THE RESTAURANTS OF NEW YORK

BY

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NEW YORK
GREENBERG, PUBLISHER, INC.
1925

Second Printing, December, 1925

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CHAPTER I

THE FASCINATION OF FOOD

THE few friends to whom I have imparted the information that I was engaged in writing a book on the restaurants of New York have, one and all, glanced at me with a quick look of pity mingled with which was a shade of alarm. Their thought, if I could read it correctly in their eyes, was, "Well, the poor old boy's brain has given way at last!"

A few have been outspoken in friendly remonstrance.

"How can it be done?" they have asked. "We are in such a state of flux, not to say chaos. Our social life has no settled order; our architecture will not stay put. What was here yesterday is gone to-morrow. We have not, as have London and Paris, hostelries of ancient repute such as the Cheshire Cheese or the Restaurant Larue, fixed oases of refreshment which have withstood the march of time. Twenty years ago, yes—it might have been possible to write an 'Outline of Eating,' for then, if ever, was the Golden Age of Gastronomy on the Island of Manhattan. But

the removal of Delmonico's to its ephemeral quarters 'uptown,' at Forty-fourth Street, forsooth! wrote 'Finis' to a chapter. It was the end of an era, the break-up of a dynasty."

And these outspoken friends have ended their remarks with another commiserating glance which said, "Boy, you are up against it."

It is true the task is a difficult one. It is undeniable that a traveler returning to New York after a few years' absence and seeking some hallowed spot where he has regaled himself with the delights of the table may well find himself confronted by nothing more appetizing than the grill of a bank building nor more enlivening than the yawning depths of a subway excavation.

Only recently I was haled forth by just such a visitor who invited me to share with him the joys of a remembered spot, the superb fare of a small, side-street restaurant which specialized in real French cooking, *la vraie cuisine bourgeoise*, "the kind," he said, "that makes even a French cigarette taste good after it." I accepted this doubtful compliment as it was intended, as a tribute to his memories of a perfect onion soup with small rafts of bread floating amid the cheese and onion like the *Arcturus* in the Sargasso Sea, a chicken cooked in the succulent manner of Mére Poularde, of Mont St. Michel, than whom no woman ever had a chicken-er name, a salad—lettuce and cress, stirred with a wooden fork piercing the snowy heart of an infant onion—wafer-thin pancakes, rolled like diplomas, browned, lightly sugared and dripping with blood-red currant jelly, and coffee, that

marvelous French brew which tastes less like coffee than anything else in the world and is so delicious withal! And all for the *bon bourgeois* price of a dollar twenty-five.

These souvenirs he had cherished during a five years' absence, guarding likewise an accurate memory of the address toward which we wended our way while he rehearsed in detail the joys in store. At the remembered number we halted. My guide was perplexed. We stood in front of a loft building devoted to the feather industry.

"I must have the wrong street," he murmured. "Let's try the one below."

We circled the block. A row of "unimproved" brownstone houses met our gaze.

"Ah, this looks more like it!" he cried. "Thirty-eight West was the number, I am sure of that."

Mounting the steps of Thirty-eight, in the dim light of the vestibule we inspected various and sundry cards of chiropodists, coiffeurs and plain, or possibly fancy, individuals.

"It's not here," he sighed.

Similarly we inspected the adjacent vestibules. Our manner by this time had become furtive. Disappointment made us quiet. We tiptoed and spoke in whispers. Suddenly a coarse voice interrupted us.

"Hey, you! Wha'cher lookin' for?"

A policeman stood on the curb, twirling his night-stick.

"We are looking for a restaurant," we explained.

"Come out'er there," he said, "and beat it."

We tarried not but surged over to the brighter lights of Broadway, there to eat mournfully amid the glitter, saddened by the loss of our *soupe à l'oignon* and the knowledge that one seeking dinner may end up in the Bastille.

This spirit of change is typical of New York to-day. Yet it suggests another thought which emboldens me to essay the difficult task of fixing, if only for a moment, some of the remaining restaurants of the old régime and a number of the new ones. That thought is this: The same tender sentiment that prompted the abortive search of my friend for the vanished soups of yesteryear lingers in the heart of nearly every individual who has ever partaken of the fleshpots of Manhattan. As a nation we love our food and we love, especially, the places wherein we have found it. We are not solitary feeders. Business men, whether in clubs or restaurants, flock with their fellows. The corner table, the round table, the "knockers'" table, the "pee-wee-club," the "old guard"—I have belonged to a score of such organizations which met daily or weekly for the main purpose of eating and the incidental joys of companionship.

But, may I hazard the observation that long after our minds have forgotten, our stomachs remember? This is a material admission but, I think, a true one. Tom, Dick and Harry, with whom we used to lunch so joyously, may fade to dim specters to whom we cannot give a name, but the mere mention of an ancient eating place will evoke a clear vision of our favorite dish, be it the humble corned-beef and cabbage, a par-

ticular pastry or a glorious goulash. Say "Keen's" to me, and I see a blue-plate dinner worked into a design as beautiful as a Spanish tile; "Browne's," and a massive chop with a tender kidney coiled in its embrace; the "Brevoort," and a squab chicken *en casserole;* "Old Martin's," and *café-au-diable* flaming on the side table; "Whyte's," and turkey croquettes, cone-shaped with paper rosettes stuck on toothpicks; "Voisin's," and a gleaming service-wagon laden with *patisseries* which might be given to foreign generals as decorations. Speak but these names and all the details of many a good meal will return with photographic distinctness long after the memory of those with whom we have eaten them has faded away.

This, after all, is natural. People are impressions, exterior and detached, but the food we eat becomes a physical part of us. Something of it grows into our bone and sinew, there to remain as long as we live. Thus we form deep-seated, enthusiastic loyalties toward places in which we have eaten, and when we praise this or that dish we are really praising ourselves, unconsciously, which is one of the pleasantest things a man can do.

Traveling across our broad land I have often listened to and engaged in discussions, long and heated, between travelers as to the respective merits of their favorite feeding grounds. It is an absorbing topic which rarely fails to make its appearance.

A group of men are sitting in the smoking compartment. They have been to New York and have finished with business, politics, and the plays they have seen.

Then one says, "After the show Friday night Dan and I went over to Jack's"—now, alas, of blessed memory!—"O boy, did you ever eat mussels? . . . *mools mariners* they call 'em, or something like that. Believe me, they're great. And the sea food you get there, it's immense! Clams, oysters, lobsters. . . ."

"Sea food!" interposes a cheerful stranger. "When I get a night off in little old N. Y. I hustle down to Luchow's on Fourteenth Street. What? You've never been to Luchow's? Why, that place hasn't changed since I was a boy. The beer has, unfortunately, but you still get the best German chow!"

"Any one would think," remarks a dark, lean individual in the corner, "that you boys appreciated good food, but if you haven't eaten one of Giolitto's cutlets Milanese, cooked in olive oil, with about four miles of spaghetti on the side, full of chicken livers, well, you've got to begin over again, that's all."

"I hate those places," says a dapper individual, "but stick me down in Pierre's and I can order a meal that *is* a meal, a *filet mignon* with sauce *bernaise,* fresh asparagus, cold as ice, with a vinaigrette dressing, wild strawberries . . . *wow*!"

By this time they are all fairly slavering. Their eyes gleam, they lick their chops, savoring the exquisite reminiscences. It is a stirring battle. And they are all right. For each, his particular restaurant is the best in the world. But no man can know them all.

Never before in the history of New York have there been as many excellent restaurants as there are to-day. Many famous ones have gone. A few of the old names

continue to shed luster on their fine reputations. Such landmarks as Whyte's in the downtown section, Luchow's in mid-town and the illustrious Sherry's—in its comparatively new location on Park Avenue—are still the crowded rendezvous of their devotees.

Not only have we many more restaurants than we ever had before, but the average excellence is higher. Time was when anything outside of the large, famous places was a fearful gamble. The smaller eating places made no pretense at daintiness or taste. You were expected to "grab, gobble and git," and to watch your hat and coat while so doing.

The neighborhood restaurant has come into its own. An increasing number of New Yorkers live in apartments and choose to eat out rather than combat the horrors of the servant question. New hotels are built only to fill up with the increasing hordes of visitors. The supply of restaurants augments with the demand. Our side streets blossom with tasteful eating places where delicious food is served amid charming and individual surroundings. Feminism is playing an important part in this improvement, for many of these places are owned, supervised and served by women.

Above Forty-second Street, too, there is a new development, and on and adjacent to Park Avenue there are exquisite restaurants, rivaled only by Paris and unequaled by any other city in the world.

But in citing those which I shall mention I shall endeavor to be guided by two qualifications: the excellence of the food and the interest of the place itself. In some locations these qualities are combined, in

others one or the other predominates. I have not the temerity to attempt to grade these restaurants or classify them in order of excellence. What pleases my palate may be anathema to another's. One of my friends often tries to lure me to a restaurant where he says the rice pudding is a triumph. No rice pudding will ever triumph over me and I avoid the place accordingly. But, while my reactions are necessarily personal, I am what is known as a good, all-round feeder and I have very few prejudices based on appetite.

In recording my results it seems best to follow in the main the geographic divisions of our elongated city. New York may be divided into Downtown, Mid-town and Uptown. The first two sections are mainly masculine, though not entirely so. It is here that a large part of the city's business is transacted, and this determines the character of the conveniently located restaurants. So, too, the uptown restaurants in the fashionable shopping district reflect their clientele. At Voisin's, Pierre's, the Crillon and others we see many ladies. The atmosphere of these locations is more leisurely and the menu more continental.

There is another class of restaurant which defies geographic grouping, namely those of foreign peoples who, dwelling among us, still cling to their national cuisine. These cannot be ascribed to any one corner of New York, for they are scattered from the Battery to Harlem. French, German, Italian, Spanish, Mexican, Hawaiian, Syrian, Japanese, Chinese, they are found wherever a few of their appetites are gathered together.

In New York one can tour the world, gastronomically, with a purse for a passport and a menu for a ticket. And if one longs for the Frozen North there is always Eskimo Pie.

This slight survey gives some idea of the field covered by the restaurants of New York. Without in any sense attempting to write a guide book, it seems well worth while to attempt the enumeration of certain of them, old and new, both for the benefit of the out-of-town visitor and for the enlightenment of the resident members of the metropolis, many of whom are entirely unaware of the fascinating feeding grounds lying at their very doors.

But before we begin our explorations, for my own pleasure if for no other reason, I must pause and place a few laurel wreaths on the doorsteps of hostelries now departed. To write of New York restaurants and not speak of Delmonico's is unthinkable. Martin's, too! What a gay place it was in its heyday! Jack's is gone. Joel's is shuttered. And there are others which should be recalled piously.

With this duty done, we may take the subway to the harbor end of the Island, satisfied that we have paid proper respect to the ancestors of the restaurants of New York.

CHAPTER II

RETROSPECT: A FEW OF THE OLD-TIME RESTAURANTS

I AM fully aware that looking backward is a senile occupation in which I will not be joined by the younger generation. However, there may be a few among my readers who will find old friends among the restaurants of an earlier day. I think there is a public for the pastime of reminiscence; witness the popularity of the "boxes" in our newspapers, the "Twenty Years Ago To-day" items in which those of us who are neither old nor young find so much flavor. What stirring echoes are evoked when we read once more of that trio of masters, Tinker, Evers and Chance, whose triple perfection used so often to encompass the destruction of their opponents. Who of this day and date can pass unmoved the reminder that two decades ago he dined at Shanley's, and afterward went to see and hear Edna May sing *Follow On, Follow On,* by which stirring *chanson* she firmly established the Salvation Army in the hearts of the American people! Or perhaps you followed the genial personality of May Irwin, who was telling the world of the period that "Mrs. Black is back," or, if you were a serious-minded young person, you may have been thrilling to Mrs. Fiske in *Leah Kleschna* and shuddering as George Arliss eased his snaky figure through the living-room window.

St. Denis—Fleischman's Vienna Garden. Those were brave restaurant days, too, marked by many a joyous spot which now is not. I might, if I chose to reveal my real antiquity, go back to my dimmest past and recreate the old St. Denis, on Broadway at Eleventh Street; that quiet, well-bred place sought by the gourmets of the Nineties. As I look back to it, it seems to have been the perfection of cookery and the acme of service. Across the way, under the shadow of Grace Church, was Fleischman's Vienna Garden with its awnings and green bay trees, its marvelous breadstuffs and famous coffee. To breakfast there in the springtime, on the terrace— Ah! that gave you the Continental touch and was very much the thing to do.

In this era, Twenty-third Street was the retail trade center. I used to be led to Best's Lilliputian Bazaar to find out what the well dressed boy would wear. No year was complete without this pilgrimage during which, under maternal supervision, we bought pleated suits on the main floor and marbles in the basement.

AROUND MADISON SQUARE

Dorlon's—The Fifth Avenue Hotel—The Hoffman House. I was often taken to lunch or dinner at Dorlon's on the south side of the Square. It was a brisk grill highly flavored with the smell of broiling chops, which is one of my favorite perfumes. There was a raised level at the back, I remember, that always gave me a regal feeling. It was famed for its sea food, for the restaurant was an offshoot of one of the oldest

oyster houses of Fulton Market. For many years a relic was retained in the form of a fine mahogany claw-footed table, around which sat Cornelius Vanderbilt, Judge Roosevelt, the grandfather of our ex-president, John Jacob Astor and John Swan at their oyster suppers. Gunther's Cove oysters were a specialty. Gunther's Cove appeared on no map. Its location was a Dorlon secret. The Dorlon clock, on the sidewalk, was one of the landmarks I always used to look for. It had letters instead of figures, the words, "Dorlon, Oyster," as I recall it, making up the complement of hours. Though it has long since disappeared, I never pass the busy spot to-day without looking at my watch and thinking, "Now, let's see, by Dorlon time it is now twenty minutes to S," or "half past L." Perhaps the passing years cast a halo over these places, but I have found many who agree with me that New York never knew a better grill than Dorlon's.

The old Fifth Avenue Hotel on the west side of the Square was another monument of the epoch. As I grew to man's estate, I used to explore its dim recesses and marble corridors, where I was thrillingly conscious of great political personages camped in the capacious chairs. The conduct of the Empire State was, I felt, being decided in my presence. Tom Platt was pointed out to me, in the Amen Corner. It was a great moment.

It was not long before I found the famous Hoffman House and its celebrated bar. I was not taken there by my mother. I found it, all by myself. It was there that I experienced my first barroom nude, the

much acclaimed "Nymphs and Satyr" by Bouguereau. This work of art made the Hoffman House bar a sort of art Mecca. Solemn-faced gentlemen discussed the picture with great seriousness, growing more and more enthusiastic about it as they absorbed their Manhattans and Old-fashioned Martinis.

Martin's. In 'Ninety-seven, Delmonico's had moved up to Forty-fourth Street. After an interim of several years, J. B. Martin left his little hotel at Ninth Street and "did over" the Delmonico premises at Twenty-sixth Street. The new Martin's actually set the town by the ears. The decorations of the café were especially gay. They consisted mainly of murals by William de Leftwich Dodge, portraying beauteous females floating through space. They were gaped at by thousands of art lovers, food lovers and plain lovers, for there was romance in the air at Martin's. Or was it in me? The other accessories of the café were our first glimpse of the latest architectural novelty, *"art nouveau,"* which was then stirring Paris, via Vienna. The *banquettes,* leather-covered seats around the wall, were a novelty in a restaurant of this importance. Here, we felt, was the real Parisian atmosphere. I can think of no restaurant that was as naturally gay as the café of Martin's.

On the Fifth Avenue side was the *à-la-carte* dining-room, a handsome Empire affair, preferred by the discriminating for their more elaborate dinners. On the second floor was a large dining-room where a dollar and a half *table d'hôte* was served that was a remarkably good buy, as we say in trade. But it was the

café that was most unique. The orchestra was perched on a mezzanine balcony between the two ground-floor departments. Martin introduced a novelty in his café management by permitting ladies to use it, providing they were accompanied by male escorts. So inflexible was this rule that even the advanced years and austere appearance of one of my elderly friends could not break it down. Having heard of this new and gay place and being a very alert lady, she had dropped in to take a look at it. The waiter was very sorry: he could not serve Madame. Even the supreme *maître d'hôtel* shrugged despairingly. "It is impossible. Madame must have an escort."

But Madame's spirit was undaunted. She had come to Martin's to lunch and she proposed to lunch there. She retired to the hallway, not in defeat, but with a purpose. She must have an escort, must she? Well and good. "Call me a messenger boy." The boy arrived with commendable promptness, bringing an excellent appetite. He made an acceptable escort and Madame was served. Of such stuff are heroes made.

UP THE AVENUE

The Holland House—The Waldorf—Engel's. The Holland House restaurant was another institution famous for its food. Collegians of my day used to favor it. They all knew Joseph, the head waiter, broad of face and beaming of smile. They also knew the talented mixers in the low-ceilinged bar at the rear.

Their compounds had a great reputation and nowhere were found cocktails of such enormous size. *Eheu fugaces!*—"Them were the happy days!"

The Waldorf was still something of a novelty, and I often used to stop there for sustenance and revival. Its mazes were mysterious, its decorations truly palatial. Peacock Alley, the grill, the gorgeous red-and-gold dining-rooms, the endless bar, four-square to all the thirsty world—these made up a teeming, thrilling world in themselves. Ever present, darting from one department to another, was the keen-faced Oscar, growing in power, making for himself a name which is now secure in the restaurant Hall of Fame. I speak of the Waldorf in restrospect only because it loomed so big in my early days. It has stood, a bulwark against the years, and the humming hostelry, in all its departments, and does a land-office business to-day. It is a monumental hyphen between past and present.

When I was in this part of town I used often to drop in at Engel's on Thirty-fifth Street, near Sixth Avenue. This was a famous chop house. Adam Engel was always on the job, a genial host. He had a notable collection of steins and the atmosphere of his place was intimate. All his broiled dishes, both fish and meat, were very good, and he had a special cook, Peter, who was the Welsh rarebit king of New York.

AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET

Sherry's and Delmonico's. It was at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street that New York

reached the climax of its restaurant life where, on diagonally opposite corners, flourished those two great establishments, Delmonico's and Sherry's.

Delmonico's! What a name it was in those days! "Dinner at Del's" was the slogan of the complete stepper-out. The honorable history of the house gave it great dignity. The name had been allied with the art of catering since 1827, when the brothers John and Peter dispensed bonbons and sandwiches to the natives of Little Old New York. Successive moves from Broad Street to Twenty-sixth, and finally to Forty-fourth only served to emphasize the ascendancy of the house. From one to another of the family the business passed until, in '97, it was the property of Miss Josephine. During its first years in the uptown quarters it enjoyed something like a renaissance. The building was new and seemed quite smart, though the rather tawdry quality of the design became evident as the years slipped by. It was a popular place for ushers' dinners, those lively feasts antecedent to weddings at which it is *de rigueur* to drink as much champagne as possible, break the furniture and burn holes in the carpet and tablecloth. The gold chairs in Delmonico's private dining-rooms used to break very easily. At one celebration, after the toast to the bride, the enthusiastic *convives* broke their chairs simultaneously as well as their wine glasses. The item of "breakage" was never the smallest on the dinner bill.

The Delmonico roof enjoyed quite a vogue in the summer, but the dining room on the Fifth Avenue side

never really caught on and the central palm garden was a dismal room, redeemed only by the perfect food.

Meanwhile Sherry's was steadily growing in fashionable favor. Sherry's possessed an important advantage over its older rival in having a really fine architectural setting. As I think of the way in which Sherry's gradually superseded Delmonico's, I am reenforced in my conviction that this element of design is one of the most important in the restaurant business. Sherry's main dining-room was one of the noblest examples of its kind that I have ever seen. Society was quick to recognize this. The newer generation of diners flocked to it. Delmonico's felt this competition keenly. It made serious inroads on their business. Throughout these years a conservative few clung to the older institution. Delmonico's café retained to the end a generous patronage among the business men of the neighborhood. Who can ever forget old Crispi, head waiter at Del's for over thirty years, with his flowing side whiskers, his bright beady eyes and gracious manner? But Sherry's captured the feminine vote.

Then both succumbed. Trade overrode them and prohibition tolled their knell. Before we realized it, Sherry's palatial windows were boarded up and the dust of mason-work told of its alteration into a sumptuous counting-house. Delmonico's struggled on. There were rumors of financial troubles. A receivership appeared and Delmonico's, minus the personal direction of the family that had created it, gasped, rolled

over—and died. The auction of its effects was visited by many a sentimental New Yorker who came to drop a furtive tear in a coffee-pot, or wipe a suffused eye on the edge of a tablecloth. The display of silver, napery and china was a history in itself. There were special sets of china, candelabra and centerpieces designed for the dinners of princes and potentates, among others, Louis Napoleon, later Emperor of France. At Delmonico's S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, received the thanks of the nation at a banquet in his honor. General Scott's name appears often on its records, and guests at various times were Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Dickens, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant and Emerson. But, indeed, of these names there is no end. Every one who was any one went to Del's. It passed away, peacefully, on May 21, 1923, the last of the great restaurants. The Delmonico family also operated a fine restaurant downtown, at Beaver and South William Streets. The lower city knows no such excellence now except in some of the princely luncheon clubs.

I went into the Delmonico auction several times and watched the hawk-nosed professional buyers stalking among the loaded tables, tapping the wine glasses with knowing fingers or feeling a tablecloth and figuring to a nicety how many napkins they could get out of it. I wanted to buy as a souvenir one of those pepper mills, shaped like a champagne cork, with a copper top bound with wire. But the auctioneer gave me curt audience. All goods were to be sold in lots of a dozen, or a dozen dozens. I retired, abashed.

AT TIMES SQUARE

Shanley's—Rector's—Murrays—The Claridge—The Knickerbocker. Broadway, too, knew its big restaurants, restaurants with an *éclat* and a magnitude unknown in these days. Shanley's was a busy spot. "Cabaret" was a new term. It was much in evidence here. An elaborate performance was given during dinner. The management consisted of the Shanley brothers, who operated two other Shanley restaurants. The tale is told of Edgar Gibbs Murphy, a genial boulevardier, who said, "Do you know what made the Shanley boys? Of course it was their fine chops and steaks, but there was an incident that helped things along. When the Broadway place opposite Daly's Theater was their main establishment, Charley Delmonico —the famous Delmonico, you understand—used to leave his Twenty-sixth Street place every night and go up to Shanley's to get his dinner!" None but a Murphy can say these things with the solemnity they deserve.

When a young man wanted to consider himself truly gay he went to Rector's, which was the rendezvous of the Rialto, the setting for romances of the wilder sort. "If a table at Rector's could talk," was the refrain of a song which reflected its character. Then there was Murray's Roman Gardens on Forty-second Street, designed and decorated with exceptional skill by Henry Erkins, a master in the Roman and allied styles. There was a Pompeian room and a gorgeous Egyptian room

in the upper regions, where many a festive party was carried out. "Carried out" is right—in the true spirit of pagan antiquity.

The decorative details of Murray's were interesting. On the outside, in panels between the various entrances, were bas-reliefs of the graceful figures by Jean Goujon on the "Fontaine des Innocents." In the entrance foyer was a great globe of glass lighted from the inside, a wondrous globe made up of thousands of pieces, multi-colored, jewel-like. Mirrors flashed from all angles. It was not always easy to tell where reality left off and reflection began. Occasionally confused guests tried to repeat "Alice's" stunt and walk through the looking-glass. All about were fountains, temples, Roman galleys, caryatids, views of the Bay of Naples, Libyan tigers, Egyptian peacocks and Greek Phrynes and Aphrodites. It was all very classic and confusing. I used to enjoy it much more than the Latin and Greek I studied in textbooks.

Murray's inaugurated a novelty, a revolving dance floor, so that those inspired steppers—of whom we always see a few—who like to dance without moving, could still circle the room and be brought back to their ringside table. Or, if they were so minded, which they seldom were, they could sit quietly and watch the room revolve on nothing stronger than coffee.

The Knickerbocker Hotel conducted a famous restaurant, or several of them, during its comparatively short life as a hotel. The Knickerbocker dining-room was the meeting place of the Broadway élite, as well as the fraternity of club and social worlds who always

trail after the theatrical stars. At night the grill was the gayest of the gay. During the summer months the upstairs restaurant known as "Armenonville" was open, a cool gallery with an open terrace on Forty-second Street. I cannot think of any more delightful place than that used to be unless, possibly, it was the bar, where hundreds of customers leaned against the mahogany and feasted their eyes on Maxfield Parish's "Old King Cole" and his fiddlers three.

The Claridge was another restaurant that was swanky, expensive and popular. The Claridge dining-room was a handsome green-and-gold affair with a fine oval paneled ceiling. Upstairs there was a dancing room where Grace Fields was the charming hostess. Most of these notable restaurants have disappeared, swallowed up by business, theatrical and otherwise.

