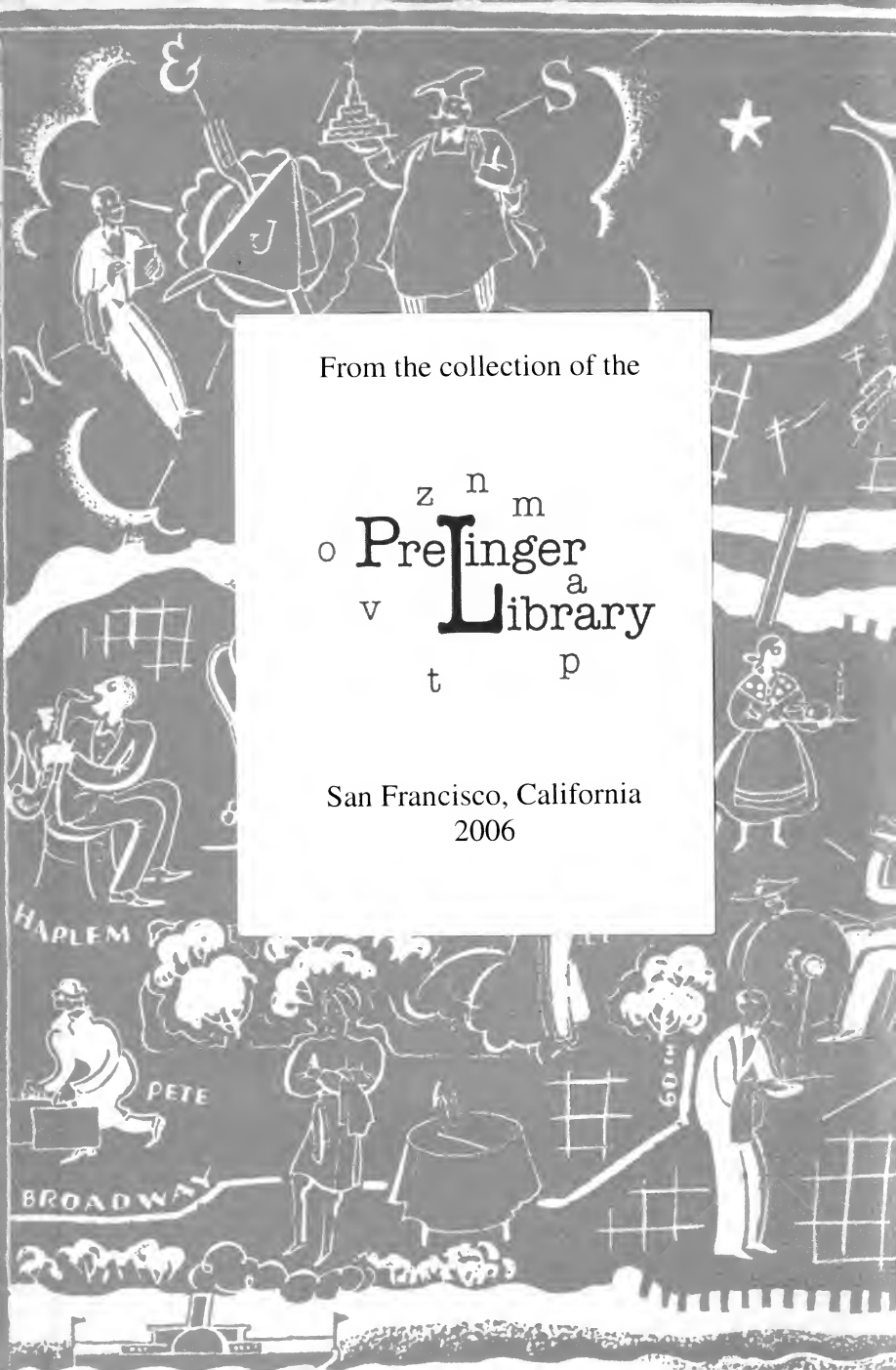
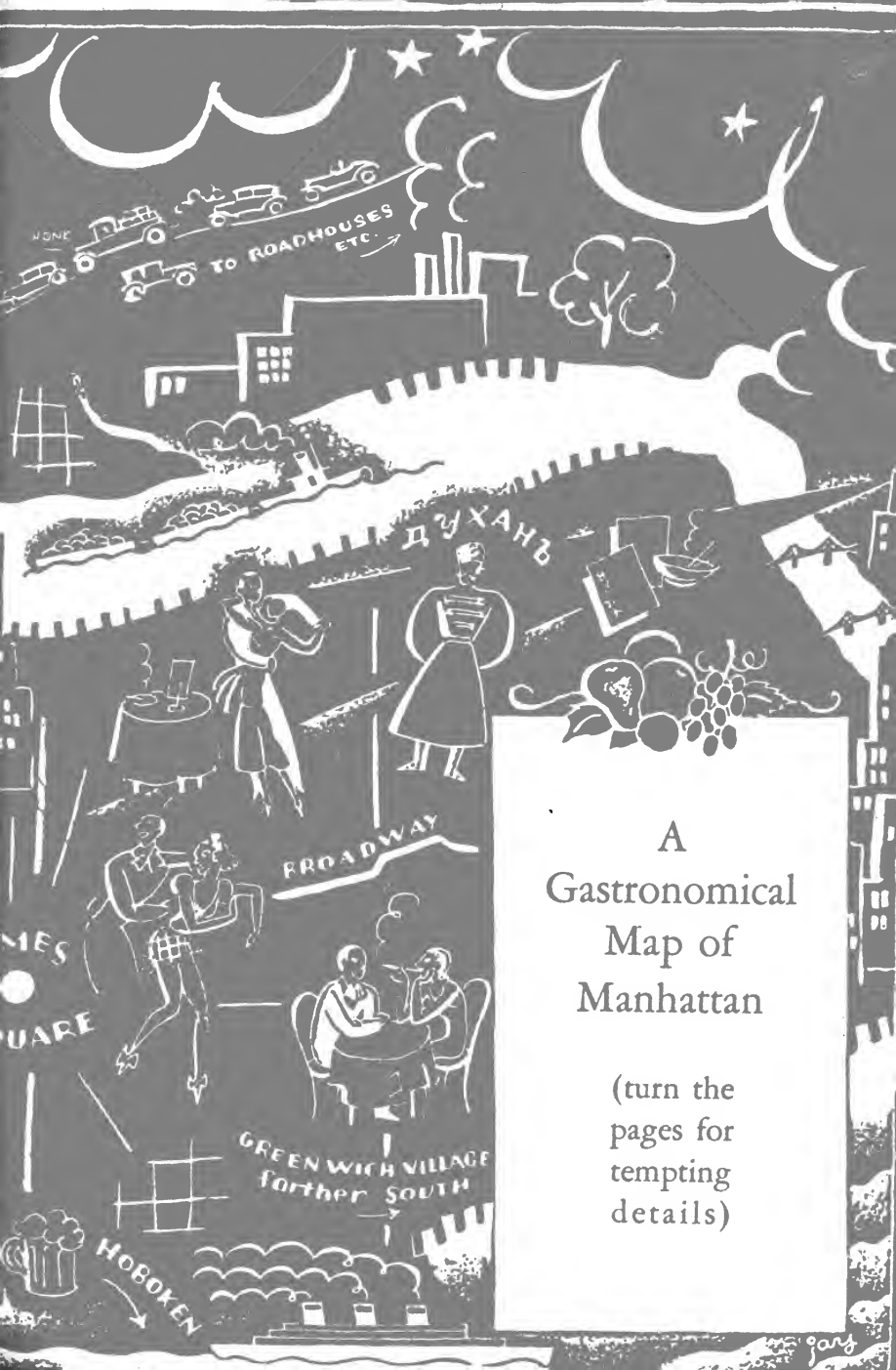
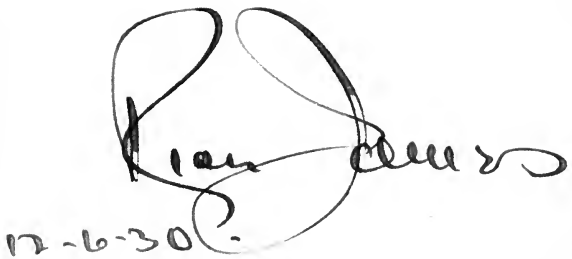
DINING IN NEW YORK





A Gastronomical Map of Manhattan

(turn the pages for tempting details)



DINING IN NEW YORK

¶ A conscientious and intimate guide to 125 of the best and most interesting restaurants in and near New York, with pointed suggestions, necessary cautions, and some uncommon recipes.

¶ Indicating the price range, who's who, what's what and how to get there.

¶ Cross - indexed by localities, national origin, type of entertainment, etc.

¶ And also a concise list of numerous additional restaurants.

DINING IN NEW YORK

by Rian James

and published by the
John Day Company
New York

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.
FOR THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, INC.

To Diane

who accompanied me to every
restaurant in this book . .
and played safe by ordering
Minute Steak in each

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

"Rian James . . . born in Eagle Pass, Texas, October third, 1899 . . . his first newspaper job was writing a column for a Massachusetts weekly . . . he was fired because he couldn't spell Massachusetts . . . as aviator, advertising writer, soldier, reporter, war correspondent and feature syndicate salesman he has visited 31 countries . . . he thinks that Paris would be the nicest city in the world if only so many people didn't speak French there . . . he writes by lamp light on the brightest day and would rather walk a mile than use the telephone . . . he never shaves in the morning because he doesn't get up that early . . . four years ago he made his twenty-sixth parachute jump because somebody told him that no one had ever made more than twenty-five safely . . . he has never smoked a cigar, eaten spinach or worn spats . . . he never forgets a number, or remembers anything else . . . he once won a bronco-busting contest at Madison Square Garden, and still claims that he spent the next four days in bed because he had a cold . . . he has suffered broken ribs fourteen times doing stunts for the movies, and thinks there should be a law against everything that is against anything . . . he prefers blondes, brunettes and red heads, alternately, and thinks that when greater comedians are made they'll all be named Fred Allen . . . his weaknesses are airplanes, Coca Colas with a dash of lime and head waiters named George . . . he hates making speeches and when he has to always sends a last-minute telegram to the effect that he has just broken his leg . . . his favorite author is Oscar Wilde and he would rather read

poetry than write it . . . he never attends a sad play . . . he gets seasick in anything smaller than the *Leviathan* . . . he believes in the number 9 and would walk around the block rather than permit a black cat to cross his path . . . he never appears after six in the evening without a walking stick and wouldn't be found dead with one before that . . . he believes that slang is the shortest distance between two points and prefers playing 'postoffice' to bridge . . . he likes going places and doing things and will risk his neck cheerfully if he can get a paragraph of copy out of it . . . he notes most of his columnar material on the backs of menus and old envelopes, which he invariably loses . . . he believes that soda mint tablets are good for everything but appendicitis . . . he never carries a pencil and will walk out on a party rather than sit facing a mirror . . . he'd rather be gray at the temples than president . . . and he collects first editions, of which he has more than 2,000 . . . miniature elephants, of which he keeps more than thirty on his desk alone, and hotel keys . . . his favorite hates are people who telephone in the morning, facetious radio announcers, and horses that come in fourth, fifth and sixth . . . he has never intentionally written anything to hurt anybody and he would rather have Bernard Shaw's sense of humor than Rockefeller's share of Socony . . . his pet aversion is watercress . . . he believes that there are more morons writing movie captions than there are reading 'em . . . he still can't spell Massachusetts."

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DINING IN NEW YORK

FOREWORD

Wherein the Author Discovers that There Actually Is a Reason for This Book

When the gentleman with the brand new baggage labels, just back from "seeing the world in thirty-two days (Tour 737 B)," rolls his eyes regretfully and restores to circulation the old saw that begins: "Ah, in Paris, one really dines. In New York, one merely eats . . ." there are two things you can do. You can shoot him—provided it's within the proper season—or you can write a book.

Having allowed our big-game license to lapse, we elected to write a book. For, after all, one dines in New York too, if one is properly equipped with addresses. And if one doesn't eat quite as noisily in New York as in Paris, at least one need eat with no less gusto. For, in this man's town, noise is no yardstick to culinary appreciation. A single smack of the lips here brands you, not as a gourmet, but as a low-brow who ought to spend at least fifteen minutes a day in an easy chair with a copy of Emily Post.

What we're driving at is that we don't want any of the visitors to run along home with the idea that New York, or its chief component part, Manhattan—named by the Indians Manna-ha-ta, or Place of Drunkenness—

is simply a collection of B. & G. Sandwich Shops, Thompson One-Arm Cafeterias, Coffee Pots and Blue Kitchens! And what's more, we don't want you, who live right here in New York, to think it is either.

For in this very same city, we've sat in a little East Indian restaurant and watched a long-haired Parsee waiter pour rose-leaf wine into a low, squat glass, while a native orchestra twanged its native Stein Song on huge, one-stringed instruments, and a tom-tom beat in soft staccato time. We've eaten Beluga Caviar to the accompaniment of a Gypsy guitar in an East-side cellar, and in a forlorn brown-stone front we've looked on a large, swarthy Armenian feasting himself on shish-kebab and Takla-gam.

* * * *

We've eaten shrimps and pineapple in a tiny Chinese restaurant, while a Chinese boy read Keats aloud before an open fire-place; and in the very heart of the Theater Sector, we've had the tastiest Frijoles, Mexican Chili, and Hot Tamales to be had this side of Juarez, or San Anton', at least.

* * * *

We've wallowed in Swedish Smorgasbord, whole tables full of it, and washed it down with perfectly legal, wholly delightful native beer; and we defy you to find better Crêpe Suzettes in all of France than you'll find right here in Greenwich Village!

* * * *

In the nooks and crannies of Manhattan we've eaten Clams Alcienne, Moule Mariniere and Bouillabaise—yea, BOUILLABAISE, that Pruneier of Paris would smack his lips over; and we've eaten Sauerbraten and Kartoffel Kloesse, brought on by a waiter in short pants and a Tyrolean Hat, than which Bavaria boasts no better.

* * * *

We've drunk Tamarind, served by a cross-eyed Hindu waiter in a Fez. We've eaten genuine English sole from the skillet of a one-time Royal Chef, and Apfelstrudel, the like of which you won't come upon in all the length and breadth of Unter den Linden!

* * * *

We've eaten Chicken Paprika and Sauerkraut, with Mohn, in a little Czecho-Slovakian neighborhood Haus, and Goulash in a neighborhood where they've never even heard of a triple-decked toasted sandwich. And in the Rumanian-Jewish quarter we've had black radishes, smoked goose-liver, and gefülte fish, while plump, bangled, gold-toothed ladies whirled in the intricacies of the Kazatzka.

* * * *

We've eaten dried, raw herring in a tiny replica of Scandinavia; we've reveled in Scallopini, Zuccini and Zabaglioni in Manhattan's Little Italy, and found the tentacles of the Octopus both tidy and tasty in the Spanish Quarter.

We've watched a soft-footed Japanese cook beef sukiyaki to order, at our very table; and the Rae et Burr Noir that you raved about in Paris, abounds in Manhattan's scattered Little France. We've eaten hundred-year-old Edam Cheese and heavenly cheese pie in the shadow of New York's most formidable sky-scraper, Arroz con Pollo in Greenwich Village, and curries that are hotter than a Sophie Tucker finale, in a restaurant owned by an Australian and run by a former Ambassador.

* * * *

In short, we've eaten food in the Syrian, the Dutch, the Italian and the Mongolian manner; drunk the wines of the Serbs, the Parsees and the French, to name only a few, and when we stop to think that New York is daily being judged by the Automats and the Self-Service Cafeterias which raise their efficient, albeit non-epicurean heads nine to the block, we could break right down and cry on a policeman. As a matter of fact, that's just what we did, only it wasn't on a policeman, but on a waiter. It was in the midst of one of these weeping spells that we thought of this book. And there you are.

* * * *

And before we forget, we have made no attempt whatever to include all the restaurants of New York, but merely those which, by reason of superior cuisine, entertainment, or atmosphere, stand out—high, wide and apart.

And by the by, do have the nicest sort of time.

(signed)

Rian (Bicarbonate) James

P.S. A gentleman, with a mathematical mind, having had nothing better to do for the last four successive Fridays, tells us that there are 18,763 restaurants in Manhattan alone, which still leaves all of Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond and the Bronx for him to play around with, and this doesn't include the S. & J.'s, the Meal-A-Minute's, The Coffee Pots, the C. & Q.'s, and their affiliated filling stations either. You'll find these capably handled in the Telephone Book.

THE AUTHOR

WHAT TO DO
TILL THE TAXI COMES

You're going places! You've phoned downstairs for a taxi. Your Aunt Martha, from Salem, has just remarked for the seventh time that it's gotten a good bit cooler. Your Uncle Henry is torn between remembering his etiquette and the desire to ask when do we eat. It's that fateful hour between the office curfew and the evening meal—already past the one, and still too early for the other. And what do you do? Do you chew your fingernails and get out the family album? Do you chitter nervously and wish you had a Murad? Not if you're a modern-day hostess you don't.

You ignore Aunt Martha's remarks anent the weather entirely. And as for Uncle Henry's appetite—well, he can just go bite a piece out of the Modernage Divan for all of you. You simply saunter nonchalantly into your kitchenette; you browse contemplatively among your shelves of best cellars; you take down a bottle of this and a wee drappy o' that. In a few short moments there's a friendly tinkle of cracked ice being bounced around in a shaker; a delicate aroma of something cold, and wet, and good. Your Aunt Martha forgets whether it's Friday or Fahrenheit; your Uncle Henry's face lights up like Main Street on Saturday night.

The Party has been saved. (If it hasn't—then the following will save it!)

ORGEAT COCKTAIL: To one jigger of Gordon Gin, add one-half a lemon, the white of one egg, and one teaspoonful of Orgeat. . . . From here on there's nothing left to do but ice, shake and serve. At least there are no written instructions necessary. The procedure from this point will come natural.

ORCHID VERDI: One-half grape juice, one-half Crème de Menthe, small piece of ice (in the drink). It's your move.

SILVER FIZZ: One part Gordon Gin, the white of one egg, one-half teaspoonful of powdered sugar (or, to taste), cracked ice, and fill with seltzer. Serve in tall glass. A GOLDEN FIZZ is made the same way, substituting the yolk of egg for the egg white. Grand for warm weather.

CLOVER CLUB: To one-third Gordon Water, add one-sixth of Italian Vermouth, a teaspoonful of raspberry syrup or Grenadine, the juice of a small lime or half a lemon, and the white of one egg. Pour into shaker with plenty of cracked ice . . . and let nature take its course.

THE TEXAN: Grand for high temperatures and low spirits. Use a claret glass. To one jigger of Gordon Gin, add the white of one egg, the juice of half a lemon, and powdered sugar to taste. Serve with cubed fruit in season.

SHOCK ABSORBER: To two-thirds Rye, add one-third cold coffee and the white of one egg. Pour into shaker with cracked ice. Shake well, and remember that three Shock Absorbers are a crowd!

THE OLD MASTER: To one jigger of Bacardi, add a jigger of grapefruit juice, one-half a small lime, and a dash of Apricot Brandy. Aunt Martha ought to love this.

THE NINETEENTH HOLE: To one-third Burrough's Gin, add one-third Italian Vermouth, one-third French Vermouth, and squeeze an orange peel into the result. Ice, shake well and serve.

THE SPECIAL: Half fill shaker with chipped ice; to one-half wine-glass of Gordon Gin add three drops Angostura Bitters, one-half teaspoonful of Orange Bitters, and three drops of Grenadine. Serve cold as a landlord's heart.

THE WHOOPEE: To one-third Applejack, add one-third Gin, one-sixth part lemon juice, and one-sixth liquid honey. Add plenty of cracked ice, shake enthusiastically.

THE LADY CORDAY: And grand, too! To two-thirds Gin, add one-third vanilla ice cream and one teaspoonful of Grenadine. Shake thoroughly in shaker, without ice, until ice cream becomes liquid. Serve in thin glass. And maybe the ladies won't go for this one!

SOUTH AMERICAN COCKTAIL: To two parts Gordon Gin, add three teaspoonfuls of Curacao (or Benedictine), one-half teaspoonful of Angostura Bitters, one-half teaspoonful of lime juice, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

THE MARTINI: Into a shaker half-filled with cracked ice, pour two-thirds of a wine-glass of Gordon Gin, one-half wine-glass Italian Vermouth, and add a dash of Orange Bitters. Shake well, and serve with a piece of orange peel or an olive, to each glass. Or—an old Milwaukee trick—a large half-pecan, or walnut.

THE LAST RESORT: (Everyone has the ingredients of this one!) To one part Gin add one part grapefruit juice, one part orange juice, and one teaspoonful of Grenadine. Roll cocktail glass in granulated sugar and serve cold. You lick the outside and drink the contents, which is a novel way to kill a rainy afternoon.

THE SUBWAY: To one-third Gin, add one-third Vichy, one-sixth part Italian Vermouth and a dash each of lime and lemon juice. Add cracked ice to fill shaker; shake till frosted . . . and hey! hey!

THE PINK 'UN: To three quarts of a jigger of Bacardi (pronounced Backardi by the family it gets its name from) add one-half a jigger of lemon or lime juice, a third jigger of Grenadine—and to make matters worse, just a short dash of Absinthe. Add cracked ice, shake well, and don't serve till it is thoroughly and poetically chilled.

THE ALEXANDER: To one-third Brandy, add one-third Crème de Cacao and one-third fresh cream. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass. Write your name on your cuff, and serve when thoroughly chilled.

THE BACARDI: To one-third Burrough's Gin, add two-thirds Bacardi Rum, the juice of half a lime, and one teaspoonful of Grenadine . . . which is just the way they build them at Harry's Bar, in Paris!

THE KITCHENETTE: To one-third Gin, add one-third grapefruit juice, one-sixth pineapple juice (from your nearest delicatessen dealer), and the white of one egg. Shake well, and serve, with a cube of pineapple per customer.

SONNY BOY: To two and a half parts Gin, add two parts Cointreau, two parts French Vermouth and two parts Italian Vermouth. Ice, shake till your arm aches, choose your nearest exit, and serve.

THE OLD ENGLISH: To one glass of Brandy, add two teaspoonfuls of Gomme Syrup, and a dash of Angostura Bitters. Two dashes of Angostura won't hurt the drink, or your guests either.

THE BRONX: To one-third Gin, add one-third French Vermouth, one-third Italian Vermouth, and the juice of a quarter of an orange. Ice, shake well, and don't say we didn't warn you.

THE BUNNY HUG: To one-third Gin, add one-third Scotch Whisky, and one-third Absinthe (Anisette or Pernod will do). After that, nothing matters. Ice, shake well, and serve.

THE BIDE-A-WEE: To one pint of Port Wine (see your Italian green-grocer) add one-half pint of Rye Whisky. Place in refrigerator while pitting enough olives to garnish twelve drinks. Cube enough ice for ditto, and serve in four-ounce glasses.

THE CONTINENTAL: Into a sugar-dipped Champagne coupe, half-filled with shaved ice, pour a jigger of cognac; fill to the brim with Champagne. If you contemplate more than one serving of these see to it that someone present has your address. However, with Champagne what it is these days, one is the financial equivalent of a flock!

THE SIDE CAR: To one-third Brandy, add one-third Cointreau, and one-third lemon juice . . . and imbibe sitting down.

WHISKY SOUR: To one jigger of Scotch Whisky, add the juice of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and a twist of lemon peel. This is *not* the drink to start a gay party off with.

OLD-FASHIONED COCKTAIL: To one glass of Canadian Club Whisky, add four dashes of Angostura Bitters, one lump of ice, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, and stir until sugar is dissolved. Serve with a strip of fresh pineapple, a slice of orange, and Maraschino cherry.

THE THREE MILE LIMIT: To two-thirds Brandy, add one-third Bacardi Rum, one teaspoonful of Grenadine, and a dash of lemon juice. Even a little child could tell you this one.

THE SWISSESS: To one glass of Absinthe, add one teaspoonful of Anisette Syrup, and the white of one egg. Shake well together, strain into a small wine-glass, add a dash of seltzer, and serve. It makes a grand tomorrow morning pick-me-up.

AND FINALLY

THE BROMO SELTZER: Into a large tumbler put one tablespoonful of Bromo Seltzer (procurable at your nearest razor-blade-and-dollar-book store): fill tumbler with soda, then pour into another tumbler. Repeat this twice, and rapidly, until powder is dissolved, and drink while fizzing. You won't like it, but at least it won't *give* you a headache!

WHEN YOU CAN GET IT

(But—Not Where!)

A gentleman recently came down from the comfortable fastnesses of his beloved Kentucky Hills and was downright mortified to learn from the town barber—the local human Tabloid—that there had been a war.

What we're driving at is that it takes time for news to get around—and the worse the news is, the longer it takes. Consequently, with eleven million restaurants in New York—maybe there aren't eleven million; maybe there aren't seven million; anyway, there are a whole slew of them, and we're not going to be turning back to our foreword every time, just for the sake of getting a few figures in their proper order—anyway, with that many restaurants in New York, it is conceivable that all of them couldn't possibly have heard of prohibition, as yet. Mind you, we aren't saying that they haven't, but merely that it is conceivable that they haven't, and a very pretty thought that is, too. To that end, then, and because we have the kind of a memory that lapses every time it sees a policeman, we can't help you a lot. About the best we can do is to tell you to ask around in the places that you visit. You may meet with a plenitude of rebuffs, but you'll also probably run into a goodly number of assorted liquors!

We have included in this book none of the places where you are required to speak softly, or to knock three times and tell them Horace sent you, or to walk up two flights and ask for Tony. We have merely supplied you with a fair number of restaurants, cautioning you that it is conceivable—just conceivable, remember—that somehow, somewhere, there might be a little Vina Rossa.

Hence, and proceeding on the theory that Vina Rossa isn't exactly your idea of an epicurean orgy, we have appended a few paragraphs for the benefit of those who may know exactly what they want, but not exactly when they ought to have it.

For there is a place for each and every vintage. (Always excepting the most recent Constitutional Amendment, in which wine most definitely has no place). Merely to order wine with your dinner is akin to ordering a dress for your wife. It may be done, but you couldn't possibly expect the best results! Certain wines go with certain courses—as happily, as invariably, as Amos goes with Andy. But what to order *with* what? Ah, that's where we come in.

With HORS D'OEUVRES, OYSTERS, FISH

Select a white wine always. A connoisseur will tell you that there is no other choice. And there are many from which to choose. For instance:

Pouilly and Chablis	(Fairly dry, thin, sweet)
Graves	(Which has more body)
Maconnais	(Extremely light)
Vouvray, Touraine, Saumur	(Fairly sweet, fruity, and dry)
Sauternes	(Light and sweet)

Meersault	(Extra dry)
Chateau Yquem	(Heavy, and especially sweet)

Chablis, Vouvray, and Sauternes are the least expensive of the most palatable white wines; Meersault and Chateau Yquem, the most expensive.

With THE MEAT COURSE

With meats that are grilled, broiled or roasted, a good red wine is advisable; either a Bordeaux or a Burgundy.

Burgundies	1915	(Light)
	1923	(More body)
Baujolais		(Light and fruity)
Nuits, Pommard, Beaune		(Fruity, slightly tart, with more body to them.)
Pauillac		(A generous, heavy wine)
Moulin-a-Vent		(A light, fruity Burgundy)
Saint-Estephe, Saint-Julien		(Excellent, unless too recently bottled)
Cote-du-Rhone		(Strong, with more body)

With GAME

Also, with meats of high or pronounced flavor, a high-grade Burgundy is desirable, and such wines as Musigny, Clos-Vougeot, Romanee, or Richebourg are recommended.

With CHEESE

There is no substitute for a fine old Burgundy.

With PASTRY

Enter here the Champagne—and see that it's not too new, for the newer, the more gaseous. A good Champagne needs no stirring stick!

Remember too, that all white wines should be drunk cold—well iced, but never with ice; that Bourgognes, Burgundies and Bordeaux wines should be drunk at room temperature (actually, they should be brought to your table directly from the wine-cellar, which is kept considerably below room temperature); that Champagne should only be drunk out of the thinnest of glasses; and that the thinner the wine glass generally, the more enjoyable its contents!

At a simple dinner—or at one of these let's-get-in-before-the-curtain-rises dinners—you may prefer only a single wine. (Always provided you can get any at all.) In this case, you will likely choose a white wine, which is invariably less heady, or, at the worst, an Italian Vina Rossa—the imported, if you have any luck. Oddly enough, the cheaper the wine the greater the alcoholic content—which is where you want to keep an eye on Aunt Martha. Suggested, then, for single-wine dinners: Vouvray, Anjou or white Bordeaux (all inexpensive); Vin Rose, Chianti, Rüdesheimer, Roebling, or—and you may grow to like it—Vina Rossa. There! Now we've told you practically everything.

SARDI'S

The Dining-Hall of Fame!

Moule Mariniere! "Mussels?" you exclaim, curling your upper lip. "Mussels!" say we, and our palate does an anticipatory back-flip. Mussels, to be sure—mussels with sauce Mariniere, redolent with white wine, pure cream, and only Henry, the chef—Henry, whose face is as immobile as a tree, and just as lined—can tell you what else.

Moule Mariniere: served so palatably that you find yourself eating the remaining sauce with a tablespoon, after the last mussel has gone from the plate.

Sardi's, although an Italian-American restaurant, quietly specializes in the three sea-food dishes that made the fame of Pruneier's of Paris; to wit, Moule Mariniere, Bouillabaise, and Filet of Sole Bon Femme.

This is Mario—a headwaiter who never forgets a face, a name or an occupation—who greets you as you enter Sardi's, who later bends over you, as you study the caricatures of theater and newspaper personages that ring the walls, and whispers, "Don't look now—but that gentleman with the red tie—that's Ronald Colman."

And if the restaurant is Sardi's, and the headwaiter is Mario, you can rest assured it is Ronald Colman and he

is wearing a red tie. For Sardi's, aside from being the home of extraordinarily good food, is also the Mecca for theatrical and newspaper New York. There you'll find Texan Guinan rubbing shoulders with Greta Garbo; Lillian Roth talking shop with Maurice Chevalier—when he jumps into town; Daniel Frohman and Daniel Frohman's five-inch collar; Harry Hershfield, creator of the famous Abie The Agent comic strip, and the lovely, titian Diane Corday.

There you'll find the Broadway columnists—Louis Sobol, Walter Winchell, and Sidney Skolsky; the dramatic critics: Robert Garland of the Telegram; Percy Hammond of the Herald Tribune; Robert Benchley of the New Yorker; Gilbert Gabriel of the American; John Anderson of the Evening Journal, Julius Cohen of the Journal of Commerce. Nor is that all. For Sardi's is the favorite and the favored rendezvous of the majority of those ladies and gentlemen who make Broadway, and whom Broadway, in turn, has made.

Fae Drake, the casting agent; Dorothy Appleby; Max Lief, who authored "Hangover"; his brother, Dr. Nat Lief, the gentleman who has acquired renown both as a lyricist and as a dentist; C. P. Greneker, chief of the Shubert Publicity Staff; Joe Cook and Ted Healy, the Comics; Frank Fay, and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck; Clifton Webb, and Libby Holman; Rudy Vallee, the Astaires; Morris Gest; Rowland Field of the Brooklyn Times; Arthur Pollock of the Brooklyn Eagle; Ward Morehouse of the Sun—and even then we've done no more than skim the surface. For Sardi's is truly the headquarters for everyone, who is anyone, on Broadway.

There, to add a few, you'll find Alice Boulden, the songstress; Katherine Cornell; Robert (Believe It Or

Not) Ripley; Kelcey Allen of Women's Wear, Dean of Dramatic Critics; Russel Crouse of the Post; Lenore Ulric; Marcus Griffin of the Enquirer; and so many more that the very numbers, to say nothing of the brilliance of the names, would make you gasp. It is at Sardi's, too, that Renee Carroll, the world's most famous hat-check girl, relieves you of your wraps—and, if you're a celebrity, remembers which belongs to who, without any recourse to a check.

Getting back to our celebrities, in the event that you don't believe that they actually foregather at Sardi's, Mr. Vincent Sardi, himself, will proudly point to the caricatures by the adept Gard, himself a Sardi character, of the aforementioned celebrities—autographed caricatures which now line the walls of Sardi's, in some cases, two deep!

Late luncheon is the time to visit Sardi's, albeit celebrities are to be found there for both luncheon and dinner. It is at lunch-time, however, when a greater number of celebrities appear to crawl out of their shells and come out in the open for a little nourishment. And some of them—nay, many of them—sit haughtily under their own portraits, and bask thus happily in the limelight. Some of them, too, depart in a huff—believe it or not—if the comfortable wall-seat under their portraits should happen, for the nonce, to be taken.

Sardi serves good Italian food, excellent French food, desirable American food, and an amazingly inexpensive Blue Plate in which your coffee and dessert are included. In the summer, Mr. Sardi opens his Canopy Room, up one flight, where you dine as in a circus tent—a very, very tidy circus tent, however—and there, too, he offers you a table d'hote dinner that is remarkably good.

Sardi's *Italian-American*
234 West 44th Street

Table d'hote luncheon, $.90; dinner, $1.50. Excellent Blue Plates at $1.25

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 A. M.

Maitre d'hotel: Mario, aided and abetted by the genial proprietor, Mr. Vincent Sardi himself, and by two waiters, named Carlo and Frank, respectively, who are the last word.

THE ALGONQUIN

Don't Look Now!

When Sardi's was but a tiny restaurant in a cellar, the Algonquin Hotel Dining Room, habitat of the intelligentsia, the literati, and the literotics of the town, was already celebrating its heyday in who's-whodom. That large, lumbering gentleman in last week's suit was Heywood Broun, of course; the smaller fellow, with just the most embryonic sort of mustache, was Franklin P. Adams, the F. P. A. of the Morning World; that other plumpster would be Frank Sullivan, the humorist; that bald fellow, Marc Connelly, the playwright. There, at the Algonquin Round Table, the celebrities of the town would gather over an excellent Algonquin Dutch Dinner, or a light salad of Tokay grapes, with pecans and cream cheese, or a generous cup of Frank Case's very best coffee, and disport among themselves during a full two-hour luncheon.

Around them, steaks would grow cold, pastries would

be left untouched, coffee would wax muggy, and the obsequious George would tip-toe hither and about, nodding knowingly to wide-eyed and thrilled readers of Mister Broun, of F. P. A., of Mister Frank Sullivan, and of Mister Russel Crouse—putting one finger ever to his lips, and whispering cautiously: "uh huh—that's so-and-so—but don't look now!"

Times have changed, if the Algonquin hasn't, and the present Round Table is a mere shadow of its former self. Actors have replaced writers; near-actors have replaced actors; and while you are as certain to find celebrities there now, as ever, you won't find the same ones—or so many!

Nevertheless, the famed Rose Room of the Algonquin has changed but little; if the bulking figure of Heywood Broun is seen less frequently, the longer, slimmer form of the irrepressible Julius Tannen is seen more often. The original George is no longer there, but another George is on the job, more polite and bending than his predecessor (one of the first essentials, evidently, in becoming a successful captain, is to be named George); and on the whole, the room seems to offer a less clannish, a more friendly atmosphere.

The Blue Plate dinners are delicious, and generous to a fault; the Tokay grape salad still continues the best warm-weather bet in the town; the lemon layer cake is something to travel miles for; and we defy you to find better blueberry or cherry cobbler in the land. In short, the food at the Algonquin is what it always was; the service more fleet than ever (excepting when it comes to getting your check, which, following the truly continental rule, takes weeks); and the hat-check gentleman still manages to remember you without giving you

a check, albeit he has now gone in for pince nez glasses.

We recommend the Algonquin to you, particularly for luncheon, but you'll like it there for dinner, too.

The Algonquin Hotel Rose Room *Franco-American*
59 West 44th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner, and for after-theater supper in the Oak Room

No table d'hote; a la carte prices are average

Maitre d'hotel: George

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE INN

The Miracle of Sheridan Square

The Greenwich Village Inn, high spot in a colony that is full of high spots, was already countless years old when, in the fall of 1929, dread fire swooped down, flames spit and sputtered, and the landmark of adventuresome ladies from Dubuque was no more. And then, a battery of workmen set upon the ruins. A young artist, Thomas Hunt, pupil of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and one-time assistant of Joseph Urban, came along and was struck with the possibilities of the place. He went to work with pencil, paper and precision, and a brand new Greenwich Village Inn emerged—a study in impressionism, cubism, modernism; a symphony in silver and black ceilings, scintillating mirrors, pastel lights, massive murals —a Greenwich Village Inn that is destined to remain a high spot.

Park Avenue boasts nothing more elaborately, glitteringly amazing; Broadway offers nothing so esthetically bizarre. The Greenwich Village Inn, in short, is breathtaking. You enter through a modernistic foyer, follow the omnipresent Henry—spelled with a "y" if you please —up a short, carpeted flight of stairs, and find yourself at once blinking, breathless, and quite lost. For the wily Thomas Hunt has achieved, by the deft placement of modernistic mirrors, an impression of spaciousness that is not there. And yet, for all the effect of spaciousness, there is something actually cozy about the Inn, although you'll not experience that feeling of cozy warmth until, settled at a comfortable wall table, you blink your eyes a bit and let the pulsating panorama seep in, a little at a time.

Then you'll note the lights, ever-changing in color, that glow warmly from under tiers of what might well be frosted glass ruffles; and the two, flawless, roomy dance-floors, placed so that one orchestra is quite equal to its two-fold job. It is then that you'll catch your breath, and reflect in amazement that there's never been anything quite like the Greenwich Village Inn before—and there hasn't really.

It is then too, that you'll get to the business that brought you. For the Inn isn't merely a place to drop in on for a whirl to music, but a first-rate place in which to eat. And you might take a tip from us on the following subject too, while we think of it. If you're planning on dining here, remember this: the nearer you sit to the stairway, the hotter your dinner will be, because the food that comes from the Inn's Kitchen steaming hot, loses considerable of its temperature in the trip from the kitchen to the far end of the room.

There is a two-dollar dinner, and a dollar-fifty dinner, both of which are adequate, if not wholly the best you've ever had. Also, what with dancing between courses, you'll probably be less fussy about your food than you would be if food alone brought you to the Inn. Nevertheless, the food is good, the portions are plentiful, and, judging by the a la carte menu, the variety is great. Sunday nights are important nights at the Greenwich Village Inn—important, because Sunday nights are guest nights, meaning that plenty of theatrical bigwigs are invariably on hand to see, as well as to be seen. You needn't dress when going to the Inn, although you'll find that plenty of its patrons do. But you should make it a point to drop in for a visit. There's no other place quite like it in all New York.

The Greenwich Village Inn is at Number Five Sheridan Square, and you can reach it comfortably by taking a taxi-cab, or a West Side Subway to Sheridan Square. Any other route is, of necessity, heaps more complicated. But that is entirely your department, only don't say you haven't been warned.

The Greenwich Village Inn *American*
5 Sheridan Square

$1.50 and $2.00 table d'hote dinners

Open for luncheon, dinner, and after-theater supper

Dancing

Cover charge after 9.30 P. M., week-days, $.75; Sat., Sun. and Holidays, $1.00

Maitre d'hotel: Henry

LONGCHAMPS

Purveyor to Park Avenue

If the thought of a kitchen without a solitary can-opener isn't too much for you, in an age when everything from last August's green peas to next Sunday's dinner comes done up compactly in tins, you will find Longchamps restaurant a back-to-the-farm movement in itself; a back-to-nature adventure that a city-dweller, who has never seen a stalk of asparagus, except one that comes out of a can, will hardly appreciate.

For when Longchamps tell you that their vegetables are fresh, they mean fresh in the present, original state. At Longchamps your green peas have none of the preservers' pallor; your lima beans are genuinely country-bred; your artichokes spring from soil to salad plate and your Brussels sprouts of the evening are damp with this morning's dew.

Here then is a restaurant where foods, in their natural state, have been side-tracked neither by packer nor profiteer; where fresh vegetables are made even more delightful by the manipulation of a skilled chef; where an alligator pear is a delectable dainty, not at all reminiscent of Castile soap; where the deviled stuffed lobster, the Broccoli Hollandaise, and the Potatoes Longchamps are concoctions in the highest culinary art!

Nowhere in New York is food any finer, or more expertly prepared; nowhere is service swifter, or more courteous; nowhere is the atmosphere any more reminiscent of Armenonville or the Continental Hotel in Paris. And, following the custom that, unless our mem-

ory fails us, was originated by Pruneier, also of Paris, tipping is a verboten luxury at Longchamps. Here you tip not, nor do you regret it. Instead, the management assesses you a surcharge of ten percent for Monsieur le servitor—a smaller sum, likely, than an average Longchamps meal would incline you to bestow upon the man who serves you food like this—and that is that.

Little wonder, then, that Longchamps is a happy haven for Eddie Cantor, whose culinary judgment is as keen as his judgment of a song; for Billie Burke, the lovely wife of Florenz Ziegfeld; for Gene Tunney, the one-time prize-fighter; and for Park Avenue in general.

The specialties at Longchamps are the fresh vegetables and the incomparable pastries (made on the premises by the Longchamps pastry chef, and put up in little boxes of twelve, if you'd like to treat the stay-at-homes).

The outstanding thing about Longchamps is that an astute management, starting with one restaurant, has been able to open five additional ones, and has been able to make one as like the other as if all six were one!

