

THE
GOURMET'S GUIDE
TO EUROPE



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To my dear friend, that
prince of good fellows,
and bon vivreur,

Hugo A. Kachler.

this little volume is
presented, in the hopes
that it may be of some
aid to him in further
developing his taste
for the good things of
this world, by his

Sincere friends.

Wm. Mac.



THE GOURMET'S GUIDE
TO EUROPE



THE
GOURMET'S
GUIDE TO EUROPE

BY
LIEUT.-COL.
NEWNHAM-DAVIS

SECOND EDITION

NEW YORK
BRENTANO'S
1908

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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.

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1908

NATR

P R E F A C E

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.

The writing of the book has been a labour of love—for the profits of the first edition have been of the smallest—but the *gourmets en voyage*, for whom it was written, have shown so much appreciation of the book, and so many of them have given help to the making of a second edition, that both author and publisher have been encouraged to persevere.

The book has been revised, or rewritten, from cover to cover, for since its first appearance I have covered much, to me, new ground in Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Portugal, the Balkan States, and Turkey, and I now write with a personal experience of what to eat and drink, and what to avoid, in those countries. I have also been over old ground carefully in Austria and Spain and Italy and France.

In form the book differs from its predecessor, and though I hope that it will be found more complete

and more useful than the first edition, it will not take up so much room in a bag or a portmanteau.

Mr. Algernon Bastard, my greatly-valued collaborateur in the first edition, has been unfortunately too ill to come to my aid in the preparation of the second one, but much of his work remains in the book. I have missed his help sadly. To Mr. Horace Lennard, who has written the chapter on Brussels and a portion of the one on Belgium, I give most grateful thanks, and I am also very grateful to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for allowing me to incorporate into my book some articles I wrote for that newspaper on the Paris Restaurants. To the many good gourmets and good fellows who have sent me information from Germany, Russia, Spain, France, Italy, and other countries, I give my heartfelt thanks. If I mentioned all their names, no one would believe that I had written any part of the book myself.

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.

It has occurred to me that some account of the clubs, in Continental cities, which welcome Anglo-Saxons, when properly introduced, may be of interest to readers of this book, and I have included such information, so far as I have been able to obtain it.

With the publisher's cordial assent, no advertise-

ments 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 or changes in old-established ones, so I hope they will continue to do in the future. 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

The Classic Restaurants — The "Smart" Restaurants — The Summer Restaurants — Across the River — The Restaurants of the Parisians — Restaurants of the Quartier — Montmartre Restaurants — Foreign Restaurants — The Cheap Restaurants — The Restaurants of the Suburbs — The Bill and Tips — Parisian Clubs.

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 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 *plats* 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 my dinner and the “*fine* of the house” with my

coffee, if I want a good but not expensive liqueur. The soles of the north 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. Veal is practically an unknown meat in London; and the calf 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. I know of one gourmet who was so enamoured of French veal that he made a pilgrimage in the month of August to Pontoise to taste it at its best. 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-fe* 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'Hortésio's, Bignon's, the Trois Frères Provençaux 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, 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 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 come 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 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 parted with it to its present proprietor. 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 written because, as M. Burdel, the proprietor, will tell you, it never *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, and if you are shown the treasure you will find in it records of dinners given

The Café Anglais,
13 Boulevard des
Italiens

by 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, 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.

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 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, 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. 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. 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.

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* deplures 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. It has a comfortable brown front on the ground floor. 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

Restaurant
Voisin, 26 Rue
St. Honoré

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 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 blades 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. 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 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 Paul 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.

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, our own gracious Majesty 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 has now a supper *clientèle* of the most unblemished respectability. The band is brought down from the gallery and placed at end of the restaurant, where it makes noisy music. Silence is commanded for singers, who take their place at the piano, and a table or two are withdrawn, when a dancer in Spanish garb gyrates. All this is most unclassical, and if Mons. Paillard persists in these noisy ways,

he and his restaurant will have to step out of the "Classic" group into one of the other categories. 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 Henri*, dine at the Ritz, and sup at Durand's," was the advice once given me by a man who knows his fashionable Paris thoroughly; and it is difficult to better it. Henri's is in the Place Gaillon. There is another Henri's, an English hotel and bar, in the Rue Volney. Henri'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. Henri'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 Henri'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 Henri'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.

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 sausage which is a necessary portion of every Christmas Eve feast.

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 in-

offensively. If you are French, you find yourself directed to the right; if you are English or American, to the left; the reason for this, I fancy, being that one-half of the restaurant was in charge of a *maître d'hôtel* who speaks English well, and who was a head waiter at the Savoy or the Carlton, I forget which. The proprietor, short and thick-set, moves about briskly, stopping to bow at any table where he recognises a familiar face. La Rue's makes a specialty of dishes of cold fish, and it was the first restaurant to serve cold eggs in jelly. I always fancy that the frogs' thighs cooked at La Rue's taste more delicious than those served elsewhere. Its *Barbue à Russe*, its *Tournedos Rossini*, and its *Cailles à la Souvaroff* should all be remembered in ordering a dinner.

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 telephone 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. The proprietor of the Café de Paris, M. Charles Mourier, also owns Foyot's, near the Luxembourg.

The Ermitage Restaurant at the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées should, I think, be included in the list of "smart" restaurants; for, though it is not so well known to travelling Britons and Ameri-

cans as the other restaurants are of which I have written, it has a very distinguished French *clientèle*.

**The Ermitage,
Rond Point,
Champs Elysées** It is the favourite restaurant of people of position in the world of sport, and at breakfast on a day when there is racing at Longchamp or Auteuil the men who sit at the little tables, and who all evidently know each other well, are the men who may be seen later in the Jockey Club stand. The restaurant was known as Chevillard's until Emile Aoust, who came from Bignon's to the Amphitryon Club, and is known to many Londoners, bought the house, renamed it, re-decorated the salons, and brought the old Bignon china and some of the Bignon traditions to the Rond Point. The *buffet froid* at the Ermitage is exceptionally well provided, and the *Filets de Sole Ermitage*, the *Poularde Royale*, the *Poularde Polignac*, and the *Succès Ermitage*, very toothsome sweet *pâtés*, are some of the dishes of the house.

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, where Cæsario is in command, 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 **The Meurice,
Rue de Rivoli** 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 Grand, Rue
Auber** At the renovated and much improved restaurant of the Grand Hotel I have dined well and not expensively.

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 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.

Perdreaux 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 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 the front 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 by 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. Paillard opened it, and then, I believe, parted with his rights to a company, but 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. It has been this spring 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. The azaleas and the rhododendrons 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. 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 cosmo-

politan world of Paris flocks. The proprietors of Maxim's, the supping-place in the Rue Royale, are the lessees of the Ambassadeurs, and 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 Ambassadeurs has a little garden behind it, which is a pleasant place at breakfast-time. The Alcazar has a restaurant and a garden which is under the same management as the Ambassadeurs.

The Ambassadeurs, Champs Elysées

The Alcazar, Champs Elysées

The Pré Catalan is the newest of the smart restaurants in the Bois. The Pré Catalan used to 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. M. Macchia is the manager. 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.

The Pré Catalan, Bois de Boulogne

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, 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.

At the Château de Madrid the tables are set in a lawn in a great courtyard, and there is a pleasant feeling of mystery in the dark surroundings of big trees and dimly seen buildings. The Pavillon Royal, at the near end of the lake in the Bois, used to be a bourgeois restaurant, where one might breakfast and dine in comparatively humble company at a comparatively humble rate. It now aspires to be smart, and with the advent of the *haute cuisine* its prices have shown a corresponding rise. 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.

Carron's,
Avenue Victor
Hugo

The Select Bar is a little restaurant, and is rather off the beaten track, but the St. Cloud tramcars pass it. It is kept by two sisters who give their personal attention to everything with excellent results. A very quiet, little-frequented eating-house, and the prices very moderate. 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.

"Le Select"
Bar, Quai de
Billancourt

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 grey hair, now 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,

Tour d'Argent,
Quai de la
Tourelle

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. 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 godparents. A poet has sung Frederic's praises, for the Marquis de Lauzières de Themines has put into 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 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 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. Augus-
tine

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 at 14 francs a bottle. 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 where one dines before going to the Odéon, is quite an aristocratic restaurant. Its proprietor is M. Charles Mourier, who also owns the Café de Paris. The restaurant is at the corner of the Rues de Tournon and Vaugirard, and when the Anarchists thought that to blow up a

Foyot, 33 Rue
de Tournon

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 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 *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 **Taverne Anglaise, 28 Rue Boissy d'Anglas**

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 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, 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*.

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 Lafitte, 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 Cerny's Bar,
Rue Port Mahon 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 the waiter he is in a hurry. The restaurant is closed in August, and during parts of July and September.

In the Passage des Princes, but a stone's throw from the boulevards, is Noel Peters', an excellent specimen of the bourgeois restaurant. The rooms Noel Peters',
24 Passage des
Princes are decorated with Eastern gorgeousness, 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 is a great power in the world of restaurants. He it is who takes the lead when the boulevards are to be illuminated and decorated in honour of some special occasion; his name heads charity lists; and in any disputes of the trade he is chosen as arbitrator. His big establishment, which has banqueting rooms as well as public dining-rooms, is next door to the Gymnase Theatre, and is always crowded and bustling. The

Marguery,
34 Boulevard
Bonne Nouvelle

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 is on the back of his sole that M. Marguery has risen to great wealth and eminence.

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,

Maire,
14 Boulevard
St. Denis

he dines previously at Maire's. There 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 Beau-

jolais. 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 them, a successful play, the Restaurant 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 Bonvalet, on the Boulevard du Temple.

The Bonvalet, which is painted brown 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 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 sergents 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 and the Champeaux deserve special mention. The first is in the Rue Valois, Bœuf à la Mode, which runs down one side of the Palais 8 Rue de Valois Royal. 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 with woodcock *pâtés*, speaks English fluently. The Champeaux, 13 Place de la Bourse, 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. When Casimir, the celebrated cook, left the Maison Dorée, he went to the Champeaux, and I believe still presides over the kitchen there. 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.

In the Rue Richelieu there is a very quiet and simple little restaurant, Gaucloy's, patronised by the men who write for the *Temps*, which any Englishman who talks French well will find interesting. 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, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, 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; 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, but game and poultry is 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. It has a café, which is quite gorgeous, and in the three little rooms at the back some of the most celebrated men

Lavenue,
68 Boulevard
Montparnasse

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

Abbaye de
Thélème, Place
Pigalle of Paris take possession of the restaurant, So it is with the Abbaye de Thélème, 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. 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* 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 simple dinner can be eaten with amusing and Bohemian surroundings. The Bohemianism of the place becomes overwhelming later in the evening.

Café de la Place
Blanche, Place
Blanche

Treteau de
Tabarin, Rue
Pigalle

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 Boivin, in the Avenue de Clichy. Its 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

Père Boivin,
6 Avenue Clichy

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.

The Princess', on the first floor of a house in the Princess', Rue Fontaine, is one of the restaurants on the heights.

Under the theatre and dancing-room of the Moulin Rouge, a place of entertainment I need not describe, is a supper and dining-hall opened in the early days of 1908 with a great flourish of trumpets. Its decorations are gorgeous, and it has several orchestras; but Paris having treated it for a month as a new toy seems to have grown tired of it.

FOREIGN RESTAURANTS

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's, 22 Rue Daunou Léon has succeeded Vian, who catered with wonderful success for the British-speaking colony during the dark days of the siege, and 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 **Prunier, Rue Duphot** 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 **Le Grand Vatel, 275 Rue St. Honoré** 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. At the moment of writing it relies on the Russian cuisine and oysters of all nations.

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 Sansiaro'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 last year, 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 Passticiate* 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 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 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**

Restaurant Tchèque, kept by Madame Husak, in the Rue de Port Mahon, almost opposite to the 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 journalists, and a great number of clerks and other men of the pen, patronise Philippe's. The custom there was, and doubtless is, for the clients of the establishment to sit at long tables. Directly all the seats at a table are filled the waiters take round the two soups, of which a choice is given, and the dinner commences. The charge for lunch is 1 f. 60 c., for dinner 2 f. 10 c.

