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"The Best Dinner I Ever Ate!" Said the Kaiser.

Melting Potatoes a la Bernhardt

CUT the potatoes to the shape of large, elongated ovals, and let each weigh about three ounces. Gently cook them in butter, in a saucepan, and take care to turn them over.

When they are cooked, withdraw them, and then slightly flatten them with a fork without breaking them. Drain away their butter; return them to the saucepan with three ounces of fresh butter for every two pounds of their weight, and cook them with lid on until they have entirely absorbed the butter.



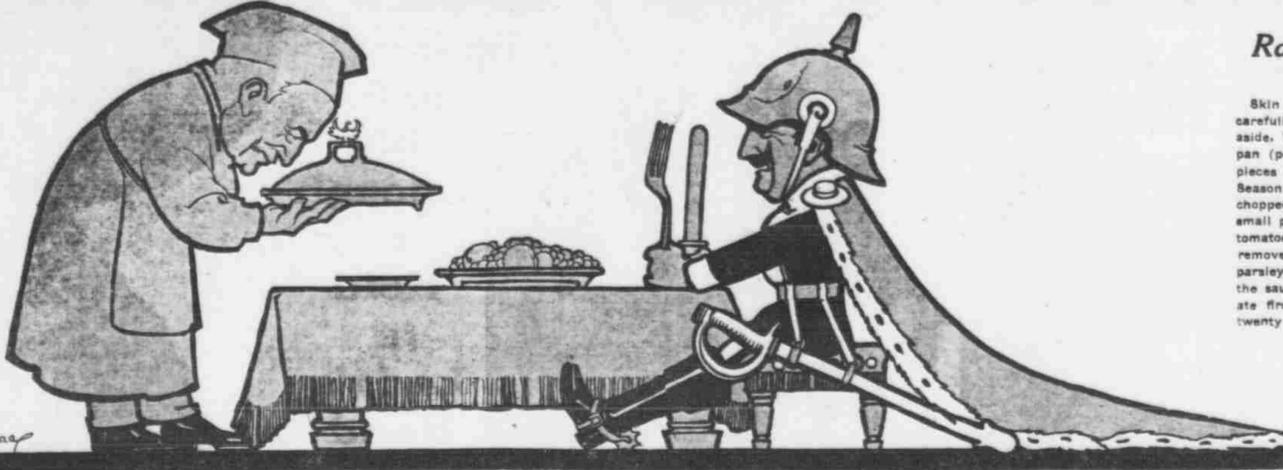
"Potatoes that melt in the mouth."



"The great chef was taken prisoner in the Franco-German War."



"He prepared 'peches Melba' for the divine singer."



And Such Dinners as This You Will Be Able to Prepare Every Day from Directions to Be Given in This

Series Written by M. Escoffier, the Greatest of Modern Chets

THIS newspaper will publish a series of practical articles upon the art of cooking, by M. Auguste Escoffier, who is by universal consent the most famous chef in the world. These articles begin next week.

In these articles M. Escoffier will initiate the American housewife and the American public into the most precious secrets of French cookery. He will explain not only how to prepare the richest dishes that are placed on the table of Emperors and millionaires, but also the simplest dishes with the most economical materials. The great value of French cookery is that it teaches us how to obtain the best results with the least expenditure of money.

M. Escoffier has been frequently spoken of as the German Emperor's chef. An epigrammatist has called him "the chef of Emperors and the Emperor of chefs." The facts concerning his services to the German Emperor are these: In 1906 the Emperor paid a visit to the newly launched monster of the Hamburg-American Line, the Amerika. This was a very unusual honor from a reigning sovereign, and the directors of the line, to show their appreciation, determined to give his Majesty the finest banquet possible.

With this object they engaged M. Escoffier at great expense and he prepared a banquet for the Emperor on the ship. After dinner the Emperor, who was in an exceptionally jovial mood, summoned the chef before him and said:

"Monsieur Escoffier, that is the finest dinner I have ever eaten."

The great chef bowed his appreciation of the compliment. The Emperor then asked him some questions and learned to his surprise that while serving as a very young man with the French army, M. Escoffier had been taken prisoner by the Germans.

"Monsieur Escoffier," the Emperor then said, "if I had known you were so good a cook I would never have let you go."

M. Escoffier now acts as supervising chef for the great Ritz-Carlton chain of hotels, making his headquarters at the Carlton Hotel, in London.