Longchamps — *French (Première Classe)*
19 West 57th Street

A la carte only. Two can eat for about $5.00

Open from 7 A. M. until 11 P. M.

Maitre d'hotel: Max Winkler

There are other Longchamps Restaurants at 55 Fifth Avenue; 423 Madison Avenue; 40 East 49th Street; 1015 Madison Avenue; 28 West 58th Street

REUBEN'S

Pigs-Feet, Perfume, and Pastrami

Reuben's restaurant (the advertisements will tell you it grew from a sandwich to an institution) laid its foundation the night that Arnold Reuben, proprietor of a tiny, uptown delicatessen store, got a telephone order to deliver half a dozen Pastrami sandwiches to an after-theater party! That gave him an idea. He took off his white apron, came around in front of his delicatessen counter, carted a dozen cases of canned-goods into a back room, and set up two lonesome little tables.

Then he set out a sign telling the world that Reuben's was a first-class place to drop in for that after-theater sandwich. And—miracle of miracles—straightway the uppercrust of Broadway proceeded to drop in! The uptown Reuben's expanded. Arnold Reuben put his profits back into the soil, and gave New York a mid-town Reuben's. He named sandwiches after each Thespian Visitor; inaugurated a Celebrity Register; tripled his prices, and, as the Reuben slogan tells you, became an institution.

Shortly, the institution became an all-day-all-night restaurant. Mr. Reuben raised his prices again; named more sandwiches for celebrities; invented a dozen sandwiches that none but a master-mind could really master; combined cheese and meat and onions and slaw and tomatoes and bacon and a rich, indigestible Russian dressing; christened the sandwiches feelingly, giving to each one a practical personality—in short, he raised the inelegant dime sandwich to a wholly elegant dollar status!

The blue-bloods of Park Avenue and the hot-bloods of Broadway came, and saw, and were seen, and came again. And Mr. Reuben, noting among his patrons the number of ermine wraps, installed a line of perfumes next to his delicatessen counter, imported the most expensive odeurs obtainable, and over night built one of the most successful Perfume and Pastrami institutions in the world.

Now, the who's who of New York flocks there, pays its dollar and a half for scrambled eggs and Irish bacon, its dollar for an Al Jolson or a Ruby Keeler sandwich, partakes of the very best food-stuffs in America, and pays the price, and cheerfully too!

You can get anything to eat at Reuben's—anything from the world's finest coffee to the world's most expensive caviar; from a dollar sandwich to a three-dollar broiled lobster. And sitting in the comfortable, leather-covered semi-booths, you can see all Broadway parade before you.

At Reuben's, especially after the theater, you'll see Phil Baker, the Accordion Man, Fanny Brice and her producer-husband, Billy Rose, Mayor Jimmy Walker and Betty Compton, Kouznetzoff, the huge Russian Basso, and the bird-like Nicolina, the captious Ted Healy and the incomparably funny Dave Chasen, Sophie Tucker and Belle Baker, George White and Otto Kahn, Horace Liveright and Texas Guinan, Sylvia Sidney and Arthur Byron, Roger Pryor and Abner Rubien, Irving Strouse and Guy Lombardo, Violet Carlson and Heywood Broun, Georgie Jessel and Georgie Price—and every other name you've ever heard of.

And in the vast and celebrated assemblage every night, darting from table to table, shaking a hand here and

passing a word there, you'll find Arnold Reuben himself —once a delicatessen counter-man, and proud of it— now, the friend of all Broadway, and proud of that too! Reuben's is one of the landmarks of the town—a landmark that you simply mustn't miss!

Reuben's *American*
622 Madison Avenue (Between 58th and 59th Streets)

The original Reuben's persists at 2270 Broadway—a boon to uptowners

Open all day and all night

A la carte only—and fairly expensive

Maitre d'hotel: Arnold Reuben

PERLMAN'S
RUMANIAN RATHSKELLAR
Whoopee! (Anglo-Yiddish Version)

Forget your Broadway and your Park Avenue. Go East! Go East with a vengeance—go thoroughly East! Take a taxi through Pushcart Plaza and Huckster's Row. Travel on down through what a local columnist once called the Go-Ghetto. Wend your way slowly through traffic-laden lanes, through side streets where stores display silk shirts at twenty dollars, and fur coats at two thousand—and sell them at those figures, too; where the local dandies pay thirty dollars for their shows and not a dime for neckties; where the local ladies of fashion spend hundreds on their gowns, and wear no hats; where

diamonds glitter and gleam on plump and pudgy fingers, and Cadillacs are a drug on the market! East Houston Street! New York's East Side! The Ghetto!

There's a restaurant behind every other window, a haberdashery between each restaurant, and a push-cart before each door. Corsets sell for a nickel and derbies sell for a dime. You can equip a modern kitchen from a street cart—and garlic comes by the yard! The belles of the neighborhood read Somerset Maugham and wear silk stockings and sealskin coats, and the gentlemen of the local upper-crust carry their bank-rolls in their pockets! This is East Houston Street—twenty minutes from Broadway in a cab, but years removed in custom.

At Number 158, you go down a flight of worn, iron stairs. You emerge in a room that is as glittery and ornate as that local movie theater lobby that occasioned a Broadway wit to conclude that Harry Thaw had shot the wrong architect! This is a reception room—as gorgeous as gorgeous!

And from the reception room you step into a glittering restaurant; a restaurant with endless rows of long tables, sparkling under the load of countless bottles, bread trays, and table furniture. On a platform, at one side, a slick-haired, pallid orchestra is jazzing out the newest Broadway show hits, and the ample dance floor is crowded; for this is Sunday night, and Sunday night is the night to come to Perlman's. Huge women are dancing with other huge women; barging ladies, laden with jewelry—and it's real jewelry, too—fox-trot with tired, skinny little shrunken men; shoulders bob and heave; bracelets clank, and everybody talks, or sings, or shouts. Here's color, and life and whoopee as the West Side brethren don't know how to make it!

Insolent, lackadaisical waiters talk back to you, bawl you out, bang your order down in front of you, bring you tall, blue siphons of seltzer wherewith to wash down the amazingly rich food concoctions, plump bread trays in front of you—and if you don't like it, that's your fault. The local clientele don't mind it a bit.

The food, for the most part, is invariably unspellable and wholly delicious. Sweetbreads, such as you never encountered before; smoked goose pastrami; aromatic salami; chicken-livers, chopped fine and sprinkled with chopped onions; Wiener schnitzel; pickled tomatoes and pickled peppers; sweet and sour tongue; and huge black radishes. Because it's so good, you eat and eat until your head swims, drinking seltzer to help it along; and you leave only when the glittering room seems to circle around you, when the gold-toothed, buxom entertainers have sung their torch songs, when the dancer has done her wriggling, and the cigaret girl has become so persistent that you must either leave, or lam!

You'll find the lower East Side a joy and a never-ending source of wonderment; and as to restaurants—Perlman's is of the best.

Perlman's Rumanian Rathskellar *Rumanian*
158 East Houston Street

No table d'hote dinner. A la carte items fairly expensive

Open from 7 A. M. until 3 A. M.

MONETA'S

The Pere Tranquil of Mulberry Street

Moneta's! The Pere Tranquil of Mulberry Street! Synonym for leisure, for epicurean delights; symbol of tranquillity, and one of the last remaining relics of restaurants in the truly European manner. Moneta's is a haven for gourmets and epicures, for ladies and gentlemen who dine with leisure, who know rare food when they come upon it, and who also know they will come upon it here.

There are doubtless a dozen ways for reaching 32 Mulberry Street, but a lazy epicurean adventurer can only suggest that you follow the line of least resistance and hail a taxi. For bordering Mulberry Street, avenues and streets run in all directions. The Ghetto twists and curls through Little Italy; Little Italy bubbles over into the Bowery; the tributaries of the Bowery trickle off into Chinatown, and around the corner from Chinatown lies Mulberry Street and Moneta's. It's all pretty complicated we can tell you, but it's well worth the trip.

In the little white-tiled room that is Moneta's, ruled over by the watery gray eye of Papa Moneta himself, you can close your ears to the rumbling of the Elevated a half block away, the whistles of the push-carts just outside the door, the jabber of the local youths bent on opening taxi-cab doors, and settle yourself before a dinner such as only Pere Tranquil, or Charles Sebillon himself, might prepare for you.

The room is small—so small that it seems almost tiny. Also, it is fairly bare. At one end there is a table liter-

ally bulging with fresh-killed poultry, with raw peppers, broccoli, melons, and huge, inviting cheeses. At Moneta's, if you're so inclined, you may select your dinner in the raw. But it isn't necessary. For who wants to trouble with a squab chicken casserole or a jumbo squab Tirolese, even if they are fresh from the Moneta farm, when Scallopine of Veal al Marsala is to be had? Scallopine al Marsala—the tenderest, sweetest bits of white veal, done to a luscious brown turn, lathed lovingly in Papa Moneta's famous sauces, smothered affectionately in whisps of toothsome mushrooms, and served sizzling hot. Also, there is Zuppa di Pesce, an Italian Bouillabaise that need take no quarter from the Bouillabaise of Marseille; or Ravioli al Pollo; or Spaghetti Bolognese!

And when the last vestige of your Scallopine is gone, or your plate is bare of the toothsome Apizza—that inch-thick, potato pan-cake, sprinkled with Parmesan Cheese and stewed tomatoes—Papa Moneta himself will bring for your selection a huge tray of imported cheeses—Aromatic Gorgonzola, Belle Piasi, Head Cheese, Gruyere, Roquefort—or, instead, a huge, crisp pear to be cut in slices, lengthwise, and leisurely nibbled. And while you sip your demi-tasse of faultless Continental coffee, look around you.

That gentleman in the furthest corner will likely prove to be George Jean Nathan, the critic, or Julian Street, the scribe. And all about, you will see Judges, and actors, and writers: Judge Grover Moscowitz of the Supreme Court; David Belasco; Robert Garland of the Telegram; Frank Lynch of the Evening Post, and H. L. Mencken and Will Rogers, when they're in town. For nearly everyone who goes to Moneta's is somebody, and round, ruddy-faced Moneta, with his finger in every pie,

is Papa Moneta to all. Moneta's isn't exactly expensive—but it isn't cheap. Two can dine here comfortably for about five dollars. But how comfortably!

Moneta's *Italian*
32 Mulberry Street

No table d'hote. Two can eat for about $5.00

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: Papa Moneta—who is also the proprietor

THE TAVERN RESTAURANT
Old English

Venturesome Gothamites returning from over the high seas, babble on of the homely hominess of old English inns, of raftered ceilings and smoke-smudged fire-screens, of broiled English mutton chops and Yorkshire Buck, and complain woefully that alas, New York has nothing, absolutely nothing, like them.

Yet, on Forty-ninth Street, a few yards east of Seventh Avenue, The Tavern thrives—thrives primarily because it has every comfortable feature of the homiest English Inn, including a host of traditions of its own.

The Tavern is, in every respect, the duplicate of all the English Inns you've ever heard tell of. Its huge raftered and gabled ceiling spreads over all protectingly; its brick and deep-stained paneled oak walls are smudged with the smoke of a million placid pipes. An immense, burnished brick fire-place at one end of the comfortable old room bids you be at ease, while a heavy-footed,

white-aproned waiter—as slow as any that a veritable English tavern ever boasted—brings you your double-thick English mutton chop, as rare as you like, and your baked potato, as big as all out-doors!

At the Tavern, waiting complacently for your order, you sit contemplating the pictures of the Presidents that range the walls, or ruminating as to who's who opposite you. Here, to the Tavern, comes the inimitable Bugs Baer for the well-known Tavern Mixed Grill; here, also, Gene Tunney partook of the he-man foods that helped him to the championship; Tommy Loughran and Maurice Chevalier swear by the venerable Billy La Hiff and the food that he purveys; and when Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle is in town, the Tavern is his regular hide-away.

The Tavern food is plain—and good; steaks, two inches or more thick, are brought in sizzling and sputtering and oozing aromatic gravy; the beer, served in tall beakers, is grand, and the coffee, served in little uncovered copper kettles, is well worth leaving home for. There is no regular, or table d'hote, dinner; nor does Billy La Hiff compromise even on a Blue Plate. The food is uniformly good, uniformly expensive, and the atmosphere is uniformly appetizing, wholesome and attractive.

The Tavern Restaurant *English*
West 49th Street (near 7th Avenue)

No table d'hote, but two should do well under $5.00

Open from 11 A. M. to midnight

Maitre d'hotel: Billy La Hiff

THE BAMBOO FOREST

Young China

If Chinese food and Chinese restaurants immediately conjure up thoughts of Mother-of-Pearl inlaid tables, Chinese waiters in alleged dinner coats, chow mein, automatic pianos, or elaborate floor shows featuring broken-down vaudeville adagio dancers, you will either be vastly surprised or sadly disappointed in the Bamboo Forest.

For the Bamboo Forest, almost hidden in the maze of signs, twisting alleys and littered by-ways of MacDougal Street, offers you none of these things. The Bamboo Forest, no bigger than a minute, and no more like other Chinese restaurants than Pierre's, is a charming, comfortable little red-lacquered room, with a huge open fireplace (that works), a few assorted patrons of the arts (the chances are they don't work), and a few young college-bred Chinamen, who work as they learn.

The story—there is always a story behind a place like the Bamboo Forest—is this. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, having lived in the Orient for many years, officially adopted the two house-boys that made their stay in China a happy one. They brought the boys, Lee and Yang, to America; moved bag and baggage with them into the MacDougal Street domicile, and straightway permitted them to help themselves. The Bamboo Forest has been the result. Here the three boys (another has joined the family since) work and study and cultivate themselves mentally by day; cook, and cater and build their incomes by night.

In the Bamboo Forest, while you wait for your genuine Chinese food, the agile young Lee will kindle a fire in the fireplace for you, offer you a book of Keats' to browse in, show you the bust that a well-known sculptor made of him, and show you his own handiwork, which now decorates the walls. Likely as not you will meet "Ma" Williams and "Pa" Williams, and the Williams' kennel of Pekingese dogs; you will meet Yang, and perhaps, half a dozen of the literotics who foregather there.

In the course of the most romantic, poetic evening you've ever spent, you will enjoy chop suey such as you've never heard tell of before; you will marvel that anything in the whole wide world can be so good as the Bamboo Forest version of Shrimps and Pineapple; Lee, or Yang, will show you how to use chopsticks comfortably and successfully; you will sip Jasmine tea, and wonder how anything can smell so much like rare, fine perfume, and taste so much better than any tea you have ever tried. You'll love the little wicker tea-baskets, which preserve its temperature, and the thoroughly Oriental finesse with which your repast is brought you.

And in the course of your stay, you may meet Charles D. Isaacson, the music critic; Harry Kemp, who tramps on life and writes poetry between times; Rosa Mortl, the soprano; Richard Halliburton, the adventurer; Cynthia White, the Greenwich Villager, and a host of other folk who know their Broadway, and consequently, like their Bamboo Forest so much better.

The Bamboo Forest *Chinese*
127 MacDougal Street (just southwest of Washington Square)

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

No table d'hote, but everything a la carte is most reasonably priced
Maitre d'hotel: Lee (or Ma Williams)

THE BREVOORT
The Trail of '98

They have changed its entrance half a dozen times; have scraped it, polished it, set it back, painted it and repainted it—but the spirit of the Hotel Brevoort goes on, undaunted and unchanged. A city of sandwich shops, coffee counters and cafeterias has sprung up around it, indicative of a new order and a new day; automobiles whizz by its doors; airplanes zoom over its hoary head; motor coaches roar up and down the avenue before it; but once inside the hotel you are out of the bustle and confusion of our present hurried era, back in the luxurious leisure of a thousand, unchanged yesterdays.

The Brevoort, built in 1854, may one day die—but it will never totter! It will stand, an ineradicable monument to those delightful times when New York, like Paris, looked upon its dinner hour as a pleasureable rite rather than an unfortunate necessity. The spirit of the Brevoort—that spirit of unhurried luxury, of leisurely fellowship—remains.

Phillipe, old, and a little enfeebled now, takes your wraps as you enter, but he gives you no hat-check. Mais non! Is it not his place to remember you? Alphonse bows low as you enter the low-ceilinged, tiled dining room, bows low and shows you to a comfortable little

walled table, with all the ceremony due a foreign potentate, as he seats you in this hall of yesterdays.

And with due ceremony, a courteous, swift, French waiter bids you the time of day and takes your order. Nor is there a single item we might suggest that surpasses all others on the menu! At the Brevoort, anything you order is delicious. The Persian melon is just the proper temperature and of just the proper sweetness and ripeness; the soft clams a la Ancienne, served sizzling hot with a crispy wisp of bacon, are of never-to-be-forgotten goodness; the Snails a la Parisienne are tender, memorable tid-bits; the Royal Squab en cocotte Bon Femme is the zenith of all things culinary. Never, this side of Paris, have there been such frog's legs, such Halibut Hoteliere, such Pomme de Terre Soufflé, such Sauce Bernaise, such Tripe a la Mode de Caen!

Little wonder then that truly great plays are written at the tables of the Brevoort, between the Fromage and the Demi-tasse; that true Bohemians, in pursuit of the Muse, have come in for luncheon and stayed on for dinner; that New York's foremost artists, writers, playwrights—the Belascos, the Frohmans, the Van Vechtens, the Nathans, the Barrymores, the Menjous, the Poganys, the Urbans, the Faith Baldwins, and the Liverights—abound here! You'll find Achmed Abdullah and George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly and H. L. Mencken, Hans Flato and L. S. Goldsmith—leisurely epicures basking in the quiet, homely cheer of the never changing, never hurried, old Brevoort.

Incidentally, it was Raymond Orteig, original owner and builder of the Brevoort, who offered the $25,000 prize for a New York-Paris flight that inspired Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh on his undertaking! The Bre-

voort still belongs to Raymond Orteig, and the traditions that began three-quarters of a century ago still are part and parcel of the hotel and its famous dining room.

The Brevoort *French*
5th Avenue and 8th Street

Open from 6 A. M. until midnight

Table d'hote dinner, $2.00. A la carte menu about average as to price

Maitre d'hotel: Alphonse

THE LAFAYETTE

Camaraderie on Ninth Street

We have told you of the Brevoort, last of an old order, referring to it as "last" when what we should have called it was "one of the last two," because everything that can be said of the Brevoort can also be said of the Hotel Lafayette, or, as it is better known, the Café Lafayette.

The Café Lafayette continues in its leisurely, unchanged way under the vigilant, sparkling eye of the Brevoort's M. Raymond Orteig. The connection between the two hotels really is in its way a family affair. If you'll believe your old-timers, the story goes like this. Monsieur Orteig owned the Lafayette, which, back in the days of good food and jolly leisure, became so popular that it was necessary to acquire another place, as much like it as possible. Monsieur Orteig acquired the Brevoort. He also acquired a general manager in the person of his old friend, Monsieur Elie Daution. Now, in the

passing of years, Monsieur Orteig had a son and Monsieur Daution had a daughter, and just as they do in the story books, these two were married. Hence, the matter of the Lafayette and the Brevoort became a family affair; the proprietor became a corporation; the Lafayette became the proudest, happiest rendezvous (excepting only the Brevoort) in all New York, and the two hotels became by-words for leisure, luxury and camaraderie in the Mad Metropolis!

One goes to the Brevoort, primarily, to eat. But one goes to the Lafayette for a number of things. There is a corner café—a veritable game room, where the never wholly-localized Frenchman, caught in the maze of unbridled American energy, seeks a quiet haven where he may play a game of checkers, or dominoes, or cards. There he may meet, in all the atmosphere of a cheerful neighborhood club, other kindred spirits; may sit with them and sip his black coffee (once upon a time he sipped his cognac, and his fin, here—but, alas—prohibition!) and sadly discuss the times that are, in the friendly atmosphere of the times that were. The liquors and the cordials are gone, but the spirit of them lingers on.

Beyond the game room, there are pleasant, spacious dining rooms. One, on the Ninth Street side, is half open in the summer, and is reminiscent of nothing so much as the Marguery and the many contemporary Brasseries that dot the Boulevards of Paris. Here, the hors d'oeuvres, once actually imported from the Brasserie Universelle in Paris, continue to be reminiscent of that place; the Homard Armenonville are large and lavish and sweet as the Longouste overseas; the Poussin Roti and the Filet de Bass Joinville are epicurean ecstasies; the Petit Fours are incomparable!

The service at the Lafayette is, if anything, even more leisurely than at the Brevoort. And there is always Madame la Caissiere, perched at her lofty desk where she makes change for the waiters, to see that everything goes along smoothly and just so.

At the Lafayette you'll see, noon after noon, and night after night, an ever changing clientele, won to a never-changing rendezvous of relaxation. Here, then, is the New York that used to be!

The Lafayette — *French*
Ninth Street and University Place

The a la carte menu is average in price

Also, there is a regular business men's lunch, and many special plates

Open from 7 A. M. until midnight

Maitre d'hotel: Pierre, Madame la Caissiere

BARBETTA'S

The Customer is Not Always Right!

Probably the most bored maitre d'hotel in all New York —excepting, of course, those gentlemen in the ultra high-hat restaurants who are *professionally* bored—is Mario, the chief gloom at the otherwise delightful Barbetta's.

It is Mario who wears an expression of utter and absolute dejection as you trip happily down the three stone steps into Barbetta's, who grimaces unhappily—making a face as though he had just tasted something

that had been off the ice too long—in return for your cheery "good evening." It is Mario, too, who grudgingly turns his back on you, as though you were none of his affair, and lets you stand around all uncertain, while your eyes fine-comb the crowded room on a still-hunt for a table. And then, as your heart jumps at the sight of an empty one in a nice secluded corner, and you leap to tell Mario about it, it is the disgruntled Mario himself who tells you sadly that you don't know what you're talking about, who shrugs unconcernedly, as you suggest that maybe you'd do just as well some other place, where the food may not be so excellent but the courtesy more pronounced.

Not only is the food at Barbetta's the acme of excellence, but the prices are infinitesimally low, so low that it almost makes it worth your while to completely ignore the unhappy Mario, and to wait around and try a portion of the Barbetta Polpettine.

Barbetta's, so far as physical surroundings go, is simply a none-too-large, made-over private house, with a square-tiled room in the rear, jammed with uncomfortable tables and unconscionable waiters. But the Finocchio, the Veal Cotlette Parmigiana, the Scallopine of Veal al Marsala, and the curly Chicory with Barbetta dressing, are the things that have made the establishment stand out like an oasis in a desert of French Table d'hotes, one-arm cafeterias, and synthetic Italian Gardens.

The Barbetta clientele is made up largely of Italian singers, musicians, the bigwigs of the Broadway stage, chorus girls whose presence there is more a matter of economy than an epicurean bent, and people who have

heard about the place from other people who have heard of it!

Celebrities, stepping out of their divers and sundry characters during the dinner hour, flock to Barbetta's, and half the fun of eating there is in deciding whether that thoroughly attractive gentleman on your left is really Richard Barthelmess or merely someone who looks tremendously like him. Nevertheless, it is the food that brings you in, and it is the food that brings you back, time and again.

Barbetta's *Italian*
321 West 46th Street (between 8th and 9th Avenues)

Open for luncheon and dinner

No table d'hote, but the most reasonable a la carte menu in New York

Maitre d'hotel: Mario

THE MIRLITON

Exclusive—But Expensive!

Alexander Woollcott was so smitten with the Mirliton Restaurant that he ran right home and proceeded to sit down and write a perfectly dandy piece about it for The New Yorker. He painted it a cross between the Elysian Fields and Pierre's, and adjective chased adjective—and grand adjectives, and well-chosen they were too. And the article made you want to run right over, leap down the four steps that separate the Mirliton from the rest of the world, and crash right through the

stained glass door, in your hurry to sample some of its goodness.

But was the Mirliton grateful? The management chewed its finger-nails, pushed its chin even higher into the blue, and swore that he was a ruined hombre—an irreparably ruined hombre, what's more!

For, it seems, to hear the maitre d'hotel tell it, Mr. Woollcott's article brought customers—common, ordinary, every-day readers of what we had always thought was a genuinely smart magazine. There wasn't a drop of genuinely blue-blood in the lot; no Rolls-Royces drew up softly before the portals, and no princesses popped in for tea! That's what happened. All the Mirliton got out of the adventure was an assortment of customers who, although they paid the high Mirliton tariff uncomplainingly, brought nothing in the way of social elegance with them.

The Mirliton is, henceforth, washed up with writers and their ilk. They want nothing of publicity; they are too busy now; they beg to be excused. We merely mention it in passing, that's all.

Here you'll find the hors d'oeuvres unlimited in variety and unexcelled; nowhere, this side of the Brasserie Universelle in Paris, do they have such hors d'oeuvres. You'll find the Plat du Jour excellent, and the aloofness of the Maitre d'hotel unforgivable, and, if you're like us, unforgettable—to say nothing of inexcuseable. You'll find the atmosphere quiet, the clientele exclusive (although an Alexander Woollcott is bound to bob in, every now and then), and you'll also find gobs and gobs of patrons who just toddle in to see such persons as Alexander Woollcott. If you come in your Hispano Suiza and send your coat of arms on ahead with

an equerry, the Maitre d'hotel will probably even speak to you! However, the food *is* excellent, and that is rare.

It was our original idea to tear this particular reference out of all such books as were sold elsewhere than on Park Avenue, or, at best, very near to Park Avenue; but the publishers, who are sticklers for proletarianism and neatness, wouldn't hear of it. Consequently, nothing remains but to sit home of an evening and hope and hope and hope that the Mirliton Management just won't consider this publicity!

The Mirliton — *French*
14 East 58th Street

A la Carte only—and expensive

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: George (Didn't we tell you?)

THE WIVEL

Smorgasbord—And Such

No epicurean adventure is complete without a one-meal stop-over at the Wivel. What if the Wivel is off the beaten path? What if you've never heard of it? Travel over to Manhattan's East Forties, stop the first man from Sweden you come to, ask *him* if he's ever heard of the Wivel, and watch him roll his eyes to heaven, close his lips caressingly, and murmur, as in a dream—"Yah, the Wayvil!"

For the Wivel is to the Northlander what Papa Moneta's is to George Jean Nathan, what Sardi's is to Daniel

Frohman, what the Algonquin once was to Heywood Broun. The Wivel is Swedish. Also, the Wivel has somewhat of an air. The air is composed of quite the awfullest three-piece stringed orchestra you've ever heard; an orchestra that blithely, innocently, mutilates the very best musical pieces current on Broadway—and you can dance to them if you must.

But the Wivel isn't the place to go when you're looking for sprightly tunes, or an acre of dance floor. Your business at the Wivel is that of a person with a one-track mind. In short, you visit the Wivel to eat—and you had best pay close attention to your prime purpose. For it is at the Wivel that the huge round table of Smorgasbord causes jaded appetites to come about sharply, and eyes that are weary of searching out some succulent specialty on the average menu, to quicken with new life.

On the Smorgasbord table a new world awaits you. Pickled herrings crowd radishes as large as your fist; luscious stuffed eggs are side by side with sardines the size of small pike; Swiss cheese, Swedish cheese and "hand kase" interlope on olives large as plums, and celery, stuffed to overflowing with Roquefort cheese paste, bristles beside a bowl of pickled mushrooms; pâté de foie gras—honest to goodness pâté de foie gras, and no liverwurst-and-butter combination, either—and when you've come this far, you've come only a skimpy quarter of the way. For there are some forty odd varieties of cold Smorgasbord; some six varieties of hot Smorgasbord, including aromatic grilled chicken-livers, and a toothsome, steaming hot, egg-and-sausage combination. And when you've had some of all—and not until you've tasted all—does dinner really begin at the Wivel.

For remember this is merely the Smorgasbord—the Swedish equivalent of the French hors d'oeuvres—a mere nothing, as it were, meant merely to whet your appetite. You take your own plate, or plates, if you prefer, and circle the Smorgasbord table yourself, selecting anything or everything you want, and, that over, you sit at your table with the feeling that you never, never want to eat again—and then what happens? Then, a genial, straw-haired waiter brings you Swedish vegetable soup, a fish entree, a complete baby squab, with potatoes, green peas and carrots, and, for dessert, a ravishing plate of Swedish apple-cake that makes you weep to think how truly limited is man's stomach. (Swedish apple-cake, a cousin to our own American Brown Betty, is actually a stop-over at the Elysian fields —but alas, it comes far too late.)

So, having topped the foregoing off with a demitasse, you are all prepared to have the waiter present you with a check as generous as such a dinner might bring forth, but he doesn't do anything of the kind. At the Wivel, the foregoing regular dinner costs just $1.75 per person.

The Wivel *Swedish*
254 West 54th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.75

Open for luncheon, dinner, and after-theater supper

Dancing

No cover charge

CHICO'S

The Best Dam' Caballero in All Greenwich Village!

Suave, swarthy waiters in tight red coats; the nimble tapping of vivacious, tiny heels; the staccato clack of rhythmic castanets; the tinkle of guitars!

Downtown you go, to the very heart of Greenwich Village—and lo and behold, you're in the heart of Sunny Spain! There is nothing synthetic about the Spain they picture for you down at Chico's, nothing of the Broadway musical comedy or the interior decorator's delight! Chico's is Spain transplanted to the Village. And when you're fed up on steaks and turkey wings and potatoes O'Brien, then Chico's is the place for you.

What if the pale blue fleece-studded sky under which you loll is a trifle imaginative? Is not the Arroz (pronounced Arroth) con Pollo savory to the last grain of tender yellow rice? For Chico's, with all its marvelous murals by Usabal; its photographs of bull-fighters, and its warm, sunny atmosphere, is essentially a place to come and eat. Here, while you watch a glint-eyed, five-foot Spanish whirlwind toss her pretty head to the rhythmic jangle of a tambourine, a straight-backed, red-coated young Spaniard arranges your fare with a grace that is almost a rite.

Arroz con Pollo—the tenderest of chicken, done to a burnished brown, with yellow rice forming little hillocks under the tastiest of native gravies! A meal, and what a meal. Or, if you're not so hungry, Huevos Malaguena—eggs, sunny-side up, Spanish style, served in a little casserole dish, with a Spanish pepper sauce

you'll never forget. And for dessert—Cascos de Guayba con Queso Crema, Guava, with cream cheese, Flan de Huevo (we warn you, this is perilously like the caramel custard you'd turn your nose up at, in a tea room), and a beaker of sparkling, fruity, imported Spanish Cider! Nor have we so much as begun.

At Chico's, the Calmares en su Tinta—Spanish squids with dark sauce and rice—are perfection; the Arroz con Mariscos—yellow rice, with small, unforgettable shellfish—are delights.

And while you linger over your dinner, a Spanish orchestra plays swinging tunes of old Madrid. The alert Francisco Padro will show you the guitar personally inscribed to Senor Collada by the inimitable Raquel Meller, herself; Senor Herera will sing rollicking love chants of old Seville; and Senorita Guanita De Sol, or Senor Usabal, the artist, or the sad-eyed, far-famed La Argentina, the danseuse, picking daintily at her Pasta Guayaba, will toss you a warm, Spanish smile.

El Chico's is now located at 80 Grove Street. You reach it via the West Side subway, getting off at the Sheridan Square Station. And heaven help you if you don't remember to change from the express at 14th Street.

Chico's *Spanish*
80 Grove Street

Table d'hote dinner, $2.00

Open for dinner and after-theater supper

Cover charge, after 9 P. M., week days, $.75; Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, $1.00

Maitre d'hotel: Francisco

THE PARISIEN

The Flighty Fifties

It's odd, but one of the things you learn from repeated experience, is that the restaurants with the most mirrors, the fussiest furbelows and the snootiest waiters, invariably make up in furnishings what they lack in food—and vice versa. Actually, a well-turned dinner is not so much the matter of a versatile interior decorator as the result of a perspiring chef who knows by instinct just how long the broccoli must boil, and how many whirls to give the Hollandaise!

The Parisien is one of these restaurants in which you sit on ordinary chairs, at ordinary tables, in a perfectly ordinary atmosphere. It is a place devoid of all fanciful fripperies and splurge. The waiters mostly have flat feet and an inherent distaste for work, the room is fairly bare, and it takes you twenty minutes to get another helping of butter. But, night after night, you'll see the same faces—which means that here, patrons not only come in, but they come back. And there's good reason, too. For the Parisien specializes in good food, and in nothing else.

Haven of the cartoonists who work in the neighborhood (the Hearst and King Feature offices are just around the corner), there is a Bohemian atmosphere about the Parisien, whether it wants that sort of thing or not. Original cartoons line the walls: humorous tributes to the restaurant and to the rare specialties it offers; and along with the cartoons there are newspaper clippings,

all duly framed: unsolicited testimonials to the ability of the Parisien to satisfy the inner man.

Here, the Eggs a la Bruno have won a city-wide renown; the lamb kidney sauté Turbigo is a feature of the house; the Bordelaise and Bernaise sauces are the work of sheer genius; the half Guinea Hen Berlinoise is not to be compared with any in all New York. Here, too, from the French-Italian kitchen, comes Scallopine of Veal al Marsala, so tender that you need no knife to cut it; minced Sweetbreads a la Scotti that are perfection; Tagliarini that melts in your mouth, and Spaghetti Caruso, done to a tender turn! The Crêpe Suzettes are angelic; the Zabaglioni a frothy, sherried masterpiece—and with it all, the modesty of the check is an unforgettable surprise.

There are a hundred restaurants you can visit for frills and frolic; but the Parisien is the place to come for food!

The Parisien — *French-Italian*
304 West 56th Street

No tabel d'hote dinner, but an amazingly low-priced a la carte menu

Open from 11.30 A. M. to 9.30 P. M., including Sundays

Maitre d'hotel: Frank

ZUM GARTENHAUS

"Der Bier Ist Gute"

And so, to steal the meter of the facile W. S. Gilbert, is the pot roast and the schwarz brot and the maatjes herring. For in the little restaurant on Forty-ninth Street, which portly Madame Lina Hoberg has but recently rechristened "Zum Gartenhaus," everything is not only good but filling, and German, and inexpensive, and plentiful!

For eight years now Madame Lina has been dispensing the choicest, homiest of German delicatessen (which, in its untainted original, means good food and not simply an establishment where everything is sold in cans, bottles and bags), and everything was going along swimmingly until New York was suddenly beset with a plague of Bavarian Gartenhauses. Forthwith, a friend urged Madame to keep in the swim. The sign "Lina Hoberg" was replaced by the title "Zum Gartenhaus"; red-checked table-cloths covered the spotless white ones; singing waiters in short pants supplanted the erstwhile obers who kept their calves well covered; and in a trice—almost over night—Madame Hoberg's loyal clientele were singing "Ein Prosit," and "Schnitzelbank."

Thus have we progressed. Now, in "Zum Gartenhaus," trick, ultra-German signs adorn the walls; humorous attempts at art work leer at you; waiters in knee-pants and Alpine hats trot around bearing sixteen steins of beer at a time—but the food hasn't changed an iota. Thus also have we something to be grateful for. The German fare of Madame Lina is without peer

or rival in this town. The pot roast, with red cabbage and potato pancakes, is inspirational; the knackwurst with sauerkraut is perfection; the pigs knuckles are choice, dainty, and memorable; and the cost of each is so trifling that invariably you believe your yodeling waiter to be in error. And yet he never is. For no one in New York can, or has, touched Madame Lina Hoberg's, when it comes to low prices, plentiful portions, and that aura of quality that hovers over everything you order. And oddly enough, only the excellence of the fare is what keeps you from throwing things at the Alpine violinist, the pseudo-Bavarian Master of Ceremonies, whose hearty, deep-bellied roar can be heard above the clinking of a score of steins, and the entertainer who insists that the drawing of a Dachshund with a curly tail is excruciatingly funny and that you drop your delectable sauerbraten and join in the guffaws with him.

Zum Gartenhaus boasts a clientele of echte German-Americans, vaudeville actors of assorted nationalities who recognize a grand meal when they hear the price of one, gay blades a-visiting from Milwaukee, and plump gentlemen who discuss music and musicians with their pumpernickel. The beer is exceptional, and the orchestra leader is an ex-lion-tamer!

Zum Gartenhaus *German*
165 West 49th Street

No table d'hote dinner, but the daily specialties are surprisingly low priced

Open from 11 A. M. until 3 A. M.

Maitre d'hotel: Frank Schwarz

LORBER'S

The Gay Nineties

When the duster was an essential part of the motorist's equipment, when the Old King Cole painting that hung back of the Knickerbocker Bar was the talk of the town, Lorber's, with its broad acreage of mirrors, its scintillating crystal lamp shades, and its "gay nineties" fixtures, was already one of the foremost haunts of the epicure of the Mauve Decade. Nor has it been influenced greatly since then by the changes that have been manifest around it.

Today, you'd be ridiculed for wearing a duster in your motor; the King Cole painting reposes in the ball room of a private residence—but Lorber's persists and exists, much as it did some thirty years ago, except that the prices have changed. The huge mirrored room continues to look as big as all out-doors; they still have crystals on their lamp-shades; the broad, imposing stairway that leads to the dining balcony continues to be the most impressive thing of its kind in all New York—impressive in a sort of rich, grand, traditional way—and for $2.00 now (it used to be $1.00) you can still get a table d'hote here that is easily the equivalent of an eight-course banquet, elsewhere.

In few places will you find food served in greater quality or quantity! Or for so little. Here one actually eats his way from soup—nay, he has clams or oysters first—to nuts, and cheese, and a demi-tasse! For appetizers, there are olives large as plums, sliced beefsteak tomatoes, a salad of slaw and red peppers, and the tastiest

Saltz-stangan to be found anywhere; among the entrees, the maatjes herring salad—maatjes herring, mixed with sliced pickle, onions, and garnished with crisp, crackly, quartered hearts of lettuce—is unrivalled; the huge portion of roast pork and sauerkraut, or the enormous half of roast spring chicken is without peer; and just as you settle back and decide that you'd just as soon not eat again for at least another week, the waiter reminds you—reminds you in a happy, healthy, guttural German—that there is still dessert, and cheese, and coffee due you!

Lorber's is like that. There is a feeling of old-time luxury about eating there that seems to warm the cockles of your heart and makes the best of everything taste so much better. The service is fleet and cheerful; the young, white-smocked Negress, whose job it is to see that your water tumbler is always filled, is spry; and the overlording of Mr. Lorber himself, is personal and cheering. But, when you visit Lorber's, don't hurry. Everything is too good; every portion is too large; every minute is too leisurely, and delightful, to warrant hurrying. And if possible, sit upstairs, hard by the rim of the rail, from which vantage point you can sit happily, unhurried, and survey the mixed coterie of diners on the bustling floor below.

Lorber's *German-American*
1420 Broadway

Table d'hote dinner, $2.00 (and what a dinner!)

Open from 7 A. M. until 3 A. M. (with an excellent after-theater supper for $2.00)

Maitre d'hotel: Mr. Lorber

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S

Americana

Let the Japanese have their Suki-yaki, the Germans their Knoedel, the French their Filet Bon Femme, and the Russians their Moscow Blini, while we try a little adventure into Americana for a change. Beefsteak Charlie's is exactly what you would expect to find in an establishment named so bluntly, and at once so obviously.

At Beefsteak Charlie's, no obsequious headwaiter bends into pretzel formations to lure your appreciative dollars, or shows you, with pomp and ceremony, to your seat. Beefsteak Charlie's, as intimated, is American; the complement of Beefsteak Charlie's is Irish.

At Beefsteak Charlie's you find your seat by yourself. You tread a tiled, worn floor, inch-deep in sawdust, passing an oyster-bar on your way, and select the table covered with the cleanest available table-cloth to sit at. A huge, square-jawed waiter, reminiscent of every retired prize-fighter you've ever seen—a waiter clad in the long, erstwhile-white "chop house" apron you immediately connect in your mind with oyster bars—hands you an oft-thumbed menu, and promptly leaves you to sit and look around. On the otherwise bare walls you note the most amazing racing pictures you've ever seen. The room is bordered with them, and the astounding thing about them is that each is an actual snapshot of an accident: a jockey whirling through the air, a horse standing on his ear, or a breath-taking fall at the jumps.

Then your waiter barges back again, takes a stubby pencil from off his ear, and you give him your order.

And if you've been to Beefsteak Charlie's before, you order the specialty of the house—a luscious beefsteak sandwich, a sandwich plentifully garnished with huge slices of Bermuda onion (if you don't eat the onion, you're missing half the party), served steaming hot, and simply dripping butter, and accompanied by two little paper containers of chutney and catsup. And what a meal a steak sandwich is, too!

And while you're waiting for the sandwich to come sizzling in, you can order clams or oysters, opened right before your eyes at the oyster bar, or fresh, crisp shrimps. And then, for dessert (you'll find the huge fruit pies a bit wet) there's just about the biggest and best home-made chocolate cake you've ever come face to face with, and a huge china beaker of excellent coffee to help it along.

As you munch your sandwich, look about you. At one side of the room you'll probably see Carnera, the boxer; Benny Leonard, the erstwhile lightweight champion; the bigwigs of the bicycle races and of sports in general. Likely, you'll see the Daily Mirror's sport columnist, Dan Parker, or Paul Gallico of the News, or Marcus Griffin of the Enquirer, and, like as not, Florenz Ziegfeld, the Glorifier, himself. For Beefsteak Charlie's is an annex of greater Broadway, a sort of rendezvous for the who's who of Manhattan's Main Stem.