NORTH OF THE SQUARE

Churchill's—The Domino Room—Reisenwebber's—Pabst's—The Palais Royal. Farther up Broadway I used to enjoy dropping in at Churchill's. An air of protection hovered over it. Its proprietor had once been a police captain, and its patrons imbibed, among other things, a sense of security based on the idea, "Once a police captain, always a police captain."

And what a gay place Columbus Circle used to be! There was the Domino Room, the first of our very late dancing places, run by one of the Bustanoby brothers. It was a smart establishment. No one thought of coming before midnight or of leaving before blue-

green dawn paled o'er the Park. Near by was Reisenwebber's, one of our oldest restaurants, which grew in esteem and prestige. Its restaurant was crowded and the dance hall on the roof produced one of the most genial evening hostesses, Joan Sawyer. Here the Marimba Band first wafted my soul away on the buzzing palpitations of their Guatemalan instruments, and Sophie Tucker later shouted her way into my affections. Louis Fisher was the manager, I remember, who used to tell me—oh, so gently—when it was time to go home.

And then, among the more workaday restaurants, there was Pabst's, foaming with customers and good beer, an excellent place to dine before stopping in to see *The Babes in Toyland* for the fifth time at the Majestic. Nor must we forget that also on Broadway, until comparatively recently, the Palais Royal offered sprightly entertainment in one of the best and most divertingly decorated ballrooms in the city.

HERE AND THERE

Jack's—Joel's—Browne's Chop House. Not only the new and the smart restaurants felt the weight of adverse conditions. One by one a number of old standbys have perished. A pang of regret stirred New York when the papers announced the closing of Jack's, on Sixth Avenue, after an existence of thirty-four years as an oasis of the night. Jack's was once considered a dashing place. How quiet and old-fashioned it appeared during its last years, its glamor lost in

what the old-timers call the "boisterous turmoil of upstart supper clubs."

But it was a distinctive place. Jack Dunstan, its proprietor, had a rare gift for friendly authority. His patrons liked him. He used to stroll among the tables, stopping here and there for a chat, outwardly urbane and pleasant, but never for a moment relaxing the watchfulness over both his waiters and his guests which the character of the place and its patronage required.

Jack's started as an oyster bar, and that feature was retained to the end. One of the traditional rites was to stop at the bar for oysters before taking a table for any more extended repast. Other fish foods were famous here. The lobsters were renowned. At Jack's invitation I once went down into the kitchen to pick out the lobster my companion and I should have for supper, alive and kicking, before he, the lobster, should be cloven in twain and placed on the grid. Sometimes I used to vary my fish fare by having Jack's famous mussels. The *bouillabaisse* was excellent, too. In fact the entire menu was of good quality. The less sedate elements of society discovered Jack's as well as adjacent Broadway. The collegians knew it. No trip to New York was complete that did not include a late, very late, supper at Jack's.

There was trouble, occasionally. Some too ebullient spirit would try to "start something"; but it has been truthfully chronicled, "You may start a fight in Jack's, but you will not finish it there." Many an ambitious warrior found his exercises seriously curtailed by the famous "flying wedge" of waiters who first introduced

team-play into the art of "bouncing." As in the Haughton system of football, every man had his place, including the bouncee, who would be found, at the completion of the play, somewhere on the outside, where he would be gathered up by one of those dear old cabmen who used to anchor their hansoms at the curb and patiently await the arrival of just such fares.

One of these old boys, by the way, is said to have had a most ingenious way of making a little money without working. He would sit on his box and watch pedestrians enter. When he saw one whose tottering gait indicated that he was in proper condition for his purposes, he would crawl from his seat and watch through the door to see where the victim had seated himself. Five minutes later he would enter and, standing beside the table, say, "Shall I wait, sir?" Almost invariably he would be paid munificently, after which he would crawl back to his perch for another nap. There were some mural decorations at Jack's by an eminent painter, Edward Simmons, but it is doubtful if many saw them. They were interested chiefly in decorations of another sort.

Another interesting old place, very different in character, was Joel's, which has recently closed. Joel's was on West Forty-first Street, a simple little restaurant which set no store by gilt salons and elaborate fittings. Joel Rinaldo was a personality, philosopher, writer, psychologist and radical, and to his tables flocked the intellectuals of that part of the city—the poets, painters, journalists and theatrical folk. The walls were covered with sketches, etchings, photographs and cartoons

by, and of, most of the famous figures in the New York world for the last two decades. The tables were designated. There was the O. Henry table. No old restaurant is complete without one, just as no New England town is complete without a house in which Washington slept. In another corner was the Revolutionary table where, in the last days of the Diaz rule in Mexico, leaders of the Carranzistas and other anti-Diaz spirits used to gather and eat the *chili con carne* and *frijoles* for which Joel's was famous. Tarkington, Horace Traubel, Glackens . . . there is no end to the names well known in art and literature which were intimately associated with the place. But it too is gone, in the words of the placard placed on the door:

CLOSED
Without great financial success, but,
I trust, with many good friends.
JOEL.

Last of all comes the news that Browne's Chop House has passed away. It was a pleasant place with considerable tradition and history behind it, for it dated back to 1857, when the original founder, George Browne, was an actor in Wallack's company and founded the first house on Twelfth Street. It passed into various hands, and by each proprietor was reverently treated, the interesting collection of theatrical memorabilia, photographs, playbills, etc., being constantly added to. Its nearness to the Metropolitan Opera House made it a popular rendezvous before,

during and after the opera. One of my pleasantest recollections, is that of sitting at one of the oak tables between the acts of the long-drawn-out *Parsifal,* which was then creating considerable discussion and wonderment in New York, and hearing its mysteries expounded by H. E. Krehbiel, the eloquent proponent of Wagnerian music. Browne's, we may think, belonged to another generation. True, the pictures of Booth and Barrett, of John McCullagh, of Modjeska and Patti—these are of our fathers' days. But there is little doubt that, under more favorable auspices, this old place would have continued its interesting existence indefinitely. But what is a chop without a mug of ale? That is the answer to the end of so many of our attractive institutions.

I also hear with great regret the sad news of the closing of old Mouquin's Restaurant, which existed for so many years on Sixth Avenue as one of the real institutions of New York. This was a French restaurant, different from the smart Martin's, different, also, from the smaller, side-street *table d'hôtes.* It was allied closely with the Parisian restaurants of the middle class.

The cooking was famous, and many an excellent meal have I had there. The onion soup was worth traveling miles for. If you were thoroughly Gallic, you might toy with the succulent snail.

The founder, Henri Mouquin, was originally an importer of fine French wines. In the old days the *vin ordinaire* which used to be served with dinner was of such sound quality that the reputation of the place

was greatly enhanced thereby. It was a place of merry lively quality, known from coast to coast. Travelers from the West, if they could not boast of a trip to Paris, could, and did, say, "I went to Mouquin's." It had much the same significance. Not long ago it was closed by legal procedure, but placards on the doors announced a re-opening. Later, however, the proprietors decided to discontinue business. Perhaps it is just as well. It is difficult to think of Mouquin's in an arid world. Better to cherish the memories of its good fare accompanied by a glass of ruby *pontet canet* or golden *grave supérieure*. Sic transit gloria mundi.

CHAPTER III

DOWNTOWN: WHERE THE BUSY BUSINESS MAN EATS

ASK the average visitor or, for that matter, the city dweller himself, where the downtown business man eats and he will look at you blankly. He will know where he himself lunches or, when he stays late at the office, where he dines. He will be able to indicate the feeding grounds of a few of his friends who may join him at meal-time. He will speak of a certain luncheon club or of a favorite restaurant. But in regard to the habits of his fellow men, *en masse,* he will be vague. One or two of my friends to whom I have put the question of the location of downtown restaurants have said, "After all, where are they? I never thought about there being any." And so, like the little red hen, I have made my investigations for myself.

I can report that the restaurants of lower New York are really there, by the hundreds, big and little, modest and elaborate, tucked away in odd corners, burrowing in basements or climbing aloft to upper floors in order to avoid the tremendous rentals of this world-center of trade. For where men and women work by the million, there they must eat.

I enjoy the lower city. I like its informal plan and its winding streets. The rectangular gridiron of the middle and upper sections of the Island which, seen from the air, gives New York the appearance of a gigantic waffle, is broken at the southern end into odd

triangles and arcs of circles. To stroll through these byways, handed down from the Dutch patroons, and to come out at unexpected places or in picturesque *cul-de-sacs* is a very pleasant occupation.

Geographically I decided to begin at the beginning. I took a downtown subway express from the Grand Central Station. For the benefit of the uninitiated I might say that there is always a question in my mind, in journeying to the southern end of the city, as to whether to get out at Bowling Green or to continue on to South Ferry. The latter station, as its name implies, is the "farthest south" of old New Amsterdam but a danger attends the arrival thereat. Some of the trains do not stop there after leaving Bowling Green but plunge into the Silurian slimes under the East River from which the unwary traveler emerges—in Brooklyn!

Brooklyn is doubtless all very well in its way, but I am too old a New Yorker to think of it without the sense of horror which I once saw on the face of a friend who told me that his brother had been sent to Brooklyn as U. S. Consul and had "gone native!" If you would avoid this danger, then, it is well to assure yourself that the hurtling express actually does stop at South Ferry, for that is your last chance of not being swallowed up by the dense Brooklyn bush.

Once safely out, on the tip of Manhattan, stand for a moment on the Battery sea-wall and you will appreciate its beauty as a starting place. Here is the threshold of the New World and, though ocean leagues separate us from the Old, contact seems established by

the lapping waters whose other edge nibbles at the shores of England and Spain. Out in the bay, beyond the brick arches of the Barge-Office and the Ellis Island Ferry, the service entrance to America, stands the welcoming Goddess, beckoning the unnumbered thousands to a new liberty, part of which is being employed by the citizens who, mysteriously, find time to occupy the seaward-facing benches. Busy tugs puff out their fleecy clouds, shouldering ponderous convoys of freight-cars from Jersey to Manhattan and Long Island. Farther out the gray bulk of a liner moves slowly, bellowing her good-bys. At any time it is a gay, inspiriting picture, filled with a racy tang and spiced with queer whiffs of odor that can only come from the sea and which, as a stimulus to appetite, are a fitting preamble to an excursion among things edible.

But we must turn northward where the bulk of the city rears its towers. Much has been written of this amazing sky-line until references to it have become a joke as standardized as those of the mother-in-law school. Yet time cannot stale its impression of overwhelming force. My object, however, is not to write a panegyric for the city of my adoption, but to conduct the reader to some of the spots, interesting, I hope, where he may refresh his spirit and indulge his appetite.

IN AND ABOUT PEARL STREET

Fraunces Tavern. It is a happy fate that has placed the ancient hostelry known as Fraunces Tavern within

a stone's throw of Battery Park, for this venerable building stands on land which is bound up with the earliest history of the city. The neighborhood is dotted with architectural relics, and as one strolls across the green toward the actual city there is balm for the eye in a quaint, columned structure on State Street (No. 7) which houses the Mission of Our Lady and the Home for Irish Immigrant Girls, of which the unusual, irregular portico and delicate ironwork is well worth a passing glance. But our destination is the Tavern itself. It stands on the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, and the first glimpse of it is arresting, so perfect are its proportions, so mellow the texture of its weathered brickwork.

Many times I have visited it and never without registering a vote of thanks to the Sons of the American Revolution, who, in 1904, purchased the property and, with the assistance of William H. Mersereau, architect, restored it to its original condition. It had suffered sad deterioration, due to fires at various periods. Upper floors had been added and a flat roof had replaced the old hipped one. But the patriotic Sons and their architect were undaunted and thorough. Guided by the earliest known picture of the Tavern, published in Valentine's Manual for 1854, the offending stories were removed and the actual pitch of the old roof-line was found indicated in an adjoining building. Another instance of the pains taken by the restorers is found in their treatment of the exterior brickwork.

"The Broad Street side had been made of yellow Dutch brick from Amsterdam and the Pearl Street side

of red English brick. To properly replace and restore these two sides was a serious problem, for no similar yellow brick could be found in this country and it was only by good luck that it was ascertained that similar 17th century brick were being made near Rotterdam, and some fourteen thousand of them were imported in a great hurry from Holland, packed in cases, so as not to delay the work. The red brick were obtained from old houses being torn down in Baltimore and were fortunately available just at that time."

The above interesting testimony is derived from an excellent "Sketch of Fraunces Tavern" by Henry Russell Drowne, Secretary of the Sons of the American Revolution in the State of New York, to whom I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness for other historical data in this connection.

The house was built in 1719 by Étienne de Lancey, a French Huguenot who came to this country in consequence of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. The Tavern, then, has passed its two hundredth birthday. De Lancey married Anne, the daughter of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, and the land upon which he built his house was the gift of the Dutch father to his French son-in-law. As we think of the memorable occasions upon which the building was destined to house meetings of English officials and, later, of Washington and his officers, it seems as if this priceless survival, with its mingled materials, ownerships and traditions from Holland, France, England and America had indeed been chosen by fate to stand as a symbol of the racial fusion from which our country has sprung.

Its beginning as a tavern took place in 1763, when Samuel Fraunces, a man of French extraction from the West Indies, purchased the place, calling it the "Queen's Head Tavern," after Queen Charlotte, the young wife of George III. It may be that this feminine tribute was of good omen, for not only is the Tavern to-day much favored by ladies, but it is also managed by one, Mrs. Lawlor, who greets all visitors and adds a hospitable touch, charmingly reminiscent of Colonial days.

Where, too, could one's hat be more appropriately received by a man-servant wearing the snowy wig, blue-and-gold "square-cut," "shorts" and white stockings of the Colonial? He may fairly be accounted the lineal descendant of Father Knickerbocker, still doing business at the old stand!

The atmosphere of Fraunces is that of a club—quiet, calm and leisurely, in striking contrast to the bustle of downtown and in perfect accord with what one would hope, but not expect, to find. The food is of the best. Under the present management and the supervision of the Society, which controls the restaurant privileges, there is no danger that Fraunces will lapse from the high standard of excellence which has prevailed throughout its more than one hundred and sixty years of existence as a haven for the hungry. Reflecting its nearness to the sea, there is an especially fine choice of marine edibles. Any one tasting one of the *specialités de la maison,* the crab flakes *à la Fraunces Tavern,* cooked in a chafing-dish, will readily believe the waiter who told me that the crabs voluntarily crawled from

the sea to the Tavern to sacrifice themselves on the fires of this Altar of Appetite!

Luncheon is *the* meal at Fraunces for, due to the exodus of New York's business population after office hours, the kitchen closes officially at 4 P.M., but private dinners are welcomed, and the old windows still gleam with the conviviality of many evening gatherings.

I cannot leave this historic spot without urging the visitor, before he departs, to mount the fine stairway to the historic room in which, after the last British soldier had quit the soil of the new Republic, General Washington took leave of his officers. The scene is described by Thackeray in a manner which admits of no paraphrase.

"Seldom as he showed his emotion, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine and said, 'I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude and wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as those past have been glorious and honorable.' Then he drank to them. 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave,' he said, 'but shall be obliged if each of you will come and shake me by the hand.'

"General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the Chief, with tears in his eyes, embraced him. The others came one by one to him and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the Tavern to the Ferry, and the general, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat and waving

farewell. And his comrades remained bareheaded on the shore until the leader's boat was out of view."

It is evident that Fraunces Tavern is not a place for a hurried luncheon, but for a quiet, contemplative visit, a place in which one may not only restore the inner man, but also revive the spirit of patriotism with which the very walls are instinct.

Gaillards' — Davidson's — Robins'. The byways branching from Pearl Street radiate in more directions than I had realized existed until I tried them. Stone Street is delightful with its curving arc flanked by simple old brick buildings. There is no lack of cheerful eating places in the neighborhood. Gaillards', at the corner of Pearl and Moore, is a tasteful luncheon place, more quiet and restful than is usual in this strepitant section. Davidson's, on Stone Street, is "old-timey" and enough off the beaten track to be tranquil. If you prefer to be in the center of the downtown maelstrom and to contemplate the busy, bawling brokers at their vociferous trade while you munch your lunch, turn into Broad Street and try Robins', just south of the Stock Exchange, a good restaurant occupying an exceptionally fine old building which retains the character of an old hotel. It is an interesting survival and "has an air."

Schrafft's. Just north of it is one of the numerous Schrafft's establishments, an oasis in this sea of masculinity and a haven for the stenographers, typists and secretaries of the other, but equally hungry, sex. No too high word of praise can be bestowed upon the branches of this enterprising company which has dotted

the city with luncheon places connected with their bright, cheery candy shops. Ask any woman, in the mazes of New York, where she is going to lunch and the nearest Schrafft's is an odds-on favorite, so potent is the attraction of their dainty, appetizing food, speedily served and reasonably priced.

Silbe's. In New Street, back of the Exchange, a number of restaurants are tucked away in the basements of the granite piles which make this thoroughfare one of the great man-made canyons of the world. Silbe's is an extensive underground establishment and may be visited without subsequent inner qualms. But it is impossible to mention more than a few of the many which fall into the category of the safe-and-sane eating places.

ON BROADWAY

Savarin. Coming out into Broadway from the narrow cleft of Exchange Place the eye of the restaurant hunter is caught by the word "Savarin." It is a magic name, inconspicuously displayed, for the restaurant which bears it is buried under the mountainous bulk of the Equitable Building, at 120 Broadway. But no instructed downtowner needs guidance to these regions, and entrances to it are several, by stairway from street, subway and corridor. One may safely follow one's nose, guided by the appetizing suggestion of good cooking which is wafted from below.

"Savarin!" It is a name to conjure with in the restaurant world. Few of the present day, perhaps, know

even the outline of the life of the brilliant Brillat-Savarin, keen, witty man of the world that he was, a striking example of the rapier-like ability of the best type of Frenchman to "come back." He was born in the little town of Bellay in 1755, where he rose as a young man from an inconspicuous deputy to the post of mayor. When the Revolution broke he was forced to flee the savage tribunal, seeking first Switzerland and then America, where he spent three years, eking out his slender means by teaching French and playing an instrument in an orchestra. As soon as conditions allowed, he returned to his native land, to be promptly appointed a Judge of the Court of Cassation and to vary his political and judicial duties by sprightly writings on a great variety of subjects. It was in these later years that he published his much acclaimed *Physiologie du Goût,* which has remained a master work on the pleasures and sciences of the table, containing, as it does, practical directions for the preparation of culinary masterpieces spiced with anecdotes of his life in America and elsewhere.

What a life was his, and what irrepressible energy was that of a man who could be, in one existence, deputy, mayor, judge, teacher, musician, economist, archeologist and gourmet! Among his works is a treatise on dueling in its relation to the laws of his time, but it was to table joys that he brought his highest enthusiasm, and it is for his knowledge of the pleasant uses of forks rather than foils that he will be longest remembered.

His name, bequeathed to a restaurant of long stand-

ing in the lower city, became synonymous with an excellent cuisine. It has now become a corporation, for there are several Savarins, in other locations, one at Forty-second Street and another in the Pennsylvania Station, but the name still seems to carry as its device the words *"Excellence Oblige,"* for the new establishments maintain the traditions of the old.

The restaurant on Broadway is the last word in the cleanliness of modern tiling, the walls and ceiling being finished, in this instance, in a dull blue which, with artificial lighting, creates a pleasant impression of daylight in the cavernous grottos. It is a cheerful, well-managed place where one may dine as well as lunch, for the restaurant is open until 9 P.M. to care for late workers in the human hives.

Ye Olde Chop House. A little farther up Broadway the searcher for culinary curios is advised to turn down Cedar Street toward the North River until, at No. 118, over a narrow slice of building, he will observe the weather-worn sign of Ye Olde Chop House.

In recent years there has been a mawkish tendency on the part of proprietors of various sorts to adopt an antique nomenclature extending, we have been told, to one sentimental electrician who advertises his place of business as Ye Olde Radio Shoppe. But Ye Olde Chop House is something else again. It might well go the whole distance and spell its chief attraction "Choppe" without being anachronistic, for it is really old.

It is essentially a man's eating place, for there is a proximity between cooks and clientele which unfits it

for the refinements of feminine entertainment. But, make no mistake, it is honestly and genuinely picturesque without self-consciousness or sentimentalism. Who the various proprietors have been and what its detailed history I have been unable to discover, though I have inquired of the present incumbents for light on the subject. Their reply has been a shrug and the simple assertion, "It is very old."

It is all that, and perhaps it is better to take it as it is without historical data, relying on the mute evidence of scores of amusing prints which line its walls, dating back to other generations and displaying the Light Horse Cavalry of New York and historic prize-fights between Black Mose and English Sikesby. The smoke of many years has blackened the dark woodwork and beamed ceilings of this ancient resort. To step in out of busy Cedar Street is to go back a century or more into a chop house of Old England.

The tiny interior is divided fore and aft, the front portion being again divided by an aisle, on one side of which is the oyster bar where, in days of blessed memory, I have enjoyed a glass of stinging ale with my bivalves. On the other side of the aisle are small tables for two. The kitchen is in the center and to the right of this a passage—mind the steps—leads down into the back room, a pleasantly gloomy chamber divided by stalls over which, from the ceiling, hang marine relics, harpoons, lanterns, an old ship's model and a goggle-eyed fish studded with cruel spikes, reminiscent of the fact that we are, after all, in a seaport and in an environment where black-bearded sailormen with

rings in their ears, huddled in one of the stalls, might well whisper, "Once aboard the lugger and the gal is mine! But, harkee, mates, no violence. . . ."

The menu is surprisingly extensive, and it seems impossible that it can all come out of the little center kitchen, the grill of which opens directly into the back room. Probably there are concealed sources of supply below. Chops, steaks and all manner of grilled foods are the specialties, and the old house also prides itself on Cape Cods and Lynnhavens and Woods Hole clams which really come from the waters whose names they bear, genuine, autographed shellfish, so to speak, the name blown in the shell.

On my last visit I stood before the small paned windows on the narrow sidewalk and read with interest the announcement penciled by the present proprietor, whose literary style is less English than his chops.

"That there is no parallel to this colossal, historic English Chop House goes without saying because it is one of the oldest and most curious eating places in this City if not in the whole World. Its enormous and tremendous value is proved by the fact that it is in continuous existence for over 124 Years and has fed over twenty-five millions of people without a single Complaint and is known all over the World as the honest to goodness Chop House.

"All of our advantage lies in the fact that we are cooking the best of food with a view to making them as delicious as possible and are not calling them by foreign and fancy names as is the case with many so called restaurants."

My reading of this document was shared by two gentlemen who had just emerged from the interior, one of whom, reaching the clause, "without a single Complaint," said, "That's one lie nailed; I just made one myself."

For a moment I was saddened. It seemed such a pity, after having everything go smoothly for one hundred and twenty-four years, satisfying the needs of twenty-five million people, to have this chap come along and spoil it all. But after all, I thought, who is he among so many? It is a wonderful record, anyway, and I for one am glad to have this quaint retreat remain, crude, dingy, and unimproved, veritably, Ye Olde Chop House.

JOHN STREET

Ye Olde Dutch Tavern. Having sampled "ye olde" flavor of the English variety it would not be fair to omit Ye Olde Dutch Tavern on John Street (No. 15). Indeed, a visit there is desirable, for it is one of the really excellent downtown restaurants. The Dutch Tavern has a respectable record of years behind it, having occupied part of the adjoining building for twenty-five years and its present site for eight. The spirit of Dutch neatness pervades these precincts, to which has been added the German efficiency of the management. As may be expected, among the specialties are such stout viands as beef à la mode with potato pancake. Brisket of beef and the orthodox accompaniments of herring, sardellen and pickles, but the bill of

fare is of wide range, good quality and at a surprisingly moderate price. But what sold me at Ye Dutch Tavern was a visit to the kitchen, where I was personally conducted by Manager Huefner. The hour was the most trying one in the life of a restaurateur—that immediately following the luncheon rush—yet I found every table, block, ice-box, dish-washer and range in apple-pie order, sweet and clean, a treat to the eye and, severer test, to the nose. As the manager put it, simply, "The Board of Health just loves to come here."

They well may. Such immaculate cleanliness reflects great credit on the management and makes Ye Olde Dutch Tavern a place one can recommend unhesitatingly.

Farrish's. Farther down John Street, at No. 42, where it has recently moved from the corner of John and William, is another old stand-by, Farrish's, where good plain fare is served on the conventional, clean-scoured wooden tables. An air of tradition clings to this establishment, for the walls are ornamented with the pictures and trappings of the original house which dates from 1856, when a chop at Farrish's was the *summum bonum* of a young buck's day.

