

Emperor of Cooks Arrives Here With 168 Different Plans For Transforming an Egg Into a Real Palate Tickler

Escoffier, Honored by Napoleon III. and Kaiser, Guest at Knickerbocker, Whose Chef Studied at His Elbow for 24 Years.

PEACH MELBA, COSTLIEST DESSERT, HIS MASTERPIECE.

Decorated by the French Republic and Warmly Praised in Many Lands, Calls Rules of a Great Cook Simple.

His name is Augustus Escoffier and his title is the Emperor of Cooks. He can cook eggs 168 different ways. He invented the Peach Melba, the most expensive of all desserts. He was in charge of the kitchen of the Tuilleries at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, but left to go to the front with Marshal MacMahon. He was decorated by the Republic for making French products popular all over the world.

M. Alexandre Gastaud the portly head chef of the Hotel Knickerbocker, is all of a flutter and all the white-capped and aproned folk below stairs in that establishment are in a state of mind that is likely to last for a week. The reason is the presence among them of Escoffier, the great high panjandrum of all the cooks in the world, the Culinary Administrator. If you please, of the chain of Ritz-Carlton hotels and of the restaurants on the Hamburg-American transatlantic steamers.

M. Gastaud is a Gascon and therefore an orator. Last night he marshaled his warriors of the stevier and pen and lined them up before him.

"Attend me closely, my children," he said. "The great Escoffier, the Emperor of Cooks, as the German Kaiser has called him, is with us, and the Kaiser is ours to prepare his food."

A gasp came at the end of the line, from the smallest scullery boy, and ended with the second chef, bearded and turbaned like a Moslem, but they spoke not and gazed respectfully. "He is indeed here," continued M. Gastaud after an impressive pause, "and tonight he dines with Mr. Regan. I will read to you what he has ordered for dinner—producing a lengthy document—and then we shall see what we shall see."

Here is what he read—it was probably punctuated and properly divided—but this is the way it sounded:

Just a Simple Feud.
"Petites brochettes au caviar frais consommé, madrilaine sautee au bleu, file de poulet au beurre noisette, morilles a la creme, cordon de Rouen au Porto, saute de dorade asperges, sauce mousseline fraises, Entree cafe brut diabolique."

Whatever all this may be, it turned the Knickerbocker kitchens into the busiest little section of our city for about three hours, but Escoffier finally got it, and from his mode of attack it may be assumed that M. Gastaud made good. The renowned chef is a small, stocky man, with white hair and a large and undulating white mustache, and he has the air of a military. He comes by this last honestly, for he is a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, was captured by Marshal MacMahon at Metz, and languished in a German prison. He speaks very little English, although he understands the language fairly well, and the kind Gastaud was a gracious translator. He referred to Escoffier all through the interview as "my master," and every few minutes proudly repeated that he had been a pupil of the famous cook for twenty-four years, and up to the time he came to the Knickerbocker, a year and a half ago. Escoffier received his homage as a matter of course, and with smiles, and showed that he had a real sense of humor.

"Peach Melba," His Best.
"My master says," interpreted Gastaud, "that all the great cities of Europe has he visited but New York, and that he is all of a delight to be here. His visit is one of pleasure, but he will look into many kitchens before he departs."

"What does he consider his greatest achievement in the invention of rare dishes?" the reporter asked, and the answer makes one doubtful if Escoffier will become very popular among the young men of New York who take their friends of the other sex to dine.

"The Peach Melba," was the answer. "It is the greatest of all—so simple yet of such a dignity and truly artistic delicacy. And think—think—it is the most expensive of all desserts! It costs so cents a portion—sacred non dom de non—can the brain of man imagine a grander creation?"

The Peach Melba has quite a history. When Escoffier went to London and took charge of the kitchen of the Carlton he prepared a wonderful menu for the opening banquet. Miss Melba was one of the principal guests, and it was just about the time when the American slangism, calling a girl "a peach," came first into popularity. Therefore, the astute Escoffier devised the Peach Melba, and it will be a monument to the diva long after her golden tones are hushed.

Escoffier, it was explained, was born in Nice sixty-two years ago, and began his career in the kitchen of a hotel there at the age of fourteen. When Napoleon III. held brilliant court in Paris he was in charge of the kitchen of the Tuilleries, and when war with Prussia was declared he went to the front with Marshal MacMahon, who

could not bear the rigors of a campaign without the delicacies to which he was accustomed. This reminded some one of the story of the man who bragged that in the war with Spain he had killed two hundred of the enemy, and when asked if he had been a captain of artillery, said no, he was a cook. The story was translated to Escoffier, but he disclaimed a similar record.

