reversing its usual place in the menu, chocolate made very thin is sometimes served in soup-plates. A soup made of the livers of calves is a popular soup, and the sentimental side of the German feaster is sometimes stirred by a "rose-leaf" soup, in which ripe rose-pips well boiled float on the surface of a weak *consommé*, flavoured with pounded pips. The German is a great eater of fresh-water fish—pike, carp, perch, salmon, and trout all being found on his menus, the trout being generally cooked *au bleu*. Zander, the "Giant Perch," is esteemed a great delicacy. The crab is better cooked and served in Germany than anywhere else in the world. The cooks of Berlin are celebrated for the crab fricassee which is always a dish at civic banquets; and when crabs with parsley sauce and new potatoes make their appearance on the bill of fare of German restaurants, summer may be said to have really arrived. Unfortunately crabs are becoming scarce, and their price is mounting. Most of the crabs now eaten in Germany come from Russia. Another dish which is a sure sign of the coming of sunshine is eels and cucumber salad. As a vegetable cook the ruler of the German kitchen does not shine. Potatoes cooked in their jackets and potatoes cooked with brown sauce form an occasional change from the eternal *purée*. Asparagus heads served with a sweet sauce is a German dish which may be commended, but a very usual manner of serving asparagus in cheap restaurants is to cut it into inch cubes and send it to table swimming in butter. Pickled asparagus forms a very popular dish. Both the potatoes and the asparagus in Germany are excellent, until they are cooked, for they grow well in the sandy soil. *Kompots*, sweet and sour, are served at, to an Englishman, unexpected periods during the repast; but the Briton who is astonished to see a German eat preserved fruits or jams

with his meats should not forget that he himself calls for apple sauce with a goose and currant jelly with his mutton. The Sauerkraut, red or white, which has been boiled in soup and vinegar makes its appearance at the close of the feast to complete the cook's victory. The black and brown breads of Germany deserve a word. The Hamburger Schwarzbrot is the best bread in the world to eat with cheese, and the Pumpernickel from Westphalia forms with raw ham a sandwich much relished in Germany.

The cookery in the big hotels on much-frequented routes in Germany is now almost universally a rather heavy version of the French art, with perhaps a *kompot* with the veal to give local colour. In the small hotels in little provincial towns the meals are served at the times that the middle-class German of the north usually eats them, and are an inferior copy of what he gets in his own home. I give what any enterprising traveller looking for the food of the country from the kitchen of a country inn of the better class may expect :—

Coffee at 7 or 8 A.M. with rolls, *Kaffe Brödchen*, and butter, and this meal he will be expected to descend to the dining-room to eat.

The *Zweites Frühstück* comes at 10 A.M., at which the German equivalent for a sandwich, a *Brödchen* cut and buttered, with a slice of uncooked ham or cheese between the halves, makes its appearance, and a glass of beer or wine is drunk. People with work to do generally take a sandwich with them to their shops or offices.

Dinner (*Mittagessen*) is announced between noon and 2 o'clock, and is a long meal consisting of soup, which in a poor inn often is the water in which the beef has been boiled, or perhaps *Eintropfen*, a soup thickened with biscuit flour and with egg in it, or a lentil soup, with *Zwiebach* as an accompaniment; fish; a messy entrée, probably of Frankfurt sausage; the

beef boiled to rags with a *kompot* of plums or whortleberries and mashed apples, or if it is a roast brisket, served with a garnish of vegetables. *Hasenbraten*, a hare roasted, is a favourite dish, and at the better-class inns *Sauerbratten*, meat soaked in spiced vinegar before it is roasted, and served with potato balls and gingerbread, is popular. The *Roast-beef Garniert*, if served at one of the better-class restaurants, is brought to table in a large dish which has compartments for apricot jam, plum jam, stewed cherries, cauliflower, peas, lettuce, rice, and spinach. Cream puddings, pancakes, or open tarts with cream, are the usual dishes for the last course. Black coffee and fruit make their appearance in company.

Coffee is served at 4 P.M. with *Kaffee Kuchen*, its attendant cakes, flavoured with nuts, peaches, cheese, or honey; and at supper (*Abendessen*) one hot dish, generally veal, is given with a choice of cold viands or sausages in thin slices—*Leberwurst*, *Göttingerwurst*, hot *Frankfurter* in pairs, *Zervatelwurst*, of pork and raw ham, and black pudding or grated pumpernickel and cream.

If the above list does not warn the over-zealous inquirer, his indigestion be on his own head.

In the south the cookery, though still indifferent, approximates more nearly to the French bourgeois cookery. The apple dumplings of South Germany are world-famous.

A dinner party at a private house of well-to-do German people is always a very long feast, lasting at least two hours. The cookery, though good, is heavy and rich, and too many sauces accompany the meats. Many of the dishes are not carved at the serving table, but are brought round in order that one may help one's self. Just as one is struggling into conversation in defective German, a pike's head obtrudes itself over the left shoulder, and it is necessary

to twist in one's seat and go through a gymnastic performance to take a helping.

Except in large cities the German gentry are not given to feeding at restaurants.

A golden rule, which may be held to apply all over Germany, is that it is safe to take ladies wherever officers go *in uniform*.

THE RATHSKELLER

In most German towns where there is a Rathhaus (a town hall) one finds the Rathskeller, where beers or wine, according to the part of the country, are the principal attraction, simple dishes, cutlets, steaks, cold meats, oysters, caviare being served more as an adjunct to the drink than as an orthodox meal. The most noted of these Rathskeller are at Bremen, Old Lübeck, and New Hamburg, and that at Bremen is first in importance. It is a mediæval Gothic hall, built 1405-1410, and it holds the finest stock of Rhine and Moselle wine in the world. The wine is kept in very old casks. One of the cellars is of particular interest as being the "Rose" one, where the magistrates used to sit in secret conclave, *sub rosa*, beneath the great rose carved upon the ceiling. The German Emperor generally pays a visit to the Rathskeller when he visits Bremen.

In the Lübeck Rathskeller, which contains many excellent bins of the finest Bordeaux, is the "admiral's table," said to be made from a plank of the ship of the last Admiral of Lübeck, who flourished in 1570; and even more interesting than the Rathskeller is the Schiffergesellschaft, with its strange motto and its even stranger sign.

BEER-CELLARS

Throughout Germany one meets in every town the large establishments, Bierkeller in the south, Bier-restaurant or Biergarten in the north, beautifully decorated in the "Old German" style, of the various beer companies, most of which are Munich ones, the Löwenbräu, the Pschorrbräu, the Münchener Hofbräu, and others. In South Germany the beer is tapped ice-cold without a carbonic apparatus. Be careful to close the metal top of your Schopps if you are drinking with German companions, for if you do not they have the right, by the custom of the country, to place their mugs on the top of the open one and demand another "round." If when you have emptied your mug, you leave it with the lid open, the waiter, without asking any questions, takes it away and refills it.

DRESDEN

Dresden is not exactly an epicure's paradise, but there is one restaurant which may be safely recommended as an establishment of the first order. I refer to the Englischer Garten, which is **Englischer Garten**, managed by its proprietor, Herr Curt **Waisenhausstrasse** Roething. The principal entrance is through a rather dingy looking archway in the Waisenhausstrasse, nearly opposite the Victoria Salon Music Hall. The principal public rooms are on the ground floor, and are pleasant and bright in their way.

There are also some rooms on the first floor which are generally used for private parties. The atmosphere in the winter is apt to be rather too sultry for English tastes, but it is perhaps less close than in most other

Dresden restaurants. At the back, there is an open space dignified by the name of a garden, running down to a wide street, and here in the summer a number of tables are laid.

The attendance is well above the Dresden average, and the waiters there invariably clean and civil. The German waiter at his best is not often one of the highest polished specimens of humanity, although some compensation may be found in the almost paternal interest he takes in *habitués* or customers who have succeeded in winning his good graces.

In the middle of the day a huge dinner is served for 3.50 marks on week-days, and 4 marks on Sundays. A deduction is made if only certain dishes on the bill of fare are taken. In the evening everything is *à la carte*, and is almost as dear as the set meal in the middle of the day is cheap. There is a large bill of fare, and it comprises all the ordinary dishes, and also Delikatessen such as oysters, caviare, fresh truffles, peaches, &c., all of the best. Game, especially partridge and woodcock, is well cooked at the Englischer Garten. Live trout and other fresh-water fish are kept in a tank, and you may generally rely on finding the soles and turbot fresh as well. As regards price, unless you are an *habitué* or make special terms, a little simple dinner will average out at 10s. a head, exclusive of wine. It is well to order dinner beforehand, as the culinary arrangements are not very expeditious. In the evening the cuisine is by way of being first-class French art, but it just lacks the lightness of touch which is characteristic of the best French cookery.

Wine is rather dear, but the higher-priced brands of hock, Moselle, or claret are excellent. There is some particularly good Pilsen beer in the cellars, which is served very highly iced. Being a wine restaurant, you are not expected to drink beer except as a supplement to your wine. An additional charge

of 6d. per head is made for the set mid-day meal if wine is not ordered.

The *clientèle* is by way of being "smart" in the evening, and there is generally a fair sprinkling of officers of the two crack Saxon cavalry regiments. Evening clothes, or, better still, a dress jacket and a black tie, are advisable, but not *de rigueur*.

In the middle of the day the company is more bourgeois; and on Sundays, and occasionally on Saturdays, the place is apt to be unpleasantly crowded. In the evening, except on race nights, there is always plenty of room.

The Belvedere is an old-established and very popular institution, delightfully situated on the Brühlsche Terrasse, with a charming view over the Elbe and the town. It is essentially a place for the summer, when one can take one's meals out of doors on its terraces and balconies. There is a beer and a wine restaurant, and in the former an excellent band plays; but it is difficult to secure a table within earshot, as there is always a great crowd. The attendance is indifferent, and the cuisine only fair and wholesome, though no doubt you could get a good dinner if you took a little trouble to order it.

Belvedere,
Brühlsche
Terrasse

The public dinners which take place there in the large banqueting-hall are quite creditable productions, and the position, view, and fresh air all combine to render it a very pleasant hot-weather resort.

The Stadt Gotha is another institution of the town. It advertises an "English dinner" in its wine restaurant after 5 P.M., but this is probably only served during the tourist season. Its beer restaurant is large and very popular. Its wine restaurant is small and quaintly decorated. It is very popular with the

Stadt Gotha,
11 Schloss-
strasse

upper and middle classes and *extremely* respectable. Its cuisine is very fair, set meals, which, especially supper after the play, are very inexpensive. The 1.50 mark midday *table d'hôte* meal in the beer restaurant is a wonderfully good meal for the price, and the 5-mark set supper in the wine restaurant only errs on the side of heaviness. If you order *à la carte*, like most other places, it is rather dear.

Tiedemann and Grahl's, in the Seestrasse, is a typical German Weinstube with a large *clientèle* of *habitués*, mostly men, but ladies can go there. The owners being large wine merchants, have some first-rate wine at prices averaging rather lower than the Englischer Garten. But there is a very extensive list, and the quality is not altogether uniform, so if you can suborn a friendly waiter he will help you considerably. Excellent oysters and smoked salmon are to be had here, but the place is apt to be rather crowded and noisy. The appointments are of the simplest and most unpretentious kind. Prices, moderately high—about two-thirds those of the Englischer Garten. Set meals are served, but *à la carte* is more usual. The waiters, being institutions like most of the guests, are inclined to be a little off-hand and familiar, and there is altogether a free and easy and homely tone about the place, but it is perfectly respectable.

Neues Palais de Saxe, on the Neumarkt, is owned and managed by Herr Muller. Very fair cuisine; good set meals; *à la carte* rather more expensive; specialty made of oysters and *écrevisses*, which latter are served in all sorts of fascinating ways. Not at all a bad place for supper after the theatre, but perhaps a trifle dull.

Kneist, a beer restaurant in a little street off the

Altmarkt, called the Grosse Brüdergasse, is managed by the proprietor whose name it bears. It is much frequented by officers and officials. Here you find good plain fare served in the simplest of fashions. Meals are *à la carte* and quite inexpensive; cuisine purely German, homely and wholesome, with excellent beer, especially Erlanger. The atmosphere is usually hot, thick, and stuffy, but the *clientèle* does not seem to mind it.

Kneist's,
2 Grosse Brü-
dergasse

In a little back room the principal dignitaries of the Saxon Court, State, and Army are wont to forgather every morning for their *Frühschoppen*,—a kind of early, largely liquid, lunch, at which, if rumour can be trusted, a good deal of important business is informally discussed and settled.

The Kaiserpalast and the Victoriahaus are other large establishments. The Bierstall in a little street off the Altmarkt is celebrated for its Pilsen beer; but the atmosphere of the rooms is stifling. Good Munich beer is obtainable at the Zacherlbrau in the König Johannstrasse.

The *table d'hôte* meals at the principal hotels are neither remarkably good nor remarkably indifferent. The Bellevue has a large verandah, overlooking the Elbe, which forms a pleasant dining-place in the hot weather.

Dresden has a golf course of nine holes.

AFTER DINNER

The performances of opera at the Opera House, open eleven months in the year, are world-famed. The Schausprehaus, for comedy, is also a State undertaking. The Residenz Theater is for light fare, and there are two music halls in Waisenhausstrasse.

LEIPSIK

The city of books and furs is well provided with restaurants. Historically the most interesting of these is the Auerbach's Keller, which
Auerbach's Keller, 2 Grimmaischestrasse was one of Goethe's haunts when he was a student at Leipsic, and which he uses as a background in his *Faust*, for the scene in which the devil draws various wines from a wooden table. The cellar, which is a wine restaurant, is decorated with mural paintings of the legend on which *Faust* was based. As these were painted in the sixteenth century, and Goethe was a student in Leipsic in the eighteenth century, it is more than probable that these paintings first suggested to him his great work.

A restaurant which is also in Grimmaischestrasse, and has a reputation for good cookery, is Steinmann's, while at the corner of this street, which
Steinmann's, 32 Grimmaischestrasse rivals the Market Place in the number of houses of refreshment it contains, is the Café Français, the best of the cafés of the town.

Other restaurants of note are those of the New Theatre, which has a terrace, a pleasant place in hot weather; and Paege's in the Market Place, with a reputation for good cookery.

The Panorama, in Rossplatz, has a garden attached to it. The Burgkeller, in Reichsstrasse, rivals the Auerbach's Keller in the matter of antiquity.

In the Rosenthal, the park outside the city, there are "restaurations" at the Schweitzerhaus and at Bonorand, and also at the Zoological Garten, which is close to the park, and in the Palmen-Garten. There is a café at Connewitz in the woods to the south-west

of the city, and an excuse for a drive to Eutritzsch may be found in the fact that Ghose, the beer of the locality, may be drunk with content in the gardens of the beer houses of that suburb.

AFTER DINNER

Leipsic is well provided with theatres and variety halls. The New Theatre, with its terrace overlooking the lake, the Old Theatre, and the Schauspielhaus, are all three generally open, playing opera, comedy, and operetta. Of the variety theatres, of which there are several, the Krystall Palast in Wintergartenstrasse, a large establishment, is the principal one. The Thursday evening concerts in the Gewandhaus have a world-wide fame. Visitors to Leipsic, if they cannot obtain seats for the Thursday evening concert, can generally find vacant places at the public rehearsal on Wednesday morning.

MUNICH

My recollections of dinners at Munich hotels are that they are all very much of a muchness, and that not very good. Men who know the town better than I do speak well of the Russischerhof, the Continental, the Esplanade restaurant in the new Regina Palast Hotel, and the restaurant of the Vier Jahreszeiten. Of the wine restaurants the Luitpold, which has a French restaurant and a café in its spacious building, is the best known in the town. Luitpold, A 2-mark dinner at this restaurant is a Briennerstrasse wonderful meal at the price. The house is at the end of the Maximilianplatz. Of Schleich's in the Briennerstrasse I hear varying opinions.

There used to be a pleasant little restaurant on the

island of the Isar, but it has now become the museum of the Alpine Club.

Munich is of course the headquarters of good German beer, and at the Hofbräuhaus in the Platzl, **Hofbräuhaus,** one of the sights of the town, as good a **The Platzl** glass of beer can be obtained as any man could wish for. Various kinds of beer are drunk in Munich at various seasons of the year. The Zacherl Keller has its own special brew for spring, and so has the Hofbräuhaus. The Hofbräuhaus is a fine typical specimen of a German bierhalle, very respectable and much frequented. After having had your first Schoppen (for having once tasted you invariably want more) you rinse out your glass at a handy fountain before presenting it to be refilled. The person who takes your Schoppen along with several others in each hand, invariably, with unerring instinct, hands you back the same glass. As an appetiser for the beer, to which it is supposed to give an additional zest, the attendants place a large radish about the size of an apple in a sort of turnip-cutting machine, which ejects it in thin rings; it is then washed and put into a saucer with a little salt and water, and eaten without any other accompaniment than the beer. It may be an acquired taste, but it appears to be very popular.

The large breweries outside the gates, each with its restaurant, are worth a visit from any one whom beer interests. At the Oktober Fest all the breweries have great tents on the Fest ground.

AFTER DINNER

At the Prinz Regenten Theater performances of Wagner's operas are given in August and September, after the manner of Bayreuth. At the Hof Theater operas and serious plays are performed, and lighter fare is to be found in the Gartnerplatz Theater. There

is a summer theatre in the Park, and the gravity of the Prinz Regenten is balanced by four variety theatres.

NÜREMBERG

The most interesting of the hostelrys in Nüremberg, the town of good beer and little sausages, are the houses where the fare consists almost entirely of sausages, sauerkraut, and beer. The most celebrated of these is the Bratwurstglöcklein, a curious little tavern stuck like a wafer on to the back of the Moritzcapelle. It looks more like a doll's house than a real building. It has a brown tiled roof, in which are many little windows with green and white shutters. Some of the tables and chairs seem to have overflowed from inside, and are set out on the cobble stones before its doors. Little oleander trees in pots give a pleasant touch of cool colour to the space before the building. The glass of the windows is that glass which resembles the bottom of bottles. The interior is panelled with dark wood, which is almost covered by old prints and old pictures, all having some reference to the place or to the celebrities who used to be customers. The drinking-mugs of these celebrities, and fine old pewter tankards hung upside down, also form part of the decorations of this miniature eating house. The entrance to the eating room of the inn is through the kitchen, and the company sit at narrow tables eating little sausages, the pleasant smell of which comes pouring out through the open windows. In the tiny kitchen a buxom cook and her assistants cook pan after pan of the thoroughly German delicacy. The sausages are cooked all day long, and are made twice a day so as to ensure freshness. The sausage which is eaten in the evening had not come into existence before mid-day. The bell from which this "little

bell of the Roast Sausage" takes its name is hung on a wrought iron bracket on the stone buttress jutting from the chapel which forms one end of the diminutive tavern. The late Mr. Bastard, who was my collaborator in the first edition of this book, translated for me the doggerel rhyme which some unknown poet wrote in honour of the establishment. It runs thus—

"Not many noble strangers
Can possibly refrain,
When once they've ate our sausages,
From eating them again.
And it usually strikes them,
If they have not yet found it out,
That these sausages are splendid
When they're mixed with sauerkraut.
The only thing they rail at,
When they fain would criticise,
Is to wish the little sausage
Were a little larger size."

Built about the year 1400, this tiny hostelry is one of the most ancient, if not the oldest, refreshment house in the world. Hans Sachs, Peter Vischer, Albrecht Dürer, Wellebald Pirkheimer, Veit Stoss, and other celebrated men in Nuremberg's history in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, all drank the beer and ate the sausages of the little inn. Hans Sachs seems to have been the best customer of this galaxy of great men, for his name is held in the greatest honour in the little house of the little sausage, where he is regarded as a tutelary saint.

Two other houses there are entirely devoted to the cult of the sausage. One is the Brathwurst Roslein

Brathwurst
Roslein,
Obstgasse

in the goose market, and the other the
Brathwurst Herzle in the Herzgasse.

The Brathwurst Roslein has panelled rooms, and its adornment is similar to the older establishment in that there are rows of beautifully kept

pewter tankards all upside down, arranged as the ornamentation of the walls. Here the fare is exactly similar to the little house behind the Moritzcapelle, but the surroundings are not so quaint, and it does not boast of any great celebrities of bygone days as having been its patrons. To the third house of the little sausage I have not made a pilgrimage, and have no special details concerning it.

At the Volks Fest, held in September just outside the town, all the makers of sausages have booths, and all the breweries have gigantic tents serving as beer-halls, thus bringing together two of the staple products of the town.

Of the taverns in Nüremberg at which general fare is served the Goldenes Posthorn, almost opposite the Brathwurst Glöcklein, is the oldest and most celebrated. It is almost as old as the little house across the way, and its rooms and passages are so crowded with old clocks and old pictures, warming pans, tankards, and other precious rubbish, that it looks more like a museum than a wine restaurant. Its shutters are adorned with paintings, and the golden posthorn finds a place in much of the ornamentation. It was founded some time in the fifteenth century, and Adam Kraft is the special celebrity who used to be a customer, and who is honoured on its walls above all others.

Another historical haunt is the cellar in the Nassauer Haus, the old building just across the way from the Church of St. Lawrence. To get to the Nassauer Keller the descent of some precipitous stairs into the bowels of the earth is necessary, and the ventilation of this old cellar is not of the best, but no doubt ventilation was not much considered by the architects of the thirteenth century, which was the period at which this part of the house was built.

Goldenes
Posthorn,
Glöckengasse

Nassauer Haus,
Karolinen-
strasse

Of the modern restaurants, the Café Kusch, in the Karolinenstrasse, is the most airy and the brightest.

Café Kusch,
Karolinen-
strasse It has white enamelled walls, with panelling of light oak to a man's height.

It has, in the restaurant, a large balcony where men sit and drink their wine. It has a good wide staircase, the rails to which are in white metal shaped like branches of trees, and such ornamentation as there is on the white walls is in quite good taste. It seems to be always full of customers, and its breakfasts of the day at 1 mark 75 or 2.50 are well-cooked, very satisfying meals. This is a 2.50 breakfast taken at random from a number of menus :—

Gemusewurfel Suppe.

Salm kalt.

Sce. Mayonaise.

Nurnberger Bratwurstchen.

Rinderbraten.

Salat.

Compot.

Zwetschgkuchen.

The supper or dinner is usually ordered *à la carte*. The dishes of the day mostly vary in price from 1 mark to 1.50, but there is a set evening meal at 3 marks. The waiters are in dress clothes, and the little boys who serve the wine look clean and fresh in white jackets and white aprons. The Café Kusch has a branch establishment in the Forest outside the city, where a band plays, and which is much resorted to in the summer.

In the upper part of the town the great Rathhaus has in its cellars the usual wine restaurant. The
Rathhaus
Keller rooms are partially lighted by stained glass windows on a level with the street, the ceiling is painted, and the walls panelled. Herr Karl Giessing, the lessee, has brought these cellars into celebrity owing to the excellence of their wines.

The café restaurant Kunstler is in a new building on the ramparts, opposite to the Grand Hotel. You go along a terrace ornamented with little trees and flowers in pots to reach this restaurant. The walls of the rooms are adorned with antlers' and stags' heads, and the food served there are the usual simple German dishes. Of the restaurants of the hotels, the Fottinger has the interest of being very old. It has a little terrace in front of it, sheltered from the street by creepers in boxes. Its rooms are panelled with wood painted green. The restaurant of the Rotter Hahn, which is in high favour with the townspeople, has a good deal of ornamentation on its walls, and its windows look out on to the The Wurtemburger Hof, in the Bahnhofplatz, has a little grove of trees in its inside court, which is a pleasant place in which to sit at tea or coffee time. The Grand has a garden terrace, and the cuisine of all the hotels is much of a muchness. There are restaurants in the suburbs, both at the Rosenau and in the Stadt Park. At the latter the Café Maxfeldt, a large building with the usual wildness of chairs and tables and a bandstand before it, always has ready the sandwiches and cold meats which serve as supper for people with simple tastes, but if a hot meal is required it is well to order it beforehand by telephone.

AFTER DINNER

At the Stadt Theater you may expect to find grand opera, or opera comique, or classical comedy. At the Intimes Theater at the corner of Johannesgasse, the comedies are of a lighter order, and at the Apollo Theater, which is in the same building as the Hotel

Wittelsbach, variety and operetta seasons succeed each other throughout the year. A large Viennese café is in the same building as the Apollo.

STUTTGART

There is no town in Germany, Frankfurt excepted, through which more British travellers pass on their way to other places than Stuttgart. The acquaintance of most travellers with the restaurants of the town begins and ends as a rule with the supper room and the breakfast room in the Hotel Marquardt. They might go further and fare worse. At mid-day, at which time all the people from the suburbs are in Stuttgart, the pleasant room at Marquardt's, looking out on to the Palace Square, is given over to those who lunch at separate tables, and who eat the very satisfying lunch of the day. At the room in the centre of the hotel, people who wish to lunch more cheaply sit cheek by jowl at six long tables, while in the centre of this room are small tables at which the overflow from the brighter room is accommodated. The room with a view is so much pleasanter than the interior hall that it is worth while securing a table beforehand. Meals *à la carte* can be had at mid-day, but they interfere with the business of the set lunch. For supper no choice of rooms is given, for that meal is served in the large interior hall at small tables, while the other room is being got ready for early breakfasters. It is pleasant, if one has to catch an early train, to go into a room where everything is clean, and fresh, and ready, and *not* to be in the midst of sweeping out and the laying of tables by sleepy waiters who look as if they had been up all night ; but there are more cheerful supper rooms in Stuttgart than that in the hotel. Stuttgart is a town of very large and very cheap restaurants.

The large restaurant and café in the Olgar Bau, a great pile of buildings opposite the Palace, on the ground floor, is ornamented with statues and marble panels, and has a well-painted ceiling. In this restaurant is a raised terrace reached by two flights of stairs. It has, as is usual in Southern Germany, its fixed price mid-day meal, and it has also an evening meal at 2 and 3 marks, but the custom is to order supper from the bill of fare. Baked fillet of turbot, half a roast fowl, with *kompot* and French beans, and a bottle of Apollinaris, which was my supper at this restaurant, cost 4 marks 70. The band in this restaurant plays from 4 to 11 P.M. with intervals for rest. The room is very full at 5 o'clock, and again from 8.30 onwards to close on midnight. The restaurant in the Wilhelm's Bau, a great building in the Königstrasse, is perhaps the best of all these restaurants. At mid-day it offers the choice of four meals at prices ranging between 1 mark and 3. Waitresses do the waiting at this big restaurant, and at night a band plays in the centre of the vast space of tables and chairs. In the Friedrich's Bau, in the Schlosstrasse, there is a big restaurant of wide arches on the ground floor, and on the first floor a café and a variety theatre. It may be wise to sound a warning note not to try tea in any of the Stuttgart cafés. At two of them at which I was unwise enough to order tea in the afternoon instead of coffee, I got hot water which had in it a far-away taste of tea-leaves. The coffee at the cafés is good, and in summer time the ices and cakes are excellent. In the Königs Bau, in the colonnade which looks on to the Schlossplatz, is a very beautifully decorated little café ornamented with polished woods and old gold. Its customers are quiet and aristocratic, and I

Café, Olga Bau

Wilhelm's Bau,
Königstrasse

Friedrich's
Bau, Schlos-
strasse

Café Königs
Bau, Schloss-
platz

found it a pleasant place at which to drink coffee of an afternoon. It has at its back a second room, all white, which seems to be a favourite meeting-place for ladies. Any man interested in eccentric places of entertainment might look in at the Gasthaus Oetinger in the Bebenhauserstrasse. The house, Gasthaus, a funny little old building, is adorned Bebenhauser- with many paintings inside and outside, strasse and has as its sign a stag's antlers. On the one occasion on which I was taken to this little house I found a concert in progress, in an atmosphere of much smoke, and beer, and joviality. A half-hour spent there I found amply sufficient.

In the midst of Old Stuttgart, in the market-place, stands the fine new Rathhaus, and the restaurant in its wine-cellars is fresh and new, like the The Rathhaus Kellaren rest of the building. There is one room of green and gold and another of white walls above a skirting of green panels. These cellars are better ventilated than most of their kind, and the simple food and the wine are both to be recommended.

On one occasion, when I found Marquardt's too full to find me a room, I stayed at the Royal Hotel and lunched in its garden behind the house, finding nothing to complain of in my meal.

A band plays in the evenings in the Stadt Gardens, and there is the usual "restauration" Stadt Gardens there, with its cold meat and its sandwiches, its coffee and its beer.

In the suburbs of Stuttgart there are many little places of refreshment. There is one of these at the mineral baths at the entrance to Kannstadt, and another on the Neckarinsel, the island in the midst of the river, which is often an amusing place to visit on a fine afternoon. On the Hasenberg, whence the views are very fine, there is a restaurant at the Jagerhaus and at Degerloch, which also boasts of its views,

The Schweizer Haus and the Wilhelmshöhe are two restaurants from the gardens of which one sees a fine panorama.

AFTER DINNER

At the Residenz Theater, the last time I was in Stuttgart, a German version of "Loute" was being played, which is a proof that that theatre does not depend entirely upon classical comedy. At the Wilhelm Theater an Austrian operetta was the piece of the evening, and the only German play at any of the theatres was a comedy at the Schauspiel Theater, a new building behind the Wilhelm's Bau. On the first floor of the Friedrich's Bau is a big variety theatre which, judging from the programme I have sat through on two occasions, has a marked partiality for British turns.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN

Frankfort is the "jumping-off place" for so many of the fashionable "cure" towns and is such a great centre of the railway systems that travellers innumerable with plenty of money to spend pass through it all the year round. The hotels accommodate themselves to their cosmopolitan *clientèle*, and a very good dinner, French to all intents and purposes, is to be obtained in the restaurants of the half-dozen leading hotels. The Englischerhof, at the corner of Kaiserstrasse, is the old-established house of good feeding in Frankfort. Thence went Mons. Jules and founded the Furstenhof, opposite the theatre. Ritz, the Napoleon of the hotel and restaurant world, is, or was, a partner in the ownership of the Frankfurterhof, in the Kaiserplatz, and he gave personal attention to the organisation of the restaurant, where I

have always found the cookery excellent, though it is as well to secure a table at a distance from the band. Mons. Autor, who was manager of the Carlton in London for some years, followed his chief's example, and going into partnership with Herr Boening of Baden-Baden, opened the Carlton Hotel, which, with its restaurant, grill-room, and palm-court, is a very close copy of its namesake in London. The Hotel Imperial, in the Opernplatz, an hotel with an aristocratic *clientèle*, profits by its closeness to the Opera House, and its restaurant has its full share of the suppers after the opera—though, be it said, Frankfort is a town of early hours.

The Falstaff Restaurant in the Theaterplatz has always had a reputation for good sound German cookery. It is now an annexe to the new Westminster Hotel in the Goetheplatz, of which Herr Emil Kathe is proprietor.

Buerose, on the first floor of No. 29 Goethestrasse, should be mentioned as a quiet restaurant, where there are *spécialités* of *hors d'œuvre* and excellent oysters.

The Palmen Garten is a pleasant summer restaurant a little way out of the town, on the Bockenheimerstrasse. It has a fine dining-hall, and you may sit at little tables while the regimental band discourses excellent music. The cooking is of the sound German cuisine. It is a very pleasant spot to visit on a hot day. Fireworks form part of the programme of amusements on fête days.

The Rathskeller is a restaurant which is in the Römer, the group of houses which form the Town Hall buildings.

Lovers of good beer will find at the Haus Allemania, Schillerplatz, if they ask for a Schoppen of the Münchener Hofbräu, exactly what they have

been craving for ; and the Pilsener at the Kaiserhof Restaurant in the Goetheplatz is equally good. One has to sample several glasses of each before one can definitely make up one's mind as to which is the best. The Kaisergarten in the Operaplatz is a pleasant beer garden much frequented in summer.

AFTER DINNER

Frankfort prides itself on its Opera House. It has two other theatres, and there is generally a concert in the evening both at the Palm Garden and the Zoological Gardens. There is a restaurant attached to the former establishment, and a cafe.

DÜSSELDORF

The best restaurant in Düsseldorf is that of the Park Hotel on the Corneliusplatz. It is one of the best on the Rhine, and was opened in Park Hotel, April 1902 on the occasion of the Corneliusplatz Düsseldorf Exhibition ; it is a fine building, and has pretty grounds and ornamental water adjoining it. It is frequented by the highest German nobility.

Luncheons are served at 3 marks, dinners at 5 marks. Suppers for 3 marks are served at *prix fixe*, or one can order *à la carte*. The Moselle wines are exceptionally good. The restaurant, handsomely decorated in the style of Louis XIV., is opposite the Opera House and overlooks the Hofgärten.

At the Thürnagel Restaurant, also in the Corneliusplatz, you are likely to find the artistic colony in session. The restaurant dates back Thürnagel, to the year 1858. There is a good Corneliusplatz collection of wines in the cellars, and a word may be said in favour of its cookery.

AFTER DINNER

Two theatres and a variety hall, the Apollo, are the choice Düsseldorf offers after dinner. The Apollo sometimes provides operettas.

THE RHINE VALLEY

The Rhine valley is not a happy hunting ground for the gourmet. The excellent old-fashioned Hotel du Nord at Cologne has in summer its sheltered restaurant in the fresh air overlooking a charming garden. A little band plays, and the tinkle of a fountain joins with the music. The city also has its picturesque Gurzenich in which is a restaurant; its inhabitants eat their oysters in the saloon in the Kleine Bugenstrasse, part of a restaurant there, and listen to the band at the Neuesstadt Theater or the Stapelhaus as they drink their wine. A Kempinski restaurant has lately been opened in the Hohestrasse. There are restaurants in the Stadtgarten, and the Flora and Zoological Gardens. Coblenz in summer has two or three terrace restaurants, the Monopol being the best, the great attractions of which are the views of Ehrenbreitstein and of the bridge of boats. A special word of commendation may be given to the balcony restaurant of the Hotel Mattern at Königswinter. At every little town on either bank there are one or more taverns with a view where the usual rather messy food of provincial Germany is to be obtained, good beer always, and generally excellent wine made from the vineyards on the mountain side. Now and again some restaurant-keeper has a little pool of fresh water in front of his house, and one can select one's fish to be cooked for breakfast. The wines of the district are far better than its food.

Rudesheim, Schloss Johannisberg, the Steinberg Abbey above Hattenheim, are of course household words, and the man who said that travelling along the Rhine was like reading a restaurant wine-list had some justification for his Philistine speech. One does not expect to discover the real Steinberg Cabinet in a village inn, and the Johannisberg generally found in every hotel in Rhineland is a very inferior wine to that of the Schloss, and is grown in the vineyards round Dorf Johannisberg. I have memories of excellent bottles of wine at Röss's at Hattenheim, and at the Engel at Erbach; but the fact that I was making a walking tour may have added to the delight of the draughts. The Marcobrunn vineyards lie between Hattenheim and Erbach. The Hotel Victoria at Bingen has its own vineyards, and makes a capital wine; and in the valley of the river below Bingen almost every little town and hill—Lorch, Boppard, Horchheim, and the Kreuzberg—has its own particular brand, generally excellent. Assmanhausen, which gives such an excellent red wine, is on the opposite bank to Bingen and a little below it. The Rhine boats have a very good assortment of wines on board, but it is wise to run the finger a little way down the list before ordering your bottle, for, though the steamboats keep capital cellars, the very cheap wines on the Rhine are, as is usual in all countries, of the thinnest description. Most of the British doctors on the Continent make the greater part of their living by attending their fellow-countrymen who drink everywhere anything that is given them free, and who hold that the *vin du pays* must be drinkable because it is the wine of the country. Our compatriots often swallow the throat-cutting stuff which the farm labourers and stable hands drink, sooner than pay a little extra money for the sound wine of the district. The foreigner who came to

Great Britain and drank our newest cider, our cheapest ale, and rawest whisky would go away with a poor impression of the liquors of *our* country. Drink the wine of the district where they make good wine, but do not grudge the extra shilling which makes all the difference in quality. I have been gently reproved for saying, in the first edition of this book, that the lunches on the big express boats of the Rhine are a scramble for food, and am told that the 3-mark meal in the middle of the day is a triumph of organisation. I bow to correction, and must have been unfortunate in my experiences. Perhaps I was unkind to the fast boats because I was once most kindly treated on an old-fashioned slow boat. I have a pleasant memory of an old head steward, a fatherly old gentleman in a silk cap shaped somewhat like an accordion, who provided the meals on a leisurely steamer which pottered up the Rhine, stopping at every village. He gave us local delicacies, took an interest in our appetites, and his cookery, though distinctively German, was also very good. In a land where all the big hotels fill once a day and empty once a day, and where the meals are a heavy-handed imitation of French cookery, that old man with his stews and roasts, and pickles, veal, and pork, sausages big and sausages small, strange cheeses, and Delikatessen of all kinds, was a good man to meet.

HOMBURG

The "Homburg Dinner" has become a household word, meaning that a certain number of men and women agree to dine together at one of the hotels, each one paying his or her own share in the expenses. During the past few years, owing to the desire to spend money shown by some millionaires, British and American, who are not happy unless they are giving

expensive dinners every night to a score of guests, this pretty old custom seems likely to die out. In no German town are there better hotels than at Homburg, and one dines on a warm day in very pleasant surroundings, for Ritter's has its world-famous terrace, where tables have been reserved at one time or another for most of the crowned heads of Europe, and some of the other hotels have very delightful open-air restaurants in their gardens. Simplicity, good plain food well cooked, is insisted on by the doctors at Homburg, and therefore a typical Homburg dinner is a very small affair compared to German feasts over which the doctors do not have control. This is a dinner of the day at Ritter's, taken haphazard from a little pile of menus, and it may be accepted as a typical Homburg dinner :—

Ritter's, Kaiser
Friedrich Pro-
menade

Potage Crécy au Riz.

Truite de Lac. Sauce Genevoise. Pommes Naturelles.

Longe de Veau à la Hongroise.

Petits pois au Jambon.

Chapons de Châlons rôtis.

Salade and Compots. Pêches à la Cardinal.

Fruits. Dessert.

The hotels at Homburg are always quite full in the season. No hotel-keeper puts any pressure on his guests to dine at his hotel, and you may have your bedroom in one hotel and dine at another every night of your life so far as the proprietors care. The restaurant at the Kurhaus goes up and down in public favour. The alterations made to the Kurhaus in 1907, which has given it new reading and writing, card, billiard, and smoking rooms, have made it once again fashionable to dine on the Kurhaus terrace. Herr Matthay, who is the director of the restaurant, has risen from the ranks, and remembers all the celeb-

rities who used to dine and sup at the Kurhaus in the old gaming days. All the world always goes to the terrace later in the evening to walk up and down while the band plays.