Farrish's still has sentiment of an honest sort. Something of the bluff personality of the founder has been handed down with his portrait which graces the window. The motto of the place, "He who serves best profits most," rings sincerely. It is a plain, homely place.

There evidently is, or has been, a statistician in the

organization, for the back of the bill of fare informs us that the 5,670,000 patrons have consumed 1,417,537 steaks, requiring the services, presumably unwilling, of 44,298 cattle. Lambs, to the number of 378,007, have been sacrificed to produce 756,014 lamb-kidneys, which works out just two kidneys to a lamb, as it should. Other calculations suggested by the statistician are: If it takes 60,466 bushels of potatoes to produce 7,739,648 individuals spuds, how many potatoes are there to a bushel? You may figure this out for yourself or, if you prefer, take it home to your son for evening home-work.

FULTON STREET

Whyte's. No downtown wanderer is likely to miss Whyte's at 145 Fulton Street, for it is one of the best known of the restaurants in this part of the city. The senior Whyte, founder of the house, was an Ogdensburg, N. Y., man. He opened the present place in Fulton Street in 1909, coming to New York with a long record of restaurant experience in Chicago and other cities. It was no uncertain hand which built the hospitable building at 145, with its English façade of stucco and timber and its warm, brown interior, cozy and yet spacious, for Whyte's has a large layout extending from Fulton Street on the south to Ann Street on the north. There is a grill in the basement, men's dining-rooms on the street level and a ladies' dining-room on the second floor. The atmosphere is homelike despite its size.

It seems to me as if here, too, the founder must have left the impress of his personality on the establishment of which he was so proud, for he was a big man, radiating vigor and friendliness, qualities which are alive in the atmosphere of Whyte's to-day. I recall meeting him in the Middle West shortly after the Fulton Street house opened. Crowds were already pouring through its revolving doors at noon and evening, and its many tables were being used twice and three times over, as they are now. It was in speaking of the great volume of business done that Mr. Whyte used an expression which stuck in my mind as an idiom of pure restaurantese.

"Why, Mr. Chappell," he said, "down at that place of mine we *eat* over two thousand people a day!"

This Gargantuan phrase somehow expresses the lusty vigor of the founder and the institution which he left behind him and which now flourishes under the management of his four sons. Perhaps of all the downtown group it is the most typically American in the modern sense, a lively, hustling place. At the door stands Billy Downing, a lifelong employee of the senior Whyte. "When he went I lost the best friend I ever had," says Billy, and turns to exchange a greeting with one of the thousands whom he daily welcomes to partake of the excellent fare. In its clientele we see business men of the employer class and a liberal admixture of the professions—lawyers, architects and engineers, many of whom have their offices in this neighborhood. It is the farthest north of the large restaurants which cater to the needs of the skyscraper district.

Dewey's. Almost directly across Fulton Street is Dewey's, an establishment of good repute, dating from 1857. It is more restricted in area than its younger neighbor, but possesses an attraction of its own in its galleried back room over which, close to the high ceiling, is a row of gigantic tuns, marvels of the cooper's art, now, alas, more ornamental than useful. Dewey's is distinctly old-timey, and interesting for that reason.

We have now come northward, out of the financial zone, to the confines of City Hall Park, beyond which lies an area which the changes of business have thrown into such a state of flux that it is difficult to locate any outstanding places of refreshment.

Hahn's. We should not fail to mention Hahn's, now at the corner of Read Street and Broadway. This well known restaurant is in subsurface quarters as it was for a number of years in its earlier location on Park Row. It has remained distinctly first-class. The present Hahn's is refined in decoration and quiet in atmosphere. One feels there a beginning of escape from the tumult of downtown and, after a few hours in the Grand Canyons of Manhattan, it is a restful place in which to lunch or dine and do either well.

Thus we see that there is much variety possible for the collector of restaurants even in this, the busiest corner of the world, where men eat "on the wing," so to speak, as they fly from one commission to another. Between the Colonial quality of Fraunces' Tavern and the busy Americanism of Whyte's there are many gradations.

I can safely promise visitor or native that a trial-by-table of the places I have mentioned in nether New York will lead him to interesting environments and to excellent fare.

CHAPTER IV

EATING AMONG THE ARTISTS

"THE Village," as it is knowingly called, "Greenwich" being taken for granted, is in many respects the most fascinating section of New York City. It lies south of Fourteenth Street and west of Fifth Avenue on territory which, for many years, was definitely set apart as farm land.

For the benefit of those who are not averse to a little history with their meals it seems fitting to preface this examination of the Villagers' eating places with a few erudite notes.

Where the Village streets now wind their way once dwelt an Indian tribe. They called their land "Sappokanican." A satirical historian, Ralph Bartholomew, in his lively "Souvenir Book of Greenwich Village" says, "The Indians who lived here are said to have been quite different from all other Indians. The neighboring tribes considered them quite *outré*. What few sticks of household furniture they had were painted a rich navy blue. On the inside of their wigwams might be seen paintings of strange, impossible animals and attenuated humans—ostentatiously undraped. They made it a point to carry on only the lightest housework. The males wore their hair long and loved to adorn their wrists with silver bracelets. The squaws, on the other hand, cut their hair short

or 'bobbed,' and could be distinguished from the ladies of other tribes by massive rings which they wore on the first finger of either hand. Absolute equality prevailed between the sexes. They delighted to spend the nights in debate as to whether there was a Great Spirit or no.

"Wampum they held, or pretended to hold, in great contempt. When the Dutch settled at the lower end of the island, the Indians at Sappokanican observed their thrifty ways with no little mirth. They called the Dutch rank materialists. The Dutch thought the Indians most peculiar. The Indians rather liked this, and the more peculiar they were considered, the more peculiar they became. Before long, however, the whole island was purchased for a bushel or so of Woolworth jewelry (worth about twenty-four dollars), and away moved the aboriginal inhabitants of Greenwich Village."

We see, in this discerning passage, a clear foreshadowing of the artistic tribe which now inhabits the same territory, a tribe set apart and viewed by the sober citizens of Manhattan with the same mixture of delight and distrust that characterized their Dutch forebears.

In cold truth, the matter was as stated. The Indians were not allowed to hold their fertile lands for long. One of the early Governors set them aside as a "Bouwerie," or farm, for the Dutch West India Company—the Indians, presumably, being pushed into the Hudson. Then along came the English, and "Bossen Bouwerie," as it was called, fell into their hands

with the surrender of Fort Amsterdam. With their passion for transplanting the names of their country, the new owners gave the name of Greenwich to the scattered hamlet which had sprung up on the Dutch holdings.

The rise of Greenwich to the estate of a village was due to an epidemic, not of artists, but of smallpox, some say yellow fever. We will not debate the point. Both are good and either is enough to account for the sudden exodus of early New Yorkers to Greenwich, a location which seems always to have been considered unusually healthful.

In 1744 an eminent worthy, Sir Peter Warren by name, bought himself three hundred acres in the neighborhood, upon which he built a fine house. Orthodox Villagers, if there can be such things, consider that the confines of the Warren Farm and the present Village are identical. Sir Peter, who is said to have been a successful buccaneer, passed away. The Revolution came and went, not without leaving its heritage of associations in the Village. Washington, busy man, made his headquarters at Richmond Hill, another historic Village house. John Adams and Aaron Burr both lived there.

The farm lands had in the meantime been subdivided. A few great houses remained, and around them sprang up humble dwellings, wooden structures, hardly more than shacks. New streets, lanes and alleys came into existence, but only as the villagers wished. It is told how old Burgher Brevoort, blunderbuss in hand, chased off the city surveyors who

wished to run Eleventh Street through his estate.

In 1822 another epidemic drove more frightened citizens out of the city. A high board fence was run across Manhattan as a quarantine measure. The Village was again sought out as a health resort. Temporary buildings, built for the refugees, were gradually replaced by permanent brick houses—small two- and three-story affairs, following the gracious Georgian style of the period. A glance at Charlton Street, which is beautifully preserved, will make us thankful that the sudden rise of Greenwich did not take place fifty years later during the brownstone reign of terror.

The old winding streets and lanes remained. The building boom got the jump on the city planning commission. Fate destined Greenwich to attract, years later, those who love the odd and unusual rather than the rigid and conventional. The city swept on around the Village. The odd pieces of land were the despair of those seeking to build for commercial purposes. Realtors of the day looked at the Village and shook their heads. "No, no," they said, "go farther afield, where property is less snarled up." The Village has never welcomed the capitalist.

Naturally, a large part of the property soon began to be considered "unimproved." The houses were out of date. No new ones took their places. Rents remained low. Enter the artist.

Given a charming architecture and a low rental, the artist will appear. He did. And, following the artist, must come, also, the general public, curious to see where these odd and interesting creatures live and

have their irregular beings, for the life of Greenwich Villagers has always been, supposedly, as queer and tangled as the highways they live in.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VILLAGE

The pursuit of the Villager by the public is not a thing to be deplored. Artists and their ways are interesting to outsiders. We may as well admit it and seek to establish as congenial relations as possible.

It is well, then, to warn the visitor that the Village is something that is not to be captured in a moment. It has great beauty, but it is hidden. It is a collective charm, made up of many experiences, of glimpses of odd angles of architecture and queer corners of human hearts, of rousing parties in low-ceilinged rooms, deep arguments with wild-eyed enthusiasts and contemplative hours, alone, in a green garden.

To really know the Village one should live in it. The next best thing is to take it as slowly as possible. My own first taste of it dates back twenty years when I worked as a student with an American painter of an older generation, Robert C. Minor. His studio was in one of the buildings of the New York University on the east side of Washington Square. The site of my brilliant art career is now occupied by the American Book Company, publishers, in school-book form, of many painful problems for the youth of America.

During the last two decades I have wandered back into the mazes whenever the opportunity offered. I

have absorbed the Village slowly. An attempt to bolt it will result in the disillusionment experienced by the traveler who tried to live the Parisian *vie de Bohême* in one short, hectic night and who, standing on the curb, gazing at the lead franc which the departing *cocher* had given him in change, said reproachfully, "So this is the Latin Quarter!" It was ashes in his mouth—and counterfeit in his hand.

The Village is not counterfeit. It is very real and very elusive. It is instinct with life. It is perennially young. There is some pose, no doubt, but in the main it is unassuming and sincere. It remains, in spite of its critics and some of its exponents, the atelier of the experimental and the cradle of new ideas in the graphic and plastic arts—in poetry, prose, drama and craftsmanship. No man who is not petrified above the collarbone can pass through the Village without realizing that something very vital still lingers in its veins.

THE FOOD QUESTION

We come, at last, to the crude topic of food amid surroundings of so much spiritual and artistic charm—but artists must eat, like other people, though not, perhaps, as regularly.

My advice to the explorer is to take a south-bound Fifth Avenue bus to its terminal beyond the Washington Arch. From there he may wander as he will but, lest he lose himself irretrievably, I am constrained to urge him to follow the itinerary set forth by Mr. Robert Edwards, the famed "Bobby"—poet, singer,

dramatist, ukulele-maker, minstrel, artist, editor, and, as he himself proclaims, "painless photographer."

Bobby deserves a paragraph, if not a book, by himself. He is the spirit of the Village—some say its showman. If so, he shows it in exactly the right way, with a whimsicality and grace that do it honor. He publishes a small magazine, *The Quill,* which has weathered eight years of editorial existence. Let the newcomer by all means procure the latest copy. It contains a map and guarantees to be "almost accurate." Follow its indications, as slowly and composedly as possible, and you will be led to places of interest and amusement which are the real Village.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH

The Garret—Washington Gardens—The Coffee House of Good Intent. The bus having landed us south of the Arch, a natural starting place is on the southern boundary of the Square, where, on the corner of Thompson Street, is one of the most amusing establishments of the entire Village, The Garret. From this incredibly picturesque house Lafayette reviewed the Colonial troops when the Square was a parade ground. It is a two-story clapboard structure upon which, apparently, no repairs have been made since Lafayette's day. The Garret is properly located on the second floor and extends back into an old brick house in the rear. This relic is reached from the entrance on Thompson Street. Simple food is served in simpler surroundings, but the handmark of the artist is

on it all. It is Bohemian without trying to be. It could not help being so in such a setting. The Garret's investiture might well be the model for our romantic scenic designers. Here the editorial board of *The Quill* meet. Its patrons and manager are friends and chat together in easy good-fellowship. Its service is confined to dinner and evening repasts, and it is by all means a place to be visited.

Near-by, at 72 Washington Square, South, in a fine old house, is Washington Gardens. Here one lunches in the high-ceilinged front room or, if the weather is suitable, in the backyard Gardens, a bright oasis tucked in between the towering backs of adjoining buildings, a spot made gay with greenery and latticed alcoves covered with awnings. The Gardens has not the crazy antiquity of The Garret, but, rather, the colorful quality found in many of the Village rendezvous. I had hoped to write this chapter without using the word "colorful" but it can't be done. If there is one place where it must be used it is in the Village. It is, in fact, a Village word, and The Gardens is certainly it. The food is as grateful to the palate as the color is to the eye. Luncheon, tea and dinner are served in this pleasant environment.

On the southeast corner of the Square is another attractive eating place, The Coffee House of Good Intent, which is not as big as its name, but very good withal. It is surprising how varied the Village places are. Each has its own style and atmosphere. That of The Good Intent is Georgian, like the old brick dwelling in which it is housed. The interior is like an Eng-

lish inn, the tables being set in the traditional stalls which give privacy without exclusiveness.

SOUTH OF THE SQUARE

Mori's—The Black Cat—Barney's—Broad's. We must not attempt to do our Village without going further south to Bleecker Street, where, at the foot of Thompson Street, will be found one of the most well-known restaurants in the neighborhood. The name of Mori's has already spanned the continent. It is known for its food and for its festivity. It should also be acclaimed for its architecture. Both inside and out it is a joy to the eye. Old buildings have been remodeled so that, surrounded by the work-a-day business establishments of a teeming Italian population, it attracts at once by its columned façade and air of dignity. The interior is an extremely clever example of restrained decoration, one of the first in the city to use the plain surface of stucco walls, lightened by an occasional grilled opening, to form an effective background for the throngs which nightly visit it. The Italian dishes are of a superior order and the spumoni a cool confection that must be experienced to be fully appreciated. Mori's has won high repute as a gay meeting place on the edge of the Village.

Around the corner, at 557 West Broadway, under the shadow of the Sixth Avenue elevated, is a curious old relic, The Black Cat, which harks back to the early days of New York's Bohemia. It is a grim, fascinating place. An old world air clings to it. It is invested

with something of mystery. One feels that strange, tragic things might happen there. With its dingy, high-ceilinged room, clouded with smoke, a volunteer singer performing to an audience of artists, tradesfolk and out-of-town buyers, the old Black Cat still retains qualities that are less of the Village than of the Continent.

By way of striking contrast, and also so as not to miss the very latest thing in Village restaurants, we must stop at 85 West Third Street and inspect "Barney's," presided over by the urbane M. Gallant, known to all sincere night-owls. It, too, like Mori's, is a remodeled job, but, being of the most recent vintage, it strikes a modernistic note. Its two sizable rooms, one raised several steps above the other, are beautifully decorated in what seems to me to be the perfection of taste for this sort of thing. It has real distinction. It is gay without being wild, odd without being bizarre. Indeed, the atmosphere of Barney's is that of smartness. It is not Bohemian in the sense of batik curtains and tallow candles. Nothing of that sort about Barney's. All is bright, new, imaginative and chic. It seems like a transplanted bit of Uptown, and it is managed with the skill and courtesy of its patron. I heartily recommend Barney's to those who wish to dine or sup exquisitely in the Village before exploring some of its more characteristic but less fastidious corners.

We should not leave West Third Street without mentioning an old-time eating place, Broad's Chop House, at No. 53, a place famous in its day and still

supplying good solid food in surroundings that recall an earlier generation.

MACDOUGAL STREET

The Bamboo Forest—The Bat—The Kopper Kettle—Vagabondia—Ferreri's—Gonfarone's. This famous thoroughfare, which, with its "alley," has become synonymous with the Village, is lined with amusing eating places, in each of which the host or hostess has expressed his or her individuality. There is no sameness about them. Visiting them is like meeting a group of artistic people. Looking up Macdougal Street from West Third, one is surrounded by cheerful possibilities. At 127 is The Bamboo Forest, famed for its Chinese cuisine, served "under the auspices of Chinese scholars and friends of China," where the honorable chop suey may be met with in its native purity. Across the street is The Bat, whose macaber interior recalls the sinister Bohemianism of Paris and Le Rat Mort. The Kopper Kettle, at 131, and Vagabondia, at 144, are small basement restaurants each endowed with its own personality and a good, if limited, menu.

Ferreri's, at 137, is an excellent restaurant, more pretentious than its artistic neighbors, and very popular for the larger functions of the Village. Its dignified rooms run back to a charming garden-room, open to the sky, where there is dancing after dinner. This is one of the "authoritative" restaurants of the Village, where one may take one's fussy old uncle

from Boston and be sure of a good meal without fear of having any one sit in his lap. While the management is Italian, the fare is varied and the service and appointments impeccable.

Close by should be noticed the Provincetown Playhouse, the scene of many a brave experiment in the drama, not a few of which have scored resounding successes and been haled to the larger playhouses on Broadway.

Macdougal Street is rudely interrupted by the east side of Washington Square, but while we are on it we may as well continue to its upper end, where, at the corner of Eighth Street, the house of Gonfarone still dispenses good Italian cooking in its old-fashioned quarters behind long windows enlivened with green window-boxes.

WEST FOURTH STREET

Dragon Inn—The Silhouette Shop—The Pepper Pot—The Samovar—The Mad Hatter—The Jolly Friars—The Pig'n Whistle. When we turn back to West Fourth Street, as is here and now proposed, we find again a bewildering choice of stopping places. If it were necessary to select a single Village street for gastronomic exploration, probably West Fourth Street would be it. It is hard to pass by the delightful shops with their fine examples of hand-wrought jewelry, textiles, prints, paintings, books and what-not, but our field is food.

Well, then, on West Fourth, right off the Square, at

140, there is Mr. Wang's Dragon Inn, a jolly sample of American China, clean and—what shall I say? Ah, yes!—colorful! That is the word—with a smiling proprietor whose greeting is the acme of Oriental courtesy. If your choice is for the less exotic waffle and a cup of really superb coffee, you will find both in the Silhouette Shop, amid the Whistlerian tones of the lower level, at No. 146.

Care must be taken not to miss some of these curious, submerged spots. They are neither seen nor enjoyed by the man with his nose in the air. I have passed many of them without seeing them but, in my rambles, I have made one important discovery. If you stumble and fall in the Village you are sure to land in a restaurant. Perhaps that is why they are so conveniently located. Descend into the Silhouette Shop and enjoy its comfortable charm, its good fare and subdued wall decorations.

Less likely to be missed is the larger Pepper Pot, at No. 148, which occupies an entire building. The basement is its most interesting feature, a real Bohemian hang-out, gay without pretense. Song resides there. It is inspiriting to find a joyous chorus proclaiming, during the lunch hour, that "The Froggies think they won the War, Parlez-vous," an assumption based on nothing more potent than iced coffee. On the tables are extraordinary candles about which the wax drippings of years have formed mellow cascades, some of which a sculptor's hand has turned to ingenious figures. The proprietor, "Doc" Sherlock, prides himself on the home quality of his food, and

his pride is justified. On the upper floors are rooms for dancing and games. Doc's studio, "the largest in the Village," is at the top. "For permission to see it, ask the manager, Mr. Miller."

The Pepper Pot is, in truth, a peppy, joyous institution.

Next door, at 150, is another rendezvous, especially amusing at night, The Samovar. In the fantastic creation the dream of the seeker after the picturesque has been realized. The utmost has been made of utterly crazy quarters, ramshackle and random, wandering hither and yon, through passage and room to a surprisingly commodious dance room in the rear. The walls are postered and decorated with the latest—and oldest—announcements of Village activities from the forthcoming ball at Webster Hall to the projected performances at the Poet's Theatre in the basement of the Da Vinci Art School. Samovars twinkle, ukuleles tinkle and villagers drinkle. The Village is there. Don't miss it, and don't have a late train on your mind when you go there.

Tucked away in the basement of the same number, burrowing as it should, is the Mad Hatter or Rabbit Hole, another nook which might be overlooked, but should not be. Villagers speak of this as the "original tea place," for it has attained the honorable age of eight years.

At Sixth Avenue Fourth Street suddenly crooks its elbow and bears north, but we must follow it in order not to miss The Pig'n Whistle, at 174, a pleasant restaurant quartered in a series of old brick houses, spick

and span, that add much to the atmosphere of this fascinating street. Here the character is primness and order, with food and service to match. In this section, too, is The Jolly Friars, at 49 Sixth Avenue, where there is food and dancing, and The Hearthstone, at 174 West Fourth, where Miss Gertrude Lyons dispenses substantial, homelike food.

IN AND ABOUT SHERIDAN SQUARE. CHRISTOPHER STREET

The Greenwich Village Inn—The Crumperie—The Chintz Coffee Shop—Frau Grete—The Pirates' Den—The Four Trees. Having traversed the length of West Fourth we come out into famous Sheridan Square where, opposite the Greenwich Village Theatre, is the well known Greenwich Village Inn. The gayety of this joyous spot needs no advertisement. It is still very much alive and contributes many a festive evening to the life of the Village, of which it has long been so intimate a part.

In Washington Place, near Sixth Avenue, Villagers often lunch or have tea at The Crumperie where the hostess, Miss Crump, will, if you are very good, furnish music on the uke while you champ your crumpets. And there is the little Chintz Coffee Shop, artfully concealed in the nether regions of 80 Grove Street.

Walking up Christopher Street from Sheridan Square, we may stop, if we like good, home, German cooking, at Frau Grete's, No. 13, for the Village is by no means anti-Teutonic. On Christopher Street, too,

at No. 8, is the well-known Pirates' Den, the Stevensonian concept of Don Dickerman, who is all for swarthy buccaneers, clanking chains, clashing cutlases, ships' lanterns and all that sort of thing. It is obvious make believe, but good fun and good food.

The Four Trees, at No. 4 Christopher, is a newly opened rendezvous which specializes in romance, synthetic moonlight and sympathetic music.

HERE AND THERE

The Blue Horse—Enrico and Paglieri—The Clubs. The Blue Horse, which used to occupy the grove now created by The Four Trees, has moved westward to 21 East Eighth Street, across Washington Square, where, in its new quarters, its beauty of decoration and excellence of cuisine are ably maintained.

A little farther uptown, at 64 West Eleventh Street, is Enrico and Paglieri's, a distinctly Italian restaurant of high repute in the Village.

The Village has its supper clubs, too, the Fronton, at 88 Washington Place, The Golden Gate, on West Fourth Street and The Triangle, on Seventh Avenue, near Waverly Place. These deserve mention as attractive meeting places for those who dance. They are not strictly restaurants, and it will be seen that of the latter there are enough to fill a volume.

It is said of the artist that he likes to eat when and where he feels like it. With the choice of places which the Village offers he should certainly have no difficulty in satisfying this desire.

And now, before leaving this section of my subject, I wish to point out a very remarkable thing, an attribute of literary style and an example of restraint which, I claim, entitles me to a special medal of some sort. I don't care who gives it to me—the Author's League, the Rockefeller Institute—all are welcome as long as I get it. I have written a chapter of several thousand words on the Village and never once used the word "quaint"!!! I challenge the world to produce a treatise on the subject having this same quality.

CHAPTER V

MID-TOWN: LUNCHEON AND DINNER LANDMARKS IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY

IT is perhaps misleading to term "mid-town" that section of New York which lies between the Village and Central Park. Our numbered cross streets go beyond the two hundredth mark before they vault the Harlem River and lose themselves in the wilds of the Bronx. The geographic waist line of the city would be somewhere near One Hundred and Tenth Street.

But, for the purposes of our food survey, the area I have indicated is next in order as we emerge from the artistic environment of Washington Square. It is, moreover, the center of the city in relation to its major activities. Most of the theaters are in this zone. The Opera is here, and two great railroad stations. The hotels are legion. It is the area of the fashionable shops. Fifth Avenue, to-day, from Washington Square to Central Park, is unquestionably the retail trade center of the world. The traffic is a spectacle. It was a natural remark of the upstate farmer who, watching the unending stream of motors, said to his wife, "They seem to be kinder behind in their haulin'." Traffic experts devise tasty towers, skip-stop regulations and one-way mandates. They help some, but the press of vehicles increases daily. One despairing

suggestion from a sufferer is that all licenses be taken away from taxis and given to pedestrians.