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 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.

Pavillon Henri
IV., St.
Germain

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 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.

Pavillon Bleu,
St. Cloud

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.

Porte Jaune,
Bois de
Vincennes

On the strength of two or three experiences I should advise any one who breakfasts at the Hotel **Hotel de France, de France**, just opposite the Palace of **Fontainebleau** Fontainebleau, to ask questions as to prices when ordering a meal. There is, I believe, a *table d'hôte* breakfast, but I have found that ordering a simple meal *à la carte* I have been charged full Bois de Boulogne prices.

At Versailles the classic restaurant at which to lunch is that of the Hotel des Reservoirs. All the **Hotel des Reservoirs, Versailles** 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, but visitors to the Reservoirs are reminded by their bill that the hotel is thoroughly aristocratic.

There is a little restaurant on the Isle de la Jatte **Restaurant de la Grande Jatte, 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.

Le Vrai Robinson, Sceaux-Robinson

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 *par 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 *Cèpes 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. 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 a piece to these worthies makes them deeply grateful; they say "Thank you" for twopence, and they are not revengeful if they get nothing.

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.

The Anglo-Saxon clubs which are in existence in Paris at the present time are 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-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 are run, and with a subscription equally high. It has

The Travellers'
Club, Avenue
des Champs
Elysées

always been said that no club can exist in France without the *cagnotte*, the percentage the club draws from the banks at baccarat, but the Travellers' is a proof that this is not the case.

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 level 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 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 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 British Club, 8 Boulevard Malesherbes

Tennis Club, Isle des Puteaux

Polo Club, Bagatelle

the fact that it was the training ground on which Massy, one of the world's champions, learned his golf would make it notable.

Golf Club,
La Boulie

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 Boulevard de la Madeleine, where it occupies two floors of one of the big houses.

Cercle de
l'Union, Boule-
vard de la
Madeleine

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 is 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 by the club, can always be recalled.

The Jockey
Club, Boulevard
des Capucines

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 onto the Place de la Concorde and the other looks

Cercle de la Rue
Royale, Place de
la Concorde

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.

II

FRENCH PROVINCIAL TOWNS

Some Dishes of the Provinces—Calais—Boulogne—Wimereux—Hardelot—Le Touquet—Montreuil-sur-Mer—Dieppe—Puis—Pourville—Etretat—Havre—St. Adresse—Gonneville—Duclair—Rouen—Honfleur—Trouville—Caen—Dives—Cherbourg—Granville—Mont St. Michel—St. Malo—Cancale—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 the 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? Do you know the Boule d'Or at Tours, where the dishes of Touraine and the *Rillettes de Tours*, little terrines of chickens' livers, may be tasted? and the Cloche at Dijon? and the Univers at Perigueux? and the Cambronne at Nantes? and the Lion d'Or at Reims? and, at Avignon, the Hotel de l'Europe with its old furniture and old doors and old servants? 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.

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, where the *Tourte*, which is really a *Vol-au-vent*, and the *Sou-Fassu*, which is a cabbage stuffed with a savoury mixture of vegetables and meat, are two dishes to remember, 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 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, 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 still remains the best of its restaurants. The **Gare Maritime** 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.

BOULOGNE

Perhaps the most distinctive of all the Boulogne restaurants is the smallest of them, Mons. Mony's **Restaurant Mony** little white cabin on the pier. **On the Pier** consists of three or four small rooms, and at high water the sea comes under the wooden framework on which it rests. The *moules* to be obtained there are always of the freshest, and its fish dishes—*Sole Normande* or *Sole au vin blanc* or *Sole Dieppoise*—are 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. The cellar of the establishment is not perhaps to be praised as highly as its larder, but drinking inexpensive wines there I have never found cause to grumble. The restaurant is open at all seasons, and wondering how it could pay any restaurateur to keep an establishment in going order during the cold months, I learned that Mons. Mony is the proprietor of the *Brasserie Anglaise*, a flourishing establishment in the town, and that the restaurant on the pier can always obtain its supplies at the shortest notice from the bigger house.

An able gentleman, Mons. de St. André, has become the new director of the Boulogne Casino, and **Casino** amongst the departments which he has **Restaurant** galvanised into life is the restaurant. 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.

Of the many restaurants attached to the hotels, **Imperial Hotel,** that of the Imperial is the "swagger" **Sea Front** one, and it is by no means a cheap one. The restaurant on the northern side of the harbour, to

which I go when in search of a meal, is that of the Folkestone Hotel. The hotel is kept **Folkestone Hotel,** open all the year round, and its pro- **The Harbour** prietor is M. Pelosi, a merry little Italian, who successfully conducted the Pall Mall Restaurant for some years in London. Pelosi does his own marketing. When he first came into possession of the Folkestone he was threatened with a strike in the kitchen. His reply to this was to bundle his chef out bag and baggage, to take off his coat and cook the dinner for the people staying at his hotel.

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

The buffet at the Gare Maritime has improved greatly of late years, and the manager, Albert Gretener, takes infinite trouble to **Gare Maritime** provide a good meal for any travellers **Buffet** who give him warning of their coming. 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 Mons. Gretener, who knows that I abhor lengthy menus, 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 France. There is a comfortable tea-room adjoining the shop, and 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.

WIMEREUX, HARDELLOT, 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, 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 Marmoussets at Hardelot.

The cookery at Le Touquet is quite good. Mons.

Diette, who was at the Berkeley in London and afterwards at the Palais at Biarritz, is the lessee of two of the hotels, the Atlantic and the Hermitage, and he has a good cook at both of them, and gets all his meat and his fowls and most of his other provisions from Paris. Madame Mouston at the Regina, and Kissell, who was for some years at the Trocadero, at 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 never abuse the cookery.

The Hotels of
Le Touquet

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, "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 brewed from the wild plums and other

Hotel de France

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 it claims also as its own special dishes *Moules Marinières* and *Coquilles St. Jacques*. Being a town of Normandy, it is a stronghold of such local dishes as *Sole Normande* and *Faisan Normande*, a pheasant cooked in a terrine with apples. In the days of the Second Empire Lafosse's Restaurant in the Grande Rue was one of the very best dining-places in the provinces of France.

The claims of the Royal and the Casino to be the best of the restaurants of to-day at Dieppe are warmly argued by their respective supporters. Mons. Varnier, who in winter is to be found at the **Hotel Royal** *Metropole, Monte Carlo*, is the director of the Royal, and the restaurant of the hotel is a good place at which to dine, though the prices are undoubtedly high.

The Casino Restaurant is, I am told, managed by Mons. Doucoudert, who is the proprietor of the **The Casino Restaurant** *Grand Hotel*. The food and the cookery at the Casino are good, and the prices are not excessive. Mons. Doucoudert had the honour, when Mons. Felix Faure visited Dieppe, to cater on the occasion of the banquet which was offered to the President by the municipality. He caters for the golf club.

Just outside the Casino, and under the same management, is the Casino Brasserie, where an excellent lunch **The Casino Brasserie** is to be obtained for 2.50 francs. The Brasserie is very popular with all classes of humanity, all the tables being usually occupied. The dinner at 3.50 francs is distinctly good at the price.

Of the smaller places Lefevre's is accounted the best. This restaurant is conducted by Madame Hellet and her daughter, who personally superintend everything. The cookery is savoury, the dishes well served, and the cellar of wines a good one. This house has always had a *clientèle* of British artists and literary men. Whistler and his friends patronised it twenty years ago, and some well-known *litterateurs* of to-day may be found there every summer.

The Faisan Doré, kept by Mons. Cabois, is a restaurant which is patronised by the English residents in Dieppe. The cookery at the Gare Maritime is above the average at station restaurants.

The Faisan Doré,
74 Grand Rue ;
and the Gare
Maritime

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, is 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.

PUYS

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

Château de Puy

POURVILLE

At Pourville, two miles from Dieppe, uphill, past the golf links, Mons. Graaf is responsible for the entertainment at the Hotel Casino.

Hotel du Casino The restaurant has a special reputation achieved 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 Mons. Graaf: "Graaf 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. Graaf 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,

Hotel Blanquet and a dinner for 5 francs; but most of the English settled in Normandy go 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 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 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:—

Tortoni, Place
Gambetta

Frascati, Rue
du Perrey

Hotel de Nor-
mandie, Rue de
Paris

- 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.

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."

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

Fox Bar

ST. ADRESSE

The outlying suburb of Havre, St. Adresse, is, I have little doubt, the future summer "resort" of Havre. One of the richest and most enterprising Frenchmen of the day, Mons. 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 is building a fine restaurant to be called the Commerce, and probably a great hotel.

Le Commerce

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

Le Broche à
Rotir

GONNEVILLE

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

Hotel Aubourg

DUCLAIR

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

Hotel de la
Poste

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.

HAVRE CLUBS

The Cercle François I. is a social club which consists of about 180 members. It opens its door

Cercle Fran-
çois I.

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.

At St. Adresse, the Havre Yacht Club has as a home a beautiful building, probably the finest club-

Palais des
Regattes

house 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.

ROUEN

The restaurant of the Hotel d'Angleterre is the dining-place at which the travelling Englishman

Hotel d'Angle-
terre, Cours
Böieldieu

generally orders his *Sole Normande* and *Caneton Rouennaise*, and the hotel and restaurant, which have been recently redecorated, are very fresh and smart. 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. 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.

Hotel de la
Poste, Rue
Jeanne d'Arc

Restaurant de
Paris, Rue de
la Grosse
Horloge

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

Cheval Blanc

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."

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 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.

Pépin,
13 Marché-au-
Bois

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 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 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* 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 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,** amusing a place for the traveller to **Rue du Bassin** 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 plac- **Casino**
ing 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

There is one sight which every gastronome sees with pleasure at Mont St. Michel, and that is the Poulard Ainé, making of the great eighteen egg La Digue omelet at the restaurant of Poulard Ainé. It is quite a function, and the skill with which the omelet is transferred from the pan to the dish is to be noticed appreciatively. The cookery at Poulard Ainé's is quite good, and the *table d'hôte* breakfast, for which the charge is 2.50 francs, is wonderfully cheap for the money.

An unpretentious restaurant, that of Dugesclin, has an airy dining-room on the ramparts. The *déjeuner* at Dugesclin's is priced at 1.50 francs.

ST. MALO

Of Brittany, the land of butter and eggs, I have not much to write. I have no personal knowledge of the restaurants at St. Malo, but various correspondents all have a good word for the cooking at the Hotel de l'Univers. There are several restaurants, the Perdrix in the Rue Jacques-Cartier, and that of Vve. Thomas in the Place Chateaubriand being mentioned to me as worthy of notice, but I do not write from personal experience.

Hotel de l'Univers, Place Chateaubriand

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.

DINARD

Dinard, the great British settlement in Brittany, is a town of casinos and clubs, there being two of each in it. The Grand Casino and the ^{Hotel Royal} High Life Casino, the Dinard Club and the New Club, supply the wants of amusement-seekers and gourmets, and as some of the hotels, notably the Royal, have good restaurants attached to them, the restaurants in the town are ^{De la Rotonde} few. The Restaurant de la Rotonde is below the Grand Casino; the High Life Casino has its own restaurant.

THE DINARD CLUBS

The Dinard Club stands in its own grounds, from which there are beautiful views over the bay and towards St. Malo and St. Servan. It ^{The Dinard Club} has bedrooms and all the other rooms of a well-appointed English club, including of course a dining-room. Candidates for membership for a year are balloted for, and may be proposed for three months, one month, or a week: 120 francs is the subscription for a year, 10 francs for a week, and for the other periods in like proportion.

The New Club is a Ladies' Club to which men are admitted. It has a ball-room and ^{The New Club} theatre as well as the other rooms of a club, and dances are constantly given there during the

season. The baccarat-room was not a success in 1907, and the club is likely to revert to its old simple lines.

Golf Club The Golf Club at Dinard is about four miles distant from the town at St. Briac, and is reached by a tramway.

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.