The Golf Club has a course amongst the trees which has now been extended to eighteen holes. Golfers say that if you acquire a taste for the game on the Homburg links you appreciate its novelties immensely.

WIESBADEN

At Wiesbaden you generally dine where you sleep, in your hotel. I myself have generally stayed at the Kaiserhof, because I like to eat my supper on its creeper-hung terrace and look across the broad valley to the Taunus hills; but there are half-a-dozen hotels in the town (the Nassauerhof in particular, which many people consider the best hotel in Germany) having capital restaurants, serving *table d'hôte* meals, attached to them. The Rose has a little terrace, looking on to the gardens, which is a pleasant supping place.

Herr Ruthe's Restaurant at the Kurhaus is the one quite first-class dining place not attached to an hotel. In the winter, in the dining-room and the glassed-in verandah, and in summer under the little trees, with the lake in full view, all the people who have grown weary of looking at the same faces in their hotel restaurants may be found eating their dinners. Herr Ruthe is always to be found somewhere in the establishment, and any diner who does not know the resources of the establishment cannot do better than consult him before ordering dinner.

The Foyer Restaurant in the Royal Theatre is a quiet and pleasant place at which to take meals in the daytime.

The wine-house, the Rathskeller, is one of the sights of the place. Therein are quaint frescoes and furniture, there the usual German food is obtainable, and you have a choice of German wines such as is obtainable in few other wine-drinking places in Germany.

Any one who likes the open tarts of apple and other fruits—a rather sticky delicacy it always seems to me—can eat them at ease of an afternoon looking at the beautiful view from the Neroberg or watching the Rhine from under the trees of the hotel gardens at Biebrich.

AFTER DINNER

The Royal Opera House is a very splendid one, and the Kaiser takes special interest in the performances given there. The Residenz Theater has been rebuilt on a better site than the old one occupied. Walhalla is the variety theatre.

BADEN-BADEN

Baden-Baden is always a bright and cheerful watering-place, and it retains more of the dignity and the luxury of the old gambling days than any of the other German towns of baths, except perhaps Homburg. Baden has always attracted a great number of well-to-do French, and though the French element diminished for a time after the years of the war, the wounds of that dreadful time seem to have healed, and French is almost as much talked as English amongst the visitors in the Lichtentaler Allee, and on the broad gravel space before the Konversation Haus. As elsewhere in South Germany, it is the custom at Baden to eat a *table d'hôte* meal in the middle of the day, and those of the visitors who are not away on some excursion

generally eat this meal at their hotels or at the restaurant of the Konversation Haus.

The restaurants of the hotels are mostly good ones, those of the Stephanie, and of the Englischer Hof, in particular being excellent. The Mesmer, which is quite close to the Konversation Haus, is the hotel where the Emperor William I. and the Empress Augusta used to spend a month in the spring and one in the autumn every year, and its restaurant, though not as lively as those I have previously mentioned, is quite first-class.

Supper at Baden-Baden is a light meal, but quite a gay one, for the ladies are all in evening toilettes and wear their most beautiful hats. The Stephanie is a hotel to which most people gravitate for this evening meal, and during the race fortnight and the lawn-tennis fortnight it is necessary to secure a table there in advance. The restaurant of the Stephanie is a great verandah enclosed in glass, and the hotel band plays in the lounge which is just outside the restaurant. Supper in this restaurant during the great weeks of the year brings together a most interesting cosmopolitan gathering, and the management is so good that the hundreds of supper-givers, each having ordered a different supper, are all served in reasonable time, and one hears no grumbling or complaints. After supper at the Stephanie people either go to the Konversation Haus to walk up and down on the wide promenade and to listen to the great orchestra, or sit in the Stephanie lounge for a while, the little band of the hotel making music for them. At ten o'clock on these occasions the great white ball-room of the Stephanie is thrown open, and the young people dance for an hour before bed-time.

M. Autor, who was so well known to English and

Americans as the manager of the London Carlton, is a partner of Herr Boeming at the Englischer Hof, which is also on the Lichtentaler Allee, and the restaurant of this hotel, though not perhaps as lively and amusing as is that of the Stephanie, has a celebrity for good cookery and good service.

The terrace of the restaurant of the Konversation Haus is a pleasant place to sup or breakfast or to drink coffee in the afternoon. People who sup there sit on at their tables to listen to the band, and this supping in the open air is a pleasant change sometimes from the hotel restaurants. In the afternoon, when the band plays, the tables on the terrace and on the gravel before the terrace are all occupied.

Of the restaurants in the town, that of the Three Kings in the Langestrassé is much favoured in winter time. It is a pleasant old hostel, newly renovated, and with an airy restaurant. The house has two hundred years of history behind it. The Krokodil, which also looks out on to the Langestrassé, has a winter garden, and is also much frequented in winter, but is hardly so attractive as the Three Kings.

There are restaurants at most of the points which serve as turning places in walks or drives from Baden. At "Fischculter," where the trout-breeding pools are, there is an inn which naturally makes trout its specialty. There is a restaurant on the top of the Staufenberg, and one at the ruins of Ebersteinberg, and another at the Geroldsauer waterfalls. But the most charming of these country restaurants is the one at the old castle on the shoulder of the mountain which towers above Baden-Baden. The restaurant is in a little courtyard outside the great walls of the

Englischer Hof,
Lichtentaler
Allee

Konversation
Haus

The Three
Kings, Lange-
strasse

Krokodil,
Langestrassé

ruin, and its proprietor must be a lover of birds, for by the gateway is an aviary, and in the courtyard every available space on the walls is taken up by cages full of singing birds. The courtyard resounds with the twitterings and the trills of the birds, music which is a change from that of the bands down in the valley.

The wines of the duchy, both red and white, are excellent, the Eberblut, grown on the slopes of the mountain on which is built Schloss Eberstein, having a special celebrity.

BADEN-BADEN CLUBS

The International Club is very hospitable to properly introduced strangers. Its headquarters are at No. 4 Lichtentaler Allee. Temporary membership during race weeks carries admission to the course and to a special stand. The golf course is at Oos, and is quite close to the railway station there. The lawn-tennis pavilion and courts are in the Lichtentaler Allee.

AFTER DINNER

I have, I think, indicated the usual evening amusements of visitors to Baden-Baden in the above notes, but there is also a theatre close to the Konversation Haus, where there is a performance of comedy or opera every night, and there are occasional concerts, very good ones, in the great rooms of the Konversation Haus. On Saturday evenings there is usually a ball at the Konversation Haus.

EMS

Ems has a restaurant in the Kursaal, near which the band plays in the evening, said to be good; and also one in the Kurhaus. The Schawitzerhäuschen,

on the slope of the Malberg, and the Rottmannshöhe, also on this hill, are two of the breakfast-places. There is a restaurant at the end of the König Wilhelm's Allee.

AACHEN (AIX-LA-CHAPELLE)

Henrion's Grand Hotel is the favourite dining-place of the Anglo-Saxon colony in Aachen. M. Intra, the proprietor, lays himself out **Henrion's,** to attract the English. The German **Corneliusbath** civil servants and the doctors have a club-table at which they dine, and they exact fines from the members of their club for drinking wine which costs more than a certain price, &c. &c., these fines being collected in a box and saved until they make a sum large enough to pay for a special dinner. Every member of this club is required to leave in his will a money legacy to the club to be expended in wine drunk to his memory. There are two *table d'hôte* meals, at 1.30 and at 7 P.M. At the first the dishes are cooked according to the German cuisine, at the second according to the French. Suppers are served in the restaurant at any hour.

Lennertz's restaurant and oyster-saloon in the Klostergasse is a curious, low-ceilinged, old-fashioned house which, before Henrion's came **Lennertz's,** into favour, had most of the British **Klostergasse** patronage. Its cooking is excellent, and the German Hausfraus used to be sent to Lennertz's to study for their noble calling. The *carte de jour* has not many dishes on it. Everything has to be ordered *à la carte*, but the prices are all reasonable, and it is possible to make a bargain that a dinner shall be given for a fixed price. The *Omelettes Soufflées* are a specialty of the house. The fish used in Lennertz's comes from Ostende, and the Dutch oysters are excellent.

Some of the magnificent Moselle wine laid down by the late proprietor is still obtainable.

A new restaurant, the Carlton, is a feature of the good old-fashioned Grand Monarque Hotel.

Scheufen Kremer's Restaurant, opposite the theatre, has good cookery, but is expensive. Eulenspiegel is an establishment which is worth a visit. It is in Krämerstrass.

The Alt-Bayern in Wirischsbongardstrasse is the beer-house which is most to be recommended; and the Germania, in Friedrich-Williamplatz, is celebrated for its coffee.

AFTER DINNER

The large theatre is only open in the winter. The Eden, in Franzstrass, is the music hall of the town.

HAMBURG

Hamburg is a town of good eating and good drinking. The restaurant above all others which has given it its celebrity in this respect is Pfordte's Restaurant, which used to be in the Rathhaus Gardens, but which has now been moved to the Atlantic Hotel, An der Alster. Pfordte's Restaurant, in its different habitations, dates back to the year 1828, when it was established in one of the numerous cellars which are in the basements of many of the houses near the Alster and the Bourse. These cellars have as their specialties oysters, lobsters and other shell-fish, game and truffles, and they are much frequented by business men for luncheon and by playgoers for supper after the theatre. Herr Pfordte, who had become director of this cellar in 1860, moved it to the street which runs from the Alster Dam to the Rathhaus Gardens, and there, at the corner of the gardens, established the

restaurant which obtained fame all over the world. Herr Pfordte is a man of small stature, but of most courteous and polished manners, and he is no exception to the general rule that small men have usually great brains. His restaurant in the Rathhaus Gardens was a cosy, pleasant place, where the waiters talked all languages under the sun, and where excellent oysters, trout from the hill streams, partridges with apricots, and truffles *en serviette* were some of the most appreciated of the specialties. The special adornment of the hall in Pfordte's old restaurant was a picture painted for Herr Pfordte under rather unusual conditions. The painter wished to give a dinner to his club friends and consulted Herr Pfordte as to the price. Pfordte said that he would supply the dinner, and that as payment the artist should paint him a picture. The dinner was given, and was said at the time to have been the best dinner ever served in Germany, and the artist showed his appreciation of it by painting a masterpiece.

Herr Pfordte is now to be found amidst new and far more luxurious surroundings than in his old restaurant, but something of the charm, something of the cosiness, seems to have evaporated in the change. The excellent cellar of wines which Pfordte had collected in his old house has been moved without any accident to the cellars of the Atlantic, and the Bordeaux of numerous choice vintages which Pfordte collected taste as well on the banks of the Alster as they did at the edge of the gardens. But the present restaurant is far smarter than the old one, and whereas at the old Pfordte's the German gentlemen who frequented it did not as a rule wear dress clothes, at the new Pfordte's, if you wish to obtain a table in the big front room which looks on to the Alster, it is wise to go there in dress clothes. The big room of the new restaurant is panelled with light brown

wood, its windows have a view over the Alster, and there is always a profusion of flowers in its window-boxes. The other rooms are all well decorated, one with green walls and a green carpet having a suggestion of the snugness of the old Pfordte's. A string band plays during meals, the "Chasseurs" wear scarlet jackets, and all the surroundings are those of a modern up-to-date cosmopolitan restaurant. The price of the dinner of the day at the old Pfordte's used to be 6 marks, but at the new Pfordte's it has risen to 7 marks. The bill of fare in old days used to give a choice of four or five dishes in each course. Now a choice of two dishes in each course is considered sufficient. As a curiosity, more than as a guide to what may be expected at the present Pfordte's, I give the average menu of the dinner of the day at the old Pfordte's. The English celery distinguishes what we know as celery from celleriac or Dutch celery, which is largely used in salads in North Germany. The Junge Puter is a very young turkey poult. It is to the young turkey what the poussin is to the chicken.

Potage à la Stuart.

Potage crème d'orge à la Viennoise.

Potage purée de concombres au cerfeuil.

Consommé Xavier.

Filets von Seezungen (soles) à la Joinville.

Steinbutt (turbot) sauce moscovite.

Rheinlachs kalt, sauce mayonnaise.

Bœuf braisé à l'alsacienne.

Rehbrücken (venison) à la Conti.

Lammviertel à la Provençale.

Roast beef à la Clamart.

Artischoken sauce hollandaise.

Salat braisirt mit jungen Erbsen.

Engl. Sellerie mit Mark.

Junge Flageolets à la Maitre.

Spanische Pfefferschoten farcirt.

Junge Ente (duckling).

Rebhuhn (partridge).

Junge Puter.

Escarolle-Salat mit Tomaten.

Erd-beer-Eiscrème panaché Fruchttorte.

Käsé.

Though I regret the passing of the old Pfordte's, with its cosiness and its plenitude of dishes, and its feeling that the master's eye was on everything, I must bear witness to the brightness and smartness and good cookery and good service of the new Pfordte's in the Atlantic.

Another hotel restaurant quite of the first class is that attached to the Esplanade Hotel, the great hotel owned by the same company as the **Esplanade** Carlton of London, and the restaurant of which is modelled on the same lines as the famous restaurant in Pall Mall. The Esplanade Hotel is close to the Botanical Gardens.

Kempinski's on the Jungfernstieg is a typical German restaurant of a good class. On the ground floor is an American bar, screened off **Kempinski's,** from the hall, in which are many cane **24 Jungfernstieg** easy chairs with bright pink cushions. On the first floor is a great room with a glassed-in balcony, overlooking the Kleine Alster, one of the waterways of this city of canals. The woodwork of this great room is mahogany, and the pillars are of green marble. There is a long list of dishes on the card of the day at Kempinski's, the highest priced of these being 1 mark 50 heller, while the soups and the vegetable dishes are priced in our money at fourpence. Special dishes, especially dishes of crab when in season, are in the biggest print. From 11.30 till 3 a luncheon of four courses is ready, and costs 2 marks, and a dinner of six courses is to be obtained from 3 P.M. to 8 P.M., and costs 3 marks. As I dined late at

Kempinski's, I did not risk a dinner which must have been partially prepared for some hours, and dined quite well *à la carte*.

The Alster Pavilion, looking on to the smaller of the two lakes, the Binnen Alster, is a café more than **Alster Pavilion**, a restaurant. It has two great semi-Jungfernstieg circles of windows overlooking the lake, and its red window-boxes, its red and green chairs, its little trees on the flat roof, its blue and white tiles and its gilding, make it as bright as a new penny piece. A legion of pigeons live on the roof, and come down to pick up the crumbs which are thrown to them from the people who sit at the tables. There is food of a simple kind to be obtained at this bright café and wine and beer house, and the pot of caviare which formed the basis of a supper I ate there was quite good. Its balconies and the space before its doors seem always to be filled by a good-natured crowd of merry-makers; there is music there at all hours, and it plays quite an important part in the life of Hamburg.

The Ferry House at Eulenhurst, which juts out into the Aussen Alster, the bigger of the two lakes, **The Ferry House**, is some little distance from the central **Eulenhurst** part of the town, and a pleasant way of reaching it is by steamer. On a sunny afternoon a large contingent of all Hamburg goes out there to drink coffee. A long white restaurant with a glassed-in balcony provides shelter should a shower of rain come on, and there are innumerable tables and chairs under the trees on the little promontory, all of which are occupied in fine weather. The Pavilion is made gay with boxes of bright flowers, and, like the Alster Pavilion, it is patronised by bright and merry people.

At the Zoological Gardens there are two restaurants, with balconies overlooking the beer garden, in which a military band plays.

The Rathskeller of Hamburg is in the modern Rathhaus, and is finely decorated in "Altdeutsch" style, with frescoes and paintings by well-known artists. The Kaiser Keller is below Kempinski's, on a level with the water.

The oyster cellars of Hamburg are noted for their excellent lunches. Bouillon, cutlets, steaks, caviare, lachs, and other viands are served, and English "porter," generally Combe's Stout, is much drunk. Another British production, "Chester" cheese, which is red Cheshire, is much in demand. At supper in these cellars, and also in Berlin, caviare is much in demand, the small Baltic variety, not the Russian, which is lighter in colour and larger in grain. A pot of it, large or small, according to the number of suppers, is put on the table in a bowl of crushed ice, and your Hamburger, who is a good judge of victuals as he is of drink, makes his supper of it.

There is a British Club in Hamburg at 42 Grosse Bleichen, but of it I only know the particulars set down in Mr. Austen Leigh's *Clubs*, that it is for British subjects, and that the yearly subscription is £1, 10s.

AFTER DINNER

My experience of the performances at the higher-class theatres of Hamburg is nil, for my visits to the port have always been paid in summer, when the Stadt Theater, the big house for opera and comedy, the Schauspiel, and the Thalia, have been closed; but I have heard Austrian operettas well sung at the Carl Schultze, and have passed quite amusing evenings, spending a half-hour here and a half-hour there in the various music halls and shows in the amusement quarter of St. Pauli. Hagenbach's Menagerie is open all the year round, and so are most of the large variety houses.

KIEL

The hotels and restaurants of Kiel are neither numerous nor *recherché*, and, with the exception of the sailors' rendezvous, are mostly closed during the winter.

Seebade-Anstalt The Seebade-Anstalt is about the best restaurant ; it was built by Herr Krupp and is managed by an Englishman. Above it are the fine rooms of the Imperial Yacht Club. These, during the regatta week, which generally takes place at the end of June, are crowded with yachtsmen of all nationalities, to whom the Kaiser dispenses most gracious hospitality. When the extensive anchorage, surrounded by green and wooded hills, is full of every description of yacht, foremost among which is the *Hohenzollern* and many German battleships, it forms a scene at once impressive and gay.

The Hotel Germania has a very fair restaurant attached to it.

The Rathskeller is well conducted, and was built by the municipal authorities.

The Weinstuben, Paul Fritz, is a good refreshment place, but is mostly frequented by the students and officers.

The Seegarten is a pretty little place overlooking the harbour, where German beer is the principal article of commerce.

At the Münchener Bürgerbrau the beer is good but the surroundings dismal.

There is a nine-hole golf course at Kitzeberg.

VII

BERLIN

The Classic Restaurants—The Hotel Restaurants—Restaurants of the People—Military Restaurants—Cafés, Cabarets, and Bars—Open-air Restaurants—Clubs.

BERLIN is plentifully supplied with restaurants, for both the Kaiser and the Berlin Municipality give every encouragement to enterprising hotel-keepers and restaurateurs who build up-to-date restaurants. Every good German is anxious that Berlin should rival Paris as a city of pleasure and amusement, and the old staid Prussian capital has now become one of the most go-ahead cities in the world. Its small theatres and music-halls and cabarets are very lively, all its new restaurants are tremendously gorgeous, and Berlin now keeps hours which even Paris would consider late. The feeding in Berlin is in rather a mixed state, and all the restaurants which cater both for the Berliners and for the strangers who are within the city gates are compelled to serve meals all day and nearly all night long. Their German clients, after the coffee and rolls they have eaten very early in the morning, are ready for a "snack" of some kind or another and a glass of wine or a tumbler of beer at about 11 A.M. This enables them to postpone their mid-day meal till 2 o'clock, and lunch often fades like a dissolving view into afternoon tea, for Berlin has adopted with enthusiasm the English 5 o'clock meal.

Supper is the next and last meal a German requires, and this has to be ready for him when he comes back from his business, or from a theatre, or a concert, and is generally an *à la carte* meal. The American or Briton so far concedes to the ways of the Continent as to eat rolls and drink coffee as his first meal, but he wants his lunch at 1 P.M., and likes to dine before he goes to a theatre. At all the new restaurants attached to hotels, both sets of clients are conscientiously catered for.

THE CLASSIC RESTAURANTS

Though Berlin has no restaurants which exactly correspond to the *Café Anglais* and *Voisin's* in Paris, there have always been some good, quiet restaurants where the cookery has been German, but not too ferociously Teutonic, where the service has been quiet, and which have had the dignity which is part of the atmosphere of a classic restaurant in any

**Borchardt's,
Französischer-
strasse**

capital. Borchardt's, in the *Französische* *strasse*, I should take to be the typical good old-fashioned Berlin restaurant. It was at Borchardt's that the celebrated "round table dinners" took place, intimate feasts at which the Kaiser was present, and at which Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, the "Man in the Yellow Waistcoat," the present Foreign Secretary, and Prince Philip zu Eulenberg, and Herr von Hostein, the diplomatist who shaped Germany's policy at the Algeciras Conference, were others of the guests. The public dining-room at Borchardt's is a room of crimson silk panels framed in dark wood. It has crimson portières, and the general effect is of stately comfort. Little tables are set a good distance apart down either side of the room. The waiters all speak French if addressed in that language, and I fancy that

many of the patrons of the establishment are diplomatists. The carte of the day is in German, and is an ample one. The dishes which are ready at a moment's notice are printed at the bottom of the menu. Those at mid-day, on one of the days I lunched at Borchardt's, were baked trout, beefsteak *à la Russe*, and chicken and rice. At lunch time the cold buffet of the restaurant shows a great variety of dishes. The prices are not high, compared with a first-class restaurant in any other capital, but they are high for Berlin, which is a city of cheap feeding.

This is a dinner I ate at Borchardt's one evening in solitary state :—

Borch of Crab.
Cutlets of Venison, Chasseur.
Coupe à la Diable,

the latter dish with the diabolical name being of iced chocolate, two other kinds of ice, and brandy cherries. I drank a half bottle of excellent Liebfraumilch, a cup of coffee, and a liqueur of old Chartreuse, and my bill came to 13 marks.

Borchardt's has a quite admirable cellar of wines, some vintages of champagnes which have long ago disappeared from British wine lists being still on its card, and it has some excellent old cognacs and a fine store of the Chartreuse made by the monks while they were still at their old home.

Another quiet old-fashioned restaurant, smaller and more retiring than Borchardt's, is Ewest's in Behrenstrasse. I had been told that Ewest's Ewest's, 26a
Behrenstrasse was so conservative that strangers were not made very welcome there, but I was greeted by a portly butler in dress clothes as though I was an old friend, and no old client could have been better treated than I was. Going through an ante-room one comes to the dining-room, of three little rooms thrown into

one. The walls are of light green above a skirting of wood, the floors are of polished wood. Dark green velvet settees and chairs of black leather all tend to give the little room a quiet note. A portrait of one of the old Prussian kings and a portrait of the Kaiser in white tunic and a black cuirass adorn the walls. On the menu for lunch I found coquilles of salmon, lobster omelette, lobsters, herrings and beans, pork cutlets, a gulyas of veal, stuffed chicken, gosling, wild cherry open tart, and cream. I ate the omelette, a cutlet, and tart, drank a pint of Zeltinger and some Mattoni water, and paid a bill which came exactly to 5 marks. The cookery of the house is excellent and, as Julius Ewest is a wine merchant of the highest reputation, the wines in the cellar of his little restaurant are admirable.

The Restaurant Hiller at 62 Unter den Linden, and the Restaurant Dressel at 50 Unter den Linden, used to be two typical Berlin restaurants, but fashion has rather passed them by of late years. The Hiller still retains some of its old patrons, and Louis Adlon, who is its proprietor, is hoflieferant to the Kaiser, and one of the firm which owns the great hotel near the Brandenburg Gate. The prices of meals at Dressel's are: *déjeuners*, 2.50 marks; dinners, 3.50 and 5.50 marks; and suppers, 3 marks. A band plays till 1 P.M. At Hiller's the *déjeuner* is 2.50 marks; dinner, 5 marks; and there is a "Theatre-Souper" at 5 marks, which is the most popular of all the meals at this restaurant.

THE HOTEL RESTAURANTS

The Kaiserhof was the first hotel to give Berlin a restaurant and a palm lounge, such as the gourmet *en voyage* is accustomed to in Paris and in London, and

therefore let me accord it precedence in gossiping about the up-to-date restaurants attached to hotels in Berlin. The restaurant is lighted by windows **Kaiserhof,** which look out on to a back street, **Wilhelmsplatz** and is rather dark in the daytime, but at night, when lighted up, its pink carpet and crimson portières give it a very comfortable appearance. The *table d'hôte* prices for dinner are 6, 8, or 10 marks. The 6-mark dinner, which is also served in the grill-room, is an excellent, but not imaginative meal—soup, trout, beef, chicken, vegetables, sweets, it ran on the night I dined there. The palm lounge is a Teutonic reminiscence of that of the London Carlton. It has the same bull's-eye windows, and has a raised platform with gilded rails on two sides of the room. The furniture in this lounge is heavy and gorgeous, but two large palms justify its title. A band plays in this lounge till 1 A.M. The grill-room of the Kaiserhof, white-papered and with grey and white marble columns, I found a cheerful place at which to lunch. It has a verandah looking down from about a man's height on to the square. This verandah is gay with flowers and creepers and hanging baskets, and Berlin life unfolds itself very pleasantly as one sits there and watches the comings and goings across the busy open space. A 5-mark theatre supper is served at the Kaiserhof, and it possesses an American bar.

The Esplanade in Bellevuestrasse is one of the hotels controlled by the people who own the London Ritz and Carlton. Its dining-room is **The Esplanade,** almost a reproduction of that of the **Bellevuestrasse** Carlton—pink carpet, chairs upholstered in pink, and pink portières. Its windows look out on to a garden. The Esplanade is rich in gardens. It has a large one and a small one where afternoon tea is served and where a band plays. The board-room of this hotel is a handsome panelled room, but has just a little too

much gilt about it. The lounge is also too gorgeous for Anglo-Saxon taste. The marble there is veined purple, and green trellis, and white marble statues, and gilt vases are in too violent contrast with each other. The banqueting hall, from one wall of which a portrait of the Kaiser looks down on the guests, is a fine room with a little stage at one end. As wedding feasts often last as long as five hours, little comedies played on this stage form a welcome relief on those occasions to too much eating and too many speeches. Any *habitué* of the Ritz or Carlton finds himself at home at once at the Esplanade, for some of the *maîtres d'hôtel* at this restaurant have been at the other hotels of the same company, and recognise familiar faces very quickly. It pleased me to find that my liking for a table at the side in a quiet part of the room, and partiality for a short, light dinner, as well as my name, seemed to be familiar to everybody in the Esplanade restaurant as soon as I set foot inside it. Most of the meals at the Esplanade are *à la carte*, and the *carte du jour* is in German on one side and French on the other. The German *clientèle* of the restaurant insist on a *table d'hôte* dinner, which is priced at 6 marks, and of which this is a fair specimen. I give it in German, but it is on the menu in both that language and French :—

Portugische Kraftbrühe mit Reis.
 Esperancesuppe.
 Forelle Meunière.
 Rehmignonette Forestière.
 Selleriepurée.
 Neue Kartoffeln risoles.
 Poularde gebraten.
 Salat.
 Stangenspargel, Holländische Sauce
 Erdbeeren-Halbgefrorenes.
 Feines Backwerk.
 Käse.

The Esplanade has a pleasant little grill-room, and no doubt somewhere in its great corridors there is an American bar.

The restaurant of the Adlon Hotel, the windows of which look out on to the Pariserplatz, is mightily gorgeous with marble and gilding. The hotel is owned by the well-known wine merchants, from whom it takes its name. The great hall of the hotel looks like the museum of a millionaire, so many beautiful things have been collected there. There are some beautiful works of art from Japan, a wonderful clock, a wonderful staircase, cream marble pillars with bronze capitals, magnificent carpets, Venetian mosaics, fine furniture, a large bust of the Kaiser in coloured marbles, a magnificent fountain, but if there were fewer beautiful things and less magnificence it would be in better taste. The view of the little garden seen through the back entrance is, however, charming. It is the latest expression of the Teutonic desire to possess the most gorgeous hotels on the Continent, and it is just a little overdone. French grey is the colour of the liveries of the outdoor servants. The waiters in the restaurant press on Americans and Britons the *carte du jour*, but there are very good and cheap *table d'hôte* meals. *Déjeuners*, 3 marks; dinners, 6 marks; and suppers, 5 marks. The restaurant is all old gold and pink and white and green marble. The Kaiser took much interest in the building of this hotel, and in 1907 paid M. Bodart, the chef, the compliment of visiting his kitchen. The Adlon has a grill-room in the Raffael-Saal, and its orchestra plays during and after dinner.

The Bristol Hotel is an excellent place at which to take a mid-day meal. The lunch costs 2.50 marks. *Hors d'œuvre* are 1 mark extra, and there is an extra charge for sweets. A

Hotel Adlon,
Unter den
Linden

Bristol, Unter
den Linden

table d'hôte dinner is served for 6 marks, and supper, after 9 P.M., costs 5 marks. The younger members of the British Embassy generally breakfast at the Bristol, and I invariably find that the restaurant in every capital to which the younger members of the British Embassy go for their mid-day meal, is sure to be one to be recommended to the travelling Anglo-Saxon.

I have nothing but good to say of the restaurant of the Palast Hotel. This is the hotel at which I made my stay when I went to Berlin, and in its restaurant, with walls of grey, and marble pillars and large windows, and ceiling with arabesques of gold on it, I ate many a good dinner. The dinner of the day at 5 marks I invariably found quite satisfactory, and Herr Eduard Gutscher, the proprietor, gives the kitchen his personal superintendence. The following may be taken as a specimen of the usual dinner. There is also a very full *à la carte* card.

Consommé Judith.
 Potage claire-Fontaine.
 Suprême de fogas à la Cecil.
 Selle de veau garnie à la Champigny. Sauce Tomate.
 Cassolettes à la financière.
 Caneton de Nantes.
 Salade. Compôte.
 Choux fleurs, Sauce vierge.
 Riz à la Bizier.
 Pâtisserie.
 Paillettes.
 Fruits.

The young princes, the sons of the Kaiser, often give their private dinner parties at the Palast.

The restaurant of the Continental, managed by

M. Klicks, a well-known restaurateur, is much frequented at supper-time. The charge for supper is 4 marks, the lunch costs 3 marks, and the dinner 6 marks.

Continental,
Neustädtische-
Kirchestrasse

The restaurant of the Central Hotel is rather more lively than most of the others, and has a pleasant savour of Bohemianism. A good Hungarian band always plays there during the evening from 7.30 to 12.30. This restaurant is pleasanter to dine or sup at than to lunch at. The dinner costs 5 marks, and the supper 4 marks.

The Central,
Friedrichstrasse

The restaurant of the Savoy can be recommended, and the prices there are : lunch 2.50 marks, dinner 5 marks, supper 3.50 marks.

The Savoy,
Friedrichstrasse

The Monopol room of the Hotel - Restaurant L'Schaurte is a pleasant dining place. Its prices are : lunch 2.50 marks, dinner 5 marks, supper 3.50 marks. I append an everyday dinner menu which ought to satisfy the most exacting customer. The second soup is a Consommé, with quenelles. The fish dishes are Sole Normande and Turbot au Gratin.

The Monopol,
Friedrichstrasse

Häringsfilet nach Daube.

Mulligatawny-Suppe.

Kraftbrühe mit Einlage.

Seezungenfilet auf normännische Art.

Steinbutt in Muscheln gratiniert.

Eng. Roast-beef.

Yorker Schinken in Burgunder.

Spinat.

Homard de Norvége. Sauce Ravigotte.

Französ. Poularde.

Fasan.

Salat. Kompot.

Sellerie.

Furst Pückler Bombe.

Käse. Früchte.

Nachtsch.

The above may be taken as a specimen of the 5-mark dinner at any good Berlin restaurant. It used to be the custom at the Monopol to charge guests who drank no wine 1 mark extra for their dinner. I do not know whether this is still done.

Hotel de Rome,
Unter den
Linden The Hotel de Rome has an excellent restaurant, and many dinners of ceremony are given there.

The Astoria Restaurant attached to the Carlton Hotel in Unter den Linden has become a popular resort. Lunch costs 2.50 marks, dinner 5 marks, supper 4 marks. The cooking at this restaurant is excellent, but the cellar does not merit unstinted praise.

THE RESTAURANTS OF THE PEOPLE

Kempinski's in the Leipzigerstrasse is a huge establishment, with dozens of rooms in it. The management will kindly give you a plan of the establishment as you enter, so that you can find your way about the different floors. Its window, looking out on to the Leipzigerstrasse, draws a crowd, for there always is something sensational, or something amusing on show there. The last time I saw it, a little lawn of growing grass was there with everything laid for a picnic, and rabbits, stuffed ones, popping out of burrows and looking at the preparations. There was also a bottle—out of the bottle water poured—suspended by a chain. There were no visible means by which the water found its way into the bottle. There is much brass about the entrance to Kempinski's, and it has a red marble face for two storeys. It has lamps of ground glass, and it is very gorgeous both inside and outside. On the ground floor the principal room is of light wood, elaborately carved, with veined marble above it, and

has a vaulted roof. The first floor and the staircase leading to it are even more gorgeous than the ground floor. When Kempinski's was first built, it so delighted the Berliners that a song was made in its honour and sung in the music halls. Kempinski's is celebrated for its oysters, and for its excellent Holstein crayfish, and for its lobsters. The cook at this restaurant has an excellent manner of cooking lobsters, *Homard Chaud au Beurre Truffé*. It consists of chopped truffles, worked up into best fresh butter, rolled out, and then laid on the hot lobster. My own experience of ordering a dinner at Kempinski's was not very happy. I took the longest dish I could find on the menu which had "Krebs" in it. What was brought me was a little metal dish with five depressions in it. In one of these was a little *Truit eau bleu*, in two others were the meat of crayfish, and in the remaining two were spinach with a baked sardine on the top of each heap of vegetable. It was a curious combination, and it decided me for the future to eat my trout without accessories of any kind. I ate, however, an admirable crayfish salad, with eggs and *points d'asperges* and lettuce, which was decidedly better than the trout and baked sardine combination. Kempinski & Co. are wine merchants, and a vast amount of Kempinski's Grenz-Sect is drunk in the restaurant. As a rule, a portion of any dish on the bill of fare at Kempinski's costs 1 mark 25. As a proof that an excellent dinner is obtainable at Kempinski's for a small price, I subjoin a menu which was composed by a friend, who knew the ropes of the place, for a little feast to which he invited me.

Hors d'œuvre.

Consommé double à la Moelle.

Homard chaud au Beurre Truffe.

Escallopes de Veau.

Choux de Bruxelles.

Faisan Rôti.

Salade.

Fromage, Celeri.

Café, Cigare.

1 Bottle German Champagne.

For two people, including the champagne, the total came to 12 marks 75 = 12s. 9d. The German champagne is not as bad as it is generally reported to be ; indeed, it is quite harmless, and rather pleasant. It is, however, rarely kept long enough in the cellars to give it a chance of maturing for the British taste. It has this advantage that it is what it pretends to be, whereas some of the bottles with French labels on them never saw Rheims. "Herb" does not guarantee what we in England understand by "Dry."

The Rheingold in the Potsdamerstrasse looks from the outside like some great monastery, for it has very high windows, which one might suppose were built to give light to a chapel. They give light instead to a great banqueting hall. There are scores of different rooms in the Rheingold, decorated each in a different manner. There are cellars with walls of Venetian inlay. There are rooms panelled with veined marble, and a great room on the ground floor which is of rare woods, lighted by what appear to be large candles, but which are really electric lamps, and there is a room of bas-reliefs, and another room with a ceiling of polished copper, and two vast halls, which would not be out of place in a palace. On the side which faces the Bellevuestrasse there is a garden, sheltered by trellis-work, where hundreds of little tables are set out, and there is another little garden in the centre of the building. Two bands make music in this vast cluster of dining-rooms, which can seat 4000 people. People come and go quietly ; the place is never empty and

never full. There is no noise and no hurry, for there is no early closing in Berlin, but from 6 P.M. till the early hours of the morning the waiters are kept busy. It is a wonderful place, and, apart from its being a dining and supping centre, is quite one of the sights of Berlin.

Another wonder of rooms decorated in various styles is the Kaiser Keller in Friedrichstrasse, where one wanders from room to room, each decorated after some well-known hall in some German town. There is the Apostle Keller, with its carved figures of saints and elaborate dark woodwork, and there is a room where the ceiling is supported by a single column, and where the decorations are of mediæval saints painted on a gold background, and there is also a little garden where a fountain plays, and where palms give shelter to the tables. Another of the rooms is after the model of the Lubeck Schiffergesellschaft.

Lovers of good wines should not miss the Restaurant Lutter, at the corner of Charlotten and Französische-
strasse. This is an historic old tavern, which has been frequented by literary men and actors, as well as government officials, for the last hundred years. The walls are adorned with many interesting souvenirs of famous guests. Underneath the restaurant on the ground floor is a quaint old wine cellar.

An inexpensive restaurant where the simple German cookery is quite good, and where there is a fixed-price dinner for 3½ marks, is the Rüdeshheimer. Its owes its celebrity to its excellent cellar of Rhine wines.

The Trocadero, a magnificent new restaurant in Unter den Linden, is at present closed owing to the failure of its proprietor.

MILITARY RESTAURANTS

There are also two restaurants in which the military element predominates. These are Toepfer's and the Prinz Wilhelm, both in the Dorotheenstrasse. Here the officers usually lunch and use the restaurants as clubs, often bringing their wives.

Toepfer's and
Prinz Wilhelm,
Dorotheen-
stra

CAFÉS, CABARETS, AND BARS

Bauer's in Unter den Linden is a well-known café, and is much frequented by the Berliners. It is patronised by a large newspaper reading public, owing to the fact that there are few of the leading publications in all languages that you will fail to find there. This café is crowded in the afternoon and evening. Everything supplied there is of the best quality. The walls are decorated with paintings by Werner. Upstairs, between 5 and 6 P.M., one sees many of the people of the world of the theatres and music-halls.

If you wish to see the rowdy student life of Berlin, the Bohemian festivity which corresponds to the life of Paris in the cabarets of Montmartre, and if you speak German, go to the Bauernschanke, which has obtained a celebrity for the violence and rudeness of its proprietor, who, as Lisbonne and Bruant used to do, and Alexander does, in the cabarets of the City of Light, insults his customers to the uttermost and turns out any one who objects. Die Rauberhole is an inferior imitation of Die Bauernschanke.

A noted night restaurant is Der Zum Weissen Rossl, in which each room is decorated to represent some typical street in Berlin. This is a hostel much frequented by artists.

THE OPEN AIR RESTAURANTS

There are two or three café restaurants with shady gardens in the Thiergarten, of which one, the Café Gartner, on the river close to the Bellevue Station, is a pleasant place at which to drink afternoon coffee. The café and restaurant in the Zoological Gardens are very popular. At either end of a little lake is a band-stand, and two military bands play alternately in these band-stands during the late afternoon and evening. From band-stand to band-stand stretches a great semi-circle of tables for beer and coffee drinkers, and at the back of this half-moon of tables is a restaurant with many terraces, where a fixed-price dinner is served from 6 P.M. onwards. When all the tables are occupied, as they are on fine afternoons and evenings, the mass of people eating and drinking and listening to the music is quite one of the sights of Berlin.