Day or night this mid-section of New York is a boiling caldron of activity. This is the seething center of "Bagdad on the Subway," which O. Henry crystallized into literature. The area is so great that it will have to be taken piecemeal. In it are restaurants of widely different types. The lower edge, near the Square, is the quietest. The business that has invaded lower Fifth Avenue is that of the wholesale trades. The sidewalks are comparatively free from shoppers. As we move uptown they increase. Fourteenth Street is at present a sort of museum piece. It has lost its old prestige as a shopping street and gained nothing in its place. It looks like an old print that has been badly used. The Academy of Music and its neighbor, Tammany Hall, carry one back to another generation. Only the presence of thousands of foreigners on the street assures us that this is really modern New York. Twenty-third Street, too, is in a state of transition. At Thirty-fourth we feel a quickening of the city pulse. Forty-second records its highest beat. In another few years it is predicted that Fifty-seventh will be *the* street.

All through this varied section are restaurants which reflect their environment. There are restaurants of the theatrical world and those which care for the fashionable *mondaines* of Park Avenue. There are the little restaurants and tea rooms in the side streets. It is with none of these that we will occupy ourselves at present. My objective in this chapter is to discuss the chief restaurants of what we may call a "general" char-

acter. It should not be assumed that this general classification precludes excellence in cooking. Those that I have selected for mention are uniformly good in their respective ways, but the kind of restaurants I have in mind are not characterized by the ultra-modern note in appointments or decoration. They are the restaurants of the people, rather than the restaurants of society.

BELOW FOURTEENTH STREET

The Brevoort and The Lafayette. Unquestionably one of the oustanding features in the restaurant life of New York is the Hotel Brevoort, that bland, blonde edifice which graces the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. When it was rumored not long ago that the old Brevoort "mansion" was to be destroyed, a tremendous and perfectly audible sigh went up from thousands of hearts. Then it was learned that the mansion was *not* the hotel which, far from being destroyed, was to be refurbished and restored preparatory to taking on a new lease of life.

May that life be long! Whatever is done to the Brevoort, it is unlikely that there will be any radical change in its appearance. Permanence, immutability, sameness are inherent in it. And what a charming sameness it is! We ought, perhaps, to think of the Brevoort as a hotel, but most of us do not. It has pleasant rooms which are sought by many visitors from France and the South American countries as well as by discriminating citizens of the United States. But

for the average New Yorker, who has his own home to go to, though he doesn't always do so, the Brevoort means its restaurant.

It has been my good fortune, for a number of summers, to return from week-ends in New England by "palatial" Sound steamer, debarking at Pier 40, East River, and proceeding with all possible speed to the Brevoort. Breakfast is not ordinarily counted a gala meal, but those at the Brevoort are, for me, festival occasions. Taking one of the small tables on the Eighth Street side, where I can look over my paper at the glimpses of greenery in the near-by Square, I order the perfect *petit déjeuner*: a cool melon, always sweet and of exactly the right ripeness, eggs shirred in a red-hot ramekin, crisp crescent rolls with fresh butter and a pot of that indescribable coffee that transports me in an instant to the real Paris of which this dignified environment is so satisfactory a replica. Truly, food for the gods!

The service is of the finest French variety and of a marvelous rapidity. It is a blessed, peaceful spot and a morning meal there is the pleasantest of preludes to a working week. For luncheon and dinner, too, it is thronged. Its nearness to the Village attracts many of the Bohemians who forgive its staid correctness because it is worn with such a jaunty grace. The exterior is thoroughly in harmony with its interior. Built in 1854, it is well on its way to the century mark, which makes it one of the oldest hotels in the city. Its first proprietor was one C. C. Waite, who was succeeded in 1871 by O. B. Libbey, the proprietor of the old

Albemarle. From its earliest days it was considered one of the "swell" hostelries of the city.

The present management is known officially as Raymond Orteig, Inc. The story of Raymond Orteig is that of steady, consistent work marked by the closest attention to the details of his job, the supervision of his kitchens and service departments and the personal relations with his patrons, which are the basis of all real restaurant successes. Closely associated with him is his general manager, Élie Daution, affectionately known as M'sieu Élie. This dapper gentleman attains no less than perfection in his supervision, in the exquisite neatness of his person and in the courtesy with which he makes all necessary arrangements for the comfort of his guests.

Messrs. Orteig and Daution are more closely allied than by mere business ties, though in this regard their long partnership is remarkable, for it goes back to the nineties, when they were fellow waiters at the old Café Martin in University Place. It was here, under the training of that master restaurateur, that they learned the details of their calling. When Martin moved uptown, in 1902, Orteig, in association with a fellow countryman, Lablanche, acquired the lease, changing the name to the Hotel Lafayette. Shortly after this Lablanche returned to France, leaving his partner in command. The little Lafayette was found insufficient to accommodate its public, and at this time the Brevoort property came into the market. This exactly suited the ambitious Orteig and he took it over, along with the Lafayette, and the two have since been operated

jointly. In fact the Brevoort was for a time called the Lafayette-Brevoort, an appellation which confused it with the Ninth Street house. The more appropriate name of Brevoort has survived, as it should.

Rising along with M. Orteig went his friend, M'sieu Élie. They were both married and the fathers of splendid families. And then, one fine day, lo! the engagement was announced of the daughter of M. Dautiον to the son of M. Orteig! They were married and there was a great celebration. Splendid! But was that all? Ah, *mais non!* A few years elapse. M. Dautiον has another daughter of marriageable age and, *quelle chance!*—M. Orteig has another son. And so, once more, a family tie is forged to bind these two old friends through the loves of their children. It is a delightful story, and a true one.

As the reader will realize, it is impossible to mention the Brevoort without at once bringing in the Lafayette, so closely bound together are they by present management and past history. So if you have dined at the old buff brick house on the Avenue, by all means go round for coffee to the little white one on the corner of Ninth Street and University Place.

Here, if anything, is a more actual corner of Paris than its big brother, the Brevoort. The Lafayette is more intimate and cozy and boasts a café on the corner that is one of New York's most priceless possessions. It is the haven of the Frenchman who loves his game of checkers, dominoes or cards before or after meals. It is a neighborhood club, the meeting place of old friends. The habit of game playing has found many

adherents among the Americans whose work keeps them in this vicinity, and the scene at all times is one of quiet, genial gayety. Coffee and the liquid softnesses of our age have replaced the cognacs and cordials of other days, but in all vital respects the spirit of the place is unchanged. Madame la Caissiere, seated at her high desk, making change for the waiters and beaming at the clients, is the crowning touch. The Café Lafayette should really be endowed by the State, to be maintained in perpetuity as a perfect example of Continental charm transplanted to America.

Beyond the inner hall lie various rooms, notably a pleasant dining room on Ninth Street, the entire side of which, in summer, is open to the air. It is a cool, refreshing place, and the food attains the same perfection which marks that of the Brevoort. Some idea of the opulence of the menu may be gathered from the dinner which was offered by M. Orteig to a distinguished gathering of his compatriots on the tenth anniversary of his occupancy.

MENU

Huitres de Blue Point
Hors d'œuvre variés
Tortue verte claire, en tasse
Consommé au queneiles
Homard Armenonville
Filet de bass, Joinville
Agneau de printemps, Petits pois à l'étuvée
Ris de veau, financière

Asperges, sauce Hollandaise
Endives au jus
Poussin rôti
Paté de foie gras de Strasbourg
Salade Charlotte

Glacé Marmite	Timbale Printanière
Petits Fours	Friandises
Fromage	Fruits

Café des Princes

Words of comment are unnecessary in the face of this Lucullian layout.

The endowment of the Lafayette by the State must remain, at best, a pious wish, for the property is firmly held by the organization known as the Sailors' Snug Harbor. The land is part of the Randall Farm which was left, many years ago, its income to provide for the needs of ancient seamen whom fortune had cast on the rocks or, in some cases, left stranded on the bars of New York. Since then this marvelous "farm" in the heart of the city has grown to be worth millions. The income from its various parcels is ample to provide for the needs of the sailormen, and the institution shows a happy tendency to leave much of its property "as is," so much so that M. Orteig was able, in 1923, to renew his lease for another twenty-five years. A quarter century of the traditional delights of this unique spot is thus insured. The younger Orteigs, so happily united with the charming Dautions, are now part of Orteig Incorporated, making the Brevoort and the Lafayette truly *maisons de famille*.

Luchow's. One hardly needs to steer the native New Yorker to this famous restaurant, but it might easily be missed by the out-of-town visitor, for its sign is inconspicuous and somewhat lost in the maze of advertising matter of this busy street. Find Number 110 East Fourteenth and you will be there and be repaid in the bargain.

Here, as if to show our national diversity, all is as German as the Brevoort and Lafayette are French. Luchow's goes back to 1882, with a record of over forty years of excellence. How inevitably the very name brings up visions of foaming mugs of *Münchner,* of joyous family groups, fathers, mothers, grandsires, children, of gay tables surrounded by the little "clubs" of old or young cronies who daily and nightly got together.

Well, the atmosphere is much the same. There is not quite the same hustle and bustle of an evening, not quite the same "moreness" to the nevertheless palatable brew which ornaments a surprising number of the tables. The tradition of good cheer, outlasting that of good beer, endures in the long rooms, wainscoted in the approved Teutonic style, with panels, wooden bosses, pendants and strap-work, lighted overhead by stained glass skylights and amplified by huge mirrors.

Here we see a prosperous clientele, with many strong German faces, speaking their native tongue with Otto or Fritz, the waiter, and enjoying the robust fare of the Fatherland, the quality of which, if maintained as now, will assure Luchow's a permanent place in our restaurant life.

Scheffel Hall. While we are on this side of town let us continue to Third Avenue, where, at 190, behind an amusing façade of German Renaissance, is another old landmark, known variously as Allaire's or Scheffel Hall or both. This is indeed an Old World place. The two big rooms, with their high ceilings, are churchly. They have a Gothic character which is not expressed in the exterior, and very homelike and cheerful it is, too. It is a picturesque setting and in striking contrast to Third Avenue with its clattering Elevated and its Little Old New Yorkish architecture. Scheffel Hall does not enjoy the prominence which its baronial halls commanded when they were first disclosed to the public, but a steady, neighborhood trade keeps it alive and it is more interesting to me, now that it has become an established tradition, than it was when it was a stunt.

Cavanagh's. In order to get back to the area in which most of the mid-town restaurants are situated we must now turn westward again. A worth-while stopping place is Cavanagh's at 258 West Twenty-third, a well-known restaurant which still keeps its fair share of patronage. It is in this part of town that the ethnologist will be able to discern traces of that rare survival, Irish New York. One can feel it in the air, on the streets, in the faces of passers-by.

Cavanagh's is Irish to the core. Its waiters are Tim and Tom and Mike. Their red, clean-shaven faces fold into humorous lines. The touch of Erin creeps into the menu. When I last dined there I ordered cherrystone clams, for Cavanagh's is famous for its sea food and makes daily importations of lobsters from Maine and

crabs from Maryland. I then hesitated between "Lamb Stew with dumplings, Dublin Style," and "Aristocratic Irish Stew." I called my waiter.

"What does the 'aristocratic' mean?" I asked.

His lips twitched a little as he bent and whispered in my ear, "It has meat in it."

Many families dine at Cavanagh's. It is spotlessly clean. The waiters know their patrons. I heard one say, as he showed a gentleman to a table, "I want to congratulate you on the weather, sir; you managed it splendidly." Who but an Irishman could convert the weather into a personal compliment?

Outside on the sidewalk children are playing some violent running game. A ball flies past your head and a boy yells, "No fair! The guy blocked me." A little girl across the street is screaming to a friend, "Why did'n ja come over las' night?" and the friend answers in the vernacular, "I wasn't be let." As you walk toward Seventh Avenue you begin to hum, "East Side, West Side, all around the town." Cavanagh's brings back many memories of an earlier New York.

Near-by is the Chelsea, unchanged through many years, a well-run, old-fashioned hotel with a good restaurant attached.

The Castle Cave. On Seventh Avenue, at 271, we may still observe an architectural relic which would seem to indicate that New York went back to feudal times. This is the battlemented structure, a sort of stage castle, which houses the Castle Cave, within whose cement dungeons many a beefsteak dinner has been devoured. Red meat is the specialty of this long-es-

tablished restaurant and experienced Castle Cavemen eat it with their claws. For functions of this sort the management supplies enveloping aprons as a protection against the gore.

The entrance room is amusing divided by picket fences. Each table seems to be sitting in its own back-yard. Other rooms and spaces in the nether regions are set apart for the private dinners, which convene nightly to fly at the beefsteak with cannibalistic fury. Needless to say, you can have a knife and fork if you insist, napkins are not unknown and it is not absolutely necessary for you to eat beefsteak. The Castle Cave offers a varied bill of fare of good quality, a fact which has sustained it for many years.

The Russian Inn. A short detour, across Sixth Avenue, brings us to the Russian Inn at 33 West Thirty-seventh Street. This is a simple, jolly little place with a genuine Russian flavor. I include it here among the "general" restaurants rather than in the foreign section because in its successful three years of life it has established itself as a neighborhood institution. It has become adopted by the city.

It is interesting to see how completely the Russian zest for color has been able to transform what was once the usual, stupid interior of a city house—one of those long, dark tunnels between party walls, with no possibility of windows except across the two short ends. The effect now is very pleasant. The walls are painted buff and at the ceiling is a deep frieze, the dark-blue background of which is enlivened by primitively portrayed mosques, birds, peasants, horsemen and castles.

Leather-covered *banquettes* run around the side walls. The chairs and tables are black, dotted with dull, red flowers. On each table is a coarsely woven cover with red-and-blue stitching of peasant embroidery. Two or three bright bowls spot the walls. The sense of handicraft is pervading.

A fine-looking Russian boy in a tan smock, tied with a narrow blue sash, takes your order. In the corner the blue-smocked orchestra is tuning up. They hum a melody, their voices harmonizing strangely with the wiry tones of the *balalaikas*.

To this attractive corner of their country come Russians from the opera, from the ballet and from the ranks of the performers. In their wake follow their admirers, music lovers and artists, all who have found joy in the new, primitive beauty which Russia has brought into our national life. On one of the walls are some interesting drawings: Jo Davidson, the sculptor, sketched by Augustus John, the English artist; another of John drawn by Davidson—souvenirs of an evening at the Inn. On framed photographs are seen the names of Chaliapin, Pavlowa, Elman. After the theater the center tables are moved back and there is dancing to the most inspiring music in the world. The Inn opens for luncheon at noon and closes at 1 A. M.

NEAR THE GRAND CENTRAL

The Savarin—Bunn Brothers—The Sanka Coffee House. Rather than venture into the theater zone, which I am reserving for another chapter, I will try

to keep to my classification of restaurants of a general character by crossing over to the neighborhood of the Grand Central Station. This is one of the busiest areas in New York. Tremendous crowds are landed here incessantly. Huge office buildings have planted themselves on almost every available corner.

There is no lack of restaurants. Of course the station itself has a splendidly equipped establishment where the food is of high quality. There are the usual variations of counter and oyster bar. Numerous exits from the station lead to the hospitable precincts of the big hotels: the Biltmore, the Commodore and the Roosevelt. The passages are lined with other concessions where smaller restaurants are operated, such as Mendell's and—among the newest and most attractive—the Sanka Coffee House, a bright, amusing installation which specializes in the lighter forms of refreshment accompanied by their particular coffee.

A chapter might be written on the conveniences of the Grand Central Terminal. From within its walls the traveler may reach not only restaurants and hotels but also shops, concert halls, roof-gardens, offices and Turkish baths. I once asked an old lady from Connecticut if she had had a good time during a visit to New York. "Wonderful," she said. "Mary and I spent the whole day there and never went out of the depot."

Bunn Brothers operate another subterranean restaurant at 30 East Forty-second Street—a clean, capacious establishment. The character of the restaurants in this part of town is strictly modern. The number of customers served is enormous and in the places I

have mentioned they are served well and with very good food.

ABOVE FORTY-SECOND

Alice Foote MacDougall's—The Algonquin. One of the most attractive places in this neighborhood is the Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee House at 37 West Forty-third Street. The first impression of the exterior is that of a shop which specializes in Italian pottery, modern majolica, gay plates and candlesticks, *à la Carbone.* But if you penetrate into the interior you will find that there is far more to it than that. The decoration expresses the idea of an Italian street or alley and it is most ingeniously managed, theatric, if you will, but eminently successful of its kind. The public verdict is enormously in its favor, for it has enjoyed great popularity ever since it opened. There is a Schrafft's, too, in Forty-third Street between Madison and Fifth Avenues which deserves honorable mention. It is a most artistic place. The only way I can criticize it is to say that too many ladies try to get into it at once. What show has a mere man?

It might be better to include the Algonquin in the theatrical group, but it really does not represent any one art, but a cheerful mixture of drama, art, literature, journalism and business. Its location, at 65 West Forty-fourth Street, is convenient to Broadway and Fifth Avenue and it enjoys the patronage of both. The Algonquin has come to mean something like the intellectual center of the city in connection with that attractive quality known as "sparkle." Its convenience

and good management, supervised by Georges, the *maître d'hôtel,* have made it the favorite rendezvous for such enlivening figures as F. P. A., Heywood Broun, the Bob's, Benchley and Sherwood, Marc Connelly, George Kaufman and others.

To these luminaries are added those of the theater with whom the Algonquin has long been a favorite meeting place. Editors and publishers who abound in this vicinity often drop in there. Either in the long room at the side or in the attractive Rose Room at the back one is sure to find an amusing crowd. Through the character and abilities of its patrons, aided by good management, the Algonquin has built up a reputation that it fully deserves. It is one of the places to be visited.

Henri's—The Alps. Two quite dissimilar restaurants in the upper section of the mid-town group are Henri's at West Forty-sixth Street and the Alps Restaurant at 1020 Sixth Avenue.

The first named has long been known as a very chic little pastry shop that has grown into a most charming restaurant. It is not generally known that its inception was found in the supreme ability of Mme. Henri Mouqin to make the most delicious cakes in the world for her husband's restaurant on Sixth Avenue. So much sought after were these dainties that Mme. Mouqin decided to have a shop of her own. She was first installed on Forty-fourth Street, next to the Algonquin. For the last few years Henri's has been in its present quarters. It should properly rank among the smart restaurants, for it has great style. The food is delicious and it is a pleasure to eat it in

such charming surroundings. The old Mouquin establishment has recently been closed, "by request," as one of its patrons said sadly. It is good to know that the family is still represented by such a worthy survivor as Henri's.

At 1020 Sixth Avenue, almost up to the Park, will be found the old Alps Restaurant, a good family place that still serves its thousands in the neighborhood. The Alps has always gone in for a sort of sylvan decoration with a profusion of leaves, vines and trellises which give it an amusing character. These, however, are not eaten, and there is no poison ivy.

Though we have crawled, hand over hand, from Washington Square to Central Park, it is obvious that there are scores of restaurants in the side streets along the way that I have not mentioned. Some of these I will arrive at in other groupings. There are whole flocks of eating-places in the streets off Broadway that we may perhaps be allowed to classify as theatrical, though, clearly, the dramatic profession can supply only a small part of the patrons who support them. Looking back over those we have considered in this chapter, I am struck afresh with the variety in type which they represent, from the *ancien régime* correctness of the Brevoort to the hustling Americanism of Forty-second Street. It is this variety that makes eating in New York such fun. Within a few blocks it is possible to eat in any language. In fact I have had some meals in which I have had soup in French, meat in German and coffee in Italian. And the area which we have explored is only a small part of what there is!

CHAPTER VI

BROADWAY: THE THEATER ZONE, FROM THE CIRCLE TO THE SQUARE

"FROM the Circle to the Square." So runs the slogan of America's most famous thoroughfare which slices its way across Manhattan, cutting off corners, creating triangles and generally raising heck with the city plan. Its Circle-to-Square length is only a fragment, but it is the section most closely related to the night life of New York. The Circle referred to is named for Columbus, whose statue dominates the jumble of traffic where Eighth Avenue, Broadway and Fifty-ninth triply collide. And a very sketchy, tatterdemalion circle it is, with a large emptiness in the direction of Central Park and a ragamuffin air in its inhabited areas, due to conditions beyond the control of anybody in particular. At the other end of our so-called "Lane of Light" is Madison Square. This is considerably better than the Circle, but still it is nothing to make a Parisian turn handsprings. Truth to tell, New York's public places are terrible. But there they are. Diana of the Garden used to rule the roost in Madison Square. In spite of the superior height of the New York Life Building, the Garden tower with its goddess atop used to put it in the shade. Beauty made bulk look like a lumbering yokel. Diana is gone. Her lovely perch has been torn down. She

is to be sent to school, at the College of the City of New York, where, let's hope, she will never graduate.

This section of New York is the backbone of the city's theatric anatomy. The lower vertebræ have of late years become slightly ankylosed. From Madison Square up to Thirty-fourth Street the theaters have been crowded out by business. The real Broadway of the theater begins above Herald Square and stops at Columbus Circle. Its recent growth has been East and West on the lateral ribs.

To get "on Broadway" is the goal for actor, dramatist, chorus girl and producer. Also for the lady from Dubuque and her husband. The stage dominates this domain. Its types swarm along the sidewalks, the snappy dresser, the long-haired tragedian, the fat "comic" and their lady folk. Carmine-lipped chorines trip to rehearsals and performances. This is the precinct of early luncheons and dinners to fit in with the rise of the curtain; of late breakfasts and later suppers. Breakfasts, in fact, are not important on Broadway. Few of the restaurants recognize them.

Two important theatrical clubs are in the neighborhood, the Lambs and the Friars. The spaces in front of them are usually thronged with thespians. They use the street as an annex, a lounge and display room. An actor friend explained that this is because each thinks to himself, "A manager may come by, see me and say to himself, 'Ah, just the man for the big part in my show!' "

It is a crazy, hectic, pathetic and fascinating area. Broadway itself has probably less beauty in its archi-

tecture than any much-touted street in the world. It is the acme of hideousness. Ramshackle "taxpayers" and two-story dumps crowd in between the tin and terra-cotta monstrosities of movie houses and the bald walls of loft buildings. Visually and vocally Broadway bawls for publicity, which is the breath of its body. Earth and sky battle for it. Walls and windows, lobbies and human backs, are placarded and posted. A maze of electrical signs sprawl against the sky—by day a meaningless scrawl of lines and dots. The ear is assailed by a medley of appeals. Buzzers sound their locust drone against the glass of show windows, pianos rattle and victrolas whine from the music shops, barkers intone the advantages of Chinatown and Coney Island. Add the clang of cable cars and the blatting of a thousand taxis, stir in half a million assorted citizens and you have the main ingredients of our strepitant Rialto, the ripping, roaring Forties.

And then, as the screen says, "Comes night."

With night, beauty is added to this howling and horrible section. There is a very excellent moment at sundown when the western sky is rose and green and the lights are blossoming. Then begins the electrical crescendo. The tawdriness is lost in a spectacle that beats the combined efforts of Messrs. Ziegfeld, White, Carroll and Gest. The climax is reached at theater-opening time when the traffic is at its maximum. It is not a static display. Thousands of lights are in motion. Gigantic kittens tangle themselves in mazes of luminous silk, snakes of light rush around cornices, fountains of fire leap against the sky, a sky that is a

deep purple in contrast to the canyon of orange glow. The blinding eyes of motors wheel into view, unending, a black flood studded with jewels. The stars are drowned. At times the moon looks down, dismayed at this tumultuous expression of life at its jazziest.

FROM MADISON SQUARE TO THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

The Hofbrau Haus—Fichl's—The Hotels of Herald Square. As I have said, the gayety of this section of Broadway is almost non-existent now that the theaters have curled up and died. It is a hustling, business neighborhood. The elimination of the theatrical element has changed the character of the eating places, which have increased in number and decreased in size. There are countless cafeterias, fountains, spas, grills and lunches, those indications of our deplorable habit of eating on the run. I miss the importance of the Imperial and the Breslin of earlier days. Their Broadway fronts have been given over to shops for obvious rental reasons.

A notable exception to this spirit of change stands at 1214 Broadway. This is the famous Hofbrau Haus, so creditably associated with the name of Janssen. I have visited this hostelry frequently and can note no change in it since I first made its acquaintance twenty years ago.

It is a picturesque building, refreshing in its informal architecture, its stepped-up gables, half-timbered walls, mullioned casements, gay window-boxes and fluttering flags, a bright oasis in this arid section. The com-

paratively narrow Broadway elevation is deceptive. The building is built on a right-angled plan which reappears with another festive façade on Thirtieth Street. The interior is full of pleasant surprises. There are unexpected rooms on unexpected levels and they all have a homey, comfortable air. The Hofbrau claims to be "the quaintest spot in New York" and I am inclined to grant the adjective.