Cooks Eggs 168 Ways.
After the war he returned to Paris and made a great name as chef of the Moulin Rouge, then a swagger restaurant, and not merely a place where Americans go when they want to be real devilish, as it is now. Escoffier was decorated by the Republic with the Order of the Merit Agricola for making French products popular all over the world, and he wears the ribbon of the order in his button-hole. He was at the Grand Hotel in Monte Carlo from 1884 until 1899, when he went to the Savoy in London, and was afterward taken by Ritz to the Carlton.

"My master," said the eloquent Gastaud, "is the artist superlative with an egg. Ma foi, the things he can accomplish with an egg! He has invented 168 modes of treating the egg, and each is more delicious than the other."

Escoffier is also an author, and in his book, a ponderous volume called "A Guide to Modern Cookery," translated into all languages, he tells you how to transform the simple hen-fruit into all sorts of elaborate designs, decorative as well as palatable.

A new kind of a lobster will doubtless make its appearance on Broadway with the coming of Escoffier. It is the "Londoner" and is intricately stuffed with oysters and served with lighted brandy poured over the defunct crustacean. A moussé of cray fish Orientale is another important feather in his cap, and he is especially proud of his quail stuffed with foie gras.

"What is his first name?" the reporter asked Gastaud, who threw up his hands in despair.

"Emperor of Chefs."
"His first name?" he cried. "What does it matter? He is Escoffier. Great artists do not have first names, or if they do, nobody bothers about them. Do you ever hear any one say Jack Campbell or Willie Copelin or Tommy Hazic or Sammie Savarin? Parbleu! It is not that simple? He is Escoffier, and he turned with a gesture of apology to his master. But that great cook smiled.

"Auguste, m'sieu," he said. "Auguste I am called."
When the Kaiser had dinner on the steamer America shortly after the big boat was completed, Escoffier prepared the feast, and the monarch enjoyed it so much that he sent for the chef and shook his hand.

"I am honored to take the hand of the Emperor of Emperors," said Escoffier in his Gascon way.

"I am the Emperor of Emperors," said the Kaiser, greatly pleased at the compliment, "you are the Emperor of Chefs."

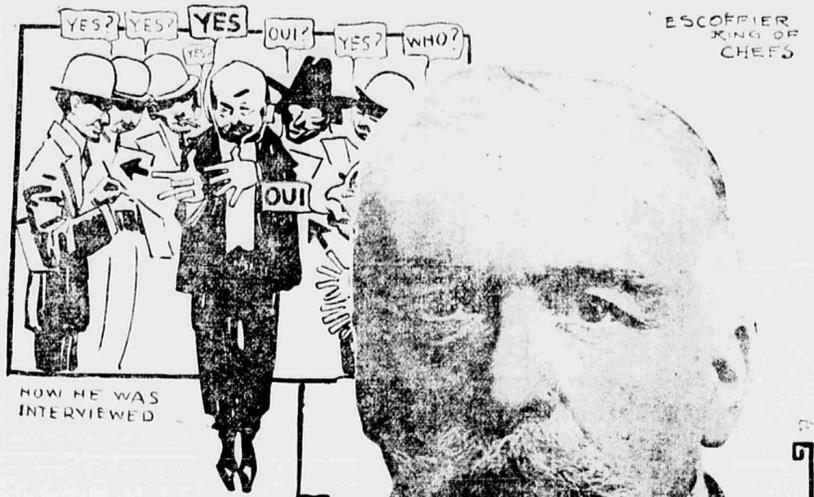
"I had the pleasure of being in Your Majesty's country some years ago," said Escoffier, "when your grandfather made me a prisoner."
"That was a shame," answered Wilhelm. "I would never have done so, or, if I had, I would have kept you to cook for me."

Escoffier was asked if he would give a few simple maxims for the making of a good cook. His eyes twinkled, and his big mustache curled in a smile. He said it was all simple, but admitted that you had to be a genius.

However, here are a few of his fundamental rules, which he said were handed down in the philosophy of the greatest of Chinese cooks, the late Li Po Yuan Mei:

A good cook should not invent more than five or six new dishes artistically in one day. A nobleman once entertained a friend with fifty courses at a meal, and when the friend reached home he called for a dish of corned beef and cabbage to treat his hunger.

The ingredients of a dish should always harmonize with one another—like white and white, red and red, and so on. While cooking, the true artist will never allow ashes from his pipe, perspiration from his face, soot from the fuel, or spiders from the ceiling to fall into the skillet. Chocolate sauce should never be cut with a knife which has just been used on onions. Notice is called to the fact that not during the foregoing interview did Monsieur Escoffier remark, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," or "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."



MR. CLEVELAND IS RECOVERING, SAYS HIS WIFE

Reassuring Statement Concerning Former President's Condition Issued.