BERLIN CLUBS

One of the best clubs in Berlin is the Imperial German Automobile Club. The Kaiser is a member and patron. The club-house on the Leipzigerplatz was formerly the residence of the Berlin banker Bleichroeder, and is decorated in Louis XVI. style. The entrance fee is 250 marks, the annual subscription 200 marks. There is a club dinner every Wednesday evening in the winter to which guests can be introduced. There is one long table in the centre room and smaller tables for parties. Ladies are admitted as guests on Sunday nights. Members of the Royal Automobile Club of London can become temporary members of the Berlin Club.

One of the most exclusive clubs in Berlin is the Casino. The club-house is on the Pariserplatz. **Casino, Pariser-** The Kaiser is patron of this club. Most **platz** of the members are aristocrats or foreign diplomatists. No gambling games are allowed in this club.

The Union Club in the Schadowstrasse is the Jockey Club of Germany. It is very exclusive, most **Union, Schadow-** of the members being aristocrats, but **strasse** some few prominent financiers now belong to it. No gambling games are allowed in this club. The cookery at the Union is excellent.

The "Club von Berlin," although not so exclusive, is one of the best clubs. The members belong to the better professional and commercial classes. It is interesting to lunch at this club between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Another good club is the "Resource von 1794." The members are mostly wealthy bankers and merchants.

The "Club von 1880" is a good club. The members are mostly drawn from the wealthy commercial class. The club is quiet during the daytime but lively in the evening, and there is a good deal of card-playing.

The Schriftsteller Club is interesting on Tuesday evenings when guests are admitted. Representatives of the leading German newspapers, mostly of conservative and imperial tendencies, with a good sprinkling of pan-Germans, can be met here. The atmosphere is distinctly Bohemian.

There is no English club.

AFTER DINNER

The best advice I can give to any Anglo-Saxon is not to trouble to buy his theatre tickets

himself, but to depute that duty to the hall porter of the hotel. There is, however, an agency in Unter den Linden. Prices vary at some of the houses according to whether the production is an expensive one or a cheap one. A seat in a box by no means assures comfort. As often as not it is only by craning forward that one can see a corner of the stage. A gala night at the Opera is a fine sight, and worth paying a large sum to see. All the smaller theatres play comedy, or farce, or operetta. The Lessing is supposed to be a comedy theatre, but I heard *The Dollar Princess* sung there. The Metropol Theatre is supposed to be a variety theatre, but a musical comedy was, on the last occasion I was in Berlin, enjoying a run there of many hundred nights. The Winter Garden is a vast hall with a stage in one of its long side walls. Two big "wings" fold back when the curtain goes up so that people at the ends of the hall may see something of the performance. As is the usual German custom, many of the people in the auditorium sup during the performance.

VIII

ITALY

Italian Cookery—The Italian Lakes—Turin—Milan—Genoa—
Venice—Bologna—Spezzia—Florence—Pisa—Leghorn—
Lucca—Rome—Clubs of Rome—Naples—Palermo.

ITALIAN COOKERY

THERE is no cookery in Europe so often maligned without cause as that of Italy. People who are not sure of their facts often dismiss it contemptuously as being “all garlic and oil,” whereas very little oil is used except at Genoa, where oil, and very good oil as a rule, takes the place of butter, and no more garlic than is necessary to give a slight flavour to the dishes in which it plays a part. If you have any fear of the cook being too liberal with the best of all digestives you have only to say “*Senz’ aglio*” (without garlic), and your wish will very surely be taken notice of. An Italian cook fries better than one of any other nationality. In the north very good meat is obtainable, the boiled beef of Turin being almost equal to our own Silverside. Farther and farther south, as the climate becomes hotter, the meat becomes less and less the food of the people, various dishes of paste and fish taking its place, and as a compensation the fruit and the wine become more delicious.

Really good pure olive oil is almost unknown outside the boundaries of Italy. An Italian gentleman never eats salad when travelling in foreign countries,

for his palate, used to the finest oil, revolts against the liquid fit only for the lubrication of machinery he so often is offered in Germany, England, and France.

The fowls and figs of Tuscany, the white truffles of Piedmont, the artichokes of Rome, the walnuts and grapes of Sorrento, might well stir a gourmet to poetic flights.

The Italians are very fond of their *Risotto*, the rice which they eat with various seasonings, *a burro e formaggio*, *a sugo di pomodoro*, *a sugo di carne*, the latter best suited to the robust British palate. The Italians, however, do not cook their rice to that point of softness to which we are accustomed. They also eat their *Paste asciutte* in various forms. It is *Maccheroni* generally in Naples, *Spaghetti* in Rome, *Trinetti* in Genoa. *Alla Siciliana* and *con Vongole* are but two of the many ways of seasoning the *Spaghetti*. Again, the delicate little envelopes of paste containing force-meat of some kind or another change their names according to their contents and the town they are made in. They are *Ravioli* both at Genoa and Florence, but at Bologna they are *Tortolini*, and at Turin *Agnolotti*. *Perpadelle*, another paste dish with a little difference of seasoning, becomes *Tettachine* when the venue changes from Bologna to Rome.

The egg is an important *primo piatto* at lunch (*colazione*). In the egg *da bere* the chill is just taken off it, and it is drunk out of the shell—not a pleasant operation either to see or to hear. The open egg—*uove aperte*—is a safe thing in remote districts, being two eggs fried and served up in the enamelled metal dish in which they are cooked. Be careful to ask for them *a burro*, otherwise you may get them done in oil. Fried or poached eggs, *a salso di pomodoro* (with tomato sauce), are distinctly tasty. Then there is every variety of stuffed egg (*uove ripiene*), those with a basis of anchovy and parsley being the most savoury.

Uove in canape, eggs in a deep encasement of fried bread, are satisfying enough to form a *pièce de résistance*; while eggs powdered with white truffles are a veritable delicacy.

The fish of the Mediterranean are coarse and poor, compared with the glorious fish of the Channel. But thanks to the culinary art the traveller who likes a change of cookery can do himself pretty well, though the resident gourmet may grumble. For that great delicacy, the fresh herring, you must put up with the cured article from Yarmouth, which comes to Italy in extraordinarily large quantities, for the Italians are great lovers of cured fish. So for the lovely cod of the North Sea, you must be content with cured Newfoundland and "Shore" fish (*baccalà*), or with stock-fish from Norway. But the *baccalà* the Italians really cook in many appetising ways. The monarch of Mediterranean fish is the *Dentice* (Fr. *Dentale*), and a fillet of fresh tunny with stewed peas may well take the place of a beefsteak on Fridays without grave hardship. Oysters are cheap in Italy, a penny a piece. Very tempting shell-fish are the *Tartufe di mare* (truffles of the deep), as costly as oysters in England, good eating, but it must be added, very indigestible.

There are many minor differences in the components of similarly named dishes at different towns; the *Minestrone* of Milan and Genoa differ, and so does the *Fritto Misto* of Rome and Turin. I fancy that, as a compensation, only an expert could tell the difference between the soups *di Vongole* at Naples, *di Dattero* at Spezzia, and *di Peoci* at Venice.

The *Zabajone*, the sweet, frothing drink beaten up with eggs and sugar, is made differently in different towns. At Milan and Turin Marsala and brandy are used in it; at Venice Cyprus wine is the foundation; and elsewhere three wines are used. It is a

splendidly sustaining drink, whether drunk hot or iced ; Italian doctors order it in cases of depression, and it might well find a place in the household recipes of English and American households. The wines of the various towns I have noted in writing of them. *Vino nostrano* or *del paese* brings from the waiter his list of the local juice of the grape, and the wine of the district is the wine to drink. Roughly speaking, the red wine is the best throughout Italy ; the white of Bologna ; of Umbria, especially of Orvieto ; and the Veneto being the exceptions. Finally, do not be alarmed if at a *trattoria* a waiter puts before you a huge flask of wine. It has been weighed before it is brought to you. It will be weighed when the waiter takes it away after you have finished, and what you have drunk, plus the great gulp the waiter is sure to take if he gets a chance, is what you will be charged for.

THE ITALIAN LAKES

The huge modern hotels which have risen at all the beauty spots of the Italian lakes have by no means made this beautiful tract of country a gourmet's paradise, and the shabby old Italian inns and taverns all seem to have grown shabbier in contrast to their much-decorated monster neighbours, where the cookery is French and the food has no national characteristics. There is plenty of excellent fish in the lakes and excellent game in the forests and on the hills. Chamois, gemsbok, black game, hill partridge, and hares are shot in considerable quantities on the mountains of Lombardy, and woodcock and snipe in the plains. The chestnuts and walnuts of Civenna are said to be the best in Italy. On the slopes of Tremezzo and Cadenabia sub-tropical fruits ripen, and strawberries, peaches, and nectarines grow in abundance ; and on the hills about the Lake of Orta most of the fruits we

grow in hot-houses ripen luxuriantly in the open air. The eels of Pesciera have been celebrated ever since the days of the Cæsars; and in the Lake of Como are trout some of which weigh as much as 20 lbs. The *Agoni*, a very delicate little fish peculiar to the Lombard lakes, are more delicate of flavour when they come from the Lake of Como than when they are caught elsewhere. I have been well fed at the old convent turned into an hotel, the Hotel du Parc at Lugano, and for the Grande Bretagne at Bellagio and the Hotel Excelsior at Varese I have nothing but praise; but I have never found in the towns of the lake districts those comfortable, well-kept restaurants, with a purely Italian cuisine, which abound in the big cities of the country.

TURIN

You will be fed well enough at your hotel whether you are at the Grand, or Kraft's, or the Trombetta; but if you want to test the cookery of the town I should suggest a visit to the Ristorante del Cambio, which is in the Piazza Carignano, where stands a marble statue of a philosopher, and which has a couple of palaces as close neighbours; or to the Lagrange and Nazionale, both of which are in the Via Lagrange.

Della Meridiana, Or best of all, perhaps, go to the Ris-
Via Santa torante della Meridiana, which is in the
Theresa Via Santa Theresa. The proprietor, who is a mine of knowledge on all subjects regarding Turin, will serve at request not only the dishes of Lombardy, which he cooks admirably, but all the southern dishes as well. The Barolo Vecchio of the house, generally only brought to your notice when you have established yourself as a regular patron, is well worth asking for on the earliest opportunity. The prices of the Meridiana are quite moderate.

If you, wherever you happen to dine, wish to commence with *hors d'œuvre*, try the *Pepperoni*, which are large yellow or red chillies preserved in pressed grapes and served with oil and vinegar, salt and pepper. The *Grissini*, the little thin sticks of bread which are made in Turin and are famous for their digestible quality, will be by your plate. Next I should suggest the *Busecca*, though it is rather satisfying, being a thick soup of tripe and vegetables; and then must come a great delicacy, the trout from the Mont Cenis Lake. For a meat course, if the boiled beef of the place, always excellent, is too serious an undertaking, or if the *Frittura Mista* is too light, let me recommend the *Rognone Trifolato*, veal kidney stewed in butter with tomatoes and other good things, including a little Marsala wine. The white Piedmontese truffles served as a salad, or with a hot sauce, must on no account be overlooked; nor the *Cardons*, the white thistle, served with the same sauce; nor, indeed, the *Zucchini Ripieni*, which are stuffed pumpkins; and some *Fonduta*, the cheese of the country, melted in butter and eggs and sprinkled with white truffles, will form a fitting end to your repast unless you feel inclined for the biscuits of Novara, or *Gianduiotti*, which are chocolates or nougat from Alba or Cremona, where they make violins as well as sweets. You should drink the wine of the country, Barbera or Barolo, Nebiolo or Freisa; and I expect, if you really persevere through half the dishes I have indicated, that you will be glad of a glass of Moscato with the fruit. Take your coffee at the Café Romano if you long for "local colour."

MILAN

In Milan, the town of white marble and veal cutlets, most of the restaurants of any note are in or near the

great arcade, that wonderful covered promenade in which an interesting crowd—the Bersaglieri officers, with flowing plumes of cocks' feathers in their hats, the cavalry men, with their helmets of the old Roman shape, the pretty ladies, and peasants from the mountains, wondering at all they see—goes backwards and forwards. The Savigni and the Biffi face each other on either side of one of the passages which run out Savigni, Galleria from the central circle. The Savigni, Vittorio Emanuele if one judges from the constant flow of patrons which go in and out of its doors, is the most popular of all the restaurants in Milan. At 8 o'clock in the evening there is rarely a seat vacant there. The bustle of the place is a little surprising to any stranger who has come from a northern country, for a fire or a revolution could not excite the waiters more than their ordinary duties do. A baked fowl and potatoes, a dish of the day, is suddenly thrust under one's nose, or a rich cake is placed on the table, or the comprehensive bill of fare is thrown down as if it was a challenge to a duel. There is a table always kept for the officers of the garrison, of whom the Artillery seem to be the principal patrons of the Savigni. A pretty girl brings a basket of flowers, offering the blossoms for sale. A man with a stubbly head of hair comes round with a great sheaf of the *Sera* newspaper, and cigarettes and post-cards are all offered as one eats one's meal. There are two or three dishes of the day, and l. 1.20 is the usual price for each dish. Grated Parmesan, the cheese being one of the products of the locality, is offered with all soups, and with many of the more solid dishes as well. The last time I dined at Savigni's I ate one of the local soups, of sage and rice and the Italian paste with a sprinkling, of course, of Parmesan, a frittura of brains, some Gorgonzola, some fruit, and drank half a bottle of Capri Bianco, and my bill was l. 4.50.

The Biffi is a larger establishment than the Savigni; its front part is a café in which a band plays in the evening, and the back part is the res- Biffi, Biffi
Galleriataurant, where the food is much the same as at the Savigni. There are tables outside the Biffi, and as in the evening the curtains are tightly drawn at all restaurants, it is not a bad plan to eat one's dinner in the Savigni, and to take one's coffee afterwards in purer air outside the Biffi.

The Cova, next door to the Scala, never seems to have had its front repainted, and it is grey in appearance, with pillars on its front. The Cova, Via
Giuseppe Verdiportion of the establishment facing the road consists of a pastry-cook's shop and tea-rooms, the hinder part is the restaurant. It has a courtyard which forms a garden, where in the summer a band plays, and where one can sit after dinner or can dine in hot weather.

The Orlogio, just behind the cathedral, is apt to be stuffy on hot evenings, but I have found it in cool weather always a pleasant restaurant at Orlogio, Piazza
del Campo Santowhich to dine, though I am bound to say that my opinion in this does not coincide with that of all other men.

The Gambrinus has absorbed almost all one side of the cross at the centre of the big arcade, and many people eat their simple evening meal there, though it only claims to be a "brasserie," not a restaurant.

There is a comparatively new restaurant and birreria in the big square on the opposite side of it to the Cathedral. This is the Casanova, Casanova,
Piazza del
Campo Santowhich looks clean and bright with its nouveau art decorations, its galleries and its chairs and tables of light coloured wood. A band apparently plays all day long in the musicians' gallery, for I have never passed there without hearing music inside, and I have found the simple food there

to be cheap and well cooked. It is, I should think, a dangerous rival to the Gambrinus.

I am told that I should include the De Albertis and the Isola Botta in my list of the restaurants of Milan, but I have never seen or been into either of these two dining places, and therefore can say nothing either good or bad about them. Wherever one dines and wherever one breakfasts there are certain Milanese dishes which one should order. The *Minestrone* soup is a dish which is not only found all over Italy but which is popular in Austria and on the French Riviera as well; but the *Minestrone alla Milanese*, with its wealth of vegetables and suspicion of Parmesan, is especially excellent. The *Risotto Milanese*, rice slightly *sauté* in butter, then boiled in capon broth, and finally seasoned with Parmesan and saffron, is one of the celebrated Milanese dishes, but the simpler methods of serving *Risotto*, *al sugo*, *al burro*, or *con fegatini* suit better those who do not like saffron. Better still is a very well known dish of another town, *Risotto Certosino*, in which the rice is seasoned with a sauce of crayfish and garnished with their tails. Then come the various manners of cooking veal, the *Côtelette à la Milanese*, cutlets plunged in beaten eggs and fried in butter after being crumbed, and others stewed with a little red wine and flavoured with rosemary; and the *Côtelette alla Marsigliese*, of batter, then ham, then meat which, when fried, is one of the dishes of the populace on a feast day. *Ossobuco*, a shin of veal cut into slices and stewed with a flavouring of lemon rind, is another veal dish; and so is the delicate *Fritto Picatto* of calf's brains, liver, and tiny slices of flesh. *Polpette à la Milanese* are forcemeat balls stewed. *Panettone* are the cakes of the city and are much eaten at Carnival time. Stracchino or Crescenza is a cheese much like the French Brie. Gorgonzola all the world knows well; and though Parmesan takes its name from

that Duchess of Parma who introduced it into France, the best quality comes from Lodi, near Milan. Val Policella and Valle d'Inferno are the wines to drink.

AFTER DINNER

The Scala is a huge barn of a theatre, and is only open for performances in the winter. It is regarded as one of the sights of the town, and is shown as such in the daytime. Nearly every tourist stands on the stage and tries his or her voice to see how it sounds in the vast space. A ballet at the Scala is always worth seeing, for in it the full depth of the enormous stage is always used. When the Scala is closed opera is always sung at one of the smaller theatres. The best comedians in Italy all have a liking for the Manzoni, and there is generally a very good performance there. The largest of the variety theatres is the Eden, in the Via Cairoli, near the castle.

GENOA

Genoa is a town of noise and bustle. The worst curse one Genoese can pronounce on another is "May the grass grow before your door." The special note of the Genoese cuisine is the use of oil instead of butter in most of its dishes. The Genoese restaurants have not the best reputation either for cleanliness or quiet, and any Englishman or American staying at Bertolini's Bristol Hotel need not think that he has lost any delights by dining at home in the hotel restaurant, where the l. 7 *table d'hôte* is a better set meal than any I found in any of my explorations in the hostelrys of the city.

To any one who wishes to dine abroad I should recommend the Café Roma, one entrance to which

Bristol Hotel,
Via Ventiset-
tembre

is in the Via Roma, and the other in the Great Gallery. The Roma is both a café and a restaurant.

Café Roma, It is quite smart in its decorations, clean
Great Gallery and well furnished, and its dinner of
the day is rather more pretentious as well as more
expensive than those of the ordinary restaurants of the
town. Its cost is l. 5. This is a menu of an ordinary
dinner of the day on one of the nights I dined there.

Consomme Re Edouard.

Orate Montmorency.

Dindoneau en Capitolodad.

Cavolfiori Polonese.

Gigot de Moutone.

Insalata.

Dolce.

Dessert.

Other restaurants in the Galleria Mazzini are the Cervisia, which has a front of grey marble, has brilliant white walls inside, and blazes with electric light both outside and in. It has a little roof garden, up to which I did not ascend. I found a rather noisy company in the big room of the restaurant, and the atmosphere was not of the best, but both the 2.50 lira lunch and the l. 3.50 dinner are abundant, and quite good for the price.

The Café Milano is another *birreria ristorante* in the Great Gallery very much on the same lines as the Cervisia, but not so bright. A third restaurant and brasserie in this Great Gallery is the Ristorante della Posta, which is just opposite the Post Office. I passed it one warm morning at 10 A.M., and saw that every window of its dining-rooms was tightly closed. That I considered quite sufficient evidence as to the atmosphere I was likely to find inside, and I did not further investigate.

Of the restaurants in the Via Venti Settembre, the

Cairo is the cleanest and brightest. Two large rooms and a small room run back from the street. There is an abundance of electric light, and the marble floor of black and white chequers gives a sense of coolness. The outside decoration of the house also is quite bright, and in good keeping. It has the meals of the day, and a lunch I ate there, *à la carte*, in which a fry of red mullet and a *sauté* of fowl were the principal dishes, was both well cooked and cheap.

Cairo, Via Venti
Settembre

The Bavaria, at the corner of the Via Venti Settembre and the Piazza, is a birreria first and a restaurant in the second place. Its great recommendation is the loftiness of its big room, the ceiling of which is supported by big pillars of brown marble.

Bavaria,
Via Venti
Settembre

The restaurant in the Teatro Carlo Felice did not look tempting enough to induce me to experiment on its food.

The two restaurants in the Via Carlo Felice are the oldest established in the town. The Labo consists of low-ceilinged little rooms on the ground floor, the front room having in its ceiling a small round saucer-like indent to give the idea of a cupola. Its floor is of black and white marble. Its chairs are of Austrian bent wood. It serves set meals—lunches, l. 2 and l. 2.50, and dinners, l. 3 and l. 3.50.

Labo, 7 Via
Carlo Felice

The Gottardo, on the opposite side of the road to the Labo, has the usual series of little rooms on the first floor. At either of these two restaurants one can experiment on the real oily cookery of Genoa in a real Genoese atmosphere.

Gottardo, 6 Via
Carlo Felice

At the Gambrinus, Via San Sebastiano, cold meats of all kinds are kept ready for those who choose to sup there, as well as drink their Munich beer.

Gambrinus, Via
San Sebastiano

In hot weather the Giardino Italia, in the Piazza Corvetto, is the pleasantest place at which to dine, for **Giardino Italia,** it has a large outdoor garden, where the **Piazza Corvetto** simple food of the restaurant can be served. There are big trees in this garden, and orange trees with the fruit on them, and two fountains supply the tinkle of falling water, a band plays in the bandstand, and from table to table go the flower-sellers and the newspaper-sellers, and a man who cuts out silhouettes in black paper, and the post-card sellers. On an autumn or spring evening the Giardino is a pleasant place in which to dine, for the company is a merry one. For colder weather it has a great hall decorated in the Pompeian manner, and two great wings, mostly of glass, which almost embrace the whole of the garden.

Genoa has its own especial *Minestrone* soup flavoured with *Pesto*, a paste in which pounded basil, garlic, Sardinia cheese, and olive oil are used; and the fish dishes are *Stocafisso alla Genovese*, stock-fish stewed with tomatoes, and sometimes with potatoes as well, and a fry of red mullet, and *Moscardini*, which are cuttle-fish, oblong in shape and redolent of musk. The tripe of Genoa is as celebrated as that of Caen, and the *Vitello Uccelletto*, little squares of veal *sauté* with fresh tomatoes in oil and red wine, is a very favourite dish. The *Ravioli* I have already written of. The *Faina* somewhat resembles Yorkshire pudding made with pease powder and oil. *Funghi a Fungetto* are the wild red mushrooms stewed in oil with thyme and tomatoes, and *Meizanne* is a small, bitter egg-plant, only found on the Riviera, stuffed with a cheese paste and then fried. *Pasqualina* is an Easter pie. The figs of Genoa are excellent. The wines are those *delle cinque terre*, and in some of the cellars you will find them dating back sixty years or more.

AFTER DINNER

As in all the other large Italian towns the principal Opera House, the Carlo Felice, is only open in the winter months. The music hall in the Via Venti Settembre, the Verdi, though its entrance is not prepossessing, generally has a very good programme. In the summer it is more pleasant to listen to the band of an evening in the Aquasola Park than to go to any of the stuffy minor theatres.

VENICE

From the sunlight and the fluster of the grey wings of the doves in the Piazza San Marco a narrow dark passage takes you to the all white rooms **Cappelo Nero**, of the Cappelo Nero, the best known of **Merceria** the Venetian restaurants since the Quadri has ceased to be a restaurant, and only remains a café. Over this lapse of the Quadri I must be permitted to shed a tear, and to hope that the old *maître d'hôtel*, who had the manners of an ambassador, and who assisted one to order a typical Venetian breakfast with the utmost delicacy, is leading somewhere a pleasant life of retirement. To return to the Cappelo Nero, it can trace its history back to 1376, and in 1483 a Turkish naval captain, who lived there, wrote in its praise. In the old comic opera, *Crispino e la Comare*, the bass is given an air in praise of the good things to be obtained at the Cappelo. Its principal entrance is in the Merceria, that bustling street which is the main artery on land of Venice. It is an hotel as well as a restaurant, and Garibaldi slept there when he visited Venice after the war of liberation. The bed in which he slept is religiously preserved as an historic relic. The main room of the Cappelo on the Merceria side is really tastefully decorated in creams and light colours, its mirrors are in carved frames, and

there is something of a Parisian touch about this part of the restaurant. Behind are other rooms all white. Nowhere in Venice can you taste the *scampi*, prawns three times the size of British ones, fried to greater perfection, each one of them forming a delicious mouthful. And nowhere in Venice are the octopi, one of the standing dishes of the town, better cooked. Their tentacles are so tender that they seem to melt in the mouth, and, if their bodies are a little tough, there is no more need to eat an octopus' body in Venice than there is to eat the beard of an oyster in England. Some of the waiters at the Cappelo can speak French. The lunch of the day is at two prices, l. 2.50 and 3.50, and there are dinners at l. 4 and 5. The card of the day is mostly printed, and therefore it is not so difficult to order a simple meal as it is when the paper thrust before one is a confused mass of scribbles in violet ink. I have lunched there on maccaroni, with tomato sauce and Parmesan, and *scampi*, which is always the most expensive dish on the bill of fare, on Lodigiano cheese, honeycombed and tasting like old Cheshire, on half a flask of Chianti, and some fruit, and my bill came to about four shillings. The very old Chianti at l. 4.50 a bottle is a splendid wine, and the Conegliano at this restaurant is to be highly recommended. Signor Cesare Novati is the proprietor and manager of the Cappelo Nero.

The Cavaletto, a white building on a canal close to the Ponte Cavaletto, can be reached by water, and it is pleasant to swing from under the **Cavaletto, Ponte Cavaletto** bridge, and to be steered by a sweep of the gondolier's oar up to the marble steps with their brass rail, which lead to one of the entrances into the restaurant. The other entrance is from a narrow alley. There are two large rooms in the Cavaletto, with the entrance to the hotel between them. The biggest of these rooms, low-ceilinged and supported by

little pillars, is decorated in cream and light green. The place is quite Venetian without being Venetian to excess. There is always a bustle in the big room, and the little boys who serve the wine scuttle about like lamplighters. The lunch of the day, of fish, meat, a paste dish, cheese, and fruit, costs l. 2.50, and an ample dinner is provided at l. 3.50. A lunch of fried cuttle-fish, a Venetian dish of a big veal cutlet and rice, some cheese, half a bottle of red Val Policella, with a little effervescence in it, and a half bottle of Nocera table water, and my bill for this was l. 4.50, the expensive item being the wine.

Going down the Merceria, an arrow painted on a wall directs you the way to go to the Vapore, a very distinctively Venetian restaurant, by the **Vapore, Ponte** **Pignole**. It can also be reached **Pignole** by water, but I have always found my way to it by the narrow alleys with the help of arrows on the walls. As one sits in the farthest room close to the three windows, which are generally kept hermetically shut, the reflection of light from the water of the canal dances on the ceiling, and the passing gondoliers look in over the little blinds and envy the people who sit at lunch or dinner. There are three rooms in the Vapore, all yellow and brown in their decorations, and one of these has a skylight as a means of giving light and a certain amount of ventilation to it. There are ventilators in the other rooms, which, when the smoke gets dense, are opened, and a current of fresh air comes into the rooms. The cooking at the Vapore is decidedly good, and distinctly Venetian and cheap. *Pasticci di Macheroni*, *Capretti*, scrambled eggs and tomatoes are some of its specialties. A lunch I ordered there consisted of a *frittura* of all kinds of little fish, *gropetti romana* (veal with a rich sauce), Gorgonzola cheese, and a half bottle of the white wine of the house—for the *ordinario*, both red and white,

of the Vapore are sound wines—and my bill came to l. 2.90.

The Panada, in the Calle del Specciehri, a cut-throat-looking alley which leads off from the Calle Larga San Panada, Calle Marco, is a stuffy place in hot weather, del Specciehri but the cookery is quite good. It is very busy at lunch time, for many of the business men of the busiest quarter of Venice go there for their mid-day meal.

The Bella Venezia is a large, very plainly decorated restaurant close to the Goldoni Theatre, but its cookery calls for no special comment.

The Bauer Grunwald, Via Ventidue Marzo, can scarcely be called a Venetian restaurant, for all its attractions are German ones. It has two gardens. One with plenty of trees, and with a miniature statue of Liberty—a reduced copy of the New York one—faces the Grand Canal, the other, a smaller garden, is on the street side. It has high rooms, German decorations, a supply of papers of all nations, and a specialty of Munich beer.

The Pilsen, at the north-west corner of the Piazza San Marco, has a garden protected by a canvas roof, Pilsen, Piazza and walls of green trellis with creepers San Marco growing over them, and a hedge of privet which prevents passers-by from looking in. It is pleasant enough in summer time, but in winter time, when the meals are served in a low-ceilinged room, the atmosphere leaves much to be desired.

The Quadri, on the north side of the great square, and the Florian on the south side, are the two best known cafés of Venice. The Quadri used Quadri to be a restaurant, but the last two times I have been in Venice I have found that it was only doing a very flourishing business as a café.

The Florian keeps open all night through in the summer, and various reasons are given for this beside

the very obvious one that the Venetians stroll about in the hottest weather all night long, one of these reasons being that during the Austrian occupation some young officers, finding the Florian closed, tore down the shutters and flung them into the Grand Canal, and that to keep this injury green the Florian kept open ever afterwards.

The Lavena, in the great square, is the most popular of all the tea-rooms and confectioners, and in the summer the little tables before it stretch over a great space.

Ortez, in the Via Ventidue Marzo, is another popular tea-room.

The *Zuppa di Peoci* is a soup made from the little shell-fish called "peoci" in Venice, but appearing under other names at Spezzia and Naples; and so fond are the Venetians of it that they flavour their rice with sauce made from it, and call it *Riso coi peoci*. *Baccala*, or salt cod, and *Calamai*, little cuttle-fish or octopi, looking and tasting like fried strips of soft leather, with tentacles which are delicious, are dishes of the people, and not to every one's taste; but the *Anguille di Comacchio*, the great eels from Comacchio, grilled on the spit between bay leaves, or fried or stewed, are excellent, and to be thoroughly recommended. Another Venetian dish which I can strongly recommend is the *Fegato alla Veneziana*, calf's liver cut into thin slices, fried with onions in butter, and flavoured with lemon juice. The *Frittura Mista* of the town is excellent. Stewed larks, with a pudding of Veronese flour, are satisfying, and a sausage from the neighbouring Treviso, which also gives its name to the *Radici di Treviso*, is much esteemed. The *Pucca baruca* is one of the big yellow pumpkins baked. The wines are, of course, those of the mainland, Conegliano from Treviso and Val Policella from Verona.

AFTER DINNER

During the hot weather the after-dinner hour is the time at which people go to see their friends. The Fenice, the big opera house, has never been open on any of the occasions I have been in Venice, but I believe that performances are given there during the week of the Carnival. At the Rossini opera is generally being sung, and the Venetians have a partiality for the old works of Italian composers which one can only hear nowadays in the provincial Italian cities. At the Goldoni, comedies are generally played, and the Malibran, which is the theatre beloved by the gondoliers, generally has a tremendous melodrama as its attraction. When the performances of the marionette theatres are in progress it is well worth going into the little theatre in the Ventidue Marzo, if only to watch the audience. There are small boys in great numbers who seem to spend all their time in attending these performances, and keep up a running fire of comment during the dramas and ballets and variety performances of the jerky little dolls.

BOLOGNA

"Bologna la grazza" does not belie its nickname, and it is said that the matronly ladies, all over forty,

Hotel Brun,
Palazzo Mal-
vasia

who cook for the rotund priests of the town, are the *cordons bleus* of Italy.

The restaurant of the Hotel Brun is the one where the passing Anglo-Saxon generally takes his meals, and a chat with the proprietor, Mr. J. F. Frank, is entertaining, for he owns vineyards behind the town, which he is happy to show to any one interested in vine culture, and he makes his wine after the French manner. The wines made by

Frank are Bologna, Saugiovese, Pinot, Cabernet, Trebbiano, White Pinot, Paradiso, Sauvignon, and Sweet Malvasia. The Hotel d'Italie is more an Italian house, and the Stella d'Italia, in the Stella d'Italia, 6 Via Rizzoli Via Rizzoli, is the typical popular restaurant of the town. At the Albergo Roma, on the Via d'Azeglio, I have lunched on good food for a couple of francs. At the Belletti, a birreria outside the Porta Azeglio, one can obtain a meal in the open air.

The *Coppaletti* I have already referred to. The *Perpadelle col Ragout* are made of the same dough as the French *nouilles*, in narrow strips, boiled and seasoned with minced meat and Parmesan cheese. Another variety of this, *Perpadelle alla Bolognese*, has minced ham as a seasoning. Then come the far-famed sausages, the great *Codeghino*, boiled and served with spinach or mashed potatoes; the large, ball-shaped *Mortadella*, which is sometimes eaten raw; and the stuffed foreleg of a pig, which is boiled and served with spinach and mashed potatoes, and which is a dish the Bolognese "conveyed" from Verona.

If you thirst for cool clear beer, drink the local Ronzano, and see if it does not remind you of the Pilsener Urquell.

SPEZZIA

Not at Spezzia itself, but at Porto Venere on the promontory at the entrance to the bay, will the gourmet find the *Zuppa di Datteri*, which is the great delicacy of the gulf. The *dattero* is a shell-fish which in shape resembles a date stone. It has a very delicate taste, and is eaten stewed with tomatoes and served with a layer of toast. The little inn, Del Genio, is not too clean, but the landlord will tell you wonderful tales of Byron and Shelley, the former of whom never really visited Porto Venere, though local tradition has

it that he wrote his *Corsair* in a grotto near the shore. The Croce di Malta is a harbour of refuge if one is not too particular.

FLORENCE

The aristocratic restaurants of Florence are both in the Via Tornabuoni. They are those of Doney et Nipote and of Giacosa. They are on opposite sides of the road, both have white marble fronts up to the first floor, both have highly gilt lamps, both are pastry-cooks and tea-shops, both have rooms where the young bloods of the town drink a glass of Marsala or of Zeres, or of Vermouth, and the restaurant of both is on the first floor. When I was last in Florence the

Giacosa, Via Tornabuoni front rooms of the Giacosa were being redecorated, and looked as though they would be very bright and pleasant, and the business of the restaurant was for the time being carried on in the back premises. Bono is the successor to the founder of Giacosa's, but the old name still remains in large letters over the shop.

Doney's was, however, in full swing. The polite man who stands at the door leading in from the street **Doney's, Via Tornabuoni** takes off his hat to any customer, as though that customer were a prince of the royal blood. A little flattered by the obeisance, one goes upstairs, where one has a choice of two dining-rooms in which to take a meal. One has its walls adorned with paintings, and the other has a paper of dead gold with a pattern on it in bright gold. Everything at Doney's is just a trifle too gorgeous, and the decorations are a little overdone. An old waiter, bald-headed, with two great wisps of grey hair brushed up on either side of his head, and with a good-natured, fat face, acts as usher, and presents one with some ceremony to the *maître d'hôtel*. When last I

had experience of Doney's the *maître d'hôtel* was one who spoke excellent French, but who showed that individuality which is a trait of the typical Italian waiter by wearing a silk dress-coat and by having postponed his shave till the evening. The *carte de jour* of Doney's, as also of Giacosa's, is that of a good French restaurant. *Riz Piemontese* was the only Italian dish I found in the ample breakfast of the day when last I lunched at Doney's, but the meal was an excellent one, and its price was l. 4.50. The price of the dinner of the day, which is served between six and nine, is l. 6. The people who go to Doney's and to Giacosa's are all very *comme il faut*, and the old gentlemen who lunch at Doney's are as well groomed and as particular concerning what they eat and drink as are the veterans who frequent the *Café Anglais* in Paris. Doney et Nipote are also the lessees of the little pavilion by the gate leading into the Cascine.

Melini's, in the Via de' Calzaioli, is probably the most popular of all the restaurants of Florence. The first impression of the house one obtains is of spotless cleanliness, for it is all white and gold outside. One of its windows is generally filled with silver-foiled bottles of Italian champagne and flasks of Chianti, with a cake or two in the background to remind passers-by that Melini's is a pastry-cook's as well as a wine merchant's store and a restaurant. On entering, on one side is a long counter with the usual bottles of wine and liqueurs at one end of it. Going through the shop, which is also a room of the restaurant, one enters the first of three other rooms which run the full depth of the block of buildings. The first room of the suite is the favourite one, for the windows look out on to the Via de' Calzaioli. The big room at the back, the windows of which look on to another street, comes next in favour. In this big room at the back one

Melini's, Via
de' Calzaioli

waiter and two underlings manage to serve all fourteen tables, which is a wonderful feat of waiting, but which has its disadvantages in that everything has to be done by the three men at express speed. There is no quiet talking over the *carte de jour*, with suggestions made and hints given as to the best dishes, and if one once misses one of the servitors on his round one has to wait till he rushes past again, moving in his eccentric orbit. If one wishes to obtain some hints as to Tuscan dishes, it is well to go early into Melini's, before people arrive for a meal, and secure a table beforehand. The head-waiter, then in a state of comparative quiescence, is quite ready to be obliging and give one any information. There is a long list of dishes of the day at Melini's, and those which are printed all have French translations opposite to them. It is only those Italian dishes scribbled hastily in violet ink, which lead one into the deep waters of ignorance. There are two set dinners at Melini's at l. 3.50 and l. 4.50 respectively, and a quarter of a litre of wine, red or white, is included for these sums. The *plats de jour* on the bill of fare are generally priced at l. 1.20.

Another restaurant in the Via Calzaioli well worth a visit is the Toscano. You will find comparative
 Toscana, Via quiet in its series of dining-rooms on
 Calzaioli the first floor, and the fish there is
 always fresh, for the proprietor has a branch establishment at Leghorn, and a daily supply of fish is sent him from that port. If you dine in the first of the series of rooms take note of the border of the paper, a border which consists of paintings of bunches of vegetables treated in decorative style. The Toscano has a certain dignity of its own, and its portières of silk and old gold are mighty grand. Its napery and its cutlery are, however, not up to the grandeur of its portières. A plated cradle for a big flask of Chianti

stands on each table. The waiters are the usual friendly Italians, pleased to chat on any subject. The head-waiter thinks that he talks French. The *clientèle* at the Toscano is of the middle classes, and you may see there daily families of father, mother, and daughters bringing in the son, serving as a N.C.O. or as a private in one of the regiments, to give him a real good mid-day meal and to hear all his news. There is a lengthy list of dishes *à la carte*, but most of the customers seem to take the lunch of the day of three dishes at l. 2.50, and the dinner of the day at l. 3.50.

Bonciani's, in the Via Panzani, on the way to the station, is a restaurant which is much patronised by the middle-class Florentines.