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

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

PONT AVEN

Apart from being a good homely place to stay at, La Villa Julia at Pont Aven is worth a visit, for it has been the temporary home of many of La Villa Julia 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 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 to table by the laughing waitresses all dressed in the picturesque dress of the province.

Lion d'Or

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.

Chapon Fin,
7 Rue Montes-
quieu

I should put the restaurant *à la carte* of the Hotel de Bayonne, de Bayonne, a great conservatory, very much on a level with the Chapon Fin in the matter of cookery. They are both ex-

De Bayonne,
Rue Martinac

cellent 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.

Café de Bordeaux, Place de la Comedie

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, "Mons. 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. The decoration of this restaurant is of the simplest but at the same time of the most effective kind, being of growing bamboos which form green canopies above the tables. 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 two 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, and is likely to be revived.

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.

Like many similar seaside cafés abroad, the Reserve has its own *parc au coquillages* or shell-fish tanks. You here get the world-renowned *Bouillabaisse* in perfection.

The Reserve,
The Corniche
Road

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 *rascaz*, 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 fish 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.

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*. Mons. Echénard gets his from Corsica, and you then learn how they can vary. He has also a *Poularde Réservé 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 the Abattoirs, which do not form an appetising

L'Estagne

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 little square to the east of the Vieux Port, will be interesting. Pascal, out of pure *blague*, adds "Gargottier" to his name. Here, ^{Pascal's} 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 grilles.

Those adventurous souls with strong stomachs, who wish to eat the fry of sea-urchins and other highly savoury dishes, with strange ^{Bregailion's,} shell-fish, and other extraordinary deni- ^{Quay de la} zens of the deep as their foundation, ^{Fraternité} should go to Bregailion's at the Vieux Port. Bregailion's has lately absorbed another restaurant, Bosso's. It is necessary to have a liking for garlic and a nose that fears no smells for this adventure ; 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 Bregailion'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.

Isnard's, the official name of which is the Hotel des Phoceans, at the crossing of two back streets—Rues Thubaneau and Recollettes—just ^{Isnard's, Rue} off the Cours Belsunce, is in high ^{Thubaneau} 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.

English Chop House, 12 Rue Pavillon 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*. 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.

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.

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

The Réserve at Cannes consists of one glassed-in shelter and another smaller building 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 Cerons, 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 Cannes by the building of the Municipal Casino. The Casino The Casino Restaurant has been in high favour for dinner parties before the theatre or supper parties after the performance. The ladies gather at tea-time at the white building, where Mme. Rumplemayer 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 has been converted into the Cercle de l'Union, which is really a British club though a Russian Grand Duke founded it. It is a particularly snug and home-like club. Its windows look out onto the Croisette promenade and onto the bay; it has all the newspapers an Anglo-Saxon wishes to read, and its chef is always a man of talent.

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 travelling companies come to play 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 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.

NICE

At Nice the London House is one of the classical restaurants of France, and one may talk of it in comparison with the great houses of the boulevards of the capital. I am bound to confess that the great salon with its painted panels, its buffet and its skylight screened by an awning, is not a lively room; but the attendance is quiet, soft-footed, and unhurried. The cookery is classic if old-fashioned. It has of course its *spécialités du maison*, and renowned dishes have been invented within its walls; but the man who wants to take his wife out to dine, and who is prepared to pay a couple of sovereigns for the meal, will find that he need not exceed that amount. Here is the menu of a little dinner for two which I ordered last winter at the restaurant. With a pint of white wine, a pint of champagne, a liqueur, and two cups of coffee, my bill was 46 francs.

The London
House, Place du
Jardin Public

Hors d'œuvre.
Potage Lamballe.
Friture de Goujons.
Longe de veau aux Céleris.
Gelinotte à la Casserole.
Salade Romaine et Concombres.
Dessert.

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. The house has its history. It was formerly the Villa Würtz Dundas, where so many art treasures were collected in the salons Louis XV. and XVI. Mons. Emile Favre, the new proprietor, has added considerably to the old house.

The Helder Restaurant is very fashionable. It is a white restaurant with a painted ceiling, and with panels representing cupids shooting, fishing, love-making, &c. It has a painted window in a recess. It is practically only an *à la carte* restaurant, though I believe there is a dinner of the day. Of course it has its specialties, one on which it prides itself vastly being the carp, which are imported from the Lago Maggiore.

Before the Helder is opened for the winter all that is smart in Nice goes to the restaurant of the Café Lyonnais, in the 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 and the Garden Bar are two other resorts of the young bloods of all nationalities.

Restaurant
Français, Pro-
menade des
Anglais

The Helder,
Place Massena

Lyonnais, Rue
Biscarra

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 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 subscription 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.

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 Mons. 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 Mons. 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, Galerie Charles III. 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 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 *Findon haddock*, as cooked in the *Galerie*, was very delicious. In the winter 1907-8 a new silver grill dazzled the eyes of all his clients.

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 told Mons. 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.

No doubt if in the spring of 1908 I had ordered the dinner, *Suprême de Sole Vladimir* or *Poularde Wilhelmine*, two *creations* of the new Belgian cook, would have been put into the menu.

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. Henry, the *maître d'hôtel* at the Français, is quite one of the foremost men of his calling.

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 recent *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*. 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 **The Palais** by the Blanc-Fleury interest. The Roumanian restaurant of the Palais, where all the dishes of the near East are obtainable, is the last word in dining-places.

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** The Helder is one of the restaurants where the men who have to live all their life at

Monte Carlo often breakfast and dine ; and Aubanel's Restaurant, at the top of the gardens, the Princess',

The Princess' which one of the great stars of the Opera has very regularly patronised, deserves a special good word. The Restaurant Ré,

Restaurant Ré which was originally a fish and oyster shop, but which is now a restaurant 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 northern 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.

Riviera Palace

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.

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 just 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, though sometimes people not staying in the hotel complain of the slowness of the attendance there. Another favourite restaurant at the

The Winter
Palace

end of a drive is the Restaurant des Rochers Rouges, just across the Italian frontier.

Mentoné has a splendid site for a Casino on the ground of the Château du Louvre, but the building of it has not yet been commenced. Mentone has its club, to which the subscription is 100 francs for the season, or 25 francs a month. It also has 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. Pharisaical 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 a particularly good restaurant, and Mons. **Hotel de France,** **Place Royale** Campagna, who came from the Casino Belle Bue 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.
- Spoons 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 Mons. 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, *maitres 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* 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. In 1907 so many men, not confirmed grumblers, told me that the service at the Villa was muddle-headed, that I am bound to believe them. I hope that the summer of 1908 will find the Villa restored to its usual irreproachable position.

The one restaurant for which every one has a good word is that attached to Nicola's Bar, opposite the entrance to the Casino. Nicola is a Nicola's bright little Italian, who marked himself 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 Beurivage, with a garden from Beaurivage 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 one of the little mountain inns, I fancy that of 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 chalets 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 Angletterre. 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 Alleverd les Bains on a motor will introduce you to "Les Quatres Bouledogues"—Richard

the proprietor and his three animal
Les Quatres bull-dogs being the four. Richard is
Bouledogues,
Alleverd 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'Alleverd (Sauce Sabayon), Café pure chicorée, Sirop de Parapluies toujours frais.*

VICHY

Outside the hotels, the restaurants attached to which give in most cases a good *table d'hôte* dinner for six francs and a déjeuner for four, 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.

III

BELGIAN TOWNS

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

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 Antwerp and Spa, 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 that can safely be said about the Belgian restaurants is that a good bottle of burgundy can nearly 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 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. *Carbonades Flamandes* is another Flemish dish, which, if well done, 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 *casseroles* 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, of the Château du Marteau at Spa, a real good sportsman, has tried his very 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. 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.

Rocher de Cancale, Place de Meir At the Rocher de Cancale, usually called Coulon's (after the proprietor), the cooking and the wines are everything that can be desired, but the prices can hardly be called moderate. This restaurant is 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 well spoken of.

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, and another attempt is shortly to be made to draw visitors, the authorities having at last begun to 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.

Source de
Barisart

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 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.

There used to be a Café Restaurant attached to the Old Casino, and the Hotel d'Orange, which has been pulled down and incorporated in the New Casino, also provided a *table d'hôte*. No doubt the New Casino will have a restaurant on modern lines.

Probably, however, the gourmet will find things more to his taste at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, where M. Henrard 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 6-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.
Perdreux 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 Hotel du Palais, which with its Sports Club and its theatre and its great stretch of garden, stands between the race-course and the sea, and Mons. Fleury brings there during the season his cooks and *mâîtres d'hôtel* from the Riviera, 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 *mâitre 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 Palais and the service are admirable, for Mons. Fleury 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 Palais, 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 proprietor of the Splendid and Continental Hotels. Whether the restaurant will remain as it was, or will become a *table d'hôte* dining-room, I do not at the time of writing know.

The Restaurant of the Kurhaus, as the Casino is called, possesses an excellent cook, and its prices are by no means low. 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. 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

The Plage
Hotel, The
Digue

The Restaurant
of the Kurhaus,
The Digue

Restaurant
du Helder,
Boulevard van
Iseghem

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 *maitre d'hôtel* that two will suffice. All of which I am glad to record. The manager is very fat, and seems to swim about the room like a smiling balloon. 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 is about to open 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 Mons. 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 has 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 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. Jean, Rampe de Flandre

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 a baccarat club, and there is a roulette table which is in use during certain hours of the day. Forty-eight hours generally elapse between application being made and the acceptance of a candidate who belongs to a recognised London club. It is

Club Privé

wise to send in an application to the secretary before arriving at Boulogne. Entrance fee is 1 louis.

The Sports Club at the Palais Hotel is also a club where baccarat is 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.

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 when 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

I am told that a good *table d'hôte* lunch is to be obtained at the Panier d'Or in the great square, and that the meal is very cheap at the money. I cannot, however, vouch for this from personal experience.

The Panier d'Or

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 at the Hotel du Kursaal at Blankenberghe, but it was a modern moderate meal eaten amidst twentieth-century surroundings.

IV

BRUSSELS

The Restaurants of Brussels—The Clubs.

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 pass a week in Brussels, and wanted to be shown round the restaurants, I should start him with lunch at the Savoy on Monday morning, and finish him off with supper at the Café de Paris on the following Sunday night, for he would then be sure of beginning and ending well. 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.

On Monday night I should send my friend to dinner at the Épaule de Mouton.

On Tuesday, I should say, "Lunch at the Faille Déchirée and dine at the Lion d'Or."

On Wednesday, "Lunch at the Régina and dine at the Helder."

On Thursday, "Lunch at the Filet de Sole and dine at Wiltcher's."

On Friday, "Lunch at Justine's and dine at L'Etoile."

On Saturday, "Lunch at the Belveder and dine at the Café de Paris."

On Sunday, "Lunch at Durantons, and, if it is summer-time, dine at the Laiterie."

He will then have sampled all the restaurants in Brussels that are worth troubling about, and will be very unlucky if he has not alighted upon some dish worth remembering.

The Savoy is situated in the Rue de l'Evêque, by the side of the General Post Office. It was originally 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 *café extra*, for which 75 centimes is charged, is a specialty.

The Epaulé de Mouton is in the Rue des Harengs, one of the little streets already alluded to, which run from the Grand Place to the 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 Epaulé de Mouton, and there is a Filet de Bœuf. It is at the Epaulé, however, where the best 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 cuisine 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'Epaulé 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 Harengs. The construction and decoration are quaint; one sits in a kind of 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.

Faille Déchirée,
Rue Chair et
Pain

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 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.

Lion d'Or,
Rue Grétry

The Régina is a restaurant at the top of the town, near the Porte de Namur, that was opened in 1901, 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 Gratins 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*. Although the prices are low, there is nothing of the cheap and nasty order about the place, and if one likes to lunch in the café

Régina

on the ground floor off a *plat du jour*, with a glass of Gruber's beer, it can easily be done at the Régina for less than 5 francs for two persons. For a better served and more elaborate meal it is advisable to go to the dining-room upstairs, and if possible a table should be secured on the glass-covered balcony in the front, which has a pleasant outlook on the boulevards.