(Special to The Evening World.)
LAKEWOOD, N. J., April 24.—Because of the many hundreds of inquiries and telegrams from friends regarding the health of former President Grover Cleveland, who is ill in the Lakewood Hotel, Mrs. Cleveland today gave out the first official statement that she has made.

Her statement is as follows: "Mr. Cleveland is recovering slowly and surely from a recent attack of his old digestive troubles. As he has always found the climate of Lakewood very beneficial, he is remaining here until he shall have regained his strength. It has not yet been decided when he will return to Princeton."

The last of the patrons and servants of the Lakewood Hotel left last night except Mr. Cleveland's personal party and Manager James N. Berry, with one cook, one waitress, one maid and one hall-boy as attendants.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, Mr. Cleveland's personal physician for years, is expected here again today, and will pass the night with his distinguished patient. On leaving Lakewood yesterday morning to visit his New York patients, Dr. Bryant remarked to Manager Berry, "Mr. Cleveland is a very ill man, but there is nothing more we can do."

Complicated Ailments.
Mr. Cleveland is suffering from rheumatic acid, acute indigestion and a kidney ailment. He is allowed to eat little and vichy is his sole drink.

When he arrived at the Lakewood Hotel on March 10 to escape, if possible, his rheumatic pains, he was feeling fairly fit. At that time he weighed upward of two hundred and fifty pounds. On March 15 he celebrated his seventy-first birthday and was apparently only a trifle fatigued by a visit to his Princeton home the day before. Two days later, however, Mr. Cleveland took to his bed in room 157, in the east wing, and he has not since arisen for more than five minutes at a time.

With Mr. Cleveland are Mrs. Cleveland, a most devoted and faithful nurse; a maid, and a professional nurse. About four nights a week Dr. Bryant has occupied a room in the Cleveland suite. This suite consists of six rooms.



MR. CLEVELAND IS RECOVERING, SAYS HIS WIFE

(Special to The Evening World.)
LAKEWOOD, N. J., April 24.—Because of the many hundreds of inquiries and telegrams from friends regarding the health of former President Grover Cleveland, who is ill in the Lakewood Hotel, Mrs. Cleveland today gave out the first official statement that she has made.

Her statement is as follows: "Mr. Cleveland is recovering slowly and surely from a recent attack of his old digestive troubles. As he has always found the climate of Lakewood very beneficial, he is remaining here until he shall have regained his strength. It has not yet been decided when he will return to Princeton."

The last of the patrons and servants of the Lakewood Hotel left last night except Mr. Cleveland's personal party and Manager James N. Berry, with one cook, one waitress, one maid and one hall-boy as attendants.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, Mr. Cleveland's personal physician for years, is expected here again today, and will pass the night with his distinguished patient. On leaving Lakewood yesterday morning to visit his New York patients, Dr. Bryant remarked to Manager Berry, "Mr. Cleveland is a very ill man, but there is nothing more we can do."

Complicated Ailments.
Mr. Cleveland is suffering from rheumatic acid, acute indigestion and a kidney ailment. He is allowed to eat little and vichy is his sole drink.

When he arrived at the Lakewood Hotel on March 10 to escape, if possible, his rheumatic pains, he was feeling fairly fit. At that time he weighed upward of two hundred and fifty pounds. On March 15 he celebrated his seventy-first birthday and was apparently only a trifle fatigued by a visit to his Princeton home the day before. Two days later, however, Mr. Cleveland took to his bed in room 157, in the east wing, and he has not since arisen for more than five minutes at a time.

With Mr. Cleveland are Mrs. Cleveland, a most devoted and faithful nurse; a maid, and a professional nurse. About four nights a week Dr. Bryant has occupied a room in the Cleveland suite. This suite consists of six rooms.



MR. CLEVELAND IS RECOVERING, SAYS HIS WIFE

(Special to The Evening World.)
LAKEWOOD, N. J., April 24.—Because of the many hundreds of inquiries and telegrams from friends regarding the health of former President Grover Cleveland, who is ill in the Lakewood Hotel, Mrs. Cleveland today gave out the first official statement that she has made.

Her statement is as follows: "Mr. Cleveland is recovering slowly and surely from a recent attack of his old digestive troubles. As he has always found the climate of Lakewood very beneficial, he is remaining here until he shall have regained his strength. It has not yet been decided when he will return to Princeton."

The last of the patrons and servants of the Lakewood Hotel left last night except Mr. Cleveland's personal party and Manager James N. Berry, with one cook, one waitress, one maid and one hall-boy as attendants.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, Mr. Cleveland's personal physician for years, is expected here again today, and will pass the night with his distinguished patient. On leaving Lakewood yesterday morning to visit his New York patients, Dr. Bryant remarked to Manager Berry, "Mr. Cleveland is a very ill man, but there is nothing more we can do."