It's a place you simply shouldn't miss, is Beefsteak Charlie's. And there's always the ample shoulder of Charlie, himself, to weep on when the steak's too rare, or the pie's too wet, or the beer's too flat—or you can't recall the name of the stout gentleman on your left whose picture you know you have seen somewhere in the newspapers!

Beefsteak Charlie's *American*
216 West 50th Street

No table d'hote, but two can get away nicely for about $4.50

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: Charlie himself—or your nearest waiter

THE LOBSTER

Sea-Food—BUT *Sea-Food!*

The old one, credited to Mr. Emerson by the late Fra Elbertus Hubbard, and credited right back to Fra Elbertus by the rest of the writing fraternity—the one about building a better mouse trap—is applicable to broiling a better lobster, too. For The Lobster, that restaurant named after the *homard* it does so well by, has absolutely nothing to recommend it but its food!

If you don't think that the best sea-food in all New York is ample recommendation, visit The Lobster some chill, brisk night; get there in the neighborhood of seven o'clock—which everybody knows is New York's dinner hour—and try to get a seat! And it need not be a Friday evening, either! For The Lobster, on a basis of good cookery alone, has put sea-food on a seven-day schedule. Lobsters are in season seven days a week, and seven fresh shipments weekly of every kind of fish served assure you that at this restaurant sea-food is fresh—which is exactly what sea-food must be, to be good.

The Lobster is a low-ceilinged, rambling restaurant, with the grace and courtliness of a one-arm cafeteria;

with rushing, ribald waiters, who dash up and down between the long aisles of tables with squirming lobsters in their hands, who take your order in a restless, "must-be-getting-away" fashion, making the distance between the oyster bar, up front, and the kitchen in the rear, in pretty nearly nothing, flat. And for all that, The Lobster is the most successful sea-food restaurant in the town. To prove it, there are small sea-food restaurants on either side of this leader of them all—restaurants that live and thrive on The Lobster overflow!

Huge, mounted lobsters and fish of all descriptions, original cartoons by Mr. Hearst's Fay King and Harry Hershfield, and enlarged cartoons, are all that you will note in the way of decorative dooh-dahs. But then, The Lobster is a place in which to eat, rather than to admire!

Here, the broiled pompano is a morsel for the epicure; the broiled lobster (you select yours while he's still kicking and squirming) is tender and sweet; the scallops are small and luscious; the sea-bass is perfection, and the Newburg sauce is unsurpassed.

And here, too, each night, you'll find actual mobs of people who know how difficult it is to find sea-food that actually smacks of the sea—inlanders who have never seen an oyster, outlanders who have never tasted sword-fish, actors, artists, writers, and ladies from South Orange, bound for a near by theater—all reveling in an orgy of deviled crab, baked fresh mackerel with an unrivalled creole sauce, and salmon, boiled, and smothered in a luscious Hollandaise!

There are a thousand sea-food restaurants in New York; there are a few good ones; but there is no other like The Lobster, and that's saying something!

The Lobster *American*
156 West 45th Street

Open from 11 A. M. until midnight

No table d'hote dinner, but the a la carte menu is extraordinarily reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Max Fuchs

MIYAKO

Bringing Japan to Fifty-Eighth Street

When you get to feeling, gastronomically anyway, that all New York is just one large and lumbering table d'hote, a round of obsequious head-waiters and inferior salad dressings, shake off the lethargy, and try a dinner at the Miyako.

No temple bells clang out as you wend your way far West on Fifty-eighth Street; no scent of cherry blossoms beckons. Instead, dirty little restaurants leer at you from every gloomy basement; stoutish ladies inventory you from comfortable rockers on their stoop tops, and brawling, bawling youngsters roller-skate over you. But don't be discouraged. Perhaps the approach to the Miyako is lacking a little in Oriental atmosphere; but the Suki-yaki and the puffed shrimps are every bit as tasty as any you ever ate at Mitsui's in Kobe.

The Miyako holds forth in what was once a splendid, private brownstone mansion, as the high, muraled, Louis the Fifteenth ceilings attest to this day. Chubby, Rubenesque flesh-and-gilt angels flutter over you; soft-footed, white-coated Japs hover about you, but you find your

table for yourself. Later, when you have paid your check —a check that looks every inch a laundry ticket—a polite Japanese waiter will lead you to the door, holding it open for you, and bowing you respectfully out into the night.

At the Miyako, you have your choice of forty-six dishes, leading all the way from soup to what they humorously refer to as dessert. And the Miyako deals exclusively in Japanese fare. There are no American dishes for the timid adventurer. Here, you will eat your beef Suki-yaki, your Satsuma-Jiru, your Umani, cooked with Shoyu—and you'll like it. Soft-stepping, fleet-footed waiters appear out of the nowhere, bearing bamboo shoots, mushrooms, bean curd, sea-weeds, and strips of red, raw beef. From out of the nowhere, also, there appears a "kitchenette size" gas stove and it is connected right at your table. Affectionately, ceremoniously, your waiters place the vegetables in a deep frying pan on the stove, and while you eat your steaming Kenchin (vegetable soup) out of an ebony bowl, thin as an egg shell, your Suki-yaki purrs and sputters and gives off an aroma to quicken the appetite of a dyspeptic.

In a trice, the pieces of raw beef are added, and in no longer than it takes to tell it, your Suki-yaki is ready; the gas is turned low under the sputtering pan; you are handed a small, deep bowl and a pair of chopsticks (forks on request, for the timid), a huge, red-lined ebony bowl of rice, and your adventure waits but to be consummated. Nor is the Suki-yaki your only way out. There is Mushi-Zakana, which is steamed fish with rice and Shoyu sauce; Tempura, which is huge, puffed, fried shrimps; Unagi-Domburi, which is steamed rice with broiled Eel and Tare sauce, and finally, there is, for

dessert, Yokan, which is red bean cake with Bengal, and which you'll find far more reminiscent of Kirkman's laundry soap than of anything else. You will probably be thoroughly satisfied, even if you don't order the dessert.

On the whole, you will enjoy the Miyako: its querulous white patrons, its confident Japanese patrons, and chiefly, its happy unconcern over any of its patrons. At the Miyako you shift for yourself, and ask for what you want if you don't see it. And try the chopsticks. Everybody does—once!

Miyako *Japanese*
340 West 58th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.50. Also a la carte, and two can eat sufficiently for $3.00 or less

All native dishes are explained fully on the menus from which you order by number

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DARUMA

In the Manner of the East

Not so old as the Japanese establishment of Miyako, but every bit as popular, is the upstairs restaurant of Daruma. Nor is there much difference between the two in food, in methods of service, in anything for that matter, except convenience of location. Daruma, being nearer to the theater district, is more inclined to attract a clientele of timid adventurers who have heard all about beef Suki-yaki, but who have never tasted any. Gay, spirited, nice little ladies from Suburbia, who get

their chopsticks all mixed up with the chains of their lorgnettes, chitter and frolic gaily as their white-coated, soft-footed attendant—a Japanese youth who, if the truth were known, speaks better English than the majority of his thoroughly American patrons and reads better books—lovingly lifts the component parts of their Suki-yaki into the sizzling chafing dish right on their table; and in none-too-dulcet tones, they simper openly, and wonder if the place is really clean—nevertheless, eating their shrimps and rice attentively!

Yet the kitchen of Daruma is cleaner than most, the service as good as the best, and the atmosphere as interesting as any. Here too, beef or chicken Suki-yaki, made at your table, is the specialty. The food is delightful; the practice of concocting it right out in the open like that is unique; the explanations as to what each item actually consists of are inclined to be a little hazy, but the results are invariably the basis of home-table conversation for the ensuing week. You'll simply love Daruma, really you will.

Daruma *Japanese*
1145 Sixth Avenue

No table d'hote dinner, but nothing even begins to be expensive

Open for luncheon, dinner and late supper

THE RAJAH

Flavor of Roses

West of Broadway in Forty-eighth Street, a dingy little red sign swings high over the stoop of an erstwhile

aristocratic brownstone front. Upstairs you find The Rajah, about as big as a medium-sized clothes-press, and not nearly so sanitary; but you're in Turkey now—and if you were terribly fussy, you wouldn't have gone to Turkey in the first place. Besides, the food is worth the trip.

What if Sahib Khan Ali Roud has a glass eye? Suppose this sheik does violate all your preconceptions of Eastern potentates by appearing in suspenders and last week's shirt? Rest safe in our assurance that the experience and the food are both worth it. The table d'hote starts with Tamarind—a lemon-colored drink made from vegetables—as an appetizer. A watery, albeit true-to-type, native soup follows. Then, the real business of the Turkish dinner sets in. Choose lamb, chicken, or beef curry—oh, such a fiery curry sauce! A heaping plate of rice with an ample portion of cabbage is placed beside your curry. The trick is to pour your curried meat into the little well of the rice, mix thoroughly, and then enjoy.

There will also be a tempting soupçon of East Indian relish, again with curry sauce. And to cool it, a glass of non-fermented rose-leaf wine, which is the real thing—from pressed rose-leaves. In Turkey, when fermented, this substitutes very nicely for what is known in other lands as strong drink. It is far more palatable than Tamarind, which you won't do any more than taste—that is if you're like us, with a regular American palate. For dessert—always an inconsiderable factor in an Oriental meal—there are cakes made of crushed nuts, or smaller cakes made of Turkish almond paste, plus that truly delightful Turkish coffee. It is in their coffee that the Turks make up for all other shortcomings at

the finish of a meal. Turkish coffee has already been sweetened, with honey, and if you should stir it with your teaspoon you're lost. You'll find it is composed chiefly of coffee-grounds, which, when allowed to settle, disappear accommodatingly out of your way. Should you, however, arouse their evil propensities with a brutal teaspoon, they make a pretty terrible drink.

The interior of the Rajah gives the impression of Turkey; rugs soften the walls; incense rises in pungent blue wisps from incense burners; red lights glow in unexpected corners; and there is an unforgettable bird, no larger than a toy parrot, which suddenly shrieks every now and then, scaring you out of your wits.

You'll enjoy your dinner, speculating about the other queer-looking diners, and learn, astonishingly enough, that all sheiks don't wear goatees, ride white horses and brandish swords. And lest you become alarmed, the odor that permeates the Rajah isn't what you think at all. It's Myrrh, and quite legitimate too.

The Rajah *Turkish (Parsee)*
237 West 48th Street

Table d'hote, $1.00; a la carte (native) dishes most reasonable

Open for luncheon and dinner

THE CHALET SUISSE

Shadow of the Jungfrau

If you have ever been—even for the briefest visit—to Switzerland: to Zurich, Geneva, or Lucerne, you have,

at one time or another, commented on the fact that the food served you was either poetically good or, paradoxically, bad. The reason for this—as you probably learned on your second visit—is that the best food to be found in all of Switzerland is concocted under the loving eye of the best chefs that have ever come out of France. The poor food is simply the work of local talent.

Somehow or other, the Swiss, ever content with their Choucroute Garnie Frankfurt—Luchow's would tell you this is simply sauerkraut and sausages—their Westphalia hams, and plenty of alps to climb, have devoted little or no time to perfecting a cuisine of their own, at least a cuisine that might be something to enthuse over. Hence, travelers eat some of the best French specialties they've ever tasted, in the towering shadow of the Jungfrau.

Consequently, a person sophisticated in the ways of dining, would visit New York's Chalet Suisse and dine amply and happily on all French fare. Nor is it that the Chalet Suisse isn't just as Swiss as its name would have you believe. It *is* Swiss—from Herr Baertschi, the affable host, right down to the item which you'll find on the luncheon menus, which is, if you can't guess, Suri Laeberle mit roesti g' schnitzlets. Nevertheless, Herr Baertschi knows his patrons, to say nothing of his geography. At the Chalet Suisse, the cuisine is French and delectably fine.

The Chalet Suisse nestles modestly, the center of a veritable caldron of competition, on the erstwhile swanky Fifty-second Street. Along its walls are huge murals—where there is no smoked oak paneling—depicting a Lilliput Lake at Geneva, the Jungfrau at sun-down, or sun-up, yodelers in the act of yodeling, and other

traditional Swiss scenes. A very comfortable room it is, too, making you yearn for the days when beer was beer, fellowship was fellowship, and leisure was leisure.

But what the Chalet Suisse lacks in beer it makes up in lamb chops, fragrantly aromatic with garlic, sparingly applied, and garnished with parsley butter; in cold crab meat Ravigote; in a cream-and-onion salad dressing that makes you note the address of this restaurant in your address book. If the hors d'oeuvres are sketchy, what matter, when the Coup Chalet is the tasties composite of ice cream, chocolate sauce, whipped cream and Marron Glace, that you've ever played the gourmand over in your life. And this, mind you, all this, is only part of the table d'hote dinner for which you pay a mere $1.25, and for which you would gladly pay four times that.

If you expect and demand genuine Swiss food at a genuine Swiss Chalet, then there is always luncheon-time, and Berner Platte, and Choucroute, and Frankfurts, and mild, dark beer to wash it down with, and a leisurely, friendly room in which to sit and contemplate life.

The Chalet Suisse — *Franco-Swiss*
45 West 52nd Street

Table d'hote, $1.25

Open for luncheon and dinner

Proprietor: Herr Baertschi

THE SWEDISH INN

Mother Sweden

In Manhattan's East Forty-sixth Street, where padlocks grow on every other door, and the saloons that once flourished on the corners now thrive all through the middle of the block, you'll find the Swedish Inn tucked in between dark, gloomy, brownstone houses on the east and west, nestling above a much swankier street-level restaurant like the pinnacle jewel in a crown.

Here, on the second floor, overlooking a forlorn garden in the rear, is the Swedish Inn. Small red tables harmonize happily with the world's loudest, most garish wallpaper, blend cheerfully with the prints of old Sweden that dot the walls, and clash consciously with the roman-striped cushions on the wall seats. But for all of that, you'll like the charming, midget intimacy of the place, the "linger on" atmosphere that impregnates the little room. And you're welcome to linger on as long as you like. The Swedish Inn is small—almost tiny—and it really isn't so much to look at; and the Smorgasbord, so far as variety goes, isn't to be compared with the Smorgasbord of the Wivel, the Swedish Inn's competitor across town—but then, the places are different.

The Swedish Inn is homey, and the food that you get there is homey, and certainly delicious. The pickled Tuna fish, and the vinegared herring are everything the variest gourmet might expect, but the parsleyed chicken, and the parsleyed lamb, and the Swedish apple-cake—here's where the Swedish Inn excels. And if you're curious, your patient, big-boned, good-humored waitress

will tell you how the things are made; tell you what they do to get the pork chops so crisply luscious; how the chicken, allowed to brown in a huge iron kettle, is then stuffed with parsley and smothered in a cup of butter-rich cream; how the flaky crust of the apple-cake represents a full six hours' patient labor of love. Here, then, is a charming little Swedish home restaurant, with a luxuriously good dinner—and for $1.00!

The Swedish Inn *Swedish*
145 East 46th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.00. No a la carte menu

Open for luncheon and dinner

No music; no dancing—and no Swedish Apple-Cake in America like it!

THE BLUE RIBBON

Hail Teutonia

Hungarian Goulash! Schinken Haxen mit Sauerkraut! Hasenpfeffer mit Knoedel! Names as strange and inharmonious as the rasp of a file on a fingernail! Sauerbraten, Kalbsniernbraten, Bauernwurst mit Knoedel! Unmusical, albeit descriptive nomenclature—guideposts for the epicure in search of an evening of echte Deutsche provender—delight after gustatorial delight, in the manner of Teutonia!

The Blue Ribbon, excepting only the far-famed Luchow's, is to New York what the Universal is to Berlin. Heavy-footed waiters, in long white aprons and short

black alpaca coats, barge weightily to and fro, bringing mysterious dishes with even more mysterious names to heavily spectacled, close-cropped customers who respond in single-syllabled gutturals. The Blue Ribbon has brought Germany to Forty-fourth Street! What begins as an unimpressive delicatessen counter beside the Forty-fourth Street entrance, expands as you enter and overflows into a huge downstairs room and an even larger room upstairs, spreading out before you as New York's finest German restaurant. And the adjective finest is wisely employed.

For where else in all this great city will you find the pigs-knuckles and sauerkraut so tender and so tasty; the Marinierte herring and its running mate, the boiled potato, so reminiscent of Friedrichstrasse; or the knackwurst vinaigrette so appetizing? Here the rafters ring in Teutonic appreciation of food a la the Fatherland; and the patrons who come in once, invariably come back.

Then Blue Ribbon is essentially a comfortable place to have your dinner. Here then, is the epicurean headquarters for many well-known Germans in New York. And very nearly every well-known German visitor to New York has indicated his pleasure in writing, has inscribed a photograph in appreciation, and has returned at some later date, to see it hung, side by side with a thousand other photographs—also of German celebrities, chiefly musical. On the walls, the divine Kreisler rubs autographs with Madame Schumann-Heink, and Herr Schroeder shares his wall space with Max Schmeling.

While you eat the most toothsome cheese-cake ever, and wash it down with simply perfect coffee, ober-kellner Max (pronounced Mox), clad all in white, will bend

over you familiarly; will tell you that the murals on the walls are taken from, or rather inspired by, the fairy tales of the Fatherland's H. H. Ewers, and executed by Loederer; that every German member of the Metropolitan in the past eight years has been a steady patron of the Blue Ribbon; that the Pommersche Gaensebrust, with hearts of artichoke, is not to be found elsewhere in all America; and finally, that the only reason he doesn't pack up and go home to Germany, is that the Blue Ribbon chef has left absolutely nothing for him to go home for.

The Blue Ribbon Restaurant *German*
145 West 44th Street

No table d'hote, but two can eat abundantly and well for about $3.00

Open all day and nearly all night

Maitre d'hotel: Max

GIOLITO'S VENETIAN GARDEN

The Sign Says Venice!

Giolito's Garden is exactly the kind of place you have always expected to find in Venice, and consequently are delighted not to find, on your first trip there. Not that Giolito's isn't perfectly four-square and all right, because it is, but merely that proprietor Carlo Giolito has taken a place slightly smaller than Madison Square Garden and endeavored to provide it with a warm, Venetian at-

mosphere. The result is all the esthetic warmth of a skating rink. Nevertheless, the ivy festooned balconies (when ivy is in season) are fetching; the splash of the fountain (also dependent upon the season and the mood of the Maestro) is pleasant; the balcony-encircled patio is intriguing in a nice, Cecil de Mille manner, and the Giolito fare is not to be improved upon.

Also, Giolito has a happy little knack of making you think you're getting five and a half dollars' worth of dinner in your dollar-fifty table d'hote. With the elaborate table d'hote menu, your heavy-footed waiter also brings you an a la carte menu. Were you to order a la carte the same antipasto, Minestrone Milanese, crab meat au gratin—but need we go on?—that you get with your table d'hote would cost you five dollars and a half. A little mental arithmetic enables you to see the light in short order, and you go the way of the table d'hote.

Nor will you regret it. For as Italian table d'hotes go, Giolito, from a standpoint both of quality and quantity, is in a class by himself. His asparagus au parmesan is tasty; his chickens are well done; his spaghetti is tender; and his waiters, seeking ever to aid and abet a budding romance, are rarely, if ever, to be found.

A little prodigious pounding on the table, alone will bring a waiter to you, and sometimes this is exactly as you like it. Giolito's is large and airy, with mottled stucco walls, huge, cavernous ceilings, and diminutive, wrought-iron wall lamps that are more arty than practical. But it is rarely crowded, and its patrons speak in hushed whispers, and it is probably just the place to go when romance is aborning, or you've tickets to the Hollywood, or the Rivoli, which are just around the corner.

Also, if you are one of these people who shudder every time the phrase "table d'hote dinner" is mentioned, you'll find Giolito's Squab en cocotte Forestiere, his Supreme of Chicken Armenonville, and his Zabaglione—even though it does cost a dollar—well worth while.

Giolito's Venetian Garden *Italian*
240 West 52nd Street (Giolito's Roman Garden is on West 49th Street, but don't bother much about it. You can hardly tell the difference)

Table d'hote dinner, $1.50. A la carte, frightfully expensive

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: Carlo

THE RUSSIAN SADKO

Merry Muscovite

If a trifle uncertain as to what Russian restaurants are all about, you can drop in at the Russian Sadko, shake the good Russian hand of proprietor John Tischkewitz, and learn about Russian edibles from him. Seated at a comfortable little table, out of the glare of the multicolored spotlights, you may note the ceilings of unvarnished cedar, the wall-panels of bird's-eye maple, the rangy, Russian, gargantuan murals—murals depicting figures quite like the Jack of Hearts on horseback. Fleet-footed Russian waiters in native dress whirl by, bearing surprising Russian mysteries, giving off wicked-looking blue flames.

The Russian Sadko, according to proprietor Tischkewitz, was named after the Rimski-Korsakoff opera and specializes, rightfully enough, in Rimski-Korsakoff's favorite gustatorial delight—Moscow Blini. And so you agree to try the Moscow Blini, listening to the plaintive strains of the Balalaika Orchestra while you wait for it.

The serving of Moscow Blini includes all the ritual of the serving of Crêpe Suzettes at Henri's, for like Crêpe Suzettes, Moscow Blini is concocted at your very elbow. Soft-eyed waiters bring mysterious, covered dishes, gesturing grandly. Attentively, proprietor Tischkewitz lifts half a dozen paper-thin pancakes from a steaming chafing dish. Taking them one at a time, he spreads each with a thin layer of fresh, succulent, Beluga Caviar; places one on top of the other, sandwich fashion; and adds a final pancake as a cover-all. Over this, he pours rich, sour cream, and, to top it off, a sauce of melted butter. This then, is the pancake delicacy of which Sadko, the traveling merchant, was known to eat forty at a sitting; and having tried it, his feat is understandable. Never was a native dish more delicious. And while you eat it, the Russians sitting at the tables all around you—singers, dancers, one-time Dukes and Barons —watch you enviously, attentively, and wonder who you are, to rate such service.

The Sadko is delightful and genuinely Russian; also it is quiet and just a little bit morose. Here, native Russians come for their Beef a la Strogonoff, served flaming, their Shashlick Caucasky, their Borscht with Pirojok; their Blinchiki with cheese or apple jelly. And here too, come Americans, adventure bent, to sample the mysterious delectables; to hear soft, plaintive Russian melodies; to stem their after-theater appetites with sand-

wiches of caviar or imported Russian Sproti; with huge, amazing soufflés, the like of which have never been seen before.

At dinner, two people can do nicely for about four dollars and a half; after the theater, a course dinner for two runs well above ten dollars.

The Russian Sadko — *Russian*
100 West 57th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.50

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

Dancing and Russian entertainment in the evening

Minimum Charge, after 10.30 P. M. Week days, $2.00; Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, $3.00

Maitre d'hotel: M. Tischkewitz

BEAUX ARTS

The Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Used to Be!

Your author, who hasn't even begun to gray at the temples, nevertheless, can remember when the name Beaux Arts, in restaurant circles, was assuredly a name to conjure with. Beaux Arts, to the epicure, meant a large, quiet, luxurious room, with a definite Parisian flavor; superb sauces; famed filets, and a clientele of well-fed old-timers whose names made history. But times have changed, and the Beaux Arts, without which no book on the restaurants of New York could possibly be complete, has changed with them.

No longer does the two-by-four elevator crawl up, snail-like, to the Beaux Arts Grill. That's all over. A certain society woman, imbued with the idea that night life was the only life, undertook to put a little blue blood into the place. The comfortable fixings with which Beaux Arts had always been associated had to go. It was done over, in the gaudy, familiar, movie theater manner. There was a jazz band, a "girl" show, and all the trimmings, until one bright day the enforcement officers came along and clamped a nice big padlock on the place—and the body and soul of Beaux Arts died.

Only the chef and the name pulled through. And so, in fresh, enthusiastically gilt-and-black quarters in the basement of the same building, a new restaurant, with an old name and a host of old traditions, opened. And that is the Beaux Arts with which we are concerned at this writing.

In the new Beaux Arts, only the name and the quality of the cuisine remain. A three-piece orchestra squeaks lamentably; a trio of poorly selected entertainers sing and gyrate on a two-penny dance floor for the edification of a few—a very few—guests. Smirking waiters hand you the most expensive menu in New York and stand by while you note, wide-eyed, that here a minute steak costs two dollars, a broiled spring chicken, which you're allowed to share with your companion, costs $3.50, an order of new string beans costs $.75. Then, when in righteous indignation, you rise and start to leave, your waiter, smirking even more, subtly, though unwillingly, hands you the menu for a special table d'hote dinner at $2.50—and you stay, just as he knows you will.

And it is only this special table d'hote that gets Beaux Arts' name into this book. For, changed though

the old place is, the cuisine continues perfection itself. Even though the half grapefruit on the menu turns out to be casaba melon (with no apology or explanation); even though the chocolate ice cream turns out to be coffee (no explanation or apology here either); even though your waiter leans all over you, passes things in front of you and on the whole makes himself thoroughly obnoxious, you're forced to admit that, as a whole, the Beaux Arts table d'hote is a genuine work of art. And it is!

The crab meat a la Havanaise is something to remember; the steak minute, with potatoes sautées, is just done enough, and tender enough, and juicy enough; the Waldorf salad is a masterly work; and the assorted hors d'oeuvres, which your waiter places before you and removes before you've even had a chance to try them, look grand.

In short, the dinner is satisfying no end, even if the service, the entertainment (for which you will find a special tax on your check) and the a la carte prices, are unforgivable. The room is quiet, with but few patrons at a time, and these are chiefly gentlemen out for an evening's cavort with their secretaries, or with lady buyers from Des Moines, or with other gentlemen's wives. Beaux Arts offers a nice, exclusive, retreaty sort of rendezvous for casual diners who like lots of quiet with their consomme. And the food itself is well worth a visit here. Only, be warned, and demand the table d'hote dinner menu. You are not likely to even hear that there is such a thing, if you don't.

Beaux Arts — *French*
80 West 40th Street

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

Table d'hote dinner, $2.50
No cover charge

Dancing and entertainment, but don't even think of dressing

CESAR' S

Bertini Beckons

Bertini is very young and almost too shy to be Captain, even in so tiny a rendezvous as Cesar's; and yet Bertini is Captain there, and a very capable fellow too, we can tell you. It is Bertini who greets you as you step into Cesar's—the only Cesar's in all New York that dares to spell it without the "a" before the "e"—Bertini who swiftly whisks you to a tiny table in this coziest of rooms, who tells you that the specialty of the house is the table d'hote dinner, and who looks at you reprovingly when you suggest that maybe you'll try your hand at the Ossi Buchi.

Nevertheless, the Ossi Buchi (pronounced ah-see boohkee) is exactly the thing to try at Cesar's. And, just in case we're anticipating you, perhaps we'd better explain that Ossi Buchi consists of the knuckle of—of all things —a calf; that there is no meat more tender, or more thoroughly enjoyable (including veal steak); and that nowhere in New York will you find it more understandingly and appetizingly prepared than here at Cesar's. It is brought to you steaming hot, en casserole, bedded down in carefully camouflaged, meltingly tender vege-

tables, and surrounded with the flakiest of Risotto. Let those nine adventuresome ladies from Waukesha have their table d'hotes. You try the Ossi Buchi.

And before it, you might try the hors d'oeuvres—chopped tuna and onions, tiny pickled peppers that are sour as a dramatic critic with a headache, delightfully indigestible salami, and ravishing, equally indigestible slaw. And take your time, too, for Cesar's is about the coziest little restaurant in the town. With its thick carpet, its figured wall-paper, its Tom Thumb curtains, and its gleaming table-tops of snowy linen—it's exactly the place to sit, and eat, and contemplate. But one of the things that you might just as well *not* contemplate is having a check cashed there!

In the foyer of Cesar's, you'll find a huge, framed collection of checks that bounded right back in Senor Cesar's lap—about three thousand dollars' worth of them, as graphic and chilling a display as ever has been seen. Contemplate on other matters then: on the goodness of the Ossi Buchi and the badness of the Continental coffee; on the tenderness of the spaghetti and the extreme youth and courtesy of the waiter who brings it; or on the huge, lean, hulking form of Tom Davin, the literary reviewer, or the slimmer form of Robert Rued, the scribe, both of whom you'll undoubtedly find tucked happily in a corner.

Cesar's Restaurant *Italian*
153 West 48th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.25. A la carte items fairly expensive *Open for luncheon and dinner*

La Capitan: Bertini

THE BOSPORUS

All Is Lamb!

If you are one of those fastidious epicureans to whom all things Armenian are Greek, and to whom Greek and Grease are synonyms, check your concepts with your hat, stick and poke bonnet and venture down to East Thirtieth Street for the Armenian dinner of your life!

A mere hop, skip and jump east of Manhattan's budding Fifth Avenue, on Thirtieth Street, the Bosporus Restaurant nestles placidly. Here, long-mustached, over-fed, ruddy-cheeked diners gather in hordes, and sing the praises of the Shish Kebab with orders and reorders; here sprightly young things come to comment and stay to exclaim. For this is a corner of Armenia—a bright, sparkling corner, with gleaming white tablecloths and no remote suggestion, even, of vegetables and sour cream!

And here you may revel in genuine Armenian delicacies, cooked up to Armenian tastes, rather than down to American conceptions. The Tass Kebab—tender, juicy squares of lamb, pot-roasted with tomato sauce—is a revelation; the Ajem Pilaff a delight; and the Boud Isgara something wholly new in lamb steaks. For at the Bosporus, all is lamb. There is lamb, fried, broiled, roasted, and served on skewers; there is fried lamb-liver; lamb rolled in parchment and served with Oriental spices; and lamb, breaded and roasted over coals.

And with your lamb there is egg-plant, done in a thousand and one ways; there is Boulgour Pilaff, the national weakness of Armenia—specially imported

cracked wheat grains, sautéd with fresh butter, and served with tomato sauce; there is rice, concocted in a hundred little-known ways; and there are desserts, the like of which you've never tasted, elsewhere. The transparent flakes, rolled and stuffed with chopped walnuts, and served with a generous helping of Kaymak, answers to the name of Checkme; the Turkish paste made with sasmen oil and sugar pistachio is called Tahin Helva. But neither the names nor the pronunciations need alarm you, for throughout your dinner, you will find the friendly, white-haired proprietor—Yoakom Keussyian—hovering helpfully at your elbow, painstakingly explaining this, enthusiastically suggesting that. And you'll love it.

If you're truly courageous, you'll start right in with an Armenian appetizer and work your way right through to Oriental coffee (and you'd better not stir it, either); and when you've finished, you'll conclude that there is no better food to be had in all New York—and possibly in Armenia either!

The Bosporus — *Armenian*
6 East 30th Street

Table d'hote dinner served Saturday and Sunday only, $1.25; a la carte items amazingly inexpensive—and they're explained in excellent English on the menu

Open for luncheon and dinner, seven days a week

Proprietor: M. Yoakom Keussyian

THE CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople—In Name Only

We put it that way because when we were very young we were led to believe that Constantinople was really in Turkey, and that only things Turkish emanated from there. And here we go and learn that the above-mentioned restaurant by that name isn't Turkish a-tall, a-tall, but Armenian.

As to the Constantinople Restaurant itself: that is on East Thirtieth Street, doing its best, by sheer force of numbers—along with the Bosporus—to bring Armenia to midtown Manhattan.

At the Constantinople—and frankly, we like the Bosporus better—they do a million and one things with lamb too; and some of them—the stuffed lamb, for instance, which isn't stuffed at all, but rather, is cut into wee bits and laid tenderly on a pillow of highly spiced, unforgettable rice—are worth going miles to get. The Mahlebi, which is corn-starch pudding as the Armenians do it, is excellent too; and the Oriental coffee is a joy. Otherwise, the Constantinople is a whole lot like the Bosporus, and we suggest that you allow about a month to lapse between visits to each.

The Constantinople — *Armenian*
12 East 30th Street

Table d'hote dinner, $1.25; a la carte, inexpensive

Open for luncheon and dinner

THE CHINESE DELMONICO'S

Mr. Delmonico Turns in His Grave!

You board a rumbling, antiquated Third Avenue El, or better yet, a taxi, and you travel in more or less comfort to Chinatown's Pell Street. And when you reach it, squirming as it does, like a cork-screw, touching Mott Street here and Doyers Street there, you dumbly tell the driver "Number 24." Sooner or later you find it—the Chinese Delmonico's, up over the Chinese Import House of Soy, Kee and Company.

When you've plowed up the seven dozen pseudo-marble steps that lead to it—Delmonico's, or no Delmonico's—you find you're in the same kind of Chinese restaurant that literally gets in your hair uptown, downtown, and midtown. Delmonico's, or no Delmonico's, you observe that the tables are inlaid with Mother of Pearl, that the latest melody to be had from the automatic player piano was really out of vogue a year ago, that chop suey on Pell Street and chop suey on Fifty-ninth Street are one and the same, and that, finally, the only difference between the Chinese Delmonico's and Yoeng's, the Far East Garden, and Beem Nom Low's, is that this one is harder to get to.

Nevertheless, and for some reason that has escaped us on each of three visits, the Chinese Delmonico's is famous through the city—and that is why it gets its name in this book, and that's the only reason. Personally, we like the uptown Chow Meineries heaps better; we find that they're cleaner and much more accessible. But we're not the one to go busting traditions, exploding

theories, or throwing ice-water on folk-lore. It may be the Chinese Delmonico's to a loving management, but to us it's a Chinese restaurant!

The Chinese Delmonico's — *Chinese*
24 Pell Street

Open for luncheon and dinner, with regular Chinese fare.

THE RUSSIAN ART RESTAURANT

Vittles a la Russe

The Russian Art Restaurant is already three years old, which is something of a record for Russian restaurants, and gives promise of holding forth for another three years—or at least until this book gets into print. This, likely, because it has stuck close to its Balalaika orchestra, its Borscht and its Beluga Caviar, and let its uptown contemporaries go the way of all jazz, table d'hote dinners, and bus-boys who wear dinner-jackets.

What we're trying to tell you is that the Russian Art Restaurant is truly, genuinely Russian, from kitchen to clientele; that the assorted entertainment is weepy, and Russian and sad; that the decorations are also Russian, and gross, and a teeny-weeny bit bizarre. The waiters, too, are Russian, and for the most part blonde; and they wear native smocks, baggy trousers, and boots. The waitresses are buxom, dark, dressed in native attire also, and inclined to look as though they had just stepped out of a Shubert Operetta.

There is a genuineness about the place that gets under your skin; a melancholia that makes you wish you had a stein of good, pre-war beer to weep into. Yes indeed, the Russian Art is real, and so are the plaintive, Russian entertainers who sing to you, the dancer who throws knives into dollar-bill targets with his mouth, and, the guitarist who roars his Gypsy numbers with a get-up-and-go in his voice that sends trickles of electricity all down your spine.

The food here is good and also genuinely Russian. (At least, so we've been told.)

Russians who like this sort of thing—and it takes a true Russian to appreciate them—tell us that the Bitochki with cream is immense; that Beef a la Strogonoff is the last word; and the Shashlick Karsky was never turned out better. For our own part, we can vouch for the Squab en Casserole a la Russe, the Russian Art Sandwiches (with two kinds of caviar—and don't let them give you the pressed caviar), the tea, which is served in a glass, and the Russian Tart, which is somewhat reminiscent of French Pastry.

The Russian Art goes along quietly, under the Russian eagle eye of one Monsieur Adolph, formerly of Delmonico's, Rector's, and more lately of Healy's.

The Russian Art Restaurant *Russian*
12th Street and 2nd Avenue

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

A la carte, and moderate, too

Dance if you like

No cover charge

Maitre d'hotel: Adolph

THE ALPS

Beyond the Alps Lies Fifty-Seventh Street!

The Alps is the type of restaurant that is its own best advertisement. It is not gotten up to resemble the Marguery in Paris, the Universal in Berlin, or Hang Far Loo's in Chinatown. Rather, it has a fairly breath-taking atmosphere all its own—an atmosphere that is quiet and continental, comfortable, and at once lavishly simple. An excellent cuisine marks it as unique; its nod in the direction of modernism is reminiscent of the grand lounge of the Ile De France; its enormously high ceilings give it grandeur; and the balcony that rims the main salon strikes you as being just the spot from which to see everything exciting that goes on below.

The room is large and luxuriously carpeted; the murals, all of them wall-high, are soft and colorful and restful; peaceful scenes, by the elderly and astute John Salisbury, depicting the better-known lakes of Switzerland. Where there are no murals on the walls there are mirrors; and high ceiling lights, tastefully modernistic, are long, tapering oblongs of scintillating crystal.

In sum, there is a certain rich, rare luxury about the place that brands it as one you'll want to visit often; and, likely as not, you will; because the service at the Alps not alone measures up to the surroundings, but surpasses them. Courteous, quiet waiters bring you crisp, delicious toasted French rolls; stand by attentively while you give your order; depart, and bring it to you swiftly.

Here, the cherrystone clams are large and firm and iced to perfection; the crab meat au gratin is a little bet-

ter, a little tastier than you're likely to come upon elsewhere; the Blue Plate dinners are more than mere collections of edibles, served en masse; and the Oyster Bay asparagus with Hollandaise sauce is a challenge to epicures.

The whiteness, the snowiness of the table-linen, and the sparkle of the table-ware, heightens your joy, whets your appetite, and contributes much to that ever-so-rare feeling of leisure and luxury and well-being.

And when you've eaten wisely, and oh, so well, your waiter brings you, in truly Continental style, a little tray of after-dinner mints, of quill picks (we *said* it was continental), and of matches for your unhurried after-dinner smoke; and the world looks bright and your companion looks beautiful in the soft, pastel glow, and the well-dressed, quiet people all around you look as though they honestly "belonged."

Here, night after night, you'll see, among other notables, countless representatives of the quieter, swankier, more literary set. And over all hovers the soft-footed, bland, ever-smiling Peter Votsellos—ex-Maitre d'hotel of the Esplanade—present monarch of all he surveys at the Alps. There are other restaurants, gaudy, bizarre, quiet; but the Alps is a charming restaurant, and what more could anyone demand?

The Alps *French*
124 West 58th Street (also an entrance on 57th Street)

Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote dinner, $1.85 (and well worth it). A la carte menu reasonable

Music (but no dancing) *Maitre d'hotel: Peter*

YE OLDE ENGLISH TEA ROOM

What! No Bloater?

Perhaps it's just as well that they serve no bloater at Ye Olde (with an "E") English Tea Room. (The sign on the outside reads "The English Tea Room and Chop House.") Bloater invariably arouses memories of London's Savoy Grill, on a chill bleak morning; memories of all-too-efficient waitresses who tell you that you mustn't smoke at breakfast; of stiff-collared, sour-visaged gentlemen with huge watch-chains and bad teeth, who glare at you if you should inadvertently whistle at the table, who hunch away from you suspiciously when you bid them the time of day.

Yet, at Ye Olde English Tea Room, you have all the other essentials of a genuine old tea room, or "tea place" over seas. Oh, a very, very old tea place.

Antiquated samplers line the walls; there are two old, comfortable, inviting fire-places, with their huge brass kettles polished till they shine; there's an old English sideboard, groaning under the weight of its load of old English china; there are old clocks (the mantle variety), old tables (some of them in orange and blue), and old Windsor chairs that do not match.

The service china is heavy and cumbersome, and reminiscent of that little place on Birdcage Walk. Spotted here and there on the somber walls are old theater programs announcing Edwin Booth in Hamlet, and (Wednesday Evening) in Richard III. And the atmosphere so still that you can hear an aitch drop.

The food is perfectly in keeping. There is an excellent table d'hote dinner, both for luncheon and dinner, which is no longer called a table d'hote, but rather a Blue Plate, and from which the management generously deducts full twenty-cents if you are prone to do without your salad. The crab meat au gratin, with rice, is worthy of a higher price; the creamed eggs on toast—also with rice—are mysterious and delightful; and the sautée mushrooms are a treat. Between meals, or for light eating, there are incomparable waffles, flaky muffins, unequalled Brown Betty (which, rightfully, does *not* resemble bread pudding), and apple cobbler which should bring you in immediately.

Here then, is the favorite rendezvous of so many well-known persons that listing them becomes a difficult matter. For Ye Olde English Tea Room draws such celebrities as Joseph Schildkraut, Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, Betty Starbuck, Lynne Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Dorothea Chard, Robert Montgomery, and Ward Morehouse of the Evening Sun, who drops by casually to meet these ladies and gentlemen of the theater.

It is a delightful, intimate little rendezvous, where you can sit apart from the turmoil of the world outside, and gather those thoughts you've been trying to collect.

Ye Olde English Tea Room and Chop House *English*
151 West 48th Street

Extraordinary Blue Plates. Luncheon, $.80; Dinner, $1.00. The a la carte menu is most reasonable.

Open for luncheon and dinner, and breakfast, if you get up that early

Maitre d'hotel: Miss Berwin

THE PHOENIX

Smorgasbord—With Music

If you are one of those who prefer their Smorgasbord, you'll find the Phoenix Restaurant, like its uptown running mate, the Wivel, a place where the Smorgasbord table groans under a load of mushrooms in jelly, stuffed celery, halved pickles, quartered pickles, and pickles sliced in eighths, pickled beets, slaw, smoked salmon, smoked herring in the raw, and such other indigestibles as world travelers tell us a native of Sweden would walk a mile for. Thus far, the Phoenix is purely Swedish.