The Helder is in the Rue de l'Écuyer, near the Opera House. It is a smart restaurant, and one dines well there. It is frequented by a good class of people, but it has no particular character of its own. The proprietor is M. Dominique Courtade, formerly a chef, and he should be personally consulted if a special dinner is wanted. The Pontet Canet (only to be had in half bottles) is above the average here.

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* in Brussels. The price is only 3 francs, and wonderful value is given for the money. The following is the menu of a dinner in January :—

Wiltcher's,
Boulevard de
Waterloo

- 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. Notwithstanding, it is a remarkable dinner for the money, and there is usually a good variety of sweets.

Justine's is a little fish restaurant on the Quai au Bois à Brûler, by the side of the fish market. It has **Justine's, Quai au Bois à Brûler** distinctly a bourgeois character. It is 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. a piece 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.

Le Belveder is in the Rue Chair et Pain ; it has lately been opened by Jules Letellier, *ex-maître-d'hôtel* of the Filet de Sole, and brother to Le Belveder, Rue Adolph Letellier of the Lion d'Or. Chair et Pain Here the restaurant is *à la carte*, and a specialty is made of fish and game. Things are well done, but it is well to order beforehand, if anything out of the ordinary is wanted.

The Café Riche used to be a high-class restaurant opposite the Helder, but it has recently been closed, and the building is now a show-room for automobiles. 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.

Café de Paris,
Rue des Princes This is indeed the smartest restaurant in Brussels, and everything is of the best quality. M. Heitz, the director, comes from Paris, and he has quickly established the reputation of his establishment. French cooking is a specialty, and everything is very well done. For a dinner party this is the place I should recommend.

Duranton's, on the Avenue Louise, is now "run" by Monsieur Pierre Strobbe, who took a first prize at the Brussels cookery exhibition. The **Duranton's,**
Avenue Louise 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 in 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 **Château de table** by telephone. This is a very **Groenendael** 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 **Laiterie, Bois de** are several places that supply lunches, **la Cambre** 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.

If my friend were staying in Brussels longer than a week, the other restaurants to which I might take

him would be the *Taverne Royale*, at the corner of the *Galleries 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); *Stielen's*, in the *Rue de l'Évêque*; and the *Taverne Restaurant des Eleveurs*, on the *Avenue de la Toison d'Or*. At the *Taverne de Londres*, in the *Rue de l'Écuyer*, there is always a fine cut of cold roast beef with English pickles. A new restaurant, "*Le Chapon Fin*," has lately been opened in the *Rue Grétry*. I have heard it well spoken of, but have not yet had an opportunity of testing its capabilities.

On Wednesdays all the Brussels restaurants are crowded, it 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 *Cercle du Parc*, situated in the *Avenue des Arts*, and *Avenue des Arts* 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 and aristocratic club at 56 Rue Royale. **Cercle de l'Union,**
It is generally called "Le Bac," but **56 Rue Royale**
there is not much play there nowadays.

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

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

The Union Club at Wiltcher's Hotel is an English and American club. Years ago there was an English club in the Rue de Trône to which **Union Club,**
an English billiard-table was left as a **Boulevard de**
legacy by an old member. Round this **Waterloo**
table the present club has been formed. The members are now so numerous that it is proposed to take larger premises. The present subscription is small, and temporary members are admitted. The American element predominates.

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. 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. The cookery of the 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 stock fish, rice, potatoes, butter, and anchovies all play their part. Sauerkraut and sausages, soused herrings and milk puddings also have claims to be considered national dishes.

THE HAGUE

There are three restaurants not attached to hotels in the Hague which deserve mention. **Twee Steeden,** **Buitenhof** One is Twee Steeden in the Buitenhof, concerning which I know little more than the

name. The second is the Café Royal in the Vijverberg, an establishment which has an American bar on the ground floor. The restaurant is comparatively airy, and the cookery French, and my Dutch friends tell me “fairly good.”

Café Royal,
Vijverberg

The third calls itself simply The Restaurant, though it made its name and its fame as Van der Pijl's. It is in the centre of the town on the Plaats; 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 one florin (1s. 8d.); but it is wise to order dinner *à la carte*, and to give them some hours' notice. It is advisable to secure a table near the window, especially in summer. Some of the best wines are not put on the wine-list.

The Restaurant,
18 The Plaats

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 astonished 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 Van der Pijl's makes a specialty of:—*Poule au pot Henri IV.*, *Sole Normande*, *Côte de Bœuf à la Russe*, *Homards à l'Américaine*, *Poularde à la Parisienne*, *Perdreaux 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 Kümmel with his omelette. And this is a typical menu which reads as though it were for a French banquet:—

Huitres de Zélande.

Caviar.

Consommé Diplomate.

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.

Moussé Antoinette.

Sandwiches au Parmesan.

Dessert.

Of the hotels to which restaurants are attached, the Hotel des Indes and Hotel Vieux Doelen have a reputation for good cookery. The former was in olden times the town house of the Barons van Brienen, and 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.

The following menu is a typical one of a dinner of ceremony at the Hotel des Indes; it was composed for a banquet given by Count Henri Stürghk:—

Huitres.

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 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 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 Witte Societeit, reading-room, and is hospitably inclined towards such strangers as have the necessary introductions.

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

The Plaats Royal is small and exclusive.

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.

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.

AMSTERDAM

The Restaurant Riche is managed by a Frenchman, and the cuisine is French. It is necessary to order dinner in advance, and it is well to be 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, has a celebrity for its fish dinners, and excellent oyster suppers are to be had there.

Van Laar, 3
Kalverstraat

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

Amstel Room,
2 Doelenstraat

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, 26
Westnieuwland

Hotel Coomans,
12 Hoofdsteeg

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

VI

GERMAN TOWNS

The Cookery of the Country—The Rathskeller—Beer Cellars—Dresden—Munich—Nüremberg—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 gurkins, 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. 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 cooked *au bleu*. *Zander*, which I take to be a gray-

ling, 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. 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 is to cut it into inch cubes and send it to table swimming in butter. Both the potatoes and the asparagus in Germany are excellent, until they are cooked, for they grow well in the sandy soil. *Compotes*, 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 black (Hamburg) Pumpernickel is the best bread in the world to eat with cheese.

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 *compote* 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. As a warning I give what any enterprising traveller looking for the food of the country from the kitchen of a little inn may expect :—

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

A slight lunch at 11 A.M., at which the German equivalent for a sandwich, a *Brödchen* cut and buttered, with a slice of uncooked ham, lachs, or cheese between the halves, makes its appearance, and a glass of beer or wine is drunk.

Dinner (*Mittagessen*) is announced between 1 and 2 o'clock, and is a long meal consisting of soup, which is the water in which the beef has been boiled, or perhaps *Eintropfen*, a soup thickened with biscuit flour and with egg in it ; fish ; a messy entrée, probably of Frankfurt sausage ; the beef boiled to rags with a *compote* of plums or wortleberries and mashed apples, or if it is a roast brisket, served with a garnish of vegetables ; and, as the sweet, pancakes. 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 spinage.

Coffee is served at 4 P.M. with *Kaffee Kuchen*, its attendant cake ; and at supper (*Abendessen*) one hot dish, generally veal, is given with a choice of cold viands or sausages in thin slices—*Leber Wurst*, *Göttinger Wurst*, hot *Frankfurter Wurst*, and black pudding.

If the above gruesome list does not warn the overzealous 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 Germans 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, caviar being served more as an adjunct to the drink than as an orthodox meal. The most noted of these Rathskeller are at Bremen, Lübeck, and 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 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, beautifully decorated in the "Old German" style, of the various beer companies, most of which are Munich ones, the Lowenbrau, the Pschorrbrau, the Münchener Hofbrau, and others. 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 **Englischer Garten**, to the Englischer Garten, which is **Waisenhausstrasse** managed by its proprietor, Herr Curt 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 3s. By leaving out one or two courses, you can get quite as much as you can eat for lunch, and then you only have to pay 2s. 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 in most cases 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—the Dresden Horse Guards and the Oschatz Lancers. 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

**Belvedere,
Bruhlscheter-
rasse** Bruhlscheterasse, 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.

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

**Stadt Gotha,
11 Schloss-
strasse** wine restaurant after 5 P.M., but this is probably only served during the tourist season. Its wine restaurant is small and quaintly decorated. Very popular with the

upper and middle classes and *extremely* respectable. Cuisine very fair, set meals, which, especially supper after the play, are very inexpensive. But if you order *à la carte*, like most other places, it is rather dear. A capital beer restaurant in connection with it. Thoroughly plain German dishes served here.

Tiedemann and Grahl's, in the Seestrasse, is a typical German Weinstube with a large *clientèle* of *habitues*, 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 Eng-
 lischer 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 Eng-
 lischer 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.

Tiedemann
and Grahl,
9 Seestrasse

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.

Neues Palais
de Saxe, Neu-
markt

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.

In a little back room the principal dignitaries of the Saxon Court, State, and Army are wont to forgather every morning for their Frùhschoppen,—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 bad. The Belvedere has a large verandah, overlooking the Elbe, which forms a pleasant dining-place in the hot weather.

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 Hungarischerhof, Luitpold's elaborately decorated restaurant in the Briennerstrasse, and Schleich's Wine-house in the Briennerstrasse. The little restaurant on the island of the Isar is pleasant on hot days.

Munich is of course the headquarters of good German beer, and at the Hofbrauhaus in the Platz, one of the sights of the town, as good a glass of beer can be obtained as any man could wish for. It is a fine typical specimen of a German bier-halle, 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; but the person who takes your Schoppen along with several others in each hand, invariably, with unerring instinct, hands you back your same Schoppen. As an appetiser for the beer to which it is supposed to give an additional zest, they 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.

NÜREMBERG

Nüremberg being essentially a commercial and industrial town, it follows that expensive restaurants and high living are not one of the features of it. Yet the Bierkellers there are institutions that have existed since the time of Albert Dürer and his companions.

Among the best of these is the Rathhauskeller (or town-hall cellar), kept by Carl Giessing, a most picturesque place, as indeed is everything in Nüremberg; also the Fottinger in the Königstrasse and the Herrenkeller in the Theaterstrasse. At all of these good meals can be obtained at moderate prices, and hock is the best wine to order.

Perhaps the most interesting place in this store-

house of beautiful antiquities is the hostelry behind the Moritzcapelle, known as the Bratwurst-glöcklein, near wurstglöcklein, or Little Bell of the Moritzcapelle Roast Sausage. Here the specialties are excellent beer, and the very best of diminutive sausages made fresh every day, also Sauerkraut. The bell is still suspended on the end wall by an ornamental hammered iron bracket. Built about the year 1400, it is one of the most ancient, if not the oldest, refreshment house in the world. Here did the Meistersingers fgather, Hans Sach, Peter Vischer, Albrecht Dürer, Wellebald Pirkheimer, Veit Stoss, and other celebrated men in Nüremberg's history in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Great historical interest has always attached to this house, where the best class of entertainment is to be had. The present owners profess to have many of the original drinking-mugs, cans, &c., that these old customers habitually used, and which were individually reserved for them. The proprietors of the Bratwurstglöcklein are so particular with regard to the character of their sausages that they are made twice a day. Consequently the sausage they give you in the evening has not even been made that morning; it dates its construction only from mid-day.

There is a doggerel rhyme written of the establishment that runs very much in the same strain in which Mr. Bastard, my informant as to this old hostelry, has translated it :—

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.

Of the hotels and their cookery there is little more to be said than that the Grand, new and clean, has a garden terrace, and the Victoria, the cuisine of which has a good reputation, a grill-room.

A very pleasant resort in the summer is the Maxfeld Restauration in the Stadtpark. It is in the open air, and an excellent band plays **Maxfeld, Stadtpark** at 5 P.M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. A fair dinner is provided, but it is better to order in advance by telephone.

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, Frankfurt 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 Royal Court Hofbrau, 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.

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 wine in the cellars, and a word may be said in favour of its cookery.

