

Restaurants and Cafes of PARIS

OF DELLA AUSTRALIAN



A TYPICAL PARISIAN CAFE SCENE AT NIGHT RESTAURANT IN THE LATIN QUARTER

The American eats much and in haste, the Englishman eats much and slowly, but the Frenchman eats slowly and consumes much thought and time at eating. He is usually an epicure and seldom a gourmand. He is too intelligent to abuse his stomach, and he does not eat it in vain. He enjoys his wine and tastes his game with the same pleasure that madame has from a becoming hat and modish frock.

The American works to earn money and success, the Englishman that he may retire early and devote himself to outdoor sports, but the Frenchman wants to make money that he may live, and he does not believe that one can live well without enjoying good food. An American and Englishman desiring good dinners go to their club, but the Frenchman turns to the restaurant when desiring to satisfy their most fastidious appetites. It is here he gives his dinner parties; here he brings his wife to dine, and here he comes alone.

Some of the restaurants of Paris could write wonderful tales of history and romance so intimately is their history written with that of court and intrigue under the domination of the laws and the empire. There are those, such as the Maison d'Or, having lost their charm and popularity, have been compelled to close their doors and give way to newer upstarts. It would take several volumes to do justice to this subject. They are restaurants that the Frenchman has recognized for half a century or more; the restaurants that have been made popular by the fashionable world in a very few years; the restaurants supported by a set of dandies, by the French nobles, the savants, artists and officers.

There are places where the food is good and the prices are high; restaurants where the prices are high and the food is poor; and, last, places where prices are moderate and the food is good.

until their stomachs are tired and their heads dizzy. The men come here to dine and drink wine, but the women come here to see and to be seen. Here are women of all types and all nations—the dandy, gay, mondaine are dressed in such perfect taste that you might mistake them for the haute monde of Paris were they not with French hats, English lords and rich Americans well-known in diplomatic and industrial circles. There are American women dressed in all the latest fashions Paris offers, quite won by the gaiety of the hour. There are English women in vain trying to outdo the chic Parisian, and the stylish Americans with their decorative waists and handsome strands of pearls and large picture hats. The same may be said of the men, but they are certainly beautiful. The wild strains of music, the laughter and merry voices, and the soft green and brown of the forest play into an harmonious whole.

But those who find Armonville too noisy have Pre Catalans and Matrif. Pre Catalan is the most beautiful and exclusive of these places. This tiny white building, with its garden and fountains, quite round one of Marie Antoinette's little Trianon. Here are dinner parties, with rare viands and sparkling wines, money flows as readily as at Armonville, but the tone of the place is more quiet and unostentatious. In spite of this charming place one long for the days when carriage and automobiles rolled up with smart mammas, quaint nurses and pretty babies. Children were brought here to drink fresh milk and romp on the green.

Pre Catalan, like Armonville, is for the cosmopolitan crowd; the exclusive Parisians, members of clubs, polo and golf clubs make their rendezvous here, and though one sees people of many nationalities, the French are in the majority. Lines are more tightly drawn here than at many other restaurants in the Bois, though the food is no better, and unless one has friends here, one feels like a lonely outsider.