As to the rest of the Phoenix attributes, there is a seven-course dinner, which we've no mind to flatter; a three-piece stringed orchestra which we can say nothing nice about; fairly clumsy table service; and the finest Swedish black bread you've ever eaten. They have those brown, unbiteable Swedish crackers, too, but we've never been able to get very far with them, and you'll just have to find out for yourself whether or not they're as good as they look. All we know is that they are every bit as hard as they seem.

The Phoenix table d'hote dinner is $1.75, with Smorgasbord; without it, a mere $1.25. But without the Smorgasbord you might just as well stay home, because the Smorgasbord is what you go for in the first place.

As in other Swedish restaurants, you are expected to help yourself to the Smorgasbord. So you take your own plate, saunter up to the huge table, trying to look as unconscious of being watched as you can—and not too greedy—and make the rounds, lighting on the things

that look especially good to you. And if you think that selecting a tart from a tray of French pastry is difficult, wait till you confront your first layout of Smorgasbord!

Another rule of the house is that you rate as much Smorgasbord as you like, which means that you can—and will—come back for more again and again. In the face of the not too excellent dinner that follows, you're wise to do well by the Smorgasbord—for about seventy reasons.

There is no dance floor, and even if there were, the present orchestra wouldn't be much help. But the Smorgasbord! That's something!

The Phoenix *Swedish*
163 West 48th Street

Table d'hote dinners at $1.25 (sans Smorgasbord) and $1.75 (with)

Open for luncheon and dinner

THE RUSSIAN KRETCHMA

When Russian Nobles Get Together

The Russian Kretchma is another Russian restaurant, and is positively the last Russian restaurant we'll tell you about. Nevertheless, the Kretchma belongs in this book. If anything, the Kretchma is more Russian than any of the really Russian restaurants that have gone before. Which means that the entertainment is sobbier, the decorations are more futuristic, the ventilation is less to be

relied upon, and the proprietors shush you if, in the middle of a heart-felt solo, you should ask your companion for a match.

What we mean is that, if the Russian Kretchma is an example, the Russians take their entertainment very, very seriously. A singer brooks no interruption, a guitarist brooks no interference, and a dancer brooks no opposition. Well, that's their affair.

Anyway, the Kretchma is colorful, even to its clientele, who are, for the most part, gentlemen with long hair, ladies with short hair, and sad-eyed litterateurs with no hair but with ultra-thick spectacles. Here, waiters in Russian blouses wait on you (when they think of it); bring you flaming portions (the alcohol does it) of Beef a la Strogonoff; palm off pressed caviar on you if you let them; and ignore you when it suits their fancy. The room, dimly lighted, is down a deep flight of stairs, and is actually more Bohemian than any place we've ever fretted in. Nevertheless, we recommend it as an adventure that you won't forget; and if the huge, booming Basso, Adia Kouznetzoff, is on tap, you'll count the evening you spend here an adventure among adventures. You can dance, if you've a mind to, to Balalaika music, on a floor about as large and roomy as the average telephone booth.

The Russian Kretchma *Russian*
244 East 14th Street

Open for luncheon, dinner, and after-theater supper
Dance, if you must

No cover charge, but a minimum food charge of $.75 per person during the week, and $1.50 on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays

THE ROOSEVELT GRILL

Tenderloin and Tempo

There are grills to eat in and grills to dance in, but the Roosevelt Grill is the place where you may do both, and come out happily on top. Here you find a chef who knows his cook book and an orchestra that knows your tastes: good food, and music that has established a world-wide reputation for itself.

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians play nightly, and every owner of a radio set will tell you, if you give him even the slightest opportunity, that Guy Lombardo begins where most jazz dispensers leave off. Nor will he be exaggerating either. For Guy Lombardo goes in for softness that harmonizes with the night; for rhythm that is new, rather than noisy; for everything that most other orchestras seem to have forgotten, and that no other orchestra does nearly so well—with the result that on the sheer quality of his music alone, he has attracted a clientele that swears by him rather than at him, and a following that is statewide, loyal, enthusiastic and constant.

At this point, if you're beginning to think this is a book about restaurants that allegedly we are writing, and that it's commencing to sound as though we had forgotten our job, please understand that we haven't, and that we know we ought to be telling you about the fare, rather than the fanfare.

And yet, no matter how excellent the fare, and it is genuinely excellent, it is the music that will first tempt you; from there on, it is up to the chef. And he does

well, too. The breast of Guinea Hen, with grilled sweet potatoes, takes your mind off the music—which is praise indeed; the Brochette of Lamb Kidneys, with an incomparable deviled sauce, is a rare adventure; and for the after-theater snack, the Scotch Woodcock is rare as to flavor and reasonable as to price.

The room itself, built in a sort of well formation, with a low, bowl-like balcony a few steps above the main room and dance floor, is comfortable, softly lighted and inviting. The guests comprise Lombardo enthusiasts, ladies'-wear buyers from the West; quarry-men from the East, and chiefly transients from the four corners of the country. If the gowns about you are a little unusual, remember that undoubtedly that's the way they're wearing them outside Manhattan; if the gentlemen look a little weary, remember that it's a wearying run in from Chicago; and if the younger element look as though they were having the time of their young lives, remember it's Lombardo's music!

The Roosevelt Grill is a charming place to visit for dinner; is even more delightful for the after-theater bite and dance, and is, on the whole, to be recommended enthusiastically for either and for both.

The Roosevelt Grill — *American*
Hotel Roosevelt
45th Street and Madison Avenue

Open for breakfast, luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper. A la carte and Blue Plate dinners are reasonable

Cover charge, after 10 P. M., $2.00

Maitre d'hotel: George

For After-theater Table Reservations: Vanderbilt 9200

KENNEDY'S

Lamb Chops With an Air!

Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld may have glorified the American flapper, but it remained for Mr. Jack Kennedy, whose Forty-fifth Street Chop House is well up on the list of all knowing epicures, to glorify the American beefsteak, to build a halo around the lamb chop, and to exalt the roast.

For nowhere is better good, red meat obtainable—and in few places does one pay more for the privilege of enjoying it! Kennedy's is one of the old-time high spots in a city that is full of them—a comfortable, companionable, chop house with a never-failing clientele, a battery of never-hurrying waiters, red-checked table-cloths, and menus as long as your arm. But the meat dishes: the steaks, and chops, and the ravishing roasts, are the things to eat here. Steaks and chops come meltingly tender, dripping in butter and expertly seasoned; the Prime Ribs au Jus are done to just the proper turn; baked potatoes are large as a small ham; and the check for it all takes the heart completely out of a weak man, and gives even a strong one a bad minute.

Around you, you'll see the bigwigs in the world of sportdom: gentlemen who talk about races as though they were playmates of the jockey (many of them actually are); fight promoters and their young hopefuls, wise in the kind and the quality of food that puts backbone where it's needed; newspapermen, smudged with the ink of the sports' department; and actors and habitués of Times Square. The service is pretty slow; the

prices are pretty steep; but the hearty food, both as to quality and quantity, can't be improved upon. And that gentleman who hies him yonder and about, who stops to crack a joke, hear a complaint, or backslap a friend—that's mine host, Jack Kennedy himself!

Kennedy's *American*
121 West 45th Street

No table d'hote. The a la carte items are expensive

Open for luncheon and dinner, with good fellowship running rife at each

Maitre d'hotel: Jack Kennedy

THE HAWAIIAN TEA HOUSE

Pajamas on West 51st Street

Buses may lumber by on Fifth Avenue a few steps east, and trucks may rumble through the block, but when you're in the Hawaiian Tea House, you're in Hawaii, and we defy seasoned Honolunatics to tell us different! For the Hawaiian Tea House, in a fitting frenzy of sunburst curtains, cream walls and lovely waitresses who speak excellent English and wear fetching pajamas (in becoming blue), has caught the sunny spirit that the tourist advertisements have always led us to believe that Hawaii was simply full of.

Everything in the Hawaiian Tea House, perched aloofly on the second floor of its new premises on Fifty-first Street, is like that. Miss Mary Wilder Gunn, the

proprietress, smiles cheerfully at you; the waitresses beam merrily, and don't mind if you stare at their pajamas; the matted floor-coverings are native as anything, and the Curry (a la Honolulu) is a delight. The only reason we shan't go into the curry more deeply, is that a gentleman by the name of Don Blanding has written a descriptive little poem about it. Miss Gunn has published it, right out on the menu, and it tells everything. But, you read it:

Honolulu Curry

Chicken curry on mounds of rice . . .
If you like curry, it's mighty nice
With grated cocoanut, feathered down,
Little green onions, frizzled brown,
Nuts and the yolk of hardboiled eggs,
Mango Chutney and garlic pegs,
Anchovy paste and Bombay duck,
Bits of bacon and Hindu truck,
Minced green peppers and chow-chow too
And anything else that occurs to you.
Mix together . . . a heaping plate,
A dish for a blinking potentate!

Anyway, there's the poem, and to borrow a line from it, nothing else really occurs to us except that perhaps the poem doesn't really do the curry justice after all. As we remember it, it was even better than that.

The Hawaiian Tea Room is open for luncheon every day, and for dinner every day but Saturday and Sunday. If you're thinking of dining the Bridge Club, or the Backgammon class, however, you'd better phone and make reservations first. The phone number is Volunteer 3493. Incidentally, Miss Gunn will sell you some mar-

velous Hawaiian jellies, all set and ready to take home, and even some choicy little *K Lama* Chutney Mats. You'll simply love this place—really you will.

The Hawaiian Tea House *Hawaiian*
7 East 51st Street. Second Floor

No table d'hote dinner, but the various curry dinners are most reasonably priced

Open for luncheon and dinner daily, excepting Saturday and Sunday

Maitre d'hotel (or what's the Hawaiian name for it?): Mary Wilder Gunn

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RESTAURANT LA RUE

When the Check Is $27.00—Be Nonchalant!

The next time your rich uncle comes down from Willimantic, and you're simply chafing to impress him with your French, take him to the Restaurant La Rue—and maybe you'd better light your Murad in advance! For the La Rue is to dining what Tommy Hitchcock is to Polo. There'd be menus without the one, and matches without the other, but they wouldn't be the same.

The La Rue reduces—or maybe it raises—the simple process of eating to a fine art, the process of service to a rite, and the process of paying for it all, to a privilege!

The La Rue is a large, squarish, quiet, repressed sort of place—a place with huge, ultra-modern kitchens, iceboxes as large as modern-day living rooms, all-copper kitchenware, silver that assays plenty to the ton, linens

that are linens, and fixtures that have been selected for their quality rather than for their effect. In short, the La Rue is that rare, rare restaurant where food is set above furniture; where the veriest connoisseur is put upon his mettle; and where, you may be certain, no matter how much you know about ordering, the alert garçon who takes your order knows just a little more.

In the La Rue, there are hors d'oeuvres tables to delight you, tables of Patisserie a la Maison to beguile you, and game presses to intrigue you. You order duck! All in good time your duck is brought you—pinkishly perfect. The breast is neatly sliced upon your plate. And then, the remainder of the erstwhile happy Mallard is placed in the game press, bones and all, and slowly squeezed (or pressed, if you insist) so that no errant drop of the aromatic juice is left. The juice then is poured into a chafing dish—all at your very elbow—sauces and seasonings are added, and the resulting priceless gravy is then dipped tenderly over the sliced breast on your plate!

There you have a ceremony that is more nearly a science! And so that nothing shall cool in the waiting, Monsieur Peter (he thinks of *everything*) has placed alcohol stoves on serving tables all about the room. And just in passing, this Monsieur Peter is the Monsieur Peter you think of in connection with the Piping Rock, with Woodmansten Inn, and with the dear, departed Polignac.

Nor is this all that Monsieur Peter has up his well-turned sleeve The Elysian Café Diable brings with it another ritual. Coffee—mere coffee—is poured into a chafing dish. To this is added just the proper amount of Curacao, just the proper amount of brandy, a twist of orange peel—and then? Voilà! The whole is set to

boiling, and when it has boiled just the proper length of time, the attentive Peter comes by, sniffs appraisingly, and proceeds affectionately to dip your Café Diable from the chafing dish to your cup!

And so are most things prepared at the La Rue. Here, your oysters are not merely oysters; they are Robbin's Island Oysters (need we say more?). Your English Filet of Sole *is* Filet of Sole, rather than flounder; your ham, large as the flank of an ox, is wheeled to you on a big-boned tea-cart; and your pastry—all made in the Patisserie kitchens on the premises—is set before you with all the courtliness that Monsieur might assume in offering you the family crest!

And the La Rue clientele is in keeping with the other of the La Rue graces. Smartly gowned ladies with lorgnettes, and gentlemen with collapsible hats; elderly ladies who show considerable back and altogether too much front, and mustached, well-fed gentlemen, smugly conscious of the good things that are to come; and the inevitable couple whose new Park Avenue apartment has gold ceilings and platinum water-taps.

At the La Rue, the cuisine is incomparable; the prices are just shy of being staggering; the service is genuinely Continental and utterly satisfying, and the Baba au Rhum is something never to be forgotten!

Restaurant La Rue — *French*
480 Park Avenue

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte (Two can dine well for about $12.00—yes, Twelve dollars)

Maitre d'hotel: Peter

WILL OAKLAND'S TERRACE

Tables For Two Hundred!

In an age when it is considered almost unethical—mind you, we said almost unethical—for a restaurateur to give his public good food *and* good entertainment, Will Oakland's Terrace stands out like Fujiyama on a bas-relief map. For Will Oakland, who provides the most attractive entertainment in New York after the theater, also offers some of the city's best epicurean delights, before!

It is a paradoxical institution, at best, rivalling the best restaurants the town affords one moment; competing with the most hilarious of the night spots an hour later; a Broadway Institution, twenty feet east of Broadway in location, and a thousand miles from it in clientele—in short—it's a genuine Broadway restaurant and night club, combining the best features of each and eliminating the objectionable features from both.

At Will Oakland's, you can get a beefsteak plate that hasn't been equalled anywhere since the beloved Castle Cave and its world-famed beefsteak dinners disappeared off the face of Manhattan—a beefsteak plate that consists of small, juicy, meaty squares of beefsteak, done to a turn, dripping butter, and set on a foundation of mellow toast, the whole so temptingly tender that you wonder that you've never been to Oakland's Terrace before. And if you should comment on it, Mr. Oakland—*the* Will Oakland, whose golden tenor voice you've heard on the radio night after night—will

proudly tell you that his beefsteak chef was formerly with the far-famed Healy's.

And if you think that a beefsteak plate isn't going to be enough, there's a whole dinner, appetizingly, deliciously prepared, that surrounds it—a dinner that runs from fruit cocktail to demi-tasse—a dinner that, together with the colorful entertainment that comes with it, comprises the very best value in the town.

Here, Earl Carpenter's orchestra will simply make you want to dance. (The dance floor is large, and roomy, and you can let yourself go to your heart's content, too.) The charming Mollie O'Dougherty will beguile you with round, Irish eyes; twenty of the most beautiful young ladies extant will make you glad you came; and more than likely, Will Oakland will sing for you his famed "Let's Grow Old Together," which it has been his custom to sing nightly for the charming Mrs. Oakland, who is never far away.

Unlike other night clubs and restaurants that offer entertainment, Will Oakland's is cool, well-ventilated, and softly lighted; the patrons are of Broadway but seldom from it; the atmosphere is charming, and homey —and the cover-charge, which sets in after ten o'clock, is moderate.

Here, during dinner, and after the theater, you'll see visiting celebrities: Will Oakland enthusiasts of old, and local wise-ones who know a good thing when they find it; people from out of town, dining comfortably, knowing that at Will Oakland's no one is ever "gypped" or cheated; newspaper people, and columnists, and invariably, tucked off in a corner somewhere, a gay and giddy bridal party. You'll like Will Oakland's, and we heartily recommend it for food and frolic, too.

Will Oakland's Terrace *American*
51st Street and Broadway (a few steps east)

Table d'hote dinner, $3.50 (with a show)

Cover charge after 10 P. M., $1.50 week-nights; $2.00 over the week-end. Open Sundays, too

Maitre d'hotel: Will Oakland himself

THE SHIP AHOY CHOP HOUSE

Once Aboard the Lugger

The nicest part about the Ship Ahoy Chop House is that once there, you have all the thrill that comes with going to sea, and none of the necessity for fussing about your Mothersills! There is no motion to the Ship Ahoy, other than that on the part of the waiters, and yet, just take a look around!

You enter from the street, via an honest-to-goodness teetering gang-plank. You choose the nearest life boat (you'll find it suspended immediately from the ceiling and a little bit difficult for stout ladies and gouty epicures to reach); you look out of Tom Thumb portholes on a water-color vista of wild waves (nice, well-behaved, stationary wild waves); and you dine 'neath the radiance of a genuine ship's lamp; and if that isn't plenty sea-going, well, just tell us what you expect without the necessity of having your passport viséd.

The Ship Ahoy is one of the few places this adventuring author has ever been in, which has striven for an effect and has come off handsomely. Nothing is

either overdone or underdone; and nowhere has the management overemphasized it. You can't help but sit right down and make up your mind that the Skipper of the Ship Ahoy is someone whose knowledge of the sea is more deeply rooted than a mere perusal of the "Visit the Antipodes" advertisements in The New Yorker! Here's a Skipper who has sailed salt-water.

All of which reminds us that we've come near to forgetting that the Ship Ahoy is a restaurant, and not the beginning of a Cook's Tour.

The sea-going effect at the Ship Ahoy stops with, or at, the food. There is a daily special, a perfectly landlubberish turn-out, such as Yankee pot roast (Mondays); corned beef and cabbage (Wednesdays); and not until Friday does it get around to such deep-sea items as clam chowder and fish (in season).

Suffice to say, the food is good; the chicken a la king is better than good; the chopped sirloin steak with onions is better than that even, and the special Ship Ahoy Sandwich is the best concoction you ever tasted after the theater. Also, everything is pretty reasonable, pretty atmospheric, and pretty much worth every second of the time you spend here.

The Ship Ahoy Chop House — *American*
53 West 51st Street

Table d'hote luncheon, $.65. Daily specials, $1.00
A la carte menu most reasonable

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

Maitre d'hotel: Mr. Burke

TROTZKY'S

"Where the Dietary Laws Are Strictly Observed"

Once upon a time there lived a man named Trotzky, and in the due course of time he had two sons. Eventually, they both grew up. One raised a goatee, got all mixed up with the Soviet, went to Russia, and became a radical; the other didn't raise a goatee, got friendly with the garment workers of the world, and became a restaurateur. The second son appears to have profited by the experiences of the first. By keeping out of politics he has kept in the swim. Trotzky's Restaurant is known today from Brooklyn to the Bronx. For Trotzky's is one of the few places in New York where unusually good food and a strict observance of the dietary laws goes hand in hand!

Trotzky's is New York's premier kosher restaurant. Which merely means that here you eat foods that have been prepared in strict accordance with the sanitary laws laid down by prophets Mohammed and Moses, in the order named. Nor, as a great many people seem to think, has the word "kosher" any particular religious significance. Kosher foods are merely foods prepared along the lines of chemical common sense. Meat killed in accordance with the dietary laws, then, is "Kosher," or clean, which is what the word "kosher" means. There is a pretty sane, sensible, reason for each and every one of the dietary laws, and the products of a kosher kitchen are more a matter of what's right than what's rite!

Trotzky's then, is a kosher restaurant. The fowl and flesh has been fresh-killed and bled; no butter is

served with your meal; the waiters delight in sassing you back, which, evidently, the adherents of kosher cooking never trouble to resent; the dill pickles are garlicy and grand; the pickled peppers are so much cayenne; the noodle soup is a rich, riotous collection of tempting, tender noodles; the browned kasha is a treat, no matter where you worship; the gravies are rich; the chicken giblets delicious, albeit indigestible; and the lemon pie is the stuff to which paeans of praise are penned!

Trotzky's restaurant boasts of good food, low prices, and the renown rightly due the brother of a liberator. You'll find the clientele made up of gentlemen who tackle their vittles with audible gusto and take a handful of tooth-picks on the way out; ladies given to embonpoint, gold teeth and expensive fur coats; and happy family gatherings, which, though they sleep in Brooklyn or the Bronx, habitually eat at Trotzky's. Trotzky's is open every day of the week excepting Saturday, and has music every evening of the week excepting Friday. It's worth a visit.

Trotzky's *Kosher-Jewish*
155 West 35th Street

Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner (daily, except Saturday)

Table d'hote dinner, $1.25. Reasonable a la carte menu

Music nightly (except Friday)

Maitre d'hotel: Trotzky

MORI'S

Tradition Has Its Face Lifted!

They do say, that long long ago, back in the days before this self-elected gourmet was old enough, or interested enough, to distinguish between a Clam Ancienne and a Coffee Profiterolle, a lady known simply and affectionately as Mrs. Mori, was wont to sit hard by the doorway of a little Italian restaurant down on Manhattan's Bleecker Street and pass a friendly time o' day with whomsoever came to sample of the Mori fare, while she made change in her lap.

Being young, well-fed and otherwise totally disinterested in food and where to get it, we are not the one to vouch for this. As we grew older, and our appetite grew to require more and more pampering, we eventually did get around to Mori's. At that time, Mrs. Mori, aided and abetted by a cash-register, loomed large in the tiny room, and was a genial, gentle hostess. She was a wizard at banging out the correct number of nickels on the register, and death on lackadaisical waiters.

By then, tradition had grown upon tradition, and Mori's Restaurant was as much of an institution as installment-plan buying has come to be since. Then Mori's was the rendezvous of the discriminating diner; the hideaway of the poet and the dreamer; the last resort of that select little group of natural-born epicures who were more literary than affluent. Now, alas, progress has once again caught up with Mori's, or maybe it is Mori's that has caught up with progress. The walls have been torn down, pushed back, and made formidable

with stucco. Arches have replaced doors; a jazz orchestra has replaced the quiet of yesteryear; the place teems with palms and pomposity and self-consciousness; and if it is true that the old order of things has changed and that the clientele of Mori's has changed with it, then it is probably because plumbers now reap a harvest, and poetry sells for a song.

Nevertheless, Mori's and its brand new layout goes on and on—more modern now than traditional, more changed than otherwise. Only the food remains the same; the Ravioli, as only the Mori kitchens could turn it out; the Veal Madera, with its mystic Mori sauce; the broiled, milk-fed chickens, and the Mori-made Zablagione that is so much sherried, Elysian froth.

We weep for Mori's—not for the food, which is as delectable and as much worth the trip to Bleecker Street today as it was ten years ago—but for an old-timer gone modern, and wrong; for the Mori's that once was dusty, and friendly, and interesting and full of celebrities, and that now is neither dusty, nor friendly, nor interesting, nor full of celebrities, who doubtless can ill afford it.

The tuneful little stringed orchestra is gone, along with the dust, and a jazz band, as we've noted before, now entertains the guests who, for the most part, are the types that need real jazz-band entertainment. Tradition, however, is hard to kill, and the traditions associated with Mori's go on and on, in spite of, rather than because of, modern architecture, modern music and modern prices.

Mori's *Italian*
144 Bleecker Street (at 6th Avenue)
Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte. Two can eat here for about $6.00

Music

Maitre d'hotel: Mrs. Mori

BROAD'S CHOP HOUSE

Where Men Are Men!

If you'll listen, your grandfather will get started some of these nights on the path of pleasant reminiscences of New York. He'll tell you of Jack's and Rector's and Durland's; of Joel's—that Joel Rinaldo, who, a few years ago, sadly looked his old room over, locked his doors for keeps, and hung a meek little hand-lettered sign in the window that read, "Closed: Without great financial success, but, I trust, with many good friends"; of Dewey's and of Haan's—all favorites of two generations ago. And he'll probably go on and on down the line, and eventually, he'll tell you of Broad's.

Broad's is one of the very few of the old-timers who hasn't bowed to inevitable progress. There are no gilt ceilings here, no Urban murals, no modernistic lighting effects, or pallid crooners. Broad's is one of those old-time Chop Houses where florid-cheeked, loose-jowled gentlemen drop in for a dozen oysters as an appetizer, a beefsteak as thick as a truckman's wrist, or a mutton chop as large as a small ham! Broad's Chop House is headquarters for hearty food in the manner of the Mauve Decade, and you can bless it if you want to.

Here, the waiters part their hair dead center, and shave their necks, and walk with heavy tread; the table-wear is thick and substantial, and seldom has there been

better good, rare meat. Luncheon time, particularly, is the time to come to Broad's. This is when those broad-beamed, apoplectic-looking gentlemen, who have been warned against heavy eating, whose complexions give away their rising blood-pressure, and whose knotty fingers decry their pious youth, order their massive steaks, their mounds of potatoes O'Brien, and their fresh-fruit pies in season. They gulp them down, and then sit leisurely, smoking their brazen, black cigars and drinking their coffee, as though they had all day to do it in! You'll not find better he-man food anywhere, and, despite the storied years of the past, they charge you little for the tradition that is part and parcel of the place.

Broad's Chop House — *American*
53 West 3rd Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte—and reasonable

THE CHILI VILLA

Haven of the Hot Tamale!

Mexican restaurants have opened and closed. Spanish restaurants have opened noisily and closed quietly. Senors and Senoras and broad-beamed Westerners have clanked into dizzy little old New York and sought to startle it with their local version of the torrid tortilla and the fragrant frijole, only to disappear soon after with their fiery foods and their fervor.

It remained for Mrs. Lee and her nearly-grown daughter to come down out of the quiet complacency of a small New England town and show the gay caballeros how to do it. And she did. Mrs. Lee opened the Chili Villa. Together with her daughter, she painted it a vengeful vermilion, topping it off in black. She sent down to Mexico for the makings of her menu, and gave Broadway its first and lasting taste of Chili.

For the Chili of Ma Lee is synthetic in no respect. Its ingredients are fresh-grown and not canned; it is the kind of chili that home-sick Westerners tell you about in pullman car smoking compartments, that traveling salesmen boast of having had in San Anton'!

And that's just the way it is with everything served here. The Chili con Carne—a meat and red bean concoction—is fiery and tasteful; the frijoles (with the J pronounced as though it weren't a J at all but an H) are the kind that those big, broad-sombrerod gentlemen from the wide open spaces are supposed to be weaned on; the tortillas, which are not so hot and consequently heaps more palatable to an effete Easterner, become pleasant pancakes under the watchful Lee eye; and the Mexican spiced chocolate is not only good, but good for you. When you've come through one, or the other, or all, of these, there is a grand and glorious "eight-fruit" cake, made without sugar and partaken of without regrets.

As to the Chili Villa itself, the place is small, scrupulously tidy, and tremendously attractive. It opens at six-thirty in the evening for dinner, and remains open all the rest of the night for the benefit of those lusty souls who never seem to know when they've had enough. And on Friday nights, Ma Lee serves what is undoubt-

edly the tastiest up-east chowder dinner you've ever heard tell of, including some of the finest Cape Cod clam chowder in the land.

Ask to see the Celebrities Book, too, because on almost any night that you drop in you're likely to rub shoulders with some of them.

The Chili Villa — *Mexican*
109 West 49th Street

Open from 6.30 P. M. (note that it's P. M.) to 6 A. M.

Table d'hote dinner Fridays, $1.75. A la carte daily, and reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Mrs. Lee

THE YOSHIDA TEA ROOM

East Meets West—On a Blue Plate!

If you are one of those who simply can't help connecting the mere mention of something Japanese with Cactus plants in low, squat bowls, vaudeville magicians, and beef Suki-yaki, we urge that you drop in on the Yoshida Tea Room, which, in the final analysis, is not a mere tea room at all, and see how Eastern civilization has traveled Westward.

For while the Yoshida Tea Room is, judging by all appearances, exactly the type of place in which you'd expect to find perfectly ravishing puffed shrimps and pickled fish, you are either doomed to disappointment or pleasureable surprise. The Yoshida Tea Room is

owned by Japanese; it is run by Japanese; and it is manned by Japanese; but with the exception of chow mein, which is not Japanese but American-Chinese, anyway, there isn't a water-chestnut, a leek, or a bamboo shoot on the premises.

What we're trying to tell you is that the Yoshida Tea Room specializes in thoroughly American, wholly familiar and exceptionally delightful Blue Plates; in such old stagers as Noisette of lamb, minute steak sauté, pork chops and apple sauce, and veal tenderloins that are simply devastating.

As for the place itself—it is a low-ceilinged, jade-green room, just a few steps west of Fifth Avenue, hiding most of its light behind curtains that are downright tea-roomy and discouraging to gentlemen who like plenty of chair to sit in, and plenty of room to move around in.

Inside, you'll find a whole roomful of young, good-looking, superbly courteous Japs, green Windsor chairs, tricky little semi-stalls, which come about waist high, tables no larger than a dime, and loads and loads of people who are just as surprised as you are to find a Japanese restaurant without a single native dish on the menu. And when you get around to ordering, you'll find the Blue Plates included in the table d'hote dinner; the soup tasty (particularly the cream of mushroom); the side dishes ample, and the dessert a treat. There isn't a single instance of a dab of this or a dab of that anywhere during the dinner, proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Yoshida is *not* a tea room.

Also, if you should visit the Yoshida, we urge that you try their special Japanese Orange Pekoe Tea, which gentle ladies from Suburbia, among others, will insist

upon spoiling with the addition of cream—and which should be taken plain.

The Yoshida Tea Room *American*
11 West 56th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote dinner, $1.25. The a la carte menu is reasonable, but you won't want to bother with it.

Maitre d'hotel: Yamata

CHAFFARD'S

"Une Express!"

The windblown little sign that tells you it is Monsieur Chaffard's restaurant creaks inconspicuously out of your line of vision, and unless you keep a sharp look-out, you are just as likely as not to miss the place entirely. The window is dull and drab—the antithesis of all you've ever suspected a French restaurant to be; the approach is just as dull and just as drab, and once inside you find merely a few tables, a few old, shuffle-worn chairs, a long, time-worn leather wall-bench, and a tiled floor, worn and barren and plain.

Surely, you reason, Chaffard's is totally unlike any other French restaurant you've ever been in—in America, of a certainty. And yet, Chaffard's is probably the most French, the most genuine of them all. For show counts for nothing with Poppa Chaffard. Chaffard's is the French restaurant—not of the boulevards, but of the side-streets—an unconscious replica of the thou-

sand and one Luigi's, Charles Sebillon's, and Café de Grammonts of Paris that travelers come back home and rave about.

Here are no fancy fitments, no modernistic furbelows, no slim, lithe headwaiters with their waxed mustaches and military-school airs. Chaffard's is a French restaurant of the people, rather than for the tourists—a restaurant reminiscent of all the little side-street restaurants of Paris, a restaurant where food counts for much and costs but little, a restaurant for epicures who appreciate the cuisine rather than display.

In Chaffard's, the rotund, genial, plump-and-pink-faced Monsieur Chaffard himself, bows low to you, smiling the smile of a cherubim as you enter, leads you courteously to a comfortable seat on the worn leather wall-bench, turns you over ceremoniously to an equally rotund little waiter with pin-point eyes and a South-of-France accent, and hopes that all will be well. And at Chaffard's, you may rely upon it, all will be well.

Certainly you are in for the best, genuinely French dinner you have had since you boarded your boat, homeward bound, at Le Havre!

There is the well-known leek and potato soup—a soup of the consistency of milk and the goodness of a mild nectar; or there is the onion soup au gratin that, in Les Halles in Paris, has made Pere Tranquil famous. There is crab meat salad en Coquille—crab meat, mixed with green peppers, seasoned to taste, and served, as they serve it in Pruneiers, on polished shells. There is a pork chop, large and tender—Pork Chop Gastronome—which means smothered in mushrooms, and with a piquant pickle sauce the like of which can't be described in unfeeling printer's ink; or a roast shoulder of veal,

roasted to the pink of perfection, and served with an order of spinach au gratin that puts the plebeian spinach in a new light. There is a genuine Liver Paté; or Calf's Head Vinaigrette, or luscious, tender larded beef—an otherwise unknown quantity here in America.

The Tripe a la Mode de Caen is just as delicious as any that ever was served at the Café Pharamond, and on Tuesdays and Fridays there are Moule Mariniere that you'll long remember. For an appetizer, there is genuine Pâté de foie Gras Strassbourg, or Salmi Saucisson de Arles; and for dessert, there is Bar-le-duc with cream cheese, or Nesselrode Pudding, or a generous helping of Roquefort cheese, or genuine Port de Salut—or, if you know your native French restaurants, a whole apple or pear, to peel painstakingly and quarter at your leisure.

And to top it all off, there is French coffee—the native "Express"—made by compressing steam through cold grounds and resulting in an essence and a brew, which, served piping hot in a glass, is nectar, if ever there was nectar.

As you loll back, contented, and sip your French coffee or your Mazagran, you'll note all about you, native Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, and a thousand and one New Yorkers whose names are known to fame.

Pere Chaffard greets all with equal, earnest, cordiality, and escorts them to the bare little room we have described, or to a gaudier, more esthetic little room, with cozy nooks, and genuine oil paintings, on the floor above. And in either place, you can sit and eat exceptional French food, served by servile, friendly French waiters, in an honest-to-goodness atmosphere of bourgeoise France. If the author were asked to name his favorite

half-dozen restaurants in New York, Chaffard's would come well within the first three!

Chaffard's — *French*
232 Seventh Avenue

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote luncheon, $.60. Dinner, $1.25. The a la carte menu is amazingly reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Monsieur Chaffard himself

MAXL'S BRAUSTÜBERL
Schnitzelbank!

Maxl's Braustüberl modestly tells you, on the business card that a buxom blonde hands you as you leave, that it is a "House of Pleasure and Joy," and that "All Others Are Imitators." We can vouch, at first hand, for the first claim. Maxl's is a house of pleasure and joy. However, we aren't sufficiently devoted to Bavarian beer and Deutsche folk songs to want to bother checking up on the veracity of the second.

Nevertheless, don't even think of missing Maxl's. It is a restaurant, a night club, and an experience, all rolled up in one and seasoned with frequent renditions of "Schnitzelbank." From the outside, Maxl's is a peaceful German cottage, vine-hung, cozy and inviting. The inside is something else again.

Once inside, a Deutsche Kerl, in corduroy knee-pants, while balancing sixteen steins of tasty beer in one hand, will, with the other, gracefully point out an uninhabited

spot where you may sit. That is, he'll show you to a table provided that the large college-boy clientele have overlooked one. If they haven't, you stand waiting and like it. And the perfectly extraordinary thing about it is that you do like it!

Maxl's is colorful, popular, and noisy. Heaven knows that Maxl's is noisy. Arrayed like a genuine German beer garden, it is decorated with steins, allegedly humorous drawings, and the same kind of peaceful-looking, cottage windows that gave you the wrong impression from the outside.

There is a stringy three-piece orchestra, which stops every other moment to drink and sing a toast to each newcomer—an orchestra with a temperamental leader, who assists in grinding out well-known German ditties and resents all verbal college-boy intrusions; and there is "Happy," a three-hundred-pound play-boy who, dressed up in knee-pants and Alpine hat reminiscent of a Swiss yodeler, knows all the words of all the songs.

Everybody joins in everything at Maxl's, and if you don't know a soul when you come in, you'll know everybody before you go out.

The German food—the sausages, the frankfurters and sauerkraut, the fresh, creamy schweitzer-käse, and the Westphalia ham are superb; the pretzels that come with your beer appear to whet your appetite, rather than to appease it, and the rye-bread sandwiches are a delight.

In football season, when the teams and the cheering sections are in town, Maxl's is just a little bit strenuous for anyone who isn't up on forward-passing a frankfurter and making headway through center, but when once the cheering sectors have gone back to Syracuse and New Haven and Pittsburgh, Maxl's reverts to nor-

mal. The orchestra wears an expression of profound relief, and fun is the order of the evening. Try Maxl's, either for dinner, when all is food—and good food, too—or after the theater, when all is frolic. You'll probably like it at both times.

Maxl's Braustüberl *German*
243 East 86th Street

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

A la carte, and reasonable, all excepting the beer ($.50 per glass)

Maitre d'hotel: "Happy"

HENRI'S

Henri's—(With an "I")

Henri's is French in name, pastry and salad dressing. Also, it is French in the delightful obliviousness of its waiters to the well-dressed gentlemen and smartly-gowned ladies who spoon softly, albeit quite publicly, in the comfortable quiet of the balcony that hovers over the pastry shop below.

Here you'll find food that is incomparable, and a clientele discreetly quiet—a clientele consisting of lavishly groomed women who drive up in Packards and send their Jameses and their Hawkinses across the street to a beanery to eat, of bright-eyed ladies who have just gone from Park Avenue into the publicity business, and of staid, austere, business gentlemen who wear black ribbons on their pince nez and gardenias in their lapels.

For Henri is an old name and a revered one; an old institution and a widely-known one; a grand rendezvous, and a discreet one.

Hors d'oeuvres—unfamilar dabs of unexcelled goodness—may be had in an amazing variety. The Potage Longchamps in itself is worth the visit; and the Capon Croquettes with bacon and broccoli Mornay, the spring chicken Cocotte Mascotte, and a hundred and one intriguing salads with even more intriguing dresses, is positive balm to a restaurant-fed soul.

For sheer excellence of cuisine, you can't do much better than Henri's, no matter how far you go. The service is wholly efficient—and, as we told you before—self-effacing.

Also, and despite the fact that Henri's is a thoroughly French restaurant, having heard some of the aforementioned ladies attempt the menu in what they were confident was French, we suggest that you just go right along and place your order in good old English, which, at least, is a language that even a French waiter can understand.

And don't forget to round the dinner out with pastry—for where all other Patisserie ends is where the product of the Henri pastry chef begins. Henri's pastry is as famous as his name, and that's saying something. Actually, that's saying everything!

Henri's *French*
40 West 46th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and not inexpensive

Maitre d'hotel: Jacque

THE DIVAN PARISIEN *and* THE BEVERLY DIVAN

A Divan, By Any Other Name

The Divan Parisien is the quiet, calm, utterly restful sort of place whose existence most native New Yorkers are unaware of, and most visitors to New York would never expect to find here.

For the reason that it is quiet, both as to decoration and clientele—so unreasonably, unexpectedly quiet—you leave, positive that that handsome little brunette, over in the corner there with the gentlemen with the Peter Arno mustache, must be his stenographer, and couldn't be his wife.

The room is long; the ceiling is high; the walls a soothing cream-color, and the wall seats, set back in comfortable, friendly little booths, are deeply cushioned, and inordinately restful. A thick floor-carpet deadens the footfalls of the alert waiters, whose steps would probably be just as inaudible without it, and the cozy, amber lights cast a dim, friendly ray, conducive to rest and relaxation.

Here the business men of the neighborhood come to eat, and stay to relax; and business men of other neighborhoods come to meet lovely ladies who wear orchids and are obviously not their wives.

The food at the Divan Parisien is superb, although there is no price-penalty for the privilege of dining here. The Salpicon of Rice with Lamb Sauté Egyptienne is a conquest for connoisseurs; the shirred eggs with sausages, a dish a la Maison that you simply can't find else-

where, and that you'd hurry to, if you could; and the Finnan Haddie Mornay with creamed chicory might only be described satisfactorily with more adjectives than there is room for here.

For dessert, there is a delicious Coupe Divan Parisien, your choice of a hundred tempting tid-bits of French pastry, or a caramel custard that—to its credit—tastes like no other custard you've ever tasted. And for all this—the service, the inimitable food and the luxuriously placid atmosphere—the prices are more reasonable than you'd have reason to expect or hope for. There are a hundred reasons, and all of them good ones, as to why you should, and doubtless will, like the Divan Parisien . . . to say nothing of the more conservative Beverly Divan (which is under the same management and remains open on Sundays), where the food, the service and the quiet are an exact counterpart.

The Divan Parisien — *French*
17 East 45th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner daily, except Sundays

A la carte, and surprisingly reasonable

* * * *

The Beverly Divan — *French*
125 East 50th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner daily, including Sundays

A la carte, and prices on a scale with the Divan Parisien

Maitre d'hotel: John, formerly of Delmonico's

THE GYPSY CAMP

Hungarian Rhapsody—In Blue

Head north! Leave Broadway, with its milling mobs, its bright lights, and its incessant babble; pass up Park Avenue, with its scintillating stiff shirt-fronts; forego the side streets, with their speak-easies, their parking-problems and their table d'hotes.

Direct your taxi-driver northward—up Fifth Avenue across One Hundred and Tenth Street—Little Spain—up Seventh Avenue to the border-line of Harlem, and then, on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, veer eastward sharply to number one hundred and seventy-two.

Walk up one flight of steep sharp steps into a low, smoky, crowded room. A plump, pink-cheeked little lady in the garb of an Hungarian peasant will take your hat. A courteous, wrinkled little maitre d'hotel, likewise garbed, will show you to a tiny table. Sit down, breathe easily, and relax; this is the Gypsy Camp.

Around you, totally oblivious of your presence, you'll find gay, young, foreign-looking couples spooning right out in the open; sad-eyed, older couples, less colorfully clad, sit pensively, and listen, wide-eyed and reminiscent, to the exquisite strains of the Blue Danube as played with soul and feeling by a pale-faced, long-haired, gifted violinist.

A sloe-eyed waiter, in native garb, with an accent so thick that you can cut it, will take your order.

There's Vienna Schnitzel, such as you've never tasted before; there's chicken paprika, or veal paprika; there is sauerkraut, fixed with mohn, to lend it flavor (as

though sauerkraut at the Gypsy Camp needed anything to give it flavor); and there is the most marvelous apple-strudel you've ever had—true, genuine, Hungarian strudel. They are all genuine Hungarian dishes, served in the most genuine atmosphere this side of Chez Louis on the de Surene in Paris.