An artist in England once told me that if I did not see Lapi's I should miss the most picturesque restaurant in Florence. I asked the hall porter at my hotel where I should find this picturesque house of refreshment. He held up his hands in horror, and told me that it was an eating place to which I could not possibly go. This naturally whetted my curiosity, and after looking about for some time I found Lapi's. It is just off the Piazza Antinori, in a house shared between a banking establishment and the museum of a dealer in antiquities. You go round one corner and you see a door with "Lapi" inscribed on either side of it. At first all you can perceive in the dark entry is a man standing in shirt sleeves behind a counter with a background of wine flasks ornamented with vine leaves. Then you notice a staircase going down into the depths of the earth and ending in semi-darkness of a fine Rembrandt brown. There are tables in this place of shadows, and two swinging lights supply the only illumination there is. I could see that the colour and the dim light must appeal to any artist, but I mentally agreed with the hall porter that this was no place for me, and in spite of a pressing

invitation from the gentleman in shirt sleeves to descend, I turned and went on my way.

The Gambrinus, in one corner of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and its more gorgeous rival just opposite to it, are places of revelry after dinner. They are both brasseries. Paoli's is a place at which the young Florentines amuse themselves with good oysters and bad company, as they also do at Picciolo's.

A travelling gourmet who has written me an interesting letter on the restaurants of Northern Italy asks me to mention in this book the cook at the Villa Trollope, the pension at which he stayed. This chef is an enthusiast in his art, and was always ready to give not only information concerning, but also practical exposition of the cookery of Italian dishes. It is not my custom to mention pensions in this book, but I make this exception.

There are not many dishes distinctively Florentine. *Stracotto*, braised beef with tomatoes, is one of them; and *Fegatini di pollo*, giblets stewed in wine sauce, is another. The Tuscan fowls are especially esteemed, and are roasted before a wood fire; and there is a special Florentine salad of haricot beans generally served with caviare. The figs, of many kinds, are delicious; and *Presciutto con fichi*, fresh eggs and ham, are eaten all over Tuscany. The chestnuts from the Apennines are some of the best flavoured in Italy. Chianti and Montepulciano are the best of the half-dozen local wines.

The Florentine Club, Via Borgnosanti, is hospitable to travelling Englishmen properly introduced. At one period there was an English Club in Florence, and it was modelled in miniature on the Naval and Military Club of Piccadilly, so far as its interior arrangements were concerned. The honorary secretary of those days was a retired officer, a member of the Naval and Military, and the form of the bill of

fare, the livery, and many other matters of interior economy were copies from the London club.

AFTER DINNER

The big opera house at Florence commences its season quite late in the autumn. There is another smaller opera house, the Verdi, which is generally open when the big opera house is closed; there is a comedy theatre, and there is the big Politeama, which must have been built originally as a circus, but which has a proscenium which occupies one of its eight sides. When comedies or operas are played there, chairs occupy what is in circus times the ring, and people move about with a good deal more freedom than they do in an ordinary theatre. The prices are cheap, but the performances are often very good. It is, however, a temple of the winds, and in cold weather it is well to keep on one's greatcoat when going there. The Alhambra, in the Piazza Beccaria, is the old-established Variety Theatre; but it has a rival in the Apollo, which is a much newer building. The Apollo is in a narrow little alley leading out of a little square, and it has its gas signs and its ticket office in the square. It is about half the size of the London Tivoli, and is prettily decorated in pink and gold, with plaques on the ceiling of ladies on horseback jumping over tigers, of Chinamen and guinea-pigs turning head over heels, and of other such-like subjects. I was present on the opening night of this hall, and there were in the stalls, amongst other very respectable people, officers of the garrison in uniform and their wives and daughters. The audience in the gallery, who I should think generally consisted of students, had come on that particular night with the intention of making as much noise as they could. The first

three "turns" were contributed by damsels who had no voice to speak of, and who as a compensation wore no garments worth mentioning. They came on smiling, and the audience in the gallery received them as old friends. Their first songs were allowed to pass, except that now and again some one in the gallery would help them with a high note, but the audience thought their second songs were superfluous. A very small puppy, a human one of course, up in the gallery, always gave the signal for the commencement of the noise by a very shrill howl, and then a cock crew and a big dog barked, and a donkey began to bray, and the damsels, smiling and not in the least disturbed, finished their songs in dumb show. But when the management brought out its good "turns," the gallery recovered its manners and became enthusiastic. A woman with a very good voice sang some operatic airs; there was a comic man and an impudent little Frenchwoman dressed as a baby, and an imitator of the chief Italian actors of the day, who was the most popular of all the people appearing.

FIESOLI

There are various little restaurants in Fiesoli, each of which depends more on the views from its windows and terrace than on its cookery. The first place of refreshment to catch one's eye on arriving is the Restaurant Brioschi, and this, if one can obtain one of the two tables which are set on the little terrace, is perhaps the best place at which to lunch. The dining-room is comparatively airy, for it has windows in front and behind, and from the terrace the view over the country to Florence is a beautiful one.

PISA

The Nettuno at Pisa is the old-fashioned Italian inn, and it used to be the restaurant patronised by the officers of the garrison, but for some reason they quarrelled with the proprietor and transferred their custom to the other Italian restaurant and inn, the Cervia.

Pisa prides itself on its puddings and confectionery. The *Pattona* and *Castagnacci*, both *alla Pisana*, are puddings made of chestnut flour and olive oil, and flavoured with fruit. *Schiacciata* are Easter cakes. In the afternoon, after a walk on the Lungarno, all the world of Pisa goes to Bazzeli, the pastry-cook's shop, and there you may find the elders of the town and the high officers of the garrison, talking over affairs of State while they demolish many little cakes.

LEGHORN

Comparatively few Anglo-Saxon travellers go to Leghorn, for it is not one of the show places of Italy, and the bathing season there is just the time when tourists keep away from Italy. But I received such a glowing account from an Englishman (to whom I owe grateful thanks for the information embodied in this chapter) concerning the Albergo Giappone, that, being at Pisa, I ran over to the seaport to thank my informant, and to eat a dinner at this typical Tuscan restaurant.

The main street of Leghorn, the Via Vittorio Emanuele, is very like a street at Chatham or Woolwich. It is not too clean, and a great deal too noisy. A bow window, with ground glass of a sufficient height to keep people from looking into the room, gives light to the dining-room of the Giappone. The

Albergo
Giappone, Via
Vittorio
Emanuele

entrance to this leads out of the hall of the hotel named Giappone. There is a feeling of good manners and restfulness directly one enters the restaurant. Couches are against the walls, and two rows of little tables are about all that the restaurant can comfortably hold. The chairs are wooden ones of an artistic pattern, and not the eternal bent-wood ones one finds in most Italian restaurants. Many famous Italians have dined at one time or another at the Giappone—Crispi Zanardelli, Cavallotti, Benedetto Brin, Puccini, Mascagni, to mention only a few out of the many. The proprietor of old days was the Cavaliere Pasquale Cianfanelli, whose name was known even on the London market for the excellence of his Tuscan wines. The Cavaliere, whose courteous manners gave an added pleasure to a dinner at the restaurant, for he always went the round of the tables to ask if each diner was satisfied, has been succeeded in the proprietorship by his son, who apparently does not take quite the same interest in the restaurant that his father did. But the Giappone is still the first amongst Tuscan restaurants. The general and his staff officers generally come out to dine, and all its patrons seem to be gentlemen of position, while the ladies, their wives and daughters, whom they bring to dine, are distinguished and well dressed. There is quite a majestic list of dishes on the menu *à la carte*, but I found that the dinner of the day at l. 3.50 contained one of the specialties of the house, the *capon Luculliana*, and as there was a frittura as well, I ate the house dinner, which everybody around me seemed also to be doing. There was a purée in which the local paste was the principal ingredient; the frittura was of sweetbreads, admirably cooked, with fried potatoes; the stuffed capon had white truffles and a rich sauce. The waiter, when he set this last dish before me, paused to see whether I gave it due appreciation. People who had

already dined addressed a word of advice to newcomers not to miss this delicacy, and it was evidently regarded by all the *personnel* of the restaurant as a *chef d'œuvre*, which it was. Roast veal and potatoes and fruit completed the meal. I drank a small flask of the red wine of the house, Ruffina, a Café Espresso, and a glass of Anisette, and my bill was just under l. 5.

The full Tuscan dinner does not follow in the order of fish, entrée, roast, *pièce de résistance*, and game, but of boiled (*lesso*), fried (*fritto*), stewed (*umido*), and roast (*arrosto*). The boiled may be beef; the fry, sweetbread; the stew, fish; the roast, pigeon; but this order is always maintained, and the stranger's disappointment at there being no fish after the soup is only equalled by his astonishment when it turns up in the fourth place. It is for this reason that the Tuscan bill of fare proves such a puzzle to the stranger with only a smattering of the language, for it is not made out under the headings of fish, entrées, joint, &c., but of *lessi*, *fritti*, *umidi*, and *arrosti*; and fish, for instance, will be found under all four headings. Famous dishes at the Giappone are *Spaghetti a sugo di carne* (gravy sauce), *Risotto*, with white truffles, *Arselle* (a small shell-fish) *alla Marinara*, *Triglie* (red mullet) *alla Livornese*, *Fritto misto* (mixed fry), *Controfiletto con Maccheroni* and the *Piccoli Marmites*, as good and five times as cheap as can be obtained at any restaurant of the French Riviera. The diner cannot do better than keep to the ordinary *Vino da Pasto*, and end with the delicious Café Espresso and a Val d'Ema (Tuscan Chartreuse) green or yellow. The best Tuscan mineral water is the *Acqua Litiosa di S. Marco* (from the province of Grosseto), and it deserves more than a merely local fame. If the traveller's flask is not already empty, let him try some of its contents with this water, and he will have a pleasant surprise.

The restaurant attached to the Hotel d'Angleterre-

Campari is also an excellent one. Why the hotel is called Angleterre, not Inghilterra, no one knows. The

Angleterre, hotel and restaurant are owned by
Via Vittorio Signori de Stefani and Clerici, the latter
Emanuele of whom was in London for a time at

the Restaurant d'Italie. The way into the restaurant is through the dark and narrow hotel corridor, but a large skylight gives brightness to the restaurant, and the walls are light in colour. The Italian naval officers patronise this restaurant, as do the business men of the city, for their mid-day meal. There are tables all round the room. The fixed-price lunch seems to be universally eaten. On one of the days I lunched there the menu contained *gnocchi*, which are a specialty of the house, a savoury stew of the white flesh of chickens and their livers, and some excellent mutton. The sheep which feed on the meadows between Leghorn and Pisa give excellent mutton, a meat which, as a rule, is none too good in Italy. The proprietors bustle about with as much energy as any of their waiters, show their customers a great dish of fresh fish just brought up from the harbour, call their attention to any specially delicious cake that may be on the bill of fare, and would be broken-hearted if any luncheon or diner was in the least dissatisfied.

The former Grand, a house of marble halls, is now known as the Palace, and is under the management of Spaini & Co. The cookery is distinctly good, and the officers of the British navy usually make this their dining place whenever any of his Majesty's ships are in the harbour.

The Casa Rosa on the pier is a pleasant place for a meal in summer.

Acqui della Salute, the cure place just outside the walls of Leghorn, is one of the pleasant places to which the well-off people of Tuscany go yearly to drink waters for the sake of their livers. There are

two large hotels there, one of which is managed by Bertolini, the most famous of Italian restaurateurs, and there is a little restaurant not attached to any hotel. The *Corallo*, the water which comes from the principal spring, is not one to be drunk unless one is going through the cure, for its effects are immediate and severe.

AFTER DINNER

Leghorn has its big opera house in the principal square, its comedy house, and its summer variety house, but my experiences began and ended with an evening at the opera. The company singing was not a first-class one.

LUCCA

Lucca is too serious a place to care much about the inner man. But the fascinating old town is a place to visit, and the visitor cannot do better than go to the Universo. Open eggs and a *filetto alla Parigina* are safe and sound dishes, while if he should be there during the season of the famous Brobdingnagian asparagus from Pescia, he will have a real treat if he eat it *a burro e formaggio*, in other words *alla Parmigiana*. For morning and afternoon refreshers go to Carlo Caselli's in the Via Filungo. Mine host is a gentleman of culture, with a profound knowledge of Lucca, and will discuss the antiquities of the place with you while you discuss his excellent vermouth and bitter.

ROME

A man who loved strange experiments in eating, once asked me in Rome to dine with him at a very cheap inn outside one of the gates, and he explained how the dinner was arranged. He had found a hostel which did not provide food, but if you bought a lamb

from a shepherd outside the gate, so as to save the *octroi*, you could have it cooked in a great pot, a certain amount being charged for the cooking; and you bought your wine, as a matter of course, at the inn. The carters and herds were, he told me, the people who partook of this repast, and every man ate his own lamb, leaving little but the bones. I did not go to that inn. That place of refreshment was at one end of the social ladder; the Grand, Excelsior, Regina, and Quirinale are at the other. Set a man down in the restaurant of the Grand, or of the Excelsior, or in the Winter Garden of the Quirinale, and there will be nothing to give him a hint as to whether he is in London, or Paris, or Rome. He will eat an excellent dinner—French in all respects—and will be waited on by civil waiters, whom he knows to be foreigners, but who will answer him in English whatever language he addresses them in. At any of these restaurants an excellent dinner of ceremony can be given. The last time that I stayed at the Grand, I ate the *table d'hôte* dinner on several occasions and found it good. The Umberto, the San Carlo in the Piazza San Carlo, and the Colonna in the Piazza Colonna, are the typical city restaurants; but they have a leaning towards the French cuisine. To eat Italian food, try Delle Venete in the Via Campo Marzio, which has a garden. The full name of this restaurant was Delle Belle Venete, and it was kept by three sisters, Venetians, the last of whom died last year. In the summer lunch in the garden of the Tre Re, hard by the Pantheon, where you must talk Italian, or else make signs.

Bucci, in the Piazza della Coppelle, is the Scott's or Driver's of Rome, and you can dine or lunch there off shell-fish soup, and the fish which comes from Anzio and the other fishing villages of the coast.

There is a curious restaurant close by the station—Vagliani is, I fancy, the owner—where artichokes are the staple fare, and where the decorations are in keeping with the food. You will find the foreign colony of art students—Danes, Norwegians, Germans—in the restaurants of the Via delle Croce. The Scandivivo is an excellent little cheap restaurant, which sends out dinners to the neighbouring *Scandivivo, Via* apartments. The diplomatists and *Porta Pinciana.* such of the society folk of Rome who remain in the city in summer often dine on the terrace of the Castello Constantino, high on one of the hills. Of course there are Roman dishes without number, and these are some of the best known of them :—

The *Zuppa di Pesce* is a *Bouillabaisse* without any saffron. The fish and shell-fish (John Dory, red mullet, cuttle-fish, lobster, whiting, *muraena*, and mussels) which compose it are served on toast. The *Fritto di Calamaretti* is a fry of cuttle-fish in oil. *Cinghiale in agro dolce* is wild boar cooked in a sauce of chocolate, sugar, plums, *pinolis*, red currant, and vinegar. A *Bacchio e Capretto alla Cacciatora* is very young lamb and sucking-goat cut into small pieces, and cooked in a sauce to which anchovies and chillies give the dominant taste. *Pollo en padella* are spring chickens cut up and fried with tomatoes, large sweet chillies, and white wine. *Pasticcio di Maccheroni* is an excellent macaroni pie, and *Gnocchi di Patele* are little knobs of paste boiled like macaroni. Broccoli, green peas cooked with butter and ham, and, above all, the Roman artichoke stewed in oil—which is to be obtained at its best in the old Jewish eating-houses of the Ghetto—are the vegetables of Rome. A very small ham is one of the local delicacies. *Gnocchi di latte* are custards in layers, each of which is seasoned with either sugar or butter, or cinnamon or Parmesan cheese ; and *Zuapa Inglese* is a rich cake soured with

liqueurs and vanilla cream, covered with meringue and then baked. *Uova di Bufola* is a little ball of cheese made from buffalo's milk. The best kind, *Abota*, is kept in wrappings of fresh myrtle leaves. Marino (red) and Frascati (white) are two of the best local wines. Orvieto has a faint remembrance of the champagne taste. Monte Fiascone is a dessert wine.

THE CLUBS OF ROME

The two clubs of Rome to which a certain number of the Anglo-Saxon residents belong and which extend courtesy to properly vouched for strangers are the Caccia and the Nuovo, both in the Corso. These are both small clubs, and are more like an English county club than one of the great clubs of Pall Mall or St. James's Street. An Englishman who knows his Rome well writes thus to me concerning the Circolo della Caccia (Anglice, Hunt Club): "It is a sort of mixture of the old Fox Hunters', Boodles, and the modern Turf, all in one. An Englishman with good introductions and sporting inclinations can, if properly proposed and seconded, become first of all an honorary member for a month. If he wishes to use the club for a longer period, his name is put up and he is balloted for. In the meanwhile the would-be member should take care to be introduced to as many members of the club as possible. The house dinner is excellent. There are two rooms for cards. In the outer one *écarté* is played for low stakes. In the inner *sanctum*, on great occasions such as Carnival, there is sometimes high play. 'Chits' are given for all expenses incurred in the club—wine, cigars, dinners, &c.; and bills are settled weekly or monthly. Nearly every one in the high official and diplomatic world belongs to the Caccia; even the Neri, or Papal adherents. In fact, a more cheery, well-conducted, and

hospitable club does not exist in Europe." The Nuovo is rather more quiet than the Caccia, and there is less play than at the larger club. A Ladies' Club has recently been instituted in Rome.

AFTER DINNER

During the winter there is always something of interest to be seen both at the opera and at the comedy theatres, for though Rome does not hold the same position to Italy in the art world that London does to England, many authors and composers give the capital the first taste of their novelties. There are half-a-dozen large theatres, and four or five small ones. The music halls are the Margherita and Olympia.

NAPLES

There is a certain man in a certain London club who has a grievance against Italy in general, against Naples in particular, and, to descend to minute detail, against one Neapolitan restaurant above all others. He tells his tale to all comers as a warning to those who *will* travel in "foreign parts." He returned from a long turn of service in India, and, landing at Naples, concluded that as he was in Europe he could get British food. He went to a restaurant which shall be nameless, and ordered a "chump chop." He had the greatest difficulty, through an interpreter, to explain exactly what it was that he wanted, and then was forced to wait for an hour before it appeared. When the bill was presented it frightened him, but the proprietor, on being summoned, said that as such an extraordinary joint had been asked for, he had been compelled to buy a whole sheep to supply it. This is a warning not to ask for British dishes in a Neapolitan restaurant.

The Neapolitans who have money to spend go now by the big lift inside the rock to Bertolini's Bertolini's, to dine or lunch when they are on Parco Grifeo holiday bent. The ascent in the lift is a minor excitement, and the view from the windows of the big dining-room, which is almost level with the top of the cliffs, is a splendid one, for the bay and the islands are spread out like a map and the town lies far below. The cookery at Bertolini's is good, and the surroundings are of the pleasantest.

Time was when the Gambrinus, which is the excellently decorated café and restaurant at the end of the Chiaja, and the big café and restaurant, the Umberto Primo, in the great arcade, were at daggers drawn, and a war of cutting down of prices raged. In those happy days one could dine or lunch at either place sumptuously for a shilling. Some meddling busybody interfered in the quarrel and brought the proprietors into a friendly spirit. The Gambrinus, with its bright rooms, good decorations, and fair attendance, is perhaps the best restaurant in the lower town at which a stranger can take a meal, unless he is looking for the distinctive Neapolitan cookery. If he is in search of the dishes of the town, let him try the Europa or, better still for his purpose, the Vermouth di Torino in the Piazza del Municipio. The Giardini di Torino, in the Vico Tre Re is national in its cookery, but is a good deal cleaner than most of the restaurants of the Neapolitans.

The dining-rooms, leading one into the other, are on the first floor. A solitary Englishman, though he may feel lost amidst the rush of waiters and babel of voices, is sure to be eventually rescued by an English-speaking head waiter and guided to a table where his compatriots forgather. To eat the fish dishes which show the real cookery of Naples better

than any other, he should go out on a moonlight night a couple of miles to the Antica Trattoria dello Scoglio di Frisio, or to the less aristocratic Trattoria del Figlio di Pietro in the Strada Nuova del Posilipo.

Of the macaroni I have already written. The splendid tomatoes grown in Naples, which are cooked with it, give it its particular excellence. It is also seasoned with cheese. *Spagetti alle Vongole* is the macaroni seasoned with the little shell-fish of the place. *Zuppa di Vongole* is a clear soup of bread and *Vongole*. *Polpi alla Luciana* are small octopi stewed in an earthen pot with oil, tomatoes, chillies, and red wine. Between the pot and the lid a sheet of oiled paper is placed, to prevent the steam from escaping. The *Spigola*, the most delicate of fishes of the Mediterranean, is at its best between 1 and 1½ lbs. in weight. It is either boiled or baked, and is served with a sauce of oil, lemon juice, and chopped parsley. A steak *alla Pizzaiola* is baked in an oven with potatoes, garlic, and thyme; and *Pizza alla Pizzaiola* is a kind of Yorkshire pudding eaten either with cheese or anchovies and tomatoes flavoured with thyme. *Mozzarelle in carozza* is a slice of bread soaked in milk and a slice of Provola cheese, the whole plunged in beaten eggs and then fried. There is an excellent Neapolitan method of treating egg-plants, fried in oil, cut in slices, sandwiched with cheese and tomatoes, and then baked. Provola and Cacio Cavallo are the Neapolitan cheeses. Vesuvio, Capri, Gragnano, Lacrima Christa are a few of the wines grown along the bays. The walnuts of Sorrento are the best in Central Italy.

AFTER DINNER

A gala night at San Carlo is worth taking some trouble, and paying a high price, to see. When a

Neapolitan audience becomes excited its enthusiasm is boundless. I have generally found some star actor or actress playing at the Sannazaro, and the stalls at that theatre are less uncomfortable than they generally are in Italian theatres. The Puncinello theatres, if open, are amusing. The Salone Margherita is a fine large variety hall.

PALERMO

The restaurant of the Villa Igeia gave me excellent French cookery during a stay I made in Palermo.

Many of the artists who have stayed at the Hotel de France in the centre of the town have a very good word to say as to its kitchen; and the Hotel des Palmes, which was in the builders' hands for extension and redecoration when I saw it, has a reputation for feeding its guests well. I wanted, however, to try the Sicilian cuisine, and I persisted in my wish in spite of warnings from everybody, from the manager of the Igeia down to a tramcar conductor. The only concession I made, out of compliment to my mentors, was to lunch and not to dine at a real Sicilian restaurant. The oil which is used in Sicilian cookery is, I was told, very difficult to digest, and I was warned that oil and tomatoes are the two great stand-bys of a Sicilian cook. I chose the Restaurant Umberto, which is in

the Via Maqueda, close to the Piazza
 Umberto, Marina, for my experiment, for it
 292 Via looked, and was, very clean. The
 Maqueda head waiter talks a little French, and with his help I read over the bill of fare written in execrable handwriting and violet ink. Boiled beef and veal cooked in many forms seemed to be the principal dishes, so I appealed to the waiter to bring me a thoroughly Sicilian dish, and then waited to see what would happen. When the dish came it proved to

be little strips of tripe cooked in oil with beans and tomatoes. It was by no means unpalatable. I then ordered a dish of fried calf's brains, which was excellent, for every Italian cook fries admirably. The wines of the country on the Umberto's list are Camastro, Carituba, Corvo, and Signora; and of these I chose Camastro at a venture, and found it to be a harmless white wine with a curious little after taste of prunes. The *Sphagetti* of Palermo is generally seasoned with minced meat and egg-plant. Marsala, Moscato di Siracusa, and Amarena di Siracusa are some of the wines of the island which are obtainable in Palermo and all the other towns of the island.

Sicily is not an island of good material for cookery, and most of the rich inhabitants of Palermo and the leading hotels import their mutton, veal, and chickens from Naples, a supply being brought every morning by the line of steamers which run down the coast every night.

CLUBS

The Casino Nuovo, 411 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, is hospitably inclined towards visitors. An honorary member is made free of the club, which has very fine rooms, for a fortnight, and can continue his membership at l. 10 a month. The Artists' Club is in the Via Isnello, No. 7.

AFTER DINNER

The Teatro Massimo is a huge barn of a house, and grand opera and long ballets are on its bill of fare. The Bellini, a tawdry red, blue, and gold house, is the popular house of opera. Everything except the treatment of debutants is of the friendliest description in this house. The musicians of the orchestra sit during

the *entr'acts* in any unoccupied stall and chat to their friends, the singers are greeted by their admirers with an ovation after each air, and the hour of commencement and of ending are not to be judged by the time put down on the programme. Novelli was playing at one theatre, and one of the young Salvinis, in his father's parts, was at another, the last time I stayed at Palermo, and there is generally a good programme at the Politeama music hall. At the Garibaldi the Sicilian tragedians sometimes play for a season.

IX

SPAIN

The Cuisine of Spain—Barcelona—The Clubs of Barcelona—Port Bou—San Sebastian—San Sebastian Clubs—Bilbao—Portugalete—Madrid—Madrilene Clubs—Andalusian Cookery—Seville—Sevillian Clubs—Bobadilla—Granada—Jerez—The Clubs of Jerez—Cadiz—The Cadiz Clubs—San Lucar—Algeceiras—Ronda—Malaga—The Malaguenean Clubs.

THE CUISINE OF SPAIN

A CANDID Frenchman, who had lived long in Spain, asked as to the cookery of Spain compared with that of other nations, replied, "It is worse even than that of the English, which is the next worst." That Frenchman was, however, rather ungrateful, for the Spaniards taught the French how to stuff turkeys with chestnuts. The Spanish cooks also first understood that an orange salad is the proper accompaniment to a wild duck, the Spanish hams are excellent, and the *Arroz Valenciana* and some of the egg dishes deserve a place in all cookery books. The lower orders in Spain have too great a partiality for *ajo* and *aceite*, for oil and garlic. Their oil, which they use greatly even with fish, is not the refined oil of Genoa or the south of France, but is a coarse liquid, the ill taste of which remains all day in one's mouth. Garlic is an excellent seasoning in its proper place and quantity, and the upper classes of the Spaniards have their meat lightly rubbed with it before being cooked, but the

lower classes use it in the cooking to an intolerable extent. Capsicum is much eaten in Spain, being sometimes stuffed, but in any quantity it is very indigestible. The peppers, red or green, but generally green, are first heated on a gridiron and then steamed in order that the skin may be easily removed. In a salad with tomatoes they form an excellent mixture.

In the south of Spain the heat is tropical in the summer, and the only meat then available in any small town is generally goat. As in India, the chicken which you order for your lunch is running about the yard of the inn when the order is given. The principal dish of Spain is *Puchero*, which is analogous to the *Pot au Feu* of the French. Everything goes into the pot, but the principal ingredients are *garbanzos* (the Spanish name for white haricot beans), meat, fresh bacon, rancid bacon, onions and garlic. When the water boils, the soaked *garbanzos* are thrown in. In most kitchens in Spain the mixture is allowed to boil as rapidly as possible, but the classic tradition is that it should boil slowly, and that the scum should be taken off. Unless the mistress of the house happens to be in the kitchen, the scum never is taken off, for Spanish plain cooks much resemble plain cooks in other countries—only more so. The liquid of this stew forms the *Caldo*, or broth, and by adding rice, vermicelli, or Italian paste, the broth becomes *Sopa de Puchero*. When the broth has been drained off, *chorizo*, a sausage of pork and red pepper, a sort of blood pudding, and whatever vegetables are in season, are put in and allowed to stew. The stewed meats being extracted are served as *Cocido*, and in well-to-do families are put on the table with the vegetables; but in poor families the meat, bacon, &c., form a separate dish, and are called *La Pringada*. *Gaspacho* is a cold mixture, the staple

lunch of the peasant, who for a change eats in the vintage season a bunch of grapes and some bread. The better classes drink it iced, and it makes its appearance at dinner with the salad. It is a compound of many things—bread crumbs, bonito fish, pepper, salt, tomatoes, oil, vinegar, garlic, cucumbers, all soaked well with water. Paul Bosanquet writes of it: “Preparez le bien, servez le bien froid, et jetez le par la fenêtre.” Other writers, however, speak more kindly of it, and the English in Spain say that in the very hot weather it is a very refreshing mixture instead of afternoon tea. *Gaspadro de Alemeudras* is the aristocratic form of the above. *Bacalao*, or dried cod, is one of the staple dishes of the poor in the north, and the English in Spain also often eat it. There are two methods of eating it—one with rice, *à la Valenciana*, and the other known as *Soldados de Pavia*, because the soldiers of Pavia were supposed to be able to eat anything. The cod-fish in this case are fried in oil, after being well soaked in water and then dipped in flour. *Arroz à la Valenciana* is an excellent mixture of rice and tomatoes, peppers, green peas, ham, small birds, and chicken. It is my humble opinion it is the best of the Spanish dishes. *Ropa Vieja* is a stew of all kinds of material. Its name means “old rags.” A tale is told of a favourite actor who ordered this dish at a restaurant. When it was brought to him he noticed that there was no meat in it, and he called for the manager. This cannot be what I ordered, he said, for one can always see the flesh through old rags.

Some Spanish dishes to be welcomed when seen on a menu are *Bocarones*, a fry of tiny fish, *Trenettes* ham, chestnut fed and snow cured, *Montanchez* ham, acorn fed and sugar cured, *Langostina*, prawns of great size and fine flavour, *Salmonete frito*, a dry fry of red mullet, *Guiso de Perdiz*, a ragout of partridge and bay

leaves, *Asadias fritos*, tiny fried soles, and *Sisson Asado*, the lesser bustard roast.

The dishes of Andalusia, which has a cuisine of its own, I write of under the heading of Seville, and some dishes of other provinces will be found mentioned later in this article.

The red wines of the Marquis de Riscal are much esteemed all over Spain. Valdepenàs, a burgundy, one of the wines most drunk in the country, is very strong, and really requires eight or ten years in bottle to mature. A Rioja claret, which is a good wine when four years in bottle, and of course sherry in the south, of which all the leading brands are obtainable, are other wines always to be found in the restaurants. In the north I have found Diamante a pleasant wine to drink, and the Sauternes of the Marquis de Teran are really excellent. The Spanish brandy is, if a good brand is chosen, a fine *chasse*. The sweet wines of Spain are the Pedro Jimenez of Jerez, Malaga, Moscatel and Tarragona Port. A very cheap wine, but an excellent tonic, only obtainable in taverns, is *Vino Duro*.

AFTER DINNER

My experiences of after-dinner amusement in the towns of Spain have been limited. Whenever I have been to the opera at Madrid or Seville I have found the performances very like those of the provincial Italian cities, though the chorus is even more casual than the Italian one. The enthusiasm for native singers, especially tenors, is very warm. The old Italian operas are most in favour, and, curiously enough, *Carmen* is by no means a favourite opera in Spain. In any Spanish town I go after dinner to the Zarzuela theatre. The Zarzuela is the typical Spanish short play with music, and some of them are excellent. I always wonder that none of them have

been adapted for other stages. A Zarzuela theatre changes its audiences three times nightly, and one pays for an hour's entertainment. The circus in Madrid is often amusing, and both in the capital and the provinces circuses generally have a burlesque on a bull-fight. It is not wise to take ladies to the Cafés Cantantes, and certainly not wise for ladies to go there by themselves. I once saw a party of American lady tourists, who had walked into a café where some Flamenca girls were dancing, and had not ordered any refreshment, extricated at some risk from a threatening crowd by a Spanish-speaking Englishman.

BARCELONA

The busy bustling capital of Catalonia has more money to spend than any other town of Spain, and its restaurants are more numerous, and perhaps on the whole more *soignés* than those of any other town.

The old restaurant at La Rabasada, on the mountain overlooking the town, has been acquired by a French syndicate, has been rebuilt, a glassed-in terrace being one of its attractions, and is now an up-to-date French restaurant. A service of automobiles, starting from the Puerta del Angel, connects the city with La Rabasada, and an electric railway is in course of construction.

The Maison Dorée in the Plaza Cataluna, kept by two Frenchmen, MM. Pompidor, is a restaurant which is very go-ahead. It makes a *spécialité* of *prix-fixe* breakfasts and dinners on Thursdays and Saturdays, and it serves tea daily *à l'Anglaise* from four to six. A new banqueting-room has lately been opened at this restaurant, and any man who is prepared to pay 25 pesetas a head for his guests can obtain here a most sumptuous feast.

Justin's, the longer title of which is the Restaurant de Francia, is in the Plaza Real, an old-established house with a good cook, and excellent Justin's, Plaza Real wines in its cellars. This is a restaurant at which the prices are not marked on the card of the day, but they are not higher than those at most of the other restaurants of Barcelona. There are some very pleasant private rooms at the restaurant, and a large room for banquets. The cuisine is almost entirely French. You can get a very fair dinner, wine and all, at Justin's for about 6s.; but if you are giving a dinner-party, and are prepared to pay 30 pesetas or 18s. a head, Justin's will give you such a dinner as the menu I give below, wine and all :—

Huitres de Marennes.
 Consommé Colbert.
 Hors d'œuvre variés.
 Loup. Sauce Hollandaise.
 Côtelettes de Sanglier Venaison.
 Salmis de Bécasses.
 Chapon Truffé.
 Petits pois à la crème.
 Glace Napolitaine.
 Desserts assortis.

VINS.

Rioja blanco.
 Vinicola.
 Cliquot sec frappé.

The Rioja blanco, Diamante, and Vinicola seem to be the wines most generally drunk at Justin's. MM. Marius and Gerina were the proprietors, but I am told that Mons. Marius is no longer in command.

In the central square, the Plaza Cataluna, is the

new and gorgeous Restaurant Colon, attached to the hotel of that name. The decorations of the interior are artistic, and the building bears on its façade in gold and colours the arms of the principal European nations. Here, as at Justin's, the cookery is almost entirely of the French school. The chef is M. Azcoaga, the manager M. Scatti. There is a good fixed-price lunch and dinner, specimen menus of which I give :—

5 PTS. DEJEUNER.

Hors d'œuvre.

Œufs pochés Princesse.

Filets de Sole Waleska.

Poulet Cocotte Bayaldy.

Buffet froid.

Filet grillé. Pommes fondantes.

Biscuit glacé.

Dessert.

6 PTS. DINNER.

Hors d'œuvre.

Consommé Duchesse.

Crème Windsor.

Turbot. Sauce Hollandaise.

Carré d'Agneau Maintenon.

Haricots verts Anglaise.

Caille sur Canapé.

Salade.

Pêches Richelieu.

Dessert.

The Continental and Martin's are restaurants for which every one has a good word. The former is in the Plaza Cataluna, and its cuisine is both foreign and of the country. On its bill of fare are always three *plats de jour*, and that on one day, *Raviolis Napolitaine*, *Escargots Bour-*

Colon, Plaza
CatalunaContinental,
Plaza Cataluna

guinonne, and *Filet grille Bordelaise* were the three dishes, and on another *Œufs Meyerbeer*, *Filet de veau froid aux Légumes*, and *Rap Marinera* shows the variety of the fare. The prices of these dishes are all between 1 and 2 pesetas. Under the heading of *fritures*, all kinds of *conchas* and *Escalopitas* and *Croquettas* are to be found, as well as the *Frito Mixto*; and the fish column gives an interesting selection of the sea denizens of the coast—*Rap*, *Calamares*, *Merluza*, *Pouvine*, and others.

Martin's in the Rambla del Centro is almost in front of the Opera House, and has a number of snug little rooms for supper-parties, of two or more, after the theatre.

The Grand Hotel des Quatre Nations on the Rambla is an up-to-date house, and has a restaurant attached to it which is called the Restaurant Français, and which is intended to attract guests from the town as well as visitors staying in the hotel. Its appointments are excellent, and so is its orchestra.

Panylbets, little round biscuits always eaten on Nov. 1, can be obtained in Barcelona all the year round. *Foezola* (pronounced *Fayzola*) is a local dish. It consists of white beans and sausages, the beans being boiled before being placed in the oven to bake with the sausages. *Arroz con Anguillas* (rice and eels), into which octopi and mussels are often introduced, is another dish of the town, and so is *Menudos de Gallina* (chicken tripe).

The Marquis de Riscal, a red Rioja which I have previously alluded to, and which is a comparatively expensive wine, costs 4 pesetas a bottle. There are many light inexpensive wines of local growth, such as Soller, Castell del Remey, and Olzinellas, both red and white.

THE CLUBS OF BARCELONA

The principal clubs are the Circulo Equestre, Circulo del Liceo, Circulo de Cazadores, and Ateneo. The Circulo Equestre is in the Plaza Cataluna, and has dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and a restaurant, which last is under the charge of the proprietors of the Maison Dorée. The Circulo del Liceo is next the Opera House, and calls for no especial comment. The Circulo de Cazadores is comparatively new, chiefly frequented by the younger men of means. The Ateneo is not so select as the above three, but much more serious. It has a very good library and a good supply of papers, periodicals, &c., both Spanish and foreign. Of course gambling goes on in all the clubs more or less. There are besides various political clubs of no interest to a visitor.

PORT BOU

There is a little restaurant at Port Bou, kept by Francisco Jaque, where you are likely, if you are making a stay to see the Pyrenees, to be better looked after than at the station on the French side of the frontier. There are rooms to be hired there.

SAN SEBASTIAN

There are two restaurants attached to hotels in San Sebastian where really good cookery is assured. One is the restaurant of the Hotel du Palais on the Avenida de la Libertad, which is under the same direction as the Regina Hotel at Biarritz, and the other is the restaurant of the Hotel Continental, which faces the bay. Some of the breakfast dishes at the Continental are celebrated. The chef's *Beignets de filets de sole*

Du Palais,
Avenida de la
Libertad

Continental,
Paseo de la
Concha

(fillets of sole fried in batter) are excellent, and some of his egg dishes, notably his *Œufs Pochés au Gratin*, are revelations to the Englishman, who believes that eggs can only be boiled, or poached in water, or fried.

The restaurant of the Casino, I am told, is sometimes a pleasant place with good cookery. This depends upon what play is in progress in the gaming-rooms. When the Court is at San Sebastian the gaming is of a mild description. When there is no chance of offending the puritanism of Court circles, the "maximums" are raised to Monte Carlo limits, and the gamblers, who give no thought to the total of their bills, come to play at the most amusing town of the north of Spain. I, most unfortunately, ate a dinner at the Casino during one of the "off" periods, and I have never had sufficient pluck to experiment there again. On the occasion of my experiment I had been warned that I should not be well served, but I thought that the view of the town and the garden, with its picturesque crowd, would make amends for any dilatoriness. This was the menu of the dinner that I partook of, and, though wine was included in the repast, to conciliate the haughty Spaniard in dress-clothes who came and looked at me as though I were an "earth-man," I ordered a pint of Diamante :—

Hors-d'œuvre.

POTAGES.

Crème de volaille. Consommé Riche.

POISSON.

Langouste. Sauce Tartare.

ENTRÉE.

Salmis de Perdreaux au Jerez.

LÉGUMES.

Tomates farcies Provençale.