THE RHINE VALLEY

The Rhine valley is not a happy hunting ground for the gourmet. Cologne has its picturesque Gursenich 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 Stapalhaus as they drink their wine. There are restaurants in the Marienburg and in the Stadt Garden, 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 of the bridge of boats. At every little town on either bank there are one or more taverns with a view where the usual atrocities which pass as food in provincial Germany are to be obtained, good beer, 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 particular fish to be cooked for breakfast. The wines of the district are far better than its food.

Rudesheim, Geisenheim, 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 the Röss 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, Horchem, 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 the very cheapest 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 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 reprovèd 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 kindly 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 potted 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 in 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 now 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, 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 Ritter's, Kaiser German feasts over which the doctors Friedrich Pro- do not have control. This is a dinner menade of the day at Ritter's, taken haphazard from a little pile of menus, and it may be accepted as a typical Homburg dinner :—

Potage Crécy au Riz.
 Truite de Lac. Sauce Genevoise. Pommes Natures.
 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. All those who have the luck to be made members of the Golf Club take tea there, and eat cake such as is only to be found at school-treats in England. 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. All the world always goes to the terrace later in the evening to walk up and down while the band plays.

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 Ruthe's Kurhaus
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 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.

BADEN-BADEN

Baden-Baden during the race-week is the gayest place that Germany can show at any time. It is almost too smiling and too bright to be Teuton at all. All that is smart in Baden-Baden dines at the restaurants of the hotels, with occasional lapses to the restaurant of the Conversationshaus. At the Stephanie, Philippe, of Cannes and Nice fame, and Müsculus, of Monte Carlo, are in joint-command; and at the Englischerhof, Autor, of the Carlton, is a partner of Herr Boening. The Messmer has a restaurant, the cookery of which is very well spoken of. In the winter the restaurant of the "Three Kings," in Langestrassé, which has a covered terrace, is a favourite dining-place. The Conversationshaus Restaurant, one wing of the palace which Wimbreuner designed, and the Krokodil, a favourite resort of those who like good beer, are other favourite restaurants in the town.

The little restaurant, with a shady terrace on the Alte-Schloss Hohenbaden, has achieved celebrity for

its trout *au bleu*, its good cookery, and its marvellous view over the Rhine valley. There are many refreshment-places on the roads along which the patients take their walks, but as milk is the staple nourishment sold, they hardly find a place in a guide for gourmets. The wines of the Duchy, both red and white, are excellent.

The International Club is very hospitable to properly introduced strangers. Temporary membership during race-week carries admission to the racecourse and a special stand.

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 Schaweiterhäuschen, 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 into favour, had most of the British patronage. Its cooking is excellent, and the German Hausfrau 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.

By the time these pages are in print a new restaurant, called The Carlton, will be opened at the Grand Monarque Hotel, where an attempt will be made to copy the glories of the London hotel of that name.

Scheufen Kremer's Restaurant, opposite the theatre, has good cookery, but is expensive.

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.

HAMBURG

At Hamburg is to be found Pfordte's Restaurant, which has gained a European reputation; indeed, it is spoken of as the "Paillard's of North Germany." The following description of the restaurant is from the pen of an English *habitué* of the house:—

Pfordte's Restaurant, which dates back to the year 1828, was originally one of the numerous Kellers or cellars which are situated in many of the basements of the houses near the Alster and Bourse at Hamburg. Their function is to provide luncheons, dinners, or suppers, and their chief *spécialités* are oysters, lobsters, other shell-fish, game, and truffles. They are much frequented by business men for luncheon, and by playgoers for supper after the theatre.

Mr. Wilkins was the first proprietor, and in 1842 it was in the hands of a company. In 1860, Pfordte, who had become director of this Keller, aimed at higher things. Being a good organiser and administrator, he eventually moved the Keller to the street that runs from the Alster Dam to the Rathaus gardens, and there, at the corner of the gardens, established a restaurant which is one of the best in the world.

Pfordte is a man of small stature, but of most courteous and polished manners, and is no exception to the general rule that small men have usually great brains. His restaurant is *facile princeps* of all the houses of entertainment at Hamburg where riches abound, and where good cheer is scientifically appreciated. Entering the establishment from the street, you find yourself in a fair-sized hall, where a deferential servant in livery is prompt to relieve men of their overcoats and ladies of their wraps. On the left, a large folding-door gives entrance to three public rooms *en suite* which look out on the Rathaus gardens, and are furnished with small tables—some for two, some for four, some for six persons. Here a most excellent dinner or luncheon can be obtained at short notice. The service is capital. The waiters are German, but appear to be conversant with every tongue in the world. All sorts and conditions of men have to visit Hamburg, the great centre of mari-

Pfordte's,
Rathaus Gar-
dens

time commerce in Germany. All seem to be able at Pfordte's to give orders in their own language, and find themselves understood. English seems as much spoken here as German.

On the right of the entrance-hall, a fine staircase leads to the first floor, where are rooms for private parties of any number, from two to a hundred. Hardly any important public dinner is held at Hamburg which does not take place at Pfordte's. The cuisine is perfect. The menus are original, the wines are of the best. If you are at Hamburg in the proper season, do not fail at Pfordte's to order oysters, trout from the hill streams, partridge with apricots, and *truffes en serviette*.

To the above there is but little to add except that there is a certain cosiness about Pfordte's, a sense of personal supervision, which is difficult to define but which everybody who dines there feels and appreciates. One Londoner put it thus, referring to the little rooms, "It's what Kettner's ought to be." I append a menu of a dinner of the day at Pfordte's, there being a choice of four or five dishes in each course. The charge is 6 marks. This bill of fare is by no means an exceptionally good one. Indeed it is below the average rather than above. The "English" adjective to the celery is used to distinguish it from celleriac or "Dutch" celery, which is largely used in salads in North Germany. The *Junger Puter* is a very little turkey poul. It is to the turkey what the *poussin* is to the fowl:—

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 muscovite.

Rheinlachs kalt, sauce mayonnaise.

- Bœuf braisé à l'alsacienne.
 Rehbrücken (venison) à la Conti.
 Lammviertel à la Provençale.
 Roast-beef à la Clamart.
 Artischocken sauce hollandaise.
 Salat braisirt mit jungen Erbsen.
 Engl. Sellerie mit Mark.
 Junge Flageolets à la Maître.
 Spanische Pfefferschoten farcirt.
 Junge Ente (duckling).
 Rebhuhn (partridge).
 Junge Puter.
 Escarolle-Salat mit Tomaten.
 Erdbeer-Eis crème panaché Fruchttorte.
 Kasé.

Dress clothes are not *de rigueur* when dining at Pfordte's. Bordeaux wines are a specialty of the house, as indeed they are in every good restaurant in Hamburg and Bremen, better claret being found in those cities than anywhere else outside France that I know of. There is a celebrated picture in Pfordte's hall which has a story attached to it. The painter wished to give a dinner to his club friends, and consulted Pfordte as to the price. Pfordte said that he would supply the dinner, and that the artist afterwards should paint him a picture. The dinner was given to the entire club, and was said to have been the best dinner ever served in Germany; the artist showed his appreciation of it by painting a masterpiece.

At the Zoological Gardens there is a good restaurant where one dines in a balcony overlooking the beer-garden, in which a military band plays.

The oyster-cellars of Hamburg are noted for their excellent lunches. *Bouillon*, cutlets, steaks, caviar, 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, caviar is much in demand, the small black Baltic variety, not the Russian, which is lighter in colour and larger in grain. A large pot of it is put on the table in a bowl of ice, and your Hamburger, who is a good judge of victuals as he is of drink, makes his supper of it.

The Rathskeller of Hamburg is in the modern Rathhaus, and is finely decorated in "Altdeutsch" style with frescoes and paintings by well-known artists.

In the summer gardens down the Elbe, good wines are to be obtained, and at the Fährhaus at Blauenesse.

The Alster Café, the correct title of which is, I believe, Kempinski's, is very beautifully situated. It has three tiers of rooms, and from its balconies one can look either landward or onto the river, which at night, with the lights reflected in its water, is very beautiful. The rooms of the café are decorated in the style of the seventeenth century.

KIEL

Kiel Harbour is as beautiful and picturesque a spot as one can well imagine. The approach to it from the Elbe by the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal—52 miles long, 70 yards broad, and about 30 feet deep, with pretty banks on either side—is part of the river Eider. It is lighted along its entire length with electric lamps, and constitutes as pleasant a waterway as one can desire.

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

Seebadeanstalt The Seebadeanstalt 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. One can hardly blame the Germans for annexing it, however galling its annexation by Germany must have been to its former owners.

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.

VII

BERLIN

Up-to-date Restaurants—Supping-places—Military Restaurants—
Night Restaurants—Clubs.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Berlin had no restaurant worthy of the name, now of course they are plentiful; in many instances, however, showy paintings, bad gilding, and heavy decorations seem to atone with a certain class of the public for inferior *matériel* and mediocre cookery.

BERLIN RESTAURANTS

The best restaurants in Berlin are those attached to the Kaiserhof Hotel on the Wilhelmsplatz, Bristol Hotel, and the Adlon Hotel (opened in October 1907). Evening dress, although not enforced, is now the rule at all of these. Since the Kaiserhof Hotel was re-
Kaiserhof, built and reopened under a different
Wilhelmsplatz management in 1906, this restaurant has become a favourite place for dinner and theatre suppers. The dining-room is the finest in Berlin. The head waiter draws up a menu for each individual guest in accordance with the latter's desires for 6, 8, or 10 marks. The 6-mark dinner is excellent. Dining *à la carte* is expensive. A theatre supper is served for 5 marks. Adjoining the dining-room is a comfortable

lounge, where the guests of the establishment have coffee and cigars, &c. The lounge is usually full until 1 A.M. when the band stops playing. The Kaiserhof Restaurant cannot be recommended for lunch, the large dining-room being somewhat dark and gloomy in the daytime. The Kaiserhof Grill-room, looking out onto the Wilhelmsplatz, is a favourite resort for lunch; it is somewhat expensive, but the cooking is excellent.

The Bristol Hotel is an excellent place at which to lunch. The lunch costs 2.50 marks. *Hors d'œuvre* are 1 mark extra, and there is an extra charge for sweets. A *table d'hôte* dinner is served for 6 marks, and supper, after 9 P.M., costs 5 marks.

The restaurant of the Hotel Adlon, owned by the well-known wine merchants of that name, is pleasantly situated, and looks out onto the Pariserplatz and Unter den Linden. Lunch is served at the fixed price of 3 marks, dinner 6 marks, and supper 5 marks. This hotel and restaurant is the newest and one of the pleasantest in Berlin. The Kaiser, in 1907, paid Mons. Bodart, the chef, the compliment of visiting his kitchen.

The restaurant of the Continental, managed by Mons. Klix, 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.

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.

Bristol, Unter
den Linden

Hotel Adlon,
Unter den
Linden

Continental,
Neustädtische-
Kirchstrasse

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.

The Monopol room of the Hotel - Restaurant L'Schaurté is an excellent place at which to dine. 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*.

MENU.

From 2 P.M. to 9 P.M.

Häringfilet 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 Norvège. Sauce Ravigotte.

Französ. Poularde.

Fasan.

Salat Compot.

Sellerie.

Fürst Pückler Bombe.

Käse. Früchte.

Nachtisch.

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.

Borchard's, in the Französische Strasse, is a capital

place to drop in to lunch, as there is a cold buffet there with all sorts of Delikatessen. You can get a very good dinner there, and the wines, especially the clarets, are of excellent quality. The attachés of the British Embassy patronise it, and it is to the Bristol in Berlin what Claridge's is to the Carlton in London.

Borchard's,
Französischer-
strasse

The Hotel de Rome has an excellent restaurant, and many dinners of ceremony are given there. This is the menu, headed by the motto, "The Tubercle Bacillus will federate the World," of a dinner given at the Berlin by a distinguished British physician to some of his German colleagues of the great Congress :—

Hotel de Rome,
Unter den
Linden

Hors d'œuvre.
Consommé Sévigné.
Potage Oxtail.
Sole à la Bordelaise.
Filet de bœuf à la Moderne.
Côtelettes de Foies gras aux Truffes.
Faisan Rôti.
Compote Salade.
Asperges en branches.
Prince Pückler.
Fromage.
Fruits.

