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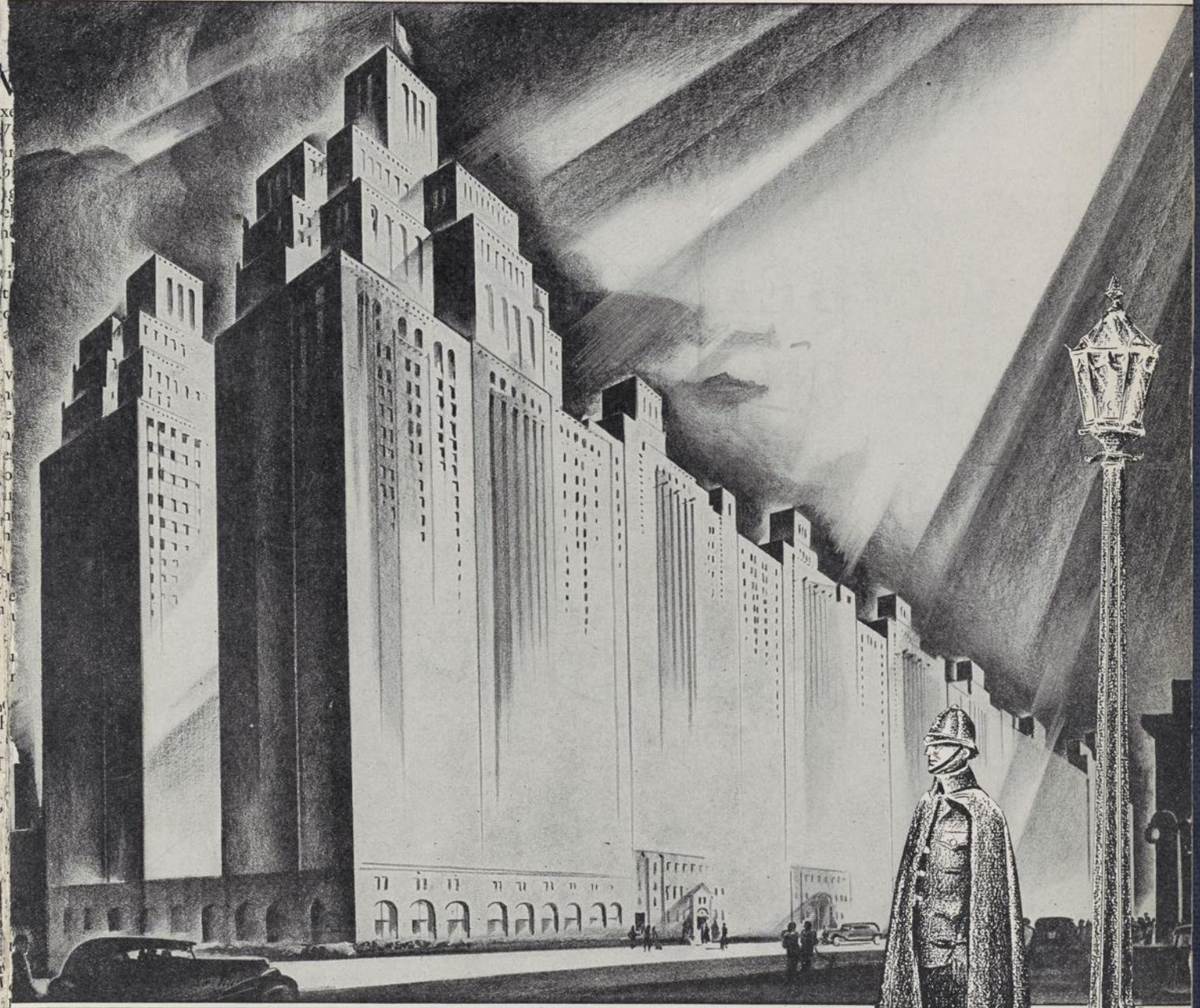
London Terrace Tatler



Vol. I, No. 5

New York City, N. Y.

April, 1931



IN THIS ISSUE

WE HAVE WITH US"

A Word Sketch of William S. Muller, President of the New York Curb Exchange. Beginning a new series.

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TATLER TALES

A Review of London Terrace Topics, treating an old "Tatler" feature in a new way.