Your waiter bows low and disappears. The violinist plays an encore, and then another, and another; a hundred voices, clear, smooth, obliviously unconscious of other voices, cheer and beg for more. The pale-faced violinist bows gratefully, backs his way slowly to the orchestra stand, raises his arms, inclines his head, and suddenly the orchestra bursts forth in the wildest, most stirring Czardas you've ever heard. In another moment you forget you're on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street; you might just as well be in Hungary.

The dance floor becomes a maze of happy, lighthearted, singing, chanting couples, bobbing up and down to the swift, rhythmic strains of peppy, catchy melody. Lights dim; the music waxes faster and more furious; jolly voices rise in native lyrics; this *is* Hungary!

The Gypsy Camp is one of the realest places in New York, restfully, riotously, unabashedly real—a relief from the synthetic jollity in those places which bend over backwards to sell atmosphere to a clientele that wouldn't know the genuine from the spurious. The food is good; you forget that the service isn't; the music is worthy of more lavish surroundings; and jazz is a rarity. Here you'll hear all the old Hungarian musical favorites, all the dreamy waltzes from operettas of another day, the favorites of a nation that was born with music in its soul. And if you like to watch the other half, you'll simply love the Gypsy Camp.

The Gypsy Camp — *Hungarian*
172 East 116th Street

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

A la carte, with a minimum food charge of $2.00 per person after 10 P. M.

Music and dancing

Wherein a Young Author Goes on About His Business . . . and Leaves the Matter of Traditions to the Historians

If the oldest restaurants in New York are not all to be found on Manhattan's Fulton Street, then at least some of the most traditional ones are. You learn this after visiting a mere two or three, noting how each maitre d'hotel you come to is utterly willing to rattle a few family skeletons for you.

Which all goes to prove that Fulton Street is rich in restaurants which, in turn, are rich in history, which makes it a job more suited to the historian, than to a scribe on a still-hunt for adventures purely epicurean.

WILLARD'S

Willard's, the original established back in 1909 by a gentleman who came out of the wide open spaces of New York State, is not alone one of the best-known restaurants in the city, but the largest in down-town New York as well. It got along—just as Napoleon claimed an army

got along—chiefly on the stomachs of its patrons. Which is merely by way of saying that the elder Whyte realized that it took more than modernistic lighting effects and pretty cigaret-girls to make a restaurant. Mister Whyte gave New York some of the best food ever set before it, and reaped, in return, a reputation that has been followed by its present owner. The original and now more expensive Whyte's has moved all the way uptown to 521 Fifth Avenue.

Willard's Fulton Street restaurant, under the loving eye of the elder Whyte himself, and, since that good gentleman's demise, under the capable eye of the alert Billy Brockwell, has thrived. It has added a floor above, enlarged its main floor, and taken on the cellar below, until today there is a dining room for gentlemen on the main floor, a grill in the basement, and a dining-room for ladies, one flight up.

And all through the establishment you'll find among its patrons those men whose names are by-words in the world of finance and business. As we've already told you, Willard's is one of the most thoroughly worthwhile restaurants in New York.

Willard's *American*
145 Fulton Street

The original and a thoroughly swanky Whyte's is now located at 521 Fifth Avenue

A la carte, and fairly expensive

Maitre d'hotel: Billy Brockwell

HAAN'S

As you spread your way past the busy, old-time roast-counter of Haan's and make for the rear, you will notice an elderly, Beau Brummel type of gentleman, enjoying his luncheon at one of the smaller tables at one side. We must tell you this because it appears that this gentleman is almost part and parcel of the tradition that apparently surrounds Haan's as thoroughly and as completely as a London fog surrounds Piccadilly Circus. Inquire about him, and you'll learn that his name is Simon Nusbaum; that he is the man who first introduced bank-soliciting and the new-business departments into American banks; that he is eighty-four years old and can still climb stairs three at a time; and that—and here's the point—he has been lunching in Haan's daily since the time when a visit to Forty-second Street was considered an all-day jaunt, and Trinity church-yard was a respected burial ground rather than the picnic grounds it is today. This, in itself, is enough to convince you that Haan's must be a pretty good place for a person to eat in. And it is.

It is quieter than most of the down-town places—quieter, and a little more aloof. And if you've been hustling and bustling all morning amid the canyons of lower New York, you'll welcome its quiet; you'll revel in its old-fashioned method of showing you your roast first, and slicing it to suit your taste; and you'll warm to its old-fashioned ways of doing. Here, things are solid, and old, and stout, and the food is exceptionally good and generous as to portion. And among its noon-day clientele, you'll find many more like the well-

preserved Simon Nusbaum—bankers, brokers, and tycoons of trade, who have come back, day after day, year after year, and decade after decade. And in these times, that practically tells you everything you ought to know about a restaurant.

Haan's *American*
290 Broadway (at Reade Street)

Open for luncheon only

A la carte, and not too reasonable

ROLFE'S

Rolfe's Chop House started on John Street, where a number of the good restaurants had their beginnings, so many years ago that it gives you a headache merely to contemplate all the changes that have occurred since then. Here, in the old days when an importer's job was as much a matter of brawn as brain, the giants of industry would gather in their mellow, cheerful circles and over their steins of musty old ale, would laugh till the rafters rang, over the traveling salesmen's equivalents of that day. Those, to hear any genuine old-timer tell it, were indubitably the days—when beer and ale were drunk on the table instead of under it, and a man had time to listen to a story.

Now, Rolfe's has sobered somewhat. The hard-headed, high-handed, square-fisted old-timers are swivel-chairing it behind mahogany desks, pressing buttons, and drinking malted milks in a day of softer men and harder competition, when a good restaurant is sim-

ply a place to go for food. However, much of the old system carries on. At Rolfe's, you select your cut of roast from a chunk as big as the side of an ox, and your chops, double-thick, are cut expressly to your order. Your waiters are slow but thorough; your neighbors, well-fed business men, who'd rather eat a dozen Blue Points at Rolfe's, than a twelve-course dinner at the Ritz.

Here, everything is big, and bulky, and comfortable, and old-fashioned—everything, that is, except the prices, which, oddly enough, have managed rather nicely to keep abreast of the times.

Rolfe's Chop House *American*
90 Fulton Street

Open for luncheon only

A la carte, and fairly expensive
Maitre d'hotel:

THE MARGUERY

Excellence, Elegance, Extravagance!

The first place that anyone who has been in Paris for longer than three days points out to the new arrival is the little, low-hung, ordinary-appearing restaurant rendezvous of native epicures, well down on the Boulevarde Des Italiennes. "That," your self-appointed guide will whisper to you with bated breath—"that's Marguery's."

And when you look dumb—new arrivals in Paris who can't assimilate all the folk-lore that is poured into their poor protesting ears from the moment they step aboard

the boat-train always look dumb—your guide will look surprised. "Why, Marguery's . . . you know . . . the fellow who invented Filet of Sole Marguery . . . for goodness sake!" And then, if you don't look at your self-appointed guide with your soul in your eyes, and bate your own breath, and utter a quick, astonished, "No! You don't tell me!" he'll be hurt for the rest of the evening.

But you needn't go to Paris to visit Marguery's, unless you like boat-travel, for the Marguery's on New York's very own Park Avenue has more sumptuousness and elegance in one moment than the Parisian original has known in its long life!

Here, Filet of Sole Marguery isn't a simple gourmetic delight, but an investment. Here is glory, and grandeur, and a restaurant full of the appreciative people who live in the expensive quarters upstairs, and pay fabulous rentals, and look bored over their Filet of Sole chiefly because they can afford to!

Marguery's, on Park Avenue, quiet and impressively grand, is a restaurant that bears out in every detail its Louis the XVI furnishings. It is a place that immediately brings to mind the glory of dead kings, live princes of industry, and fussy diners who know first-rate cuisine when they look for it, and can afford to pay for it when they find it. Here, at Marguery's, your dinner becomes an adventure—rather than a mere repast. It is all perfection, but, to repeat, it's expensive.

The Marguery *French*
270 Park Avenue
A la carte—and expensive
Maitre d'hotel: Ercole Marchiseo

SHERRY'S

Sherry's is another name that has outlived the days of earlier elegance, and, keeping within the plumb of progress, has expanded, has waxed more glorious, more scintillating, and more selective. Along with Pierre's, folk-lore has it that no debutante has really, genuinely come out who doesn't make her debut at an expensive party here, and that no party that doesn't run well above fifty-thousand dollars in cost is really a success. But that, as we told you, is simply folk-lore.

Sherry's, now on Park Avenue, is a study in lavishness, luxury, and black-and-white marble; in galleries and marble façades; in grandiloquence and grandeur. Nor has its social slip—that little commercial gesture which, a few years ago, put several Sherry branches practically on a competitive basis with Schrafft's and Park and Tilford's (sodas, chocolates and sandwiches)—seemed to hurt it any. It is still one of the swankiest, bluest-blooded institutions in America. Its cuisine is nothing short of noble; the astute surveillance of Maitre d'hotel Grandmougin is nothing short of sublime, and its prices are nothing short of an adventure in high finance.

Sherry's *French*
300 Park Avenue

A la carte—and expensive

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: Lawrence Grandmougin

PIERRE'S

You enter Pierre's through a simple foyer, between ebony-black marble columns. If you wish, you rest comfortably in a period chair in a large, roomy sort of reception room, and there you give your order to an attentive, alert waiter. And then you walk nonchalantly into a long, high-ceilinged, regal room, cleverly decorated to direct attention from itself and to its wholly distinguished clientele. For Pierre's has become famous, not so much by reason of what you see there but who, not for decoration but for distinction; and there is no more distinguished gathering to be found in all New York, than you can come upon in Pierre's, of an evening. Here, one meets the more exclusive, less sociable, and less frequently-seen members of the original four hundred, to whom the quiet reserve of the gay, but far-from-gaudy salle-a-manger, appeals.

The cuisine at Pierre's is just as French as the name implies and places Pierre's at the very head of the list of fine French restaurants that have, in the course of time, migrated to America, and lost nothing in the migration. It is useless to tell you what is good. Everything is good. As a matter of fact, everything is not merely good, but really supreme!

Pierre's *French*
290 Park Avenue
A la carte, and expensive
Open for luncheon and dinner
Maitre d'hotel: Charles Silvani

THE AUTHOR APOLOGIZES TO EMILY POST

Thus have we covered the Incomparable Three. In visiting Sherry's, the Marguery, and Pierre's, of an evening, it is imperative that you dress. Also, if you are planning on dinner for more than four, it might be well to arrange the menu, by telephone or in person, some few hours before.

THE CLAREMONT INN

The Playground of the Rich!

They will tell you—if you let them—that the Claremont Inn, perched high above Riverside Drive, a stone's throw from Grant's Tomb, and that far-famed "Grave of an Amiable Child," and immediately opposite the cold, gray walls of the Palisades (on summer nights, when sailors are loose and ferries are frequent, you get a grand view from here of Palisades Park all lighted up and twinkling), was once the headquarters of George Washington. You will learn also that, with the exception of having its roof repaired a couple of times and having the leaky spots re-plastered, it hasn't changed much, and that here the General would sit, entirely surrounded by his aides, and draw his plans for the next day's offensive.

Anyway, such is the history of the Claremont Inn. All we know is that the Claremont Inn, although it appears to be the lonesomest spot in town, with hardly ever more than a handful of expensive automobiles out front, has survived nobly, and is, today, one of the

finest restaurants—and the most expensive—in New York.

Here, the very best and tastiest foods that you have ever partaken of anywhere else, come even better. And here too, if you're properly adventurous, you can meet with culinary concoctions that you've never heard of before. You'll find the most architecturally and gastronomically perfect planked steak in all New York; the most marvelous Turtle Soup L'Anglaise you've ever tasted; salads, the freshness of which simply overwhelm you, and a special Claremont Inn interpretation of Salmon Steak en Gelee that would inspire awe in a Robot.

On a gentle, wilting summer's day, your table is spread on the broad ample veranda (make sure it's on the side facing the river), where breezes never seem to tire. You can loll back luxuriously, while zephyrs rustle through your hair, and between the soup and the roast, the salad and the fromage, watch snooty little tugs puff up and down the river, dodging in and out among a perfect maze of ferries, battleships, and square-riggers in the coastal lumber service.

Around you, for the most part, you will find expensively-gowned women and well-groomed men, and noticeably among them parched, dust-caked motorists, stopping off for profiteroles and lemonade between traffic lights.

An altogether delightful place is the Claremont Inn—a place which, considering the business end of the menu, makes you wish a little wistfully that you had been born with a bright business instinct instead of an artistic sense.

The Claremont Inn *French*
Riverside Drive and 126th Street

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper
A la carte—and you'd better come on pay-day
Maitre d'hotel: Henri

L'AIGLON

In the Manner of the Fashionable Fifties

The L'Aiglon is not only a fine restaurant, but a most fashionable rendezvous. Here, the best-dressed ladies and gentlemen of the socially elect foregather nightly. Lights cast a warm, friendly glow on beautiful women in evening clothes and their full-dressed consorts; conversation is low and inaudible; service is meticulous; and you'll order in French—and French only!

The L'Aiglon is smart; the L'Aiglon's clientele is smart; the L'Aiglon's cuisine is smart, and the L'Aiglon's interior decorator is even smarter. For the L'Aiglon's decorative effects have been so contrived that Madame appears actually to look her best when she feels her worst! The lights glow warmly, so that no one looks, pallid in their glare; the Empire panelings are soft and cool and harmonious; and, wonder of wonders, the waiters all appear to be there for your benefit, rather than their own.

The room is airy and high and dignified and impressive; the carpets are deep and luxurious; the service swift and not at all self-conscious; and the food is something to long remember!

In short, there is nothing even slightly synthetic about the L'Aiglon—socially, or otherwise.

The Filet of Sole Bon Femme brings to your table

genuine English sole; the Tornado is tender, luscious and neither overdone nor underdone; the pomme soufflés aren't to be found elsewhere in town; the salad dressing—particularly the Roquefort dressing—is a masterpiece, and the fruit tarts and Patisserie are a pastry chef's labor of love.

All of which, unfortunately, brings us down to the check, which would be exhorbitant in most places, and is merely commensurate with the quality of the cuisine, at L'Aiglon.

Here, at one time or another, you'll see the "Who's Who" of Park Avenue and its adjacent thoroughfares—those ladies and gentlemen who make the L'Aiglon their rendezvous on their stop-overs between Asheville and Palm Beach. On your second visit, the ever-alert Joseph will call you promptly by name; will endeavor, if possible, to give you the same places you had the first time; and will leave nothing undone in order to make you feel that, in truth, the world is yours.

L'Aiglon ***French***
13 East 55th Street
Open for luncheon and dinner
A la carte, and expensive
Maitre d'hotel: Joseph

BILLY THE OYSTERMAN

Manna for the Merchants

It's an idiosyncrasy of this "Bagdad on the Subway" (O. Henry thought of that first) that any restaurant

which has been able to stall off its creditors and survive the ravages of time—for five years at least—immediately takes its place as a revered institution of the period when plumbing was not so much to talk about, and Fifth Avenue coaches were horse-drawn.

Any institution which has thus coursed down the ages becomes befogged with a glamour that it doesn't necessarily rate. Enshrined on a pedestal, where it doesn't belong, it is the subject of much parlor reminiscing, which may be no end boring to the present generation who can, all on its own, still remember when saloons were on the corner instead of in the middle of the block.

Anyway, Billy The Oysterman takes its place in the vanguard of the real old regulars. Its internals are woody and smoky; its furnishings comfortable rather than classy; its waiters lumbering and loquacious; and its clientele portly and polyglot. Lumbering silk merchants, ample a-midriff, sit with skinny factory managers at congenial, oversized round tables; tobacco dealers loll comfortably in arm-chairs and discuss the market with bright-eyed insurance men; out-of-town buyers, towed in by local bigwigs, look abashed and uncomfortable in this rendezvous of the important; and bright-faced, young men try diligently to look as though they belonged here.

The tart, penetrating smoke of a thousand expensive cigars hangs over both floors of Billy's like a pall. Thousands are talked of here as carelessly as are nickels in an Automat; and at the noon hour, Big Business in person, groans under the right regal weight of a bowl of stewed tripe, a dozen of Billy's giant blue-points, and an order of pie, so ample that it would constitute an entire dinner for a lesser man.

Once Billy's was little more than an Oyster bar; later a bar of another feather was added. The oysters and the free lunch assumed proportions; Billy assumed the risk; and the merchants of the neighborhood, Billy's habitual customers, assumed that there never was another place just like it. And so has Billy The Oysterman prospered, and grown smoky, and bulbous, and pompous, and traditional.

Today, the tripe and the stews and the boiled beef with horse-radish sauce have become by-words; the original Oyster and Roister bars have become a legend (but not too much of a legend, until the Prohibition Director got wind of what was going on not long ago and made these things purely legendary), and Billy The Oysterman has become a place to visit. If you like good, ample, wholesome foods, sans frills and furbelows, you'll find it here.

Billy the Oysterman — *American*
7 East 20th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte—and fairly expensive

Maitre d'hotel: Fred

CHARLES

Poets, Peasants and Publicists!

On the border of Greenwich Village—near enough to attract a bustling Village trade, and far enough away to charge substantial prices—is the restaurant of Charles. At Charles, famous now for a decade, you can get your

breakfast at the noon-hour, your luncheon and dinner in one, and, lounging back comfortably on a cushioned wall-seat, you can, in typically French fashion, take your time at any hour.

For Charles is a French restaurant, run in the French manner, rather than in the manner of some of its uptown competitors who think that a French name and a table d'hote dinner are synonyms, and that a dab of this and another little dab of that make a multi-course dinner.

Charles is a French restaurant—but French!—in both food and fact. The food, the finest examples on the whole of French cuisine in these parts, is excellent; the waiters are courteous and efficient; and the prices are commensurate with its location, as we already have told you.

Here, of a noon, when the business men of the neighborhood have left with their smelly cigars and their strictly bourgeois babble, you'll find poets and dreamers and advertising writers at breakfast. At this time, too, come gentle ladies who have ventured over from the new, swanky, lower-Fifth Avenue apartments and apartment hotels, young ladies but recently from Virginia, who have decided to chance all for art, and old ladies with their inevitable Pomeranians and lorgnettes, who have come to see if the young ones are as bad or as bold as they've been painted.

Here, too, at noon-time or evening, you'll find any number of excellent Blue Plates, and pastries that only a Rumpelmeyer could rival: grape and strawberry tarts (the season be darned), chocolate leaves, petit fours and cream-sticks that make you regret you didn't start off with dessert first. The broiled lobsters are an adven-

ture; the scallops are small and sweet; the lamb-chops, done to exactly the proper turn, are served in little frilled French panties; and the French pancakes are sublime.

The room is large, and rambling and squat, and best of all, leisurely to a fault; you don't tip the waiter (there's a ten percent surcharge on your check); and you don't even try to hurry him.

And at the counter, immediately opposite the door, you can buy any make of imported or domestic cigarette you've ever heard of, from Abdullah's, to Akbar's; and the more difficult to pronounce and high-sounding the ones you want are, the more surely you'll find them.

The atmosphere is literary—almost sapping, it's so literary—literary with the bubbling, bibbering conversation of a thousand poets, a thousand advertising copywriters, a thousand advertising artists, and a countless thousand aspiring children of the five arts. Come late, linger long, partake of Charles' marvelous food in leisure, and enjoy yourself, in the manner of Mont Parnasse!

Charles *French*

452 Sixth Avenue (near 11th Street)

Table d'hote, a la carte and Blue Plates, all at fairly reasonable prices

Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

Maitre d'hotel: Henri

THE SAMARKAND

Russian—But Regal

Soft, amber lights flicker dully as you enter; a waitress,

in the costume of a Russian Peasant and with the graciousness of a Russian Princess, shows you to a charming, pillow-strewn wall-seat, behind a red-topped table; soft Russian music thrums through the dimly lighted room, and a full-throated singer chants soft, plaintive Gypsy wails. This, then, is the Samarkand, Delmonico of all Russian restaurants, and as different from all of them as Park Avenue is from Tenth.

Around you, meticulously-dressed couples speak in dulcet tones, made softer by the rug-and-tapestry-hung walls. Graceful amber lamps shed a gentle, kindly light on as cosmopolitan a group of diners as you'll find in all New York; and you lounge back on your pillows, happy, comfortable, a million miles from noise, bustle, confusion, and stentorian-voiced entertainers.

This, then, is the Samarkand—a restaurant where atmosphere, service, and food are genuinely continental; where hurry is unknown, where every corner reveals a new charm, where waitresses are soft-voiced, and the ebony-black table-ware adds incentive to a dinner that really needs none! There is no Russian restaurant in all New York like this—no restaurant of any nationality quite like this one. For here, charm is not a kin-spirit of costliness; breeding is inherent, rather than acquired; and you are judged on your behavior, rather than the fulness of your bank-roll. No obsequious Franco-Hungarian headwaiter smirks patronizingly, and leads you off to a lonesome, far-off corner; no waitress is obviously above you; and there is no tax for the tactfulness and taste with which your meal is served. A truly charming place, this Samarkand.

Of an afternoon, you can tea there—a la Samovar; at noon-time, you can enjoy a leisurely table d'hote

luncheon, and sit by peacefully and listen to one of the quietest Balalaika orchestras you've ever heard. At dinner, you can enjoy a marvelously concocted table d'hote, or a multitude of items a la carte, and you can take your time, and sit listening to the program of the Moscow Art Players, rendered feelingly and softly, until ten o'clock, when it's high time to be up-and-doing anyway. The menus are far more reminiscent of France than of Russia; the food is exceptional, the atmosphere perfect, and the attitude of those whose duty it is to make your evening one of sheer delight, is charming. What more can one ask, in a busy, bustling city dedicated to speed, sport, pseudo-elegance, snooty headwaiters, supercilious captains and surface swank?

The Samarkand *Russian*
8 West 52nd Street

Open for luncheon, tea and dinner

Table d'hote at luncheon, $.85 and $1.25. At dinner, $2.50. (Also, a la carte)

And there is a special Samovar Tea served, at tea-time, at $1.00

KAROLY'S

Ex-Caterer to a King

Invariably, the first time you step into M. Karoly's little place on Madison Avenue, you apologize profoundly, stutter profusely and back right out into Madison Avenue again: because, with all its reputation for marvelous

food it has the outward appearance of a pastry shop, and pastry shops don't belong in a book which is supposed to deal exclusively with restaurants. But, having backed out once, we urge you to walk right in again.

M. Karoly's is in this book chiefly because it is the first place this adventuring epicure has struck where you get the equivalent of a four-dollar dinner for a dollar and a quarter! And what a dinner! Eight elaborate, plentiful courses in the finest Franco-Hungarian culinary mode. M. Karoly, aside from having been chief chef to a deposed monarch (we said we wouldn't publicize the name, and we won't), was for years alternately chef and pastry chef at the Ritz, first in Paris and then in London —which, indubitably, accounts for the pastry shop appearance of his present quarters. And like all Franco-Hungarian chefs, he is a stickler for devastating sauces, intriguing dressings, and amazing epicurean concoctions. His Sauce Piquante is something to rhapsodize over; his Russian dressing gives you a new insight into the goodness of a salad; and his profiterolles would cost you at least a dollar somewhere else.

His veal cutlet, Parisien Fumet Sauce, is a work of art, his minute steak with Bernaise Sauce something that you won't find this side of Paris; his Roast Duckling, with Apple Charlotte is simply, and utterly incomparable.

Nowhere in all New York will you find a restaurant less imposing or more to be recommended; and we mean nowhere! If you are one of those people who abhor places that look tea-roomy, you will, like as not, have to be dragged bodily into Karoly's, which is tiny, tea-roomy, and certainly not intended for patrons who go in heavily for elbow-room. Nevertheless, pay M. Karoly

a visit, and enjoy the dinner of your life, and be sure to partake of the pastry which he himself affectionately sets before you (and which is not included as part of your dinner on the menu). And, final caution, if you really do run to size, it would probably be just as well to do your deep breathing outside!

Karoly's *Franco-Hungarian*
678 Madison Avenue (between 61st and 62nd Streets)

Luncheon a la carte, and reasonable; table d'hote dinner, $1.25, and remarkable

Open for luncheon and dinner only, including Sundays

Maitre d'hotel: M. Karoly

MAISON A. DE WINTER
Vive La Table D'Hote

Anybody who has ever passed his sixth birthday, gotten "D" in deportment, or had to eat out at the minimum of one night a week, can tell you that if you close your eyes and head east on Forty-eighth Street, the first areaway you tumble into will be the front yard of a French Table d'hote Restaurant. And so it would be, too. Between Fifty-second Street and Forty-seventh Street, there are somewhere in the neighborhood of eleven million French restaurants, run by ladies who wear black silk dresses, white aprons, and, despite their avoirdupois, answering happily to the name of "Ma'mselle," "Cherie," and "Madame." A couple of them, just to be different, are managed by those who don't answer to the name

of "Ma'mselle," and don't wear black silk dresses, paint their fingernails red, or bob their hair; and it is with this latter, infinitely smaller group, that your guide is chiefly interested.

Let the Maisons This and the Maisons That bubble where they will; our interest lies more along the lines of culinary excellence than nomenclature. Only, if you insist on running around haphazard for your dining place, be warned. If every other house in the above-mentioned territory houses a Table D'Hotery, then every alternate one houses a speak-easy, and unless you're a friend of Mike's or Toney's, or Cuthbert sent you, you might just as well go on back home or have a malted milk or something. But to get back to the table.

One of the best of the three or four billion table d'hote restaurants is the Maison A. De Winter. The Maison A. De Winter (and don't ask us what the "A" stands for, because they never did get around to telling us) serves an excellent table d'hote. It specializes in such dishes of French artistry as Boiled Halibut, Mornay; Escalope de Veau (which is veal, nevertheless), avec Sauce Champignons (mushrooms, to the uninformed), and Haricots Verts, which sounds like a lot and turns out merely to be string beans. In all, there's an eight-course dinner, beginning with hors d'oeuvres and working its way all down the line to delightful, melty Camembert cheese with toasted crackers, fruit compote, and coffee. There are wall-caricatures by the inimitable John Decker; a host of waitresses and waiters who really speak French and who try, gamely, to understand you, when you speak it; and there is a black and white floor that gives the place a grand, checker-board effect.

Another thing. There is no boss, no headwaiter, no

Maitre d'hotel. The Maison A. De Winter is a corporation, functions as a corporation, and gets along nicely without a fountain head. And if that choice little bit of expert reporting doesn't interest you, and we're confident it won't, we're just as confident that the food, and the reasonableness of the food, at the Maison A. De Winter will.

Maison A. De Winter — *French*
36 West 48th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote lunch, $.75. Table d'hote dinner, $1.25.

Open all day Sunday

CAVANAGH'S
The Celt of Chelsea

You taxi down to Manhattan's Twenty-third Street and turn west to Chelsea. Blue-eyed young hopefuls cuss at the taxi driver for interfering with their ball-game and gather round, wide-eyed and introspective, to watch you descend majestically from your cab. You walk into a scrupulously clean little restaurant that you'd never think of looking at twice from the outside, sniff the heavenly aroma of a genuine Irish stew, and, in the words of the old conundrum (or at least, of one of the eight million old conundrums) if the waiter's name is Pat or Mike, you know that you're in Cavanagh's.

For what Luchow's is to the Germans, the Wivel to the Swedes, and Meyer Gerson's to the vaudeville actor,

Cavanagh's is to the Celt! Here, the genial Irish gentry of the neighborhood gather daily, and nightly—policemen, plumbers and presidents of near-by banks; bookmakers, bootleggers and brokers; good actors and bad actors; and ordinary folk who'd do better than a mile for a cheery bit o' Blarney!

And at Cavanagh's, as Irish as Killarney, they get it. Huge, massive, red-cheeked, square-jowled waiters repeat your order in a brogue that's thicker than a Cavanagh sirloin steak and swap banter with you, beaming on you, and making you feel that sure enough, Ireland *must* be Heaven, if only because Cavanagh came from there!

And the food! Lamb stew! Irish stew—with pieces of beef as big around as a traffic officer's fist! Sea-food that would make a sea-side oyster bar curl up in sheer envy: fresh, giant, ice-cold cherrystone clams; sweet, tender, man-sized lobsters from Maine, and genuine Maryland crabs that can't be equalled anywhere north of Baltimore!

That's Cavanagh's; and while you revel in your beefy Irish stew, your ruddy-faced, broad-nosed waiter stands by and tells you fast ones, in a brogue that alone would be worth coming down to hear.

All around you, you'll find neighborhood families; broad, red-necked men; big-boned, brawny women, in clean, albeit antedated hats and oddish capes; shiny-faced, slick-haired youngsters and pig-tailed, pug-nosed girls—representative, clannish folk, who talk in the same rich, tuneful brogue, whose eyes twinkle in the same good-humored way, and who'll swear by old man Cavanagh the way he'd swear by them. Such is Cavanagh's, and you'll need no invitation to come back!

Cavanagh's *Irish*
258 West 23rd Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Charley

LUCHOW'S

Luchow's Ueber Alles

Tammany Hall has moved away from Fourteenth Street; the Academy of Music (in the original) has crumbled, been ripped apart, carted away and replaced by a modern monument in mortar; the old Olympic Burlesque house is a memory. Fourteenth Street has become a mere shadow of its former self; a staid, commonplace thoroughfare now, over-run with schlock stores, cut-rate druggists, and shops where the values are so outstanding that the police and the first-comers to a sale arrive simultaneously—a broad, drab, sleepy street, that was once as brilliant as Broadway, as naughty as the Tenderloin, as cosmopolitan as the Boulevard de Capucine, and as dangerous as Hell's Kitchen.

For the most part, the old landmarks have gone, with the tinsel and the twinkling lights and the ladies of the evening, the shooting galleries, the peep-shows and the art galleries, that went to make a deep-sea sailor's holiday. Now, clothing stores crowd clothing stores; barber shops bob up beside cafeterias; moving picture palace door-men all dressed up like West Point Cadets, bark at you from under scintillating marquees; and, all

in all, the old order has changed. Only Luchow's, America's foremost German restaurant, remains—a bare, sad reminder of the days when Münchener and Pilsner were legal; when lights were bright and louts were gay; and people knew good food when they found it.

Nevertheless, Luchow's, getting by on the sheer excellence of the German food that it excels in, has survived both tempest and time. And the folk-lore that has been built around its Wiener Schnitzel, its Bauernwurst, its pigs-knuckles and sauerkraut, its maatjes herring, with onions and a giant boiled potato, persists.

From all sections of the city, epicures still flock to Luchow's. Sitting in friendly circles in the dim, mirrored, paneled room that was once the Rector's of the neighborhood, they drink beer that is only as good as Mr. Volstead's Amendment will permit; eat heavy, Teutonic foods which have no counterpart in all the town; and think pensively back to the days when Luchow's, sole remainder of the clan, was the haven of the foremost wits and scribes, of every renowned German musician, artist, and jocund, rotund, genial soul, south of Ninety-sixth Street.

Luchow's *German*
110 East 14th Street
Open for luncheon and dinner
A la carte, and fairly reasonable

YE WHITE HORSE INN

Oh, To Be in England!

If, in your travels, you have ever put up for some little

while in that place known affectionately to visiting musical comedy actors, lecturers, and certain ladies as Dear Old London, you are probably already familiar with such questionable (to the author) delicacies as kidney pies, and Yorkshire puddings.

What we're trying to tell you is that Ye White Horse Inn, snuggling peacefully—a veritable rose in a bed of thorns or speak-easies as it were—on Manhattan's Forty-fifth Street, makes a specialty of those tasty British concoctions that so many Americans, visiting in London, rush to the French-staffed Ritz Carlton to get away from.

Maybe this won't excite you or send you scurrying to Ye White Horse Inn. We can understand it. As a matter of fact, we learned about the various things that Ye White Horse Inn chefs did to kidneys, mutton chops, and mixed grills, and it was months and months before we stood anxiously on Ye White Horse Inn doorstep, clamoring to be shown.

We'll go even further than that. We'll say that we continued coming right back to Ye White Horse Inn, week after week, and month after month, and not until this very hour can we so much as begin to pass judgment on the Inn's special British cuisine.

We ordered steak—a grand, juicy, savory minute steak, with strings of mellifluous onions fried to a tender crisp; with a baked potato large enough to hide behind; and a garlic-butter sauce that, even now as we write this, seems to linger ever fresh, ever provocative, in an otherwise failing memory.

We can remember, too, washing it down with first-rate, albeit wholly legal beer, and topping the whole thing off with a generous, gorgeous slice of real plum

pie. And afterward, we sat in this low-hung, sprawling, comfortable room, so reminiscent of an old-time honest-to-goodness English Inn, with its beams, and its wall paneling, and its quiet air, and its red-checked tablecloths, and smoked a pipe (despite the repeated admonitions of a neurotic waiter, who quite evidently doesn't think Ye White Horse Inn is quite the place to smoke a pipe in) and wished and wished and wished that we might one day have enough money wherewith to come back, and eat and drink and smoke a pipe again.

For Ye White Horse Inn not only startles you with the goodness of its food, but with the sizeableness of its check. Two can eat here wisely, and well, to boot, for somewhere around seven dollars (with beer) and for less than that, without. Despite which, Ye White Horse Inn is a tavern the town can well be proud of.

Ye White Horse Inn *English*
114 West 45th Street (And use the entrance farthest West!)

Open for luncheon and dinner (Its playmate, to the east, The Hunt Club, is open all night, and frightfully expensive!)

No table d'hote dinner, and a la carte prices are none too reasonable

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SUESSKIND'S

Neat But Not Gaudy

Suesskind's is the kind of a place that leaves you with the feeling that, for all its chairs and tables, one lovely

day in the none-too-distant past it was a mere delicatessen store. Certainly, only a delicatessen store catering to a super-sensitive clientele of patrons who must needs have their appetites whetted, could manage to turn out the devastatingly good food that you find there.

The Sauerbraten is the stuff that elderly gourmets, reminiscing idly, compare with that of Vienna's Café Schoëner only—rich, indigestible and incomparably tasty. And if you have never sampled Sauerbraten a la Schoëner, you have an added reason for running off to Wien. The dumplings are done all through, and soft; the Brösteckel of a goodness that you don't even look for outside the environs of an echte Deutsche home.

On the whole, Suesskind's invariably seems a whole lot less like a restaurant, than it does like a week-end with your relatives in Milwaukee. There are no haughty headwaiters; no spic and span captains; no scintillating table-ware and egg-shell crockery. Closing your eyes (and maybe you'd better close your ears, too, to get the proper effect), and partaking of the Suesskind fare, you'd find it easy to believe that you were simply dining in the kitchen of some life-long friend.

And yet, no life-long friend of ours, no Schmidt, no Schultze, no Spiegel, ever turned out the kind of food, even at a wedding banquet, that the chef turns out at Suesskind's every evening of the week.

Which merely is to tell you that Suesskind's is neat but not gaudy; that it serves, among other things, the best Bavarian lamb chops in the land—juicy, well-done, positively crying for help under a mass of meltingly-tender onions, mocha-brown and set before you sizzling hot, accompanied by the ever-present, ever delectable German dill pickle. There's really no maitre d'hotel

here. It's all Adolph—Adolph Suesskind himself—and it's all right!

Suesskind's *Bavarian*
1253 Lexington Avenue (at 85th Street)
Open for luncheon, dinner and between times
A la carte, and reasonable, too

THE FIRENZE

Coffee and Castanets

One of the funniest cartoons ever to appear in the glib, sophisticated New Yorker magazine, depicted a wary gentleman of serious mien, soberly bearing a huge flashlight. The legend underneath, or something very like the legend underneath, said "portrait of a man on his way to Alice Foote MacDougall's." Nor, and you may take it from one who's been there, was the cartoon so wholly inaccurate! Alice Foote MacDougall's place—nay, Alice Foote MacDougall's places, at the time, were so artistically dark as to be navigable only to experts and employees, who had grown to know their way around.

Since that cartoon, the MacDougall lady, who so successfully worked her way up from a few bags of coffee beans to a series of Belascopic mess halls, has mended her ways. The Alice Foote MacDougall places—all six of them—are no less lavish or artistic; it is simply easier to find your way around in them now—that's all. There are the same old Spanish stucco walls; the same tricky little iron grills all about; the same charming young

hostesses, all gotten up like Saturday night in Seville; and what's more important—the same unusually high quality cuisine.

Maybe the Alice Foote MacDougall institutions are tea-roomy. We've always thought they were—and yet, nowhere will you find tea rooms that look so much like honest-to-goodness replicas of everything Spanish you have ever seen in the magazines: tea rooms that go to such lengths to thrill their patrons with, not a mere dab, but an entire institution full of local color—the locale being always sunny Spain.

The fare is excellent, and is less likely to be served in tiny dabs than in most similar places. The coffee—the same coffee that served as a foundation for Lady MacDougall's six thriving, theatrical establishments—is simply the last word. The music of the California Ramblers is a definite joy, and a relief from too much guitar-strumming; and the service is colorful, if not exactly swift. Also, at the Firenze, you can dance through dinner and right up to 8.30 o'clock—and you'll probably want to. All of Alice Foote MacDougall's thriving places have Spanish names, Spanish internals, and Spanish trios that wander around, from table to table, and make things hum.

The Firenze *American*
6 West 46th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner, neither of which are terribly expensive

Dancing from 6.00 to 8.30 P. M.

Other Alice Foote MacDougall places are The Piazetta, at 20 West 47th; The Cortile, at 37 West 43rd; The

Sevillia, at 50 West 57th St.; and the Coffee Shop, in the Grand Central Terminal. Downtown, at 129 Maiden Lane, you'll find the Auberge

Alice Foote MacDougall, keen and competent, watches over all

THE ORIGINAL MOSCOWITZ ROUMANIAN RESTAURANT

The Cymbalom-Player of Second Avenue

Mr. Stephen Graham wrote of Mr. Joseph Moscowitz in his book, *New York Nights.* Michael Gold, fiery freeman, wrote of him in his soul-stirring *Jews Without Money.* Otto Kahn and John Dos Passos and Irving Berlin have left the lavish warmth of Broadway and Park Avenue and Park Row, to journey to his colorful little Roumanian restaurant, to hear him play. For twenty years Moscowitz and his Roumanian restaurant have been a definite part of—have made much of—the history of New York's East Side.

Joseph Moscowitz is a slim, mousy, grayish-pinkish little man, with a scrubby, enervated little white mustache, and a passion for the Cymbalom, and for audiences to hear him play the Cymbalom. He has given a number of Cymbalom concerts at Carnegie Hall. He could, to hear his manager Mr. Emanuel tell it, have made much money and earned much fame with the instrument, had it not been for the inevitable call of his first love—his restaurant. And so, in twenty years, Moscowitz, the Cymbalom player, has played second fiddle to Moscowitz, the restaurateur.

And the result has been apparent. In this case, Mohammed would not go to the mountain, so the mountain has come to Mohammed. Moscowitz's Roumanian Restaurant has thrived. Music-lovers, who could not hear him at Carnegie Hall, have joined his vast throng of patrons on Second Avenue. The fame of the little Second Avenue restaurant has spread, and, verily, the mountain has come to Mohammed.

Nightly, when the regular dinner-patrons have trickled out, and the after-theater-supper patrons have trampled in, Moscowitz's Roumanian restaurant has been transformed from a restaurant to a corner of Bohemia. Gone is the clatter of dishes, the sputter of seltzer bottles and the high-pitched garrulity. In their stead is the merry chatter of merry-makers, the gay strains of an orchestra, and the hushed silence that falls upon the room when Moscowitz, himself, steps upon the little platform before his Cymbalom.

In the hour after theater, shining automobiles throng Second Avenue in front of Moscowitz's restaurant; gay, expansive, heavily-jeweled women crowd dark-eyed, long-haired, worry-weazened men. Plump, heavily-rouged, thick-lipped Jewish songstresses warble the latest Broadway torch songs; thin, wiry, Hebraic vaudeville artists clatter rhythmically through the machine-gun-like rattle of a Buck and Wing; and if the applause is lusty enough, Moscowitz himself will mount his platform, incline his head, poise his mallets theatrically, and go off into the intricate mazes of a Liszt Rhapsody—and how well he does it, is already a matter of history.

And day after day, his newspaper clippings pile up, his patrons increase, and his name takes on added significance. Thus far, twenty years have passed, and

Moscowitz's Roumanian restaurant looks set for another twenty easily. The food—strictly Roumanian food—is good, and rich, and indefinable: Roumanian Tenderloin Steak, Frigaroy on the Stick, Garnitura, a sort of Roumanian Grill, Carnatzi (a Roumanian Sausage), Grashitze (sweetbreads, the Roumanian way), and a host of epicurean delights wholly unknown above Fourteenth Street, or west of Second Avenue.

The room itself is small, and warm, and colorful through the clouds of smoke that drift in opaque banks to the low ceiling. Colorful, although far from startling murals by Nicholas Vasilyeff cover the walls. There are longish, family-style tables, crowded with seltzer bottles, bread trays, pickle-dishes and the plainest sort of table-ware. A tilt-nosed, pink-cheeked Irish lass sells cigarettes and unbelievably expensive cigars; and one Nick Nazaroff, a delightful, inimitable, wholly personable Master of Ceremonies, announces the "Naxt Nomebare" in a naïve Russo-Yiddish dialect that warms the cockles of your heart.