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 receive such unstinted praise.

Astoria, Unter
den Linden

The Palast Hotel and Restaurant, at the corner of the Potsdamerplatz, and the Savoy in the Friedrichstrasse, are also excellent, and a good word may be said

for Otto Shabang's, which is a quiet restaurant, not smart, but cooking good and service quiet.

The Hiller and the Dressel, in the Unter den Linden, within a few paces of each other, are bright, pleasant, and good restaurants. Dressel gives an excellent lunch for 2.50, and dinners for 3 marks to 5. This is a sample lunch :—

Bouillon in Tassen.

Eier Skobelegg.

Seezunge gebacken, Sauce Tartare.

Kalbskopf aux Champignons.

Mutton Chops.

Pfirsich nach Condé.

Käse.

The English bar in the Passage is a grill-room and restaurant, and ladies can lunch there, though the sporting British element is rather too prominent. In the evening it is frequented by the theatrical world, and is practically open all night.

Kempinsky's, in the Leipzigerstrasse, a very popular restaurant and always crowded, rather corresponds to Scott's in the Haymarket. Here you get very good oysters (when in season) and excellent Holstein crayfish, lobsters, &c. The cook at this restaurant has an excellent manner of cooking lobsters, called *Homard chaud au beurre trufflé*. It consists of chopped truffles worked up into best fresh butter rolled out, and then laid on the hot lobster.

I subjoin a menu, in order to show the moderate charge for an extremely well-cooked dinner. As a rule a portion of any dish on the bill of fare costs M. 1.25.

MENU.

Hors d'œuvre.

Consommé double à la Moelle.

Homard chaud au Beurre Truffé.

Escaloppes de Veau.

Choux de Bruxelles.

Faisan Rôti.

Salade.

Fromage, Céleri.

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. It is rarely kept long enough in the cellars to give it a chance of maturing properly. 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."

Lovers of good wines should not miss the Restaurant Lutter, corner of Charlotten and Französischestrasse. This is an historic old tavern 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 of the ground floor is a quaint old wine cellar worthy of inspection.

If you wish to sample German dishes well and inexpensively, you could not do better than go to the Rüdeshimer in the Friedrichstrasse. The house can provide you with an excellent bottle of Rhine wine, having a special celebrity for this.

At Ewest, just off the Friedrichstrasse, there are two
 Ewest, Behren- or three little quiet dining-rooms. The
 strasse management is not anxious to find
 accommodation for any except old customers, but the
 best wine in Berlin is to be obtained there.

MILITARY RESTAURANTS

There are also two restaurants in which the military
 element predominates, one might almost
 say exclusively. These are Toepfer's
 Toepfer's and Prinz Wilhelm, both in the
 Dorotheenstrasse. Here the officers
 usually lunch and make a general rendezvous, often
 bringing their wives.

CAFÉS AND DINING-PLACES OF THE PEOPLE

There are of course many open-air cafés in the
 city, of which the most amusing perhaps are the three
 or four in the Tiergarten and the one in the Zoological
 Gardens.

Bauer's, in Unter den Linden, is a well-known
 café, and is much frequented by the Berliners; it is,
 Bauer's, Unter however, rather of the refreshment
 den Linden saloon class, and 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 has become a
 general rendezvous in the afternoon and evening, and
 everything supplied there is of the best quality. The
 walls are decorated with paintings by the eminent
 German artists of thirty years ago. Upstairs, between
 5 and 6 P.M., one sees many of the people of the world
 of the theatres and music-halls.

The Kaiserkeller, with its rooms decorated splendidly

in various styles, one after the model of the Lübeck Schiffergesellschaft, and others after **Kaiserkeller**, other famous German rooms, is one of **Kaiserhof** the sights of Berlin. It retains an army of cooks and its wine-list is a wonderful one.

The newest of the gigantic type of Berlin restaurants is Das Rheingold. Four thousand people can be accommodated at once within its walls. **Das Rheingold** There are nineteen dining-rooms, each in a different style of decoration, black oak, many-coloured marbles, rare woods, &c. A London Lord Mayor graced the opening ceremony.

CABARETS

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 Bauernschänke, which has obtained a celebrity for the violence and rudeness of its proprietor, who, as Lisbonne and Bruant used to, 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 Räuberhotle is an inferior imitation of Die Bauernschänke.

A noted night restaurant is Der Zunweissen Rössl, in which each room is decorated to represent some typical street in Berlin. This is a hostel much frequented by artists.

BERLIN CLUBS

One of the best clubs in Berlin is the Imperial German Automobile Club. The **Automobile**, Kaiser is a member and patron. The **Leipzigerplatz** 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.

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. 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 forcemeat 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 résist-*

ance; while eggs powdered with white truffles are a veritable delicacy.

The fish of the Mediterranean is coarse and poor, compared with the glorious fish of the Channel. But thanks to the culinary art the mere traveller 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 tasty 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 beef-steak 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, very tempting, 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 characteristic. 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 luxuriously 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.

Or best of all, perhaps, go to the Ristorante della Meridiana, which is in the 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 *Gxissini*, 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 the town of arcades, white marble, and veal cutlets I generally eat my breakfast at one of the window tables of the Biffi, from which Biffi, Galleria Vitt Emanuele one sees the wonderful crowd—well-groomed officers of the Bersaglieri, the pretty ladies,

the wondering peasants—that goes through the great Galleria; but if there is no window table available, and the head waiter fails to understand why he should give a table retained for a constant patron to a bird of passage, I go to the Savini, also in the great arcade, where I think the food is better cooked, but which has not the same tempting outlook. In the evening, if it is a cold day, I dine at the Orologio, at the corner of the great square, a restaurant which some men find fault with, but where I have always been well treated; but if the day is hot, I as often as not go to the Cova, near the Scala, where a band plays after dinner in the garden. Such is my usual round, with a nightcap at the Gambrinus if I have been to one of the theatres; but I am penitently aware that my circle is a small one, and I am told that I should take the De Albertis and the Isola Botta into my list. 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 Italy over 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.

GENOA

Genoa is a town of noise and bustle. The worst curse one Genoese can pronounce to another is "May the grass grow before your door." The Genoese restaurants have not the best reputation in the world for either cleanliness or quiet ; but at the Concordia, in the Via Garibaldi, you will find a cool and pleasant garden ; and at the Gottardo you will discover the Genoese cookery in all its oily perfection, for the important difference between the cuisine of Genoa and of every other Italian town is that all its dishes are prepared with olive oil instead of butter. Wherever you dine take your after-dinner coffee at the Café Roma, in the Via Roma, a café where you can dine if you wish to.

San Gottardo,
6 Via Carlo
Felice

Café Roma,
Via Roma

Of course 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.

VENICE

The city on the lagoons is the next town to be considered, for Verona has scarcely a cuisine of its own, and Padua sends its best food to the Venetian market, and its Bagnoli wine as well. The Restaurant Quadri, on the north side of the Piazza of St. Mark, is one of the best-known restaurants in Europe, and it is not expensive, for one can breakfast there well enough for 4 francs.

A gourmet of my acquaintance thus describes a typical breakfast at the Quadri: "When you go to the restaurant do not be induced to go upstairs where the tourists are generally invited, but take a little table on the ground floor, where you can see all the piazza life, and begin with a *Vermouth Amaro*, in lieu of a 'cocktail.' For *hors d'œuvre* have some small crabs, cold, mashed up with *Sauce Tartare*, and perhaps a slice or two of *Presciuto Crudo*, raw ham cut as thin as cigarette paper. After this a steaming

Risotto, with *Scampe*, somewhat resembling gigantic prawns. Some cutlets done in Bologna style, a thin slice of ham on top, and hot Parmesan and grated white truffles and *Fegato alla Veneziana* complete the repast, except for a slice of Strachino cheese. A bottle of Val Policella is exactly suited to this kind of repast, and a glass of fine-champagne (De Luze) for yourself, and of ruby-coloured Alkermes for the lady, if your wife accompanies you, makes a good ending. The *maître d'hôtel*, who looks like a retired ambassador, will be interested in you directly he finds that you know how a man should breakfast."

Another restaurant which is generally considered by the British residents in Venice as one of the best, if not the best, at which to try the cookery of the town, is the Vapore, by the Ponte Baratteri, **Vapore, Ponte Baratteri** near the Merceria. It is safe to order **Baratteri** as wine Ordinario, either red or white, if one does not wish to launch into any expense.

A restaurant which stands high in popularity with visitors is the Bauer-Grunwald, in the **Bauer-Grunwald, Via Ventidue Marzo** Via Ventidue Marzo, which has a garden with seats in it; but this is a German house, and can scarcely claim to represent anything Venetian. The Capello Nero, in the Merceria, behind the Piazza of St. Mark, is thoroughly Venetian and unpretentious; and another such *trattoria* attached to an hotel is the Cavalletto, by the Ponte Cavalletto, close to the great square. The Cavalletto has the real cookery of the town; but the Venetian cookery, it should be thoroughly understood, is not eaten in Parisian surroundings.

The restaurant of the bathing establishment of the Lido is in hot weather a very favourite **Etablissement des Bains, Lido** place at which to dine or lunch. I hear of the new Savoia Restaurant as being a pleasant dining-place, and that the cookery there is good.

At the Florian Café, in the Piazza San Marco, which in the summer keeps open all the night through, one gets the frothing *Zabajone* made so stiff that a spoon stands upright in it. The Café Lavena, also in the Piazza San Marco, is much patronised at tea-time, and so is the Pâtisserie Orthes, in the Via Ventidue Marzo.

There are many *birrerie* in Venice, the Dreher being one frequented by the Italians.

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, are native dishes not to be recommended; but the *Anguille di Comacchio*, the great eels from Comacchio, grilled on the spit between bay leaves, or fried or stewed, are excellent. Another Venetian dish which I can strongly recommend is the *Fegato alla Veneziana*, calf 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.

BOLOGNA

"Bologna la grassa" does not belie its nickname, and it is said that the matronly ladies, all over forty,

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, who is generally addressed as 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 Hotel d'Italie is more an Italian house, and the Stella d'Italia, in the 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, outside the Porta Azeglio, one can obtain a meal in the open air.

Hotel Brun,
Palazzo Malvasia

Stella d'Italia,
6 Via Rizzoli

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.

The wines are San Giovese and Lambresco.

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

If you wish to be aristocratic in Florence you will lunch at Doney et Neveux, on the first floor, in the Doney, 16 Via Tornabuoni, and in the afternoon Tornabuoni you will lounge about the street until it is time to drink tea and eat cake at Giacosa's, or Doney's, or the Albion, or Digerini's and Marinari's venture, next door to the library, after which you will look in at Vieusseux's to see if there is any news a-foot. You will then have eaten a very fair lunch cooked *à la Française*, and will have met in the course of the afternoon all your fellow countrymen and countrywomen resident in Florence. If, however, you want to sample Florentine cookery, you will fly from the splendours of the road which leads to the bridge of the Trinity and will try Mellini's in the Via Calzaioli, which runs from the Piazza della Signoria to that of the cathedral, where you will find both German and Italian dishes; or if you wish to test the native art, untouched by Teuton heaviness, go to La Toscana, Via da' Calzaioli La Toscana in the same street. There you will find comparative quiet, and you can be quite sure that the fish you order will be fresh, for it is sent daily direct from Leghorn, where the owner of La Toscana has a branch establishment.

At night the Gambrinus in one corner of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele rocks with sound, a band plays at intervals, and till long past midnight red and white wine and most indifferent cigarettes are called for by the revellers. This is hardly a place at which ladies would enjoy themselves, and still less should they be taken to Paoli's—where the young Florentines amuse themselves with good oysters and bad company until the small hours of the morning grow big—or to Picciolo's.

The Café la Rosa is a typical haunt of the submerged tenth, with a corrosive drink of its own.

There are not very 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 caviar. The figs, of many kinds, are delicious, and *Presciutto con fichi*, fresh figs and ham, are eaten all over Tuscany. The chestnuts from the Apennines are some of the best flavoured in Italy. Chianti is the local wine.