M. Escoffier is the author of scores of dishes now served in the great restaurants of the world. One of them, for instance, is that exquisite dessert, "peches Melba."

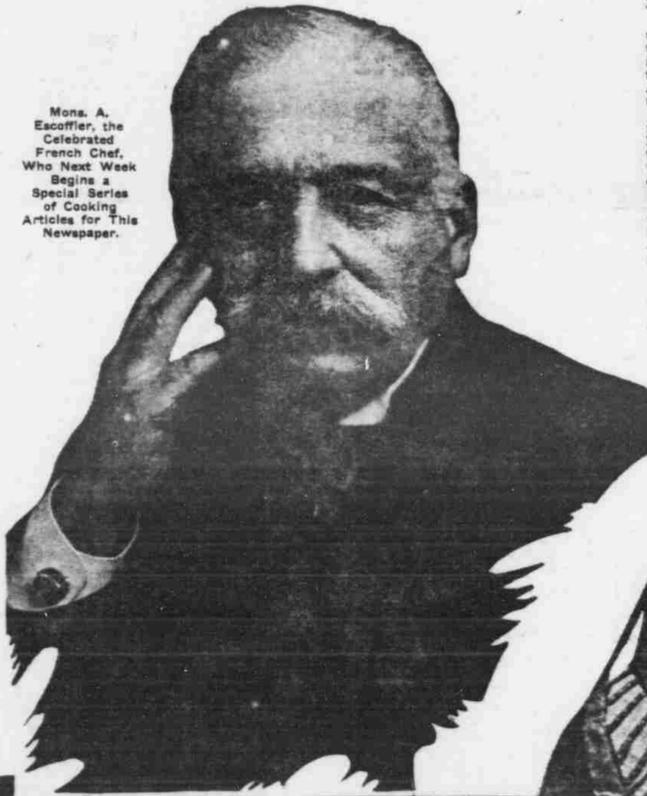
One day in Paris Madame Melba told M. Escoffier that she was very fond of peaches with raspberry juice, and asked him how he could combine them. Here is his recipe:

Poach the peaches in vanilla flavored syrup. Dish them in a timbale upon a layer of vanilla ice cream and coat them with a raspberry puree.

While discussing plans for writing the forthcoming series of articles in this newspaper, M. Escoffier said:

"It will give me great pleasure to tell

Mons. A. Escoffier, the Celebrated French Chef, Who Next Week Begins a Special Series of Cooking Articles for This Newspaper.



ter in America, as your white beans have a finer skin than ours. I must say, however, that I do not approve of the custom of putting tomato sauce on beans, as I think it spoils the flavor of the bean.

"You have another splendid cooking resource in your oysters. I find that American oysters are decidedly preferable to French for cooking purposes, because they have a milder flavor. You can cook American oysters to perfection with some mildly seasoned sauce, but if they were French oysters their flavor would penetrate everything. I still prefer French oysters when eaten raw, but that is a matter of personal taste. Then you are very lucky to get your oysters so cheap.

"The cranberry is another American product that interests me very much. It certainly makes a very excellent, wholesome and appetizing sauce with game, and one that we lack in Europe. I expect to put up American cranberries for European consumption.

"To know how to make a good sauce is the most important part of the art of cooking. I shall give my readers a lot of advice on this subject, which, I believe, will be useful to them. A bad sauce will spoil the best of meat, while a good sauce will make even poor meat tolerable.

"A mistaken idea has spread abroad the world that French cookery is necessarily very rich and elaborate. We are equally proud of our simple and wholesome dishes and our good, economical housekeeping. I hope to make Americans realize this, although I shall also tell them about the luxuries that the gourmets love.

"For my part I think that a dinner for a family party of eight or ten, consisting of a soup, roast with two vegetables and a sweet is as good as can be desired."

Rabbit Saute with Mushrooms

Skin a young rabbit, clean out the entrails carefully and cut it in pieces. Put the liver aside, heat oil, butter and lard in a frying pan (poele) or a shallow saucepan, add the pieces of rabbit and put them on a hot fire. Season with salt and pepper, add an onion chopped fine, a piece of garlic the size of a small pea, a dozen peeled mushrooms, three tomatoes also peeled and chopped with seeds removed, a good sized pinch of chopped parsley and a glass of white wine. Cover the saucepan and finish cooking at a moderate fire. If the rabbit is young, fifteen to twenty minutes will be sufficient cooking.