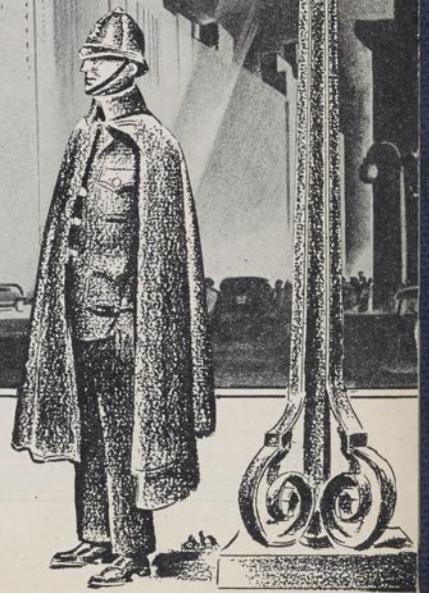
Page 4

TWO ON THE AISLE

Introducing No Less Than Annie Oakley, "Tatler's" Own Theatrical Critic.

Page 6

AND MANY OTHER FEATURES





A NEW THRILL

for New York

. . . Is Being Prepared . . .

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. . . At . . .

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It Must
Have
Rained
On
Tatler



Look
How
It
Has
Grown

Vol. I, No. 5

New York City, N. Y.

April, 1931

Terrace Will Have Trio of Restaurants

WONDERING where to eat will cease to be a mental exercise in London Terrace soon. We're not going to have A restaurant here. We're going to have three! And the waiters will be saying, "The filet mignon is very excellent," about May 1st, or very shortly thereafter.

Further than that, consistent with all of London Terrace, the atmosphere of the restaurants is going to be as English as a bobby's hat.

It was all signed, sealed and delivered a week or two ago, when the deal was closed whereby the Peg Woffington Coffee House, etc., will operate all three of the restaurants. And if you know our Peg Woffington shops, you're already aware both of how good their food is and how reminiscent they are of old Britain.

The main restaurant will be known officially as the London Terrace Restaurant and will be such the largest of the group. It will be located at the Ninth Avenue end of the Terrace, not on the street, but looking directly out on

(Continued on page 12)

ROYALTY'S PAL

Anyway, They Write to Him

Plenty of notable people live in London Terrace, but there's a certain resident in 455 West 23rd Street who appears to be chummy with royalty itself. At least, he receives personal letters that would indicate something of the sort.

Just a few days ago he received an imposing appearing letter addressed in an interesting hand and on it, in crimson, was the crest of the royal family of England. Furthermore, confidentially, the letter was signed by a member of said family.

WARNING!

It's no more than fair to notify Our Public—you and you and you, too—that you're liable to find some radical differences in this TATLER as compared with previous issues. Maybe it's Spring. Or maybe it's—but what difference does the reason make? We just thought we'd shed most of our solemnity for the summer. Maybe we'll never put it on again. We hope you like us more this way. We've made several innovations in this issue and there are more to come. Further, we'd like to have you read the editorial on page 2, titled "The Lid's Off" even if you pass up the one on "April" which is a little crazy, anyway.

—TATLER

All Features of Completed Terrace To Be Available Soon

THE Great Day is almost here—that day when London Terrace stands completed and the many services and features which will be ours with that completion and toward which every resident has been looking forward will be in full swing.

Living at London Terrace is a pleasant process now, but when the last hammer shall have ceased its pounding and the last workman has packed his tools and left,

there'll be so many added attractions that the present will seem just what it really has been, the curtain raiser to the star event.

It won't be long now. The Ninth and Tenth Avenue buildings will be ready for resident occupancy in July, but long before that time many of the new things are going to be available.

There's the London Terrace restaurants. You'll find out all about them elsewhere in this issue. We've all been looking forward to having Terrace dining rooms. Now, instead of one, there are going to be four in the three restaurants and they'll open in just about a month from now, or very soon thereafter.

And the swimming pool. Have you been over to look at it? One

of the city's finest. You'll be able to take your first plunge in it when the hot weather comes. Right in the same category with the pool will be the gymnasium, which is going to be a smartly equipped place for athletic exercise in the basement.

With the completion of the Terrace, we're going to have our solarium, too, high on top of the buildings, up where the ocean breezes will have full play. The stores in the Avenue buildings will be open too, making it so much easier and more convenient to shop. In fact, it will require only a call on the house phone to bring you direct service from any of them.

Take a glimpse at the gardens,

(Continued on page 7)

Chelsea

Note—Chelsea holds a place all its own in New York history. In this series is being brought to you the pageant of this unique region from its earliest days to the glory of its present.

V

ST. NICK'S VISIT

IN the second decade of the Nineteenth Century, with the population of the area increasing materially, Chelsea began to assume a greater resemblance to a platted village and streets were laid out, eliminating virtually the last traces of the old Clarke estate as a farm. Meanwhile Dr. Clement Clarke Moore had become a professor at Columbia College and had begun to achieve a considerable local reputation as an educator and theologian. In 1817, not long after he came into his inheritance, Dr. Moore made a present of the block bounded by Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, Ninth Avenue and the Hudson River to the General Theological Seminary which still occupies this site. Upon its completion Dr. Moore himself became professor of Hebrew at the Seminary.