RÔTI.

Filet de Bœuf Piqué Broche. Salade.

ENTREMETS.

Arlequin. Dessert

I do not think that I ever had a worse-served 7 francs worth of food. Once in my life, at a Chicago hotel, I saw a negro waiter shaking up the bottle of burgundy I had ordered, just to amuse his brother "coons," and I felt a helpless exasperation as I watched him. The same feeling of voiceless anger was upon me as I watched the gentleman who was supposed at the San Sebastian Casino to keep me supplied with hot food, bring a dish from the interior of the café and then put it down on somebody else's table to cool while he strolled across the terrace to ask the military guardian at the gate how many people had paid for admission, or at what hour the band played, or what number had won the lottery.

The Urbana in the Plaza Guipuzcoa is a Spanish restaurant which prides itself on its French cuisine.

La Urbana,
15 Plaza
Guipuzcoa

Of the cafés the bright Novelty in the Alameda is the most amusing.

Novelty Café,
Alameda

The view from the terrace of the restaurant of Monte Ulia is so fine that the cookery of the establishment, which is always sufficiently good, becomes a secondary consideration on a clear spring morning.

Monte Ulia

THE SAN SEBASTIAN CLUBS

The Real Club Nautico is built in the shape of a ship and commands a splendid view of the bay. In the hot weather it is very pleasant to dine on the deck of this ship ashore and listen to the music of the Casino band, the Casino being just behind the club-house.

The Cantabrico Club, of which the Cantabrico Restaurant forms part, is in the Calle Miramar. The restaurant is the scene of many banquets. The Cantabrico Club has acquired a great stretch of land two miles away from the town on the Urumea River. Here a Country Club is to be formed, a club-house is to be built, and lawn-tennis courts, a golf course, and a pigeon-shooting enclosure are to be made.

Senor Felix Dotres has made a golf course on his property round the Villa Zinza, and has formed a golf club of which many members are of the Spanish nobility.

The Cercle Français on the first floor of the Café de la Marina is another of the San Sebastian clubs.

BILBAO

It is curious that at the great northern town of Spain there should be no first-class restaurants. The two best in the town are the Antiguo, in the Calle de Bidebarrieta, and the Moderno. Both of these boast what the Spaniards term *Cocina Francesa*, which only means that if you make a request, as the English always do, the cook will fry your food with butter instead of oil.

Of the clubs of Bilbao the Real Sporting Club is the most interesting to English visitors. Its floating pavilion in the bay is a two-storied house-boat with a shelter over the deck.

PORTUGALETE

At Portugalete, the port of Bilbao, there is a restaurant—good, as Spanish restaurants go—attached to the hotel of the place, the Inza, the proprietor of which is Dn. Manuel Calvo. The cook and the staff of waiters come from Lhardy's, the well-

known Madrid restaurant, and spend their summer by the seaside. The prices at this restaurant are high. Portugalete is only a summer resort.

MADRID

The Ritz is the newest hotel and the newest restaurant in Madrid. It is under the management of the company that controls the Ritz Hotel in London. The Ritz in Madrid has a palm court, a restaurant, and a dining-room, with a spacious terrace looking out on to the garden before the hotel. All the ground-floor rooms are decorated in pure Louis XVI. style. The restaurant can seat 75 people, the dining-room 150. The Ritz is on the Salon del Prado, near the picture gallery and the Bourse.

“Go and dine at Lhardy’s” is what everybody used to tell me when I asked which was the typical restaurant in Madrid, and passing through the capital on my way to Seville I dined one evening at the restaurant in the Carera San Jeronimo. On the ground floor of Lhardy’s is a pastry cook’s and a charcutier’s shop. To reach the restaurant, which is on the first floor, some narrow steps have to be climbed. I found myself in a medium-sized room with brown walls, crimson hangings to the doors, crimson-backed chairs, and a desk on which stood two silver-topped champagne bottles in silver wine coolers. The grey-whiskered *maitre d’hôtel* and the clean-shaven waiter who were the only occupants of the restaurant looked at me as though I were an intruder. I had come an hour before any dinner was expected, for though the dinner of the day at Lhardy’s is supposed to be ready at 7 P.M., no one ever goes there to eat it till 8 P.M. The waiter thought he spoke English, but he was mistaken. I addressed him

The Ritz, Salon
del Prado

Lhardy’s,
Carera San
Jeronimo

in French, which he indicated that he did not understand, but he grasped the fact that I wanted dinner. I was given weak *consommé*, a very thin slice of very pale salmon, *filet piqué*, *foie gras au gelée*, fowl and salad and an ice. It was very much the dinner one would expect as the 5s. *table d'hôte* meal of a London hotel. The charge was 12 pesetas, about 9s. I drank a pint of good Spanish claret for which I was charged 2s., and a vile glass of Spanish brandy for which I was charged 9d. The service I must admit was excellent.

To the stranger in any capital it always seems a pity that the principal restaurants always try to give their customers a French dinner and not a dinner of the dishes of the country. Below is the menu of a banquet given at Lhardy's in honour of Antonio Fuentes the bull-fighter. It cost the guests 25 pesetas apiece. There is nothing to distinguish it, except its lack of originality, from any like feast in a French provincial town.

Consommé Printanier Royal.
Filets de Sole à la Normande.
Tournedos à la Chateaubriand.
Chaud-froid de Cailles.
Chapons de France rôtis.
Petits Pois à l'Anglaise.
Croute Groseille.
Biscuits Glacés.
Dessert.

VINS.

Jerez.

Bordeaux.

Champagne frappé,

Café et Liqueurs.

The Café de Fornos in the Calle de Alcalá is the other restaurant, outside those of the hotels, in which

I have eaten a meal. It is quite a well-decorated series of rooms on the ground floor, and looks more like a club dining-room than a café. It seems to be asleep during the greater portion of the day, a somnolent waiter in a cane chair being the one occupant of the rooms, but it wakes to life at meal-times and in the evening. The lunch I ate there cost me about 10 pesetas. The house has a lift, and on the first floor are *cabinets particuliers* where little supper parties are given after the theatre.

The Madrilese dandy wishing to sup *à deux* generally patronises the Ingles in the Calle de Sevilla, where the private rooms are said to be particularly well decorated.

The Ideal Room is a recent addition to the Madrilese restaurants. The Spaniards describe it as *La ultima palabra*—the last word, in such establishments. At La Casa de Botion off the Calle Mayor has been established for three centuries. Its specialty is Spanish cookery. It corresponds to the Cheshire Cheese in London.

Most Anglo-Saxons passing through Madrid are contented to breakfast and dine at their hotel, and, before the advent of the Ritz, nine out of ten Englishmen went to the Hotel de Paris. The meals served in the low-ceilinged restaurant, with its wonderful outlook and its army of white-clothed tables, are neither noticeably good nor noticeably bad. The Englishman who knows his way about Madrid on arriving at the Hotel de Paris has his bath, and then for breakfast orders *Pescado Frito*, for all Spaniards are born fryers, and the chef at the Paris is a past-master with the frying-pan. If there are salmon steaks—the salmon of the Bay of

Café de Fornos,
Calle de Alcalá

Café Ingles,
Calle de Sevilla

The Ideal Room,
Calle Alcalá

La Vina P

Casa de Botion,
Calle Mayor

Hotel de Paris,
Puerta del Sol

Biscay—he orders one of those to be fried, and he asks whether the great prawns caught off the coast at Cadiz are on the menu. *Tortilla con jamon* (omelette with Montanchez ham), *Renones à la brochet* (kidneys on a skewer), and perhaps a slice of truffled turkey, complete his repast; after which he lights a Brevé de Cabanas or De Book and strolls to the Museo to look at the old masters.

Parisiana is in the park of Mondoa, about twenty minutes by train from the Puerta del Sol. It is open from April till September. A Hungarian band plays during dinner, and the cookery is said to be good.

MADRILENE CLUBS

The Nuevo Club, in the Calle de Sevilla, is small and very select. The Haute Noblesse and the diplomatists form the greater proportion of its members. An excellent dinner is obtainable there.

The Gran Peña, in the Calle Alcalá, is also select, and is largely used by military officers and by civil servants. The Gran Peña admits temporary foreign members.

The Casino de Madrid is the largest of the Madrid clubs. It has bought a property in the Calle de Alcalá, which has been converted into a most luxurious club-house.

The pigeon-shooting club is at Casa de Campo, the Royal Park across the river to the west of Madrid.

ANDALUSIAN COOKERY

Seville is the headquarters of Andalusian cookery, which has its own particular dishes. *Sopa de cuarto de hora* (soup of a quarter of an hour) has bread, onions, garlic, peas, mussels, pieces of fish amongst its ingredients. It is not a soup to essay until the palate has become attuned to Andalusian cookery. *Sopa de Almajas* (mussel soup), *Sopa de Ajo* (garlic soup), and *Sopa de Jamon Picado*, a clear soup, with ham and hard-boiled eggs cut into small dice, and added to it are some of the Andalusian soups. The *Sopa al Jerez* is a clear brown soup with sherry added to it. Of omelettes there are two kinds—one so light that it resembles a *soufflé*; the other a heavy omelette, to which potatoes or wild asparagus shoots are sometimes added. This omelette is not at all a bad imitation of leather. Eggs poached in hot milk, and *Huevos à la Flamença* (Gipsy Eggs), are the best known of the egg dishes. The Gipsy Eggs have now become a common dish everywhere in Spain, but they were originally a Sunday dish at the Hotel de Madrid in Seville. No other kitchen in Spain had the recipe, and no one knows who gave it to the cook of the Madrid. Gipsy Eggs are cooked thus: a mixture of potatoes, boiled wild asparagus, boiled green peas, onions, a little garlic, ham, or bacon and tomatoes is fried in oil. The eggs are broken on to this mixture when it is well cooked and allowed to set lightly. The dish is served very hot. Fried fish is a Spanish delicacy, and nowhere in the world is the fish better cooked than in the fish-shops of Seville. It is the fashion after the theatre to buy 25 centimes worth of fried fish, which is wrapped in brown paper, taken home, and eaten with the fingers, a Manzanilla being the best accompaniment. *Reyes* (a species of whitebait), *Boccarimes*

(anchovies), *Sardinas*, *Pescado*, *Pescadilla*, *Casson*, and *Calamares* (octopi) are amongst the various fish fried. A halfpenny bunch of radishes bought from the old woman with a basket who stands outside the shop is a very usual accompaniment to the fish. Any one who would sooner eat his fish on the spot can go into a room attached to the shop and there for a peseta and a half he can sup on olives, radishes, fried sole, and Manzanilla. Of Andalusian fish-dishes, *Corvina con Guisantes* (a coarse fish, stewed, with peas and a rich sauce), *Salmonete al Horno* (red mullet baked with slices of onion and tomatoes, oil and vinegar), are two of the best. *Torija*, a dish chiefly eaten on Good Friday, consists of slices of bread dipped in sweet wine or sherry, fried in oil, and then covered with honey and water. *Empañado de Jamon*, another dish in which sherry is used, is less *outré* than the above. A slice of ham is put between two slices of bread and dipped in sherry, and the sandwich thus made is dipped in egg and fried. Chicken tripe (lungs, livers, and combs of chicken stewed *à la Mode de Caen*) and the well-known *Criadella*, if not Andalusian dishes, are cooked to perfection in Andalusia. *Menudo à la Flamença* is tripe and trotters and *Chorizo*, the sausage of the country, stewed together. Preserved fruits and various forms of *Turron* (sugar paste) are specialties of Seville, the best shop for them being almost opposite to the lion's mouth letter-box in the Sierpes.

SEVILLE

The cookery at the Seville hotels has been rather unjustly abused. The great rush of British travellers sets towards Seville about the time of the Fair and of Holy Week, and many of my compatriots are disappointed not to find a large caravanserai with an Austrian manager, a French chef, a Swedish hall-

porter, and German waiters, telephones and motor-cars, and all the other conveniences which are gathered together in the monster modern hotel which takes no colour from the country it is in. Seville is Seville; no one is in a hurry there; and if the guests do not like what is provided for them, their hosts are genuinely grieved, and that is all. Journeying to Seville just before Fair time, I once met an English couple of my acquaintance who were coming on more leisurely to the same destination. I asked them whether they had secured their rooms, for rooms are at a premium during the two great weeks of the year, and they said that they had not though they had written for them, but that they would be obliged to me if I would insist on the manager keeping for them two good bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a maid's room. The sitting-room should get the morning sun, the bedrooms must be quite quiet, and the maid's room must be near that of her mistress. Of course they might as well have asked for the moon and a few stars with which to trim it.

I have stayed at both the hotels to which Anglo-Saxons go, the Madrid and the Paris, and have found the feeding very much on an equality, Hotel de Madrid, Calle de Mendez Nunez rather rough, intended to be the *Haute Cuisine Française*, but falling considerably short in the attempt. The Hotel de Madrid has a great patio with palms and creepers as its adornments, and this is a pleasant place in which to sit after dinner. All the chefs at the Madrid are, I am told, French. It should always be put to the credit of the kitchen of this hotel that *Huevos à la Flamenca* were first cooked there.

The feeding at the Hotel de Paris is rather more Spanish than that of its rival, and a national dish frequently makes its appearance on the bill of fare. On the last occasion on which I stayed at the Paris

(anchovies), *Sardinas*, *Pescado*, *Pescadilla*, *Casson*, and *Calamares* (octopi) are amongst the various fish fried. A halfpenny bunch of radishes bought from the old woman with a basket who stands outside the shop is a very usual accompaniment to the fish. Any one who would sooner eat his fish on the spot can go into a room attached to the shop and there for a peseta and a half he can sup on olives, radishes, fried sole, and *Manzanilla*. Of Andalusian fish-dishes, *Corvina con Guisantes* (a coarse fish, stewed, with peas and a rich sauce), *Salmonete al Horno* (red mullet baked with slices of onion and tomatoes, oil and vinegar), are two of the best. *Torija*, a dish chiefly eaten on Good Friday, consists of slices of bread dipped in sweet wine or sherry, fried in oil, and then covered with honey and water. *Empañado de Jamon*, another dish in which sherry is used, is less *outré* than the above. A slice of ham is put between two slices of bread and dipped in sherry, and the sandwich thus made is dipped in egg and fried. Chicken tripe (lungs, livers, and combs of chicken stewed *à la Mode de Caen*) and the well-known *Criadella*, if not Andalusian dishes, are cooked to perfection in Andalusia. *Menudo à la Flamença* is tripe and trotters and *Chorizo*, the sausage of the country, stewed together. Preserved fruits and various forms of *Turron* (sugar paste) are specialties of Seville, the best shop for them being almost opposite to the lion's-mouth letter-box in the Sierpes.

SEVILLE

The cookery at the Seville hotels has been rather unjustly abused. The great rush of British travellers sets towards Seville about the time of the Fair and of Holy Week, and many of my compatriots are disappointed not to find a large caravanserai with an Austrian manager, a French chef, a Swedish hall-

porter, and German waiters, telephones and motor-cars, and all the other conveniences which are gathered together in the monster modern hotel which takes no colour from the country it is in. Seville is Seville; no one is in a hurry there; and if the guests do not like what is provided for them, their hosts are genuinely grieved, and that is all. Journeying to Seville just before Fair time, I once met an English couple of my acquaintance who were coming on more leisurely to the same destination. I asked them whether they had secured their rooms, for rooms are at a premium during the two great weeks of the year, and they said that they had not though they had written for them, but that they would be obliged to me if I would insist on the manager keeping for them two good bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a maid's room. The sitting-room should get the morning sun, the bedrooms must be quite quiet, and the maid's room must be near that of her mistress. Of course they might as well have asked for the moon and a few stars with which to trim it.

I have stayed at both the hotels to which Anglo-Saxons go, the Madrid and the Paris, and have found the feeding very much on an equality, rather rough, intended to be the *Haute Cuisine Française*, but falling considerably short in the attempt. The Hotel de Madrid has a great patio with palms and creepers as its adornments, and this is a pleasant place in which to sit after dinner. All the chefs at the Madrid are, I am told, French. It should always be put to the credit of the kitchen of this hotel that *Huevos à la Flamenca* were first cooked there.

Hotel de Madrid,
Calle de Men-
dez Nunez

The feeding at the Hotel de Paris is rather more Spanish than that of its rival, and a national dish frequently makes its appearance on the bill of fare. On the last occasion on which I stayed at the Paris

truth to tell, the rustic charm of the garden is a greater attraction than the Eritana cookery. It is well, however, not to grumble too much to the proprietor Manuel, generally known as Manolito, a small grey-haired Spaniard, who has a twinkle in his eyes. He says little, but what little he says is always to the point. One of the stories told of him is that a young Spaniard, who owed Manolito a large sum for dinners, brought some friends to dine, and fussed so much over the ordering of the meal that he annoyed Manolito. "I will bring you a dish, a most extraordinary dish, a dish you have never seen before," said Manolito, and disappeared, to return immediately with a large dish capped by a great cover. The dish was put before the over-particular Spaniard and the cover whisked off. On the dish lay the very long and much over-due bill.

The Tabernas, or wine-rooms, are part of the life of the town. I generally go before dinner to the Pasaje de la Magdalena, which is almost opposite the Hotel de Madrid, Calle de Mendez Nunez to drink a glass of very light, very dry Manzanilla as an "appetiser." There is excellent sherry in the big casks which are named after celebrities, Wellington being duly honoured in this manner, and the prices are extraordinarily cheap. I have never been bold enough to try the little crabs and the snails which the Spaniards eat as a relish with their wine.

SEVILIAN CLUBS

Of the clubs, the Circulo de Labradores in the Calle Sierpes is the most important. It has a good reading-room with a supply of foreign newspapers. Strangers properly introduced can become temporary members at a subscription of 20 pesetas a month, except

Circulo de
Labradores,
Calle Sierpes

during the month of April, when the subscription is 100 pesetas.

The two most exclusive clubs are the Casino Sevilliano in the Plaza del Duque, Casino, Plaza del Duque and the Casino Nuevo, more generally known as the Casinillo, or Frambrera. The latter is the sporting club of the city.

It has a charming little club-house Casinillo which is decorated with shooting and hunting pictures by the best artists of the modern school of Seville. During the Fair week the other clubs give rather formal balls in their pavilions on the ground, but the members of the sporting club engage all the best professional dancers in Seville to amuse their guests. The pavilion of this club, which is a platform lighted by many electric lights, is the centre at night of a vast assemblage of intensely interested spectators, for all the people who sell and buy at the Fair gather round to see the fine sight. On the high platform are the guests and hosts, and the girls in their bright-coloured garments dancing to the music of the guitars or sitting and clapping their hands to mark the beat. All round in the darkness are thousands of eager eyes in dusky faces watching intently every movement of the dancers.

BOBADILLA

The junction of the lines to Seville, Granada, and Algeceiras is Bobadilla, and there all trains wait for half-an-hour that the passengers may feed. The meal is quite a good sample of Spanish cookery, and it is fortunate that this is the case, for English travellers coming from Gibraltar generally have their first experience here of the Spanish cuisine. Soup or eggs, according to the time of day, an entrée, a joint, and fish form the menu of the usual meal. I kept a note

of a meal I ate at this railway buffet, and find that an omelette, one of the light ones, stewed beef and chick-beans, a ragout of veal, fish fried in butter, and cheese were the dishes I was given. The garlic I thought had been rubbed in with too heavy a hand, but otherwise the meal was excellent. A very beautiful Andalusian used to be the presiding Hebe at the bar, but this pleasant sight to travellers' eyes has now vanished. Probably the pretty lady has married and retired.

GRANADA

The great delicacy of Granada are the Traveles hams, chestnut-fed and snow-cured. They are obtainable only in the mountain town of Traveles, near Granada, and the pig-breeders are so jealous of possible imitations that every genuine ham is branded with the corporation stamp of the town. Grilled trout from the adjacent river Darro are delightful eating, and the flavour of the small wild strawberries from the Alhambra gardens is as pleasant as those of the Alps.

The Alhambra Palace Hotel, which is quite close to the Alhambra, is the newest hotel in Granada, and **The Alhambra Palace** is said to be up to date in its cookery. It is owned by a large landed proprietor of the province, the Duque de San Pedro, and it was opened by King Alfonso on New Year's Day 1910.

The Washington Irving and the Siete Suélos Hotels, the two houses always patronised by the British and **Washington Irving** Americans *en voyage*, before the Alhambra Palace Hotel was built, are opposite to each other near the Alhambra, and are both under the same management. The cookery at these hotels is sometimes quite good, for Spain; sometimes it is not. When I last stayed at the Washington Irving a decade ago the two hotels were in one of

their indifferent cooking states. Now I am told both hotels are catering very well for their visitors, stimulated, no doubt, by the rivalry of the new hotel. Don Jose Nuñez, the proprietor of the Washington Irving and the Siete Suèlos, is a great authority on ibex shooting, and is also a notable gourmet, and any one who has the pleasure of carrying an introduction to him will learn of all the sporting possibilities of the country, and also of all the local *plats* worth tasting.

The cookery of the Siete Suèlos is considered to be more distinctively Spanish than that of its neighbour.

The Siete Suèlos

JEREZ

At Jerez I was first made aware of the fact that the very best Dutch cheese of the day is still imported into Spain. The great Duke of Alba first sent a *Queso de Bola* as a present to all his friends, and since that time the Spaniards have always eaten the round red cheeses and have always insisted that they shall be the best of their kind. This is rather a curious instance of the conservatism which is so typical of Spain. The Hotel de los Cisnos, the hotel of the town, is good and clean, and for 8 to 10 pesetas a day the food and lodging is all that a traveller in Spain can expect. This is a Sunday menu showing what the Cisnos can do :—

Consommé de Quenelles à la Royal.

Filetes de Tenguados à la Tutus.

Chuletas de Cordero à la Inglesa.

Pechugas de Pollos à la Suprema.

Perdices al jugo.

Ensalada Rusa.

Espárragos de Aranjuez, salsa blanca.

Mantecados de Vainilla y Fresa.

Postres variados.

THE CLUBS OF JEREZ

The clubs of Jerez are the Casino National in the Calle Larga, the leading club of the town, and the Casino Jerezano, the Agricultural Club, also in the Calle Larga. In both these clubs, as in all Spanish clubs, mild roulette is played, especially at Fair time. A Lawn-tennis Club, a Polo Club, and the Jerez Gun Club complete the list. At all these clubs an Englishman having proper introductions is welcomed as an honorary, or a temporary, member. It was at the Jerez Gun Club that King Alfonso won the hearts of the makers of sherry. A big challenge cup had been shot for. It was filled with wine, and the king, who had been shooting, was about to drink to the town and the winner, when looking into the cup he saw that the liquid was champagne. "Take this away," he said, "and bring it to me full of sherry. I will drink to the town of Jerez in its own good wine."

CADIZ

Fish is the contribution of Cadiz to the kitchen. There is a small variety of sole, called locally *Asadia*, which, fried dry, is a very toothsome morsel. Fried red mullet is a local dish much appreciated. The prawns of Cadiz are very large and very fine. The shellfish are better avoided, for the drains of the town empty into the bay.

The dining-room of the Hotel de Francia is the restaurant of Cadiz. The hotel was built by the present proprietor with money won in the lottery. The white marble patio gives the hotel an appearance of dazzling cleanliness, and the house is in fact exceedingly

Hotel de
Francia, Plaza
de Mina

well managed. The "pension" of the hotel is 15 pesetas a day. The cook knows his art, and when a private dinner is ordered everything is really excellent.

There are no restaurants in Cadiz not attached to hotels. The establishments which call themselves restaurants are really cafés. Cerveceria
Ingles, Plaza de
la Constitution The Cerveceria Ingles, however, will give luncheons and dinners to a special order, and they are very good—for Cadiz.

About three miles outside the town, on the line of the tramway, is the Balneario. This is a new Casino and bathing establishment built on the sands some thirty yards from the sea. The Balneario

Luncheons and dinners are served at the usual hotel prices, and are good. This establishment is a new departure for the south of Spain, where it is unusual to see ladies and their families abroad during the day-time. The site facing the Atlantic is very healthy. It is proposed to build an hotel adjoining the Casino, and do much towards improving the cuisine, hoping to attract visitors from all parts of Spain.

THE CADIZ CLUBS

The Casino Gaditano is the chief club in Cadiz. This is not a club as we understand it, since no meals are served there. It is, however, a social centre, and here take place dances and balls and entertainments to foreign royalties, &c. At certain periods of the year roulette is played there. When the Governor changes, which is often, roulette is generally stopped by a new order. After a short interval, however, the influence of the members of the club proves more powerful than the Governor's order, and play recommences.

SAN LUCAR

San Lucar, at the mouth of the Seville River, opposite Cadiz, is the favourite watering-place of the Seville world. There are fine sands. During the summer months the Cisnos Hotel of Jerez opens a branch at San Lucar. San Lucar is considered the most healthy and sunny spot on this coast, and there has long been talk of building a good hotel there by a Belgian syndicate. A good hotel would certainly prosper. The king's uncle has a palace there, built on account of the reputation of San Lucar as a health resort.

ALGECEIRAS

There is an octagon corner in the dining-room of the Reina Christina with a look-out on to a sub-tropical garden which is pleasantly remembered by all who have dined there. The hotel has an English manageress, who prides herself on obtaining *primeurs* for her clients, and a French chef. The fish here is always beautifully fresh, being just caught before going to the cooking-pot or frying-pan. The red mullet and the fresh sardines are two of the favourite fish dishes. A new wing has recently been added to the hotel. There is room, however, in Algeceiras for another hotel, the prices of which would fit the pockets of the official world of Gibraltar. A Casino has been built, by a French syndicate, close to the Reina Christina, and an endeavour is being made to give Algeceiras all the amusements to be found in the towns of the Riviera.

RONDA

Ronda is destined to be a refuge for the soldiers and officials of Gibraltar when they feel the weather

too hot to be borne. The Station Hotel has always been a clean and homely little hostelry, but a new big hotel, the Reina Victoria, has now been built, designed by the architect The Reina
Victoria who made the plans for the Reina Christina at Algeceiras, and opened under the same management. The Reina Victoria is said by people who have stayed there to have the pleasant country-house atmosphere which is one of the great attractions of the Reina Christina.

MALAGA

Some day or another, "to-morrow" as Spaniards say, Malaga is going to be a fashionable resort for invalids, a rival to Mentone, San Remo, and Bordighera, but its dust must be conquered and its hotels and restaurants must improve The Roma,
Alameda before the rich English and Americans go to Malaga to spend their gold. The Roma Hotel has the nearest approach to a good dining-place. At the Nuevo Victoria, in the Calle Nuevo Victoria,
Calle Marques
de Larios Marques de Larios, the cookery is entirely Spanish. The prices here are very reasonable.

The Loba, the Imperial, and the Ingles are the cafés for which a good word may be said. Food is obtainable at all of these.

MALAGUENEAN CLUBS

The Circolo Malagueño, in the Cortina de Muelle, is the best of the clubs of Malaga. Temporary membership is extended to properly introduced strangers, the subscription being 10 pesetas a month. The Circolo Mercantil and the Liceo are other clubs.

X

PORTUGAL

Lisbon—Lisbon Clubs—Cintra—Estoril—Cascaes—Oporto—
The Clubs of Oporto—Bussaco—Pampilhosa.

My acquaintance with the cookery of Portugal is so limited that I will not attempt to lay down the law on the subject. British ladies who have lived for some time in the country always add some of the Portuguese soups to their book of recettes, and some of the Portuguese egg dishes, such as “Dominicans,” are excellent. The *Poularde Albufera*, which holds a very proud position in the *Haute Cuisine Française*, is really a Portuguese dish. When, during the Peninsular War, the French troops sacked the Convent of Albufera, part of their spoil was the book of recettes kept by the cook. This volume, carried to Paris, was looked at by one of the great chefs of the day, and the Chicken of Albufera became a highly commended French dish.

LISBON

There are good hotels to stay at in Lisbon, and there are restaurants in plenty, but to try the cookery of some of the town eating-houses a gourmet requires to have his taste educated up to, or down to, the Portuguese standard.

At the Braganza, a little club of bachelor Britons have been in the habit of dining together and ordering their dinner in advance, and this is a fair sample of what the steady-

going but very comfortable hostelry can do when it chooses :—

<i>Madeira Riche.</i>	Queues de Bœuf. Crème Clamart.
	Petits Soufflés Désir.
<i>Johannisberger</i>	Saumon Sauce Genèvoise.
<i>(Claus).</i>	Selle de Présalé à la Montpensier.
	Poularde à l'Ambassadrice.
<i>Château Giscours.</i>	Pain de foies gras en Bellevue.
	Punch au Kirsch.
	Asperges Sauce Mousseuse.
<i>George Goulet.</i>	Pintades Truffées.
	Salade Japonaise.
	Timbales à la Lyon d'Or.
<i>Porto 1815.</i>	Glaces à la Américaine.
	Petits fours.
	Dessert.
<i>Liqueurs.</i>	CAFÉ.

A good breakfast of two ample *plats* only and a long and sound dinner are served daily at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. The price is moderate, being about 900 réis and 1100 respectively. (It is well to remember that the exchange varies considerably, and it is therefore difficult to give the equivalents in sterling for the prices quoted, but 4500 to 5200 réis may be roughly taken at £1 sterling.) The proprietor is M. Sasetti, who is ably supported by his manager and by a head waiter named Celestino, a most useful person in every way.

Wines, spirits, and liqueurs of foreign origin are expensive at the Braganza, as they are everywhere else, owing to the high custom tariff; but the local wines, amongst which may be cited Collares, Collares Branco, Serradayres white and red, Bucellas, are all good and cheap table wines. Lombadas (from Madeira) and Monte Banzão (from a spring in the pine-woods west of Cintra) are the best table-waters.

I stayed myself at the Avenida Palace Hotel, and

found the cookery there neither good enough to praise nor bad enough to condemn. Lisbon has half-a-dozen

The Avenida restaurants, but I did not experiment in
Hotel, Rua do them all. My first visit was to the Café
Principe Tavares, where Senor Calderia is the

host. The restaurant is in the Rua Largo do S.

Café Tavares, Roque. The front room is cream-
Rua Largo do coloured and has large mirrors on its
S. Roque walls. Behind this big room is a nest

of rakish-looking little private rooms with ground-glass doors. In these rooms the young bloods of Lisbon revel from midnight until the small hours. For their convenience there is a back door in the Rua das Gaveas. There is a good *table d'hôte* lunch served for 600 réis, and a *table d'hôte* dinner for 800 réis. I went to the Tavares at lunch-time, and found that I was entitled for my money to *hors d'œuvre*, three other dishes selected from the bill of fare, cheese and fruits. I selected *Anguilles à la Portugaise* as one of my *plats*, hoping that it might be a national dish. The eels were just like any other stewed ones, with a thick brown sauce.

In search of the national dishes I dined at the Leão d'Ouro in the Rua do Principe kept by Antonio Monteiro, and found it a rather bare
Leão d'Ouro, but perfectly clean room with big pic-
Rua do Principe tures of river scenery and game in heavy wooden frames on the green walls, and a pleasant suggestion of Bohemianism in the company, for most of the men who sat at the tables of bent wood and marble looked as though they were men of the pen, or brush, or of the sock and buskin. A great golden lion rampant on the wine counter explains the name of the house. The meals of the Golden Lion are *à la carte*. I knew that *Sopa de Camarao*, a bisque of prawns, is a specialty of the house, so I ordered this as my soup, put my finger on to the fish which had the strangest

name, and appealed to the waiter to select for me a typical Portuguese dish as my meat. He suggested *Dobrada*—at least the name sounded like “*Dobrada*”—and I assented. The soup was excellent. The unknown fish tasted like mackerel, and the *Dobrada* was a mixture wherein were tripe and bacon and scraps of fowl and many beans. My bill for soup, fish, *Dobrada*, cheese, a pint of Bucellas, coffee, and a liqueur of Benedictine was 850 réis, which sum is less than 4s. Lisbon is quite a cheap city in which to lunch and dine.

The Café Suisso, close to the central railway station, is the most crowded in Lisbon, and towards nightfall it is the principal haunt of Portugal's too numerous politicians. The cook knows how to dress a kid (always a better dish than mutton in Portugal), but his efforts are not otherwise remarkable. At the Estrella d'Ouro, in the Rua Bella da Rainha (popularly called the Rua da Prata), one can sit in a cabinet and eat all one wants of the national dishes *à la carte*.

The Rendezvous des Gourmets in the Rua Aurea is beloved of certain English residents; but it is more a *confeitaria* than a regular restaurant. Marques in the Chiado (re-named the Rua Garrett) is another *confeitaria*, which is the principal resort for afternoon tea. Strangely enough, it is at Marques that one gets the most satisfactory whisky-and-soda in all Lisbon.

THE CLUBS OF LISBON

The Royal British Club of Lisbon is a most successful institution. It has its club-house in the Rua de S. Francisco de Paula, and there is a splendid view over the Tagus from its windows. The British Minister is its President, the British Consul its Vice-President. It has billiard and reading rooms and a library. The

British Club,
Rua de S. Fran-
cisco de Paula

club gives dances and holds a reception on the night of King George's birthday. The club is most hospitable to visitors. A travelling visitor can be introduced by a member and made free of the club for a fortnight. Should such a member wish to make use of the club for a longer period, the committee may elect him as a visiting member on payment of a small monthly subscription.

The Gremio Litterario and the Jockey Club are the Portuguese clubs of the city.

CINTRA

There is little scope for gourmandise of any kind at Cintra, the life there being of the simplest. No one ever thinks of asking a friend out to dinner, for the food at all the hotels is very plain, and the amusement of the little town in the evening consists in bridge and poker parties formed after dinner.

ESTORIL

At Estoril, which is the Brighton of Portugal, a bright little place just outside the mouth of the river, there are three good hotels—the Grand, owned and managed by Mons. Estrade, where the cuisine is French and is to be recommended ; the *Italie*, owned by an Italian, which is never without English guests ; and the more Portuguese Royal. A casino is attached to the first-mentioned hotel, and the little wheel is generally spinning there. In Portugal, however, no one knows a month in advance whether gambling will be permitted or will not be permitted in the various casinos. Ministries in Portugal have fits of the Nonconformist conscience, like Ministries in Great Britain, but sometimes officials are kindly blind to what is going on under their noses even though it be against the strict letter of the law.

CASCAES

Cascaes is the twin town of Estoril. Estoril contains the villas which used to belong to the royal family and to the rich merchants of Lisbon. Cascaes chiefly consists of the old fort which served as the king's palace, a little fishing village, the palatial Casa O'Neil, and various clubs for outdoor sports. There are acres of lawn-tennis grounds round the Cascaes Sports Club, and the pigeon-shooting ground on a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea is probably the most picturesque in the world.

OPORTO

Oporto, so far as the resident British are concerned, is a town of clubs and not of restaurants. I was warned not to essay the cookery of the hotels, and the hospitality of my hosts left me no opportunity of doing so even had I been so minded.

THE OPORTO CLUBS

The Factory is a relic, a very pleasant and very hospitable relic, of the days when Englishmen going to a foreign land expected to stay there many years, and established wherever they settled in any numbers a social centre, a fortress of British ideas and British comfort. The Factory, which stands in the street which used to be called the Road of the Englishmen, but which was renamed out of compliment to a Portuguese hero, is a very solid building. It has a vaulted basement, walls as thick as those of any castle, and a granite staircase which has no visible supports climbs to the first story. The Factory is part institute, part club. It has a good library, to the enjoyment of which all British born are welcome. The club is supported by a

certain number of the British port wine firms, of which one member represents the firm in the club. The entrance fee is as high as that of the British Yacht Squadron, and each member on joining lays down a pipe of vintage port for future consumption, and gives some wine for present drinking. No other club or association in the world has such a cellar of port, and the wine is treated with the deference due to it. The dining-room is a fine apartment, from one wall of which a Georgian worthy looks down with entire approval upon his successors. After dinner an adjournment is made to another great hall down the centre of which runs a long table of splendid mahogany. The bottles of port are placed on the shining wood, and the wine is enjoyed in an atmosphere free from all the gross odours of food. "And the smokers?" I asked the hospitable gentleman who showed me the Factory. The smokers, I was told, sit like the sinners that they are, when port is on the table, at one end of the long table, while those who appreciate the wine so wisely that they forego a cigar sit at the other end.

The British Club at Oporto is a charming and most hospitable knot of Britons in a house beautiful.

The Oporto Club I cannot believe that I owe an apology to a body of good fellows, but I was told by a lady who visited Oporto soon after I did that some of the members were hurt that the best I could say concerning the club in an article I wrote in the *Daily Mail* was that it was "clean." I really said many appreciative things as well, and if the Oporto Club men know how delightful it is for a man who has spent weeks in Spanish and Portuguese hotels, where cleanliness is not a prominent virtue, to be brought into a house as fresh and airy and well-ordered and well-groomed as the British Club is, they will pardon my having rejoiced in the cleanliness of

their home and of having placed the virtue of cleanliness even before the hospitality of my hosts. From the little garden of the club, which is upon the roof of another house, one looks from a surrounding of flowers down on to the brown roofs of the town, and one sees the Douro winding all silver between its hills out to the sea. The cook of the British Club is an artist, and I was introduced there to a dish of fresh lampreys, that rich and tempting fish, a surfeit of which once killed a British king.

BUSSACO

Of the feeding at the Hotel of Bussaco I cannot speak from experience, but I was very generally told in Portugal that M. Weissman, the **Bussaco Hotel** proprietor, has a good cook. The hotel itself is a curiosity in architecture. A portion of it was originally a convent, and the new building was intended at one time to be a royal residence, and at another period was to have been the centre of a Portuguese Monte Carlo.

PAMPILHOSA

The buffet at Pampilhosa, the important junction station on the Lisbon-Oporto line, is **Buffet,** much above the average of railway **Pampilhosa** dining-places in Portugal. I believe that its manager is a partner of M. Weissman mentioned above.

XI

SWITZERLAND

The Food of the Country—Lucerne—Basle—Bern—Geneva—
St. Moritz—Davos.

THE FOOD OF THE COUNTRY

SWITZERLAND is a country of hotels and not of restaurants. In most of the big towns the hotels have restaurants attached to them, and in some of these a dinner ordered *à la carte* is just as well cooked as in a good French restaurant, and served as well; in other restaurants attached to good hotels the *table d'hôte* dinner is served at separate tables at any time between certain hours, and this is the custom of most of the restaurants in most of the better class of hotels. There is in every little mountain-hotel a restaurant; but this is generally used only by invalids, or very proud persons, or mountaineers coming back late from a climb. There is no country in which the gourmet has to adapt himself so much to circumstances and in which he does it, thanks to exercise and mountain air, with such a Chesterfieldian grace. I have seen the Englishman who, at the very excellent restaurants of the Schweitzerhof or National at Lucerne, ate gloomily a perfectly cooked little meal which he had ordered *à la carte* on the day of his arrival in Switzerland, sitting smiling in peace two days later eating the *table d'hôte* meal at a little table

in the restaurant of one of the hotels at Lauzanne or Vevey, Montreux or Territet, after a walk along the lake side or up the mountain to Caux, and four days after taking his seat at a long table at Zermatt or the Riffel Alp, talking quite happily to perfect strangers on either side of him, and eating the menu through from end to end, more conscious of the splendid appetite a day on the glaciers had given him than of what he is devouring. Switzerland entirely demoralises the judgment of a gourmet, for its mountain air gives it undue advantages over most other countries, and an abundant appetite has a way of paralysing all the finer critical faculties.