The Florence Club, Via Borgnosanti, is hospitable to travelling Englishmen, properly introduced. At one period the English Club of Florence 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 bills of fare, the livery, and many other matters of interior economy were copies from the London club.

The Aurora is the restaurant to be patronised at Fiësoli. It has a little garden whence there is a fine view.

PISA

The Nettuno at Pisa is the old-fashioned Italian inn, and it used to be the restaurant patronised by **Nettuno,** the officers of the garrison, but for some **Lungarno Regio** 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

An Englishman (to whom I owe grateful thanks for much of the information embodied in this chapter) who knows his Leghorn thoroughly, writes thus:—

The restaurant of the Albergo Giappone is one of the most famous eating-houses in Tuscany. The **Giappone, Via** kitchen is not merely Italian, it is **Vittorio** wholly Tuscan, and the Tuscan kit- **Emanuele** chen in skilful hands appears to content both the gourmet and the gourmand. Affairs once brought a distinguished English gourmet on a brief visit to Leghorn, and accident (for its fame had not reached him) took him to the Giappone. Instead of staying three days, he stayed three weeks, so that he might ring all the changes of that wonderful menu, and he has since publicly declared that the kitchen of the Giappone is one of the finest in Europe. The

English visitor to Leghorn is a rarity, but all famous Italians have at some time or other eaten at the Giappone—Crispi, Zanardelli, Cavallotti, Benedetto Brin, Puccini, Mascagni, to mention only a few among many. The proprietor was the Cav. Pasquale Cianfanelli, known even on the London market for the excellence of his Tuscan wines. But, alas! the old *cavaliere* has lately died, and the want of his presence is felt. The restaurant has a great reputation to live up to and it must be careful of its laurels.

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 fried, sweetbread; the stewed, fish; the roast, pigeon; but this order is always maintained, and the stranger's disappointment at there being no fish after the soup has only been 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 *Caffè Espresso* and a *Val d'Enza* (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.

Another excellent hotel in Leghorn is that attached to the Hotel d'Angleterre-Campari. Why the hotel is called Angleterre, not Inghilterra, no one knows. This restaurant has marched with the times. The hotel is owned by Signori De Stefani and Clerici, the latter of whom was in London for a time at the Albergo d'Italia. The former Grand, a house of marble halls,

Angleterre,
Via Vittorio
Emanuele

was some years ago reopened as the Palace under the management of Spain and Co. The feeding is distinctly good. The officers of our navy use it as their dining-place.

The famous hôtelier Bertolini opened in 1907 a huge "art nouveau" hotel adjoining the Leghorn Spa (Acque della Salute), the waters of which are obtaining celebrity for the liver cure. Bertolini's name is a guarantee that the food is good there.

Palace, Via
le Regina
Margherita

Bertolini

LUCCA

Lucca is too serious a place to care much about the inner man. But the fascinating old town is a place

Universo, Piazza
del Giglio

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

Carlo Caselli,
Via Filungo

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, 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 Roma in the Corso, and the Colonna in the Piazza Colonna, are the typical city restaurants; but they have a leaning towards the French cuisine. To eat the food of Rome, try La Venete in La Venete, Via the Via Campo Marzio, which has a Campo Marzio garden; or, more distinctive still, 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 Bucci, Piazza or Driver's of Rome, and you can dine della Coppelle 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, Coradetti, Coradetti, Via where the food is well cooked but served delle Croce without any unnecessary luxury, being perhaps the best eating-house; but the real haunt of the artist in Rome is, at the present time, the Trattoria Fiorella in the Via delle Colonelli. Only do not go and stare at him while he is taking his meals, for if you do, he will go elsewhere to another *trattoria*, the position of which he will keep a dead secret. 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 Street. An Englishman who knows his Rome well writes thus to me concerning the Circolo della Caccia (Anglicé, 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 Cassia ; even the Neri, or Papal adherents. In fact, a more cheery, well-conducted, and hospitable club does not exist in Europe."

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 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.

Gambrinus,
Piazza San
Ferdinando

Giardini di
Torino, Vico
Tre Re

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.

PALERMO

The restaurant of the Villa Igeia gave me excellent French cookery during a stay I made in Palermo.

Villa Igeia 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 Marina, for my experiment, for it looked, and was, very clean. The 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.

Umberto,
292 Via
Maqueda

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.

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—Sevilian 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, and soaked well with water. Paul Bosanquet writes of it: "Preparez le bien, servez le bien froid, et jetez le par le fenetre." 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.

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. Valdepeñàs, 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*.

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 *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 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 newly-finished hotel of that name. Colon, Plaza Cataluna
 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 Mons. 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 Continental, is in the Plazo Cataluna, and its cuisine Plaza Cataluna 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 Bourguinonne*, 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.

Martin's,
Rambla del
Centro

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.

Français,
Rambla del
Centro

Panylbets, little round biscuits always eaten on Nov. 1, can be obtained in Barcelona all the year round. *Foetzola* (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 has lately moved to new quarters in the Plaza Cataluna, where have been fitted up

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* (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 bur-gundy 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.

La Urbana,
15 Plaza Guipuzcoa

The Urbana in the Plaza Guipuz-coa is a Spanish restaurant which prides itself on its French cuisine.

Novelty Café,
Alameda

Of the cafés the bright Novelty in the Alameda is the most amusing.

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.

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

“Go and dine at Lhardy’s” is what everybody told 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

Lhardy’s,
Carera San
Jeronimo

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 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 Café Ingles in the Calle de Sevilla, where the private rooms are said to be particularly well decorated.

The Ideal Room is the newest and most fashionable of the restaurants. The Spaniards describe it as *La ultima palabra*—the last word, in such establishments. At La Vina P, so I am told by Spaniards, the best cookery of the country is to be found. The 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 Englishmen passing through Madrid are contented to breakfast and dine at their hotel, and nine out of ten Englishmen go to the Hotel de Paris, 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 Biscay—he orders one of those to be fried. *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 Brevia de Cabanas or De Book and strolls to the Museo to look at the old masters. A really first-class hotel is one of the great wants of Madrid.

Parisiana is in the park of Mondoia, 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.

Nuevo Club,
3 Calle de
Sevilla

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.

Gran Peña,
3 Calle Alcalá

The Casino de Madrid is the largest of the Madrid clubs. It has had temporary quarters on the first floor of the Palacio de la Equitativa, but has bought a property in the Calle de Alcalá, which has been converted into a most luxurious club-house.

Casino de
Madrid, Calle
de Alcalá

The pigeon-shooting club is at Casa de Campo, the Royal Park across the river to the west of Madrid.

Tiro de Pichón,
Casa de Campo

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 some-

times 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. 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 onto 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), *Boccaromes* (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. *Toriya*, 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 caravanseraï 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 Flamença* 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 I was given a sleeping-room in the hotel's annexe, a house in the same little square, and found the interior of the house comparatively quiet, though outside the noise of tram bells and mule bells and the other hundred and one sounds of the Sevillian night went on merrily in the square, which must have been named Pacifico as a joke.

I am told on very good authority that the cookery at the Hotel Paz is better than that in any other hotel in Seville, and that the Hotel Cecil has a chef who may bring the restaurant into favour.

In the Calle de las Sierpes, Paul Bourguet presides over El Pasaje de Oriente, quite a large restaurant and café, pâtisserie, and charcutier's shop, with an entrance in a street at the back as well as in the narrow main alley. Paul has been manager and *maître d'hôtel* in

Hotel de Madrid,
Calle de Men-
dez Nunez

Hotel de Paris,
Plaza del
Pacifico

El Pasaje de
Oriente, Calle
de las Sierpes

several important restaurants in different parts of the world, and the cookery at El Pasaje de Oriente is both French and Spanish. I was taken to breakfast there by friends who had told Paul to be on his mettle. We went through the lower rooms of the restaurant, which were filled with Spaniards eating their *almuerzo*, and into a quiet little room on the first floor looking down onto the busy Calle de las Sierpes. Paul had elected to show me the French side of the cookery of his establishment, and gave us a capital breakfast in which eggs and kidneys played a prominent part, and some admirable *Café Spécial*. Had he elected to give me a breakfast of purely Sevillian *plats* I should have been even more thankful to my hosts and to Paul; but I had an excellent meal. A band plays in the café from 7 P.M. to midnight. A *table d'hôte* lunch and dinner are served in the restaurant. The wise man going to the Oriente will send for Paul and tell him his tastes and act on Paul's advice, for Paul is a sympathetic soul, and the love of his art comes before mere money-making.

The Pasaje de las Delicias, also in the Sierpes, gives its clients modified Spanish cookery. It is the best restaurant at which to essay quarter of an hour soup, or *Sopa Jamon Picado*.

Pasaje de las
Delicias, Calle
de las Sierpes

The Pasaje del Duque, in the place of that name, is the best restaurant in Seville for a purely Spanish meal. The *Arroz à la Valenciana* there is always excellent.

Pasaje del
Duque, Plaza
del Duque

The Bar International and the Café de Paris, both in the Campana, are the best of the cafés.

The best fried fish shops are those of the Campana and the Calle Cerrageria.

The restaurant which is most typical of Spain and of Seville is the Eritana, which is near the farthest

end of the Paseo de las Delicias, the avenue where all Seville drives of an afternoon. A white-walled house stands by the entrance to the garden, and this house contains the kitchen. The garden is almost a maze. One wanders amidst its luxurious vegetation, and here and there at turns of the little paths one comes upon an arbour with a table and seats in it. There is one summer-house, something like a Noah's ark, which is high above the flowers and hedges, and in this little house a duel with swords was once fought. A humorous notice now prohibits any such encounters. The Eritana is essentially a summer dining-place, and is frequented by all classes. The pretty ladies who drive out there on a hot summer evening may not all be accepted in "society," but they add greatly to the picturesqueness of the garden. Mussel soup, and kidneys *à la Jerez* and mint soup, and eggs *Flamença*, are some of the favourite dishes at the Eritana; but 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, 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.

Pasaje de la
Magdalena,
Calle de Mendez
Nunez

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 during the month of April, when the subscription is 100 pesetas.

Circulo de
Labradores,
Calle Sierpes

The two most exclusive clubs are the Casino Sevilliano in the Plaza del Duque, and the Casino Nuevo, more generally known as the Casinillo, or Frambrera. The latter is the sporting club of the city.

Casino, Plaza
del Duque

It has a charming little club-house 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

Casinillo

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 Washington Irving and the Siete Suèlos Hotels, the two houses patronised by the British and Americans *en voyage*, 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. An Englishman in Spain, a gourmet on whose report I can depend, writes to me that he has just visited Granada, and found that the cookery at the Washington Irving was better than at any hotel in Seville. I would rather think that this state of comparative excellence was owing to the presence in the hotel of Don José Nuñez, the proprietor, a noted sportsman and *bon vivant*, than to the sight of the rapidly rising walls of a new hotel which is to be as well managed, so its proprietors say, as the Reina Christina at Algeceiras—the Reina Christina being admittedly the best hotel in the south of Spain. Don Jose Nuñez is a great authority on ibex shooting, 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.

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 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. The Cerveceria Ingles, however, will give luncheons and dinners to a special order, and they are very good.

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.

Luncheons and dinners are served at the usual hotel

Hotel de
Francia, Plaza
de Mina

Cerveceria
Ingles, Plaza de
la Constitution

The Balneario

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 onto a sub-tropical garden which is pleasantly remembered by all who have dined there. The **Reina Christina** 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 on the fresh sardines are two of the favourite fish dishes. There is room in Algeceiras for another hotel the prices of which would fit the pockets of the official world of Gibraltar.

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 has now been built, designed by the architect who made the plans for the Reina Christina at Algeceiras, and opened under the same management as 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 before **The Roma, Alameda** the rich English and Americans come to Malaga to spend their gold. The Roma Hotel

has the nearest approach to a good dining-place.