Dr. Moore was a man of great dignity and reserve. His mind

(Continued on page 8)

OLD HOME WEEK

But How It Has Changed!

The old place certainly didn't look the same to two recent visitors at London Terrace. It was practically Old Home Week for Mrs. A. J. Briggs of Newburgh, N. Y., and Mrs. Jessie B. Horsford of New York City, who were the guests of Mrs. Moon, Apt. 10-F, 435 West 23rd Street.

Mrs. Briggs was born in old London Terrace and spent most of her girlhood in Chelsea. Mrs. Horsford formerly owned the property at 420 West 24th Street, which then was one of the Chelsea Cottages and now is part of London Terrace.



Vol. I April, 1931 No. 5

Published every month for the residents of London Terrace by the Henry Mandel Management Corporation, 10 East 40th street, New York City, N. Y.

Note—Before you start on this column, we wish to exonerate Mr. John J. Scofield, our resident manager, of any responsibility for what you are about to read—if you do. Due to the pressure of his manifold duties, Mr. Scofield, who usually writes our editorials, was unable to do so this month. Below is what his substitute turned in. After you read it—if you do—why we are concealing the substitute's name should be fairly obvious.

APRIL

This is April 1, and naturally we'll have to have a swell editorial. So here goes. April is the fourth month of the year. Seems silly to even mention it. Everybody can figure that out for themselves. Even I did. Counted from January to April and got four. What did you get? Well, let it go. It's true, even if it isn't news. Since this is April, it means that Spring is here and that's where the swell part of the editorial should commence. We'll have to say something about crocuses or croci (what is the plural, anyhow?). And we don't even know what a crocus is—fish, flesh or fowl. It might even be a flower. Before 1927, or thereabouts, when this highbrow stuff about the crocus began to come in, all you had to remember when writing an April editorial was the robin, which we know is a bird. But now—well, all right, we'll mention the crocus. Consider it mentioned. Take it or leave it. And we ought to mention the silvery tinkle of babbling brooks and the redolent loam of awakening earth, fragrant with the aroma of growing things while soft bird carolings (Stop me if I'm writing too fancy) I'll stop anyway. It looks like rain.

THE LID'S OFF

TATLER is stepping out a bit this month. Our editorial policy has undergone some sweeping changes. All with the idea of making this publication bigger and better and—we hope—brighter and snappier. Anyway, that's the fundamental idea. In short, the lid's off and we want help.

London Terrace has a lot of talent among its residents—writers, painters, cartoonists, etc. We expect to give you a personal introduction to a lot of them through TATLER. Right now, in the interests of a smarter TATLER we want them to contribute to it. The columns are open. We don't necessarily demand news stories. They can be anything so long as they're interesting. That's the only fundamental requirement. We prefer material that's brief, light, and amusing.

Of course, we must reserve the right of rejection and if you don't succeed in breaking into print the first time, don't take it to heart. Try again. The lid's off. Let's go.

Tatler Tales

Among the other things that we're doing differently in this issue is "Tatler Tales." Hereafter, this column will be devoted to comment anent whatever we happen to think of concerning London Terrace. You're liable to find almost anything here. You may be surprised sometimes. In fact, it wouldn't surprise us if we were surprised ourselves. Or whatever it is we're trying to say.

SO many questions have been asked about the pick and shovel boys who are wandering about digging funny holes in the garden that some of the rumors going about should be stopped. First of all, no oil has been struck and no derricks will be erected. Neither is it excavation work for a new system of underground passageways, nor for geranium beds. George H. Messmore, Apt. 2-B, 420 West 24th Street, the man who keeps a herd of trained dinosaurs, asked in a worried voice if a trap was being set for his antediluvian pets, but his fears were set at rest.

What we are going to have is a system of "dry wells," to provide an improved method of drainage for the garden soil. We'll explain. First you dig a hole. Look out of your window and you'll see the technique. Then you put a couple of layers of good sized rocks at the bottom, next a couple of layers of smaller stones and so on, diminishing the size of the rocks until you're pouring fine gravel as you near the top. Then a layer of fresh topsoil goes in, next the loam and finally grass seed, all to be thoroughly spaded, manicured and rolled. Then, in six weeks or so, London Terrace will be able to boast of a beautiful, velvety green lawn, and when it rains hard the water will find itself gurgling around the rocks, six feet down, for future reference, instead of going to waste on the lawn.