At one past period all hotels in Switzerland were "run" on one simple, cheap plan. There were meals at certain hours, there was a table in the big room for the English, another for the Germans, and another for mixed nationalities. If any one came late for a meal, so much the worse for him or her, for they had to begin at the course which was then going round. If travellers appeared when dinner was half over, they had to wait till it was quite finished; and then, as a favour, the *maître d'hôtel* would instruct a waiter to ask the cook to send the late comers in something to eat, which was generally some of the relics of the just-completed feast, the odours of which still hung about the great empty dining-hall.

LUCERNE

It is a matter of history that Mons. Ritz, the Napoleon of hotels and restaurants, at a critical time of his career put all his spare money into the purchase of a share in the Hotel National, and the first move he made in management was to establish a first-class restaurant in the hotel. Croakers had prophesied that a first-class restaurant

in Switzerland would be a failure because tourists would not pay restaurant prices, but these predictions were falsified, and the restaurant of the National became and has remained one of the best restaurants attached to hotels in any country in Europe.

Whether some one else was making history at the Schweitzerhof at the same time in the same way I do not know, but the two hotels have run neck and neck in the excellence of their restaurants.

The Palace, a new hotel, is quite in the front rank, and its restaurant can be classed with the restaurants

The Palace I have mentioned above. A gourmet, on whose taste I can depend, and who was last summer at Lucerne, writes thus to me : "The Schweitzerhof and the new Palace I place on a par, and the restaurants of each are quite good. The restaurant of the National I place 'hors concours' as being in a class by itself. It is managed by a *maître d'hôtel*, John Owens, who has been there for years and years, and whom everybody knows. I lunched yesterday at the restaurant, and found the *Ravioli Napolitaine* and the *Pilaff de Langouste* masterpieces. I should sum up the success of the restaurant of the National in one word—JOHN."

I usually find that any one who has stayed at Lucerne has a good word to say for his particular hotel restaurant. I was once at Lucerne during race week, and was doubtful whether I should find a room vacant at either of the hotels at which I usually stay. A charming old priest, who was a fellow-voyager, suggested to me that I should come to a little hotel hard by the river ; and there, though the room I was given was of the very old continental pattern, the dinner my friend ordered for himself and for me was quite excellent. I have breakfasted at the buffet at

the station and found it very clean, and the simple food was well cooked. There is a restaurant at the Kursaal, but I have never had occasion to breakfast or dine there.

BASLE

In Northern Switzerland some of the towns have restaurants which are not attached to hotels, and Basle has quite a number of them, though the interest attaching to most of them is due to the quaintness of the buildings they are in or the fine view to be obtained from them rather than from any particular excellence of cookery or any surpris- **Kunsthalle,**
ingly good cellar. The restaurant in **Steinenberg** the Kunsthalle, for instance, is ornamented by some good wall paintings; and by the old bridge there is a restaurant with a pleasant terrace
overlooking the river. There is a **Spitz** good cellar at the Schutzenhaus, and there is music and a pretty garden as an attraction to take visitors out to the Summer Casino.

I have always found the meals at the Hotel de l'Univers sufficiently satisfactory not to encourage me to essay eating in unknown quarters.

BERN

Of the Bern restaurants much the same is to be said as of the Basle ones. Historical paintings are thought more of than the cook's de- **Kornhauskeller,**
partment. The Kornhauskeller, in the **Kornhausplatz** basement of the Kornhaus, is a curious place and worth a visit for a meal. At the Schanzli, on a rise opposite the town, from the terrace of which there is a splendid view, and where there is a summer theatre, there is a café-restaurant, and another on the Garten, a hill whence another fine view is obtainable.

GENEVA

Geneva is a capital which has few first-class restaurants. There is little fault to find with the restaurants attached to the hotels, and most travellers dine where they sleep, but the hotels of Geneva were mostly built in the days when a restaurant was not a necessity in a hotel, and the *table d'hôte* dinner of the day forms the meal that nine out of ten visitors to Geneva eat at their hotel. At the National, which is the hotel at which I usually stay, I have found little cause to grumble at meal times, though I have usually dined either at the Restaurant du Nord or at the Kursaal Restaurant, if the latter happens to be managed for the season by some good restaurateur.

The Restaurant du Nord is on the first floor of a house on the Grand Quai, a café being on the ground floor. From the windows of the restaurant there is a pleasant view over the end of the lake and the Rhone rushing out of it, the two bridges, and the little island on which the poplars grow. The house outside is white-faced up to its second storey. The restaurant consists of two salons, both open in summer, but only one, the smaller of the two, a red room with a parquet floor, being used in winter. The Nord has an air of distinction ; its meals are *à la carte* ; and its proprietor, tall and wearing pince-nez, has the grand air that so well becomes a successful restaurateur. The bill of fare of the dishes and the wine list are both under one cover. The list of dishes is a comparatively short one, but the cookery is undeniably good. The Nord is an excellent restaurant at which to sample the various fishes of the lake, for fresh fish is the strong point in the cookery of Geneva. The Feras is a white-fleshed fish, which is like a herring, and its liver is as prized

as that of a mullet. The Lotte is a fish locally in great favour. The trout are just as palatable as they were when Cambacères used to import them into France for his suppers. The cooks at the Nord make of perch an excellent dish, and the king of the lake fish, the great char, the *Ombre-chevalier*, is generally on the bill of fare at the Nord. An *Ombre-chevalier à la Genevoise* is a noble dish. *Petites truites à la Voltaire* and *Feras à la Bonne Tante* are two admirable local dishes. The Nord has a good cellar of Swiss wines, commencing with Mont d'Or at fr. 5 a bottle, and Clos de Rocher at fr. 4 a bottle. The Grand Fine Champagne of the house at fr. 1.50 a glass is to be recommended.

The Kursaal on the northern side of the lake has a restaurant on its broad illuminated terrace. The Kursaal contains the Variety Theatre **Kursaal** of Geneva, but the restaurant with its **Restaurant** American bar, and the Cercle des Étrangers, is divided off from the rest of the establishment, and has a separate entrance. It is wise to find out who is the restaurateur who is in charge of the Kursaal Restaurant. I have known it to be at a low ebb as a dining-place, but when last I was in Geneva I found it in high favour with the best class of visitors to the town, for Negresco had come from the Casino Municipal at Nice to take charge during the summer of the Kursaal Restaurant, and had brought his head cooks and his *maîtres d'hôtel* with him.

There are two summer restaurants in the public gardens of Geneva, one in the Jardin Anglais, and the other in the Jardin des Bastions, the park opposite the theatre. At both a cheap *table d'hôte* meal is served at midday. I have never lunched at the Jardin Anglais kiosk, but I have been much amused by the company, consisting largely of students, who eat their midday meal in summer at the glass house in the Jardin des

Bastions. Two francs is the price of the midday meal at this restaurant, and it serves a supper at fr. 2.50, commencing at six o'clock.

The Casino in the Eaux Vives Park, a short drive or tramway journey out of Geneva, is a little grey chateau with a slate roof, round which
Casino.
Eaux Vives has been constructed a broad wooden terrace, which in summer is illuminated with many little lamps, and is used as a dining place. The view from this terrace of the lake, through a vista of big trees and over the sloping lawns, is exceedingly pretty. Just behind the chateau is a wooden theatre, and a great shed which serves as a Brasserie. An ornamental chalet and a little kiosk, where glasses of mineral water are sold, complete the buildings. There are five or six tennis courts in the park, and in summer the Eaux Vives is an amusing place to lunch at or to dine at. The prices at the restaurant of the *table d'hôte* meals are fr. 3.50 for breakfast, and fr. 5 for dinner. A 2-franc *table d'hôte* meal is offered by the Brasserie. Both the Casino and the Brasserie are closed in winter.

AFTER DINNER

The after-dinner amusements of Switzerland are as simple as the Swiss dinners are. Where there is a Casino there is usually a variety performance after dinner, and most of the large towns have a theatre which is open in the winter, and which is run much on the same lines as are the municipal theatres in French country towns. The theatre at Geneva aspires to higher things than do most of the Swiss theatres, though it is open in the winter months only. Great stars visit it with their companies. I have heard opera very well sung there, and have seen well-played comedies. The Kursaal contains the variety theatre of the town, and the performances continue until

a very late hour, with long intervals, to give the audience an opportunity of playing at the games of chance in the main hall. At the theatre in the Eaux Vives Park operettas and variety shows succeed each other. In the town curious little music halls spring up each spring in unlet shops and big rooms, but they rarely last for longer than one summer season.

TOWNS ON THE LAKE

On the borders of the Lake of Geneva there are many good hotels, though some of the best of them pick and choose their visitors, and writing beforehand does not mean that a room will be found for a bachelor who only intends to stay a few days. The better the hotel the better the restaurant, and if the haughty hotel porter at the station says "No" very courteously when you look appealingly at him and ask if a room has been kept for you, the only way is to try the next best on your list. Any gourmet who happens to stay at the Palace Hotel at Montreux will find the restaurant of that hotel a place of good though simple cookery, and the Hotel Beaurivage at Ouchy, and the Grand Hotel at Territet, have good marks against them in my memory for well-cooked and well-served dinners. Fresh-water fish, of which Bondette is one of the best, fruit, cheese, honey, are all excellent by the lake, and the wines of the Rhone valley (Crossex-Grillé, Clos du Rocher, Mont d'Or, Villeneuve, Lamarque, and others) are some of them excellent. At Lauzanne, Vevey, Montreux, Territet, the wines of the country are well worth tasting, for in the valley above Villeneuve there are a dozen vineyards, each producing an excellent wine; and the vines imported from the Rhine valley, from the Bordeaux and Burgundy districts, give wine which is excellent to drink. Deralez and Neuchatel are both

pleasant wines, and Yvorne is a very strong one. Always ask what the local cheese is. There are varieties of all kinds, and they afford a change from the eternal slab of Gruyère.

ST. MORITZ

St. Moritz is becoming a very fashionable winter sporting resort, and from the middle of January to the commencement of March there are more of the young Princes of Europe to be found there than, at any other time, in any other village—for it is only a village—in Europe. There is a café-restaurant just above the station, but the restaurants attached to the hotels are those at which most of the private dinners are given. That of the Savoy Hotel I found quite up

The Savoy to date, and some of the royalties who stay at the Kulm give their little dinner parties at the Savoy. As a proof of the comparatively poor material to be found in Switzerland, the managing director of this hotel told me that when a particularly *recherché* dinner was required he telegraphed to Paris for all the food in the raw to be sent to St. Moritz.

The St. Moritz Club The St. Moritz Club, which is practically the British Club, has rooms in the Savoy building. Its reading and smoking room, a great comfortable lounge panelled with dark German oak, is one of the pleasantest club rooms I know anywhere.

DAVOS

In Elsener's Restaurant Davos has a particularly good dining-place. Mons. Elsener was for a time caterer to a battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and he also was the manager of the restaurant of the Imperial Institute when that

building competed with Earl's Court. This is the menu of a dinner which I ate at Elsener's one January, and for which I had nothing but commendation :—

Hors d'œuvre.

Bortsh clair.

Fruites en courtbouillon.

Pommes. Sc. Holl.

Filets Mignon Rossini.

Pommes Soufflées. Celeris moëlle.

Cailles roti à l'Anglaise.

Salade de Saison.

Angels on Horseback.

Dessert.

XII

AUSTRIA

Austrian Cookery—Vienna—Salzburg—Baden—Carlsbad—
Marienbad—Other Towns.

AUSTRIAN COOKERY

OF the many good things that might be said concerning Austrian cookery, the best is, that there is no country in the world, not even excepting France, where the average of good cookery in inns and hotels is so high as in Austria. It is an exception, even in the smallest inns, to be served with an ill-cooked meal, and the red and white or blue and white tablecloths spread on the little tables under the trees in any country hotel garden always seem to be clean. One characteristic of Austrian cookery, and a very good one, is that the cook, in cooking a meal, adds to his dishes all the salt and spices that can be required in carefully considered quantities. The diner never has to half empty a salt-cellar or send a rain of black pepper on to his meat. The *Wiener Rostbraten*, the steak of the capital, the *Wiener Schnitzel*, differing from that of Hanover and Hamburg in its garnish of anchovies, olives, and hard-boiled eggs, are two of the best-known of the Austrian dishes. Others are—Vermicelli with poppy seeds; Smoked beef, sauerkraut and dumplings; Styrian mutton and herbs; Esterhazy roast beef and minced vegetables; Pork chops fried in bread crumbs; Lentil soup with sausages;

Vienna pancakes ; Smoked pork ribs ; Carp stewed with onions and pepper. Some of the Austrian entremets, simple but delicious, should find their way to England. The *soufflée* omelette is beautifully light, and the Stephanie omelette, which is a *soufflée* omelette enveloping a spread of greengage jam, is a very favourite ending to a repast. *Salzburg Knochel* is another light dish, and the cakes of sago and other light food stuffs, eaten with fruit-juice, are good, plain, sweet-tasting food. *Apfelstrudl*, an admirable apple turnover, *Kaiserschmarren*, which is shreds of pancake and raisins, are two other popular Austrian sweet dishes. The Austrian bread and Austrian pastry are the best in Europe, and the Austrian coffee is just as well made as any coffee served in France. An Austrian housewife once explained to me the secret of this. " You English," she said, " always talk of your chalky hard water, and excuse your poor coffee on that score. In Austria every housewife looks carefully at her coffee-berries before she roasts them, and also after they are roasted, for she knows that a greasy berry or a burned one will spoil a whole making of coffee." An Austrian housewife will never allow metal to touch coffee, but I fancy that this is more a matter of superstition than of practical coffee-making. An Austrian housewife does even more wonderful things with a goose than a German one does. She cuts up her bird, spices its liver in a little casserole, boils its back and serves it with rice, spices its breast and bakes it, and makes a brown stew of its giblets and feet. Each province has a cookery all its own. Bohemia, for instance, prides itself on its apple tarts and on its muffins stuffed with poppy-seed jam, its dumplings of cream cheese, ham, egg, cream, and apricot jam, and its wonderful crumpets.

This, the lunch eaten by King Edward when he visited the Austrian Exhibition in London, and

lunched at the Austrian restaurant, is a very good specimen of an Austrian meal :—

Kalte Vorspeise

(Hors d'œuvre).

Rühreier mit Spargelspitzen

(Scrambled Eggs, Asparagus Tips).

Rindfleisch mit Gemüse

(Boiled Beef and Vegetables).

Backhühner, Häuptel Salat

(Fried Chicken and Lettuce).

Prager Schinken

(Prague Ham).

Kaiserschmarren

(a Vienna Delicacy).

Apfelstrudl

(Apple Cake).

The drinkables were :—

Dreher's Lager Beer.

Schlumberger's Vöslauer Goldeck.

Mattoni's Giesshübler.

VIENNA

The Bristol Hotel at Vienna was the smart dining-place when I first made the acquaintance of the **Bristol,** Austrian capital nigh on thirty years ago. It lost some of its smartness at one time, but has now regained it all, and its restaurant, **Kärtner Ring** redecorated and smartened up in every way, is the best of the cosmopolitan restaurants of the Austrian capital. The restaurant has a luminous glass roof on which flying ladies are outlined, and when I last passed through Vienna long rolls of paper were pinned to its walls in order that the opinion of *habitues* might be taken as to what its next transformation should be

like. An American bar, just off the dining-room, and a café, are in great favour with the British and Americans who visit the hotel. A *table d'hôte* dinner is served from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M., but the smart young officers who come in to dine and the groups of Americans and Britons as a rule order their meals *à la carte*. The *à la carte* prices are high, but the cookery, the service, and the pleasant surroundings justify the prices. Some specialties of the house are trout taken alive from the aquarium, *Huitres Titania*, *Homard Cardinal*, *Poularde Wladimir*, *Soufflé King Edward VII.*, *Oranges à l'Infante*.

Cafés and restaurants cluster round the Opera House. In a street of tall houses just behind the Opera is Sacher's Hotel and Restaurant, the old-established aristocratic dining-place of Vienna. Its name is displayed boldly at the corners of the street, so as to guide the wanderer to it. There are two dining-rooms in the restaurant. The one to the right is the favourite one. Its ceiling is of brown wood, and the broad frames of its doors and mirrors are also brown. Its walls are covered with crushed strawberry paper with a deep red pattern. The lamps, half globes of light pink, held by cords of light pink with brass adornments, are strikingly pretty. There are meals served at set prices between 12 noon and 8 P.M. One menu is a 6-kroner one, the other a 10-kroner one. Twice, however, when I have asked, in defective German, for the menus of the *table d'hôte* meals, a waiter, knowing me not to be an *habitué*, and doubtless thinking that he was doing his best for the house, has solemnly assured me that only *à la carte* meals are served at Sacher's. There is always one dish of the country, frequently an Hungarian one, on the bill of fare, and such dishes as fried brains and tomato sauce and *Risotto*, which are on a menu I

Sacher's,
Augustiner-
strasse

have preserved, show that Sacher's is aware that Italy has an excellent national cuisine. The head waiter, who speaks a little English, is a very useful man to call into council if the table waiter is inclined to be too anxious that the diner should be a source of profit to the restaurant. The table waiter at Sacher's I generally find is not satisfied to take note of the tip given to the head waiter who makes out and presents the bill. He expects a tip for himself. This to many English is their first notification that the indiscriminate tipping which is prevalent in Austria extends to the restaurants. At the watering-places, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and the other Bohemian Baths, there are three waiters who expect a tip at mid-day dinner and supper—the head waiter, the table waiter, and the small boy who brings the wine. An Austrian at any except the very smart establishments generally gives 3d., 2d., and 1d. to the three waiters according to their grade. An Englishman generally gives more.

Meissl and Schadn's, which presents a very highly-decorated exterior to the Karthnerstrasse, and has an entrance in the market-place behind the house, is the typical Viennese restaurant. In the dining-rooms on the first floor, officials, officers, and the well-to-do citizens eat pickled veal, smoked sucking-pig, stewed beef of various kinds, stewed pork, *Risi Bisi* (rice and beans), and other national dishes. In various small rooms on the ground floor and in the basement varlets of various degrees revel at immensely reduced rates.

Hartmann's, almost opposite to the Bristol, is very popular at the time of the mid-day meal. Its walls are panelled with green silk, and its windows command a view of the busy life of the Ring. Its cuisine is Austrian.

Meissl and
Schadn's, Karth-
nerstrasse

Franz Hart-
mann's,
The Ring

The Stephan Keller (Café de l'Europe) in the Stephanplatz is a much frequented café. It was originally an underground resort in the vaults of St. Stephan, but it has risen to a higher sphere. This house is much used by the colony of artists who also are to be found at Hartmann's, Gause's, and the Rother Igel.

The wines of the country of Retz, Mailberg, Pfaffstadt, Gumpoldskirchen, Klosterneuberg, Nussberg, and Vöslau should all be tasted, most of them being more than drinkable. Beer, however, is the real Viennese drink, and the very light liquid, ice cold, is a delightful beverage.

There are wine houses—Esterhazy Keller, for instance, where all classes go to drink the Hungarian wines from the estates of Prince Esterhazy—without number, and many of these have their specialty of Itrian or Dalmatian wines. The Rathhaus Keller, a great arched series of rooms, has its various wine vaults, some patronised by the gentry, some by the common people. The summer resorts are mostly for the people only; they are butterfly cafés, opening in the summer and closing in the winter, and if their *clientèle* deserts them there are only some painted boards, tables, and benches to be carted away and a hedge to be dug out; but in the Prater there are some more substantial establishments—Sacher's, a branch of the town house, and the Rondeau and Lusthaus, which are made the turning-points in the daily drives of the Viennese:

Vienna keeps very early hours, most of the cafés closing well before midnight, unless they are kept open for some special fête.

In the environs of Vienna there are pleasant restaurants on the Kalenberg, up which a little railway runs, and at Klosterneuberg, where one can drink the excellent wine of the place at the Stiftskeller before

one admires the view from the terrace, or looks at the treasures of the abbey.

Of the clubs of Vienna the Jockey Club is socially the most important. Then comes the Wiener Club. Third on the list is the Commercial Club.

AFTER DINNER

Ronacher's is a huge music-hall and supping place where one can eat one's evening meal and see at the same time a fine variety performance on the stage. For many years it was the finest variety theatre in Europe. It is well worth a visit even from those people who do not habitually go to music-halls. The Apollo is another music-hall where the great stars of the variety firmament often appear. So much has been written lately of the ballet at the Imperial Theatres of Russia, that it might be believed that no good dancing was to be seen outside St. Petersburg and Moscow. The *corps de ballet* of the Viennese opera dances admirably, they are all girls picked for their looks, the *premieres danseuses* are great artists, and the ballets are mounted as splendidly as in any other theatre in the world. I have seen "Excelsior" danced in most of the capitals of Europe, but nowhere so well or with such fine mounting as in Vienna. Of the theatres for light opera it is difficult to give any indications, for the right theatre to go to is the theatre at which the current success of Oscar Strauss or Leo Fall happens to be running. Though Vienna is an early closing town on the whole, the revellers stay late at "Max and Moritz," "Süsses Mädel," "Dummer Kerl," and at such establishments as the Tabarin, Maxim's, and the Chaperon Rouge, whose names are an indication of their character.

SALZBURG

The town of Salzburg, a delightful town, has half-a-dozen restaurants which give good, plain, well-cooked food. The buffet at the railway station is much above the average of such restaurants. At the Kurhaus Restaurant you may listen to a military band while you eat a mid-day *table d'hôte* meal, which costs you about half-a-crown. Mirabell in the Marktplatz has a garden where the tables are set in hot weather. There are many restaurants on the surrounding hills, on the Monchsberg and the Gaisberg. The café-restaurant on the plateau of the Monchsberg is a pleasant place to sit and listen to the band; and the St. Hubertus is another pretty restaurant on the long forest-clad line of hill. To see the good people of Salzburg enjoying themselves at their ease one should go to the St. Peter's Stiftskeller Stiftskeller. It is a vaulted arcade built against the side of the rock. The light wines of the country, red and white, obtainable here, are noticeably good. Supper is served at oak tables without any tablecloths, and a paper napkin is wrapped round the knife, spoon, and fork. The dishes of the day are the simple but not always easily digestible *plats* of Austria, *Husaren-braten*, *Jungfern-braten*, *Kaiserfleisch*, and the rest. The white Konventwein is a quite harmless beverage.

BADEN

Baden is a little watering-place sixteen miles from the capital, to which the Viennese go for a "cure," and to which the Carlsbad and Marienbad doctors sometimes send their patients to begin an after cure. It is a pretty little place with shady parks and an

unpretentious restaurant at the Kurhaus and another in the Weilburggasse, and the walk up the valley of the Schwechat has café-restaurants at several of the points of interest.

CARLSBAD

Probably twenty Englishmen go to Carlsbad for their liver's sake for every ten who go to Vienna to be amused, and the great Bohemian town in the valley where the hot spring gushes up is one of the resorts to which gourmets, who have eaten not wisely but too well, are most frequently sent. It is a town of good but very simple fare, for the doctors rule it absolutely, and nothing which can hurt a patient's digestion is allowed to appear on the bill of fare of any of the restaurants or hotels.

The life of the place, which chiefly is bound up in the consideration of where to eat the three simple meals allowed, is curious. In the morning, after the disagreeable necessity of drinking three or more glassfuls of the hot water, every man and every lady spends a half hour deciding where to breakfast, and what kind of roll and what kind of ham they shall eat. The bakers' shops are crowded by people picking out the special rusk or special roll they prefer, and these are carried off in little pink bags. Two slices of ham are next bought from one of the shops where men in white clothes slice all day long at the lean Prague ham or the fatter Westphalian. No man is really a judge of ham until he has argued for a quarter of an hour every morning outside the shop in the Carlsbad High Street, as to what breed of pig gives the most appetising slice. Bag in hand, ham in pocket, the man undergoing a cure walks to the Elephant in the Alte Wiese, or to one of the little restaurants which stud the valley and the hillsides, delightful little

buildings with great glass shelters for rainy days, and lawns and flower beds and creepers, where neat waitresses in black, with their Christian names in white metal worn as a brooch, or great numbers pinned to their shoulders, receive you with laughing welcome, set a red-clothed table for you, and bring you the tea or hot milk and boiled eggs which complete your repast. Be careful of which waitress you smile at on your first day, for she claims you as her especial property for the rest of your stay, and to ask another waitress to bring your eggs would be the deepest treason. Many of the proprietors of the little restaurants have now set their faces against rolls and ham being brought into their gardens from outside, saying that they provide the best of rolls and the best of pig's flesh. It requires a day or two in Carlsbad to discover which the restaurants are which resent the importation of food by guests.

Dinner is a mid-day meal at Carlsbad, and as you are not tied down to any particular hotel for your meals because you happen to be staying there, and as half the world lives in lodging-houses, the custom is to dine wherever your fancy pleases you. There is some little difference in the prices between the first-class restaurants and those not quite so high up in the scale, and there is a difference in the quality of some of the dishes. When the doctor has put one on very short commons, and half a chicken and a kompott form one's mid-day meal, it makes a great difference whether the chicken is a majestic pullet from Styria, a bird which need not be ashamed to compete with Surrey or Houdan champions, or a chicken of the local breed, which to a hungry man seems no bigger than a pigeon, and which costs about half as much as the bigger bird. The best restaurants also get the pick of the partridges and the trout. The man or lady who has been dieted by a Carlsbad

doctor is never allowed to run a finger at will down a Speisen-Karte. Eggs, lean ham, quite plain fish, boiled beef, roast venison or veal or mutton, partridge, chicken, kompotts and vegetables comprise the entire choice. Luckily most of these things are excellent at Carlsbad. Of the fowls I have already spoken. The Tepl, the brown stream which ripples down through many miles of pine-clad hills to fall into the Eger below Carlsbad, is full of excellent trout, and so are many of the other streams in Bohemia. These trout are generally cooked *au bleu*. Zander, the pike-perch, is always to be obtained; and Fogash, a Lake Balaton fish with firm white flesh, is served grilled and is excellent. The partridges shot on the highlands about the Abbey of Tepl are fine plump birds, and partridge shooting in Austria commences a month earlier than it does in England. About 4 crowns is the price of a partridge at any of the best restaurants, and a medium-sized trout costs about 3 crowns.

At all the restaurants a *table d'hôte* dinner is to be found which is suitable for people who are not going through a cure. The price of this dinner varies from 5 crowns at the best restaurants to 3 crowns 50 heller at the more moderate ones. I take at random one of Weishaupt's 5-crown dinners, and find that it consists of *Crème de Riz*, *Sandre sauce Hollandaise*, *Sauté de Veau Printanière*, *Rost-beef roti* (sic), *Pouding aux fruit*—all dishes banned to those on "cure" diet. Most of the little restaurants on the river and the hills have some specialty, generally of tarts or some other entremet. At Hans Heiling the *Kaiserschmarren* is a specialty, while at the Hunting Lodge the *Apfelstrüdl* is especially delicious.

Herr Pupp owns a very considerable portion of Carlsbad. His great hotel and restaurant and café and garden at the end of the Alte Wiese cover

a very large amount of ground, and he has as well many houses which are dependances of the hotel. The café and restaurant accommodate many hundreds of people. There is a grove of little horse chestnut trees where red-clothed tables are set, and where simple food and tea and coffee and beer and ices are served by little waitresses in black. A glass shelter borders one side of this grove, and there is a large bandstand where one of the many bands there are in Carlsbad plays in the afternoon and evening. A narrow road divides the grove from another space, a three-cornered one in the open air, where the tables are white-clothed and where the waitresses and waiters divide the duties. On one side of this space is a vast hall used as a café and concert-room when the weather is cold and wet, and on the other is the restaurant. The restaurant is built in three steps. First on the ground level are tables sheltered by big white sunshades decorated with a pattern of chestnut bloom and leaves, then comes a terrace sheltered by a canopy upheld by big spears, and then inside the building are two rooms, the further one at a higher level than the near one. The windows are taken out in hot weather and leave frames of crimson and gold, the decorations are gorgeous, and there is an abundance of gas and electric lights. Pupp's on a warm summer's night at supper-time, when the Cur-kapelle finds the music, is a very fine sight. The food is invariably good and well-cooked at Pupp's, but the waiters on crowded nights seem to have more clients on their hands than they can attend to satisfactorily.

My pet restaurant at Carlsbad is Weishaupt's in the Alte Wiese. I have watched its rise to fame. The first time that I went to Carlsbad Herr Weishaupt had a shop where ham and other delicatessen were sold, and on the other side

Pupp's,
Alte Wiese

Weishaupt's,
Alte Wiese

of the entrance passage was a little dining-room. I was told that whatever was of the best in the market of a morning was secured by Weishaupt for his clients, and I found that no plumper partridges, no fresher trout, were to be found anywhere. Now Herr Weishaupt has three rooms, all decorated in excellent taste, in his restaurant, and its front is of brown marble. He himself is "hoflieferant," and wears the best-fitting frock-coat in Carlsbad, and all vestiges of the ham shop have vanished. The restaurant is of a manageable size, the head waiters do not rush about, the waiting is done without noise, and there is no overcrowding of tables. The partridges are as plump and the trout are as fresh as of yore, and the cook of the establishment is an artist. Weishaupt's now has its *Spécialités de la Maison*, of some of which I partake on the day before I begin a "cure" and on the day I finish one before I go to the station. They are *Madrilène en Tasse*, *Œufs Gourmand*, *Filets de soles Cambon*, *Poulet sauté Catalane*, *Soufflé Mocca*. On warm days Weishaupt's puts tables under the trees on the other side of the Alte Wiese, and sitting of an evening at one of these tables, one sees all the world of Carlsbad taking its after-supper walk come past.

At the Savoy, which stands high up in that part of Carlsbad which is named the West End, the great lights of Anglo-Saxon society generally take their meals. The Americans have the hotel in great favour, and the very pleasant cosmopolitan society which is to be found where the well-known Americans go clusters in its restaurant. There is a Spanish corner where half the dukes of Spain are generally to be found, and many of the Russian nobility are *habitués* of the restaurant. The Savoy has its own band. Nunco-vitch, of Egyptian fame, is one of the proprietors of

The Savoy,
West End

the Savoy, and a decorative Nubian in a long blue garment always stands at the front door.

Just as aristocratic as the Savoy, or even more so, and certainly more peaceful, is the Bristol, which has a little hill of its own in the West End. The Bristol,
West End The brother and sister of the Czar generally stay there for an autumn "cure," and on those occasions there are always one or two quiet men in the garden taking an interest in the scenery. The cooking at the Bristol is noticeably good, and the fact that the proprietor of this hotel married a daughter of the great house of Pupp may have something to say to this pleasant state of things.

A rival to the Bristol and Savoy is Lord Westbury's great hotel now rising on the Helenenhof, an hotel which is to be opened in 1912. A model of this new great house of fashion stood all last year in the upper station of the funicular railway, and the building, when completed, will be an ornament to Carlsbad. It will have command of magnificent views both up and down the valley.

In previous editions of this book I have had a good word to say concerning the Goldener Schild, but that sound, old-fashioned hostelry is now being pulled down, and on its site is to rise the new Kursaal.

Since Herr Weishaupt rose to eminence every proprietor of a provision shop has established a restaurant. One of the most popular of these Potzl's, is behind Potzl's shop in the Market Market Place Place. I have no doubt as to the excellence of the food provided there, but on a summer night the restaurant has always looked to me to be a very warm place. I have, however, eaten, and eaten very well, in the new and more airy room which Herr Potzl has opened on the first floor, and which looks down on to the market-place. The best butter, and the best ham, and the best honey in Carlsbad are to be found at Potzl's.

Whenever an Englishman has a craving to break his "cure" and to eat such of the food of the country as his doctor has forbidden him, I find **Loib's, Theatergasse** that he generally goes to Loib's, a hotel and restaurant which is in the Theatergasse almost behind the theatre. This restaurant is in high favour with the citizens of Carlsbad who are under no diet restrictions.

In the environs of Carlsbad are many pleasant little restaurants where fresh-caught trout and the simple meats allowed by the doctors at the mid-day meal are to be found. At Aberg, where a watch-tower stands on the highest point of the hills, there is a terrace whence a beautiful view of the Eger valley is obtainable, and it is quite a pleasant spot for any one walking on the forest paths to call a halt for lunch.

St. Leonhardt's, deeper in the forest, is another very pleasant little restaurant. The wood is on all sides of it, and it is much like a little country inn with a few glass shelters near it as a refuge on rainy days.

One of the walks alongside the Eger takes one down-stream to the small village of Dallwitz, and there in a little park of a château is to be found a majestic oak, one of those made famous by the poet **Drei Eichen, Korner.** Also in the park is the Restaurant **Dallwitz** Drei Eichen, where there is quite a large dining-room and the usual little tables outside under the trees. Do not be led by Baedeker's account of a charming little lake to go in search of it. Two ponds just outside the restaurant gates are the only sheets of water you will find.

The pleasantest, perhaps, of all the sylvan restaurants within walking distance of Carlsbad is the Hans Heiling one where the Eger runs through a rocky gorge. The

restaurant with its terrace and many tables looks quite picturesque and in keeping with its surroundings, and one lunches within a biscuit-throw of the river, and with the sound of the rapids as an accompaniment.

The village and mineral water establishment at Giesshubel in the valley of the Eger is almost beyond walking distance, though it is quite a pleasant day's outing to go there by public coach in the morning and to walk back in the cool of the afternoon. The establishment has a restaurant where very much the same food as is to be found in the Carlsbad restaurants is ready for visitors at remarkably cheap rates. A most benevolent old manager is in charge of this part of the establishment. There is a pretty little park in which to stroll after lunch, and on the hillside is the spring which supplies the well-known table water. You may see it bubble up in a basin of marble covered by a curve of crystal.

A pleasant drive's distance from Carlsbad is Elbogen, a mediæval town and castle high on a rocky knoll looped by the river. At the hotel in the marketplace there is a charming terrace, partially roofed over, from which there is a fine view of the gorge of the river where it makes one of its hairpin turns. The food is simple and the service elementary, but the situation and surroundings make the terrace of the Elbogen inn a notable lunching place.

At Eger, which forms a point for a train excursion from Carlsbad, the restaurant at the station is the best feeding place of the town. A portion of the platform is railed off before the restaurant, and in this enclosure one can sit and lunch or dine and watch all the bustle and the coming and going of the trains.

THE CARLSBAD CLUBS

If there is any social club in Carlsbad I never heard of it, and I am sure the doctors would order their patients not to belong to it, as club life would keep them out of the open air. The nearest approach to such a club that I know of is the reading-room of the Kurhaus, where for a daily or weekly or monthly subscription you can look at the papers of all the civilised countries.

There is a sports association with sub-divisions into golfing and lawn-tennis and shooting and winter sports clubs. The golf links and their pavilion lie up the valley just beyond the Kaiser Park Café. There are tennis-courts in several parts of Carlsbad. The courts which are between the Freundschaft Saal and the Kaiser Park are those on which the tournaments are played. The new Kurhaus, however, now being built, may have its club surprises for the visitors.

AFTER DINNER

The Carlsbad theatre, a handsome building in the Alte Wiese, gives during the Carlsbad season all the operettas which are in favour in Vienna. The best artists of the operetta stage often come to Carlsbad on a tour and sing their favourite rôles for a few performances. Farces are also sometimes played. The performances generally commence at 6.30 and conclude at nine or shortly afterwards. There are two variety theatres in the lower town, at both of which the great stars of the music-hall world often appear.

MARIENBAD

Of Marienbad I can only speak as having gone there once or twice in a season whenever I have

suffered "a cure" at Carlsbad. The life the "cure guests" lead is very similar at both places. I have found the great glass shelter of the Imperial crowded with representatives of the innermost circle of London society eating lean ham and kompotts, and I have lunched at the Stern where the company was equally select and where the Fogash and the chicken were excellently cooked. The late King Edward generally gave his dinner on the birthday of the Emperor of Austria at the Kurhaus, where a suite of rooms are called "The King's Rooms"; and when Lady Goschen gave a lunch at which King Edward was the principal guest, the Rübezahl, a great café and restaurant and hotel, which has red roofs, looks like an old château, and stands on a height near the town, was the restaurant selected. The Nettuno in the town is spoken of with enthusiasm by its *habitués*.

The Imperial

The Stern

The Kurhaus

The Rübezahl
Café

Café Egerlander

The Rübezahl is a very favourite café at afternoon tea-time, and the Café Egerlander is equally in vogue at breakfast-time. The latter stands high, and from its terrace, where is the usual little grove of trees, there is a fine view of the valley and the plain. The rooms are replicas of parlours and kitchens and bedrooms in the houses of the picturesque district of Egerland, and the waitresses are all in the handsome dress of the Egerland peasants. The proprietor of the Egerland Café, Herr Ott (a gentle, pleasant, elderly man with a beard, who is generally to be found in his café at any hour of the day), began life in a turner's shop. Now he not only owns the Egerland Café, but Ott's Hotel and a café in the town as well. His wife may always be seen at tea-time in the spotlessly clean kitchen of the Egerland Café in command of a legion of waitresses.

CLUBS

The Marienbad Golf Club owns links on the great table-land beyond the Rûbezahl. When I saw it last the club-house was extraordinarily small, and the flags flying before it were extraordinarily large. King Edward had taken the little pavilion into favour as a place to go to at afternoon tea-time, and had expressed a hope that it would be enlarged, which hope was duly carried out.

AFTER DINNER

The late King Edward was a staunch patron of the little theatre at Marienbad, and it became the fashion for all the great people taking their "cure" to be seen in the boxes when operetta was being played. The performances are run on much the same lines as the Carlsbad ones. There is, I believe, a variety hall at Marienbad, but I have never been to look at it and its performances.

OTHER TOWNS

I have not been in Innsbruck recently enough to write with any confidence of the qualities of the restaurants there, but I noted when I was there last that Kraft's in Museumstrasse and Grabhofer's in Erlenstrasse were café-restaurants worth notice. To Meran I have never been, but I am told that it resembles the other watering-places in that the best material and best service is found in the restaurants of the best hotels. At Bad Gastein I have lunched with content at the old-fashioned Badeschloss, and have dined well at the newer Kaiserhof. At Prague my experience has been that the restaurants of the

two rival hotels, the Saxe and the Blue Star, are the two best to dine at, but my gastronomic experiences in three days at Prague were not encouraging. At Riva on the Lago di Garda there are two big hotels, the cookery at either of which being clean and Austrian comes as a change after the richness of the Italian school. Abazzia, the Nice of the Austrian Riviera, has not yet achieved the full celebrity which is sure to come to it. The restaurant of the Stephanie has an excellent cook, but is by no means cheap.