Its food has always been excellent. It does an enormous business. For luncheon and dinner every nook is filled. Time has mellowed it. I remember when the Hofbrau Haus wore an "exposition" air. It is now settled and established and has become a habit with thousands of New Yorkers. It should be noted by diners-out that the same management has developed its field in another Hofbrau Restaurant at 1680 Broadway, near Fifty-third Street, a commodious subsurface eating place, marked by the same qualities of comfortable picturesqueness and good food that are to be found in the original establishment. Incidentally, there is a third Hofbrau Haus in New Haven which has always been popular with students and citizens of the Elm City. The Hofbrau chain has a slogan, "Janssen wants to see you," to which, in my opinion, the answer is, "You want to see Janssen."

Tucked in the arm of the Hofbrau, on the corner of Thirtieth Street, is a tiny restaurant which deserves a word of commendation for the daintiness and smartness of its appointments. This is the Maison Fichl. It is French in character, not the dingy French of the side street *table d'hôte,* but of the little *patisserie* which

one finds in Paris. Fichl's has the same quality as Henri's, though on a smaller scale. If I were backing a restaurant for future success I would not hesitate to put a bet on Fichl's. As I think of it, surrounded by the Hofbrau Haus, I see a husky German hugging a little French girl, a pretty example of *entente cordiale*.

AT HERALD SQUARE

The Martinique—The McAlpin. In and around Herald Square there are no independent restaurants which can claim distinction. However, one need not go hungry as long as the two well-entrenched hotels of the district, the Martinique and the McAlpin, continue to do business. Both are equipped with first-class restaurants which care for thousands in this teeming area.

The Martinique traces its ancestry back to one of the great originals of New York restaurateurs, J. B. Martin, who made himself and his food famous in the little Hotel Martin at Eighth Street. As in meeting people I like to know something of their background, so it interests me to think that the seed which has produced this busy hotel in the center of the city was sown long ago in another part of the town.

On Tuesdays, for a number of years, the Martinique has been the scene of the weekly reunions of the famous Dutch Treat Club. They lunch in a large room on the second floor, and it is difficult to think of a famous man who has not at one time or another been their guest. The ability of the Dutch Treat Club to

capture lions amounts to genius in itself. Probably a large part of the secret of their success, aside from the persuasive powers of their officers, lies in the fact that their meetings are informal, mercifully short and absolutely "not for publication."

The McAlpin requires no extended comment. It is a brisk, up-to-date hotel with a restaurant of the standard demanded in New York to-day. During the summer months the trellised roof room is a delightful place in which to lunch or dine. It should be added, perhaps, that near and on Thirty-fourth Street the hotels include the most elaborate and the best restaurants of the neighborhood. To realize this we have only to consider that, other than the two I have mentioned, the Waldorf and the Vanderbilt lie to the east, while westward the course of the Pennsylvania takes its way.

NORTH OF HERALD SQUARE

Gertner's—Lorber's—The Beaux-Arts—Café Boulevard. Before leaving Herald Square take a good look at the old Herald Building, as fine an example of Italian Renaissance terra cotta work as exists in America. It will probably not remain for long unless unexpected wisdom, on the part of the City Fathers, should effect its purchase and preservation as a civic monument and a memorial to the genius of its designers, McKim, Mead and White. The owls that used to ornament its cornice have flown. Wise birds, they

probably foresaw the destruction of their home. The building is now occupied by the energetic haberdashers who publish those cute ads in the theater programs. Can you guess? "Rogers Peet?" Right, and I am not paid for telling you. But it requires no long memory to recall the days when crowds used to stand under the graceful arcades and peer down at the Herald presses slapping out their editions.

Just above Thirty-seventh, at 1380 Broadway, is an attractive restaurant, Gertner's. This is a very modern establishment. Modernity and tile go together. Tile used to be considered the last word in luxury. Who does not remember when we used to say, "They have a tiled bathroom in their house?" Our tones were awestruck. And note the singular, "a bathroom." Tile has now become the everyday accompaniment of cleanliness. It has escaped from our baths into our kitchens, our pantries and our restaurants. That this need not be of the forbiddingly white, hygienic type, which makes some restaurants more like operating rooms than eating places, is proved by Gertner's, which is attractively decorated on the exterior with dull blue tile pleasingly worried by arabesques. The inner walls have the appearance of stone, though who knows what they really are? and the floor is one of those grand things that looks like black and white marble and isn't, but is made of this new patent linoleum or cork flooring that is so pleasant to the human foot and so gratefully silent to the human ear.

In the block above, at 1420, is Lorber's, another

Broadway restaurant of good repute. Lorber's dates back more than thirty years. It is well managed and spick and span in its upkeep. Its mirrored walls give an impression of such size that I once saw a young man bow impressively to a gentleman he thought he recognized who turned out to be himself.

Next door to Lorber's is the old landmark, Browne's Chop House, the most recent of the New York restaurants to give up the ghost. I regret that notice of it has to be put in the obituary section of this volume rather than in the columns of living events.

While we are in this neighborhood we must not omit a word regarding the Beaux-Arts at 80 West Fortieth Street. From its earliest days under the management of the dashing Bustanoby brothers, the Beaux-Arts has maintained a consistent reputation for gayety and good cuisine. It was one of the first places to inject into the restaurant life of New York that Parisian spirit which is more of the Boulevard than the Latin Quarter, cosmopolitan rather than Bohemian. Being on the edge of the theater zone, it has always enjoyed the patronage of an enthusiastic supper trade.

In the same building, on the roof, are the Beaux-Arts Gardens, where dinner and supper are enlivened by dancing and a dash of cabaret. The name of the Beaux-Arts in the restaurant world is an assurance of a good meal in joyous surroundings.

The Café Boulevard, at Broadway and Forty-first Street, is an extensive establishment which serves a good *table d'hôte* at a very reasonable price.

FORTY-SECOND STREET AND TIMES SQUARE

Knickerbocker Grill—Kaiser Keller—Paillard's—Keen's—The Blue Ribbon—Piccadilly. Times Square is the climax of Broadway. The crown of confusion is here. One of the best restaurants in the neighborhood is still the Knickerbocker Grill. This is surprising to many, not that it is good, but that it is there at all, for it is artfully concealed under the remodeled building which was once Mr. Regan's festive Knickerbocker Hotel. The entrance to the grill is at 152 West Forty-second. Once inside it is hard to realize that the entire superstructure has been changed. The spacious room is unchanged. It has real style and distinction. Service and cuisine have been kept on a high plane. The music at the Knickerbocker has always been of the best. As a dinner and supper rendezvous it retains all the gayety of its heyday.

Also on Forty-second Street, at 145 West, is the Kaiser Keller, a cozy restaurant of the German type, which its name would imply. It has a homelike quality in both food and surroundings which has made it popular with busy business men by day and tired business men by night.

An exceptionally attractive place is Paillard's at 107 West Forty-third. Paillard's is fortunate in occupying a charming building, once the home of the Army and Navy Club, the seals of which ornament the front. I feel that the setting of a restaurant, its architectural environment, is an important element in its attraction

or lack of it. Paillard's first caught my attention by the excellence of its Georgian style. The interiors live up to the exterior promise. The club atmosphere survives. The dignified, paneled rooms invite leisure and repose. These favorable aids to digestion might be wasted if the cook did not do his share, but there is no such fault to be found with Paillard's. The present management supplies just the right quality of niceness and taste which the place demands.

Restaurants are so numerous in the Forties that it is difficult to know where to begin or leave off. Of those in Forty-fourth Street I like best Keen's and The Blue Ribbon. Keen's is at 107 West. You may spot it at a distance by the gate which hangs on high with the cheery verse:

> "This gate hangs high, and hinders none.
> Refresh and pay: then travel on."

This is practical advice which overlooks not the check. Keen's has atmosphere. Its manager, Mr. Paul Henkel, has a host of friends among the actor folk. Their pictures decorate his pleasantly somber walls. There are two Keen's Chop Houses. The management is the same. The other is at 72 West Thirty-sixth Street and is one of the most perfectly housed places in the city, for the building used to be the Lambs Club and was designed for conviviality. The Dutch Treat Club met there for years until their increasing numbers made a move imperative.

At The Blue Ribbon we again enter a jovial Teutonic setting. The walls are jolly with rollicking students and fat old gentlemen raising lusty steins, scraping their fiddles or blowing their bassoons. The rooms extend deep into the block and are picturesquely managed. No mystery of German cooking is beyond the chef of The Blue Ribbon. The menu abounds with what to many Americans are strange-sounding dishes: *Schinken Haxen* with *Sauerkraut, Szegediner Goulash, Sauerbraten*—names less musical than the faces one sees at the tables, for The Blue Ribbon has always attracted an interesting crowd of musical celebrities. It is interesting to look over the inscribed photographs on the walls and note the studious heads of Kreisler and of Kneisel and of old Papa Schroeder, the fine cellist of that marvelous quartette.

In Forty-fifth Street, at 121 West, the Piccadilly is a lively place which is deservedly popular. The red-checked tablecloths are quite dashing, the food is good and the place has considerable zip.

IN THE UPPER FORTIES

The Giolitos—The Blue Hour—Zucca's—Petit Jean—Sans Gêne. There is a rich vein of restaurants running through the West Forties above Times Square. Even the most inveterate eater-out will become confused by the number of Giolitos, each of which claims to be *the* one. There is really little to distinguish them from each other. They specialize in Italian food and interior courts rich in synthetic foliage. Giolito's

Cedar Gardens will be found at 124 West Forty-eighth Street, while Oreste Giolito conducts a rival establishment at 108 West Forty-ninth Street. Farther removed, but similar in general design and food quality, are the Venetian Gardens, which are operated by Carlo of the illustrious Giolito family at 242 West Fifty-second Street.

A restaurant which is out of the ordinary is the Blue Hour at 157a West Forty-ninth. The exterior of the building is romantically Italian and the interior, with its dimly lighted recesses, is decidedly effective.

Zucca's, also in Forty-ninth Street, is another Italian restaurant of some pretensions. Indeed, this whole street is one restaurant after another, French, Italian, German and plain American. Berger's and Eugenie's both enjoy considerable popularity and, on Sixth Avenue, near Fiftieth Street, is the Roma, one of the oldest Italian places in the city.

In the Fifties the restaurants are not as frequent, but near the Circle two good places are Petit Jean, at 351 West Fifty-seventh, and the Sans Gêne, at 310 West Fifty-eighth.

Still farther uptown, on Columbus Avenue at Sixty-sixth Street, is the well known restaurant operated by Thomas Healy, which still remains the liveliest and most amusing place in the neighborhood. There is no limit to the distance one may go and still eat in our elongated city. For the benefit of those who wish to explore upper Broadway I can recommend the Carlton Terrace at One Hundredth Street. It is attractive and lively, and the food is excellent.

CHAPTER VII

PARK AVENUE: WHERE FASHION DINES

A DISTINCT character is found in the restaurants on and near Park Avenue, north of Forty-second Street. This region is the fashionable "East Side," the inhabitants of which make up the majority of names in the "Social Register." The transition of Park Avenue, during the last ten years, from a highway of unimpressive and unimproved houses to a truly monumental thoroughfare has been one of the most interesting phases of our city development. Nowhere is shown more clearly the tendency of our people to abandon the individual home and to hive in apartment houses. On Park Avenue these towering structures march northward, in almost unbroken array, from the Grand Central to Ninety-sixth Street.

This street, in contrast with most of New York, presents a continuity of cornice height instead of the serrated silhouette of our well known skyline. With its extra width and its central park spaces it achieves something of nobility. The design is composed. The helter-skelter confusion of business New York is refreshingly lacking. Park Avenue is not without its shops, but they are, for the most part, small affairs, lost in the larger masses of hotels and apartments.

This is an avenue to which the New Yorker may lead a visiting foreigner and point to something in

the city's layout comparable to Paris or Munich or Vienna in its ordered design, and surpassing any of them in the average excellence of its architecture. The scale of Park Avenue always astonishes our visitors, for the height of our apartments is found abroad only in isolated instances.

Under the roadway rumble the thousands of trains of the New York Central and the New Haven systems. The electrification of these roads has made innocuous this element of submerged traffic. In the coal-burning days gaseous fumes assailed the nostrils of passers-by. Sparrows hovering over the vent openings fluttered dizzily when a large locomotive coughed up a poisonous smoke ring. Now we feel only a slight vibration as the Empire or the Merchants' Limited rolls on its way. Indeed, it is to the intelligence of the New York Central that the city owes much of the beauty of this, its most beautiful street, for an important part of their terminal plan was the purchase of property on both sides of Park Avenue as far north as Fifty-seventh Street, so that they have been able, by conditions in their leases, to direct its architectural development along harmonious lines. This development set the pitch for the rest of the Avenue, and it has been followed, to a large extent, by private owners and independent corporations. All in all, the result is a grand street.

The parallel avenues, Madison and Fifth, have felt the influence of Park. Hotels and apartment houses, and ever more apartment houses, are the order of the day. Whole blocks are covered, and the interior courts, so

recently a nest of backyards, wooden fences and clothes-lines, decked, as Burgess Johnson once wrote, with "the short and simple flannels of the poor," have become ordered gardens—Italian, formal, monumental, gay, green pictures framed by their arched entrance-ways.

In this region are the plutocratic clubs of the class that are mentioned in obituaries. On Fifth Avenue are the Union, the University,—in one of the most beautiful buildings in the world,—the Metropolitan and, farther up, the Knickerbocker, holy of holies for that *rara avis*, the ancestral New Yorker; on Park Avenue, the Racquet and Tennis, festive and ever young, and the Colony, the reigning woman's club. In the side streets are the Links, as pleasant an organization as can be found, and the Brook, that exclusive club unit which derives its name from the fact that its service, like Tennyson's streamlet, knows no closing hour but "goes on forever."

Thus, in all this region, we see concentrated a large amount of the wealth and fashion of New York, glittering, gay, smartly clad, luxuriously motored. At the dinner or luncheon hour the whole neighborhood is a fashion parade, an enlivening and attractive picture.

THE HOTELS

The Ritz—the Park Lane—the Chatham—the Madison. We must not pass by the great hotels which house so many thousands and which not only add their hordes to the diners-out, but also welcome a huge

population of diners-in. Their restaurants are a tremendous element in New York's eating facilities.

I have mentioned the Biltmore, the Roosevelt, the Commodore and the Belmont in the mid-town section of this volume, in connection with their contribution to the business life of the city. But they have great social significance and should be mentioned again in this chapter. Their dining rooms, cafés, grills and roof-gardens are thronged. New York absorbs new hotels with Gargantuan capacity. The Biltmore is, perhaps, preëminently notable as a social Mecca. Its tea room, almost every afternoon, hangs out the standing-room-only sign; in the *dansant* Roger Wolf Kahn's orchestra jazzes joyously and no evening place in the city is more lovely than the Cascades, on the roof, where the dancers twirl against a background of flowing light —a Gaston Latouche picture, vivified.

In the roster of fashionable hotels, too, must be placed the St. Regis and the Gotham, on Fifth Avenue, where many gourmets of distinction prefer to dine, out of the turmoil of the dancing set.

And then there is the Ritz. This surely should find a place among the restaurants of New York, for here, though many stay, many more lunch or tea or dine. It is amusing to watch the veering vogue of food hunters. Even within the walls of the Ritz itself there will be changes in the particular room which those "in the know" elect as the proper thing for the moment. For a few weeks it will be the oval Adams room in the core and center of the establishment, then the downstairs room, then the Korean tea garden and, al-

ways in its season, the Roof with its tented awning and hanging baskets of flowers. Wherever the traffic is thickest, there will be found Theodore—urbane, watchful, gracious—a *maître d'hôtel par excellence,* in whom, it has been said, a great diplomatist has been lost, though I feel that he exercises his diplomacy in no small field amid the exquisite surroundings which have made the name "Ritz" synonymous with good taste.

On Park Avenue, two of our latest hotel additions beguile the traveler with fine restaurants, the Park Lane and the Ambassador. I hesitate to attempt a description of palaces of this sort. Memories of the revered P. T. Barnum's reactions to Windsor Castle, where "the golden chairs and tables were inlaid with onyx and malachite and ablaze with the encrustation of thousands of precious jewels," warn me against enthusiasms of this sort. Suffice it to say, then, that these two hotels are of the first rank and offer restaurant facilities to match.

Less extensive, but sought by many for their intimate charm, are the Chatham, on Forty-eighth Street and the Madison, on Fifty-eighth Street. At the latter, the restaurant has enjoyed a decided vogue under the management of Theodore Titze, a graduate of the Ritz "School of Restaurant Service." The record would not be complete without recalling the fact that the Plaza is still at Fifty-ninth Street, famous for its restaurant, its teas, its dances and all that goes to complete the happiness of the diner-out.

RESTAURANTS ON PARK AVENUE

Marguery—Pierre's—Louis Sherry, Inc.—Voisin's. I have mentioned the hotels first, not because they are most important in a restaurant sense, but because they form a group and can be best disposed of in this way. In the aggregate our New York hotels are probably the best in the world, not forgetting London and Paris, but thinking of our establishments as "plants," with their rooms, elevators, libraries, swimming pools, roof gardens and all the rest of their practical equipment as well as their architectural beauty.

But the preference of many is to eat in a restaurant which is unattached to the complications of a hotel. There is a rich choice of such places in the Park Avenue area marked by the qualities of fashionable smartness that dominate its social life.

The big restaurant of New York is a thing of the past. The Sherry's and Delmonico's of an earlier day are gone. Numerous causes may be ascribed—prohibition, apartments, a shifting of the business center, the whims of society. It is not necessary to go into all that, but it is evident that the smaller restaurant has come into its own. Those which I shall catalogue may be given a blanket citation of smartness and *chic.* It is significant that many of them bear French names. This is a bow to Paris, indicating the source from which we have derived our highest culinary standards.

As we go up Park Avenue, the first stopping place of distinction is the Restaurant Marguery, at 270. This is a more exquisite place than the famous restau-

rant in Paris from which it takes its name. The New York Marguery wears the air of the Faubourg rather than of the Boulevards. Its decoration is formal, Louis XVI gray paneled walls and pale green furniture cushioned with rose and ivory brocade. The lighting is appropriately supplied by graceful lusters and side brackets with softly sparkling chains and pendants of crystal which gleam like fountains caught in suspension. The entrance foyer is latticed. Even the little stalls in the Forty-seventh Street room are managed in the manner of Versailles. They are pleasant shelters for *diners à deux*. Naturally, the famous *filet de sole, Marguery,* is a specialty. In general the note of this restaurant is that of quiet elegance.

A little farther up the Avenue, at 290, is Pierre's, one of the most popular in this galaxy of popular places. From its beginning, Pierre's has caught on. People have always gone there. It is the thing to do. Its setting is simple but adequate—a vestibule paved and walled with travertine, from which, between black marble columns, is the entrance to the dining rooms, a green-walled outer room or gallery, and a domed room in the rear. The star-shaped lighting fixtures in the long room are interesting in design. But it is in its clientele that Pierre's finds its chief distinction. Nowhere will be found a smarter gathering, and the tables are always crowded with groups of gay, well-dressed people. It is unnecessary to repeat in connection with each of these restaurants that the food is good. That may be accepted as a qualification without which they would not be admitted to this exclusive group.

At 300 Park Avenue is the inheritor of a famous name, Louis Sherry, Inc. The Sherry is said to be but a name, but the character of this restaurant proves that there is much in a name after all. There is a candy shop connected with it where the famous Sherry candies are dispensed, along with soda! It seems strange to see the words, "Sherry" and "soda" in juxtaposition, but it is soda *supreme*, and the candies need no encomium. They are sold in a shop that is a joy to the eye in its daintiness.

The restaurant occupies a noble gallery, paved with black and white marble, stone vaulted and wearing a royal air. When and wherever the name of Sherry appears, it seems to bring with it authoritative elegance in appointments and cuisine. This is doubtless due in large part to the continuance in its direction and management of Laurence Grandmougin, who was *maître d'hôtel* in the glorious days of Sherry's at Forty-fourth Street.

At Fifty-third Street and Park Avenue, in a rather mysterious location in the basement, is one of the famous restaurants of New York, Voisin's. I never penetrate its side entrance and descend the little stairway into its cool depths without lively anticipations of a super-excellent meal.

The interior is pleasantly contrived. The supporting columns of the building above, instead of proving a detriment, divide the restaurant space into more intimate units. The decoration is gray, with tiny wedgewood medallions. The cuisine is superb. I can give the seeker after gustatory delight no better advice than

to ask for M. Jules Muller, who, besides being one of the proprietors, is in constant and watchful attendance on his guests. His menu suggestions are infallible. The *hors d'œuvres* at Voisin's are a bewilderment of ingenious aids to appetite. As for the *patisserie* wagon, a glittering affair of superimposed stories loaded with tarts, cakes and pastries *à merveille,* look not upon it if you are reducing. It has proved the ruin of many a good resolve. Decidedly Voisin's must not be missed by any one who wishes to know the best in New York.

IN THE SIDE STREETS

Crillon—Lido-Venice—L'Aiglon—Piping Rock—Elysée—Colony. Among the attractive restaurants in the streets off Park Avenue one of the most amusing is the Crillon at 15 East Forty-eighth. I say "amusing" advisedly, fully aware that it is a trick word, often used where it does not apply. But the Crillon is just that.

It is under the Baumgarten management and its decorative school is the modern Continental. Here is the Viennese clang of color, effectively contrasted with the plain walls and black furniture. The seating arrangements of the central room are, in a way, theatric, odd and unusual. There are raised levels and cleverly contrived corners which set tables apart and yet give their occupants a view of the ensemble. The decorations by Winold Reis, of Vienna and New York, exhibit that artist's flair for the unusual and arresting. They have

wit. The management, with an understanding of the relation of decoration to food, varies the wall treatment with the seasons, showing vibrant, hot-colored panels of dancers during the winter season, which, during the most recent summer, were replaced by murals of snow-clad peaks and cool mountain slopes. To dine at the Crillon on a hot August night is like spending a refreshing hour in the Austrian Tyrol.

Back of the center room, and separated from it by a screen, is a gay variation of the popular "Pullman" seating arrangement, the tables being placed between pairs of stall seats. On the wall of each niche blazes a panel of modernistic decoration. Each little alcove is a perfect setting for a *tête-à-tête* with a companion who should be witty and up-to-date to harmonize with her surroundings.

On one side, toward the front, there is a long room decorated with interesting woodcuts. This leads to a small room which is used for private dinners and as an overflow in the crowded season, a room in which Mr. Reis, if he is responsible, has let himself go in a pigmental cloudburst in the Russian manner. It is really a wildly exciting room, and a meal eaten within its sphere of influence must inevitably be a festive occasion.

At 35 East Fifty-third, created by the energy of the talented Francesco Guardibassi, is a really fine Italian restaurant, the Lido-Venice. The exterior of several dwellings has been remodeled to express the character of one of the smaller Venetian *palazzi*. Pink stucco, armorial decorations, trailing vines and bright awnings

beguile the food hunter from our prosaic streets to a spacious room, to which he descends by a few steps from the street level, between elaborate Venetian lanterns. On the two side walls is shown Venice *en fête,* masqueraders crowding the Plaza San Marco, or reveling in gorgeously decorated gondolas on the Grand Canal. It is the Venice of the Doges. Looking at these murals, we forget for a moment that motor boats now smear the *canaletti* with the Standard Oil Company's favorite product.

At the rear of the room, in quite a different key, is a spacious panorama of Venice, seen from the sea, silver-gray in tone; San Marco, San Giorgio, the Salute—they are all there. One seems to be dining on the loggia of a little palace, looking out at the Queen of the Adriatic.

And by all means eat something Italian. Do not unimaginatively waste your dinner hour on banal provender, however excellent. The idea back of the foundation of the Lido-Venice was to supply New Yorkers with Italian cookery of the finest quality. If you are in doubt before the foreign nomenclature, put your trust in Anthony Conti, *maître d'hôtel* and part owner. Let him guide you to the delicacy of *Scollopina Marsala,* thin slices of tender veal, flavored with old wine. Let your salad be *brocoli,* that delicate blend of artichoke and asparagus. This is not the time or place to think of lamb chops or corned beef.

East Fifty-fifth Street is well equipped with smart eating places, the most attractive of which, I think, is L'Aiglon, at number 13. Here, again, its architectu-

ral setting gives it a distinctive atmosphere. The room is long and high, the ceiling a segmental vault, coffered, and the walls are paneled in browns and grays, with medallions of Empire flavor—grenadiers, court ladies and *élégantes* of old France. There is dignity and repose to be found at L'Aiglon, excellent food, pleasant company and the best of service under the direction of Joseph, the able *maître*.