IT'S doubtful if many of you have been aware of the chess tournament that's been in progress during the past month in London Terrace. To be sure the numbers engaged aren't so great, but even if they were, the chances are your awareness of the battles wouldn't be sharply touched, because there isn't much noise or hullabaloo about chess. The contestants have been playing two games each week. One they are permitted to play at their own convenience, wherever the individual pairs mutually agree. The other they play in get-together sessions each Wednesday night in the rental office, after 9 o'clock, when the renting effort is officially closed for the day. Dropped in on them last Wednesday night just to see what it was all about, and discovered one of the most pleasantly congenial little affairs in progress we've encountered anywhere. Everybody was intensely serious about the games they were playing, but the atmosphere of the tournament was delightful. You had to get the feeling from the atmosphere, because of conversation there was none—chess is like that—but it was certainly

(Continued on page 8)

"We Have With Us"

A lot of folks live at London Terrace whom you ought to know. With this issue, TATLER is beginning a series of informal yarns about some of them. Here's Number One. Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us—

WILLIAM S. MULLER

President, New York Curb Exchange Apartment 14-E, 445 West 23rd Street

He's head of an institution where millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of shares of stock change hands every day. It's a great institution, the second largest of its kind in the



WILLIAM S. MULLER

United States. Its daily activities affect the lives of hundreds of thousands of people—yes, millions of them—throughout the country. And he's its chief. You don't have to contact him much before you realize why, and why he's been the chief longer than anyone

else. But, somehow, you can't escape the impression that you wouldn't know him long before you'd be calling him "Bill."

He's regular. You feel that instantly. Just as you feel that there's no bunk about him and that he hasn't any use for it anywhere in anyone else. Takes to responsibility like a duck to water. And delivers the goods.

He isn't so very old, but appears to be 10 years younger than his age, though he's gone through the storm and strife attending the evolution of the Curb Exchange for 29 years. In fact, he looks just like his picture. Judge for yourself on the age question.

When he says that the underlying purpose of the Curb Exchange administration is to protect the public in its stock investment, you know he's speaking with profound sincerity.

He says the chief obstacle toward perfect achievement in this line is the public itself.

"When a man decides to buy a house, for instance," he says, "he'll look first until he finds one in the location he wants and within reach of his pocketbook. Then he goes into every angle of the situation. He investigates the title. He digs until he learns the land values and its future prospects. He has a lawyer go over every phase of the matter. He has a building expert look the house over. In other words, he makes absolutely sure of everything until he's satisfied that that particular house is a good investment for him and then he puts his money into it, but no before.

"But, if—as he's riding down town next day—somebody gives him a 'hot tip' on some stock he can hardly wait until he reaches his

(Continued on page 10)



Master Aerials Perfect Radio

PERFECT radio reception has been achieved at London Terrace with the installation of the master aerial system, operated by the London Terrace Radio Service.

The system was developed by lengthy experimentation and research and provides for sufficient aerials for each building. Running east and west over the buildings and extending north and south over the garden, the aerials assure long distance reception and a wide choice of program. Cut-ins are made to the down leads of the aerial by Multicouplers, a patented device that makes possible the operation of thirty-five radios from one aerial. With this device, each user may tune in a different station without affecting the other users of the aerial. If set-sets are tuned in to one station, the radio signals still will be as clear as from an individual outdoor aerial.

For proper reception in an apartment house, an outdoor aerial is mounted above the building is essential. But, if there is a multiplicity of aerials on one roof, the electric noises as well as the noise from a faulty set are magnified. Clarity and volume are not affected by the number of Multicouplers attached and the same satisfactory results are obtained on all floors.

When the engineers were working out the aerial system for London Terrace, it developed that certain stations, such as WEA, were difficult to receive in this location. After much experimentation, the system was perfected so that all stations now are received with uniform clarity and volume.

THE LINIT SIGN

Our famed electrical display for telling us the time of day is really quite imposing in the dark. Let your lights are most annoying or they keep us from enjoying the bucolic pleasures offered by the park.