XIII

HUNGARY

The Cookery of the Country—Buda-Pesth—Buda-Pesth Clubs—
Other Towns.

THE COOKERY OF THE COUNTRY

Paprika is the new element which comes into play in most Hungarian dishes. Perhaps the best known of all the dishes of Hungary is the *Gulyas*, or as the French call it, the *Goulache*, which is a comparatively dry dish of beef, dusted with *paprika*, as one eats it in Buda-Pesth and which as one travels westward becomes more and more like a ragout seasoned with the Hungarian pepper. *Paprikahuhn* is a fowl dusted with the pepper and baked or stewed. *Paprika Carp* is excellent. *Ungarisches Rebhulin* is a form of pickled veal. Hungarian wines are well known in England and America—Erlauer, Ofner, Carlowitz, Goldeck, Riesling, Leanka, Ruster, Schomlayer, Szegszarder, being often imported. Kristaly and Isle de Ste. Marguerite are Hungarian mineral drinking waters. Biere de Köbánya is one of the many light beers of the country.

BUDA-PESTH

One of the customs of Buda-Pesth is that the two great clubs of the city—the National Casino, which is

the Club of the Nobles, and the Club of the Gentry—allow their cooks, who are always Frenchmen, or at least professors of the *Cuisine Française*, to own and manage restaurants on the ground floor of the club buildings.

The National Casino Restaurant I found a quiet, high, white room, not overcrowded with tables. The *maître d'hôtel* talks excellent French, National Casino, the dishes on the *carte de jour* are all Kossuthgasse French, the people dining were mostly celebrities. On one occasion the Hungarian Minister of War, his wife and aide-de-camp, were supping at one table, while at another was the Minister of Education entertaining some friends. It has all the appearance and the tone of a good Parisian restaurant.

The Restaurant Müller is the dependance of the Club of the Gentry. I never mastered the name of the street in which it is situated. Its Restaurant Müller rooms high and white, lighted by hanging lamps, have, in crimson curtains and other details, something of the Hungarian national character. A very fine gipsy band, said to be the best band of its kind in Buda-Pesth, plays in this restaurant, and it is a revelation to hear how the *Czardas* sound when played by such musicians. The cookery is French. This was the dinner given me at the restaurant by an Englishman who knows his Buda-Pesth well; but the *Sangleron* was the only dish out of the beaten track. It was, however, an excellently cooked dinner.

Crème Parmentier.
Rouget Grillé, Vin Rouge.
Bœuf Garni.
Sangleron Raifort.
Poulet Roti. Salade
Entremets.
Dessert.

A correspondent from Hungary tells me that this restaurant must have changed its name, for he was unable to find it.

The great white restaurant opposite the Opera House, Drechsler's, is an excellent house at which to
 Drechsler's, essay Hungarian dishes, and I ate there
 Andrassystrasse a very well cooked *Paprika huhn*. It is
 as well, however, to have a companion who speaks
 Hungarian if one dines away from the hotels or the
 Gambrinus two club restaurants. The Gambrinus
 Restaurant in the Outer Ring, a great
 room with white and gold columns, was another
 restaurant at which I essayed the national dishes with
 successful results. A military band played, the room
 was crowded, and beer seemed the beverage of the
 house.

On the menu of the restaurant of the Hotel Hungaria, a restaurant much patronised by the Hungarians, one of the dishes is always *Gulyas*. At the restaurant of the Bristol there is generally a choice of Hungarian dishes.

Theatres begin early at Buda-Pesth, and therefore afternoon tea becomes an important meal, and theatre-goers generally sup after the play is over. There is a café at the corner of every street, all always full in the
 Kugler's, late afternoon; but Kugler's, the fashion-
 Gisela-platz able pastry cook, is the smart tea-drinking
 establishment. In the big room is a long counter
 with on it many different kinds of sandwiches, sweets,
 cakes, and a dozen different kinds of wine. In this
 room and in the smaller one little tables are set very
 close together, and at them sit beautiful ladies and
 generals in full uniform and all the gilded youth of
 Buda-Pesth. Little waitresses scurry about with ices,
 and cups and glasses and plates of cake.

The theatres themselves do a considerable catering business, for in the foyer there is always a buffet where

all kinds of eatables and drinkables are dispensed during the entr'actes. Even in the great red and yellow marble Opera House a long table occupies the centre of the foyer, and the audience falls to very heartily at sandwiches, and sardines, caviare, sweets, lemonade, and beer between the acts.

On the Island of St. Margaret there are several popular restaurants and brasseries.

THE CLUBS OF BUDA-PESTH

The most gorgeous, most tasteful, most beautiful club I know is the Park Club in the Park of Buda-Pesth. It is a "cock and hen club," and the ladies go there in the summer every afternoon and sit on the terrace, and on race days watch the people returning from the races. On the ground floor is a beautiful oval hall, with fine furniture and a wealth of flowers. To one side runs a series of rooms where every indoor game may be found, and to the other side is a long vista of dining-rooms. Upstairs is a splendid ballroom, and when on a ball night the *Czardas* are danced by everybody after supper, the scene is a stimulating one. On hot evenings the tables are moved from the dining-rooms out to the terrace. There are lawn-tennis courts behind the house and a narrow garden with fountains in front of it.

The National Casino in the city is a stately club. The porters wear the old scarlet Hussar uniform. On the first floor is a long green corridor where are hung the heads of deer shot by members. A suite of rooms runs the length of the buildings, one of the rooms being stocked with a fine selection of the newspapers of all nations. The dinners given in the big dining-room generally have

Park Club

National
Casino

a touch of national cookery. This is one which breaks away from the usual French lines :—

Somtoi.
Eteville 1868.
Château Margaux
 1875.

Moet 1884.

Tokay 1846.

Silvorum 1796.
Barackplinka 1860.

Gulzas Clair.
Fogas de Balaton à la Jean Bart.
Cuissot de Porc frais.

Choucroute farcie.
Cailles rôties sur Canapé
Salade.

Artichauts frais. Sauce
Bordelaise.
Turos Lepeny.

The Club of the Gentry and the Union Club are other clubs of the city. All are hospitable to the stranger introduced by a member. The Polo Club is in the centre of the race-course. The Tennis Club is on the Margaret Island.

AFTER DINNER

The great opera house is well worth a visit, though its performances do not rank with those of the operas of the great European capitals. It is quite a considerable time since I was in Buda-Pesth, but I found then that the most applauded number in all the Hungarian operettas was a cake-walk, and that at all the comedy theatres translations of French or English plays were on the boards.

OTHER TOWNS

Of Tatra Fured and Tatra Lomnicz I know nothing by personal experience ; but Hungarians tell me that at the Grand Hotel at the one and at

the Palace at the other any luxury which can be found at any mountain resort is obtainable, and that the life both in summer and winter is very amusing, which I can quite believe, for no nation in the world has such high spirits as the Hungarians. Herculesfürdo, the "cure" place of Hungary, lying deep in the gorge of the Cserna, is just as well found in simple food as are the "cure" places of Austria.

XIV

ROUMANIA

The Dishes of the Country—The Restaurants of Bucarest—Bucarest Clubs—Sinaia.

THE DISHES OF THE COUNTRY

IN Roumania you must never be astonished at the items set down in the bill of fare ; and if “ bear ” happens to be one, try it, for bruin does not make at all bad eating. The list of game is generally surprisingly large, and one learns in Roumania the difference there is in the venison which comes from the different breeds of deer. Caviare, being the produce of the country, is a splendid dish, and you are generally asked which of the three varieties, easily distinguishable by their variety of colour, you will take. The Roumanian caviare is smaller than the Volga caviare. A caviare *salade* is a dish very frequently served. The following are some of the dishes of the country : *Ciulama*, chicken with a sauce in which flour and butter are used ; *Scordolea*, in which crawfish, garlic, minced nuts, and oil all play a part ; *Baclava*, a cake of almonds served with *sirup* of roses. These three dishes, though now Roumanian, were originally introduced from Turkey. *Ardei Ungelute* is a dish of green pepper, meat, and rice ; *Sarmalute* are vine leaves, or leaves of the white cabbage, filled with meat and served with a thick preparation of milk ; *Militei* is minced beef fried on a grill in the shape

of a sausage. *Cheslas* and *Mamaliguzza*, the food of the peasant, much resemble the Italian *Polenta*, and are eaten with cold milk. *Ghiveci*, a ragout with all kinds of vegetables mixed in it, is a favourite dish of the country.

THE RESTAURANTS OF BUCAREST

Capsa's Restaurant takes a high place amongst the good restaurants of the world. Capsa is a Frenchman who has learned his duties as cook and confectioner in some of the best houses of Paris, and coming to Bucarest, he has brought French taste to bear upon the cookery of the country, and at his restaurant there is always a choice of dishes of Bulgaria, and of French *plats*. Capsa's establishment on the main street is a confectioner's shop which is used as a *café*, for one of the pleasant customs of this very Parisian town of the East is for people to sit at midnight outside the confectioners' shops eating ices or drinking long cold beverages through straws. The door of the restaurant is a few yards down the by-street. The door is changed for *jalousies* in hot weather. The walls of this restaurant are painted to resemble green and yellow marble, and the pillars which support the roof are green with gilded capitals. A great white stove is the only un-Parisian object in the restaurant. There is a show-table on which cold delicacies and fruit are placed. The *clientèle* of Capsa's reminded me of those of the *Anglais* and the *Ermitage* in Paris. Many of them are elderly, all are smart, and on race-meeting days the talk is of horses, for these well-groomed gentlemen are mostly owners of race-horses and members of the Jockey Club. Capsa, sharp-featured, wearing a little moustache and frock-coated, goes from table to table taking with him a dish of some cold delightful meats or a

plate of exceptionally fine fruit to show to his favourite customers. The prices at Capsa's are the prices of a good Parisian restaurant. One lunch at the restaurant, the bill for which was the equivalent for 17 francs 50 centimes, consisted of *hors d'œuvre*, a grilled sterlet, *Sarmale*, *Cêpes Provençales*, cheese, a half-bottle of Dragasami (which wine has the flavour of muscatel grapes), a half-bottle of Mattoni water, coffee, and a liqueur glass of fine-champagne, which last, at 3 francs, was the most expensive item in the bill.

This is a typical dinner which I ate at Capsa's :—

Caviar.
Ciorba de Poulet.
Turbot à la Grec.
Mousaka aux Courges.
Gateaux.

And this a breakfast :—

Glachi de Carpe (froid).
Œufs Polenta.
Pilau.
Aubergines aux Tomates.

The Roumanian dishes which are specialties at Capsa's are these :—Soups—*Ciorba de Pui* ; *Ciorba de Galusti* ; *Ciorba de Burta*. Fish—*Sterlet à la Dobroutscha*. Other Dishes—*Dovlecei umpluti cu smantana* ; *Perisoare cu aurd* ; *Sarmale de Varza* ; *Chiveciu National* ; *Rata cu castraveti acris* ; *Curcan pe Varza* ; *Tocana de Muschiiu cu mamaliguta*.

Capsa's list of the Roumanian wines may safely be taken as a guide to what is best of the country vintages. Dragasani, Odobesti, Cotnar, Tamaiosa are the white wines, some of which are of vintages as distant in date as 1879 ; and the red wines are Nicoresti, Odobesti, and Dealu mare. A bottle of

champagne of G. H. Mumm's "Cordon Rouge" of no guaranteed year costs 22 francs, and a bottle of Allsopp's Pale Ale costs 5 francs 50 centimes. At Capsa's all the waiters have a knowledge of French, and that language is generally talked by the *habitués* of the restaurant, for a Roumanian of the upper classes is always proud of speaking French with Parisian fluency and accent.

There are many purely Roumanian restaurants in Bucarest. The only one as to which I have personal experience is that of Dimitrescu at the end of the Strada Acadamiei, opposite the side face of the Hotel Continental.

Dimitrescu,
Strada
Acadamiei

Some of the waiters at this restaurant have a smattering of German as well as their own language. The restaurant has green walls, and attached to it is a garden where, under a large canvas awning, the tables are set on hot nights. I found the menu a puzzle, for not only is it written in Roumanian, but hot entrées, fish, and *gros pièces* are all in the same column. I ordered *Shinbere*, *Teya Risol*, and appealed to the head waiter to order for me, as my third dish, some typical Roumanian *plat*. What my dinner proved to be was a good thick tripe soup, cold fish with a mayonnaise sauce, and roast chicken cut up and served on a pile of white pickled cabbage.

Across the little garden behind the Hotel Continental is the restaurant of the hotel, a rather solemn but comfortable place wherein to dine. A *table d'hôte* dinner is served, the dishes all being of the French cuisine, though cold sterlet, little Roumanian sausages, and other dishes of the country are on the table for cold meats. The restaurant of the Hotel Boulevard, the most modern hotel of the town, is also a dining-place at which a dinner above the average of the Near East in the matter of cookery is to be obtained.

Hotel Con-
tinental,
Theatre Square

Of cafés and pastry-cooks and café-chantants there are a great number in the town and the parks and the suburbs. Jonescu, in the Strada Covesci is one of the cafétiers whose shop is very popular in the afternoon.

BUCAREST CLUBS

The Jockey Club is the most important of the clubs of Bucarest, which are all after the French model. The Jockey Club has a dining-room of the British type. The Military Club, the Tineriniea (the Youth), the Royal, and the Agricol are the other clubs. The last three are hospitably inclined towards travelling Britons who are suitably introduced. Play runs high at the Bucarest clubs.

AFTER DINNER

The odds are strongly in favour of a visitor finding on the boards of the big theatre some patriotic national opera or play of many acts, and with scores of characters in it. A little company of French players from the Capucine was at one of the operetta theatres when I made acquaintance with Bucarest, and Viennese operettas were being played at a second. In the hot season the Moulin Rouge and two or three open-air café-chantants are amusing places at which to spend an hour.

SINAIA

Sinaia is the hill station in the Carpathians where the King and Queen of Roumania have built their summer palace. The village is intentionally kept small, and there are only three hotels. Two good express trains run both ways during the day, and the

journey from Bucarest is not a long one, and is interesting. At Ploesci, a junction on the line where all trains stop, there is a refreshment room where a cheap and plentiful *table d'hôte* meal is served. Sinaia is very fashionable in the summer, for most of the ministers and many of the foreign diplomatists follow the King and Queen up to the picturesque village in the woods below the great grey crags. Capsa has a gay little restaurant on the Boulevard Chica, a little pavilion of iron and glass, painted and gilt, which is open during the summer months; and George Riegler has a dainty little coffee-house and terrace and a tiny garden where a cascade falls over miniature boulders next door to one of the bandstands.

Restaurant
Capsa, Boule-
vard Chica

Riegler's,
The Park

The Hotel Caraiman, on a hill just above the station, is open summer and winter. In summer it is crowded to its holding capacity. In winter a score of guests have the big hotel to themselves. I can answer for the meals at the hotel being simple and well cooked, and a stranger arriving during the "off season" is flattered with much attention.

Hotel Caraiman

XV

SERVIA

The Food of the Country—Belgrade—Kijievo.

A WALK through the market of Belgrade in the autumn shows at once what there is good to eat in Servia. There is no market in all the south of Europe which can show such colour or such a wonderful choice of fruit. Beans of all kinds and all colours from bright yellow to deep green, crimson tomatoes, peppers orange and green and red, deep scarlet radishes, purple egg-plants, cabbages, lettuces, and onions are cheek by jowl with tubs of honey, piles of cheeses, and great trays of plums and grapes, peaches, apples, and pears. Wholesale buyers come from all over Europe to the Belgrade market to buy fruit, and as the peasants are all in their national costumes, the market place with its rows of acacia and chestnut trees giving shelter to the stalls is a very picturesque sight.

BELGRADE

The cookery of Belgrade is the cookery of Vienna, or rather a rough imitation of it. The power of France in the kitchen ceases directly the Balkans come into sight. At the Grand Hotel
The Grand Restaurant,
Michael Street there is a restaurant which is the best in Servia. Brown velvet couches and zinc palms convey an idea of luxury, and the cookery

is that of provincial Austria, the veal cutlets being a perfectly safe dish to ask for. I tried the Servian wines, the Jupsko and Negotine, and found that they had a twang which was not altogether agreeable. During the time I spent in Servia I drank the Hungarian wines which are to be obtained at all the hotels. The Servian beer and the Servian cheese are both excellent. A correspondent mentions the Hotel Moskau as having the restaurant next in merit to that of the Grand.

I was anxious to sample some real Servian dishes, but the smell of garlic which came from the open doors of the one-storied, brown-roofed eating-houses of the people told me that the national stew would be too highly scented for my palate. I went to the Servian Crown, the restaurant which is supposed to be next in merit to the Grand, and found it a not very cleanly-looking café with an inner room partitioned off by painted-glass doors. The food when it came was the usual fried veal.

The Servian
Crown, Kali-
megdan Gardens

In the Topchilder Park, which is the Hyde Park and Richmond and Kew of Belgrade all rolled into one, there is an open-air brasserie, where I can answer for the native beer being refreshing and icy cold, and where the manager told me that he could give me a beautiful lunch; and just outside the park and across the railway there is on the side of a hill another of these beer-house cafés with comfortable cane chairs in which to sit and look at the view.

Restaurant
Topchilder

KIJIEVO

The only place outside Belgrade where the cookery is not positively atrocious is Kijievo, a little summer resort which is within driving distance of the capital,

but to which the Servians generally go by rail. There is a little hotel there which has a glassed-in verandah, and some villas which are taken by the month by the merchants of Belgrade, and tree-clad hills with paths made on them, and a little lake with a punt on it, a fountain and a rose-garden. The host of the hotel, bidden to do his best, gave the little party of picnickers, of whom I was one, some vegetable soup, veal cutlets, rice and potatoes, and pancakes and blackberries.

Servia is not a country in which a gourmet should call a halt to enjoy good things to eat and good things to drink.

AFTER DINNER

At Belgrade I found at the theatre the usual patriotic drama, in which the Servians are the victors over the Turks, and after seeing one act shirked the rest. There was no alternative amusement, and even the hall-porter at the Grand could suggest nothing except an evening in a café where a band played.

XVI

BULGARIA

The Food of the Country—Restaurants of Sofia—The Union Club.

THE FOOD OF THE COUNTRY

ALL the fish of the Danube are to be bought in the strange semi-Oriental street of the provision merchants at Sofia, where weird, uncouth joints of meat are surrounded by piles of country sandals and squares of embroidery and wooden water-bottles. Men carry bunches of live fowls tied to the end of yokes up and down this street, and boys sell sheep's trotters arranged like a fringe on a stick. In the vegetable shops are masses of peppers, and a stew highly seasoned with *paprika* is the meat-dish of the people. The cheese Sadowa, or Sadova, is good, and so is a cream-cheese. Turkish and Austrian cookery meet and fraternise in the kitchens of Sofia.

THE SOFIA RESTAURANTS

The restaurant of the Hotel de Bulgarie has white blinds and little tables with white linen tablecloths, and is quite smart and clean. The cook must be an Austrian, or must have learned his trade in an Austrian kitchen, for

Hotel de
Bulgarie

the food is exactly that which one would expect to be offered in a small provincial Austrian town.

There is a Greek restaurant in Sofia, the exterior of which did not look sufficiently inviting to tempt an inspection of the interior, and there is a Macedonian café where some of the ardent Bulgarian politicians dine. These and a beer-house, "The Red Crab," where a band plays; two café concerts, which keep open till all hours of the night, and in which fire-water is served under many different names; and a dozen or two ordinary cafés, are the houses of refreshment in Sofia.

THE SOFIA CLUBS

The military officers have a large club, on the model of the Austrian officers' casinos, and the foreign colonies in Sofia have a particularly pleasant little club in the Union. Two-thirds of the mem-
The Union Club bers of this club are English; but some of the customs of continental clubs, such as the introduction of new members to all the other members, are adhered to. The diplomatists of the various Agencies—for Bulgaria being nominally vassal to Turkey, the Legations are called Agencies—all belong to the Union. The club extends honorary membership to visitors, and to be accorded this privilege adds immensely to the pleasure of a stay in the Bulgarian capital. There is a reading-room in the club, where the papers of all nations are to be found. The chef is an artist. He adapts his menus to the tastes of his masters of all nationalities, and a *mousaka*, a *risotto*, and a saddle of Welsh mutton may sometimes be found on the same bill of fare. Some of the statesmen and generals of Bulgaria are members of this club, and when a man of very great

importance wishes to give a dinner which shall make history he is sometimes allowed to borrow the club cook. Bridge is played at the Union, and I believe that in the small hours a round of poker is not unknown, and that the Bulgarian generals play a very sporting game.

AFTER DINNER

The new opera house of Sofia is that capital's latest proof of complete civilisation, but even Sofia cannot get rid of the Balkan vainglorious habit of producing interminable patriotic, poetic dramas. These are sandwiched with German opera. Little travelling operetta companies play in a barn on the road to the station, and the café-chantants are places of small rooms, much smoke, vile liquors, and indifferent performances.

XVII

TURKEY

Turkish Cookery—Constantinople Restaurants—Therapia—
Constantinople Clubs.

THE Turkish cookery is by no means to be despised. The Turk has been driven bag and baggage out of many European countries, but he has always left his cooking-pots behind him. In Greece and in the Balkan States the best dishes of the country are really Turkish ones. The Turks, like all Mohammedans, are great eaters of vegetables, and beans, small cucumbers, rice, and whatever fruits are in season form the principal food of all classes. The Turk is extremely particular concerning the water he drinks ; on the bills of fare of the restaurants the various drinking waters find a place, and a charge is made for them. The many-coloured sherbets which make the windows of the cafés in the poor portions of the towns look like those of chemists are as much a subject of taste to be discussed as wines are with us.

The Turkish *kabobs* and the *pilafs* of chicken are good, but their appearance is not appetising and they are too satisfying. A little rice and beef, rather aromatic in taste, is wrapped round with a thin vine leaf, in balls the size of a walnut, and eaten either hot or cold. This is called *Yalandji Dolmas*. *Yaourt* or *Lait Caillé* is a milk curd, rather like what is called *Dicke Milche* in Germany. *Aubergines* are eaten in

every form ; one method of cooking them, and that one not easily forgotten, is to smother a cold *aubergine* in onion, garlic, salt, and oil ; this is named *Ymam Bayldi*. *Keinfte* are small meat-balls tasting strongly of onions. Loufer fish, fried or grilled ; Plaki fish, eaten cold ; Picti fish in aspic ; small octopi stewed in oil ; the *Espadon*, or sword-fish, grilled ; *Mousaka*, vegetable marrows sliced, with chopped meat between the slices and baked ; *Yachni*, meat stewed with celery and other vegetables ; *Kebap*, “kabobs” with a bay-leaf between each little bit of meat ; *Kastanato*, roasted chestnuts stewed in honey, and quinces treated in the same manner ; vermicelli stewed in honey ; and preserves of rose leaves, orange flowers, and jessamine—all are to be found in the Turkish cuisine. The Turk is the best sweetmeat maker in Europe, and a tin of rose-leaf jam, or a wooden box of Rahat Lakoum, freshly made, is always an acceptable gift to take home to England to any household. The *Rôti Kouzoum* is lamb impaled whole on a spit like a sucking-pig, which it rather resembles in size, being very small. It is well over-roasted and sent up whole. I am informed on the best authority that when a host wishes to do you honour he tears pieces off it with his fingers and places them before you, and you have to devour them in the same manner.

I herewith give a typical Turkish dinner :—

Duzico.

Hors d'œuvre.

Yalandji Dolmas.

POTAGE.

Crème d'Orge.

POISSON.

Espadon. Sce. Anchois.

ENTRÉE.

Boughou Kebabs.

Carni Yanik.

RÔTI.

Kouzoum.

LÉGUMES.

Bahmieh à l'Orientale.

Ymam Bayldi.

ENTREMETS.

Yaourt et Fruits.

The wines of Turkey are mostly of a Sauterne character. Balkan is a strong rough wine. Douzico is a liqueur which somewhat resembles Kümmel. It comes from Tchesme, and Omourdja, and Broussa, and the Greeks and Levantines, who are its principal consumers, are very particular as to the brand. Mastik, from Chio, is another liqueur largely consumed by the Christians in Turkey.

Of course every hotel in Pera has its restaurant. That of the Pera Palace is the one which the travelling Englishman gravitates to naturally, and it is the best of its kind. I do not think it would be considered first-rate in any capital except that of Turkey.

Of the restaurants of Pera, apart from the hotels, Tokatlian's is the best. This big restaurant is built in the shape of a cross, and glass screens keep the draughts of air away from the customers. The prevailing colour of pillars and walls is cream colour. The rooms are lofty, and a flight of stairs leads to a suite of rooms on the first floor. The part of the restaurant nearest the entrance serves as a café. Tokatlian's at first sight reminded me somewhat of our London Gatti's. In the evening Tokatlian's is crowded, and quite a number of the

Pera Palace

Tokatlian's,
Grande Rue

men wear fezzes. This does not necessarily mean that they are Turks, for many Greeks and other Christians whose business takes them amongst the Turks wear the fez as attracting less attention in Stamboul than a "pot hat" does. The managers of the restaurants wear the frock-coat of ordinary civilisation; the waiters wear aprons. There are always some Eastern as well as French dishes on the bill of fare, and a *pilaf* and a *mousaka* at Tokatlian's give a very fair idea of what a well-to-do Turk eats. My neighbours on the last occasion I dined at Tokatlian's were two Greek ladies at a table on one side and a German merchant and three young men in fezzes on the other. Grilled trout, roast partridges, and great slices of water melon formed the dinner of the men's party; the ladies ate cakes and sweets. Little chunks of a big *Espadon* fish, rather oily and fried in a covering of bay leaves, were the Eastern delicacies of my repast, which otherwise, except for the Café Turc, was a French dinner. Most of the diners at Tokatlian's drink the beer of the country, which is very light, and is brought to table cellar-cold.

Janni's, also in the Grande Rue, but at the opposite end to Tokatlian's, is a very cosmopolitan restaurant, and its *cartes de jour* are made Janni's, out in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Grande Rue French. It consists of several rooms screened off by coloured glass divisions. *Pilafs* and other Turkish dishes are to be found on the bill of fare, and an attempt is made to cater for the tastes of all the nations. Janni's keeps open at night so long as any customers remain there.

Youghourt, curdled milk, is a favourite dish with the Turks, and Europeans take very Laiterie de Pera kindly to it. It can be got at the Grande Rue Laiterie de Pera, in the Grande Rue, and can be eaten in the shop.

Unless any man is an enthusiast, it is as well to test Turkish cookery at Tokatlian's or Janni's, and not to venture into any of the Turkish restaurants in Stamboul. Not that the cookery is not excellent, for it is ; but a Turk does not seem to mind how garish, or sordid, or dirty the surroundings are, so long as his food is well cooked. If you wish to try the novelty of eating a Turkish dinner in a Turkish restaurant, do not forget that a Turk takes his one substantial meal of the day about noon. The best place at which to experiment on Turkish cookery is an out-of-doors eating-place in what is by courtesy called a garden near Sta. Sophia. There is an enclosure and a grove of dusty little trees. A kitchen and a wooden shed in which the "hubble-bubble" pipes are ranged on shelves are in the centre of the enclosure, and there are many plain wooden chairs and tables occupied by officials of all grades, military officers, and the Turkish mercantile community.

Another dining-place is close to the railway station, and in the Grande Rue de Sirkedji near the Galata Bridge there is quite a choice of restaurants. At the Restaurant Osmanlie in this street I have eaten red mullet stewed in oil with pickled cabbage, peppers and olives as a garnish, a capital *Mousaka* of *Aubergines*—for there are several vegetable foundations for *Mousakas*—a *Pilaf*, *Kabobs* roasted over a charcoal fire, and *Baclava*, as a "sweet." The dinner was well cooked, the oil surprising me by being excellent ; but the dirty room, the cheap coloured prints, the great bunches of foliage put in vases to attract the flies away from the guests, the mirrors in soiled gilt frames, the strange conglomeration of food shown in the windows to attract customers, were not appetising. And the guests, all of whom seemed to have been a week without a shave, and such of them as showed any linen having evidently quarrelled with their laundresses, were quite

in keeping with the dirty blue paint on the walls and the stains on the marble-topped tables.

THERAPIA

Constantinople, with its mangy dogs, and its streets all in holes, always seems to me an unclean and abominable city, and I take steamer as soon as possible to Therapia, which is a civilised village. Here, as in Pera, the choice of dining-places lies between one of the Palace Hotels, the Therapia Palace, and Tokatlian's. Both are clean and airy, and the sea breeze blowing down from the Black Sea fills all the rooms with healthy salt-purified air. I do not think that there is anything to choose between the two hotels in the matter of cookery, which is fair at each.

CONSTANTINOPLE CLUBS

There are two clubs in Pera—the Little Club, the title of which is I believe the Cercle de Constantinople, and the Cercle de l'Orient in the Grande Rue. The Cercle de l'Orient is the club of Cercle
the Ambassadors and the Great Ones of de l'Orient
the Land. It is hospitable to properly introduced strangers; its chef is a most accomplished artist; and it has all the dignity of an old-established cosmopolitan club. It is closed during the hot months when all its members are either on leave or at Therapia. The Little Club keeps open all the year round. In the hot weather it rolls up its carpets and takes the doors off their hinges; in winter it becomes The Little
snug and comfortable. The officials of Club
all the consulates, and the diplomatists and the merchants, are members of the club, and at lunch-

time there is a British table, and a French, and a German, round which cluster the various nationalities. It is a very comfortable and merry and hospitable club, and as it is almost next door to the big hotel of the city, its hospitality is much appreciated by the clubbable men of all lands.

AFTER DINNER

There is generally a French company playing in the theatre of the big pavilion which stands back some way from the Grande Rue, just above the Pera Palace Hotel. Such native entertainments as there are it is wise not to visit without a guide in attendance, who will explain the nature of the performances, and very probably save the inquiring stranger from many dull half-hours spent in very hot and crowded little rooms.

XVIII

G R E E C E

Grecian Dishes—Athenian Restaurants.

No one lives better than a well-to-do Greek outside his own country, and when he is in Greece his cook manages to do a great deal with comparatively slight material. A Greek cook can make a skewered pigeon quite palatable, and the number of ways he has of cooking quails, from the simple method of roasting them cased in bay leaves to all kinds of mysterious bakings after they have been soured in oil, are innumerable. There are *pillaus* or *pilafis* without number in the Greek cuisine, chiefly of lamb, and it is safe to take for granted that anything *à la Grec* is likely to be something savoury, with a good deal of oil, a suspicion of onion, a flavour of parsley, and a good deal of rice with it. These, however, are some of the most distinctive dishes:—*Coucourretzi*, the entrails and liver of lamb, roasted on a spit; *Dolmades*, meat balls wrapped in vine or white cabbage leaves, and served with a cream sauce and a squeeze of lemon juice; *Tomates Yermistes*, which are tomatoes stuffed with forcemeat; *Youvarlakia*, balls of rice and chopped meat covered with tomato sauce; and *Bligouri*, wheat coarsely ground, cooked in broth, and eaten with grated cheese. *Argokalamara*, a paste of flour and yolk of egg fried in butter with honey poured over it, and *Chalva* and *Loukoumia*,

are some of the sweets of the cuisine. All Grecian cookery is done over a charcoal fire. A too great use of oil is the besetting sin of the indifferent Greek cook. The egg-plant is the great "stand-by" of the Grecian kitchen ; it is stuffed in a dozen different ways.

The food of the peasant is grain, rice, goat-flesh when he can get it, a skinny fowl on the great festivals, milk, and strong-tasting cheese. A bunch of grapes and a hunch of sour bread is his usual hot weather meal.

The Grecian wines, though some of them taste shockingly of resin, are not unpalatable. Solon, Soutzos, Kephista, Kephallenia, are all quite drinkable ; and the better-class wines of Kephallenia, and those of Patras, made by a German firm, are enjoyable. Much of the Greek wine goes to Vienna and other centres of the wine trade, and reappears with labels on the bottles having no connection with Greece.

ATHENIAN RESTAURANTS

The restaurants of Athens are not happy hunting-grounds for the Anglo-Saxon gourmet. The Restaurant Splendid, in the Hotel des Etrangers, Place de la Constitution, the Minerva, and the D'Athenes, both in the Rue de Stade, are the pick of a not too promising bunch ; and Murray recommends one in Amalias Street, near the Palace, which I do not remember to have seen.

A most grave *littérateur* to whom, as he had been lately travelling in Greece, I applied for supplementary information, applied the adjective "beastly" to all Greek restaurants, and added that the one great crying need of Greece and Athens is an American bar for the sale of cooling drinks in the Parthenon.

XIX

DENMARK

The Hours of Meals—Copenhagen Restaurants—The Badehotels
on the Sound.

OF the food of the country there is little to say. The restaurants of the hotels aspire to French cookery ; the simpler eating-places where the Danes enjoy themselves have the plainer cookery of Scandinavia—scraps of beef in the form of *Tournedos*, cutlets, baked fowl, and the *smörgasbord*—the *hors d'œuvre* of the north, which, however, are to be found in greater variety in Sweden. The hours of the meals throughout Scandinavia should be noted by the Englishman, who because he likes to lunch at 1.30 and dine at 8.15 thinks that the whole world must do likewise. The Dane or Swede or Norwegian rises very early, has his coffee and roll, and then works till 11, when he leaves his office or his place of employment and eats his breakfast. At noon he goes back to work and at 4 P.M. he eats his dinner. He generally sups lightly before he goes to bed. The Briton who goes into a restaurant at what he considers the sane hours at which to feed and finds no *table d'hôte* meal ready and the cook out for his daily walk, learns that every country does not of necessity follow the British timetable.

COPENHAGEN

At the Hotel d'Angleterre, opposite the Royal Opera House, I found the cooking quite good, both in the restaurant and grill-room, though not in any way distinctively Danish; and the same can be said for the cooking of the Hotel Bristol, a red-brick building with a high tower up which people who wish to see the view are conveyed in a lift. Men who know their Copenhagen have told me that a good dinner is to be found at the Phoenix. I had been told that I should find the national cookery in the Danish restaurant of the Tivoli Gardens, and that the price of it was 3 kröner. I hunted all the Tivoli through for this particular restaurant and did not find it. The Tivoli is a parallel to our Earl's Court Exhibition, and it is in the very centre of the city. If all the buildings between Leicester Square and St. James Square were pulled down and a garden made with a great free concert hall and a great free theatre and a smaller theatre for pantomime with a tremendous peacock's tail as a curtain and another stage for acrobats, and if side-shows galore and a score of cafés and restaurants were scattered about and a lake made and a pagoda built, then London would have something resembling the Copenhagen Tivoli. I tried at least ten of the café-restaurants in the Gardens, asking in my best Danish if they had national cookery. All blazed with light, in each I was bowed to a little table, and as I stood and parleyed a menu in which most dishes were *à la* was put into my hand. At last in despair I sat down at a table in one of the big dining-rooms which are on either side of the concert hall, a hall which is

in close imitation of the Taj at Agra. A well-fried flounder and some mutton and mushrooms which were dignified with the title of *à la Marengo* were quite good eating, but did not add to my knowledge of the national cookery.

The National, almost opposite the Casino, a big brown building in which a great gramophone supplies music, and where cold poached eggs in **Café National,** aspic are a favourite dish, is a favourite **Café Industrie** supping-place, and is crowded about 1 A.M., and the Industrie is another café where the supperers sit late.

ON THE SOUND

If beautiful scenery and plain food can make a man contented, as they certainly should, Denmark in summer should be a paradise of content, for no sea-scapes could be more beautiful than those that are to be looked at from the restaurants of the hotels at half-a-dozen little bathing-places within easy reach of Stockholm. The coast of Sweden lies on the other side of the silver strait, little yachts with white sails lie and rock by the side of the piers, and the big ships pass continually up and down the channel. Skodsborg is one of these delightful settlements on the sea. Behind the Badehotel are **Badehotel,** beautiful beech woods, and many **Skodsborg** creepers and pollarded trees and a terraced garden give the plain simple hotel charming surroundings.

Klampenborg, on the edge of the deer-forest about seven miles from Copenhagen, is another of these delightful bathing-places. The beech **Badehotel,** woods are a preserve for the royal deer, **Klampenborg** and at the Badehotel, with its many wooden balconies, I found everything very clean, the food simple, and the bill a very small one.

At Marienlyst, which is near Elsinore, there is an hotel semi-oriental in appearance with arched verandahs and a wealth of creepers. A casino, **The Casino, Marienlyst** a restaurant, and two score of cottages form part of the bathing establishment. What I have written concerning the food and the views at Skodsborg and Klampenborg holds good for Marienlyst. In the casino grounds is Hamlet's grave, which is a very good reproduction of the last resting-place of a Viking. A neighbouring pleasure-garden, jealous of this happy idea of Marienlyst, has made in its grounds the identical pool in which Ophelia drowned herself.

AFTER DINNER

I have described above the Tivoli Gardens, in which all Copenhagen amuses itself in the summer. My knowledge of the winter amusements after dinner is but scanty, but I am told that the performances at the Opera are well worth seeing, and any one who is an amateur of dancing should see the performances of the Opera Corps de Ballet, from whence have come to us such artists as Mlles. Genée and Britta.

XX.

SWEDEN

The Food of the Country—Stockholm Restaurants—Saltsjobaden
—Storvik—Gothenburg.

MOST of the dishes of the countries of the north are very simple ones. The materials which a Swedish cook has at command are limited, and the dinners of the country, though good, plain, and plenteous, cannot be said to come under the heading of the *Haute Cuisine*. Some of the dishes of the country are *Kaldalmar*, chopped meat rolled in a cabbage leaf and fried; *Svensk Beff*, beef beaten thin and cooked with salt and a thick layer of pepper and onions; *Graflax*, raw salmon eaten with oil, vinegar, pepper, and a sauce of sweet herbs; *Pytt à Joanna*, fried dry hash, exactly like the American dish on which all the proprietors of boarding-houses in the States are supposed to feed their lodgers; *Stairgkarf*, which is the sausage of the country fried; *Filbunke*, sour milk rather like our junket, eaten with ginger, sugar, and scraped brown bread; *Bracht Sart Bringa*, baked corned beef; *Tournedos à la Nobis*, small steaks in little china pans, with asparagus points and a mayonnaise sauce; *Biff Apres*, beef-steak and pork chopped fine, with potato round the dish. *Stecht Strammirg* is a fish much like a plaice. *Smörgasbord*, which is literally "bread and butter," is very much the same as the Russian *Zakouska*. The *smörgasbord* table and its

accompanying stand of liqueurs is often in an ante-room to the dining-room. It was explained to me that the distances in the country being very great, some guests would arrive early, some late, and the *smörgasbord* table bridged over the many bad quarters of an hour which would otherwise have to be endured.