Here, all is peaceful and happy and entirely sincere; you get your money's worth of food, and fun, and good music, while you sit back and watch the who's who of Manhattan's far-famed East Side at their play. This then is the Moscowitz's Roumanian Restaurant that has attracted people of national and international fame; that has sheltered such well-knowns as Theodore Dreiser, Will Durant, Al Jolson, Charles Chaplin; such musically-famous folk as Jascha Heifitz, Max Rosen, and Ephraim Zimbalist; such tycoons as Colonel DuPont and Otto Kahn. George M. Cohan comes here, Georgie Jessel comes here, and, as a matter of fact, very nearly everybody comes here.

Famous East Side trysts and matches have been made here; books have been written, careers planned, fates settled, and history made; and still the place goes on, happily, unpretentiously, honestly. And the little wiry, tired-looking Joseph Moscowitz looks on happily, and content, hoping you'll come again to hear him play his beloved Cymbalom.

Moscowitz's Roumanian Restaurant is one place that you simply shouldn't miss.

The Original Moscowitz Roumanian Restaurant

Roumanian

219 Second Avenue (at 14th Street)

Open from 11 A. M. to 3 A. M.

A la carte, and not at all expensive. Best after theater, but a revelation for dinner, too

Maitre d'hotel: Mr. Emanuel

THE CAFE SAVARIN

Symphony in Blue

Nowadays, if you wield a wickeder megaphone, strum a sweeter strain, or cultivate a cockier negro accent than your neighbor, they name a cigar or a gingerale after you. They hire a jazz-band, contract for eleven million dollars' worth of radio hook-up, and pretty soon the natives of Waukesha know all about you, and life is a cross between a bed of roses and a rain-fall of royalties.

Which only proves that times have changed and that

they do these things up browner today. Back in the early Eighteenth Century, one Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, politician, plutocrat and professional gourmet, came suddenly to the conclusion that there was as much art in knowing what to eat, and when, and where, as there was in knowing how to prepare it. With this in mind, he took his pen in hand (there were no megaphones in those days) and wrote the *Physiologie du Gout*, which, translated, may not actually mean *The Physiology, or Psychology, of Taste* but means something very nearly like it. And what happened? They named a string of restaurants after him!

Which brings us right down to the Cafe Savarin. (They dropped the first half of his name, because they found that Americans either didn't, or wouldn't learn how to pronounce it.)

The Cafe Savarin is one of the smartest of the many smart restaurants in lower Manhattan—a thoroughly modern, thoroughly American restaurant, planned, one would suspect, to make subway-riders feel right at home within its walls. Located in the basement, or maybe it's the sub-basement of the famed Equitable Building, you reach it by descending the same number of steps that you'd have to descend to get to a Lenox Avenue local. Having climbed down, you find yourself in a large, dim-lit cavern of burnished blue tile, with contrasting floors and indirect lights which create a fleeting impression of synthetic daylight. Here, once you have become accustomed to the reverberation of dishes and table-ware (which clatter in a nice refined way) you may loll back comfortably in your chair, order from a menu which, there's no denying, can hold its own with any in New York, and take inventory of the

folks around you. For those around you are invariably worth inventorying. It is no secret that the Cafe Savarin clientele, taken at any given lunch-hour, and including such leaders in the banking field as J. P. Morgan, Jr., can write its combined check for several hundred millions of dollars.

The service at the Cafe Savarin is swift—with that sort of clientele, you'd know that without our making special mention of it—the food is excellent—you'd know that, too—and the prices—again considering the clientele—are actually reasonable. What more could even Brillat-Savarin ask?

The Cafe Savarin *American*
120 Broadway

(There are other Cafe Savarins at the Pennsylvania Station, Grand Central Terminal, the Graybar Building and New York Life Building)

Open for luncheon and dinner (Until 9 P. M., for the benefit of late workers)

A la carte, and reasonable, considering

Maitre d'hotel: Mrs. Hall

THE HOTEL ASTOR DINING ROOM

Hub of the Hubbub!

When Will Hays was a gangling law student and Adolph Zukor ran a nickelodeon; when Marcus Loew was a

furrier and William Fox sponged pants; when Diamond Jim Brady's stickpin was brighter than any light on Broadway, and Churchill's was a synonym for champagne suppers, chorus girls with a passion for lobsters of more than one breed, and the night-time spirit of New York, the Hotel Astor, hub of the hubbub, was world-famous!

Today, in the Hunting Room of the Astor, Will Hays lunches with movie executives who figure in the millions on the table-cloths; Marcus Loew is gone, but his name, emblazoned on moving picture and vaudeville theaters through the English-speaking world, is a synonym for entertainment; William Fox, lately ousted from the company that bears his name, draws a salary of half a million dollars yearly for doing nothing; Diamond Jim Brady is a memory; Churchill's is gone, and a lobster to a chorus girl is simply a specie of sea-food, harder than most to eat—but the Hotel Astor is still the hub of hubbub!

In its Hunting Room (for gentlemen only) you'll find daily important figures in the world of entertainment—the Jesse Laskys, the Sam Katzs, the Adolph Zukors and the A. M. Botsfords. And this doesn't begin to tell you all. To the Astor Hunting Room, day after day, come the bigwigs of Broadway. The By-Liners, that newspaper club consisting of the by-line writers in New York's world of journalism, was organized here; stars have been made and broken here; songs have been written; plots have been planned, and histrionic history has been made.

The room is comfortable and quiet, patterned on the lines of an old English Tavern; the service is good and precise; the food reasonable; and the restriction against

the fair sex, during the noon-hour, has never been lifted. Of an evening, the Hunting Room is a rendezvous for both sexes, although at that hour, it bows and gives way gracefully to the lighter, brighter North Restaurant and Indian Room. Here, prior to the theater hour, there is a special "Theater Dinner," expertly contrived to eliminate the onus of poring over a menu; there is music, by a Meyer Davis orchestra, and there is dancing after the theater, in the Indian Room Grill in the winter and on the Roof in the summer.

Also, in this hub of hubbub, there is an entirely different dinner and after-theater clientele. The names that are familiar to you thin out after the dinner hour, and are replaced with the recognizable figures of out-of-town visitors—traveling playboys; wandering minstrels—buyers from the Middle West; brokers from up New York State; gamblers and men who follow the races; sportsmen; visiting celebrities and gay demoiselles in town on a lark.

And whether it be the Hunting Room, the North Restaurant, the Roof, or the Indian Grill, cheer and gaiety run rife; the cuisine is par excellence; the service sprightlier than you have any right to expect in a transient hotel; and the prices lower than you would surmise.

American

The Hotel Astor, 44th Street and Broadway

Table d'hote dinners in the North Restaurant, $2.00

A la carte in all other rooms, and surprisingly inexpensive

Dancing in the Indian Grill in the winter, and atop the Roof in the summer, with a varying cover charge, after 10 P. M.

YE OLDE DUTCH TAVERN

You Can't *Beat the Dutch!*

Invariably, when you're on the subject of the really old restaurants of New York, somebody will hark back to the days of Peter Stuyvesant and work forward until, eventually, the name of Ye Olde Dutch Tavern slips into the conversation. And right then and there is as good a time as any for you to tell them what's really what about that place.

For despite the legend and folk-lore associated with Ye Olde Dutch Tavern, and the nice, antiquated associations that seem to come along with every mention of it, the place is hardly more than thirty-five years old—and that is that!

When Ye Olde Dutch Tavern first opened its doors, the chances are that your parents were full-grown, and even you might have been well above the kindergarten—which is to say that Ye Olde Dutch Tavern, in the matter of years, is practically a newcomer compared with some genuine old-timers.

Nevertheless, the Dutch Tavern, whose title we find it more convenient to abbreviate thus for the present, has managed to surround itself with a spirit and a feeling of antiquity that, in effect, puts it back into the American Revolution class. The furnishings are old and, in the manner of the Dutch, immaculate; the waiters shine; you can see yourself in the pottery; and the precision and dispatch, the thoroughness with which everything is done, will amaze you.

And getting down to cases, you can't go wrong any-

where on the menu. The Beef a la Mode mit Kartufel Pfankücken are savory and marvelous (to let you in on a little secret, just plain, unvarnished, old-fashioned potato pancakes make a tidy meal in themselves). The Sardellen, Frikadellen, and maatjes, Holland, and Marinierte herring actually rate a chapter; and the apple-pie is the kind that Mother is alleged to have made, but, if the truth were known, was never even able to approach.

For its clientele, Ye Olde Dutch Tavern is over-run with bluff, hearty business men of another day—gentlemen who don't subscribe to the theory that a malted milk and a sandwich is a meal—gentlemen who take their dinner, and their luncheon, too, at their leisure, and who sit around and smoke after their repast, and thus enjoy themselves. Ye Olde Dutch Tavern is the place to lunch on a day when your appetite demands good food and plenty of it.

Ye Olde Dutch Tavern — *Dutch*
15 John Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Herr Huefner

THE CAFE ROYAL

Behold! Bohemia!

It is likely that the Cafe Royal doesn't belong in a book of restaurants at all; likely, too, that one of these days

some scribe, far more ambitious than the author, will undertake to spend a dozen evenings within its noisy walls, and will come out with a work based on that place exclusively. For the Cafe Royal, which is exactly the kind of a restaurant you wouldn't care a lot about in the day-time, is exactly the place to visit after dark. Here, when the neighborhood shows are over; when the last great aria has been sung in the Metropolitan Opera House; when the German and Yiddish theaters have closed for the night, and tomorrow morning's papers have gone to press, gather the music critics, the dramatic critics, the followers of the Adlers and the friends of Molly Picon, to discuss the triumphs of the evening.

Old, seamy-faced veterans of a score of years of service to their German and Yiddish reading public gather in the Cafe Royal in intimate, cheery little groups, and eat their bread and cheese, their herring and their gefülte fish, their vegetables and sour cream, battling between bites to the verbal death. Music critics, who have followed the Opera almost since Knighthood was in Flower, sip their coffee with its hot milk, getting the top-skim on their walrus mustaches. Pariahs of the German and Yiddish theaters, in sad, faded frock coats and shoe-string ties debate the drawing power of a Picon as against a Georgie Jessel. Here, too, buxom, gold-toothed, furred and feathered ladies—the Four Hundred of the neighborhood—gather after some local ball or festive get-together; ladies who use too much rouge, and too much perfume, who wear too many jewels and too much jet, shrilling happily above the soft monotones of their hard-working, weary escorts.

In the Cafe Royal, after the theater, all is gay and gaudy and garrulous; and here the visitor from further

uptown will find the truest, most honest Bohemia in all New York. The walls are half-paneled, and, with the exception of a few mirrors, no one has ever gone to any great pains to decorate them; the floors are tiled, and, so we're told, were once saw-dust covered. The waiters are sour-faced, fresh, and will tell you what you want, if you don't tell them first—but the liverwurst is marvelous, the tea-in-glass is nectar, the boiled eggs with chopped onions are something you'll not find elsewhere, and the chopped chicken-livers are worth coming down for. Behold, then, here's Bohemia!

The Cafe Royal *Jewish*
12th Street, and 2nd Avenue

Open all day, and likely enough, all night

A la carte only, and not nearly as reasonable as you'd expect (After all, this is the Elysee of the East Side)

Maitre d'hotel: Herman

FARRISH'S CHOP HOUSE

Say Farrish's to the Driver

Back in the days when the Rotary Club was simply an ideal (and before it became something for Messrs. Mencken and Lewis to rail at) Farrish's was a thriving chop house, growing in favor, if not in size; and the present-day Rotary Club motto—"he who serves most, profits best"—was the Farrish slogan. And if years of usefulness to a community prove anything, there's a kick in the old slogan yet. For Farrish's has been doing

business, and an enviable business, too, since 1856. Until a few years ago, when, for the first time in its history, it moved down the street, Farrish's had been at the same old stand since it first opened its doors.

Farrish's still persists, in its new location now, where it seems to have brought all its old traditions with it—its traditions, and its old, conventional wooden tables, and its air of mustiness, and the antiques, doodabs and decorations that it has brought along from its original location.

Too, it has brought along its happy knack for serving good, homey, homely food, in a good, homey, homely way—steaks and chops that *are* chops and beef and roasts that *are* roasts. As a matter of fact, you learn from the back of the menu just exactly how many lamb chops, and how many chunks of beef, and how many roasts, have been set before Farrish patrons since the day on which the original Farrish opened. This has been all worked out into kidneys, livers, brains and soup-meat, by one of those gentlemen who would rather tell you how many times the word "Thou" occurs in the Bible, than take in a Ziegfeld premiere.

In sum, Farrish's is a breath of old, old New York—a tradition that has changed addresses rather than processes, and if you're one of those who like that sort of thing—and who doesn't?—you'll find old Farrish's a worthy among worthies.

Farrish's Chop House — *American*
42 John Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte menu most reasonable

FRAUNCES' TAVERN

History Has Its Face Lifted

In 1719, one Etienne De Lancey, French Huguenot and gentleman of adventure, came to New York, courted and married one Anne, daughter of the Dutch Stephanus Van Cortlandt, and received as a wedding gift, property in the neighborhood now known as Pearl Street. He built him a fine house, and it suits the purpose of this author to suppose that the couple lived there happily ever after.

What concerns us more is that in 1763 one Samuel Fraunces, a West Indian gentleman of French extraction, took the house over, christened it the "Queen's Head Tavern"—after Queen Charlotte, spouse of George III—hung out a creaky shingle, and went to work, making customers, and history, too. You can find the rest of the story in Valentine's Manual for 1854.

Between the Tavern's inception and its consequent decay, there had been many fires which gutted it, many owners who ran it, and divers others who let it run itself into the ground. And then, way back in 1904, along came the Sons of the American Revolution.

They bought the property, engaged William H. Mersereau as architect and in less time than it takes to talk about it, the historic Fraunces' Tavern had had it face lifted, or rather, to be more specific, restored. The changes and additions that had been incorporated both inside and out on the original place, were razed; back came the walls of Dutch and English brick, the trick

roof, and the what-nots—and lo, Fraunces' Tavern was restored.

Since then, the Tavern has thrived, not alone as a museum, which in reality it is, but as a restaurant, which it is also. And very likely it is known more widely as a good restaurant than as a hall of antiquity. It maintains its Colonial charm and many of its Colonial customs. It is a large, roomy, quiet place—a Tavern of a thousand historic ghosts and a hundred thousand memories. The spirit of the great Generals, ranging from Washington to Knox, seem ever present within its revered walls. And its food is amazingly inviting. Its chafing dish specialties are memorable as are the Revolutionary-day souvenirs that abound there; its coffee is incomparable; its Crab flakes a la Fraunces' Tavern, well worth the time it takes you to find the place; and its sea-food is a delight.

Here, at the noon hour, come the business gentlemen of the neighborhood: the importers of coffee and spices and food-stuffs, who know what's what in the culinary line. And here, too, come hundreds and hundreds of seekers of both cuisine and color. Here is charm, and quiet—an old-world Tavern in a new-world setting.

Fraunces' Tavern *American*
54 Pearl Street

Open for luncheon and afternoon tea. It closes at 4 P. M.

Moderate prices, a la carte

Maitre d'hotel: Mrs. Lawlor

HOFBRAU HAUS
JANSSEN'S HOFBRAU

Janssen Wants to See You

An old friend of the proprietor once walked into the Hofbrau Haus, sat down at table, and made ready to order. Proprietor Janssen noticed him, summoned a bus boy, and told him to tell the gentleman to stop in at the office on his way out. The bus boy went over to the gentleman's table and bellowed, quite disrespectfully, "Janssen wants to see you!" The hook in the story is that the gentleman came a-running. Amazed, Janssen wrote the phrase on a couple of thousand postcards—more for the purpose of seeing what would happen than for any other reason—mailed them to his friends—and, lo and behold! They came a-running too!

Thus was born the most famous slogan in restaurant circles (or so they tell us). Nevertheless, prior to the days when it became illegal to buy beer in a restaurant and imperative that you get it in a speak-easy, Janssen's old Hofbrau Haus thrived. The food, chiefly heavy, delectable German specialties, became known for its excellence all over town; and unless you were known, during the noon-day hour you got a table at Janssen's with the same ease and facility with which you get a seat on a Bronx Park Subway Express during the rush hour today.

In those days, rumor had it, too, that there was a delightful, homey room upstairs at Janssen's to which only a respected and chosen few were ever admitted—

and these only by pass-word. We couldn't say as to that.

When prohibition, and shorter luncheon hours, and keener competition set in, business at the Hofbrau fell off in a measure. It became easier to get a seat and a little service with it; but nevertheless, the old-timers stuck, and continue to stick, right up to this day.

Whether or not the elder Janssen saw the handwriting on the wall, no one will know. Uptown restaurants, with music, and cabarets, and girls in various stages of dress and undress, were thriving on a land-office business. (This, remember, was still prior to the days before there was one of these food and fun emporiums on every street corner.)

Mr. Janssen opened a place uptown. He put in a jazz band, a floor show, a lavish table d'hote dinner, and a cover charge; and this place did well, too. But Janssen's original Hofbrau, without music, entertainment, or other purely modern embellishment, carries on.

The food—still German gravied delicacies—is as good as it ever was; the clientele is as German as it ever was—and as discerning; and the beer, even if it isn't strong as to alcoholic content, is pleasant and palatable. The atmosphere is quiet, and homey, and pre-war; the waiters—some of the old ones are still on hand—take their time as before (which is a worthy attribute, these days); and the original Hofbrau Haus, despite its snootier, swankier contemporary up on Broadway, continues a worthy institution among New York's better restaurants. Also, and despite the fact that the slogan has been shifted northward, too, we suspect that it is the old Hofbrau Haus, where, more particularly, "Janssen wants to see you."

Hofbrau Haus — *German*
28 West 30th Street

A la carte, and reasonable

Open for luncheon and dinner

Janssen's Hofbrau — *German-American*
1680 Broadway

Table d'hote dinner, $2.00

Dancing and entertainment

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

DINTY MOORE'S

Dinty, the Moore

We can, without half trying, give you an ample, adequate, and wholly accurate picture of Dinty Moore's restaurant in two short sentences. First, "Dinty Moore's serves the best plain, foody food in all New York." Second, "Dinty Moore's charges more for its good, homey foody food than any similar establishment in America!" In short, to determine the cost of an adequate dinner at Dinty Moore's, borrow a menu from Manhattan's swanky Pierre's; add twenty cents to every item, and then—even then—the chances are you'll come out a few dollars under the Moore scale.

Dinty Moore's, once a plain, thoroughly rough-and-ready establishment, has added doormen with uniforms; has made a bid for what might be termed the "carriage trade" of Broadway, and has won it. It is, from a stand-

point of clientele, the favorite restaurant of Broadway's biggest bigwigs.

Here, almost any night, you're likely to run into such figures as Florenz Ziegfeld, Will Rogers, and Irving Berlin. Here you'll see the who's who of typically Broadway Broadway—names that run from the high façades of high finance to those of struggling producers. George White, Earl Carroll, and Edward Blatt are regular Dinty Moore patrons; so is the frequently late Mayor James J. Walker; Larry Fay, Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn; Grantland Rice and Dan Parker, the sports scribes—writers, actors, bankers, brokers and bootleggers—all, as you will notice, gentlemen engaged in labors that make the Dinty Moore prices seem unimportant and the Dinty Moore fare, appear all-important.

Here, a baked potato that a little man could hide behind, fetches a plebeian sixty cents; a lamb chop, that is the granddaddy of all lamb chops, brings Dinty a dollar and a half; and regardless of what the lemon meringue pie brings, it's a bargain at twice the price. The food is wholesome; the portions large; the waiters quarrelsome and slow, and inclined to argue with you if you attempt to speed them up; but the quality of the food that is set before you—when it is set before you—has no equal.

Dinty Moore's *Irish*
216 West 46th Street

A la carte, and expensive

Open for luncheon and dinner

KEEN'S CHOP HOUSE

My God! Another Chop House?

Once upon a time, the Lambs gamboled where Keen's Chop House now stands, and playfully posted each other for dues that were overdue. And then, as the screen puts it, came the Talkies. Vaudeville languished; organizations supported by Vaudevillians shriveled; the Lambs' Club went places; and Keen's Chop House blossomed on the old site, giving America its meatiest mutton chops in the process.

Keen's, like many of the other chop houses, looks, smells, and feels like a very, very old English Inn. Its interior is old, smoky, and dim-lit—cleaner than the Cheshire Cheese, but not a whit less atmospheric.

And in keeping with its English traditions (maybe we didn't tell you that it has English traditions, but it has), the interior is hung with sporting prints, modern and not so modern, with etchings and water-colors of the Hunt, and with very old Playbills.

Here too, if you get your waiter in a talkative mood, he'll point out one of these old programs (playbills, to your English forebears)—a playbill of *Our American Cousin,* frayed now, and bloodstained; and he'll explain that here then is the playbill that Abraham Lincoln held in his hand the night of his assassination.

The waiters, too, are English, and an unwieldy sort of type; but they're willing, eager to please, and their accent reminds you of nothing so much as a steward on a British liner.

The fare is English, too—marvelous mixed grills, mut-

ton chops pretty nearly as large as a boxing glove, though ever so much more tender, and the usual giant baked potatoes and good, rare roasts whose aroma is, taken all alone, sufficient as an appetizer.

The fare is satisfying, both as to quantity and quality; the prices fairly reasonable, considering; and the clientele, assorted. Around and about you, you'll find artists, actors, and plain, ordinary epicures—sportsmen of this day and of a day that has gone; prize-fighters, building up energy with the good food, and their hangers-on, watching them with awe and admiration. Here, in this erstwhile headquarters of New York's famous Dutch Treat Club, you'll find good food, a comfortable atmosphere, and plenty of leisure in which to enjoy both.

Keen's Chop House *English*
72 West 36th Street

A la carte, and fairly reasonable

Open for luncheon and dinner

There is another Keen's Chop House at 107 West 44th Street, but recently come under the management of the well-known Billy Duffy. Also, there is one in the Hotel Ansonia at Broadway and 73rd Street

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MANNY'S

So You're Going to Manny's

Manny's Restaurant is down on Forsyth Street, which is near Canal Street—but even if we told you what it was near you probably wouldn't be able to find it without

the aid of a taxi driver who knew his New York. That is how hard Manny's is to get to. You simply find yourself a taxi driver that looks intelligent and tell him Manny's—helping him just the teeniest-weeniest bit by telling him it's on Forsyth Street, and that the number is eighty-two—and let nature take its course.

We learned all about Manny's a long time ago, from young Mr. Rudy Vallee. It is, to hear Mr. Vallee tell it, one of the finest, ungarnished eating places in all New York. All of which is dependent upon the amount of eating you've done around town, and where you've done it.

Manny's is a large, airy, bare sort of place, burgeoning brightly under a nice, patient, political patronage, and because of this, the German waiters can afford to be just a little bit snootier than they are in any other restaurant in New York, and considerably more brazen than they ought to be even in Manny's!

It is, as we said, a fairly bare, long, undecorated room: a room whose only decoration are a couple of photographs of Rudy Vallee, a couple of photographs (group) of some Beefsteak dinners (and the accompanying diners), and a photograph, suitably endorsed, of Mr. Harry Green of the movies.

The waiters speak a guttural German dialect; the fare favors no nation in particular; and the prices have been set without considering at all how far Manny's really is from Park Avenue.

Here you'll see the biggest politicians, judges, lawyers, and sportsmen in the town; also numerous actors, actresses, writers, editors, and even Mayor Walker, upon occasion, himself.

There is a huge bar to your left as you enter Manny's:

a bar over which little or nothing (so they tell us) save the veriest near beer is ever passed. And the rest of the place is simply a collection of plain tables, plainer chairs, and anything but plain patrons. When you enter Manny's, you shift for yourself. There are tables to be sat at, and you pick one out, and sit at it. And then, sooner or later, one of the afore-mentioned waiters will sidle up to your elbow and grunt, disapprovingly, and this means that everything is all right, and you can go ahead and give him your order.

And it is then that you learn one of the secrets (only one, mind you) of Manny's success. (If there is more than one, you'll never hear about it from us, and that is that.) For Manny's food is really good; furthermore, it is plentiful. At Manny's, butter is butter, and you get enough of it; cream is cream, and requires no apology; and food is food, and is its own best advertisement. The calf's liver smothered with onions is perfection; the pork chops with apple sauce are plain, but priceless.

What more, really, is there left to say about the place. Manny's is an old-timer, a show-place, a rendezvous for the politically great and near-great, and a restaurant with a closet full of traditions, most of them having to do with the high prices charged there, the high quality of the food served there, and the blunt, galling discourtesy of the waiters employed there. The chances are you'll like Manny's, for all o' that. Lots and lots of people do.

Manny's — *German-American*
82 Forsyth Street

A la carte, and not too reasonable

Open for luncheon and dinner, and later

YE OLDE CHOP HOUSE

Old Curiosity Shop

New York's oldest restaurant—and if you can dig up one that has been in existence for longer than one hundred and thirty years we'll apologize publicly—is Ye Olde Chop House. In one hundred and thirty years, or thereabouts, Ye Olde Chop House hasn't changed its location, modernized its menus, or commercialized its cuisine. It is still Ye Olde Chop House, both inside and out; and if you can believe what you hear, it has served daily the workers in the neighborhood of Cedar Street for one hundred and eighteen years, without receiving a single complaint!

Inside, the appointments, or rather the lack of them, are just as they were over one hundred years ago. Old, priceless prints line its dark, worn walls; and to get to the back room, down a few steps, you follow a narrow passage to one side of the kitchen, which is placed dead center.

Here you'll find a gloomy, comfortable, dim-lit old place, with diners separated by stalls. The walls are covered with chilling relics of the sea—a huge fish, spiked to the plank, harpoons, ships lanterns, and a carefully made ship model. And as you look about you, you're likely to reflect that here is just the place for a murder, whereas, it's just the place for a meal!

The food specialties of the house run along Chop House lines—grilled foods, roasts, steaks, chops, genuine Lynnhavens and Woods Hole clams.

Near the entrance of Ye Olde Chop House, there is

an old-time oyster bar, well-worn, and grooved by usage. The furniture is wooden and antiquated; the ceilings are beamed and smoke-blackened; and the entire place isn't much bigger than a minute.

The clientele is composed chiefly of men, and due to its nearness to the sea and the North River, many of its patrons are men who follow the sea, either via desks and bills of lading, or on the bridge and in the fo'c'sle. Although women are welcome, the appointments are much less frilly and fussy than most women like. Here, everything is old, but honestly old, and nothing is dedicated in the least respect to show, which, oddly enough, makes Ye Olde Chop House a show-place in itself!

Ye Olde Chop House — *American*
118 Cedar Street
Open for luncheon and dinner
A la carte, and reasonable

THE PEPPER POT
Viola, of the Village

Once, to hear the old-timers tell it, Greenwich Village was a tobacco farm or some such useful thing, and there wasn't a soul any more artistic than a milk-maid within a mile of it. Then it was that the shell of what is now the Pepper Pot was an old cow-barn. The old beams and rafters and posts are still there, in silent testimony of its origin.

The Pepper Pot now is a combination of half a dozen restaurants; and ladies and gentlemen who have never

seen anything that resembles a cow more closely than a futuristic painting of one, sit by the accumulated, artful drippings of giant candles, in the dim-lit basement, and sip coffee that has been percolated through Japanese rice paper, and eat eggs that, in accordance with the note on the Pepper Pot menu, come all the way from "Air-castle Acres" farm in Orange county.

The Pepper Pot, they'll tell you, was established as a rendezvous for their actor and actress friends by one Doctor Carlyle Sherlock and his wife, Viola, when both retired from the motion picture screen. But time and advertising have broadened the old place out.

Now, in the basement—the very, very, very basement, we mean—is Greenwich Village's oldest restaurant, the Samovar. Above this is the Pepper Pot main restaurant, where visitors from the four corners of the country gather nightly over marvelous Southern dishes. Above this, there are two additional, snootier restaurants, in which there is dancing every afternoon from 12 to 3, and every evening from 6 P. M. to 2 A. M., and where, the menu tells you, "Hip-pocket specialties are prohibited." On Saturday, there is a special luncheon dance from 1 P. M. till 4.

Here, too, a wandering gypsy named Rita (this season) will tell your fortune at cards while you wait for your broiled young chicken, fresh from the farm, or a Southern fried steak—not fresh from a farm but just as good as though it were. The Pepper Pot specialty—if there *is* a Pepper Pot specialty—is, besides the right-from-the-farm chickens and eggs, chili con carne in genuine Mexican style. There is a pretty general run of Southern fare, Virginia ham, and such, prepared by a Southern chef who actually has been farther south than Newark!

Between times, when you're not eating, or dancing, or having your fortune told, there's plenty of room to sit over a game of chess, or checkers, or bridge. A nice, rambling, chummy sort of place, the Pepper Pot!

The Pepper Pot *American*
146 West 4th Street

Table d'hote dinners at $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00; also a la carte

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theater supper

Maitre d'hotel: Viola

GANSEMAYER

The Goose Man!

By now you know, if you have followed us this far, that New York, so far as its restaurants are concerned, is a city of specialists. In New York there are specialists in hamburger sandwiches, specialists in coffee, specialists in unpronounceable what-nots from the Orient; places where you can get a meal in a minute or a month, in a Blue Plate, in twelve courses, or in a glass.

Gansemayer, a familiar name to every German in Manhattan, is a gentleman who, seventy years and more ago, established himself as a specialist in geese. Nearly seventy years ago, the original Simon Mayer was a butcher, with three daughters. One of them married a little fellow named Goldman. Riding home one evening on a Madison Avenue car, little Herr Goldman heard a precocious youth chirrup, merrily: "There's old man Gansemayer,

and his son and daughter." And the name stuck. Gansemayer, which merely meant "goose-Mayer" then, now means Manhattan's headquarters for rare, delectable concoctions in which there figures every imaginable part of a goose, save only its honk!

You go to Gansemayer's—still located on Manhattan's Thirteenth Street, where it's been for half a century—for everything in the way of goose. Here there will be roast goose; broiled goose, with delectable red cabbage, potatoes, and applesauce; stuffed goose; potted goose; "gansegrieben," which, unless you're up on your German, you won't know means the skin of the goose, thoroughly rendered and served crisp and crackly; goose neck; goose giblets (called by an unpronounceable name); and goose livers.

Now, with the neighborhood changed, and many of these who comprised Gansemayer's original and enthusiastic clientele dead and gone, the restaurant is quieter, more traditional, but, with the single exception of electric lights, no more modern. Gansemayer, the original "goose-mayer" is gone, but his son-in-law, now eighty-one, carries on in the management of the place, and does well. Here, the little, vivacious, eighty-one-year-old "Pop" Goldman, as his friends call him, will sit and reminisce with you; will cast an appraising eye over the menu, and point out this specialty and that.

If there should be a lull in the conversation, or "Pop" Goldman should find himself talked out, he'll bring you a little green book, gotten up in Yiddish and with an English translation, that begins on the last page, and works itself forward, reading, as it were, from right to left. And from the booklet, you learn things. You learn that the original Simon Mayer, a Whig, lost an

election bet, the payment of which was a family dinner at his place. There was goose for dinner, and his friends raved so over its preparation that from that day on his fame was made. There, children, you have a case in point, of the goose that laid the golden egg! Simon Mayer's fame as a goose specialist spread quickly, and has outlasted the majority of the restaurants of his day.

For extraordinarily good food—for the most elaborate goose specialities in the land—you'll want to visit Gansemayer, the Goose Man, favorite restaurant of Herb Roth the famed cartoonist, O. O. McIntyre the columnist, and every banker, broker, and business man in the neighborhood.

Gansemayer *German-Jewish*
58 East 13th Street

A la carte, and very reasonable

Open for luncheon and dinner, daily, including Sundays

Maitre d'hotel: "Pop" Goldman

THE BETTER 'OLE

"If Yer Know of a Better 'Ole, Go To It"

That, if you know your Bruce Bairnsfather, was the outstanding pronouncement of the loveable Old Bill, whose creation made the late World War bearable for the posterity which has had to live and breathe tanks, taps and mustached Second Lieutenants in a great many of its movies and stage plays, ever since.

And it seems that no sooner did Old Bill, ably assisted

by the beaming Bairnsfather, give voice to this bit of sagacity, than lo and behold!—there was a restaurant named after it!

The Better 'Ole is English as the drop of an aitch or the tilt of a soft felt topper. But it isn't too English. We mean, that while a few members of its staff might, on occasion, drop an aitch, or pine for bloater or a mite of Whitebait, at least the soups that are served there are not watery, the meats are genuinely done, and there really is oil in the salad dressing.

These facts, taken singly or in a group, are sufficient, then, to warrant the Better 'Ole getting its name in this book. For, when all is said and done, the Better 'Ole does serve delightfully good food at exceptionally low prices, and in an atmosphere redolent with all the open-work fireplaces, copper kettles, old English Prints, homey wall-paper and candles, that you'd expect to find in a place with a name like The Better 'Ole.

The Better 'Ole is charming; it serves, as noted before, good food; and you'll simply love the English accent of blonde, little Madge Surtees, who speaks exactly the way most untraveled young American actresses think that young English ladies do—and should. Miss Surtees does!

The Better 'Ole — *English*
18 West 56th Street

Open for luncheon, tea and dinner

A la carte and table d'hote; luncheon, $.75; dinner, $1.00 and $1.25

Maitre d'hotel: Madge Surtees

THE COLONY RESTAURANT

Cuisine for the Cosmopolite

Let the Ritz-Carlton have its Theodore; let the Crillon and the Voisin and the Park Lane have their swank; let little restaurants with good French names and bad American manners startle the unsuspecting diner with a gorgeousness that takes his mind off the menu and a lavishness that holds him in perpetual awe!

The Colony is the restaurant of the cosmopolite and the connoisseur; the rendezvous of the social registrite; the retreat of the Four Hundred rather than the Four Million which emulate them. It is to the Manor born—a restaurant whose patrons are rated on a basis of breeding rather than bankroll.

Here you'll find no gold ceilings, no glittering grandeur, no novelties for the nouveau riche. The Colony is quiet, exclusive, expensive, and wholly disinterested in the newest wrinkles in interior decoration and similar obtrusive bids for the business of patrons who go in more for decoration than decorum.

It is a restaurant wholly without tradition, other than that it caters to the first families of a city whose first families are none too numerous, that its cuisine appeals more particularly to the connoisseur than the Croesus, and that it makes no capital, whatever, of its exclusive clientele.

The restaurant is large, dimly lighted, high ceilinged, and aristocratic to the point of snobbishness; its service is swift; its waiters smug, and not in any respect servile; and its cuisine attains the very peak of culinary perfec-

tion. Nor is the fact that its menus are in French any indication that it has gone in for even a modicum of pretense. For the same menu is transcribed for you in English—a gesture which bespeaks practical honesty, rather than pose.

The Colony is famous for its chafing dish specialties, for its game, for its hors d'oeuvres, and for its addiction to the minutest details in matters of service.

Your hot dishes are brought you hot, and are wheeled to your table, simmering on little alcohol stoves, which preserve their temperature and their goodness, to say nothing of the reputation of the kitchen. Your cold selections are cold, and not merely clammy cool; and for the most part, everything is prepared and served with just a little more care than it receives elsewhere. With this to go on, you would naturally suspect the Colony of being expensive—and you'd be right. The Colony is one of the most expensive restaurants in New York. It is also, as we've told you, one of the most exceptional and exclusive.

The Colony Restaurant *French*
667 Madison Avenue (entrance on 61st Street)
A la carte, and expensive
Open for luncheon and dinner
Maitre d'hotel: Ernest

THE LOG CABIN

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of 56th Street

There are restaurants in New York decked out like ocean

liners, insane asylums, English Taverns, German Braustüberls, French Brasseries, Venetian Gardens, Spanish Villas, California Bungalows and Dutch Kitchens. The Log Cabin (we'll wager that you've as good as guessed it already) is dressed up to resemble nothing more foreign than a log cabin atop skyland in the Blue Ridges, or a movie actor's hut in the Sierras.

Consequently, it stands out from the ordinary housy-houses, speak-easies, and swanky little doo-dab shops of Fifty-sixth Street, like a monocle in Harlem.

This is to say that from the outside it has all the earmarks of a log cabin. Nor is the effect lost, once you enter. Inside, there are rustic (or maybe they're not rustic), plain, unvarnished tables; green booths; orange-colored ash-trays and sugar-bowls; genuine, back-to-Virginia lanterns, which shed a warm, amber (by design, and not at all by chance) glow and all the other appurtenances you'd like to remember to take along with you the next time you contemplate getting stranded on a desert island.

It might be a good idea, too, to include a couple of the Log Cabin's colored waiters, who give you good, old Kentucky service, and who aim at all times—nay, who veritably struggle—to please.

Nor has the management spent all its time on little what-nots, estimated to beguile your eye rather than appease your appetite. The Log Cabin rates its place in this book because its food is extraordinarily good; because its waffles are infinitely better than any this young scribe has set tooth into since he was a little boy; and chiefly, because the Log Cabin serves three dinners, at three varied prices, the like of which might possibly be duplicated but not improved upon. Which very likely

accounts for the fact that here in this city, where table d'hote restaurants bud on Monday, droop on Tuesday, languish on Wednesday and leave their creditors entirely in the lurch on Thursday, there now exist two Log Cabin restaurants. That, as we figure it, is one-hundred percent progress and should be taken into consideration when next you're puzzled—not as to what to eat—but where!

The Log Cabin *American*
39 West 56th Street

Open for luncheon, tea and dinner

Table d'hote luncheon, $.65, $.75, and $.85. Table d'hote dinner, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. A la carte exceedingly reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Mrs. Stephen Gordon

There is another Log Cabin Restaurant at 47 West 49th Street, no less rustic, but inclined to be more top-heavy with lady patrons (especially during the mid-day). Everything we've written above goes for this one too.

MAISON LOUIS

Table D'Hote With a Conscience

At Maison Louis, your table d'hote costs you exactly one dollar and forty cents; not a dollar-and-a-quarter, or a dollar-and-a-half, but a dollar-forty, and we couldn't tell you why, but it does, and that is that.

Maison Louis is an old-timer, reckoned in the methods of best computing survival, among Fifty-second Street's

literal epidemic of table d'hote restaurants. Maison Louis has been busy at the old stand for anywhere from five to fifteen years—and maybe we're being conservative. Considering the short, inactive life of the average table-d'hote restaurant, Maison Louis is an old hand—and good reason, too.

For with no swankier name to go and grow on than merely Maison Louis, the management long ago decided that what a city like this one needed was a table d'hote restaurant that was devoted to fare alone. Maison Louis, despite a few gold brocade curtains, is essentially a place in which to eat, rather than one in which to loll: a restaurant dedicated to giving you good food, and more of it than the majority of all the other places on Fifty-second Street—and if you know your Fifty-second Street, you'll realize that this, assuredly, is no faint praise.

For your dollar and forty cents, at Maison Louis, you get a six-course dinner, with fully six choices in courses three and four. You'll find included in course three such gustatorial delights as Filet of Sole Bon Femme, Crab Meat Dewey, or cold Filet of Halibut, Russe; you'll find in course four such delectables as Roast Prime Rib of Beef a L'Anglaise, Veal Chop Paillard, or Broiled Filet of Flounder, Persille.

In short, the entire table d'hote menu is replete with good food, excellently prepared, wisely assorted, and providently priced.

As for the atmosphere: the walls are cream, the chandeliers are crystal, the floors are of stone—all of which, regarding Maison Louis, are unimportant observations; because, as we told you, people here are too busy enjoying their dinners to permit a few gay, decorative gestures, to interrupt them.

Maison Louis **French**
67 West 52nd Street

Table d'hote luncheon, $.85; dinner, $1.40

Open for luncheon and dinner, daily, including Sunday

Maitre d'hotel: Manuel

THE CENTRAL PARK CASINO

Bernaise in the Bois!

For years, the Central Park Casino, under the calculating eye of a gentleman named Zittel, who ran it when he wasn't busy running his theatrical trade paper, flourished on the reputation of its excellent steaks, its discreet location, and its all-woman orchestra.

Then, one day, along came a lot of gentlemen with a lot of money, and before you could say Jack Spratt, or even begin to read all the publicity about it in the newspapers, the Central Park Casino was a new hombre!

Carpenters got busy; interior decorators got busy; and the very best chefs that money could buy got busy; and in a mere month, the Central Park Casino had carved itself a new set of traditions. Things work out exactly like that in New York.

Now, at the Casino, all is gorgeousness, and exclusiveness, and unusual fare; and, from a standpoint of cuisine, we unhesitatingly brand it among the very best restaurants in New York.

True, the property, belonging rightfully to what Ex-Mayor Hylan used to refer to as the "pee-pul," has been leased from the city, and the prices are considerably

higher than the majority of the good pee-pul of this here town can afford. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all of that, we hope that the Casino goes on and on and on under its present management.

The Bouchee de Champignons a la Creme, Pointes d'asperges—which you should be able to translate by yourself, if you've come this far, and which are creamed mushrooms with asparagus tips, if you can't—are positively poetic. The Tornado, with Bernaise sauce, rates a chapter by itself (and then only Brillat-Savarin could have done it justice); and even to attempt a description of the Crab Meat en Bordure au Gratin, would be to misrepresent it sadly. Everything on the Casino menu is just as good, just as incomparable, just as indescribable, and just as expensive.