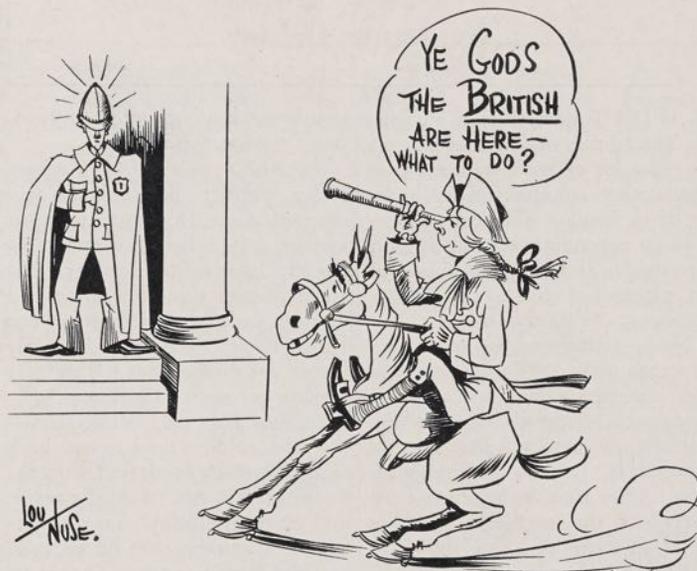
You illumine all the benches with their sailors and their wenches; you're the bane of every maiden and her beau; still your lecture onward marches telling us of oils and starches—

THE TIME NOW IS—Oh, damn it! We must go!

—RUTH E. FINE,

11-B, 450 West 24th Street.

JUST IMAGINE IF PAUL REVERE RETURNED



WHAT A DIFFERENCE 156 YEARS MAKE!

Desperate Battles Fought To Finish in Grim Silence

A DEATHLIKE stillness hung over the room. Eight human figures—seven men and a girl—sat with faces tense, eyes staring—staring. The atmosphere was electric with a breathless expectancy of fateful events to come. Not a soul moved, not a word was spoken as they waited, hopefully, fearfully. In the eyes of some already was reflected the shadow of the inescapable doom which menaced them.

One of the men shifted nervously. His hand went out timidly toward the table before him, hesitated in midair, then dropped, as he sank back in mute despair. Seconds crept into minutes—minutes lengthened into hours, but still they sat immovable, taut, soundless. Suddenly, the eyes of one lighted with a conquering glitter. His hand shot out abruptly as, with a smile of triumph, he gripped a bit of ivory from the table, held it aloft a brief moment, then set it down again, eight inches away. Startlingly, his voice shattered the stillness with the cry, "Check!" The man opposite him looked long and hard and gestured helplessly with the murmur, "It's checkmate!" And another victory, another defeat, was chalked up in the first annual London Terrace Chess Championship tournament.

Well, folks, that just gives you a rough idea of what's been going on the past month, during which

eight Terrace devotees of the royal and ancient game have been battling through the elimination round of the tournament.

Under the rules governing the tournament, this preliminary round consisted of a round robin, during the course of which each entry played every other entry once. Two points were awarded for each victory and one point to each player in draws.

The idea was that, at the end of the round, the four leaders should engage in two semi-final series, the winners of these to battle it out for the championship. All would have been well and it would be possible now to announce the schedule for the semi-finals, if it weren't for the fact that the competition has been so keen and the players so evenly matched that the end of the round found three of them tied for third place—Charles Moreau, Apt. 16-E, 450 West 24th Street; Daniel

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Note—We didn't know just what to do with this, so we thought we'd print it. It was sent in by an anonymous contributor. Which, perhaps, is just as well.

IF I find any blurb in TATLER about the glories of April showers, I'm going to abandon my apartment. Just because rain is good for the crops and flowers and all that, doesn't mean I have to like sloshing around in the wet. Quinine and castor oil are good for us, too, but I don't like 'em.

(Editorial Note—What of it?)

I remember once when I was down in Pago Pago, or was it Pango Pango, or Frangi Panni (Editorial Note—All right, all right)—well, down in that part of the South Seas where Jeanne Eagels—no, I mean Sadie Thompson, got caught in all the "Rain"—well, when I was down there—no, not at the same time—Sadie and the sergeant were gone before I arrived—it had rained for 11 days straight and I said, "If it rains one more day, I'll die." And it rained the next day. What could I do? Gentlemen, a Hemingway always keeps his word. So I died.

(Editorial Note—The manuscript was torn off at the word "died," so we don't know what the rest of the story is. Do you care?)

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Brothers Play For Television

TWO members of the younger set in London Terrace have joined the television pioneers.

Frederick and Henry Woltmann, brothers, Apt. 6-E, 455 West 23rd Street, appeared in a piano duet over station W2XCD in Passaic, New Jersey, in a television broadcast, Monday, March 30th, from 9 to 10 P.M. They played several of Frederick's own compositions.



Frederick Woltmann

W2XCD is a De Forest station and is the largest television station in the United States giving consistent programs. The Monday night program was broadcast by Jenkin's Television. At the present time, there are about 10,000 television receiving sets in the country.

Both Woltmann brothers are excellent musicians. But Henry is inclined more toward a business career and at present is with the Sterno Manufacturing Company. Music, to him, is a pleasant diversion.