Across the street, at number 18, is the Piping Rock and, at 52, the Meadowbrook, two restaurants which have shown sufficient independence to forsake foreign names and borrow those of two of our well known country clubs. They are both popular places which make no special play for the ultra-fashionable public, but minister tastefully and with discretion to an assured clientele.

In the next block, at number 1 East Fifty-sixth Street, the Elysée has long been favorably known to New York. At its inception it was one of what the restaurant world knew as "The Inner Three," the other two being Voisin's and the Crillon. These three were under the joint management of the Baumgarten interests, though operated separately. Of late they have been completely independent. In the Elysée we again find entertaining examples of the art of Winold Reis, ringing wall panels and gay gingham hangings. Besides the bright front room there are several inner apartments, through which the affable Robert circulates industriously.

Above Fifty-ninth Street, at 667 Madison Avenue, with an entrance on Sixty-first Street, is the Colony, a

restaurant which enjoys a great vogue. Every one of the restaurants which I have mentioned in this chapter has its ardent devotees. None are more insistent than the Colonists that their food and service and their Ernest Cerutti, the *maître d'hôtel,* are the best in the world. The Colony is famous for its chafing-dish specialties. It is very fashionable, clubby and on the crest of popular favor.

SURVIVAL

The Casino. In the center of New York, in Central Park, is a survival of other days, the old Casino, which persists in its attraction for some of the older members of society. It is not a wildly gay place, but summer evenings it does a thriving business, for its terrace offers about the only facilities there are in the city for eating out of doors. Around the conservatory room at the back are a number of private dining-rooms in which still are celebrated small and intimate reunions. The food at the Casino has always been good. An orchestra of young women performs agreeably during the dinner hour and for dancing. The restaurant is owned by the City which, I hope, will make for its continuance, for it is a quaint place with a Victorian flavor, interesting in contrast to the modernity which almost invariably surrounds us. If you are tired, after a hectic evening in one of our more modern restaurants, which has been followed, perhaps, by a tour to several of the supper clubs, there is nothing more delightful than lunching next day at the Casino, whither you should drive, if you please, in a hansom cab!

CHAPTER VIII

THE SUPPER CLUBS: FROM AFTER THE THEATER ON—

AS I write the opening lines of this chapter, which will attempt to deal with one of New York's liveliest phases, I am more than ever struck with the elusive nature of my subject. The supper club is the latest form of entertainment offered by our amusement entrepreneurs for what has been called "the eminental, vital, up-all-night-al set." It sprang, full-armed, from the head of Volstead. Like Minerva's, its emblematic bird is the owl.

The first supper clubs were distinctly rowdy. The "club" feature was the protective mantle assumed by certain dance halls and roof gardens to insure letting the right sort of people in and keeping the wrong sort of people out. What was meant by right and wrong in this connection was left to individual consciences, if any. It shortly appeared that the ethical concepts of legal authority, on the one hand, and organized gayety on the other were at variance and frequently opposed. The Law, which is always pictured as a woman, has a way of having the last word, which, in the case of the supper clubs, was "padlock." This short and ugly expression is translated by the victims into a placard saying, "Closed for Extensive Alterations and Redecoration."

Especially in their earlier days, the disappearance or

temporary eclipse of one or more festive oases was of nightly occurrence. Mr. Buckner and a group of his talented assistants visited the bright-lights district shamelessly incognito, collected evidence and labels, retired, crouched—and sprang. The papers chronicled a half dozen raids. Consternation! What was happening to nocturnal New York? Were we going to sink back into the torpor of a Boston?

Have no fear. It did not work that way. It was soon evident that it was as easy to form a supper club as it was to suppress one. They have shown considerable vitality. Annihilate one or two, and others spring up to take their places. The market for nice, respectable, old-fashioned houses in quiet side streets has never been brisker. There are more supper clubs than there were six months ago. The District Attorney's office may have discovered the secret of making two grow where one grew before.

In the main, they have improved in moral—or perhaps I should say legal—tone. Some learned their lesson. Others anticipated it and have always been run along conservative lines, leaving law-breaking to irrepressible guests and ambitious waiters. Their continued existence still remains problematic. A little lessening of legal pressure, a little more latitude in the interpretation of individual liberty, and pop! goes the supper club. So I must claim, in advance, exemption from reproof if I write of places which, when these words are printed, shall have reversed the route of "Baby's" well-known arrival and shall have departed, "out of the Here, into the Nowhere." If you lead a

merry party, all rarin' to go, to a place that isn't any more you must blame Mr. Buckner, not me.

HOW TO GET IN

The question of admittance to the supper clubs is always something of a problem. The out-of-town visitor or casual New Yorker who decides, after the theater, that bed is not for him, cannot be expected to be fully equipped with cards of admittance. But too strict formalities are not insisted on. Candidates for membership are not required to have letters from proposer and seconder and character testimonials from their pastor. They will be closely scrutinized by the doorman and a protracted parley is not unusual. Two items of equipment are useful to insure passage through the most exclusive portals, namely evening dress and a dancing partner. The gleam of a white shirt front, the ingratiating influence of a lovely lady—these disarm the most obdurate Cerberus. Parties of four or more are most readily accommodated. They mean more business. Single gentlemen are eyed distrustfully as potential revenue agents.

During the winter season it is well to make reservations in advance. Most of the going concerns are listed in the book. For the more obscure there is no difficulty. On a summer night a friend and I drove to the Club Durant, which was closed. The taxi driver volunteered the information that he knew a place that *never* closed. We signified our willingness to try anything once and were landed in front of a dubious-looking mansion,

from the upper windows of which bright lights and music proclaimed entertainment. But entrance was not without its formality. As we stepped from our taxi a "look-out" sprang from some obscure corner. "Hey! wait a minute," he said. "Who introduced these gentlemen?" I was at a loss. We had no passports. But the driver came to the rescue. "I did," he said with authority. "Oh, all right," was the answer. The door was opened and our arrival heralded by the doorman, who shouted to the supper regions, "TWO GENTLEMEN!" The cry echoed from above, "Two gentlemen!" By the time we reached the second floor our table was ready. So was the hostess, who introduced us to two young ladies who apparently had no last names, but one of whom had the most beautiful gold tooth I have ever seen. After a short stay we departed and forgot the address as speedily as possible.

RESTAURANTS

La Pensée—The Beaux-Arts—White Horse Tavern—Katinka—Montmartre—Rue de la Paix—Ritz Roof—Alamac—The Russian Bear—The Bossert. A number of the evening places are not operated on the club plan, but simply as restaurants with special features of entertainment at, or about, midnight and, in some cases, during the dinner hour. In this class is the Restaurant La Pensée, which is on premises long familiar to New Yorkers as a night-owl's nest, namely, at 110 West Thirty-ninth Street. Years ago it was known as Bustanoby's and vied with Maxim's, around the corner,

in supplying pep, which was then a new word. It has changed successively to the Pré Catelan, the Metamora Club and now La Pensée. The location is not what it used to be, the theaters having marched farther uptown, but it still captures a fair share of the night public. The same old balcony is in existence, over which the shy little chorus girls peep at the diners before stepping out on the marble floor.

Near-by, in the Beaux-Arts Building on Fortieth Street, is the restaurant of the same name, on the eighth floor, which offers cheerful entertainment early and late. It is an attractive place to dine and is also a popular supper rendezvous. The restaurant looks over Bryant Park to the north. If you have a table by a window you may gaze at one of the city's loveliest sights, the illumination of the Bush Terminal Building, the crowning chapel of which floats over the glow of Broadway.

Each of the night restaurants has its presiding genius, a host or hostess, who directs the entertainment features, frequently performs and, in general, animates the evening. This responsibility is important and has much to do with the vogue of the place. At the Beaux-Arts, a featured performer in the past has been Miss Fay Marbe, and those who have admired her graceful dancing and engaging personality have every reason to hope for her continuance in office. She sings amusing songs, does solo dances and has an original and spirited tango which she dances with a *bona fide* brother, who is an attractive youth. Miss Marbe is exceptionally dainty and talented and fits well into the atmosphere

of the Beaux-Arts, which is decorous but never dull.

A popular place for dinner is the White Horse Tavern in West Forty-fifth Street. This is near all the theaters and is exceptionally successful in its modern rendering of the comfort and charm of an old English inn. In Forty-ninth Street, at 109 West, is the Katinka Restaurant, one of those Russian places with a program offered by pale, interesting-looking women and gaunt Gypsies who sing stirring choruses. Katinka has weathered the wane of our first hectic craze for all things Russian and maintains an excellent position with its amusing decoration, good food, with caviar as a natural specialty and entertainment of national character. An air of informality has always hovered over it. It attracts interesting people, who not infrequently add something to the program.

The Montmartre, at Broadway and Fifty-second Street, has long been held in high esteem by knowing New Yorkers. It is clearly in the front rank, attractive, freshly furbished in the coolest of awning stripes, open to the summer breezes and thronged with well-dressed and, for the most part, well-bred people. Montmartre has always had distinction. It is carefully and discreetly managed. The supper dishes are delicious, the music soothing and restrained. If I were to plan an evening for one upon whom I wished to make an enduring impression as a discriminating guide it would begin with dinner at Voisin's, followed by any show in which W. C. Fields was appearing, and an hour at Montmartre.

We might possibly dine on the Ritz Roof. This is

one of the pleasantest spots in the city and, needless to say, draws a fashionable crowd. No bid is made for the late supper trade, as the Ritz Roof closes at ten.

To mention one or two more restaurants which are identified with our New York nights, there is the Rue De la Paix, at 247 West Fifty-fourth, which has given more than the usual thought to its decoration, while for those whose home route leads them up the West Side there is the Alamac Grill and Congo Room, at Broadway and Seventy-first Street, where there is always plenty of good cheer.

There is another restaurant in an out-of-the-way location which I mention with hesitation lest it suffer the fate of many and become too popular. This is the Russian Bear, which is hidden away in a shabby old house at 201 Second Avenue. The setting of the Russian Bear is all that there is of the most unprepossessing. It is inconvenient to get to and ugly when you get there. I have seen terrible decorations in my day, but never anything quite so crude as the mural panels stuck baldly on the battered walls. Its attraction lies in its authenticity, its very edible *table d'hôte* at a figure below the dreams of avarice, its neighborhood clientele with a large admixture of genuine Russians and, above all, in its music. When the *balalaikas* sound their first chord you are oblivious to the tawdry surroundings, borne away on the sad Slavic melodies interspersed with bursts of dance rhythm at furious tempo—the music of a people who take even their enjoyment in a spirit of wild desperation. There is

silence during the music. No clatter of dishes or come and go of waiters interrupts song or chorus. The orchestra, with brief respites for a cigarette, plays until late in the evening, and it is a pleasant and unusual place in which to linger over coffee or the more Russian tea, which is guaranteed to keep you awake for any supper clubs you may plan to visit. It is doubtful, because of its simplicity and its location, that it will ever be overrun by the merely curious. I appreciated its remoteness from what Broadway calls civilization when I found one evening that it was almost impossible to get a taxicab, unless I would agree to go to Brooklyn.

I have been to Brooklyn once, by the way, and in search of evening entertainment. Remarkably enough, I found it on the roof of the Bossert Hotel, where there is a tricky dance-room fitted up in nautical fashion, where the natives gather nightly. Most New Yorkers think more readily of a trip to Europe than to Brooklyn. On the good ship Bossert they may combine both sensations.

THE CLUBS

Club Lido—Three Hundred Club—Club Richman—Mirador—The Trocadero—Ciro's—The Russian Eagle—Back Stage Club—Club Durant—The Silver Slipper—Texas Guinan's Club. The supper clubs are so scattered that it is difficult to map out any reasonable itinerary. Let us wander, then, and drop in wherever we find ourselves. Most of them are in the West

Fifties. A good place to begin is the Club Lido, which is at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-second Street. This is a simple, latticed dance-room with a generous floor space, to which a crowd has always been drawn by the swinging music of Eddy Davis's orchestra and the strenuous athletics of Bill Reardon and Miss Edythe Baker, she whose prowess at the piano has been featured in many Broadway shows. Refinement is also brought to the Lido by the dancing of Basil Durant and his latest partner, Miss Kay Durban, who are graceful in approved "exhibition" fashion.

The Three Hundred Club is at 151 West Fifty-fourth. Last year there was a Four Hundred Club, which was padlocked. Perhaps, as is surmised by "Top Hat," who is called Charles Baskerville for short, the Three Hundred Club is the old organization "reduced a hundred numbers for misdemeanor." At any rate, it flourishes.

A little farther uptown, at 157 West Fifty-sixth Street, is the Club Richman, bearing the name of its organizer and host. It is, or has been, amusingly decorated in the Moorish manner of an extensive cozy corner, but I am informed by Mr. Richman that it is to be metamorphosed into something tropic for the new season. Isn't that always the way? I no sooner get a sultan's tent all described with houris and peris and everything than it goes South Sea on me! Such is life in New York, particularly night life.

One of the gayest clubs has been the Mirador. It was closed by the blotter squad, but a placard announces its opening, so it may be functioning again, at 200 West

Fifty-first, by the time this valuable textbook sees the light.

The Trocadero, at Fifty-second and Seventh Avenue, has always supplied high class cabaret features that have kept it crowded to the mud-guards. During the past season those fortunate enough to get in have had the joy of watching Fred and Adele Astaire, who, unwearied by their performances in *Lady, Be Good,* have capered through an after-theater performance to the pleasant tune, so it is said, of six thousand dollars a week. They are a nimble pair, and Adele is an arch humorist whose delicate clowning is a delight. Other music at the Trocadero is supplied by Emil Coleman's excellent orchestra.

Ciro's, at 141 West Fifty-sixth, was one of our first dancing clubs. Louis, who presides, is a familiar figure to diners-out, as he used to be head waiter at the Knickerbocker Grill and, later, at the Palais Royal.

The Russian Eagle, formerly on the East Side, has moved over to much more commodious quarters at 161 West Fifty-seventh. Its presiding genius is General Lodijensky, a picturesque and attractive person. Five years ago he came to America, a penniless refugee from a Bolshevik prison. The Russian furor was on. The brilliant decorations of his first restaurant at 36 East Fifty-seventh, its strange dishes and stirring music, made an instant appeal to New York. The move west is a wise one, as it brings the Russian Eagle into closer contact with the theater zone.

One of the smaller supper clubs and one of the liveliest is the Back Stage, at 110 West Fifty-sixth. Much

gayety is supplied at the Back Stage by the inimitable Frisco. With his battered derby and his famous spark-sputtering cigar, he is a show in himself. He has the touch of a skilled comedian and his intimate, ambulatory method gets the audience together as soon as he starts to do his stuff. Carrying out the idea of its name, the decorations portray stage scenery and props against a brick wall across which "wise cracks" are scrawled. The menu is enlivened by pithy observations, such as, "Our kitchen open to inspection: try to get in." "We do not cater to basket parties."

The Club Durant is at 232 West Fifty-eighth. Self-expression in dancing is here the order of the night. This is the haunt of flaming youth, set to music. "Top Hat" calls it "competitive contortion." The entertainment is familiar and easy going, also bright. Comedians wander among the tables, kidding their act, the audience and the world in general. There are winsome girlies, too, who run true to cabaret type in conformation, appointments and program. You can safely leave the Club Durant for the later part of your evening, as the closing hour is something no one ever mentions.

To return in our wanderings to Forty-eighth Street, there is always a lively show being put on by Bernard Granville at the Silver Slipper, on the corner of Broadway. Special evenings are held in honor of Broadway stars. These are not without their publicity value. For instance, I quote from a recent invitation to be present on Vivienne Segal Night, to be given "in honor of The Glorious and Tremendously Popular Prima Donna of THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES. The Party

will be given for Miss Segal by the Girls in the Show and a delegation from Mr. Ziegfeld's other tremendous success, Louis 14th, as an indication of the deep affection they feel for Miss Segal. IT WILL BE A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF FEMININE BEAUTY AND CHARM! BROADWAY'S GREATEST STARS WLL BE THERE!"

Isn't it sweet? Doesn't the touch about the "deep affection" show that after all chorus girls have a heart?

As we gallop to press, Miss "Texas" Guinan is exhibiting *her* "glorious girls" at her own merry club at 117 West Forty-eighth Street. Incidentally, she too presents to her guests all the famous Broadway celebrities and captures others from Hollywood, the Polo Grounds and the Kingdom of Swat. This compelling hostess has had a varied career among the supper clubs. Under her direction the defunct El-Fey Club established a reputation for noisy, rackety, jollity, good-natured kidding and a liberal attitude toward life. Texas has personality and she puts it over big. Her method of social approach is the frontal attack. When she tells the club members, in her booming voice, to check their Park Avenue addresses in the cloak room, be they ever so elegant and refined, they succumb. You've just got to give in to that woman. Her cabaret performance is featured by the display of assorted cuties of a tender age, who, in spite of the hostess's assurance that they are "little country girls and very, very shy," perform their evolutions and dances with surprising coolness. Miss Guinan has her public.

They will follow her wherever she goes. More than any other person in the world, she expresses the spirit of the Great White Way, its sharp brightness, its gayety, its noise, its snap and vigor. She is a vital institution. Where she offers her entertainment there is something doing. Padlocks may come and go. Texas, like love, laughs at locksmiths. That is a pretty thought, come to think of it.

COLORED CLUBS

One of the New York evening pastimes is to observe the antics of members of its enormous negro population, many of whom show great ability in song, dance and comedy performance. This is the natural result of such shows as *Shuffle Along,* which was a Broadway success. Many of the blacks have that gift for wistful, grotesque comedy which Bert Williams showed to such perfection. Their unfailing sense of rhythm, their vocal quality, something primitive, animal-like and graceful in their movements—these combine to make their performances interesting to all who can put racial prejudice out of their minds.

The best of these shows, to my mind, has been that shown at the Plantation, which is directly under Montmartre, at Broadway and Fifty-second Street. Most of these shows, naturally, try to establish a Southern illusion. That at the Plantation is managed with clever showmanship. Lights gleam from a huge half watermelon, and near the entrance a black Mammy cooks waffles in her log cabin. Around the dance-floor runs

a white picket fence. The performers are grade A, café-au-lait "browns," the darker hues not being favored, and their costumes bring out the golden tones of their sleek skins. And dance! The acts whirl by rapidly, one on top of the other, Charleston, tap dancing, buck, banjo, harmonica, song, chorus—they all go with a bang. The costuming is tastefully done. In the most recent review the girls appeared in a number called "Tiger Ladies," in costumes of particularly ingenious design. If the Plantation keeps up the standard it has set for itself it will remain one of New York's best bets for a peppy show. It should be remarked that in all these shows in the lower section of the city the "color" is confined strictly to the entertainment features, the tone of which, all in all, is cleaner and more wholesome than that found in the performances of the more sophisticated whites.

There are two other colored cabarets downtown, the Club Alabam at 216 West Forty-fourth Street and the Everglades, at Forty-eighth and Broadway. They lack the finish of the Plantation, but their programs are spirited and amusing.

Those who wish to explore the real colored belt will find numerous clubs and cabarets in which the residents of the neighborhood form part of the audience and all of the performance. The Cotton Club puts on an elaborate performance, and similar entertainment may be found at the Club Bamville, the Nest and the Exclusive Club, which is delightfully named. There are less pretentious African meeting places: Small's, Jimmie's, the Capitol and the Palace Gardens.

WHERE SUPPER TURNS INTO BREAKFAST

Reuben's—Lindy's. There are two shops, delicatessen, with restaurant attachments, where every nocturnal nomad turns up sooner or later, usually later. If you are an East-sider you will drop in at Reuben's, at 622 Madison Avenue, for scrambled eggs, a rarebit, or what you will, before you finally call it a night. You enter through the shop to an excellent restaurant where many a gay breakfast party convenes. During my last meal there, a young man in the next pew was much embarrassed trying to manage a golden buck and a barber's pole that he had picked up somewhere.

If you are a dyed-in-the-wool Broadwayite, Lindy's, at 1626 Broadway, will be your port of call for that last bite which makes the morning after so much less terrible. Morning, noon and night, with no interruption, Lindy's is the meeting place for regular members of the acting profession, the cabaret performers and others whose working hours end in the morning instead of beginning there. When you have visited all the supper clubs and night restaurants you have not yet completed your education until you visit Reuben's or Lindy's or both, to round out the night hours of New York. You are then ready to go down to your office and work hard all day. . . .

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE RESTAURANTS: A TOUR OF THE SIDE STREETS

THE impossibility of citing all the little restaurants of New York is obvious. They are myriad in number and are scattered from the Battery to the Bronx. Some are obscure and retiring, such as the little basement restaurant of Mlle. Petitpas in West Twenty-ninth Street, which is far from being an open-house proposition. Those admitted must be friends, *amis de famille,* first, guests afterward. You are met at the grilled entrance with perfect courtesy and polite dismissal unless you are the bearer of satisfactory credentials. Here brave young Allan Seeger, the poet, used to eat, and others of the literati. It is a fascinating little place, but do not seek it unless you have a card of introduction.

Every side street in New York bristles with small restaurants, neighborhood places which care for their particular sections. But there is an area near the large shops, not far from the theaters, where I think, for the benefit of the unenlightened, the smaller restaurants should be described in some detail. This area lies between Thirty-fourth Street and Central Park and is bounded on the east and west by Madison and Sixth Avenues. I have already pointed out some of the fashionable restaurants on and near Park Avenue

which are in this territory. They are, of course, the most noteworthy and supply the finest food. They are, however, expensive. The small restaurants fill an important place in the city life. They are the feeding places of the average citizen. The quality, cleanliness and charm of many of them is notable. I recall my pleased surprise at lunching well in a little tea room on Fiftieth Street for fifty cents, after having paid that identical sum as a cover charge on Park Avenue the day before. It is fortunate that we are able to strike an average in this way.

These small restaurants have created a splendid outlet for the ability and ambition of our modern women. That is putting the cart before the horse, to use an ungallant phrase, for it is the women who have created the small restaurant. Feminine names appear with great regularity. We have our "Marys," our "Elizabeths" and our "Louises." To the restaurant business they bring indispensable adjuncts—daintiness, cleanliness, a knowledge of cookery and remarkable managerial ability. Gone, thanks to the feminine uprising, are the sloppy, ill-smelling beaneries of a generation ago. Such places would have no chance in competition with the small restaurants of to-day.

Women also bring individuality into their places of business. Their restaurants have character. They differ, one from the other. Each organizer has her own ideas on decoration, service and specialties for the menu.

BELOW FORTY-SECOND

The Tally-Ho—Mary Elizabeth's—Sanka Coffee House—The Game Cock. One of the most successful of the smaller restaurants which illustrates this quality of individuality is the Tally-Ho, at number 20 East Thirty-fourth Street. It is tucked away back of a business building in what was once a stable. When the building was remodeled the stalls were left. They make amusing alcoves for small tables. The food is excellent and one may have an appetite like a horse without being inappropriate.

Another citation must be awarded to the Mary Elizabeth shops. Who does not know this name, synonymous with daintiness and a spick and span installation? There is a restaurant far downtown, on Greenwich Street, and a candy shop, at 392 Fifth Avenue, where luncheon is also served. Many shops in New York that started to be something else have turned into restaurants. There are, for instance, the Sanka Coffee Shops. I have spoken of the new one in the Grand Central Station. There is another at 301 Madison Avenue, which is just below Forty-second Street. Besides dealing in a special brand of coffee, these establishments bid fair to create a special brand of decoration, for they are uniformly colorful and original. The food lives up to its advertised promise of being "delicious."

Around the corner of Fortieth, between Madison and Park, is a brisk, lively restaurant, The Game Cock, which has created for itself a large clientele. In the

shadow of the big Belmont and a near neighbor of the extensive Savarin, this little place appeals to many who like good food in more intimate surroundings.

JUST ABOVE FORTY-SECOND

Huyler's—The Mirror Stores—Childs. The sign, "Luncheon and Grill Room" over the Huyler's shop at 508 Fifth Avenue is another example of the gradual entrance of many lines of business into that of running a restaurant. There is a full-fledged restaurant upstairs and a good one, too. In fact, in this neighborhood, you may have your choice between lunching in a candy shop, a drug store or a department store. None of the banks have opened public restaurants yet, but they probably will in the near future. The Mirror Candy Stores form another group which supplies light refreshment other than lollypops and all-day suckers.

Speaking of groups, just above Forty-second Street on Fifth Avenue is a palatial Childs, a Childs *de luxe,* very handsomely appointed and run with the same cleanly efficiency that has made these establishments such a huge success. There is no increase of price because of the Fifth Avenue location. Childs restaurants are not always the feeding ground of obscure and lowly folk. It all depends on where the restaurant is located. The branch at 300 West Fifty-ninth Street is a popular place for parties after the theater, or after anything. It is not unusual to see evening-dressed young men with débutante partners who have come in

for scrambled eggs and sausages after a late dance. When the latest supper club has pried its most owlish patron from his chair there is always Childs to go to. But we must get back to Forty-second Street.