Here, in the cool of Central Park, you can take your luncheon or your dinner, or can drop in after the theater, at which time you can dance to a simply superb orchestra, in equally superb surroundings, and in an atmosphere that knows no equal in New York.

There are two rooms. In one of them, formal dress is obligatory. In the other it isn't. There are two orchestras, so this works no hardship. And about you there are people whose names are by-words in New York, Paris, and Monte Carlo: leading personalities in every profession and calling.

The Central Park Casino *French*
Central Park

A la carte, and expensive

Open for luncheon, dinner, and after-theater supper.

Maitre d'hotel: C. Bonardi

ROMANY MARIE

Marie, from Romany

For the past ten years, Romany Marie has been as much a part of this city as tabloid newspapers, gangster assassinations, and bright lights. This, despite the fact that this Bohemian lady with her entourage, has moved, bag and baggage, with a frequency that can only be termed amazingly persistent; despite the fact that other Maries, not essentially from Romany or nearly such easily pronounceable points, have sprung up, armed with cerise head-dresses, antique bracelets that clink, and their own particular followers who invariably are more inclined to sit than eat, to sign a check than pay one.

Romany Marie, and her equerry, came first into prominence at 15 Minetta Lane. There she dispensed unpronounceable Roumanian delicacies, cautious palm readings, and philosophic advice. There, too, she annexed the Dr. Marchand who nightly startles young diners with his amazing gift at fortune-telling (only if he likes you), palm-and-tea-leaf reading, and discourses on Chiromancy.

Then she moved to 64 Washington Square, forming a partnership with the Village's "Puck," otherwise known as the wife of philosopher Will Durant, and flaunted her shingle in the face of all competition. It is rumored that each time "Puck" added a bracelet to the collection on her own ample arm, Romany Marie would add two bracelets; but this is probably without foundation.

In all events, the partnership didn't take, and back

went Romany Marie to Minetta Lane—to Minetta Lane and a fetching orgy in futurism, indirect lighting, and silver walls. It was tricky, this place of hers, but only a surveyor could find it.

And so, now Romany Marie has come out into the open again. This time with a combination of modernism, futurism and more easily understandable art, at 42 West 8th Street. And her extensive following has traipsed right along after her. Here, you'll find well-known villagers, artists, and locally well-known scribes; long-haired gentlemen who will argue with you as to the existence of God, and cheerfully take either side; and short-haired ladies who can explain what Humanism means, and who will, if you'll let them.

Here too, once you're settled, you may sample Roumanian food—not the Roumanian food of the restaurant, but of the Roumanian home—in all its goodness. There is Plachinta Cu Carna—a concoction of specially prepared meat, baked between layers of thin, flaky dough; Plachinta Brinza, made with goat's milk, instead of meat; or Saarmala, which consists of cooked, chopped meat, rolled in boiled cabbage leaves, and covered over all with a sauce piquant. These are delightful. And then for dessert, there is Baclava, a native honey-cake; or Pondishpan, a sort of sponge cake, oozing nuts and raisins—all of which, mind you, are the product of a cook once in the service of Roumanian nobility. (Romany Marie will tell you this herself.)

We suggest, that for food, you visit Romany Marie's in the dinner hour; that for a glimpse of the Village at its villagiest, you come down after the theater. No matter when you do come, however, you'll not be disappointed.

Romany Marie's **Roumanian**
42 West 8th Street

Open for dinner and after-theater supper

Reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Marie, ably assisted by Dr. Marchand

CONTE'S

When Cuisine was King!

When eating was an art, and cuisine was king; when fussy epicures selected their restaurants with the same amount of care that their modern prototypes select their Rolls-Royces, and a restaurateur was judged by the food he served and not the prices he charged for it; when the kitchen was more important than the foyer, and the maitre d'hotel played second fiddle to the chef, Conte's Restaurant was in its glory.

Now, New York reads as it runs and eats as it reads, and food has become chiefly a matter of sustenance. One eats to live, whereas, in the old days, one really lived to eat. But Conte's continues to carry on.

True, it is no longer a spiritual, festive Conte's: the Conte's whose culinary fame intrigued visiting potentates and local powers. But it is Conte's, nevertheless—a Conte's whose food is superb, whose service is typically old-world, whose reputation still re-echoes throughout a city that has passed it by.

Here, in the high-ceilinged, quiet, almost regal room, with its rare silver services and its costly chinaware, the "cameriere" continues on his soft-footed way, and car-

ries his dignity well, just as he did when Conte was a name for epicures to conjure with.

Today, as in the years gone by, Conte's serves its rare Antipasto, its famed Gallina Rostedi—chicken, roasted to a beautiful, beaming brown, served with a Marinari sauce that is unforgettable; its Spaghetti Napolitano, with just the proper amount of garlic in the sauce to give it flavor; the Italian Bon-bons, and brightly colored, highly sweetened Petit Fours for which this place was so well known.

The old specialties, like the old waiters, are still here. Only the clientele has changed, or rather, it has thinned out. Now, the huge, quiet, decorous room is even quieter; the waiters, with their starched shirt-fronts and continental bearing, are older and sadder of eye; huge trucks rumble outside on Lafayette Street; traffic whistles shrill; and New York carries on, carelessly, completely, passing by the Conte's that it once paid homage to.

Conte's *Italian*
432 Lafayette Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and reasonable

ALICE McCOLLISTER'S
Cricket on the Hearth

We have told you of English Taverns, English Inns, English Chop Houses; institutions where once the smoky rafters rang in uninhibited good-fellowship; where stinging Ale and Half-and-Half spurred chattering tongues

to glibness—dim-lit, beamed old places, where food and fellowship were on a par.

Alice McCollister's is none of these. Alice McCollister's is a peep into the period of Dickens, making you feel, once you settle yourself inside, as though you were eavesdropping on your English antecedents. There is no echo of the Tap-room, no slight suggestion of Colonial conviviality here. Instead, you enter through a door no different than the wooden, bronze-hinged door of any Perthshire cottage; you find yourself in one of three large, cozy rooms, with floors of warm red tile, huge, sputtering, crackling open-fires in fireplaces that simply urge you to come and sit before them, and small, but comfortable, wooden chairs and tables.

Here, then, is the antithesis of all that's rugged, hale, and hearty; a very treasure of a room in which to sit and dream on a snowy night or a blustery day; a place in which your dreams are happily interrupted with the serving of steaming hot English muffins, scads of English marmalade, and tea that is tea!

Alice McCollister's is a happy, pleasant place. Physically but a stone's throw from the rowdy, roistering Greenwich Village, actually, it might be miles away. For here you'll find neither unkempt followers of the arts nor prosy children of the Village, with their whoopee and their woes.

For luncheon and dinner, there is a table d'hote, served with all the little foreign niceties you once hoped to find elsewhere, but thus far, have come upon nowhere else. The food is delicious; the surroundings simply pregnant with charm; the clientele, quiet, considerate, the kind of people you'd expect, but hardly hope to find in such a place. And when you're about ready to leave,

they will hand you a check on which is drawn a picture of a bandit holding up a patron with a gun. It is labeled "Bad News." But don't let it worry you. The "bad news" at Alice McCollister's is utterly reasonable, and far more inclined to bring you back in high spirits than drive you out in low ones!

Alice McCollister's *English*
43 West 8th Street

Open for luncheon, tea and dinner

A la carte and table d'hote, and reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Alice McCollister

THE ATHENA RESTAURANT

When Greek Meets Greek!

When Greek meets Greek, as any vaudeville headliner will tell you, they open up a restaurant. They open up a French restaurant, or a German restaurant, or a Bavarian restaurant, or a Swiss restaurant—but seldom, as is the case with the Athena, do they open up a Greek restaurant.

The Athena is a Greek restaurant, and proud of it. This means that it is located one flight up in a room that is not gaudy, nor is it even neat—a room in which a huge ice-box burgeons out like a wart on a pianist's index finger. A couple of lonesome canaries in vagabond cages chirrup wearily, and the waiters all wear the kind of yellow coats always connected in your mind with fur dealers.

It also means that your lamb-broth, made with egg

sauce, has lemon in it; that your bread is a faint whole-wheat; that your Brizola steak, served à la Grecque, tastes of one thing and another; that the waiter greets you, regardless of whether you look like a Chinaman, or a cross between a wolfhound and an American Indian, with a flow of perfectly priceless language that is at once wholly incomprehensible.

The Athena Restaurant gets its name in this book, not because we had too good a time there, but chiefly because, as we told you in the first paragraph, it's Greek. We're not the one to slight any nation, just so long as it's within a comfortable taxi fare of our typewriter. Hence, you have the Athena. Nevertheless, the Oriental coffee is delightful; the genuine White Greek cheese, and the Balkan cheese are grand; and for dessert there is Yogourt, in both the ten- and fifteen-cent portions, and you might as well know right now that Yogourt is something that looks too terribly like sour milk. Anyway, here's the Athena. We don't particularly recommend it. We simply note it, and put its address down where you can find it.

The Athena Restaurant *Greek*
832 Sixth Avenue (at 29th Street)
A la carte. Terribly, terribly reasonable
Open for luncheon and dinner

THE RITZ-CARLTON

Pomp and Circumstance

You enter the huge, oval-ceilinged, facet-walled dining

room of the Ritz-Carlton. A slim little gentleman with the air of a Bavarian Cavalry Officer looks you over with an alert, appraising glance. If you come up to the wiry little gentleman's expectations, he approaches, bows low, clicks his heels, smiles, and leads you to a table. If you don't come up to this little gentleman's expectations, you might just as well turn around and step out into the night.

Nay, you might just as well resign your directorships, give your wife the keys to the vault, and buy a one-way steamship ticket to South America. Thus you have an inkling of the import of that little man's smile. For that, dear reader, is Theodore—*the* Theodore—of the Ritz. And in the event that you aren't up on things social, you might just as well know now that it is Theodore who guards the portals of the Ritz dining room with all the fervor and unrelenting zeal with which, it is said, Saint Peter watches over the very gates of Heaven!

Theodore, then, is the world's most famous headwaiter: a headwaiter who pays homage to no one, including his employers at the Ritz; who accepts homage from the humble rich, the millionaires and the billionaires, the Wall Street tycoons and the Park Avenue beau brummels; and who ranks them in this dining room—*his* dining room—in accordance with his own ideas, and wholly without recourse to any Social Register or Blue Book.

Little wonder, then, that it is said that Theodore is on the pay-roll of half the wealthy men in New York, who pay him material homage, regularly, that they may be assured of a proper welcome to his restaurant for their families and themselves. It is mainly Theodore,

then, whose astuteness and unswerving ardor has made the Ritz, socially anyway, the restaurant of restaurants.

Here, afternoons and evenings, you'll find the world's most expensively gowned women and the world's most leisurely men: ambassadors, financial giants, ladies who set the fashions and ladies who merely copy them; polo players and the less crusty, fusty, members of the Union League; Dukes and Counts and debutantes and dandies and dowagers and divas, basking in the tactful Theodore's smile.

Here then, in the Ritz, Theodore comes first; the patrons come second; and the cuisine comes last, albeit by-the-by, there's no reason why it should, for the culinary skill of the Ritz-Carlton chefs is world famed, and the dishes that have originated here are legion!

No culinary offering stands out for the simple reason that all stand out; no one thing is to be recommended above all others, because all are to be recommended—which is a great bit of encouragement for those Ritz-Carlton connoisseurs who speak no French, for thus are they enabled merely to point to anything on the wholly French menu, and be assured of getting something—anything—and getting it better than most anywhere else.

There are a number of dining rooms in the Ritz-Carlton, and each is as socially correct as any other. And of an evening, after the theater, there is dancing on the Ritz-Carlton Roof. It is safe to dress, when coming here, no matter what room you select. Remember Theodore, and be on your best! Also, it would be almost a case of lily-painting, to tell you that the Ritz is expensive!

The Ritz-Carlton *French*
46th Street and Madison Avenue
A la carte, and expensive
Maitre d'hotel: Theodore

LEE CHUMLEY'S
Lounge of the Literati

Lee Chumley's place is at 86 Bedford Street. Bedford Street is in Greenwich Village. From here on you'll have to work it out all by yourself, or ask a policeman, who probably won't be able to help you much either; or you can, if you're one of those people who don't mind hunting for things in the phone book, telephone Mr. Lee Chumley, tell him where you are, and ask him how to get to where he is.

When it comes to finding places in the Village, we unhesitatingly, unblushingly use this method ourselves, and it seldom fails. In order to open an establishment at an address like 86 Bedford Street, it was necessary for Mr. Chumley to find it himself, so you can see how logically this works out.

Anyway, Lee Chumley's is one of the restaurants that surely belongs on your list. For one thing, it is quite definitely the headquarters of New York's choosier literati—we mean the kind of artists and writers and dramatic critics to whom the sheer love of their calling is secondary to the remuneration to be derived from it; ladies and gentlemen who, albeit they bow to the arts, positively salaam to the cashier! Which is as it should be. Hence, of an evening, you'll find, tucked away in

the dim-lit crevices and corners of Lee Chumley's, or sitting in the comfortable glow of the crackling open fire that burns in the outer room, scads and scads of the people whose names you'll see always, consistently, in print—heading columns in the daily papers and articles of current magazines, and on the popular-seller shelves of the book-shops.

Here, night after night, you'll come upon Robert Garland, the dramatic critic of the Evening Telegram (who first introduced the writer to the charm of Chumley's), Ben Washer, that newspaper's bright-eyed young columnist; Alice Hughes, a star woman-reporter; Harry Elmer Barnes, theologist and scribe; Lee De Forest, the radio wizard; Heywood Broun, the essayist; Sinclair Lewis, Max Eastman, Upton Sinclair; Harry Hansen, most widely quoted of all book reviewers; James Thurber, of the New Yorker magazine; Peter Arno, ace of illustrators; and so many, many others that we could go right along like this forever.

Among the other things, there is the food: good, unusual food, covering considerable geographic scope; food, ranging from the Scallopini Marsala of sunny Italy, to the Chili Con Carne, with steamed corn meal, of sizzling Mexico. And just to preserve the globe-trotter atmosphere, whether your order be for Southern fried chicken or a boiled New England dinner, it is served to you by swift, fleet Japanese and Filipino waiters, who move noiselessly, and unobtrusively about.

The atmosphere here is restful. The front room at Chumley's, softly lighted and with the afore-mentioned fireplace, houses most of the celebrities. The rear room, which is just as large, is brighter and better lighted, and more popular with those non-adventurers who must

see what they're ordering, and then make certain that they're getting it.

Too, by way of proof that Chumley's is genuinely literary, there is a border, about chin-high, encircling both rooms, made entirely of the framed book-jackets of works turned out, each one, by a Chumley patron. In keeping with the idiosyncrasies of purely literary folk, Chumley wisely serves a Sunday breakfast from noon until five o'clock, and a regular dollar dinner anywhere from four in the afternoon until very nearly that hour in the morning. You'll like Chumley's, and we suggest that you don't think of passing it up.

Lee Chumley's *American*
86 Bedford Street

Open from noon until you're ready to go home next morning

Table d'hote, $1.00. A la carte extremely reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Leon

LUIGI

See Naples and Don't Die

Most of the Italian restaurants in New York are inclined to be paradoxical. They are run by Italians, serve alleged Italian delicacies, and yet, with the exception of an occasional straggler who couldn't tell you how he came to be there himself, they number scarcely a single Italian among their patrons.

Luigi's, however, is different. Luigi's is an Italian

restaurant, serving genuine Italian food (the Bologna school of cookery) chiefly to Italians. And for the benefit of those Italians who might now and again become a bit homesick, the Luigi walls are hung with mighty murals which, with the use of just a little bit of imagination, immediately carry a pensive patron back to Naples, and Genoa Firenze, and Florence, and elsewhere. Anyway, the views and vistas are all there; the lights are just dim enough to make you think that the pastels are better than you well know they are; and besides, you don't come to Luigi's to study the scenery, but the food.

And the food is well worth coming to Luigi's for; well worth taxi-ing through what very probably is New York's most unattractive neighborhood and barging through the clump of expostulating locals that buzz around Luigi's doorstep like flies around a jar of marmalade!

Here then, once you're settled and have gotten the murals happily out of your mind, you may sample Italy's craftiest cuisine.

There is the famous Bolognese Finocchi (pronounced Fin-okee)—a concoction of soft vegetable-like substance, served pear-shape, covered with leaves, and stuffed with the famed Italian Romano cheese, which is baked right in. You watch the other people around you and follow suit. You gently peel back the leaves, which are more decorative than digestible—and then where are you? On West Houston Street—but it might as easily be Heaven!

Here you may have the true Italian Scallopini Con Fungi (and don't be alarmed, because mushrooms, as any scientist will tell you, are a fungus growth, and Fungi is mushrooms, in Italian) which is a dish only to be set before graduates of Epicurus and no mere devotees; and

here, too, you will be served the true Pano Siciliano, which is genuine Italian bread, and totally unlike the substance that is handed you in most other Italian restaurants in lieu of genuine Italian bread. Also, you get real Italian drip coffee (Italy's answer to the French "Express"); and incomparable Zabaglione.

Luigi's, as you can judge from this, serves an extraordinarily fine Italian dinner—a dinner designed to meet and appease the tastes of genuine native epicures, who know what's what.

Luigi's *Italian*
134 West Houston Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Luigi

THE CAVIAR

Caviar to the Duke!

The Caviar Restaurant has a double distinction. Anybody that has been in New York for longer than nine days will tell you that with a name like that the Caviar simply must be a Russian restaurant. Its chief distinction, then, to get right to the point, is that it has a name like that and *isn't* a Russian restaurant. It really isn't. Rather, the cuisine at the Caviar comes closer to being international than otherwise—and this brings us right down to that restaurant's second claim to distinction. This is its food. The food at the Caviar is the

stuff that the conversations of chronic gourmets are made of. And these same conversations go even further than that.

Numerous restaurants in New York excel in their culinary dexterity, only to have the most savory of their concoctions simply ruined in transit. For the test of a truly great restaurant is that fatal ten seconds—and, alas, too frequently ten minutes—that elapse between the time the food leaves the kitchen and the time in which it arrives at your table. For, as any accredited epicure will tell you, hot foods, to be enjoyed, must be eaten *hot*. Not lukewarm, or downright cool, but *hot*. And the Caviar is one of the few restaurants we know of to appreciate that all-important fact. Further, the Caviar does something about it!

Your hot soup is brought to you hot—its temperature preserved by means of a small bronze alcohol stove, which, set upon a serving table, is wheeled directly to your table. The meat and vegetable courses are brought to you in red-hot, covered crocks, from which you help yourself as you're inclined. And so it is throughout your meal.

Everything else has been given the same careful thought in the Caviar. The room has a high ceiling; the walls are harmoniously colored; there is a thick, luxurious rug, underfoot; and tables are lighted individually and cozily.

The people around you are exactly the sort you would expect to find in such a restaurant: conservative Park Avenueites; less conservative, albeit no less well-to-do Broadwayites; and people (the class is failing fast) who realize that gold ceilings do not a restaurant make. In short, the Caviar is a quiet, refined restaurant, catering

to a clientele that is every bit as particular about the food that is served as it is about the atmosphere it is served in. And we mustn't forget to tell you that the Caviar is expensive; and there's no use quibbling about it, either. The Caviar *is* expensive!

The Caviar — *French*
138 West 52nd Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and expensive!

Maitre d'hotel: Leon

ROBERT'S

Robert, the Magnificent

You might be entering the ante-room of the Sultan of Johore—a Sultan of Johore with a sympathetic leaning toward modernism and pastels. A gentleman who might be chief butler in a Park Avenue manse bows low, opens a huge, silent door, and graciously ushers you into a foyer of apple-green, sprinkled with examples of the Modernist school of furniture: odd lamps, odd tables, and the oddest sort of chairs. You tread a deep-napped, rose-tinted rug that is positively buoyant under foot, until presently you find yourself, not in the ante-room of the palace of the Sultan of Johore or in a Cecil B. DeMille movie set, but in the restaurant proper of Robert.

All around you there are red-leathered, modernistic booths: ruby settings for tiny tables in spotless white

and scintillating silver, gleaming dully in the dim, artistic light of a score of modernistic lamps.

The deep-napped, soft, rose rug has preceded you here, creating a veritable million-dollar effect, and leading you to hope that no one notices the accidental run in your stocking, and that your cravat is on straight. Such is the glory that is Robert's—a glory for which you will presently be charged a paltry thirty cents cover charge (per person), and which you will find little enough, for the joy of sitting in an atmosphere that appears to be well up in six figures.

And don't you go off thinking that Robert's is merely an ultra-gorgeous rendezvous in which to see, and be seen, for Robert's is essentially a fine restaurant.

Here, the Sweetbread, under Glass Eugenie, is something that you'll remember for full many a day; the Pheasant Roti a la Choucrout (in other words, roast pheasant with sauerkraut) is neither too gamey nor too flat, and if anything, is inclined to be too utterly delicious; and the Filet of Sole Venitienne borders closely onto perfection. Here, the Chateau Briand, avec Pommes Soufflée (for two) is priced at a mere seven dollars; and the meanest, meekest sort of potato commands a full forty-five cents. And yet, as the cigaret advertisements tell you, such popularity must be deserved.

For all about you you will find full tables, at both the luncheon and the dinner-hour; full tables, and happy, well-fed ladies and gentlemen, whose names are familiar both in the arts and in the Blue Book.

And with all the foregoing to go on, it seems practically repetitive to tell you that Robert's is honestly, unabashedly, almost eagerly, expensive!

Robert's *French*
33 West 55th Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

A la carte, and expensive!

Maitre d'hotel: Ralph Binder

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S
Over the River

Gage and Tollner's is to Brooklyn what the Statue of Liberty is to New York Harbor. Aventuring epicures, rumbling subway-ward under the river, climb out, blink, and ask to see first, the view of Manhattan from the St. George Hotel Roof; second, the swans in Prospect Park, and third, Gage and Tollner's—and sometimes they reverse the order and ask to be shown to Gage and Tollner's first.

And this is understandable, for Gage and Tollner's is one of those places which, without the artful aid of modernistic decorations, artistic menus, or waiters who bend in the middle like Roxy ushers, has managed to keep pace with this budding borough purely on the strength of what it serves, and not at all because of who comes there to get it! Gage and Tollner's is a restaurant with absolutely nothing to recommend it save the best sea-food obtainable within a radius of a couple of hundred miles, a system for doing wholly original things to wholly unoriginal inhabitants of the sea, and the most careful, conscientious, and friendly service and servitors to be found west of Virginia.

At Gage and Tollner's, you are waited upon, not merely by colored men, but by colored gentlemen. If our memory serves us accurately, the least of these has been in service here for a minimum of nineteen years, or long before Volstead was anything but a name on a college diploma; and the genial head-man, Ike, has been there for twenty-nine years!

In that time, swanky restaurants have come and gone; movie palaces have been built and demolished; and many of the patrons—then young, hopeful law students—have become great corporation lawyers, Supreme Court judges, and austere magistrates. Things have changed—but the changes haven't affected Gage and Tollner's at all.

Bowing to progress, proprietor Seth Bradford Dewey has installed electric lights, but they are wired through the old gas fixtures, thus enabling this old, almost historic spot to maintain its genuine old-fashioned aspect and atmosphere. New dishes have been added to the menu from time to time, but the old chefs prepare them, the old waiters serve them, and the old management supervises their preparation; so what more could one, fed up with French menus, Greek kitchens, and pseudo-swank, ask for.

The specialties at Gage and Tollner's are many and varied, but we would recommend that you try, on your first visit at least, a dish labeled in utter frankness on the menu, "broiled clam bellies." It was Seth Dewey who explained to us, quite earnestly, that the reason they are called "broiled clam bellies" is that they *are* "broiled clam bellies"; and there doesn't seem to be anything else to call them. Nevertheless, clams have never been so good, and you may lay to that.

In season, a specialty is swordfish steak—and it's real swordfish, and real steak, served up as deliciously as only Gage and Tollner's, which first put swordfish on its menus, can serve it. And there are a dozen other dishes that are worth traveling to Brooklyn for; there are sweet, tiny scallops; the best deviled crab you've ever tasted; crab meat au gratin that is incomparable; and to go with any of these, there is a tomato and lettuce salad with a dressing which only the popular Ike holds the key to, and which you won't get unless you particularly ask Ike to prepare it for you. There never has been anything like it.

Here, in this bare, busy, antiquated room, you'll see such important personages of Brooklyn as Harry M. Lewis, Judge Grover C. Moskowitz, Harris M. Crist, Milton Hertz, Meyer Steinbrink, and Arthur L. Lippmann.

And this is merely a beginning, for the bigwigs of Brooklyn and the epicures of Manhattan think of Gage and Tollner's when they think of sea-food, and when they think of sea-food, in they come. And Seth Dewey, who grew up with many of them, and who has never forgotten any of them, greets them cordially, seats them, tips them off as to the Plat de Jour, and sits and talks with them of other days. There is no other place in all New York like Gage and Tollner's, and, as a matter of fact, there couldn't be, unless Seth Dewey were twins!

Gage and Tollner's *American*
374 Fulton Street, Brooklyn
Open for luncheon and dinner
A la carte. Prices are average
Maitre d'hotel: Seth Bradford Dewey

HONORABLE MENTION

Wherein the Author takes pen in hand and mentions, in the second place, a good many of the more noteworthy restaurants that he might have mentioned in the first place

THE COLLEGE INN, 3100 Broadway, real North of China dishes; to avoid Chop Suey and Chow Mein, ask for "Jowser" . . . THE HOME HUNGARIAN, 79th Street, near 2nd Avenue, goulash, chicken paprika . . . SCANDINAVIAN ARMS, 128 East 45th Street, Smorgasbord, and Scandinavian delicacies . . . THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, next to Carnegie Hall, on 57th Street, rendezvous of the higher-hat Russian singers . . . THE ORIENTAL, 4 Pell Street, what the Chinese Delmonico's thinks it is . . . EL RANCHO, 47th Street and 7th Avenue, Chili, Tortillas, and taxi chauffeurs . . . FORNOS, 228 West 52nd Street, ditto . . . GIRARD, 115 Fulton Street, grand cheese pie . . . TOKIWA, 44 West 46th Street, Hawaiian-Japanese . . . LORANGE, 20 West 49th Street, Russian and artistic, with a chef who once served Royalty (as what chef hasn't?) . . . QUAN'S, Hotel Alamac, 71st Street and Broadway, ex-chef of the Presidential Yacht Mayflower, serving expensive curried and American food . . . HENRY'S, 321 West 51st Street, grand Italian table d'hote dinner, for $1.25 . . . AS YOU LIKE IT COFFEE HOUSE, 75 Fifth Avenue, interesting, in the Metro-Goldwyn period . . . ELLEN JOHNSON, 153 Cedar Street, the best quick business men's lunch in town, with sandwiches that *are* sandwiches!

DIXIE KITCHEN, 1 East 48th Street, Southern specialties, but Southern! . . . THE CRILLON, 277 Park Avenue, smart, swanky, and expensive . . . CHEZ LINA, 61 West 50th Street, an ample French table d'hote dinner for $1.25 . . . LUIGINO'S, 113 West 48th, Italian, and worth a visit . . . THE VOISIN, 53rd and Park Avenue, as Park Avenue likes it . . . VANITY FAIR, 4 West 40th, good food, and inexpensive . . . LATIN RESTAURANT, 147 West 48th Street, old-world atmosphere and a modern table d'hote . . . AU GRAND VATEL, 145 West 55th Street, French, and excellent cuisine, and don't let the name frighten you . . . RICHELIEU RESTAURANT, 275 Madison Avenue, ditto . . . ARENA RESTAURANT, 148 West 46th, Italian, and an old-timer . . . BERGER'S RESTAURANT, 115 West 49th Street, not Italian, an old-timer . . . THE BRASS RAIL, 745 Seventh Avenue, the homiest food in all New York, served in a rush . . . CARUSO SPAGHETTI PLACE, 40 West 33rd Street (also at 46 Cortlandt Street and 104 West 42nd Street), the name tells everything . . . CHEZ MAURICE, 49 West 47th Street (chez, which used to mean "home" in French, now means "table d'hote" in New Yorkese) . . . MILBROOK'S RESTAURANT, 102 West 43rd (also at 212 West 72nd Street and 2385 Broadway), the kind of food a lot of imitators have attempted, unsuccessfully . . . GERSON'S, 47th Street, just east of Broadway, where vaudevillians have their names in brass plates on the walls, and song publishers, Broadway columnists, and actors are so thick they get in your hair . . . GYPSY TEA SHOP, 435 Fifth Avenue, your fortune in tea leaves, and a dainty light lunch, for $.75.

LE BOURGET RESTAURANT, 17 West 50th Street, French, with fixings . . . MAISON JACQUES, 44 West 52nd Street, we told you "Chez" meant table d'hote; well, "Maison" does too! . . . MAISON LAFITTE, 144 West 55th Street, ditto here . . . ZUCCA'S, 118 West 49th Street, exactly what visitors from the middle west expect to find in an Italian table d'hotery . . . ARTISTS AND MODELS, 228 West 52nd Street, just what you'd expect to find, plus good food . . . ROTH'S GRILL, 725 Seventh Avenue, the homiest, wholesomest food, to say nothing of the most generous portions of it, in the hungriest Tap-room atmosphere in town; try the corned beef and cabbage and the deep-dish pies here . . . O. GLANTZ, 104 West 45th, Jewish provender, and well-cooked, too . . . JACK AND JILL'S CHOP HOUSE, 141 West 47th Street, one of the best-known chop houses in town, and not inexpensive . . . GUFFANTI'S, 274 Seventh Avenue, once the most famous Italian restaurant in all New York and still good . . . DEL PEZZO, 100 West 40th Street, try the spaghetti, with anchovies and clams, here . . . FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT, 200 Fifth Avenue, good, homey food, and the Fifth Avenue ice cream is something to write home about . . . AMERICAN-HUNGARIAN RESTAURANT, 20 West 31st, a little of each, and good . . . BEEM NOM LOW, 826 Sixth Avenue, Chop Suey, and Pineapple-Almond Chow Mein that is ahead of them all . . . CARTERET RESTAURANT, 56 East 41st Street, one of the old-timers, and one of the best, with all the atmosphere of a gentlemen's club . . . FAY'S OYSTER AND CHOP HOUSE, 239 West 125th Street, good forty years ago, and better now; the sea-food *is* sea-food . . . FRAN-

ZISKANER, 1591 Second Avenue, German, and grand German—but *real* German fare . . . GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL OYSTER BAR, Grand Central Terminal, Lower Level, the neatest oyster bar anywhere in town . . . SEA COVE RESTAURANT, 234 West 48th Street, specialists in sea-food, in an atmosphere that is delightfully different from most other sea-food emporiums.

AND IF YOU LIKE MUSIC AND DANCING WITH YOUR MEALS

THE EVERGLADES, 203 West 48th Street, music, dancing, a girly floor show, and a dandy table d'hote dinner, served from 6 P. M. till 2 A. M., Lackawanna 2820 . . . THE HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT, Broadway at 48th Street, Nils T. Granlund, and the most beautiful girls in the world, dancing, and a no-cover policy, with a minimum food charge of $1.50, Chickering 2572 . . . the PARAMOUNT GRILL, 46th Street and 8th Avenue, a show, good music, and a reasonable table d'hote, with an air-cooling system that is aces in summer, Chickering 7580 . . . JANSSEN'S MIDTOWN HOFBRAU, 1620 Broadway, ditto here, Columbus 7061 . . . CENTRAL PARK CASINO, Central Park, one room for patrons who dress formally, one room for patrons who don't, excellent cuisine, and expensive, for reservations, phone Rhinelander 3034 . . . THE RITZ-CARLTON ROOF, Madison Avenue at 46th Street, a little bit of Persia, with grand cuisine under the watchful eye of the famous Theodore Titze, and the Ritz-Carlton dance orchestra, and you'd better

dress, dinner, and after-theater supper, Plaza 4600 . . . THE COMMODORE GRILL, 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, an ample dance floor, delightful music and excellent cuisine, a mecca for the out-of-town buyer, Vanderbilt 6000 . . . HOTEL ST. REGIS SEAGLADES, 5th Avenue and 55th Street, the smartest Joseph Urban achievement in New York, Vincent Lopez music, and expensive, you'd better dress, Plaza 4500 . . . PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, 55th Street at Seventh Avenue, the Roof in summer and the Grill in winter, good music, ample dance space, and good food, cover charge after 10 P. M., Circle 8000 . . . BILTMORE CASCADES, 43rd Street at Madison Avenue, nineteen floors above Manhattan, good music, and a quiet clientele, and you'd better dress here, too, Murray Hill 7920 . . . HOTEL AMBASSADOR, Park Avenue and 51st Street, Green Room and Italian Garden, no roof, but an air-cooling system all year round, delightful before 10.30 P. M. and not much doing after that, Wickersham 1000 . . . HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON, 31st Street and Seventh Avenue, another cooling system, another bunch of out-of-town buyers, good food, reasonable prices, and room to dance, Pennsylvania 3400 . . . HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, 33rd Street and Seventh Avenue, Roof in summer, Grill in winter and pleasantly busy at all seasons, good music, huge dance space, and a low cover charge after 10 P. M., Pennsylvania 5000 . . . HOTEL McALPIN, 34th Street and Sixth Avenue, Roof in summer, Grill in winter, and both are delightful and bustling, a low cover charge after 10 P. M. here, too, Pennsylvania 5700 . . . THE HOTEL BOSSERT, Montague Street, Brooklyn, the world-famous Marine Roof,

decked out as a ship, and offering the smartest view to be found in a hundred miles, Main 3800 . . . THE ST. GEORGE HOTEL, Clark Street, Brooklyn, another grand view, ample dance floor, and plenty of incentive to use it, Main 10000

Numerous other well-known Manhattan Hostelries offer music, dancing, and entertainment, but the author has selected the foregoing as most wholly satisfactory, and all-inclusive.

FIRST AID TO THE INSOMNIAC

A Conscientious Chapter on Places to Go, For Stay-outs Who Simply Can't Be Induced To Go Home!

A night club is a place in which you pay four dollars for the privilege of sitting down and paying a dollar and a half for a bottle of White Rock. A sandwich that you wouldn't own a bowing acquaintance with in a delicatessen store costs a dollar and a half; the hat-check girl expects another half dollar; and when you get to be really well-known, the hostess will permit you to pelt her with little white tissue-paper snow-balls and call the young ladies of the chorus by their first names. A gentleman that makes it a habit to drop into a night club night after night is called a "spender"; if he hands hundred-dollar bills out to the boys in the orchestra he is called a "sucker"; and if he objects to paying thirty-six dollars for a bottle of alleged wine, he is called a "cheap-skate."

Nobody really knows who invented night clubs, or why. Another thing nobody really knows, is why, with a very few exceptions, night clubs are able to make out at all. The chief reasons for this doubt, is that (1) they give you absolutely nothing for your money. (2) They charge you thirty times more than it is worth. (3) The

waiters, captains, and headwaiters are quite evidently employed on the basis of their ability to be haughty, upstage, and thoroughly disagreeable to all patrons. (4) They not only overcharge for everything, but overcharge defiantly. And (5) they offer you, in exchange for the sacrifice of four or five hours in a nice clean bed, the privilege of sitting four-abreast behind a cramped little table originally intended for one, and alternately getting up and making perfectly futile motions on an alleged dance floor that even a ringworm could make no progress on.

These are the reasons, then, why, season after season, the Broadway wiseacres conscientiously predict that night clubs are on their last legs, and that it won't be long now. In the face of such dire predictions, and the sad shakings of the head that accompany them, certain of New York's clubs continue to thrive, and grow fat on the fatuousness of the land, as it were. You can't prove anything by us.

It is obvious, however, that those clubs which of late do survive, have, season after season, increased their programs of entertainment, bettering it as to quality and abetting it as to quantity. They have lowered their cover charges, or done away with them entirely, and have, in the face of all protesting precedent, begun to give their patrons a little something for their money. Even in a city like New York, it seems, the other give-all-and-take-nothing system couldn't last more than five or six years.

The following night clubs, then, have been selected as being representative of Manhattan's Broadway night life, and of the new give-them-a-little-something-for-their-money school. Some of them have, as a matter

of fact, entered so enthusiastically into the new order of things, and have taken to giving so much that, although they play to full houses nightly, they aren't making any money. It is to be hoped, however, that they're having a lot of fun.

THE CLUB LIDO . . . 806 Seventh Avenue

Where Park Avenue does its cutting up in a nice, refined way. Headquarters, season after season, for what, in the vernacular of New York night life is termed the carriage trade. A smart room; smart entertainment; and a commensurate cover charge. And you'd better dress. Columbus 2840.

THE CLUB RICHMAN . . . 157 West 56th Street

Open after 10.30 P. M. One of the few clubs in New York that has consistently followed a policy of giving you more for your money than you have any reason to expect, and charging plenty, despite that. The biggest names in the Broadway entertainment world invariably are to be found on Club Richman programs. The room is charming, conservatively beautiful, and the service is of the best. The clientele is the younger, less conservative carriage trade. The Richman is under the management of Mr. Lou Schwartz, which, to alert local night clubists, means everything. The cover charge varies, but seldom grows less. Average: $4.00 nightly; $5.00 on Saturday nights. Circle 3203.

THE CLUB ARGONAUT . . . 151 West 54th Street

Texas Guinan, assisting some of the wealthiest gen-

tlemen in these parts in giving a couple of dozen little (and talented) girls a great big hand. The atmosphere is rowdy, and all the more fun because of that. Texas Guinan is Texas Guinan, and you can't say more than that. You'll have a grand time here, and you'll pay and pay and pay for it, too. But it's worth it! Open from 10.30 P. M. until the last limp customer goes home! Circle 7237.

THE CHATEAU MADRID . . . 231 West 54th Street
Another of Lou Schwartz's places, catering less to the carriage trade and more to Broadway. There's a roof which rolls back on hot summer nights and lets a little air in; a swell orchestra to dance to; a perfectly hilarious program of entertainment; and that inevitable cover charge, to take the edge off. But it really doesn't, quite! Columbus 0193.

THE SALON ROYAL . . . 310 West 58th Street
The inimitable Florence—fresh from Parisian triumphs—or at least she was a little while ago; an exceedingly "hot" band, and an entertainment program that rocked all Paris. The clientele is a late one and consists of the crème de la crème of Broadway. You'd better dress here, too. Columbus 6191.

THE VILLA VALLEE . . . 12 East 60th Street
The Rudy, himself, crooning soft, passionate melodies of love, in a setting that was just made for soft, passionate melodies of love. Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees to dance to, and one of the most charming rooms in all New York to dance in. The clientele is inclined to be collegiate, which means that in winter you'd better bring along your raccoon coat. And dress. Volunteer 6000.

THE SILVER SLIPPER . . . 201 West 48th Street

The Slipper has an amazing habit of opening one minute and closing the next. Nevertheless, it is one of the most scintillating rooms in town, when it is open. The clientele is strictly Broadway, which means that big names are so numerous they get you all muddled. Also, you can always count on a good show, a good orchestra, and a good, stiff cover charge. Chickering 6999.

CLUB EL PATIO . . . 134 West 52nd Street

A new and powerful bidder for Manhattan's carriage trade. Conservative music; conservative entertainment; and conservative surroundings. Neat, rather than gaudy. Everybody dresses here. A grand place in which to demonstrate local night life to visiting New Englanders.

CLUB MONTMARTRE . . . 205 West 50th Street

The oldest—from a standpoint of endurance—night club in New York, still humming along under the friendly eye of Charlie Journal; and dress is obligatory. Good music, a charming room, and a downright Continental clientele. Circle 6673.

THE SEAGLADES . . . Hotel St. Regis,
5th Avenue at 55th Street

Vincent Lopez—not playing Nola any longer—in the most beautiful surroundings in New York. The famed Joseph Urban surpassed himself here. The clientele is typically Park Avenue, with a smattering of those who really like Vincent Lopez—and those who come to see why it is they don't really like him. Dress is obligatory. Plaza 4500.

THE HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT . . . Broadway and 48th Street

A show, comprising two-score of New York's most gorgeous blonde young ladies, who perform in a huge, lavish room, which, despite its size, is rarely ever large enough to seat the throngs that clamor for admittance. So, you see, there must be something in it. The Master of Ceremonies here is N. T. G.—the Nils T. Granlund of radio and vaudeville fame. No cover charge, but a minimum food charge. The Hollywood is all glitter, glamor and gorgeousness, and reminds you of a moving picture theater lobby. You can have a grand time here, and reasonably, too. Chickering 2572.