Frederick, however, has taken it up seriously and has already shown the spark of genius. Although he is only 22 years old, he has already written several operas.

He started his musical career by playing piano accompaniments at rehearsals of the Grand Opera Society of New York, which produces operas in English and presents them throughout the country. The Society produced a scene from one of Frederick's operas and, just by way of showing his versatility, he painted the scenery himself.

The Manhattan Symphony Orchestra has played his composition "Indian Epic" from his opera "Mona." For this opera he also has prepared a complete orchestration for symphonic presentation.

Recently his work came to the attention of George Whitfield Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music, and he was offered a scholarship at the



Henry W. Woltmann

Two On The Aisle

by Annie Oakley

I DIDN'T start this on purpose. The editors of TATLER had received a lot of requests for a theatre review column for the benefit of us London Terrace residents who go entertainment hunting on Broadway, and they asked me to do it because I used to be a drama reviewer. Honest, I was.

Since we have a long way to go to catch up with the present season, the first column or so will just touch briefly on the more important productions that are on view now, just to give you an idea. After that, we'll try to keep pace with the new ones. So here you're on those we know about:

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A very swell show—they don't come much better. If you've never been in Hollywood or the movies, you'll laugh yourself silly. If you have, it'll make you sob—it's so tragically true. Either way, you can't afford to miss it. (Music Box.)

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART—Another raspberry for Hollywood, with music and a lot of lovely girls. Different from "Once in a Lifetime" and not as good, but very nice just the same. (Broadhurst.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Purporting to show what a codger the papa of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was. Not as good as it's touted, but still all right. Katherine Cornell is simply elegant, of course. (Empire.)

FINE AND DANDY—If you like Joe Cook, you'll have a wonderful time. If you don't like him, go see a doctor. There must be something wrong. Just about the best musical in town. (Erlanger.)

FIVE STAR FINAL—All about the evils of tabloid newspapers. Bitter and terribly sincere, written by Louis Weitzenkorn, who was a tabber himself but reformed. It may make you curse 'em, but probably won't stop

Conservatory. He has not yet accepted. Walter Damrosch has also expressed interest in his compositions.

Frederick studied architecture and was engaged in this field until he decided to devote his time to the development of his musical ability.

you from buying 'em. Anyway, don't miss it. (Cort.)

GRAND HOTEL—Mechanically perfect but a little sour dramatically. Demonstrates what can be done when you turn machinery loose on the scenery. The stage moves up and down and around and does everything but handsprings. The story is nearly lost in the shuffle. But it's awfully hard to get seats. (National.)

MIRACLE AT VERDUN—All the soldier dead come back after 20 years and find out the Futility of It All. Heavily tragic and tragically heavy. The first attempt to combine sound pictures and the spoken stage. The sound pictures win by a mile. (Martin Beck.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—There's nothing "ex-" about the three mistresses that this is all about. Ribaldly funny and the third act is priceless, if you like that kind of show. (Sam H. Harris.)

THE NEW YORKERS—What a cast! We haven't room even to name the stars alone. The class revue of Broadway. (Broadway.)

Presents 22 Pupils in Concert at Studio Club

MISS RUTH McCANN, Apt. 4-C, 435 West 23rd Street, the well-known concert pianist who admits she loves jazz music, presented 22 of her younger pupils in a piano concert on March 7th at the Studio Club. But not a note of hot rhythm did she permit any of them to play.

Far Away But Wants Terrace

LONDON TERRACE "sounds like some kind of an earthly paradise" to a homesick New Yorker in far-off Scotland.

That is how she described it in a letter to a Terrace resident. The writer is living, at present, with her invalid father on an estate in Fife. She said:

"I have been homesick for New York for a long time, but never so much so as since I received the picture which you sent me of London Terrace. From the description you give of its gardens and its homelike, comfortable atmosphere, its fine service and, above all, its abundant heat, it sounds like some kind of an earthly paradise, for I have never been warmer than I know of since I left America.

"London Terrace typifies what is the best in New York and all I hope is that, when I come back, I may live there myself."

VISITS DAUGHTER

Mrs. A. S. Bugbee, Apt. 8-F, 440 West 24th Street, is enjoying an Easter holiday visit with her daughter, Mrs. Maud R. Turner at Homestead Hall, Hot Springs, Virginia.

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Bowen Aviation Book Off Press

ADD to London Terrace's literary luminaries— Mr. R. Sidney Bowen, Apt. 9-F, 425 West 23rd Street. Mr. Bowen, war ace, soldier of fortune, aviation trainer and magazine editor—and he won't be 35 for a couple of years yet—is the author of "Flying from the Ground Up," his latest book, just hot off the McGraw-Hill presses last month.