STOCKHOLM

The Opera Källaren, which forms part of the buildings of the Opera House, is, I should fancy, the most typical of all the Stockholm **Opera Källaren** restaurants. The big dining-room is panelled with wood the colour of dark cedar, and above this is some heavy gold ornamentation and some well-painted pictures of semi-nude nymphs and shepherds. The ceiling is of wood. I was one of a party of six who asked the proprietor to provide for us a lunch of Swedish dishes. This was the menu :—

Smörgasbord.
 Filbunka.
 Graflax.
 Kräftstufning.
 Tjädar m lingon.
 Plättår m Sylt.

Taking the dishes in order. First came the *hors d'œuvre*, followed by the junket. The raw salmon was succeeded by young capercailzie and cranberries. To my surprise the birds were very tender, and their flesh had no resinous twang; but for the dark colour of the meat I should have taken them to be pheasants. Pancakes and cloudberry were the final item. We drank with the *smörgasbord* either Schnapps or a yellow fiery native liqueur; we relapsed to French and German wine at dinner, and then tasted some Swedish punch,

which the Swedes drink very fearlessly, but which is said to give any one who imbibes it too freely a terrible "head" next morning. The *table d'hôte* lunch at this restaurant costs 1 kr. 50 öre, and consists of a dish of eggs, which are admirably cooked, meat, cheese, and a "sweet" which is generally cake and cream. The *table d'hôte* dinners are excellent, one being at 3 kr. 50 öre and the other at 2 kr. 50 öre; the first consisting of soup (thick soups being a specialty of the place), fish, entrée, meat, and *relevé* (generally *hjärpe*), with a *compote* of Swedish cranberries and a sweet or ice. Here, as in most Swedish eating-places, objection is taken to coffee being served in the restaurant, guests being requested to take it in the café, which is generally the next room. Supper is served at the Operakällaren, and the restaurant is crowded for this meal. It costs 2 kr., and consists of a *smörgasbord*, an entrée, and meat.

The Grand Hotel, a big house of many gables which stands on the quay, has a dining-room panelled with red wood, with a frieze and ceiling of cream stucco. The decoration of the dining-room is the great attraction of this hotel. The lunch costs 2 kr. 50 öre, the dinner 3 kr. 50 öre.

The Hotel Rydberg, in the square opposite the Palace, is most popular, and the food is good. A great feature is made here of the *smörgasbord* table, which has a room to itself, and on which are a great variety of dishes, there being some wonderful combinations of smoked eels, and other fish, and eggs amongst them. There are from twenty to thirty of these dishes, all delicate and appetising. The guests eat them standing. In the same room is a huge plated spirit-stand, containing a number of different spirits, white brandy called "Branvin," and other drinks very much resembling

The Grand
Hotel

Hotel Rydberg

vodka. The crayfish, *kräftor*, a little larger than the French ones, excellent in flavour, and served in a terrine; the *Bisque* soup; caviare served, as of course it should be, on a bed of ice, are good at the Rydberg, and the cook manages to make even a ptarmigan toothsome. It is a favourite place for people to sup at after the theatre. The *table d'hôte* dinner costs 3 kr. 50 öre and the lunch 2 kr. 50 öre. Caloric punch is a favourite drink here, and two men think nothing of drinking a bottle between them after dinner or supper.

One of the best restaurants is the Continental, in the big white hotel of that name opposite the railway station; *Tournedos* and *Nässelkalsoppa*, a soup made from tender young nettles, being specialties of the house.

The Café du Nord, in the great square, is very clean, very crowded, and very popular, although more bourgeois than the others. The food is good, meals being served mostly *à la carte*. A good *filet de bœuf* costs about 90 öre. The business men who mostly patronise this café dine from 3 to 4 P.M. Many people sup there in the evening. There are some excellently painted pictures in black and gold, rather daring and French in subject, on the walls.

The Berns Salonger, a great three-storied red, white, and gold café, with a small space crowded with chairs before it, and a covered bandstand very close to the balconies of the café, is a place where sandwiches, coffee, punch, and liqueurs are always to be obtained at all hours and all seasons. The Stromparterren, a pretty garden on the harbour, and the Blanch Café, which has very green shelters, are open from the 1st May to the 30th September. A military band, fine fellows in cocked hats and silver epaulettes, or a naval band in the

uniform of petty officers, are to be found playing in the afternoon at these restaurants.

The Hasselbacken, on an island in the fjord, is the most interesting of the Stockholm restaurants. On the island is a park, and a little town Hasselbacken,
Skansen of theatres and circuses. The park is known as the Skansen. It is a botanical garden and a zoological garden in one, with some of the features of a museum added to them. Part of the seven thousand acres are left as virgin forest. The animals are housed as nearly in their natural state as possible; the bears have their caves, the birds have aviaries so high that pines grow inside, the reindeer are in an enclosure of forest. Outside this park is the Hasselbacken, a broad-roofed building with a wide verandah on the first floor, whence one looks over the garden with its hundreds of little tables to the harbour and its islets and the town. The season during which the Hasselbacken is opened is from May to the end of September. During the early part of the season Tziganes play in one of the rooms. In summer a somewhat noisy orchestra plays in the garden. The price of dinner, *à prix fixe*, is 3 kr. 50 öre; this includes soup, fish, meat, *relevé* (generally the Swedish guinea-fowl called *hjärpe*) and ice. Wine and coffee are of course extra.

The Hasselbacken is often used for the giving of banquets of ceremony, but the dinner at 3 kr. 50 öre is more likely to interest the stranger within the gates than the more extensive feasts, so I give a typical menu of this very reasonably priced repast:—

Purée à la Reine.
Saumon fumé aux Epinards.
Selle de Mouton aux Légumes.
Gelinottes rôties. Salade.
Soufflée au Citron.

AFTER DINNER

My stay in Stockholm was made during summer when the weather was hot, and I found that the Hasselbacken and the street of amusement outside gave me all the amusement I wanted, without stewing in an opera-house or one of the theatres of the town. I fancy, however, that the opera-house was closed for the summer months, but of this I have not any clear recollection.

SALTSJOBADEN

At the Swedish Brighton, a very simple and very pretty village amidst the pines on a fjord where small yachts lie at anchor on the placid water, and a score of little islands have tea-houses amidst the trees, and little piers jut out into the wavelets, and bathing sheds are on the brink of the water, there are a half-dozen of hotels and restaurants at all of which the prices are surprisingly cheap. At the

Grand Hotel Grand Hotel I was given a copious *smörgasbord*, fried fish, stewed fruit, unlimited bread, butter, and cheese; a pint of Swedish beer or any other simple beverage was at my service, and the charge was 1 kr. 50 öre, or about 1s. 8d.

STORVIK

At Storvik, a station on the Storlieu line, there is a restaurant which is celebrated throughout Sweden. You are charged 2 kr., which is the price of a meal at all railway refreshment rooms, and help yourself at a big central table, crayfish soup, fish, meat, poultry, game, and sweets all being included in the meal, and a glass of light beer.

**Railway
Restaurant,
Storvik**

GOTHENBURG

The restaurant of the Haglund is a good one, and I give one of the menus of its **The Haglund**, dinner at 3 kr. :—

SOPPA.

Potage à la Parmentier.

FISK.

Saumon grillée à la maître d'hôtel.

KÖTTRÄTT.

Langue de Bœuf Garni. Sauce aux Olives,
ou Fricandeau de veau aux pois.

STEK.

Poulet à la Printanier.

Compotes.

EFTERRÄTT.

Bavaroise hollandaise ou Framboises.

XXI

NORWAY

The Christiana Restaurants—Thronhjelm.

NORWAY is not a happy hunting-ground for the gourmet. At the best of the dining-places the food is plain food well cooked ; at the other dining-places it is plain food indifferently cooked. Salmon, halibut, and ptarmigan are the variations from beef, bread, milk, and vegetables, and salmon and ptarmigan after a time pall on the palate.

CHRISTIANA

The restaurant at the Victoria Hotel at Christiana was the ground of most of my experiments in the
Victoria cookery of Norway, and I felt grateful to the cook for making a young ptarmigan quite an eatable bird. The Hotel Scandinavie, one of the other three hotels of the city, advertises that its cookery is both French and Norwegian. I ate an evening meal at the brown-walled restaurant attached to the Tivoli Gardens, where there is a theatre
Tivoli of varieties, and found the *Tournedos* and the halibut there very much the same as they are anywhere else in the north. Holmenkollen, 1000 feet up the mountain behind
Holmenkollen Christiana, has its hotel and restaurants, which are well worth visiting, not so much for the food, which is of the simplest descrip-

tion, as for the wonderful views. The room in which lunch is served, strapping Norwegian girls taking the place of the usual waiters, is a copy of the big room in an old Norwegian farm. There is a small café in the grounds of the hotel which is also a model of an old Norwegian house.

Frognersæter, further up the mountain on which is the Holmenkollen, and Ekeberg, are also famous for their views, and at each place there is a café.

AFTER DINNER

Wishing to do in Christiana as the Norwegians do, I attended a performance of one of Ibsen's plays in a theatre built after the model of a Greek temple. As I do not know a word of Norwegian, I did not find the performance exhilarating. My experiences at the Tivoli were far more entertaining.

THRONDHJEM

Of any restaurant in Thronthjem I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but two or three of my correspondents have had The Britannia a good word to say for the cookery at the Britannia.

XXII

RUSSIA

Russian Cookery—St. Petersburg—The Clubs of St. Petersburg—Moscow—The Moscow Clubs—Odessa—Kief—Warsaw—Helsingfors—Yalta.

RUSSIAN DISHES

RUSSIA deserves full credit for having retained a national cuisine, and a very excellent cuisine it is. Some Russians are gourmands, and before dinner or lunch make a preliminary meal from the *Zakouska* buffet, where potatoes and celery, spiced eels, stuffed crayfish, chillies stuffed with potato, olives, minced red cabbage, smoked goose flesh, smoked salmon, smoked sturgeon, raw herring, pickled mushrooms, radishes, caviare, look very tempting on their separate plates, and where an array of liqueur bottles with the vodka most in evidence keep them company. It would be obviously unfair to call all Russians gluttons because some of them eat too much, as it would be to call them all drunkards because some Russians can drink a surprising quantity of champagne at a sitting.

Soups are the principal contribution of Russia to the cuisine of the world. The Russian Moujik, when he first stirred some sour cream into his *Schi* or cabbage broth, little thought that from his raw idea the majestic *Bortch* and kindred soups would spring. In England *Bortch* and *Rossolnik*, the latter a soup in which cucumber juice and parsley and celery roots

play their parts, are the only Russian soups generally known; but they are only two out of two-score delightful soups of the national cuisine. *Batrennia* and *Okroshka* are two soups which are supped cold; *Uktra* is a favourite fish soup, and *Selianka* is a particularly delicate soup made from the sturgeon and sterlet. Many of the Russian soups obtain a distinctive flavour from roots, or berries, or nuts, which is a proof of their peasant origin. A purely Russian custom is to serve little fish pasties with the soup. These are either eaten separately or put into the liquid and beaten into pieces. These pasties or *pâtés* are of all sizes and all kinds. They may be a tiny scrap of paste enveloping one or two shrimps, or the more elaborate *Tartelettes St. Hubert*, or the *Rastegai* which is almost in size a fish-pie, a circular casing of very light paste containing a complicated fish stuffing, a little round hole in the top of the *pâté* being left in order that the gourmet, before he eats it, shall put some fresh caviare there. A *Rastegai* is generally cut into four pieces, and makes four exquisite mouthfuls. Of fish, chiefly fresh-water fish, Russia has an abundance. The sturgeon naturally makes its appearance in some form on most menus, and so does the sterlet, which is generally cooked in white wine and served with shrimp sauce. One of the distinctively Russian fish dishes is a pie of successive layers of rice, eggs, and fish, which is something like our *Kedgeree*. Cold boiled Moscow sucking-pig is very delicious meat. The little pig is fed from his birth to the day of his death on nothing but cream, and its flesh is pure white. Horse-radish sauce and the sharp-tasting cream, which it is a libel to call "sour," are eaten with this angelic piglet. Roast mutton stuffed with buck-wheat is a dish by no means to be despised. *Srazis* are little rolled strips of mutton with forcemeat inside fried in butter.

In England *Blinis* make their appearance with caviare at dinners at all times of the year, and I fancy that most Anglo-Saxons think that they are a Russian substitute for our crumpets. This is what an Englishman resident in Russia writes to me on the subject: "*Blinis* are not only eaten at Cubat's and the Ermitage, but they are eaten in dozens and thousands of dozens all over orthodox Russia, from the Winter Palace to the most humble house—but they are eaten only during one week of the year, Carnival week, the week preceding Lent. *Blinis* are *not* like crumpets. They are in fact nothing but American buck-wheat cakes, about the same shape and weight, if anything a little lighter. They are made of wheat and of buck-wheat, and are eaten with hot melted butter, *smetana* (thick sour cream) and fresh caviare. There are also fancy *blinis*, with whitebait, onions, carrots, baked into the paste. In one shape or another they are devoured by all the millions of Russians twice a day for a week. The merchants, who are still a special 'caste' in Russia, make it a point to eat as many as possible, and manage to swallow several dozen at a sitting."

As a contrast, let me give you an extract from an article by Miss Insley which appeared in the *Daily Mail*, under the heading of "Everyday Life in Russia," and which describes a family dinner in a Russian country house, and the menu of a dinner given by Count Lamsdorff at the St. Petersburg Foreign Office. The Count evidently kept a French chef, and the dinner is curiously cosmopolitan in its composition.

Huitres d'Ostende.

Consommé au fumet de truffes.

Petits pâtés.

Homards à la "Hohenzollern."

Selle d'agneau garnie.

Parfait de foie gras au Champagne.

Punch : melon et cassis.

Faisans de Bohême à la broche flanqués d'ortolans rôtis.

Salade laitue et concombres frais.

Asperges d'Argenteuil, Sauce Mousseline.

Duchesses à la Parisienne.

Bombes glacées.

Fromages.

Dessert.

The excellent gourmet who sent me the above menu comments thus on the *Parfait de foie gras au Champagne* : "The essence of this dish is to have an abundance of the wine jelly well iced in waves all round the *foie gras*." This is the extract from Miss Insley's article : "We do not have the 'zakousky' so familiar in stories of Russian life, but which I have learned only to expect at Russian dinner-parties. Here we begin with soup, having with it a tiny hot scone with chopped meat inside. The soup, instead of the usual cabbage soup, is made of beets, and there is thick sour cream for it. The Russian duck is very tender and toothsome with pickled cherries ; the potatoes bear signs of having been frost-bitten ; there is a plate of crumbled green cheese into which the Countess puts a slice of black bread and butter, butter side downwards, and passes the plate on to her brother, who serves himself in the same way ; and there is a big decanter of red *kvas* for all who want it. After the duck there are veal cutlets. For the sweets we have a concoction which looks like treacle, and which is made of the stewed juices of various fruits."

Iced *kvas* is a common drink of the country, and in the Caucasus some very good wines are made. There is a champagne of the Don which often finds its way into bottles with Rheims labels on them.

ST. PETERSBURG

The first-class restaurants of St. Petersburg are all French in cuisine. I can only speak from experience of one of them, Donon's, a red-faced Donon's, Moika building in a courtyard entered through an arch. I was given quite an excellent dinner for about 5s., but my bottle of claret, cup of coffee, and liqueur of *fine champagne* cost three times as much as my dinner did. This, I am told, is the case in all the higher-class St. Petersburg restaurants. The set dinner is generally priced at 2 roubles, about 4s. 4d. a head, and the profit is made on the wine. It is the custom to drink French wines, and the duties on these are enormous, the bottles being cross-gartered with official strips of paper, each of which represents a customs receipt. A bottle of French *Vin ordinaire* costs 4 roubles 50 kopeks, or 9s. 8d., and no bottle of Rheims champagne is obtainable for less than 10 roubles. A whisky and soda costs 1 rouble 50 kopeks, and in some places 2 roubles. Donon's, so I am told, has fallen away somewhat from its old glories, and is not as fashionable as it used to be, but I did not miss the fashionable element and found the cookery quite good.

L'Ours, the Bear, on the Bolschaya Kononschaya, is a very favourite and a very fashionable restaurant.

L'Ours, Its cuisine is French, with a few of the
Bolschaya best Russian dishes adopted into the
Kononschaya *Haute Cuisine*.

The restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe is an excellent one, and is very popular with the upper classes of the Russian capital.

Contant's, on the Moika, has a garden which, in

the great heats of the summer—for St. Petersburg can be very hot and very dusty—is a pleasant spot in which to dine. Contant's cuisine is French, and quite good. The restaurant was burnt down in 1906, but has been rebuilt, and is now flourishing.

Pivato's is a first-class restaurant. Its specialty is luncheons. Cubat's, the accepted name of which is the Café de Paris, still remains the best of all the St. Petersburg restaurants. Cubat's meteoric appearance in Paris, when he took the Hotel Paiva and tried to persuade the Parisians that the Russian cuisine was the high art of the kitchen, was, like the efforts of the great men in other professions, made before its time, and Cubat deserted Paris in disgust. Whether Cubat himself is still to the fore I do not know, but the restaurant remains an admirable temple of French cookery in a foreign land.

The Belle Vue, which is an alternative name for Felicien's, is on the Islands, the beautiful suburb of lawns and gardens and park land intersected by water where the rich men of the city have their summer villas. Its situation is magnificent, being just opposite the Czar's summer palace, on the Island of Illargüi. Felicien's was closed when I visited St. Petersburg in the late autumn, but Ernest's, another summer restaurant on the road out to the Islands, was still open, and I dined there one evening. It is affiliated to the Café de l'Ours, just as Felicien's is to Cubat's. At Ernest's I found a big suite of red rooms and a large winter garden in which were many palms. A gipsy band played on a platform at the end of the rooms, and the leader gave himself ridiculous airs. I asked for the dinner of the day, and was given a choice of soups, a fish which

Contant's,
Moika

Pivato's,
Morskaiä

Café de Paris,
Bolschaya
Marskaya

Felicien's,
Kammeny
Ostrov

Ernest's,
60 Kammeno
Ostrovsky

was very much like a whiting, but more heavily fleshed, served *à la Colbert*, beef, fowl, a vegetable dish and a sweet, a dinner quite well cooked, but nothing distinguished or interesting in it. The charge for this was 3 roubles, and as usual my humble pint of red wine and glass of old brandy were the largest items in the bill. I am told that both Ernest's and Felicien's are opened in the winter occasionally for the convenience of sleighing parties, and I can readily understand the pleasure of coming out of a mist of frozen snow into one of their comfortable dining-rooms.

Beyond the Islands, and well outside St. Petersburg, is the Samarkand, a restaurant which in winter serves as the point to which sleigh drives are made. It is not considered a first-class restaurant.

In St. Petersburg I lunched one day at Leiner's, a German restaurant on the Nevsky Prospect, which was very crowded and very bustling, and I ate a German meal which was plenteous for its price, 1 rouble. I drank some Russian Pilsener beer which was quite light and quite cool.

There is a purely Russian restaurant, Palkine, on the Nevsky Prospect, but having walked into it with the intention of ordering a Russian meal, I could find no one there who talked any language other than Russian, and in despair I beat a retreat.

The Hotel de France has a luncheon at 75 kopeks, or 1s. 6d., which is very popular with the business community of St. Petersburg, and its dining-room is crowded from 12.30 to 2 o'clock. The food is not high-class, but of a good bourgeois description, and the place is kept by a Belgian, Mons. Renault.

ST. PETERSBURG CLUBS

The New English Club, which must not be confounded with the English Club, is the British club of St. Petersburg. It has its rooms at **British Club,** 36 Morskaiä, which street might be **Morskaiä** called the Piccadilly of St. Petersburg, and these rooms comprise two billiard-rooms, reading and writing rooms, a dining-room, and a card-room. The Ambassador and all the staff of the British Embassy are members, and practically all the clubbable Britons in St. Petersburg belong to the club. Englishmen belonging to good clubs at home, and introduced by members of the club, can become honorary members for a week, or temporary members at 5 roubles a month. Foreigners (Americans excluded) are not eligible as ordinary members, but they can be admitted as temporary or honorary members. This rule has been passed to prevent the New English Club being Russianised as has happened to the English Club. As there is a, to a young club, prohibitive tax of £200 on restaurants, the catering of the club is done by Pivato's Restaurant, which occupies the two floors beneath the club's rooms.

The Commercial Club on the English Quay has Mr. Macpherson as its President. It is **Commercial Club, English Quay; English Club, Dvortso-vaiä Nadérej-naïä** a luxurious club, and is cosmopolitan, many of the British merchants being members of it. The English Club, on the Dvortsovaiä Nadérejnaiä, has no British members. It is the club of the Russian aristocracy and of officers in crack regiments. It was originally founded by a few Englishmen, but the club now is in no way English.

The Yacht Club on the Great Morskaiä is the

best known of the St. Petersburg clubs. It is a club
Yacht Club, of the aristocracy. The present Prime
Great Morskaiä Minister of Russia is the only member
 who does not boast a title. The club takes action in
 politics, and has been known to expel a member who
 supported a party not in sympathy with the views of
 the nobility.

There is another yacht club on the Islands.

The Club of the Nobility and the New Club are
 other clubs of St. Petersburg.

AFTER DINNER

My week in St. Petersburg in the autumn was not
 the best time for seeing either the summer or the
 winter entertainments, for I was there just between
 the opening of the theatres and the closing of the
 gardens. The various gardens with their restaurants
 and variety shows are the places where the Russians
 amuse themselves in summer, and in the private supper-
 rooms, which are to be found in most gardens, the
 gilded youth of Russia sup till all hours, and often call
 in the aid of some of the troupes which have appeared
 on the stage. In the winter all that is brilliant in
 Russia is to be seen on the nights when ballets are
 danced at the Imperial Opera-house. The ballets and
 the principal dancers are talked about and written
 about more than any other subject of interest in
 Russia. Where at an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party
 politics or music would be discussed, at a Russian
 dinner-party the ballet is talked of. And as in St.
 Petersburg, so it is in Moscow, and to a lesser extent
 in Warsaw.

Moscow

Moscow is one of the headquarters of real Russian
 cookery. St. Petersburg in this respect has been

annexed by France. Moscow remembers the First Napoleon, and its kitchens have not yielded to French blandishments, nor are they likely to while the Eagles the Buonaparte left behind in the snow are ranged inside the Kremlin and the captured French cannon are aligned outside the great palace. Moscow has gained celebrity for its cutlets of all kinds, for its divine cold sucking-pig, and for its cold boiled beef, which is almost snow white. The raw material used at the good Moscow restaurants is all the best of its kind, and Russians tell me that no man is so particular as to getting the very best that money can buy as the gadabout sons of the rich merchants who, both the sons and the plutocrats, abound in Moscow.

I asked a Russian in Moscow, who was kind enough to tell me something concerning the ways of the city, what the day of a Russian who was going to enjoy himself thoroughly in Moscow would be. I was told that he would lunch, and lunch amply, about noon either at the Ermitage Restaurant, or the Bolskoi Moscovski, or the Slavianski Bazaar; would dine lightly at five o'clock at the Mavritania, or one of the other restaurants in the Park; would spend his evening at one of the gardens, the Aquarium Sad or the Ermitage Sad; and some time after midnight would sup at the Yar or the Golden Anchor while watching and listening to a music-hall performance. In a humble manner I trod in the footsteps of the Russian of fashion. I lunched many times at the Slavianski Bazaar Restaurant, for I stayed in the hotel of which this is a part. The *Zakouska* counter from which the *habitués* select a plateful of "snacks," pay for them, and then walk about eating them, is a noble collection of "appetisers"; but even more wonderful is the cold menu counter, where on ovals of wood edged with silver are the salmon, veal, boiled beef, sucking-

pig, giant crayfish, and bowls of cream. *Zakouska*, *Selianka* with *Rastegai*, cold sucking-pig and cream and horse-radish, and an orange salad form a typical lunch at the Slavianski. At dinner-time the soups, chiefly vegetable or fish, and the great variety of fresh-

Slavianski water fish, formed the interesting por-
Bazaar, Rue tions of the meal. The restaurant
Nikolskaia room of the Slavianski is white below

and the upper portion is painted in imitation of wood. A curious arrangement of light arches supports the roof instead of pillars. The most interesting room in the Slavianski is the old Russian Hall, painted in glaring and barbaric colours, in which the concerts are given. The waiters at the Slavianski are in dress clothes, and, with the exception of the head waiter, who talks a little English and a little German, speak Russian only.

The Ermitage is one of the historic restaurants of the world. It has a tremendous staff of chefs and sous-chefs, its store-rooms for game are a sight worth seeing, and it has a wonderful dinner service of Sèvres china which is so precious that an extra charge is made for its use at any dinner party. I asked a

The Ermitage, little party of fellow-travellers to
Trubnaia lunch with me, and I hope now
Plastchad that I was prompted entirely by the

spirit of hospitality, and not by a desire to be supported by my countrymen and countrywomen in a place where I expected to find Russian only talked. We found ourselves in a suite of high-ceilinged rooms, all light green in colour and decorated elaborately with stucco. Large mirrors reflected apparently endless vistas; the *Zakouska* counter was under a fine musicians' gallery; and in another gallery the tables stretched far back. The waiters at the Ermitage are all in long white tunics with a red cord at the waist, the Tartar

dress. On Sundays and holy days the waiters, I am told, wear coloured silk garments, but this I cannot answer for from personal observation. I placed my party for luncheon at a vacant table, and one of the white-tunicked waiters put into my hand a bill of fare in Russian. I could see that the dishes were divided into three categories, and should have understood nothing more had not one of the managers, a kindly person, rubicund, and walking delicately in a way which suggested gouty big toes, come to my rescue. If he was not French, he talked French like a Frenchman, and he explained that eggs and fish were in the first section, cold meats in the second, and hot meats in the third. Of these we had a choice of two dishes for 1 rouble 25 kopeks. An omelette and a salmi of grouse were what the *maître d'hôtel* recommended, and though both of these were certainly not Russian dishes, we ate them and were grateful. I began very well with the rubicund *maître d'hôtel*, but I soon fell in his estimation. I had been a week in Russia and I had not tasted any of the Russian wines. I was told that both the red and white wines grown on the Emperor's estates in the Caucasus were extremely good, and the Ermitage seemed to me to be exactly the restaurant where the best *crus* of the best years of the best wines of the country would be found. I asked the *maître d'hôtel*. He appeared to be insulted, but then remembered that I was only an Englishman, and could not be expected to know the custom of the country. "I believe there are such wines," he said, "but we know nothing of them here." Besides the large suite of public dining-rooms at the Ermitage there are many private ones, some of them large enough to accommodate all the guests at official banquets which are usually held here.

A good dinner in a private room at the Ermitage is by no means a cheap meal. Here is the menu of a typical one. The various forms of *petits pâtés* may be noted as being curious. They are served, as I have written before, with the soup :—

Consommé Bariatinsky.
 Petits Pâtés { Timbale Napolitaine.
 { Vol-au-vent Rossini.
 { Friands à la Reine.
 { Tartelettes St. Hubert.
 Esturgeon en Vin de Champagne.
 Selle de Mouton d'Ecosse Nesselrode.
 Punch Imperial.
 Becasses et Cailles.
 Salade, et Concombres Salés.
 Choux-fleurs, Sauce Polonaise.
 Bombe en Surprise.
 Dessert.

The Bolskoi Moscovski, which is on one of the big squares of the city opposite the Town Hall, has a spacious dining-room. The waiters here are also dressed in the white linen Tartar dresses. An orchestration discourses music during the meals. The Bolskoi is a favourite restaurant in summer at lunch-time with the men whose families are at the Datchas or villas in the country, and who therefore take their mid-day meal at one of the eating-places in the town.

Testyoff's, a rather shabby little white restaurant at the corner of the Theatre Square, its walls covered with Russian inscriptions, is the best purely Russian restaurant of the town, so I was told, and the Grand Dukes and other great nobles go there to eat Russian dishes. I thought I would emulate these great men, and sat down at one of the

**Bolskoi
Moscovski,
Place Voskre-
vessenski**

**Testyoff's,
Theatre Square**

closely-packed little tables in the dining-room. Not a soul in the restaurant could or would speak anything but Russian, and when a bearded man in white makes strange teeth-breaking sounds and puts a menu which looks like a collection of dislocated flies' legs before one, what can one do? I tried the principal bandit in English, French, and German, and he made noises indicating that he understood none of these, so in despair I rose, bowed lowly, and went over to the restaurant of the National, where they talk all languages but Russian.

I followed the footsteps of the typical Russian making holiday so far as to drive out to the Mavritania in the Petrovski Park, an enclosure **Mavritania,** with a bandstand and circle of wicked-looking little *cabinets particuliers*, but I did not feel equal to dining at five o'clock, and only drank tea there. Other tea-places to which I went during the week were the Café Philipov, a big **Café Philipov,** white building with plate-glass windows, **Tverskaya** half confectioner's, half café, which is on the Tverskaya, the principal street of the city, and a pleasant place near the Slavianski Bazaar, the name of which utterly beat me, where little *châlets* formed tea or dining rooms.

Like my Russian example I went to the Aquarium and Ermitage Gardens, which are to Moscow what Earl's Court is to London, and my first evening about 1 A.M. I supped at the Yar, a restaurant in the Park. The Yar, the **The Yar, the** Golden Anchor, the Strelna, the **the Strelna,** latter, the most gorgeous of the three, **Petrovski Park** being open in winter only, are the Bohemian supping-places of Moscow. The Yar has a special celebrity for the cooking of *sterlet*. It is a long saloon, its floor space covered with little tables, and it has at one end a stage. While I and a companion waited and

ate caviare from a little pot embedded in ice, the stage was occupied by variety performers, some of them English, some American, some French, some Russian, but none, with the exception of a Russian girl who sang in her own tongue, of the first class. Three sterlet were brought to us alive and kicking in a long deep silver dish covered with a napkin, and we made our choice of them. The *maître d'hôtel*, who attended as though this was a solemn ceremony, advised that it should be cooked with white wine sauce. While we waited for the sterlet we tried a bottle of Russian champagne, which, wonderful to state, was on the wine list. It was labelled Excelsior, was dry, and much resembled the wine some of the Rheims firms sell for the public-house trade. The sterlet when it arrived was served nobly ; its back was garnished with parsley and sliced lemon and the claws of crayfish, and in its white wine sauce were crayfish flesh and truffles and little mushrooms. If a good eel from a clear river had all its oiliness taken from it and if its flesh became so light as to be almost gelatinous, then it would taste like a sterlet. A sturgeon served with champagne or a strong rich sauce cannot compare to a British salmon or a turbot, nor can the great white fish of the Don ; but a sterlet, it seems to me, stands very high on the list of small fish delicate to the taste.

As a contrast to the Russian dining-places, the restaurant of the National Hotel gives one a dinner of the cosmopolitan type which one finds in those great caravanserais of which Ritz may be considered the patron saint. The furniture has all come from Oxford Street or Tottenham Court Road, the china from Paris, the waiters from Germany. Every language under the sun is talked by the *maîtres d'hôtel*. A sterlet with a pink shrimp sauce gave the Russian touch to the dinner, a

pecially ordered one, which I ate there. This was the menu :—

Cavare frais avec de l'eau de Vie Russe.

Consommé à la Colbert.

Sterlet à la Russe.

Mouton Braisé.

Gelinotte roti, Salade.

Haricots verts à l'Anglaise.

Pêches à la Bordelaise.

THE MOSCOW CLUBS

The English Club of Moscow, though only English in name, is hospitable to travellers who are suitably introduced. Its members are of the aristocratic classes. It is situated on the Tverskaïa.

The Merchants' Club is on the Great Dimitrovka. The Club of the Nobility, which has a magnificent suite of rooms for balls and receptions, is also on the Great Dimitrovka.

ODESSA

At the great port on the Black Sea the restaurant of the Hotel de Londres Yastchouk is one of the best in Russia. Yastchouk was the name of its late proprietor, who died in 1902. He was a real lover of good cookery, enjoying nothing more than to serve an exquisite meal to a real connoisseur. When any gourmet came to his restaurant, he would ask him whether he came from the north or the south. If from the north, he would suggest a real southern meal, with *Rougets à la Grec* and the delicious *Agneau de lait*, unobtainable in St. Petersburg, and a ragout of *aubergines* and tomatoes. If from the south, he would recommend a good *Bortch* with *petits pâtés*, or a slice

Yastchouk,
11 Boulevard
Nicholas

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of *Koulebiaka*, a great pot-pie full of all kinds of good things, or some milk-white sucking-pig covered with cream and horse-radish. Yastchouk has joined the majority, but his restaurant is carried on in the same spirit as when he was alive.

Most of the other hotels have restaurants attached to them. The *Bavaria* and *Bruhns* are popular restaurants, the latter being in especial favour for the mid-day meal.

During the summer a restaurant is opened in the *Alexander Park* and a band plays there.

A travelling gourmet writes thus to me concerning *Odessa*: "There is a capital restaurant attached to the *Hotel du Nord*, where the cuisine is really excellent. I know the *Londres*, but, speaking personally, I should give the restaurant at the *Hotel du Nord* the preference."

KIEF

At *Kief* the *Restaurant Sémadéni* is a rendezvous of all foreigners, and most of the papers of all the countries of *Europe* are to be found there.

WARSAW

The *Restaurant Liefeld* in the *Hotel Bruhl* used to be the best dining-place in *Warsaw*, but it has now been surpassed by the new *Bristol*. A correspondent writes to me: "The large dining-hall with its wonderful electric arrangements reminds me of *Aladdin's cave* or a palace in a pantomime. The food and the service can be commended and recommended. The prices are absurdly small. For about 2s. I have just eaten some *Filets de Soudac Polonaise* (with butter and egg sauce),

some *Cèpes à la Crème* and some cold meat, cut from the joint in my presence, with salad, cucumber, &c. A French *maître d'hôtel*, and everything clean and smart." As proof of the cheapness of the food my correspondent sends me two bills of fare of the dinner and supper. Three dishes for supper may be selected any time between 8 P.M. and 2 A.M. for 100 kopeks, and a fourth dish for 40 kopeks more. Turbots, soles, trout, oysters, and lobsters are extra. The variety of fish on the menus is noticeable :—

- Consommé à l'Orge Perléé.
- Barschoque.
- Petits pâtés.
- Œufs froid Cardinal.
- Saumon en Belle-Vue.
- Mayonnaise de Tanche.
- Mousse d'Écrévisses.
- Esturgeon à l'Américaine.
- Filets de Soudac Polonaise.
- Sielavy grillés, Sauce Moutarde.
- Gigots de mouton aux flageolets.
- Turnedos aux Truffes.
- Cotelettes Pojarsky aux petits Pois.
- Salmis de gelinottes.
- Dindonneaux bardés.
- Cailles sur croûtons.
- Cèpes à la crème.
- Froid { Filets de veau à la gelée.
- { Chaud froid de gibiers.
- { Galantine de Volaille.
- { Salade d'Oranges.
- { Glaces Panachées.

For dinner four dishes may be selected for 1 rouble 25 kopeks between 3 P.M. and 8 P.M. from such a menu as this :—

- Crème St. Germain.
- Poule au Pot.

Consommé aux Nouilles.
 Petits pâtés.
 Saumon, Sauce Mousseline.
 Brochet farci.
 Filets de Soudac Joinville.
 Jambon braisé au Madère.
 Bitkis de Veau Cacha.
 Pintadés braisées aux Choux rouge.
 Noisettes de Chevreuil, Sauce Poivrade.
 Filets piqués à la broche.
 Poulardes bardées.
 Grives au genièvre.
 Salade—Compôte.
 Macédoine de Légumes à la Crème.
 Eclaires au Café.
 Glaces Tutti-Frutti.

And this is a 100 kopek lunch, four dishes being allowed each person :—

Consommé de Yerchis.
 Barchoque.
 Petits pâtés.
 Saumon à l'Italienne.
 Mayonnaise de Siguis.
 Coquilles de Homard à la gelée.
 Sielawy Meunière.
 Esturgeon au Vin du Rhin.
 Filets de Soudac Portugaise.
 Rosbif à la Broche.
 Ragoût de Mouton Printanier.
 Poitrines de Veau farcies.
 Poulardes sautées au paprica.
 Bitkis de filet Strogonoff.
 Cervelles frites, Sauce Tomate.
 Gélinoites à la Crème.
 Pirojkis à la Paresseuse.
 Omelette aux Cèpes.
 Œufs Bercy.

Froid	{	Dindes—Perdreaux.
		Jambon.
		Rosbif.
		Langue de Bœuf.
Gâteaux—Compote—Glace.		

A travelling gourmet writes : “ A good word may be said for the restaurant attached to the Hotel de l’Europe, nearly opposite the Bristol Hotel de l’Europe in the Krakowski Faubourg, which is excellent, and very well patronised. Of course it has the usual *Zakouska* counter, with its innumerable liqueurs and delicacies. On first entering one has almost the impression of going into some monastic refectory on account of the numerous heavy and severe-looking columns supporting the ceiling ; in fact, it more resembles the aisles of a church than a chic restaurant. The prices (for Russia) are reasonable.”

HELSINGFORS

Many Anglo-Saxons find themselves at one time or another at the Finnish seaport. All the principal hotels have restaurants. In the Opera- Operakällaren,
New Theatre källaren, which forms part of the New Theatre, a military band plays at night, and the supper, though it is as simple as a Swedish meal, is quite well cooked.

The Alphyddan, which is in the Djurgurden, the delightful garden which is on the Bay Alphyddan,
Park of Tölö of Tölö, is in summer the pleasantest dining-place in Helsingfors.

Another very pleasant little summer restaurant is on the island of Högholmen, where Restaurant,
Högholmen are the zoological gardens of the town.

YALTA

The Crimea to an Englishman vaguely suggests snow and hardships, but none of the *Rivieras* of Europe is more delightful in spring or autumn than that which stretches from Livadia to Feodosia, and has Yalta, Simeis, Aloupka, Alouchta, Soudak, and Feodosia on its shores. Of these luxurious villages of sea baths the Englishman is most likely to find himself at Yalta.

The Russian Riviera is just as expensive as the *Hotel de Paris*, French one, and the man who dines at *Quay* the restaurant of the *Hotel de Paris* in a pavilion up to which come the wavelets, will get Parisian cookery and Parisian prices.

The *Café Florin*, the restaurant of which juts out into the water, is another attractive and *Quay* expensive dining and lunching place. There is an amusing restaurant in the public garden of the town.



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