"Wonders may be done with a rabbit."



"American beans are better than the French kind."



"Tomatoes should be cooked in more different ways."

This Lady Is in Real Weeds—She's a Widow

PROBABLY you've often wondered why the sombre drappings of a widow are called "weeds." These drappings are frequently of expensive materials, artistically fashioned and usually very becoming. Young widows, especially, are rather particular about their mourning garb, and usually manage to make the costume indicative of grief over the loss of a husband lend emphasis, rather than otherwise, to their natural attractions.

Then why call these fashionable insignia of grief "weeds"?

Perhaps the accompanying photograph of a Papuan widow in mourning does not solve the mystery; but the coincidence, at least, is rather startling for her mourning garb is fashioned literally of weeds—native vegetation from the fields of Dutch New Guinea.

The death of a husband is the signal for much wailing by all of the women of the village, but it is only the widow who bedecks herself for the occasion. When a husband dies his widow immediately daubs her face with yellow ochre and puts on widows' "weeds."

She procures bunches of the rankest and most useless vegetation near the village—veritable weeds—and with this material fashions fringed girdles for the body and tufts to bind about both legs and arms. Thus, in her "weeds" she goes about during the whole period of her mourning—which lasts till she gets another husband.



A Papuan Widow Wearing Actual "Weeds."

Americans all I can about French cookery, for I feel America is the greatest field in the world for such work. Americans are decidedly fond of good cooking and they are always eager to try new things.

"There is no reason why America should not enjoy a cuisine as fine as any in the world. You have an abundance of good provisions at comparatively moderate prices.

You are particularly fortunate in having a splendid supply of good fruits and vegetables at low prices. In this respect you enjoy a decided advantage over Europeans. A peach is a costly luxury in Europe, while it is within reach of every man in America.

"Then in your plentiful supply of fine tomatoes you have an invaluable cooking resource. I should advise Americans to make a more frequent use of tomatoes. One of the dishes I hope to popularize in America is 'tomatoes a la Provencale.' This is a favorite dish in Southern France.

With one or two good tomatoes, prepared in this way, a large slice of good bread and perhaps a glass of wine, one can make an excellent meal. It is good for the health to dine in that way occasionally.

Tomatoes can be grown so easily in the back yard of a suburban home that a thorough knowledge of how to use them becomes a most valuable resource in economical housekeeping.

"Another American product that I like very much is your bean, both the white and the brown varieties. One of our favorite dishes is roast mutton with white haricot beans. I believe this can be made even bet-



Mme. Rita Harry, in One of Her Oriental Dances.

This Fascinating Dancer Scorns Diamonds!

Paris, September 14.

"ALL Paris" is laughing over the farcical and most original denouement of the efforts of a certain Vicomte, possessed of more wealth than discretion, to win the affections of that fascinating Oriental dancer, Mme. Rita Harry—who happens to be a contented wife.

Mme. Harry, whose wonderful art and immense daring in the way of scanty drappings have earned for her a great reputation in all continental capitals, neglected to respond to the young Vicomte's repeated love missives. In fact, she handed the said missives over to her husband, who merely laughed and tore them up.

Gradually it seeped into the young Vicomte's mind that mere love letters were hardly calculated to inspire in Mme. Harry reciprocation of his sentiments. So he took a stroll down the Rue de la Paix one day and purchased a "peppet love" of a "La Valliere" of diamonds and pearls, which that same night he carried with him when he occupied his accustomed seat at the theatre where Mme. Harry was playing.

By virtue of his rank and wealth the Vicomte was permitted to go back of the scenes. Now, Mme. Harry has a pair of flashing, violet eyes, and in one of her bare-limbed attitudes she uses them with thrilling effect in a pose of queenly defiance.

"Mme. Harry," said the Vicomte, presenting the open casket with its costly contents revealed, "permit me to offer this token of my most respectful admiration of your beauty and your art."

Instantly the dancer became frozen in the pose described, her violet eyes flashing scorn into the frightened eyes of the Vicomte—who inconspicuously fled, carrying the jewels with him.

Since that night the young Vicomte has been missing from his usual haunts, being wise enough to realize that the tale of his discomfiture would not lack means of general circulation—which it has not.