When Mr. Bowen writes about flying, he's on familiar air. (It would scarcely do, under the circumstances, to say "familiar ground.") When he was 16 years old, Germany went into her enormous argument with the rest of the world, and Mr. Bowen joined the French army, serving for one year with aviation units. Then he figured his release and went into Great Britain's Royal Flying Corps as a pilot. For the next three years he saw plenty of action on various cockpit fronts. He has seen service in France, Belgium, England, Germany and Egypt, and has trained hundreds of pilots.

Emerging from the war at the old age of 21, he continued his efforts as flying instructor. When he was editor of *Aviation* magazine for four years. Since then he has devoted his entire time to fiction.

"Flying from the Ground Up" is not only most interesting but extremely instructive, told in the form of conversations between teacher and pupil, describing in detail each step in the process of learning to fly.

Many New Features in Completed Terrace

(Continued from page 3)

Remember how they looked last year? This summer they're going to be the most inviting, lovely green prospect in New York City—and right at your back door, secluded, private and away from all the busy traffic of the city.

Those unsightly construction ladders will soon vanish. They're gone now on Ninth Avenue. Those on Tenth will follow in a week or two. And the dust that inevitably accompanies big-scale construction will fill the air no more. There'll be no more sound of hammers banging or steel work clanging. Not bad to anticipate, is it? It's been absorbing and won-

Our Own Social Whirl

COMING wedding bells sounded their tinkle before in the apartment of Mrs. John J. Fichtelman, Apt. 2-D, 460 West 24th Street, on March 11th, when Mrs. Fichtelman was hostess at a shower in honor of Miss Marion Gilmartin, who will become the bride of Frank J. Canavan in April. Miss Gilmartin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilmartin, of 2965 Marion Avenue, New York City. Mr. Gilmartin is a former city official. Mr. Canavan, whose home is at 241 East Mosholu Parkway North, is an electrical engineer at the Bell Telephone laboratories.

Miss Gilmartin received many beautiful and useful gifts at the shower, presented to her in an inverted umbrella suspended from the chandelier and decorated with two shades of rose crepe paper and silver tinsel. The table was decorated in pink, with candlesticks and a basket of lilies of crepe paper with fresh-cut jonquils in the center of each lily. The guests who attended were the Mesdames Richard Black, L. S. Brady, Jack Connolly, Arthur Danell, Lester B. Eames, Frank Mullan and Russell Sargent, and the Misses Josephine Bagdon, Ella Flynn, Claire and Helen Hagen, Marguerite Johnson, Gertrude Lare, Dorothy Moynahan and Mabel Winship.

DO you remember — were the opening words of many a sentence spoken in Apartment 2-D, 455 West 23rd Street, on a Sunday afternoon a week or two ago, when Miss Victoria Ibbotson, former war nurse, entertained 25 members of her overseas hospital unit at tea. Miss Ibbotson was a member of the medical unit of

derful to watch London Terrace rise in its might and grandeur, but it will be far more wonderful to enjoy all the countless home and living attractions that the completed colony will offer. That time will be here, almost before anyone realizes it. And then, London Terrace will be all that everyone has dreamed and hoped it would be.

Florida Vacation

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Lloyd, Apt. 7-C, 415 West 23rd Street, are vacationing in Florida for a few weeks.

the American Red Cross at Base Hospital 116 in St. Nazaire, France, to which came many of the boys who had been seared in the testing fires of the front lines. Miss Ibbotson was overseas for nearly 14 months under Colonel Dr. Walker. There were nearly 300 members in the unit when it mustered its full wartime strength. Each year those who can come hold a reunion at the Hotel McAlpin on November 10th, the day before the Armistice anniversary. Miss Ibbotson is now connected with the New York Hospital Social Service.

MISS JEAN THOMAS, whose radio public extends as far as "mikes" can reach, was entertained at dinner on March 11th by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Watrous, Apt. 5-A, 460 West 24th Street. The talented Miss Thomas has won an exceptionally large radio following with her original Kentucky mountaineer sketches, presented over Station WEAJ, and to students of American folk lore for her stories of the hill folks. Her first book, "Devil's Ditties," published recently, was described by Ida Tarbell as an outstanding contribution to American folk literature.