Nuevo Victoria, At the Nuevo Victoria, in the Calle
Calle Marques Marques de Larios, the cookery is
de Larios 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 Genèveise.
(<i>Claus</i>).	Selle de Préalé 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 restaurants, but I did not experiment in them all. My first visit was to the Café Tavares, where Senor Calderia is the host. The restaurant is in the Rua Roque. The front room is cream-coloured and has large mirrors on its 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.

The Avenida
Hotel, Rua do
Principe

Largo do S.

Café Tavares,
Rua Largo do
S. Roque

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 but perfectly clean room with big pictures 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 onto the fish which had the strangest

Leão d'Ouro,
Rua do Principe

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
 Marques a *confeitaria* than a regular restaurant.
 Rua Garrett 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. Francisco de Paula

club gives dances and holds a reception on the night of King Edward'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, Grand Hotel, Estoril owned and managed by Mons. Estrade, where the cuisine is French and is to be recommended; the Italic, owned by an Italian, which is never without English guests; and the more Portuguese Royal. A casino is attached to the first-mentioned Hotel d'Italie, Estoril 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, as do Ministries in Great Britain, and 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 of some of the royal family and of the rich merchants of Lisbon. Cascaes chiefly consists of the old fort which serves as the king's palace, a little fishing village, the palatial Casa O'Neil, and various clubs for outdoor sports. There are acres of

The Cascaes Clubs

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 joining 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. I cannot believe that I owe an apology to a body of good fellows, but I was The Oporto Club 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 it 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 onto 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 **Bussaco Hotel** in Portugal that M. Weissman, the 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 **Buffet, Pampilhosa** station on the Lisbon-Oporto line, is much above the average of railway dining-places in Portugal. I believe that its manager is a partner of M. Weissman mentioned above.

THE SMALLER CITIES

Of the smaller Portuguese cities I have no personal knowledge. But I am assured by Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, who has spent many nights and days in the country towns, that their discomforts have been greatly overstated. I cannot do better than refer you for particulars to his forthcoming book on Portugal.

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 lovely 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 pre-^{Hotel National}dictions 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^{Schweitzerhof} have run neck and neck in the excellence of their restaurants, and not only are they first rate, but, as is always the case, the average of the cooking at the other hotels has gone up in sympathy, as the doctors would say, with the two leading caravanserais, and I usually find that any one who has stayed at Lucerne has a good word to say for his particular hotel. I was once at Lucerne during race week, and was doubtful whether I should find a room vacant at either of the hotels I usually stay at. 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 surprisingly good cellar. The restaurant in 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 good cellar at the Schutzenhaus, and there is music and a pretty garden as an attraction to take visitors out to the Summer Casino.

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 department. The Kornhauskeller, in the 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, for its size and importance, is the worst catered-for capital in Europe. Outside the hotel restaurants, none of which have attained any special celebrity, there are but few restaurants, and those not of any conspicuous merit. There is a restaurant in the noisy Kursaal, and two in the Rue du Rhone, and most of the cafés on the Grand Quai are feeding places as well; but I never ate a dinner yet in

Geneva—and I have known the place man and boy, as they say in nautical melodrama, for forty years—that was worth remembering; and this I say advisedly, though the trout are as palatable as they were when Cambacérés used to import them to France for his suppers, and the great char, the *Ombre Chevalier*, forms a most noble fish dish at dinner. There are two little out-of-door restaurants which are amusing to breakfast at during the summer. One is in the Jardin Anglais and the other in the Jardin des Bastions. At each a cheap *table d'hôte* meal is served at little tables. There is also a restaurant in the Park des Eaux Vives.

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. Fresh-water fish, fruit, cheese, honey, are all excellent by the lake, and the wines of the Rhone valley (Crossex-Grillé, Clos du Rocher, 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. 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 has during 1908 been the one chosen by the various Crown Princes at which to give their dinners when they dined outside the Kulm, where they lodged. 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, 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 in January, and for which I had nothing but commendation :—

Hors d'œuvres.

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. 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. 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'œuvres).

Rühreier mit Spargelspitzen

(Scrambled Eggs, Asparagus Tips).

Rindfleisch mit Gemüse

(Boiled Beef and Vegetables).

Backhühner, Häüptel Salat

(Fried Chicken and Lettuce).

Prager Schinken

(Prague Ham).

Kaiserschmarn

(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 **Kärtner Ring** one time, but has now regained it all, and its restaurant, redecorated and smartened up in every way, is the best of the cosmopolitan restaurants of Vienna. 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 **Sacher's,** Opera is Sacher's Hotel and Restaurant, **Augustiner-** the old-established aristocratic dining-**strasse** 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 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.

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, 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.

SALZBURG

The frontier town of Salzburg, the summer residence of the Emperor of Austria, 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. Habertus is another pretty restaurant on the long forest clad line of hill. To see the good people of Salzburg enjoying themselves at their **Stiftskeller** ease one should go to the St. Peter's 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.

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. Zander, which is something like a perch, but which I believe to be of the same breed as a grayling, is always to be obtained; and Fogash, a Danube 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.

Herr Pupp owns a very considerable portion of Carlsbad. His great hotel and restaurant and café and garden at the end of the Alte Pupp's, Wiese cover a very large amount of Alte Wiese 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. Weishaupt's, Alte Wiese 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 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, all the

world of Carlsbad taking its after-supper walk comes 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, and the last season I was in Carlsbad its leader was proud of his voice, and the band sung just as much as it played, a habit which I trust it will lose. Nuncovitch, of Egyptian fame, is one of the proprietors of 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 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.

The Goldener Schild near the theatre in the Neue Weise has always had a reputation for good cookery, and on the nights that the Cur-kapelle plays in its bandstand there is never a vacant table in the restaurant or the two big glass shelters outside it.

Since Herr Weishaupt rose to eminence every

proprietor of a provision shop has established a restaurant. One of the most popular of these is behind Potzl's shop in the Market 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, and I have no personal experience of its excellences to record.

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 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 Korner. Also in the park is the Restaurant 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 ^{Hans Heiling} 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 ^{Giesshubel} 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.

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.

MARIENBAD

Of Marienbad I can only speak as having gone there once or twice in a season whenever I have undergone "a cure" at Carlsbad. The life the "cure guests" lead is very similar at both places. I

The Imperial 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

The Stern Stern where the company was equally select and where the Fogash and the chicken were excellently cooked. King Edward generally gives his dinner on the birthday of the

The Kurhaus 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 Café 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 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 The Golf Club were extraordinarily large. King Edward has taken the little pavilion into favour as a place to go to at afternoon tea-time, and has expressed a hope that it will be enlarged. Doubtless the club will prosper greatly and the shadow of its house will grow larger.

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 National Casino, *maître d'hôtel* talks excellent French, Kossuthgasse the dishes on the *carte de jour* are all 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 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.

The great white restaurant opposite the Opera House, Drechsler's, is an excellent house at which to essay Hungarian dishes, and I ate there 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 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 late afternoon; but Kugler's, the fashionable 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 **Park Club** 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 onto 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.

National Casino 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 a touch of national cookery. This is one which breaks away from the usual French lines :—

*Somtoi.**Eteville* 1868.*Château Margaux*

1875.

Moët 1884.*Tokay* 1846.*Silvorum* 1796.*Barackplinka* 1860.

Gulzas Clair.

Fogas de Balaton à la Jean Bart.

Cuisson 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.

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. Caviar, 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. A caviar *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

Capsa's, Calea
Victoriei

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 acri* ; *Curcan pe Varza* ; *Tocana de Muschiu 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.

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

Restaurant

Capsa, Boulevard Chica

Riegler's,
The Park

over miniature boulders next door to one of the bandstands.

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 Caraiman** 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.

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 there is a restaurant which is the best in Servia. Brown velvet couches and zinc palms convey an idea of luxury, and the cookery

**The Grand
Restaurant,
Michael Street**

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.

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.

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 strange 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 **Hotel de** cook must be an Austrian, or must **Bulgarie** have learned his trade in an Austrian kitchen, for

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 members 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.

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 *kababs* 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 ; *Kebab*, “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
 Pera Palace 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
 Tokatlian's, Grande Rue 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

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 ice 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.

XVIII

GREECE

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:—*Coucouretzi*, 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 *smörgåsbord*—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 rebuilt 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 Phœnix. 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 aspic are a favourite dish, is a favourite supping-place, and is crowded about 1 A.M., and the Industrie is another café where the suppers 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 beautiful beech woods, and many 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 Christiana, is another of these delightful bathing-places. The beech woods are a preserve for the royal deer, 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.

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 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 lington.

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

vodka. The crayfish, *kräftor*, a little larger than the French ones, excellent in flavour, and served in a terrine; the *Bisque* soup; caviar 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,} of theatres and circuses. The park ^{Skansen} 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.

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 *smörgåsbord*, 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.

GOTHENBURG

The restaurant of the Haglund is a good one, and I give one of the menus of its 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—Throndhjem.

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 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 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 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.

Frognerstæter, 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.

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, "considering the latitude it is situated in."

XXII

R U S S I A

Russian Cookery—St. Petersburg—The Clubs of St. Petersburg—
Moscow—The Moscow Clubs—Odessa—Kief—Warsaw—Hel-
singfors—Yalta.

R U S S I A N D I S H E S

R U S S I A 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 ice-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 *Kedgerée*. 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 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-gurtered 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,
Bolschaya
Kononschaya

Its cuisine is French, with a few of the best Russian dishes adopted into the *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.

De l'Europe

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, Moika
 Contant's
 Moika
 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. Pivato's, Morskaiä

Of 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, I have already written in another chapter. Café de Paris, Bolschaya Marskaya

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
 Felicien's, Kammeny Ostrov
 Ernest's, 60 Kammeno Ostrovsky

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 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 ordinary 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 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

Commercial Club, English Quay; English Club, Dvortsovaiä Nadérejnaiä

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.

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-water fish, formed the interesting portions of the meal. The restaurant room of the Slavianski is white below

Slavianski
Bazaar, Rue
Nikolskaia

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 Sevres

china which is so precious that an extra charge is made for its use at any dinner party. I asked a little party of fellow-travellers to lunch with me, and I hope now 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-tuniced 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

The Ermitage,
Trubnala
Plastchad

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.

Chouxfleurs, 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.

**Bolskoi
Moscovski,
Place Voskre-
vessenski**

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 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 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 white building with plate-glass windows, half confectioner's, half café, which is on the Tver-

**Mavritania,
Petrovski Park**

**Café Philipov,
Tverskaya**

skaya, the principal street of the city, and a pleasant place near the Slavianski Bazaar, the name of which utterly beat me, where little châteaux 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 Golden Anchor, and the Strelna, the latter, the most gorgeous of the three, 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 *maitre 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

The Yar, the
Golden Anchor,
the Strelna,
Petrovski Park

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 specially 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 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.

Yastchouk,
11 Boulevard
Nicholas

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.

Bruhns, 16 Déri-
bassovskaia

During the summer a restaurant is opened in the Alexander Park and a band plays there.

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.

Sémadéni,
15 Krechtchatik

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.
 Pintades 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 Portugaisé.
 Rosbif à la Broche.
 Ragoût de Mouton Printanier.
 Poitrines de Veau farcies.
 Poulardes sautées au paprica.
 Bitkis de filet Strogonoff.
 Cervelles frites, Sauce Tomato.
 Gêlinottes à la Crème.
 Pirojkis à la Paresseuse.
 Omelette aux Cèpes.
 Œufs Bercy.
 Froid { Dindes—Perdreux.
 { Jambon.
 { Rosbif.
 { Langue de Boeuf.
 Gâteaux—Compote—Glace.

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, källaren, which forms part of the New
New Theatre 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, of Tölö, is in summer the pleasantest
Park of Tölö dining-place in Helsingfors.

Another very pleasant little summer restaurant is on the island of Högholmen, where
Restaurant, are the zoological gardens of the town.
Högholmen

YALTA

The Crimea to an Englishman vaguely suggests snow and hardships, but none of the Riviéras 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 French one, and the man who dines at **Hotel de Paris,** the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris in **Quay** 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 expensive dining and lunching place. **Quay** There is an amusing restaurant in the public garden of the town.