All through this section we run across the Schrafft branches. There is a beauty on Forty-third Street which is crowded at all meal hours. Among the mid-town restaurants we have also taken a look at the interesting Algonquin and at Alice Foote MacDougall's artistic establishment. Do not forget, either, that in this immediate neighborhood is Henri's. But we must not repeat our encomiums.

THE PEACEFUL FORTIES

Maurice's—Le Coq D'Or—Restaurant Louis. The streets in the Forties between Fifth and Sixth Avenues contrast markedly with their prolongations west of Sixth Avenue, where they plunge into the theatrical maelstrom. Here, as we have noted, there are numberless restaurants with the Italian element, perhaps, predominating, though there are many French places, too—Berger's, Eugenie's and the like. These *table d'hôte* places correspond to what we called "the red-ink restaurants" until the Volstead blotter was applied.

East of Sixth Avenue the neighborhood has remained quietly residential, although shops appear at intervals. The general effect is that of the New York of twenty years ago. Hundreds of brownstone fronts, those domestic horrors which used to be last word in

luxury, still remain unchanged. I often recall my sinking heart as I stood, one night years ago, gazing down one of these nightmare streets, knowing that my host lived in one of the houses, knowing also that he was not in the telephone book and that I had completely forgotten the number. After being rudely repulsed from several doors I sought the Yale Club, where I was rescued by telephone.

These streets are a little gayer now than they used to be, although they would never be accused of wildness. Here and there a building has been remodeled. Basement entrances have been effected and the front has been painted a more lively color. At intervals there is an outbreak of greenery, window boxes with flowers and awnings. These enlivenments usually mark the presence of a neighborhood restaurant.

The tiny ones are numerous, and to mention one and not all would be to lay oneself open to charges of favoritism. I have noted several which are among the more ambitious and which serve quite a large public in their immediate neighborhood. There is, for instance, Maurice's, at 49 West Forty-seventh, where I have dined excellently, and Le Coq D'Or, at 23 West Forty-eighth, which, being near Fifth Avenue, has developed quite a *mondaine* smartness. Also, on West Forty-ninth, at Number 41, is the Restaurant Louis, where the dollar *table d'hôte* is one of the institutions of the neighborhood. In this same block, at 6 West, the Little Tavern achieves a sense of comfort and intimacy in its English setting.

IN THE FIFTIES

Many mentions, especially *André's* and the *Maison Arthur*. The presence of numerous artistic shops and shop-workers, dealers in potteries, lamps, hand-wrought jewelry and the like, has created in this neighborhood something of the Greenwich Village atmosphere, minus the night life. We see this in the little restaurants with their individual decorations. In Fiftieth Street there is an outburst of such places, aiming diversely for picturesqueness and appealing to the passer-by with such titles as the Cabin, Aunt Polly's, the Golden Rod, Le Hibou, the Kangaroo and other semi-humorous devices. Their names describe them. They are neat, cleanly little places, with painted furniture, gingham tablecloths, and serving maids in attractive costumes. They possess the artistic touch of the Village with a little more finish than is usual in the art colony. Luncheon, tea and dinner are served in these pleasant nooks, and an emphasis is placed on waffles. A Scotchman could not complain of the prices.

I have always particularly liked the Double Door Tea Room at 14 West Fifty-first. Its arrangement, tables, screens and bamboo hangings give it an interesting character. I have never been to Java, but I feel as if I had after lunching at the Double Door. It is pleasant to think that you are somewhere east of Suez while, all the time, you are only somewhere west of Fifth Avenue. Although the managing directress is named Miss Scurry, the Double Door swings along without undue commotion.

Doll's is a pleasant restaurant at 2 West Fifty-first, in one of the old, high-stooped houses. The Nara Tea House across the street does the Japanese sort of thing very well.

I must cross Fifth Avenue for a moment, to number 26 East Fifty-fourth Street, to call attention to the Maison Arthur which occupies a fine old house in this block. This is a first-class place in every respect. In a neighborhood generously supplied with high-priced, fashionable restaurants the existence of a less pretentious but fastidiously clean and well run establishment of this sort is a cause for congratulation. A glance through the long windows into the green-paneled dining-room on the second floor is a lure for the passer-by. Enter, and you will be rewarded by a delightful meal perfectly served.

Getting back to the other side of the Avenue, we feel constrained to mention, without being influenced, that the Maison Dorée, at 25 West Fifty-sixth, is a dignified and attractive restaurant which can be recommended without hesitation.

Whenever the opportunity offers I like to lunch or dine at André's, which is at 19 West Fifty-seventh Street. This is one of our most beautiful streets. Its extra width is satisfying to the eye as is also the presence along its route of the luxurious picture galleries, antique dealers and ultra smart shops, such as Charvet et Cie., the miraculous shirt and scarf expert of Paris, the inimitable Tappé, whose latest creations have been shown on an amusing lay-figure with hands and face of gold, furriers displaying cloaks worth—or at least

priced at—a king's ransom. All this is very attractive to look at and, naturally, so are the maids and matrons, the modistes and mannequins, who sally forth of a noon hour or at closing time. Many of them go to André's, which fits into its neighborhood perfectly. The long paneled room is an excellent background for the beauty which is displayed there, the food is good and the service attentive and rapid, as befits a place where business men and women meet. There is a strict "no-tipping" rule, which you may observe without qualms of conscience, as the charges are sufficient to take care of the handsome waiters.

Beyond André's, at 35 West Fifty-seventh, is an interesting little shop, the Bohemian, which is worth a visit, not only for its dainty food, but for the blaze of color which flares from its walls. The shop specializes in Czechoslovakian novelties. There is no danger of your passing it unseen. The clamorous blues, yellows and reds rise and smite you, not unpleasantly; quite the reverse, for the esthetic shock is pleasantly exciting. For those who enjoy the vibrant color and diverting forms of peasant art an inspection of the Bohemian is clearly indicated.

More conventional, but thoroughly good in its way, is the Yellow Aster at 142 West Fifty-seventh, a bright, happy spot, as its name indicates.

ON MADISON AVENUE

Longchamps—The Woman's Exchange—Dolly Madison. Madison Avenue in this particular area is not

lacking in good small restaurants. Two of them are operated by the management of André's under the name of Longchamps. One is at 1001 Madison, the other at 423. The latter is in the heart of the shopping district, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets, and enjoys a generous patronage, both in its dainty bonbon shop and in its restaurant on the second floor.

It would never do to omit a word for the Woman's Exchange at Number 541. This is a busy spot during all hours when eating is in order. The restaurant rooms are in excellent taste. A hostess greets the numerous arrivals, or perhaps she should be called the *maîtresse d'hôtel.* At any rate, she is a charming, dignified person who sees that you get a seat, though you may have to wait. The maids are of the hand-picked, neat, quiet, efficient type; "the kind," as a lady said to me with a sigh, "who will never go to the country!" The prices are reasonable and the quality of the food could not be improved upon. Business men of the vicinity flock to it as do shoals of womenfolk with their children. It is a splendid institution, and the restaurant feature is much to be commended. Husbands should be warned that if they take their wives there and allow them to be lured upstairs, where the needlework is exhibited, they will rue the day.

A little farther up Madison Avenue, at 603, is a little restaurant which has won a place for itself, the Dolly Madison, which has the qualities of neatness and excellence characteristic of its kind.

These are but a few of the hundreds of small eating

places concealed in the city crannies. These which I have pointed out lie in a much frequented section. They are not all, by any means, but simply those that have appealed most to me. If I were to select three to which I would most readily go, they would be the Maison Arthur, André's and the Woman's Exchange. I have always been drawn to the last named since a morning in the past when I met a friend from the country who bore on his arm a basket containing three dozen fresh eggs. "I am taking them to the Woman's Exchange," he said, "to exchange them—for a woman!"

CHAPTER X

ON THE EDGES OF THE CITY: GOOD RESTAURANTS WITHIN MOTORING DISTANCE

THERE are days, particularly in summer, when no urban restaurant has appeal. As a poet of the dinner table has said:

"We long to feed our faces
In the great, wide, open spaces. . . ."

Park Avenue, Broadway, the Village—we turn from them wearily. The city is hot. It smells dusty. And then we think of a sea breeze, and perhaps of clam chowder, and life takes on a different aspect. Or we may long for a high hill and green trees. The thing to do then is to hop into your car or some one's car and hie you to the country. Needless to say there are plenty of cars to be had for the hiring. Most dealers in the leading makes specialize in supplying them for the evening, day or week with competent chauffeurs who know their way about.

New York, I must admit, is the world's most limited city in the matter of directions in which to go. We have only two, north and east with a few variations. If we go west for any great distance we fall into the Hudson. If we go south we jump into the bay. It is easy to cross the Hudson, but Jersey holds terrors for the average Islander. Jersey City and Hoboken wall

us off from the green spaces beyond. Newark backs them up and escape to the west is difficult. There are certain things to be gained in attempting it. Very few of our citizens have ever scaled the Palisades. They are satisfied to look at them and to boast about them to visitors, and they *do* make a very satisfactory rampart. But if you are a little more adventurous, I recommend that you inspect them personally. There is a ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that lands you at the base, and from there a beautifully graded road to the top. You cannot see the Palisades when you are on them, but you will see New York as you have never seen it before. The best time is late afternoon. Take along a picnic supper. There are a few road houses scattered about, but I do not advise them. Leave the car and tote your basket to the edge of the cliffs. I won't attempt to describe the view. I always skip such passages myself and shall expect my readers to. When a writer says, "We were now at the summit. Before us stretched the magnificent panorama of——" I stretch myself, rise and go away from there. When I was in the Northwest a few years ago I took a horrible dislike to the Columbia Highway because every one I met tried to describe it to me. I found that the only way to silence them was to come back with a description of the Palisades. I had acquired the Western oratorical method and could swing adjectives with the best of them, but I got so fed up on prating about the "lordly Hudson, flanked on the west by its sheer rock ramparts and on the east by the towers of Manhattan," that I have never cared

to do more than mention them since. However, they are worth while, and if you do visit them be sure to stay well on into the evening and watch the city light itself up. It's a great act.

NEW JERSEY

Ross Fenton Farms—Price's—Green Gables. If you want to escape to the Jersey coast by motor, the best way to go, I think, is to take the Staten Island ferry at the foot of Broadway, drive the length of the Island and hop off at Perth Amboy. In so doing you cross the hills of Richmond County and have an unimpeded view of the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey on the other, both large affairs, but different. You will have your choice of numerous places to dine among the shore settlements of Monmouth County. One of the best is Ross Fenton Farms, near Allenhurst, which combines excellent music with pleasant accommodations for eating and dancing out of doors. Both tables and dance-floor are on a terrace overlooking the water and a Venetian effect is achieved by a gaudy gondolier who sings melodiously, poised at the oar of his gondola. Canoes float in the offing, enjoying the music, though I recall one mariner so deaf to the strains of the orchestra that he set up competition by starting a victrola in the bow of his craft.

Price's is one of the old-time resorts near Red Bank. I have not heard the coon orchestra lately, but I understand it is as good as ever, which is very good

indeed. Near Monmouth a popular place for dancers is the Green Gables, which is appropriately located on Pleasure Bay.

UP THE HUDSON

Claremont—Arrowhead Inn—Longuevue—Nikko Inn. A drive up the Hudson has attractions other than those of food, but as my office is to lead the hungry to places where they may eat I will not dilate on natural beauties. Historic Claremont, as it is called, is not suburban, the city extending far beyond it, but it is relatively distant from the beaten track and in its setting may properly be classified as in the country. The old house has great charm and dignity. Its position at the head of Riverside Drive, looking over the river, where usually two or three gray battleships swing at anchor, its garden with arbors sheltering the tables, and its fine food, make it a very pleasant place. There is no music. Claremont has always been a quiet retreat. By its high standards of cookery and its long life it has become one of the recognized monuments of the city. I hope the peaceful old spot will last forever.

When you leave the northern tip of Manhattan one of the places to be visited is assuredly Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn. Turn west at Two Hundred and Thirtieth Street, off Broadway, and you can't miss it. The neighborhood of its location is known as Riverdale. The inn is a huge affair, newly constructed and skillfully designed by Dwight James Baum. It is austerely Spanish, with its sheer walls of buff stucco edged

with red tile, but there is no tedium in the design which is enlivened with picturesque towers and broad, tiled terraces. Fine oak trees have been carefully preserved and grow through the terrace floor so that it is possible to dine and dance in a very much improved grove. The food is excellent, and I consider the orchestra which has been performing recently one of the most agreeable I have ever heard. The new Arrowhead has become enormously popular and justly so. It represents an ambitious scheme splendidly carried out and the management is to be congratulated on employing an architect of marked ability.

Just above Yonkers you will see an estate entrance marked "Longuevue." Follow the winding road up the hill and you reach a fine old stone house that commands one of the most magnificent prospects in the world. That is tall talk, but go up there and see for yourself. Longuevue wears a foreign air. It is formally terraced. Balustrades curve about it. Box trees accent the corners. The interior is that of mid-Victorian magnificence, high ceilings with elaborate cornices and a stairway with mammoth newel and rail. Bronzes abound and mediocre pictures in crawly gold frames. The most atrocious objects are pointed out as priceless treasures, but they are quite suitable. They belong there. It would be a pity to change anything. Longuevue has come down to us, intact, from the era when a gold chair was the symbol of opulent good taste. Do not think I am kidding about the style. It is handsomely effective. The food is of the very best. There is no music. Many might find Longuevue too

quiet, but I greatly enjoy it. On a clear day the sky-scrapers of the city can be seen peeping over the trees to the south, and north and westward the eye sweeps the broad bay of the Zuyder Zee, Tarrytown and Nyack on the shores and the tumbled country about Tuxedo in the background. . . . But I must restrain myself.

On one side of the house is a pleasant sloping sward near which, on my last visit, I came across a cage containing six woolly, red fox cubs who were being raised for neckwear. Mark Longuevue with a red mark.

At Harmon on Hudson, which is about the limit for comfortable motoring distance from New York—about forty miles—is a little inn which for a number of years has been a great favorite, well known for its good food and specially signalized by its architecture and location. This is the Nikko Inn. "Nikko," I am informed, is Japanese for "secret." The house conforms to this idea, being tucked away in a romantic glen. Not only is its architecture Japanese, but also its landscape. It stands under tall pine trees. The broad eaves and crested roof ridges are reflected in a black pool under a cliff, down the face of which trickles a thread of waterfall. Romance hovers over it, but even if you are not romantic you will be amused by its unusual and picturesque character.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY

Woodmansten—Pelham Heath—Château Laurier—Thwaite's—California Ramblers—Hunter Island Inn.

The ways into Westchester are many and devious.

One of the main routes, and the most attractive, is the Shore Road through the Pelham Parkway, which is best reached by following the Grand Concourse to Fordham and turning right, past the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens. The Parkway is closed to truck traffic, which makes for comfort. A sign on a right hand road will lead you to one of the old favorites in this neighborhood, Woodmansten Inn, operated by Joe Pani, one of our well known restaurateurs. It is pleasantly secluded and supplies very good food. On the Parkway itself is the Pelham Heath Inn, where the music has always been a feature. The motors parked outside of these places every evening are evidence of their continued popularity.

A pleasant and interesting side trip is to turn right just after crossing the bridge over Pelham Bay and take the new one-way road to City Island. This is an amusing place, a straggling island settlement composed largely of one long street. On its inland side it affords safe anchorage for small boats, thousands of which bob upon the waters. Follow the main street to the end. If you are a yachtsman you will recognize names familiar to boat builders—Jacobs, Harry Nevins and Ratsey, the famous sail maker. A suit of Ratsey sails is what the well dressed yacht will wear. You glimpse polished spars and sleek hulls against a background of blue water. The island extends far out into the Sound. The big Sound steamers, bound for New London, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, pass in a procession in the late afternoon. In a commanding position, on lawns that run to the

water's edge, stands the Château Laurier, one of the best of the out-of-town places. The food is first-class, there is an ample dance-floor and splendid music. If you get out early enough you may have a swim, for there are bathing houses attached. Personally I prefer to do my bathing a little farther from the city.

If your tastes are for a simpler place, if you crave a good steak or a shore dinner, I can recommend Thwaite's, which is on the inland end of the island, just before you cross the bridge on the return trip.

Back on the Parkway, beyond the road from City Island, in a rather elaborate old house, is the California Ramblers. The Ramblers also enjoys the advantage of a delightful location on the water. Its music is famous. Just beyond it, to the left, is the Hunter Island Inn, long established and ever popular. The curve in the road just in front of it is a favorite for late motorists to drive off. The fence is always being repaired. So are the motorists.

The Parkway here becomes the Shore Road which joins the Boston Post Road in New Rochelle after passing through the edge of Pelham Manor, a town made famous by being the residence of the author of this volume. My readers may have wondered at my knowing all these road houses so well. They are all home stuff to me.

ALONG THE POST ROAD

Post Lodge—Westchester-Biltmore—Pickwick Inn. There are many possible stopping places along the

Post Road. One of the liveliest is the Post Lodge, particularly in the evening. Post Lodge has outlasted many old-timers, such as Blossomheath, Bonnie Brae and others, which have expired. It now has an assured public. If you go there on a Saturday evening it is well to arrive early.

Rye is not too far for a summer evening in these days of daylight saving. If you are for complete luxury in the country with all the appointments of the best equipped hotel you will find these at the Westchester-Biltmore. This gigantic enterprise is famous. The hotel is well worth a visit. It is an extraordinary plant with three eighteen-hole golf courses, a swimming club and private beach, and every sort of restaurant service, with food of the same quality as that of the parent hotel in New York.

Again we must set a limit to the extent of convenient travel. I should be inclined to stretch it to include Greenwich, which is a beautiful town in itself and includes in its confines the Pickwick Inn, picturesquely installed in a rambling brick and stucco edifice of theatric quality, and offering all manner of accommodation for man and motor.

IN THE HINTERLAND

May-November Farms—The Gramatan. In the interior of the county I have often stopped at the May-November Farms, the name of which indicates the length of its season. It is just off Central Avenue, south of White Plains. No one ever has any difficulty

finding White Plains. I firmly believe that every road in Westchester County ends up there. Time and again I have tried to avoid it, only to find myself bowling down one of its streets. Not that there is anything the matter with White Plains, but it is maddening to feel that you are being forced to go there. There it is, however, and as there seems to be no way of getting round it, I advise inexperienced travelers to go there at once and get it over with. There is a fine way of returning, down the new Bronx River Parkway. I don't know who first thought of the idea of making a parkway out of the course of this little stream, but he has my enduring gratitude. It has been beautifully done. The road is wide enough for six lines of cars, the babbling Bronx is clean and sparkling and the planting along the way is a joy. Whenever my county tax bill comes in I try to think of the Bronx River Parkway.

It passes through the heart of Bronxville, where it is worth while stopping to visit the Gramatan Hotel. Bronxville is an attractive town. Its stores and apartments have managed to be picturesque. The village has a picture-book quality. The Gramatan dominates the composition, set on a hill, reached, if you are a pedestrian, by an elevator from the street or by a winding drive through Lawrence Park. It has become a local institution for dinners, dances and suppers.

CONEY ISLAND

Raven Hall—Stauch's—Feltman's—The Shelburne.

No sojourn in New York would be complete without

at least one trip to Coney Island. Once a year is about my limit, but I enjoy that. It is a fantastic place. The Island has changed much since the early days when the big wooden elephant used to dominate it in the pre-Luna Park era. I pointed out that elephant to an Englishman on an incoming steamer, the old *Umbria,* and told him to watch it carefully and he would see it walk up and down the Island. He watched it carefully for about an hour. There was a large restaurant in the elephant's stomach and spiral staircases in his legs. He had the horse of Troy faded, but, alas, they tore him down. They did away with the excellent old Hotel Oriental, too, where I stayed once and was taken to see *The Fall of Rome* at the hands of perfidious Nero, produced by the joint agencies of Paine's Fireworks and several thousands of Kiralfy's coryphées, who looked to me more beautiful than anything I have ever seen! But I suppose the Island looks just as beautiful today to eyes which are not scummed over by quite so many centuries as mine, for I shall be four hundred and twelve next month.

The Island is becoming more permanent. This, I suppose, is good. There are brick office buildings and solid structures. I liked it better when it all looked as if it might blow away some night, and large parts of it did. I was delighted when I picked up my paper and read, "Five Coney Island Hotels Fall in Sea." It was very exciting. There is still a crazy quality about Coney's Bowery that is refreshing after so many ordinary streets. I have heard people complain about the ugliness of Atlantic City and inveigh against the tawdry

joints along the boardwalk, contrasting them with the calm beauty of the sea upon which they face. But that is just what makes Atlantic City! And that is why Coney is Coney. You must go with your eyes prepared for a garish maelstrom of light and color that in the aggregate becomes beauty. Your ears must be attuned to barkers, tomtoms, whistles, organs, bands, the swish of the chutes and the crash of the scenic railways, all of which in the end produce a savage, awe-inspiring chord.

The eating places are numerous and almost of one type, that of the beach pavilion, with emphasis on such items as clams, lobsters and the other ingredients of a shore dinner. In this class I should place Raven Hall and Stauch's, both reputable places of long standing, where the food is very acceptable. A restaurant of a more general type and an amusing place to see is Feltman's Casino, on the Bowery. It is enormous in extent. The tables stretch on and on like something in a dream. I have had some very good dinners there.

I think I should give the present palm on the Island to the Shelburne Hotel, which, of course, has a large restaurant. It is managed by Louis Fisher, who used to preside at Reisenwebber's. Everything is well kept up, clean and attractive. The *table d'hôte* dinner is very good, and Fisher puts on an elaborate cabaret show in which the performers are evidently selected by one who might be a picker for Ziegfeld.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Villepigue's Inn. While we are at Coney I should suggest that we run over to Sheepshead Bay, which is not far off, just to drop in for old time's sake at Villepigue's, which still hangs on and satisfies thousands who escape from the city. This restaurant is one of the best known on Long Island. When a trip to Coney is suggested and the important question of where to eat arises, the answer is often, "Let's eat at Villepigue's and go over and do the stunts afterward." The idea is still a good one. It is a homey sort of place and maintains the reputation which it has made for itself for good plain food from sea or shore.

LONG BEACH

The Nassau—Pavillon Deauville. Long Beach isn't bad on a hot day, though it has not carried out the promises of its first years. The beach is one of the finest and many of the bathing beauties are grade A. A Sunday, if you can break away from the family, is the most amusing time to see it. The Nassau remains the leading hostelry where the transient may dine comfortably and watch or join the dancers. There is nothing quite as smart as Castles-by-the-Sea used to be when Vernon and Irene used to slide gracefully across the polished floor, but there are a number of dance places. The Pavillon Deauville is perhaps the most attractive. It combines bathing facilities with refreshment.

HITHER AND YON

Massapequa Inn—Pavillon Royal—Smallwood's—Henri's. Roadhouses, inns and restaurants are scattered profusely along the Merrick, some tawdry, some tough and some interesting. During the summer the best of them stage rather elaborate shows, importing girlies from Broadway who are technically resting from the labors of the winter season. Good entertainment of this sort, with a weekly change of bill to keep up the interest of the neighborhood, will be found at the Massapequa Inn on the Merrick Road.

A very attractive place of its kind, with good food and exceptionally fine dance-floors, is the Pavillon Royal, also on the Merrick Road near Valley Stream. Here the entertainment, other than dancing to the rhythms of Meyer Davis's orchestra, is of impromptu and informal character. Sunday evenings it is the thing among the theatrical set of Great Neck and Bayside to gather at the Pavillon, where they cheerfully amuse each other.

On the North Shore, in a fine location on the edge of Glen Cove is Joe Smallwood's Inn, long well known and still going strong. To his good food he has added a large dance-floor and first-class music, so that the place is in no danger of losing its popularity. A place on Long Island which I always revisit with pleasure is the rather unusual Henri's at Lynbrook. Its oddity is that, as a restaurant, it places all its emphasis on its food and practically none on entertainment or accessories. There are no frills on this humble hostelry,

but if you wish to eat a chicken cooked as only a supreme French chef can cook it, the juices streaming from its, oh, so slightly browned flanks, to be followed by a salad stirred with a tiny onion on the end of a stick and . . . You really must excuse me. It is getting late in the day, but I think I have just time to get to Henri's for dinner.