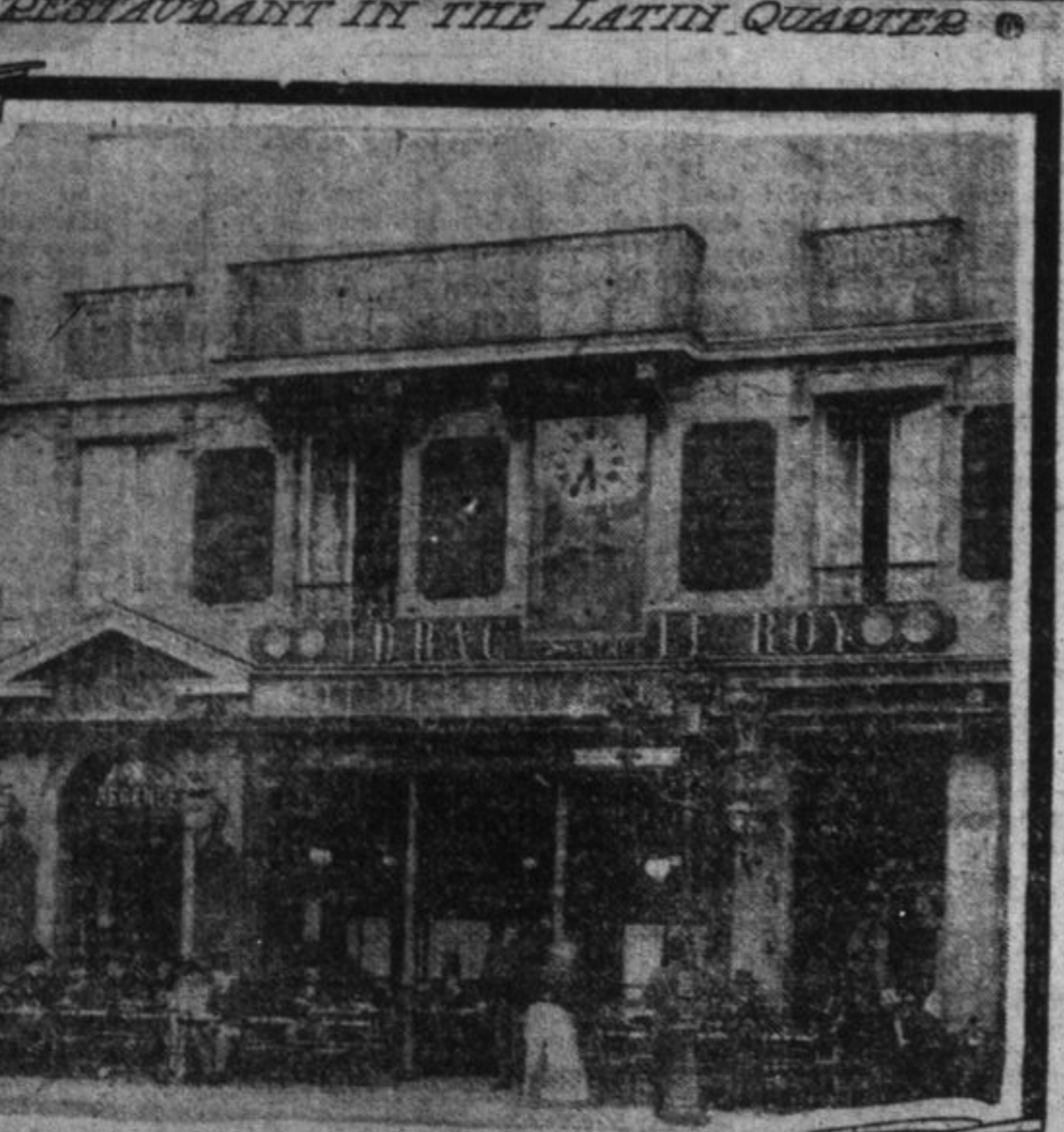
There are many other places for auto enthusiasts outside of Paris, the Reservoir at Versailles, the Hotel Quatre at St. Germain. The cuisine is nothing unusual at the Reservoir, though the dining-room is in the correct style, and was popular as far back as the days of the Louis. Hotel Quatre, at St. Germain, is another restaurant that boasts of historic memories. The head waiter proudly informs the tourist that Louis XIV was born in the building, and he points to the simple cradle of the Sun God.

is a group of smart New Yorkers, ready to enjoy the passing show, studying the long menu to find something they have not yet tried—struggling with French terms as earnestly as they do the daily quotation of stocks at home. They are soon overlooked for a French marquis and a syphilis sufferer, robed in a mass of black spangles leaving the alabaster arms and shoulders to show their matchless beauty. So delicate and slight is the graceful figure one might imagine her a fairy of one's dreams were it not for the black tongs with the one sweeping feather and the necklace of diamonds she wears clasped about her soft, white throat. Yes, she is a real live woman, but not the wife of the marquis, though lavishes more money and affection on her than though she were his wife. She is a chanteuse, not as the others, but at one of the larger vaudeville theatres; she is the rage just now, known for her beauty and graceful dancing; she is courted and adored now, but her popularity will probably last only a little while and marquis will die and lavish his fortune on some other beauty as he is now doing for her. The Americans wonder who she is, but there are a group of singers from the Opera Comique who give her envious glances, jealous of her position and beauty.