Complicated Ailments.
Mr. Cleveland is suffering from rheumatic acid, acute indigestion and a kidney ailment. He is allowed to eat little and vichy is his sole drink.

When he arrived at the Lakewood Hotel on March 10 to escape, if possible, his rheumatic pains, he was feeling fairly fit. At that time he weighed upward of two hundred and fifty pounds. On March 15 he celebrated his seventy-first birthday and was apparently only a trifle fatigued by a visit to his Princeton home the day before. Two days later, however, Mr. Cleveland took to his bed in room 157, in the east wing, and he has not since arisen for more than five minutes at a time.

With Mr. Cleveland are Mrs. Cleveland, a most devoted and faithful nurse; a maid, and a professional nurse. About four nights a week Dr. Bryant has occupied a room in the Cleveland suite. This suite consists of six rooms.

FIRE DESTROYS PAUL C. AVATH'S SUMMER HOME

Servants Risk Lives to Save Furnishings Valued at \$100,000.

Paul D. Cravath, the lawyer, whose summer home at Lyster Valley, L. I., was burned to the ground yesterday afternoon, said today he had not been able to determine the origin of the fire, nor to figure his exact loss, which is believed to range from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Mr. Cravath and his family had expected to occupy the residence within ten days. When the fire started the place was in the care of servants. The house stood on a high knoll in the center of a fifty-acre plot two miles from Cove and four miles from Oyster Bay.

The fire was discovered in the elevator shaft of the servants' wing at 4 o'clock. The wind was blowing hard, but in a direction that carried the flames away from the extensive stables. Telephone calls were sent to the fire companies at Lyster Bay, Locust Valley and Glen Cove. The firemen responded promptly, but the run was long and over a heavy road.

The servants and volunteer firemen set about to save furnishings and costly bric-a-brac, and it is believed \$100,000 worth of property was carried to the lawn. On account of the excellent construction of the house it burned slowly, but the flames running up the elevator shaft attacked the floors on either side and mushroomed at the roof.

When the fire companies arrived the entire house was blazing. All the available water in the place was far from sufficient, and it was evident the house was doomed. A change of wind would have sent the flames across the stables

PRISONER WITH BELT STRANGLES HIMSELF IN CELL

Wraps It Around Neck and Ties End to Faucet Three Feet From Floor.

Capt. McDermott, of the East Twenty-sixth street police station, is conducting an investigation to-day into the death in a cell last night of Gus Carson, forty-eight years old, who killed himself in an unusually horrifying manner.

Lieut. Hall was on duty at the desk when Policeman Knight brought in Carson, who he had arrested very drunk at Twenty-third street and Third avenue at about 10:30 o'clock. The prisoner, a big laborer, was taken into a cell on the lower tier. The doorman, McKinnon, whose statements are borne out by the records on the blotter, saw Carson next at 11:30 o'clock, when he went past his cell taking another prisoner in, and the man was all right at that time.

Shortly after midnight McKinnon made another visit, and this time he found Carson dead. In the cell was a small faucet about three feet from the floor, and to this the prisoner had tied an end of a narrow flexible leather belt he wore. The other end he wrapped two or three times around his neck, and kneeling on the floor, had flung himself face downward, thus contriving to strangle himself.

Capt. McDermott said to-day that he had not been able to fix the blame on any one connected with the station. "There was no reason why the belt should have been removed," he said. "The man wore no suspenders and the belt was a necessary part of his clothing. Hanging himself with the belt was the only possible way he could have committed suicide."

The coroner ordered the body taken to the morgue pending an investigation.

POLICEMAN IS PUT IN CELL FOR CLUBBING MAN

James J. Mannix Accused of Having Beaten Aged Watchman Unconscious.

Policeman James J. Mannix, of the Amity street police station, Brooklyn, was stripped of his shield and locked up last night on a charge of felonious assault on James Kennedy, sixty-four years old, of No. 81 Amity street. Kennedy is recovering at the Long Island College Hospital from a beating which, it is alleged, Mannix gave him.

Kennedy is watchman at the piers of the New York Dock Company, at the foot of Amity street. The night of March 8 there was a riot among pier employees, and the reserves from the Amity street station were called out. It took them an hour to quell the rioters.

POLICEMAN RUN DOWN.
Policeman James O'Brien, of the Adams street station, on traffic duty at Fulton and Hoyt streets, was run down and painfully injured by a Patman automobile car today. He was taken to Brooklyn Hospital.

O'Brien is one of three policemen who volunteered to merit a life of police in an operation to save the life of Policeman Gallagher, who had been hurt in a collision with a car at the corner of Broadway and West Street. Gallagher died before the skin grafting operation could be performed.