CHAPTER XI

FOREIGN FEEDING GROUNDS

THE enormous foreign populations of New York form an inexhaustible field for exploration and experience, both in the observation of the various races and in the location and trial by table of the least daunting of their restaurants. Personal penetration into many of these eating places is an enterprise not to be undertaken lightly. Thousands of them are in out-of-the-way quarters to which access is best made on foot. The narrow streets of down-town Manhattan, crammed with push-carts and crowded with people from dawn until late at night, do not offer the best facilities for taxi traffic. In fact, this aristocratic conveyance is looked at askance by the natives, whose looks say plainly, "Who are these strangers who are driving their chariots through our places of business?" The experimenter, then, should be equipped with stout boots, a stout heart and a stout stomach, using "stout" in its metaphysical rather than its physical sense. Strange odors will be encountered and queer, unknown tastes. This is particularly true among the Latins and Orientals.

Some of the nations form fairly definite, compact colonies. Others are scattered in small groups all over the city. An analysis of these groupings is the work of a lifetime. New Yorkers may be thankful

that the results of a study of this sort, extending over a period of more than fifteen years, have recently been published in Konrad Bercovici's book, "Round the World in New York." I have never met Mr. Bercovici, but I take pleasure in making a profound salaam in his direction and in recommending his work to all who are interested in New York in its complete sense. He has turned out a fascinating and valuable volume and one to which I am indebted for much valuable information.

In considering the restaurants of our foreign citizens it is evident that there are many, particularly among the Germans, French and Italians, which have for many years been favorite meeting and eating places for the general public, regardless of nationality. They still retain a national character and their bills of fare are marked by many special dishes which speak eloquently of the Fatherland or La Patrie, but they have also become, to a certain extent, Americanized. They are the rendezvous of all. A number of the restaurants of these countries have been mentioned in previous pages of this book. If I recall them under this supplementary heading of "foreign" places, it is because they must be included in the two categories. While patronized largely by the general public, they still remain the gathering places of those who enjoy meeting old friends with whom they can speak their native language and share their native dishes.

GERMANY

If we look first at the German restaurant situation we will see at once that many of their best known places have become New York institutions. Such names as Luchow's and the Blue Ribbon are examples. These I have dealt with in other sections, and there are hundreds of other clean and satisfactory German places all over the city. The German population, with its great business enterprise, has expanded far beyond the limits of its original location, which was on the East Side between Avenues A and B, from First to Fourteenth Streets. "This area has become infiltrated with a dozen other races, but," says Mr. Bercovici, "wherever the Germans settled, early in the history of the city, there they have clung. They have spread as they have multiplied without ever completely giving ground.

"In witness of that are the numerous German churches which still exist in districts occupied largely by Jews and other peoples. On Sunday morning hereditary members of the congregation come to sit in the same pews where their grandfathers sat, whether they live fifteen blocks away or fifty.

"One of the examples of this German tenacity can be seen on Fourth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, around the Beethoven Hall. Many, many years ago, when the houses were far apart, that district was German. Being near the Bowery, where all the amusement places were, in that district were several *Weinstuben* and a few German delicatessen stores. The generation which patronized these places is long

since dead. The German colony has spread farther north and northwest, but the *Weinstuben* still exist in spite of prohibition. The delicatessen stores are still there. And Germans, probably the sons of the original patrons, or the grandsons, come for their little glass of cider and *Gemütlichkeit* to which they are accustomed, at the same table, sitting on the same chair and looking at the same inane lithographs with the same quaint inscriptions under them. How these delicatessen stores live and exist is beyond any one's understanding, but they do. Frau Hausmann, who bought pumpernickel and *Kläse-käse* for her mother fifty years ago, is buying them now for her daughter or granddaughter, from the son or the grandson of the man who used to serve her when she was in knee frocks."

Kloster Glocke. Here, then, will be found the tidy little shops and eating places of the people. A few of the old-time restaurants that were once important still survive. I think that more of the old régime spirit still clings to dingy old Allaire's than to almost any place I know. Luchow's, too, was on the edge of this district and still occupies an important place in German-American life. But, in the main, the restaurants have followed the people farther uptown nearer their homes and places of business. A place worthy of mention which I have not hitherto noticed is the Kloster Glocke at 327 Fourth Avenue. Wherever the German sets up a restaurant he installs in it a picturesque setting. The timbered exterior and small-paned windows of the Kloster Glocke, with the great bell hanging under

the peak of the roof, is a pleasant break in the business architecture of the neighborhood, as is the dim interior with its quaint decorations. Though in a business district, the place attracts by its excellent cooking many patrons for dinner.

FRANCE

Our Gallic friends may almost be dismissed with a paragraph, we have already gone so thoroughly into their restaurants. The French cling tenaciously to their old customs and cookery, and the Brevoort and the historic Lafayette on University Place still remain the center and hub of things culinary for their people. Generally speaking, the French trend has been westward, and the Forties and Fifties, off Broadway and Sixth Avenue, are thronged with their *table d'hôtes.* Among the fashionable restaurants, too, we have noted such places as the Marguery and Voisin's, to speak of only two, which carry on the highest traditions of French cuisine.

ITALY

We find, in the case of the French, that no such populous colony exists as among the Italians, whose swarming thousands form a city within a city. We may, perhaps, pass by with mere mention at this time the many excellent restaurants which we have already glanced at, such as Enrico's and Pagliere's, north of the Village, and the smart Lido-Venice, and look for

a moment at the real Italian Colony, "Little Italy," which has fastened itself on the district east of Center Street and sweeps northward from Bayard Street and east to Washington Square. This is the Italy of the peasant and the workingman. Thousands of restaurants are of the humblest peasant type—little basement affairs, with sawdust on the floor and pungent odors in the air. Yet, even among these will be found eating places of such excellence and character, so truly national in their clientele, that they will interest those who like to see how the better class Italian fares when he is really among his own.

Moneta's—Antica Roma—La Sala's. A block east of Center Street was once the notorious "Mulberry Bend, where the reputed rate of carnage was one murder a night. In vain the police tried to keep order in its alleys, and the whole section was finally razed. Violence ceased forthwith. Mulberry Bend is now Columbus Park, a peaceful playground, and along its edge the Italian colony begins. At 32 Mulberry Street is as clean and excellent a little restaurant as one could wish for, Moneta's, thoroughly national in every respect. Just a few steps up Baxter Street, at 77, is the Antica Roma, long a rendezvous not only for folk of the neighborhood, but for literary, musical and artistic people from other parts of the city. It is spotlessly clean and the food could not be improved. Here meets weekly the Società del Ditto, a group of intelligentsia who entertain eminent visitors. It is this kind of place which is most interesting when one wishes to know the real thing in the foreign restaurants of

New York. Farther up, at 58 Kenmare Street, is La Sala's, a little more Americanized than those I have mentioned, but still very Italian. Kenmare Street is a bridge approach and the place is easily accessible.

Barbetta's. An Italian restaurant of interesting character, not in the Little Italy colony, is Barbetta's, at 340 West Thirty-ninth Street. This place is simple in the extreme. The neighborhood is one of mixed populations and of depressing aspect. Yet Barbetta's has ever been sought by the musical Italian element, notably those connected with the opera. The atmosphere is completely foreign, and little English is heard among its tables. Back of the front room with its bar is a low-ceilinged restaurant which, during the opera season, is thronged with the performers themselves, the stars mingling democratically with the chorus. To Barbetta's went naturally the inspired peasant, Caruso, the beloved companion and friend of every musical compatriot, and "the golden voice" has often filled these humble surroundings with its richness. He has become the tradition, almost the deity of the place. For those who wish to test the excellencies of an Italian restaurant of the people without journeying downtown, I can heartily recommend it.

FINE MIXED NATIONS

It is natural that the chief colonies of foreign origin should be closely crowded together in the lower part of the city. There they land and there they stay, until some degree of economic success enables them to move

to less cramped surroundings. The Syrians are on the tip of the Island, west of Broadway, in the neighborhood of Greenwich and Morris Streets. All through the East Side is a confused mixture of Greeks, Armenians, Poles, Bulgars, Montenegrins, Slavs, Rumanians, Croatians and Macedonians. Here and there are groups of Russians and Scandinavians. More to the north are the Hungarians. Here, truly, with Mr. Bercovici as a competent guide, one may go "round the world."

There is an outburst of Greek signs along the lower end of Madison Street, and many restaurants, the *"Hellenikon Estiatorion."* Rather more pretentious places will be found on Eighth Avenue, from Twenty-third to Forty-second Streets, but the more native colony is in the downtown section.

Rumanian Casino. Rumanian cooking has always been held in high esteem by searchers after palatable novelties. They may be enjoyed in comfortable and cleanly surroundings at the long-established Rumanian Casino, which is at 286 Broome Street. Goulash with *mamaliga,* potato *Baigelech, Rosale* with *Lemishke, Veronikes* with *Kashe, Carnatzlech*—you may order anything you can pronounce. When in doubt call for the host, who is all that the host of an inn should be, and who takes great pride in looking after the needs of his guests. Near-by are many other Rumanian restaurants to which you will be often guided by the wiry strains of the *cymbalom,* the most exciting of musical instruments.

Russian Village. At the lower end of Second Ave-

nue, from Eighth up to Fourteenth Street, is a Russian colony, distinguished by the simplicity of its eating places as contrasted with such restaurants as the Russian Inn and the Russian Eagle, which cater to the sophisticated public of Broadway. The Russian Village is one of these quiet little spots where good music is always provided. This is at 157 Second Avenue. Not far above it is the Russian Bear, into which we have already looked. It is one of my delights to return to the Russian Bear and listen to the unsurpassed music of the *balalaikas*. The principal Hungarian restaurants have followed their people as far north as Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets, near Avenue A, where there are several popular places in which the Magyar *czardas* are stirringly rendered by genuine Gypsies. It was many years ago, when there were more Hungarians in the downtown section, that I first heard a marvelous orchestra, directed by Hazi Natzy, at the old Café Boulevard. Natzy is now *chef d'orchestre* at the Biltmore Hotel, and he and his men are in great demand for dances whenever he can be pried away from his regular job.

It is characteristic that, in general, the same geographic distribution and relation to each other persists in New York as is found in the map of Europe. The Italians cling to the south, north of them are the Greeks and the Balkan nations, as inextricably mixed as ever they were on the Continent. The French are to the west and so are the Spaniards. Mr. Bercovici locates the truly national Spanish settlement from Abingdon Square on the western edge of the Village up

to Twenty-third Street. The restaurants in this section are quiet, self-contained establishments, close curtained and unobtrusive. The stranger is greeted with dignity but without enthusiasm. The language spoken is Spanish. The American—the North American—is the foreigner, not the keeper of the quiet Casa Maria or the Casa Sevilla. The reticence of the Spaniard imbues these neighborhood places which shun, rather than seek, the visiting trade. Mingling with them are the other Spanish-speaking peoples, Portuguese, Cubans, Guadeloupians and other Central and South Americans.

Fornos—Estrella—America. A more cosmopolitan atmosphere is found farther uptown still clinging to the West Side. The Restaurant Fornos, at 222 West Fifty-second, and the Hotel Estrella, at 146 West Eighty-second, are popular Spanish places, but the center of their social life, outside their own homes, is in the Hotel America, which is at 155 West Forty-seventh Street. It is in this section that the wealthier Spaniards and Cubans live. The America is the resting place of important visitors from the mother country. The novelist, Blasco Ibañez, made it his home while in New York. The hot, peppery dishes of their native land are here found in their perfection, and the stranger is entirely welcome within their gates.

THE FAR EAST

Miyako. The Orient is not importantly represented in New York. We are on the wrong side of the Con-

tinent to ever develop a Japanese or a Chinese colony comparable to San Francisco. The Japanese, particularly, are almost lost in our mazes. Relatively, they are not numerous and by nature they are unobtrusive, going quietly about their business and doing it always efficiently. There are a few Japanese restaurants, all of which, as far as my experience would show, are of one type—simple places located in comfortable houses on the West Side. One of the best is the Miyako, at 308 West Fifty-eighth. The architecture has nothing significant about it. The old Victorian rooms remain as always, though a few prints add a Japanese touch. But the service and food are far from New York. The quietness and speed with which the lacquered tray appears is amazing. The brown waiters are never officiously in evidence, but always present when wanted. They make helpful suggestions when they see that they are needed, pointing with a sort of graceful timidity to names on the menu, saying softly, "Very nice. . . ."

The food itself is delicate and extremely good. You may be baffled by the bamboo chopsticks and the general absence of the usual tools, but spoons are not lacking if desired. It is beside the mark to urge the selection of a native dish, for there is nothing else. Some familiar ingredients are used, but so flavored and mixed with unknown accompaniments that they are unrecognizable. There is, for instance, *Suimono,* a clear soup in which are combined fish, chicken, mushrooms, clams, beans, curds, oysters, eggs and seaweed! All of which sounds terrible and is one of the most

delicious soups I have ever tasted. This is true, too, in the entrée class, of *Chawan-Mushi,* meaning chicken, mushrooms, bamboo shoots and vegetables, steamed and served in a cup. Beware the temperature of the hot dishes. They come up from the depths without the loss of a fraction of time or a degree of heat.

The clientele is strongly Japanese—quiet, well-dressed, amiable-looking young men, many of whom are students at Columbia. Miyako is an interesting place and well worth a visit.

Chinese restaurants are everywhere, most of them clean and attractive, patronized by thousand of our citizens for their good food and reasonable prices. For our purposes it will be most interesting, I think, to say a word about the real Chinese section of the city, Chinatown, which lies directly south of Little Italy. You may cross Bayard Street and step from Italy into China with an ease of which Marco Polo never dreamed. The Third Avenue L, to Brooklyn Bridge, takes you within easy walking distance, or the Worth Street station of the Fourth Avenue subway is also convenient. Chinatown is mainly on three streets—Mott, Pell and Doyers. They are foreign in appearance, not because of the basic architecture of the buildings, which are old brick relics of an earlier day, but because the present inhabitants have tricked them out with all manner of oriental adornment, projecting balconies and cornices, golden brackets and carved-wood window screens.

There are many who still profess a horror of the "heathen Chinee" and his devious ways. I am assured

by a police captain of twenty years' standing that this attitude is "the bunk."

They are the most peaceful people in the city, according to my friend. He has never known a white man or woman to be affronted or attacked—this in a neighborhood where outbreaks among the more excitable colonists of the Italian district are not infrequent. When the Tongs are at war there is apt to be some shooting or the quieter "hatchet work," but this is expeditiously managed, purely a family affair and soon over. It is not at all necessary to visit Chinatown chaperoned by a police officer or a bus-load of sightseeing tourists. You may stroll with perfect safety through its china, tea and silk shops at any reasonable hour of the day or night. In the small hours of the morning you might possibly be held up there just as you might in any side street of upper Fifth Avenue.

The downtown restaurants of Chinatown are naturally somewhat Americanized. This is inevitable where their patronage is largely American and not Chinese. The Chinaman lives in the district. He eats at home and spends his evenings gambling, smoking opium or talking philosophy, depending on his tastes. Chinese women never appear in public eating places, and the Chinaman is domestic. Their attitude toward children is tenderness itself. The restaurants are patronized by visitors from uptown and by all manner of people from the surrounding colonies.

Oriental. In my search for the most distinctive restaurants in this section I have been guided by one who doubtless knows, Mr. Lee Lock, one of China-

town's most respected merchants. His first selection, where I promptly dined, was the Oriental, at 4 Pell Street. It may be accepted as typical of the best Chinatown has to offer. Its white tiled approach is like the entrance to a subway station except that it is immaculately clean and you go up instead of down. A Chinese boy is forever mopping the stairs. The restaurants are always upstairs, the lower spaces being occupied by shops. The rooms have been old hotels or lodging houses in their day. They have no architectural significance, but considerable interest is given them in their accessories and furnishings, carved teakwood tables inlaid with pearl, compartments of red lacquer glazed or decorated with silk-embroidered panels and lanterns with rice paper paintings of ingenious design.

The food at the Oriental is very palatable and abounding in surprising combinations, for the Chinese names are obligingly translated on the menu. It varies in price to suit any purse. You may lunch sumptuously on *Sub Gum* soup, *Chowmein*, boiled rice and *Lychee* nuts for thirty-five cents or, if you are dining, you may resort to the à-la-carte features and pay two dollars for the euphonious *Bat Bow Foo Yong*, which is nothing less than an omelet with chicken, lobster, mushrooms, bamboo shoots and water chestnuts. The names are epic. I long to make repeated visits and try such combinations as *Moo Goo Bar Low Guy Pan*, which is boneless chicken with pineapple and lots of other things! And there is always the tea. You drink countless cups of it. It goes with the food. There

is a harmony in these things which goes deep into the chemistry of food and the mystery of appetite. And, by the way, if you are fussy about your tea you may have any one of a score of brands from the familiar English Breakfast up to the famous *Sun Sen Char*. It is only fair to warn you that the latter, whose name means "grown on cloud-covered mountain heights," costs five dollars a bowl. If the tea did not keep you awake, the price might. The proprietor, Mr. Willie Li-Bue, is a gracious and helpful person and his establishment is one to be recommended. He shrugged deprecatingly when he told me that dancing in the evening was to an American orchestra. "They must have," he said. So has jazz penetrated into the Orient!

Far East—Port Arthur. The Far East Restaurant and the well known Port Arthur are similar establishments. The last named is slightly more for the tourist trade, but its carved screens and gold dragon-work make it a splendid show place. Chinatown at night is a gorgeous sight and may be visited by small groups with much pleasure and without too much sense of being shown over an exposition. Of the mysterious "opium dens," mostly arranged for shock seekers, I know nothing. I have never seen them. It is sufficient for me to sit down with Willie Li-Bue or Lee Lock over a bowl of *Lot Dew Guy,* topped off with some pungent *Gum Get* or *Teng Moy.* And a pleasant way to pass an hour after dinner is to go round the corner, into the Bowery, where at the Thalia Theater a gorgeous Chinese play is in progress. The Thalia, where Adelina Patti and Jenny Lind regaled an earlier

New York, has now gone back to an even earlier era. As my friend, the police captain, observed, "It is progressing backward." The Thalia is at present managed by Mr. Charley Boston, the Ziegfeld of Chinatown. How inevitably the name of "Boston" keeps itself allied to culture and the arts!

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

AS I glance over the manuscript of this book, now nearing its conclusion, I realize more than ever the difficulties of the subject and the limitations of individual experience. There are doubtless omissions and citations to which all will not agree. It is a personal record, and I state only my own preferences. If they prove to be of value and interest to others I shall be pleased. If they are sufficiently so to warrant, at some future time, revision and emendation—for the subject is a constantly changing one—this will be undertaken after personal examination and experience.

I am aware that in my references to restaurants my major emphasis has been rather on the place than on the food. This, I think, is as it should be. Food, in itself, is good, but not good enough. Man does not live by bread alone. Companionship is a glorious sauce, be it that of a pretty woman or an old philosopher. There is a time and a place and a table for every human relationship. There are the exquisite edibles of romance, the pompous fare of the banquet and the noisy nourishment of boon companions.

It is pleasant to roam. I have never held with the pegged-down eaters who go to this or that restaurant every day of their lives. This is as narrowing as any

other form of insularity. According to my way of thinking, a man should lunch and dine in as many different places as possible. He will have his favorites, of course, which he will frequent more often than others, but even these will gain by absence. Revisitation will bring fresh appreciation.

A man who changes the source of his food supply, varying its character and his own environment, will see his city as he can see it in no other way. He will absorb it slowly, chewing it, digesting it with his food. To the visitor time is not a problem. He is here to see the sights, and an hour, more or less, in a restaurant is not important. This is not the case with the average New Yorker who is the most hurried individual in the world. An hour for lunch is his maximum and he often cuts this down to twenty minutes, ten, or none, depending on how closely the devil, business, is pursuing him. This hectic sense of hurry is the curse of New York. Its men grow old, paunchy, pale and brittle before their time. They pop off when they should be hale and hearty. If they would only slow up, do less, earn less—yes—and be satisfied with less! Christopher Morley, one of the most genial philosophers, belongs to the three-hours-for-luncheon club. It is an excellent idea. There should be more such.

The extra time taken for meals need not be entirely spent in eating. There is the period needed in which to get somewhere else. My own workshop is at Fortieth Street, but I welcome the message or phone call that suggests that I hie me hence to break bread with a friend, be it far uptown or at the end of the

Island looking southward to the sea. Every meal, every place, has its special quality. I have a friend in Chicago who comes to New York to get his hair cut. He has the right idea. Keep moving.

And then there is the food itself. How immensely its horizons expand with an increase in the number of places to eat in. Let me urge the traveler to use his imagination when confronted with a menu. How often a man is too lazy to make an independent choice or step beyond the border line of habit. He sees some strange name on the card and wonders what it is. That, usually, is as far as he goes. He is too timid to take a chance and passes on to surer ground. If he is more adventurous the following conversation takes place:

"Waiter, what is that?" (Business of pointing.)

"I don't know, sir, but I'll find out."

"Never mind. Bring me some potato salad."

And that's that. Another chance for adventure gone glimmering. Long ago I decided that whenever possible I would avoid the everyday dishes and go in for novelty. I foresaw that a large part of life was going to be spent eating and I decided to make the practice as diverting as I could.

I have had some delightful surprises. I remember with joy my first experience with a combination of foods suggested by an Italian officer. It was a summer dish consisting of a half cantaloupe and a thin slice of ham eaten simultaneously. The salty flavor of the ham brought out the sweetness of the melon to perfection. A sort of chemical reaction took place on and about

my palate, on the very door-mat of digestion. It was a magnificent experience. From this same gourmet I learned that veal, which is held in low estate in this country, can be transformed, animated, glorified by being eaten with olive oil, which must be of the best, with the true, bitter flavor of the fruit.

What a bewildering choice we have in New York with our thousands of racial restaurants, our English chops, German sausages, French salads, Italian ravioli and Chinese chow. You will meet with dishes that repel you. I have never taken kindly to snails. I suspect them of crawling when they should be quiescent. Some of the Central European foods scare me off. But I recall nothing as barbaric as a feast devised by one of my compatriots, an elaborate dinner, served backwards. We began with cordials and coffee and ended with oysters and a cocktail. Nothing tasted like anything. All flavor was destroyed. I had never appreciated before the importance of the relations, the sequence, of courses. It was a horrible ordeal.

But, in general, experimentation in foods is worth while. It converts the dull necessity of eating into a pastime and a study of humanity. The French, who must still be accounted the leaders in the culinary world, are so, primarily, not because they cook so well, but because their whole attitude toward the questions of cooking, serving, eating and the social arts generally is a serious and psychological one. Brillat-Savarin says, in *La Physiologie du Goût*: "Animals feed: man eats, but only the intelligent man knows *how* to eat."

Let me quote him once more:

"The pleasures of the table belong to all ages, to every condition, to all countries and to every day."

Yes, and in New York these elements of time, space and nationality are gathered together, ready to hand, for our inspection. He adds, with a pinch of wit, "They can be associated with all other pleasures and remain the last to console us for the loss of those others."

Carême, the famous French chef, sought by kings and ambassadors, the cook who was said "to rule over Europe," was greater than his national cuisine. He protested against "ignoble routine" and studied the cookery of India, China, Greece, Egypt and Turkey. Attracted by the tales of Lucullian feasts, he made a study of Roman fare. But it would not stand the acid test of research. Carême reported it "poor and heavy."

New Yorkers, especially, have the food supplies, customs and kitchens of the world at their elbows. A journey of a few blocks takes you from one country to another. It is amusing, too, to mark the diversity of the restaurants, not in reference to nationality, but in their physical make-up. There is an amazing list of variations from the regular restaurants, grills and cafés to the spas, fountains, tea shops, coffee houses, wagons, bakeries, cafeterias, delicatessens and automats—the last named, by the way, being one of the remarkable developments of New York. The automat restaurants are rapidly increasing in number and are patronized by thousands who enjoy the food and the fun of dropping their nickels in the slots. I must

admit that my idea of experimenting with this form of mechanical service was shaken by reading the news heading, "Woman Bitten by Sandwich in Automat." This, thought I, complies with James Gordon Bennett's observations on what is or is not news. If a woman bites a sandwich it is not news, but if a sandwich bites a woman, it certainly is.

However, I judged that this strange incident would not be likely to happen again and I have since then visited several times the gleaming precincts of one or two of the automats, taking with me on one occasion an Englishman, who was much diverted by the operation. Having secured his sandwich and an éclair, he asked seriously, "Should I tip the thing? One never knows—you Americans are so liberal."

Looking at the restaurants of New York, *en masse*, I am convinced that the average quality has greatly improved in the last twenty years. We can point out no single restaurant which has the prestige and position occupied by Delmonico's or Sherry's in the old days, but there are many more places which are attractive and smart or humble and homelike than there ever were before, and far fewer grimy, dingy restaurants than there used to be. Let me repeat the hope that if the reader wishes to test the restaurants of New York for himself he will be helped by my book, and may good digestion wait on appetite.

THE END