OTHER PLACES IN WHICH YOU CAN DINE, DANCE, AND BE ENTERTAINED AFTER THE THEATER ARE

WILL OAKLAND'S TERRACE, 51st Street and Broadway, listed previously as a restaurant, two late, lavish, breath-taking shows, full of blonde and brunette beauties, and the nicest, friendliest, non-Broadway atmosphere in town, to say nothing of a grand orchestra, and a roomy dance floor . . . THE EVERGLADES, 48th Street, west of Broadway, an old-timer, two nightly shows here, too, with good music, good fun, and plenty of room in which to enjoy yourself . . . THE CLUB ABBEY, Hotel Harding, 54th Street and Broadway, female impersonators, a fairly undressed chorus, and a clientele composed of people who never go home,

very Broadway . . . THE CLUB CALAIS, 125 West 51st Street . . . More female impersonators, and more patrons who seem to like that sort of thing . . . THE SADKO . . . THE RUSSIAN KRETCHMA . . . THE RUSSIAN ART, all three are described elsewhere in this book, and function as after-theater places, too . . . And as to the hotels, there is dancing and entertainment at . . . THE ROOSEVELT GRILL, 45th Street and Madison Avenue . . . THE NEW YORKER HOTEL, 34th Street and Eighth Avenue . . . THE PARAMOUNT GRILL, 46th Street near Eighth Avenue . . . THE PARK CENTRAL HOTEL, 55th Street and Seventh Avenue, Roof (in summer), Aviation Grill (in winter) . . . THE ASTOR, 45th Street and Broadway, Roof (in summer), Indian Grill (in winter) . . . THE HOTEL BILTMORE CASCADES, 43rd Street and Madison Avenue . . . THE COMMODORE GRILL, 42nd Street, near Lexington Avenue . . . THE HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, 33rd Street and Seventh Avenue, Roof (in summer), Grill (in winter) . . . THE HOTEL McALPIN, 34th Street and Sixth Avenue . . . And in Brooklyn . . . THE HOTEL BOSSERT, Montague Street, Marine Roof (in summer), Urban Grill (in winter) . . . and the HOTEL ST. GEORGE, Clark Street, Roof (in summer).

And in the event that these haven't worn you out, you will find additional dine-and-dance places in the chapters titled: IF TO THE VILLAGE YOU MUST GO . . . and . . . HARLEMANIA.

HARLEMANIA

When Broadway lights dim and flicker out, and waiters in the local night clubs languidly stack chairs on the dance floors; when saxophone players, limp from an evening of enthusiastic tootling, duck wearily into the subway kiosks; when downtown proprietors gleefully tally up the night's receipts, and the first clank of the milk cans is discernible through Broadway's dissipated roar, all Broadway heads for Harlem.

For Harlem is to New York what Montmartre is to Paris: a spontaneous, riotous, everlasting round of Jazz and Jazzmania; of effervescent entertainers and evanescent visitors; of popular night clubs and unbridled speak-easies; a burying ground for the Blues; a parade ground for the Blacks; and a three-ringed circus for the curious; a strange collection of squander and squalor; a land where color cuts no figure, and currency cuts no swath; where the banker rubs shoulders with his elevator operator, and portly presidents are one with their porters; a land that knows neither class, nor creed, nor caste—a playground for the rich, wherein the poor are just as welcome.

Harlem, too, is a land of contradictions; a strange admixture of boulevards and brothels, of luxury and poverty, finesse and filth; of parties and pathos; of gaudy night clubs in dowdy tenements; of rent parties,

and mild parties and wild parties, where whites mix with blacks, blacks mix with browns, and browns mix with "passers"; an impassioned, unbridled footloose and fancy-free strip of land where everything goes, and everybody comes to see it on its way.

Here you'll find breakfast dances that run from the evening of one day to the evening of the next, society women fawning on colored gigolos, and business men supporting colored ladies of the chorus. Here, too, you'll find Harlem's élite, the boys and girls who made good farther downtown and who have come north once again to bask in the glory that awaits them; bulking negroes, in cream-colored Packards; diminutive negroes, numbered among the most successful composers of the day; great "hot" singers, great dancers, great actors, successful producers, writers, painters, and lawyers—to say nothing of the small fry who turn out nightly to see them.

Every bleak and poorly-lighted block harbors a hundred speak-easies; every blinking, winking light on every boulevard connotes a cabaret; and every taxi-driver knows a hundred places that are just a little bit wilder than the one you've come from. Everybody is awake, alert and on the job; there's jazz in the air, in the body and in the soul of every Harlemite!

"Steer" and "Gyp" joints thrive on the pickings of the fatuous and foolish; gin flows freely as water, and tastes but little different; barbecue restaurants, coffee-pots, quick-lunches, fish-and-chips places, and oyster bars are as thick as a German waiter's dialect; business booms; purveyors of entertainment in every and any form harvest a rich reward, and nobody quite knows what it's all about—which makes it Harlem!

Here, then, is a city within a city; a city that speaks its own language, understands its own inhabitants, and sleeps while other cities work, and plays while other cities sleep. To try to "cover" Harlem and its thousand and one resorts in anything smaller than a telephone book would be an utter impossibility. For, as we've told you, every other house harbors a speak-easy, a restaurant, or a combination of both. Consequently, all we have been able to do in this book has been to list those places which provide first-rate entertainment; places in which white visitors are welcome; and finally, places in which, if a white visitor isn't actually welcome, at least he can consider himself reasonably safe.

We want merely to add this single caution: *Don't* frequent Harlem's side-streets; *don't* let taxi-drivers, or the Seventh and Lenox Avenues guides who'll volunteer their services, steer you into any place you're not perfectly familiar with; and finally, *don't* forget that Harlem is primarily for Harlemites, and that the majority of the colored people you'll see around you are ladies and gentlemen, and act that way, even if the majority of the white people you'll rub elbows with are ladies and gentlemen and don't act that way! And have a nice time!

THE COTTON CLUB . . . 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue

Veritably, the aristocrat of Harlem. Here, you'll find an all-colored floor show (generally staged by Broadway's Danny Healy) of positively Ziegfeldian proportions; an all-white clientele which generally includes some of the best-known names on Broadway, and extraordinarily good food. The Cotton

Club is open after 10 P. M. The first show goes on at 12.30 A. M. The second show, at 2 A. M. Cover charge nightly: $2.00. Saturdays and Sundays: $2.50.

Maitre d'hotel: Harry Griffin

CONNIE'S INN . . .131st Street and Seventh Avenue

If Connie's Inn hasn't exactly the class and the éclat of the Cotton Club, at least it makes up for its shortcomings in pep, speed, and a more Harlemaniacal revue, in which the numbers tend toward "blueness." We like the orchestra here better than the hotter one at the Cotton Club. The clientele is all white here, too. Cover charge nightly: $2.00. Saturdays and Sundays: $2.50.

Maitre d'hotel: Bill Smith

SMALL'S PARADISE . . . 136th Street and Seventh Avenue

One of the best known Jazzeries in Harlem. This is the nicest of the places sometimes referred to as "black-and-tans," chiefly because the clientele is mixed. There's no cutting in, though, so nobody need feel at all squeamish about that. Oh, yes, the colored patrons are invariably better-behaved than the white ones, so what does anything prove. A dandy, scorchy floor show here, too, and a first-rate dance orchestra. This one opens at 10 P. M., too, with the first show at 12.30 and the second at 2.00.

Maitre d'hotel: Jimmy Sampson

THE LENOX CLUB . . . 143rd Street and Lenox Avenue

This is the headquarters of Harlem's famous Jeff Blount, who gave New York its first Breakfast Dance. The breakfast dances continue here every Saturday night, and run right into your Sunday-school time Sunday morning. The clientele is mixed here, too, with fewer whites on hand and more intermixing and mingling. This, dear reader, is Harlem, if you know what we mean. The Lenox Club opens at 10 P. M., gets "good" around 4 A. M., and we've never stayed till closing yet! You'll find it very, very torrid!

Maitre d'hotel: Gus

THE NEST . . . 169 West 133rd Street

Harlem at its hottest! This place begins to wake when most other places start sweeping out for the night. This, too, is a black-and-tan, with no one caring much with whom he mingles, or why, or how. There is a torrid show, a first-rate dance orchestra, and plenty of action at all times.

Maitre d'hotel: Dewey Vanderburgh

THE SPIDER WEB . . . 126th Street and Seventh Avenue

This one is run by the husband of the late Florence Mills, the girl who made blue singing bluer. It is a typical Harlem black-and-tan, sprinkled occasionally with sailors and other sea-going sports, and it's lots of fun. Also, it's very, very torrid, and when we tell you that a Harlem night club is torrid, need we tell you more?

Maitre d'hotel: Sandy (U. S.) Thompson

THE MADHOUSE . . . 169 West 133rd Street

Right over The Nest, and everything that the name implies. The Madhouse is alternately padlocked and unpadlocked, so you'll have to phone first, or ask anybody you meet in Harlem. Actually a restaurant, with a couple of auxiliary "hot" singers, and no dancing. But all Harlem gathers here in the wee small hours, for barbecued ham, pigs feet, and grand hot biscuits. And don't be surprised at anything!

SARATOGA CLUB . . . 575 Lenox Avenue

A practical newcomer to Harlem. Owned by Caspar Holstein, Harlem's number King, and gorgeous isn't the word for it. Here, the waiters sing as they bring you yours; the show is hot; the food fair; the orchestra grand; and the dance floor the largest in Harlem.

Maitre d'hotel: Rudolph

THE CATAGONIA CLUB . . . 166 West 133rd Street

Another of the "intimate" type of clubs, with a torrid pianist, an even more torrid "torch" singer, and a grand piano soloist, in the person of one Bill Smith, Harlem's only genuinely colored Jew, who cheerfully speaks a fluent Yiddish on no provocation whatever. The Catagonia Club is another of the black-and-tans, with the accent on the black. The waffles and bacon are grand, the clientele colorful, and the repartee that is bantered back and forth is absolutely priceless.

THE CLAM HOUSE . . . 146 West 133rd Street

Undeniably the maddest, dizziest spot in Harlem.

The Clam House is a colored rendezvous—a gathering place for the members of all the floor shows in the swankier Harlem clubs, who come here when their own places close. White people are admitted, but reluctantly, and you'll see some queeriosities without half looking. Incidentally, the bacon and eggs are worth the trip. Grand at about four in the morning.

TILLIE'S . . . 148 West 133rd Street

The best fried chicken, sweet potato pie, and bacon and eggs in all New York, prepared by Tillie, herself, who is sure rather than swift. This is a rendezvous for colored Harlem, too, but white visitors, having gotten wind of Tillie's culinary prowess, are fast closing the natives out. For diversion, there's a priceless pianist, and a "hot" singer who knows all the original verses of "Frankie and Johnnie," and a few unexpurgated ones that go with "St. James Infirmary." You'll love this place. Also, after a party of four has eaten what would be nine dollars' worth downtown, the check is somewhere around two dollars and ten cents.

TABB'S . . . 140th Street and Lenox Avenue

Not a hide-away, a night club, or anything of the kind, but a restaurant—and one of the very best in town. When you're hungry for something good, try the Southern fried chicken, served with candied yams, and watch the visiting Park Avenueites turn their backs on Emily Post and tackle theirs with their fingers!

JOHNNY JACKSON'S . . . 135th and Seventh Avenue

> Another rendezvous of the local bigwigs and gentlemen who are "in the money." . . . One of Harlem's old standbys, and a favorite of favorites with the locals, who wind up here when there's absolutely no other place left for them to wind up. Plenty of color here, and only the smallest portion of it is white!

As we told you, there are, not a thousand, but fully twice that many other spots. The author has tried many of them and has elected to leave them out of this book, which isn't intended to be nearly so comprehensive as selective. And just another word. In the larger Harlem clubs, there is no cover charge. Wily managements get around this nicely by charging a dollar-and-a-half for a split of White Rock; fifty cents for an order of cracked ice; and by further inflicting little high-priced penalties on unwitting guests. And don't say we didn't warn you.

Finally—and if you don't mind our getting off the subject for a moment—no chapter on Harlem could possibly be considered authentic or complete without some mention of Mr. Lee (Harlemania) Posner, and for good reason, too. It was Mr. Posner who brought Broadway north of 125th Street; who effectively, efficiently and enthusiastically, put Harlem on New York's amusement map; who brought big names uptown, and who sent entertainers with bigger names downtown; who so thoroughly and efficiently publicized what was once mere colored territory that it has become one of the first places to which welcoming committees, official and otherwise, rush assorted visitors to this fair burg.

And it is to Mr. Lee Posner, potent press agent, genial,

albeit unofficial guide, to whom we turn you over at this juncture. Mr. Posner is always to be found in Harlem; his name, despite the fact that he is a white man—possibly the most popular white man in that territory—is an open sesame to every Harlem door. And so we suggest that when in Harlem, and in doubt, you ask for him. It is a certainty that he will be there; it is just as much of a certainty that any waiter, proprietor, or newsboy north of 125th Street will know exactly where to find him at the moment, and it is quite in keeping with his reputation for thorough amiability that he will put himself wholly at your service.

It is to Lee Posner, also, that the author is indebted for the title that heads this chapter.

IF TO THE VILLAGE YOU MUST GO!

Greenwich Village begins, on the east, at Washington Square South. From there, it goes places in sort of a loose, carefree, sprawling way. Some of it finds itself hard by the North River on the west; most of it swirls around Bleecker Street and Little Italy; plenty of it unwinds in the immediate neighborhood of MacDougal Street and West Fourth Street, and even then, there's enough of it left over to do Eighth Street.

Once upon a time, the Village was a large, peaceable farm, hurting no one, and just managing to get its name into the history books. And then, quite suddenly, New York became American, and you'd hardly know the old place now.

At one time, its oldest inhabitants will tell you, the Village was New York's Latin Quarter. Here, young, earnest artists, wide-eyed writers, and honest, serious thinkers lived and worked and played in a happy literary way. Rents were low; accommodations were lower still, and residents went in for fireplaces, not because of their beauty, but by reason of their utility. Then there was a reason for everything, and everything was pretty well within reason.

And then that changed, too. The original little group of earnest artists, wide-eyed writers, and honest, serious

thinkers grew older. Either they prospered, or they went back to Walla Walla. Those that prospered invested in a couple of hundred dollars' worth of new haberdashery and moved northward. They bought hats, stopped carrying malacca sticks; and, with a little practice, eventually were able to speak whole sentences without once using the pronoun "I." Alas, those that didn't prosper, and didn't return to Walla Walla, stayed behind and opened imaginative Tea Shoppes and unimaginative night clubs for the new Villagers, who, even in this enlightened age, continue to trickle in from far-off places, ready and raring to joust with fame, to duel with art, to sleep all day, and sit up all night, and, in short, to comport themselves as the original Villagers never did.

As we said in paragraph two, you'd hardly know the old place now. Physically, there hasn't been much change. Considerable of the Village continues artistic; much of it continues dirty; and plenty of it continues neither one thing nor the other. Spiritually, the Village has changed completely. Now, the trickily gotten up Tea Shoppes are mere rat-traps for the uninitiated: commercial come-ons, dedicated to the gentle art of separating the unwary visitor from his wherewithal. The famed Village orgies are planned with all the skill of a Belasco finale, but offer none of the interest; and the interesting people who once frequented the better-known Village favorites have been supplanted by long-haired men and short-haired women; by fiery-eyed politicos, who'd rather rave than work; by messy maidens, who believe in free love, free passion and free food, and messier swains who live on what they can borrow, rather than on what they can make; by giants who

dabble in tenth-rate water-colors, and pygmies who sculp; by wide-eyed little ladies from the middle-west, but newly arrived, who don't as yet quite know what to make of it all; and by pallid failures who hide their inabilities under the all-embracing term of Art.

In the Village, Bohemianism covers a multitude of sins; gaiety is synthetic; poverty is fashionable and real; hilarity is forced; honor is infrequent; purpose is pie-eyed; ambition is asleep; and art is merely an excuse for everything.

Few of the original, widely known places of amusement exist in the Village today, and fewer still of the new ones are worth your patronage. Nevertheless, you will visit the Village, more than likely, only because, sooner or later, everyone does. Here then, is a list of those places that you are likely to find most interesting, most noteworthy, most entertaining, and most forthright. In any of the following, you will be treated with courtesy and consideration. Best of all, in these, you are not likely to be "gypped." And, just by way of warning, beware of what, in the vernacular, are referred to as "steer" and "gyp" joints. *Don't* go anywhere on the invitation of a street solicitor, a taxi-driver, or a local guide.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE MILL . . . 47 West 3rd Street

Greenwich Village, in capital letters. Music, dancing, and goings on. Allegedly a "hot spot."

GREENWICH VILLAGE INN . . . 5 Sheridan Square

The Village's most beautiful restaurant and after-theater supper place. Described more fully elsewhere in this book. Dancing.

THE PIRATE'S DEN . . . 8 Christopher Street

Night life, a la Captain Kidd. The most colorful, fairy-tale-ish place in the Village. Eat, drink, dance and be merry, in an atmosphere of brigands, buccaneers and charming deep-sea, treasure-island bunk.

Maitre d'hotel: Hunter

THE FOUR TREES . . . 1 Sheridan Square

Open every evening except Sunday. Good food, good informal fun, and not expensive. Dancing, of course.

THE COUNTY FAIR . . . 54 East 9th Street

Don Dickerman, of Pirate's Den fame, gone rustic this time. Good, clean Dickermanian fun; good dance music; and plenty of room to park.

Maitre d'hotel: Charley

BARNEY GALLANT'S . . . 85 West 3rd Street

A typical Broadway night club, catering particularly to Broadway people who like to travel. The peppiest spot in the Village, with an ample cover charge and lots of celebrities from the Times Square district, who don't mind paying it. Dancing, and grand entertainment.

THE BLUE HORSE . . . 21 East 8th Street

You sit in stalls, and the orchestra wears blinders. The Blue Horse clientele runs to the collegiate, and is lots of good, clean fun. Don Dickerman did this one, too.

Maitre d'hotel: Miss Baker

THE OPEN DOOR . . . 135 MacDougal Street

An old-timer, celebrated for its food, its fun, and the exuberance of its clientele. Dancing. Prices are reasonable.

THE DAFFYDIL . . . 42 West 8th Street

Not nearly as daffy as most of them. Owned jointly by Don Dickerman and Rudy Vallee. Good music; good fun; and a good many celebrities on hand at all times. Reasonable.

THE NUT CLUB . . . 99 Seventh Avenue

Exactly what the name implies! The Ace Asylum of them all. The best, rowdiest, funniest and craziest spot east of Matteawan, and a riot on broadcast nights (Monday, Thursday and Saturday). And you'd better phone Spring 9139 for reservations. Good music; good food; and good heavens! What more could anybody want?

Maitre d'hotel: Jimmy

GYPSY TAVERN . . . 64 Washington Square South

Run by the Village's "Puck," otherwise known as Mrs. Will Durant. Spasmodic entertainment, and you're like as not to find Will Durant, John Cowper Powys and many other literary lights here, night after night. You can dance if you have to, but there are no genuine facilities for it.

THE PEPPER POT . . . 146 West 4th Street

We told you about this one elsewhere. In the evening, there's plenty of room to dance, and plenty of incentive for it, too, when the Pepper Potters get going.

And there you have the high spots of the Village. In the squirmy, twisty avenues and streets that go to make up this heterogeneous collection of art and atmosphere there are, of course, dozens of places that we haven't listed. There are a number of reasons for this. Some of them aren't fun at all. Some of them are strictly "gyp" places. And the big majority of them simply don't deserve a listing on any count at all. A few of the better ones that specialize in nothing in particular and everything in general have been added for your convenience. To wit:

VILLAGE RESTAURANTS

YE PIG'N WHISTLE, 175 West 4th Street . . . THE JOLLY FRIARS, 163 West 4th Street . . . THE BAMBOO FOREST, 127 MacDougal Street (described elsewhere) . . . THE VILLAGE GROVE, 72 Grove Street . . . EL CHICO'S, 80 Grove Street (described elsewhere) . . . THE RICHELIEU, 13th Street and 5th Avenue . . . BERTOLOTTI'S, 21 West 9th Street . . . BERGONZI'S, 38 MacDougal Street . . . THE GREEN WITCH, 63 East 11th Street . . . THE CRICKET, 27 University Place . . . MORI'S, 144 Bleecker (described elsewhere) . . . ENRICO AND PAGLIERI, 66 West 11th Street . . . GOLDEN EAGLE, 62 West 9th Street . . . THE VILLAGE MOON, 4 Barrow Street . . . THE HEARTHSTONE INN, 4 Jones Street . . . THE BLACK CAT, 557 West Broadway . . . and P. GALOTTI, 64 West 10th Street.

NOTE

One of the unusual features of New York is that the brownstone front of today is the garment center capital of tomorrow. The foregoing restaurants were there, and open and active and alive when the author visited them. But institutions that are here one day are gone the next, and we can only advise that, on planning to visit any one of them, you telephone first.

BRAU HAUS BOULEVARD

When you have wearied of the Village and its particular brand of roughhouse; when you are fed up on Broadway, and cover charges, and clothesless chorines; when it has developed that Harlem is bad for your blood pressure, and you have not the patience to stay home, buck up! There's always Yorkville.

Yorkville is the Unter den Linden of Manhattan; the Friedrichstrasse of New York; the epitome of German high life as it's offered you in America. Once, Yorkville was a quiet German colony, with German theaters, an occasional beer garden or two, an epidemic of delicatessen stores, pork stores and bird stores—active by day, and wholly out of it by night. Peaceful, placid people lived there and worked there and enjoyed life. And then, as the movie screen has it, came Maxl's. We've already told you about Maxl's, elsewhere in this book, and Heaven knows there's no use in going into all that again.

As a matter of fact, if it had been Maxl's only, there'd have been no necessity for even bothering with this chapter. Yorkville would have gone along happily, peacefully, being fat, and florid and selling its delicatessen and its pork and its birds. But Maxl's was really only the forerunner of what has since assumed the proportions of an epidemic!

In short, Maxl's now is merely a figure of speech, used to identify fully fifty other emporiums on the street it suits this writer to call Brau Haus Boulevard. All Yorkville has gone Brau Haus. "Schnitzlebank" has become 86th Street's theme song; and otherwise blasé New York, willing to try anything once, pours into 86th Street nightly, and learns at first hand, what a Brau Haus is all about.

A Brau Haus (86th Street version) is a place in which all the waiters wear short, corduroy pants, Alpine hats, socks that cover only the calves of their legs, and funny suspenders. These gentlemen are engaged (1) because they have grand German accents; (2) because, even if they can't sing, at least they know all the words to the popular old-school German Braustüberl ditties; and (3) because they have learned to transport successfully sixteen steins of beer in one hand, while they write out and incorrectly add a patron's check with the other!

All Brau Hauses are alike as two Fords; all Brau Hauses are noisy (only some are noisier than others); all Brau Hauses serve long, sleek frankfurters with sauerkraut, Westphalia ham sandwiches, and salty pretzels—these, served with your beer, constitute a sly commercial gesture, the point being that they make you thirsty, thus inspiring you to order more beer, which, imbibed along with more salty pretzels, in no way slakes your thirst. Also, all Brau Hauses invite their customers to join in the fun, the singing and the general rough-house, which makes it easier for the professional entertainers, and at the same time, makes the customers believe that they're having a really swell time. The interior of all Brau Hauses is redolent with purely decorative steins, fake cottage windows, and wooden tables and

chairs, and the chief excitement is the three-or-four-piece stringed orchestra which plays when it isn't drinking up the profits, and rarely plays when, or what, you want them to.

This, then, is a composite picture of all the Brau Hauses in the world (and on East 86th Street, which is the same thing). Consequently, there isn't a bit of use in our going off and describing each one to you. Anybody could do that. Hence, we have simply undertaken to list the outstanding ones, together with their addresses, thereby letting you use your own judgment. We'll only help you out one teeny-weeny little bit by telling you that Maxl's, the Platzl, and the Old München are the best known. From here on, it's up to you. All right, then, Yorkville is that section—or rather the Brau Haus part of Yorkville—is that section of East 86th Street between Lexington and Third Avenues—and that's all the help you'll get from us, too!

MAXL'S BRAUSTUBERL (described elsewhere in this book) . . . RESTAURANT PLATZL, 229 East 86th Street . . . OLD MUNCHEN, 247 East 86th Street . . . EMIL'S ROOF GARDEN, 164 East 86th Street, up five generous flights of stairs—but when you reach your destination, you're on a nice, open roof, which is pretty romantic, and cool in summer. Oh, yes, and there isn't any elevator, either.

THE OFFICE TAVERN, 1439 Third Avenue . . . CORSO'S, 205 East 86th Street . . . and then there's that one that somehow or other managed to slip down off of 86th Street to 49th Street (165 West) and which belongs under the general head of Brau Hauses, too.

(We described the Gartenhaus elsewhere in this book.) There are about five hundred others, but there's no use listing them, because, like night clubs, they're here today, and Heaven knows where tomorrow. Besides, you literally trip over dozens of them, the moment you set foot in Yorkville!

THE ROAD TO ROAM

Being a brief—oh, a very brief little record of what's what in Suburbia, with absolutely no single suggestion as to how to get there. This chapter is planned for patient readers who own, or can rent, a motor car, and who don't mind sitting in traffic and boiling in summer, freezing in winter, and not moving very quickly, regardless of the season.

WESTCHESTER WAY

Yonkers begins up north, where New York City proper leaves off. Well, Westchester begins where Yonkers leaves off.

ARROWHEAD INN . . . Riverdale Avenue and 246th Street. Anyway, it's on the way to Westchester. . . . This sublimated ballroom of Ben Riley's is as big as all outdoors, and just as delightful. Dancing under the stars in fine weather, and when there are any. Delightful music; even more delightful food; and a cheerful, friendly, country-club atmosphere. As for getting there, we guess you'll just have to ask a policeman!

NIKKO INN . . . Harmon - on - Hudson . . . "Nikko" in Japanese, they tell us, means "secret." But

there is nothing secret about this place, which is one of the most popular on the road. But it *is* Japanese, both as to architecture and landscaping, and if trickier places are built, we have yet to see them. The Nikko Inn is charming, and no end romantic.

LONGVUE . . . Immediately north of Yonkers (we just told you about Yonkers) . . . a sort of Armenonville of America . . . old, stately, and continental, and atop a veritable mountain, as if all the rest weren't enough. A charming, fairly exclusive place, catering to exactly the right kind of people.

LAWRENCE'S . . . Boston Post Road . . . The best shore dinner in Westchester . . . the clientele is chiefly local (suburbanites whose cooks simply will have their day off) . . . and the place is invariably jammed . . . and has been, for years and years. This is a favorite with those people who care more for a good dinner (which Lawrence serves) than a good orchestra (which Lawrence seldom has).

POST LODGE . . . Boston Post Road . . . a mile or so this side of Lawrence's, if that helps you any! . . . A favorite with many notables, including Mayor Walker. Good food, good service, and good music, and a fairly alert clientele.

THE PICKWICK INN . . . Greenwich, Connecticut . . . the first resort of honeymooners, who have the ceremony performed here . . . picturesque, old and aristocratic, and the food is incomparable.

THE WHITE SWAN INN . . . White Plains . . . no music . . . no entertainment . . . but the best home-cooked food in all Westchester, and the White Swan Inn is always jammed for that reason.

THE OPEN DOOR INN . . . Westport, Connecticut . . . Charming atmosphere . . . and delightful, homey fare that brings patrons from miles around. A perfectly delightful spot when you're weary of Mammy singers, cornets with derbies on them, wiggling chorines, and night life in general.

THE MAY-NOVEMBER FARMS . . . White Plains . . . (Central Avenue) . . . everything fresh from the earth, and in season. Too, all the motoring world gathers here, parking eighteen abreast. (Maybe it only seems that all the world gathers here.)

CANDLELIGHT INN . . . Bronxville, N. Y. . . . (69 Pondfield Road) . . . Marvelous chicken and waffle dinners—but marvelous . . . charming, restful, and not tea-roomy, either, which is something.

THE LOG CABIN . . . Bronx River Road (near the White Plains outlet) . . . Take this lovely drive up along New York's beautiful, New York's only beautiful, suburban boulevard. The Log Cabin is tricky, cozy, and cheerfully gotten up, what with open fireplaces, candlelight, and a jazz band that knows its tempo. Good food, and not terribly expensive. And you'd better come prepared to dance.

THE HOLLYWOOD GARDENS . . . Pelham Parkway . . . Once the home of the California Ram-

blers . . . now the suburban villa of the gentlemen who own Broadway's Hollywood Restaurant . . . a veritable modern amphitheater, seating thirty-two hundred guests, beguiling them with two jazz orchestras and a forty-person girl-show, and assessing them no cover charge, what's more. N. T. Granlund doubles between the Hollywood in town and here. Grand for luncheon, tea, dinner, or later, and crowded at all times.

WOODMANSTEN INN . . . Pelham Road . . . Delightful music; and a delightful atmosphere in which to dance . . . a slightly higher-hat clientele than the usual road-house commands, and exceptionally good, expensive food.

And then, in the Pelham Parkway section, there's Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham Manor, The Chateau Laurier, Hunter Island Inn, the Castilian Royal—and this is really only scratching the surface!

LONG ISLAND WAY

Astoria, and that traffic maze which they elect to call Bridge Plaza, begins where Manhattan leaves off on the west. Well, Long Island begins where the Bridge Plaza leaves off. And don't judge Long Island harshly by the first seven miles, which are pretty terrible.

GARDEN CITY HOTEL . . . Garden City, Long Island . . . a garden spot on a strand that is full of them . . . a combination country-club and roadhouse . . . and you can stay over night if you choose . . .

(On a Sunday night, in summer, this is smarter than attempting to negotiate Queensboro Bridge) . . . Golf courses all around . . . near race tracks and flying fields . . . dinner dances Thursdays and Saturdays . . . and the de luxe dinners are grand.

PAVILLON ROYAL . . . Merrick Road, Valley Stream . . . and *not* Pavill-ion . . . another of the famous John and Christo's places, which means the best food obtainable, careful service, and invariably one of the smartest orchestras available. Clientele, the swankier Long Island set.

HANDEL'S DUCK INN . . . Merrick Road, Valley Stream . . . a marvelous duck, or chicken, dinner . . . good music, and one of the easiest locations in all Long Island to reach.

BRADLEY'S . . . Port Washington . . . an old-timer . . . Tavern-ey, if you know what we mean, with little thought to decoration, and all energy bent to turning out a marvelous shore dinner, which Bradley's does, and an expensive one, too ($3.50). Clientele, mostly locals who have been eating at John Bradley's for years. Also, a charming view of the Sound, and nice, hungry, business-like neighbors.

HALL'S INN . . . Centreport, Long Island . . . one of the most delightful places on the entire Island . . . cool, comfortable and charming, with the kind of food that you seldom find anywhere, and never find in a roadhouse . . . good music; plenty of room to enjoy it; and you'll find Archie Hall, the proprietor, just about

the most genial host you've ever met. Centreport is a nice, cool, fifty-mile drive over splendid roads.

WARD'S REST INN . . . Centreport, Long Island . . . Near Hall's . . . another old-timer, serving grand shore dinners, and catering to a clientele that is more particular about what it eats than it is about the swank of the place in which it eats it!

PANCHARD'S . . . Massapequa, Long Island . . . Chicken, lobster and duck dinners; and good, too. Also, good dance music, a satisfactory floor on which to dance and odds bodkins! The cuisine appears to be all important here—and it is! Not too expensive.

JOE SMALLWOOD'S . . . Glen Cove, Long Island . . . The Central Park Casino of Long Island . . . which means that it is exclusive, expensive and brim full of the younger, more local Four Hundred who make it their rendezvous. And you'll feel better if you dress.

THE PETIT TRIANON . . . Lake Ronkonkoma . . . At the end of the Motor Parkway. A grand fifty-mile straightaway out over this private speedway, which means no crossroads to get lost at . . . Marvelous steaks and wholly French cuisine . . . and the Lake Ronkonkoma basket parties are all gone by evening. Expensive, and don't think that it isn't.

Of course, there are others on Long Island. The foregoing we have tried and found nothing wanting. And besides, even an author—unless he's compiling another telephone book—has to stop somewhere.

To the south, Brooklyn begins where Manhattan stops. Well, Coney Island begins where Brooklyn stops! And Sheepshead Bay lies somewhere in between, trying hard not to look too much like one, or yet, the other.

FELTMAN'S . . . Coney Island (opposite Luna Park) . . . a dozen differently appointed rooms, from German, to Hanging Gardens, to Bavarian . . . and you can't get better food anywhere in all America, than you can get right here. Marvelous shore dinners, and if prices seem a little high, remember that the quality of the food that's served here simply couldn't be any higher.

VILLEPIGUES . . . Sheepshead Bay . . . (better ask a policeman here, too) . . . Famous for years for its shore dinners and the fact that its patrons are as recurrent as the summer itself. And so crowded, generally, that you'd better make your reservations in advance.

BEAU RIVAGE . . . Sheepshead Bay . . . undeniably, the most charming rendezvous on this end of the Island . . . located on the water's edge, you can dance out on a boat deck under the moon (when there *is* a moon) and cool off, no matter how hot it is elsewhere. The shore dinners are a delight, and reasonable; the southern chicken dinners are prepared by a specially imported negro mammy, and Mr. Popper, the proprietor, is an ace among genial hosts. Dave Meadows and his orchestra have played here for season after season, and we've never danced to a better!

LUNDY'S . . . Sheepshead Bay . . . the best assorted sea-food in these parts, served a few hours after it's caught . . . and literally crowds of people so busy enjoying Lundy's lobsters and corn on the cob, that they don't even notice that there's no orchestra and no dancing. Colored waiters here, and good ones, too!

TAPPEN'S . . . Sheepshead Bay . . . Famous for its food for years. Shore dinners a specialty. And don't think of getting here a single minute after nine o'clock of an evening, because that's the hour when service stops—and when service stops at Tappen's, it *stops*!

SLOANE'S . . . Sheepshead Bay . . . a peppy floor show with your dinner, and plenty of incentive for dancing after it . . . good shore dinners . . . good southern dinners, and good and inexpensive!

Of course, there are a host of others, in this direction, too, and if we've neglected anybody—that is, anybody we didn't set out purposely to neglect—we're sorry, and we as good as apologize right now.

COVER CHARGES AND MINIMUM CHARGES

And What to Do About Them

A cover charge (we told you pretty nearly everything there was to tell about a cover charge up forward in the chapter on night clubs) is the equivalent of the admission you pay when you go to theater. With some few exceptions, those places assessing you a cover charge now give you, in return for your investment, a more or less elaborate revue, show, or round of entertainment. Your cover charge is your contribution to the upkeep of this form of amusement. It covers nothing else and entitles you to nothing but the privilege of looking on.

* * * *

The minimum food charge was a brilliant restaurateur's answer to the increasingly large number of complaints about the cover charge. (Why people *should* complain about a cover charge when there is a show or considerable entertainment that they'd have to pay even more money to see in a theater, is one of those unanswerables, such as which came first, the chicken or the egg, and how high is up.)

The minimum food charge, then, was this restaurateur's answer to those complaints. It means that for

this charge you are entitled to eat the charge's weight in food; to wit: if the minimum food charge is two dollars and a half, it means that you are entitled to eat two-dollars-and-a-half's worth. And you'd better, too, because you're going to be charged that whether you eat it or not. Don't say we didn't tell you.

* * * *

Another practice in vogue, in a good many of the after-theater places which make neither a cover charge nor a food charge, is assessing a victim anything from half a dollar to two dollars for such essentials as cracked ice, White Rock, and Ginger Ale. So you'd better look before you leap.

TIPPING

Wherein the Author Gets in Wrong With a Few Million Expectant Waiters, Head-Waiters, Door-Men, Hat-Check Girls, and Other Tippees

Most people overtip, chiefly because they are horribly afraid to undertip. This makes working in a night club or a restaurant a nice racket. The author, having paid a total of one hundred and seventy-four dollars over a period of one year to redeem a hat whose original cost was three dollars and a half, feels that he's had some little experience in this direction. Besides, he's inclined to be pretty fearless anyway. And so, to get to the point.

A ten percent tip on a check of one dollar and a half or less, during the noon hour, is ample. For some reason, noon hour or no noon hour, ten percent on a check that totals more than that *isn't* sufficient. And don't ask us why, because we don't know. It just isn't.

When your check totals between one-fifty and two-fifty, a quarter is about the correct pourboire. Above that, you'd better begin thinking in terms of fifteen percent, if you don't want ice-water spilled down your neck or bread crumbs brushed into your lap.

But, and here's where things get more and more complex, when your check is above five dollars even fifteen

percent isn't enough. You don't dare to tip less than a dollar! (Maybe you do dare, but you'll learn!) Above five dollars you should tip at least twenty percent, so you can see how things are!

In a restaurant, these are the attendants who will expect tips:

The Headwaiter
The Captain
The Waiter
The Cigaret Girl, if you buy any cigarets
The Hat-Check Girl.

But, unless you're a regular patron in a restaurant, you are perfectly within your rights in completely ignoring both headwaiter and captain, unless you're planning a special dinner party, in which event, both of these gentlemen should be tipped in advance—and well. (About five dollars would be considered "well.")

If you buy cigarets (in a restaurant) you will be charged about half again as much as they charge in a cigar store for them; but despite that, the cigaret girl will expect at least a quarter. A dime is enough. In a night club, however, she will expect anything from a dollar up, depending upon how blonde and beautiful she is. Here, a quarter is ample.

In a restaurant, you needn't tip the hat-check girl as much as a quarter; but in a night club, you wouldn't dare to tip her any less.

And finally, remember that you are expected to tip for any and all extra service (and in a night club, any kind of service at all is considered extra) and no matter how much you tip, it won't be considered enough. Oh,

dear, oh, dear, it's beginning to look as though we might just as well have left this chapter out entirely!

Once you gain the street again, the doorman will expect a tip (and nothing short of a quarter either) for opening the taxi door for you. If you don't mind having him slam the door after you, you can ignore him. However, if you're jumpy, maybe you'd better come across.

And just one more little caution. The taxi that a night club doorman hails for you, is likely to be a "gyp," or "high-rate" cab. It will cost you a dime more per mile, if it holds together that long. Consequently, walk a few doors away from the club entrance before you hail a cab, if you want a low rate. Inasmuch as the service is the same, why, we want to know, shouldn't you want a low rate? And that's about all that we can think of!

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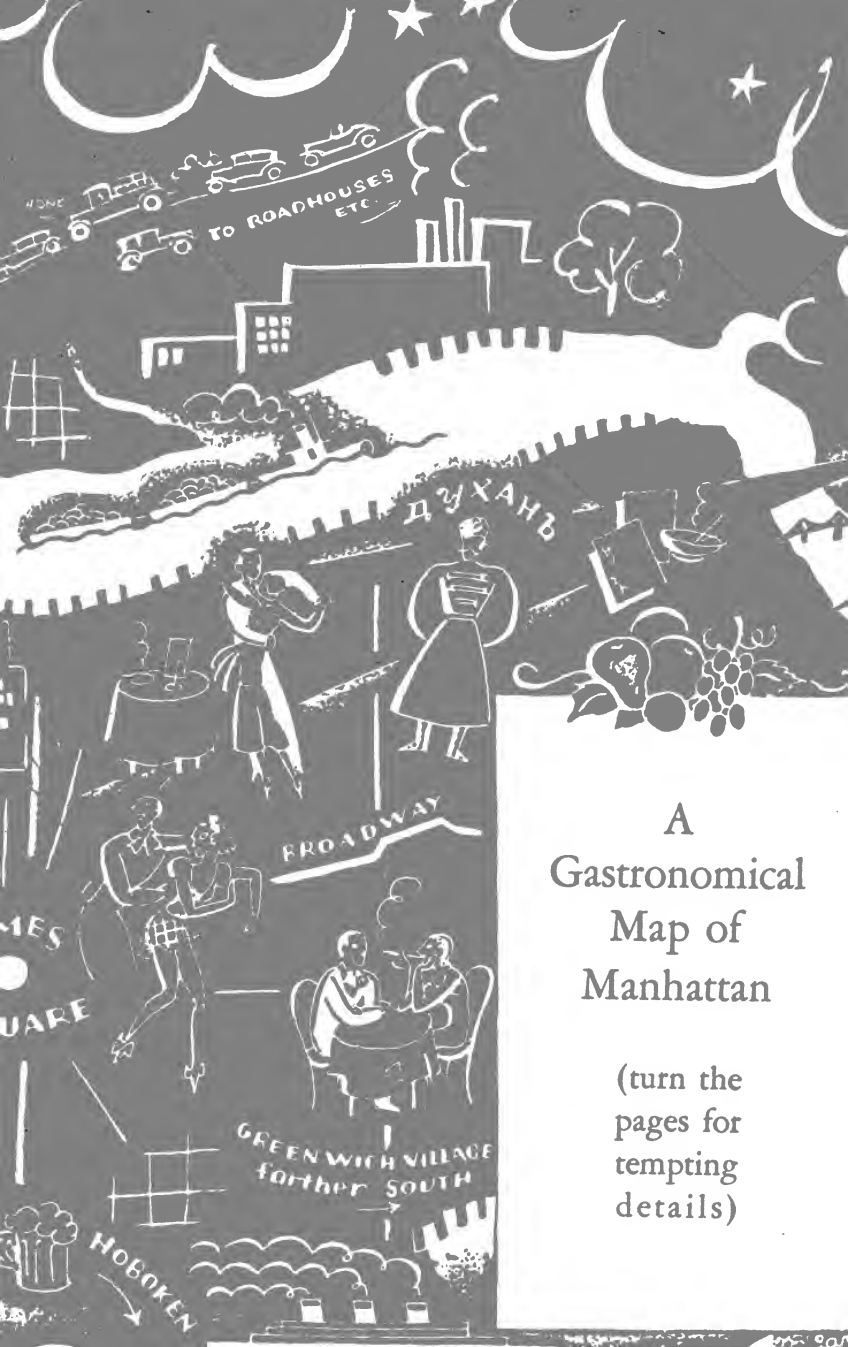

A Gastronomical Map of Manhattan

(turn the pages for tempting details)