Not far away is the Cafe de la Paix, with a similar clientele, excepting it is largely the hungry and tired theatre-goers, who are only seeking a bite, eat below; above stairs is the dining room reserved for fashionable dinner parties. One wonders at the success of the Cafe de Paris and Armonville only until one learns that Foyot

is the proprietor of both places, with restaurants at Trouville and Nice. Foyot is a born restaurateur. He takes the same pride in his establishments that an artist does in his paintings. Though he is rich, could afford to retire, he would only try to please his guests, though he had ten times as much. He knows a large part of the clientele and is always ready to suggest something new without even their asking. Should a sauce not be prepared exactly right, he will have the fish or game sent out and more brought, though he loses the profit on the order. The crowds who visit Madrid in the Bois go to Paillard's in town. They order no less lavishly and year costily and hand some down, but the place caters to a more aristocratic crowd than do many of these restaurants.

Paillard's is somewhat more expensive than are some of the first-class restaurants, but the food is served in excellent style and the house is famous for certain dishes. It would take too long to mention them all, but in these numbers is lobster thermidor, named after Sardou's play. The lobster is boiled alive, and is then strongly flavored with English mustard and served hot. Paillard's are also known for the excellent style in which they prepare food; the poulet meire is a fowl, boiled with mushrooms. The house has a reputation for its desserts, such as pechees poches and Princess Helene. They are both simply made. The peches poches is a cooked peach and has a burning brandy-poached over it. The Princess Helene is made up of ice-cream and sweet peas, flavored with chocolate sauce.



CREDIT AND CARE ON THE SIDEWALK

In this same class belong the Cafe Anglais and the Maison Doree. The Maison Doree recently closed its doors because a large part of its clientele passed away, and it refused to change its ideas to please new upstarts. It was satisfied with its history. Princes and nobles of every land were included among the guests. There is Voisin, a favorite rendezvous of savants and diplomats. His wine cellar is among the best in Europe, and he shows with pride cob-webbed bottles from Provence such as not the richest of France can boast. Voisin has his ideas about serving a dinner or dejeuner and will not give them up to please the most fastidious customers. The following story is told, which, if true, certainly shows the sturdy determination of the man. An Englishman was ordering a dinner one evening and when it came to desert, instead of asking for pechees poches or den Melba suggested plum pudding. The proprietor's countenance soured and he said: "You will find those things at Duval's; we don't serve them here."

Joseph is another man who has learned his business well, having worked for years at Paillard's and he would rather lose a \$50 bill than yield an opinion to which he holds firm. Joseph is often teased about being Sardou's double. He answers this with a laugh. It is no less difficult a task to plan a dinner well than it is to write a play. He has many dishes that are his own invention. The strangest of these is a dry fish baked in a potato. If one wishes to dine well at small expense there is the Collet Lonnain, an unpretentious place, though proud of its cuisine and its clientele. It is popular with literary folks because it has an unpretentious air and serves an excellent pink wine at thirty centimes a glass which tastes like champagne and flows to the head more readily. But Lyonnais boasts of its fish, sole a la bonne femme and tanch a la Lyonnaise. The trench are kept in tanks; the thick skin is splendid, and

the flavor is enhanced by the butter in which they are fried. If one is willing to hobnob with a politician, one can have a good meal for little money. At Duval's here one has an opportunity to study many types of people, from dressmakers' models to bank clerks. They come here because they can get a good slice of meat, a vegetable, a small bottle of wine and cheese or patisserie for twenty-five or thirty centimes. There are things that one does not enjoy—excluding limited space, waiting for a table, the rattling of dishes and short answers from these bourgeoisie waitresses, but if one can overlook these things one can have a better meal than in many of the more expensive places. Duval's have many restaurants, but those in the Boulevard des Capucines and in the Boulevard Montmartre are a little finer and somewhat more expensive.

Talking of Montmartre, there is another restaurant with a pretty garden. It is known more for its historic past than its cuisine. It was here that Marie Louise and her future husband held their many rendezvous. Opposite is a small restaurant, homely appearing, but with an excellent cuisine, with a wonderful reputation for tripe. There are not as many wine shops in Paris as in London and in our country, because the French prefer to drink at meal time, rather than between meals. The most famous of these is in the Rue St. Honoré, known for its good wines and because Balzac and other less famous writers visited these haunts. Phil May was the last of the eminent men who patronized this marche, and prices have risen considerably since this artist's death. Americans often think of the Quarter Latin, where one may eat well and for little money. There are many places barring Duval's, the restaurants are not of a high order, excepting the Cafe Soufflet. Here the artist and students of means come to dine and drink wine, but the prices are in keeping with the reputation of the house. The most interesting place in the Latin Quarter is a pension called "Saveru." Everyone working here is a relative of the proprietor. Many students (Continued on page 11.)



THE MOULIN ROUGE AT NIGHT

telligently on the excellence of wine. Wealthy English and Americans make up the second class. They go to Frederic to enjoy novelties and to drink of his best wines. For these he prepares special menus, with such odd names as lobster Alexanders, sweetbread a la Stanhope, peaches a l'Austin Tee and pears a la Wamamaver.

It takes weeks to discover the many excellent restaurants in which Paris abounds; they are endless and they all have their specialties. In the autumn the epicure goes to Paris for oysters; he will eat them nowhere else. Prunier's grotto-like portals are not attractive with the great baskets of bivalves banked about the doors and those men perfumed by the odor of fish carrying in great loads of snails. Prunier is a Burgundian and he can talk for hours on the art of preparing oysters, and snails and the value of Burgundy wine. He gets great loads of oysters fresh from Oden every day. Most Americans do not like his oysters—they have a particular taste—but that does not worry Prunier; he substitutes snails and white Burgundy which is not to be excelled anywhere. The fastidious American shakes his head and says "Bah!" when snails are suggested.

But this restaurateur answers: "Try them; they are perfect snails, fed on the best of grape leaves." He tells his customers that the petit gris are the best snails, but there is less merit for them than the Burgundian, because they are less attractive appearing. It is only to the favored few that he gives this important fact. The time to buy snails is after the first frost; they are no longer active and may then be cleaned properly. The most important point is the preparation. They are boned, drained, scoured in a saucepan of water, with wine, salt, pepper, bay leaves, onions and carrots. They are then kept in this juice for twenty-four hours. The shells are cleaned with soda and the snails are put back into their old resting place. But the taste is incomplete without a glass of good wine.

Just as the epicure goes to Prunier for snails he patronizes Beer's for sea viands. With him the broiling of beefsteaks and roasting of roast beef are a fine art. They are cooked without losing any of the juice. Thei informs his patrons that meats are to be washed a down, with a strong glass of Bordeaux and no other.

These restaurants have classic reputations, but there are many more with excellent cuisines, though their names are more bourgeois. There is Voisin, a favorite rendezvous of savants and diplomats. His wine cellar is among the best in Europe, and he shows with pride cob-webbed bottles from Provence such as not the richest of France can boast. Voisin has his ideas about serving a dinner or dejeuner and will not give them up to please the most fastidious customers. The following story is told, which, if true, certainly shows the sturdy determination of the man. An Englishman was ordering a dinner one evening and when it came to desert, instead of asking for pechees poches or den Melba suggested plum pudding. The proprietor's countenance soured and he said: "You will find those things at Duval's; we don't serve them here."

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On SATURDAY Evening, March 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, at eight p.m. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 Frontenac Ward.

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T. J. Rigney returned this from New York.