ATERSE, perfectly business-like letter received by the management a few days ago revealed this romance. As briefly as possible, it said, in effect, that hereafter the rental for Apartment 2-F, 415 West 23rd Street, is to be billed to Mr. Albert Woodruff Gray, as he now is occupying the apartment with Mrs. Gray. Since the apartment was leased to Miss Willa Coplin, this was a bit puzzling, until it developed that it is Miss Coplin who is now Mrs. Gray. For a number of years Miss

Coplin has been secretary to Mr. Gray, who is a lawyer with offices at 111 Broadway. They mutually discovered that their interest in each other went beyond the 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. association in the roles of boss and secretary. So they were married March 14th. And when it came to choice of homes, Mrs. Gray reversed their daytime roles and dictated that they live at London Terrace. Mr. Gray wasn't hard to persuade.

THE MISSES CHARLOTTE and Leonora Rubinow, Apt. 11-C, 450 West 24th Street, entertained at tea Sunday, March 15. Among the guests were James Friskin, the pianist, and his mother, Mrs. James Friskin, Dr. and Mrs. Solon Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rubinow, Mrs. Amelia Alexander, the Misses Marguerite Rubinow, Marie Louise and Charlotte Purcell and Messrs. Abram Rosenberg, Marion Parsonette, Mendel Freudenheim, Hugh Rubinow, Sidney G. Rubinow and Anton Schutz, whose etchings of New York are well known.

MISS ANN METHOT, Apt. 3-D, 415 West 23rd Street, entertained twenty guests on March 26, at a birthday surprise party in honor of her niece, Miss Rolande Richard. The room was attractively decorated with flowers and novelties. One of the guests, Rolly, a canary bird, has become a permanent resident of the Terrace.

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MAKES
SICK PEOPLE WELL**

K.V.L.'s Old English Bakeries—All Goods Fresh Daily

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When St. Nick Made History for Old Chelsea

(Continued from page 3)

dwelt on the scholarly things of life. His writings were profound. Just once in his worthy career did he step from the path of erudite literary effort. This was on the now-famous Christmas eve of 1822 when, imbued with the Yuletide spirit, he penned the only poem he ever wrote, a jingling Mother Goose type of rhyme for the amusement of his seven children.

Nothing was farther from the reverend doctor's mind than that the poem should ever pass beyond the walls of his own home. It had been the result of impulse. As a literary gem, he had scant respect for it. Recognized as a learned man of his day, author of a Hebrew lexicon and other scholarly works, it had been his dream to live in posterity through his profound books.

Prank of Fate

It was one of those curious pranks of fate that these should have passed completely into the limbo of forgotten things and that, instead, world-wide and perpetual fame should have come to him as the author of a merry holiday jingle, his sole venture into poetry through his entire life.

It is all the more amazing when one realizes that this rollicking bit of rhyme actually created the modern conception of Santa Claus and his methods of gift delivery. In fact, it transformed the whole idea of Christmas.

For those of us who live in the present day, it is hard to conceive of a time when Christmas was largely a solemn religious festival, yet that is what it was, to no small degree, until Dr. Moore gave us a new idea. There wasn't much Christmas for the children in America or anywhere at that time. To be sure, in some parts of the country, there were a few Christmas trees, candles were lighted, and there were gifts for the children, in a limited sense, but, chiefly it was a day of religious solemnity.

Sent for Turkey

But on the afternoon of December 24, 1822, it seems that Mistress Moore, the good wife of the doctor, discovered that she was one turkey short for the needs of the morrow's Christmas dinner. So, as has been the custom since the world began, Dr. Moore was despatched to the market for another one.

As his feet crunched through the sparkling snow of Chelsea

streets, and he saw the candles in the windows and, perhaps, heard the happy laughter of children, looking forward to the joys of tomorrow, in whimsical fancy, he pictured St. Nicholas and his reindeer chargers speeding over the world to spread his joyous gifts.

As he trudged home with the additional turkey under his arm, snatches of lilting phrases developed in his mind. With the turkey duly delivered into the capable hands of Mistress Moore, the doctor retired to his study and there, as the words came, he literally dashed off

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse,"

until, with a flourish, he wrote at the bottom

"Happy Christmas to all and, to all, 'Good night.'"

Read to Children

He underscored the last line, wrote "A Visit From St. Nicholas" at the top, then put the manuscript in his pocket and went to the dinner table, saying nothing about it until the family had completed its evening meal.

Then he assembled the seven children about the stove in the kitchen just before bedtime, and, while they listened in wide-eyed rapture, read them the poem, over which they clapped their hands in delight.

(Note—Next month will be told how the Christmas jingle became known to the world at large and Dr. Moore's dismay at the result.)

Tatler Tales

(Continued from page 4)

there. They were all having an elegant time. This first competitive affair in London Terrace is a real success. We learned that, before this tournament, scarcely any of the players had ever met any of the other entrants before. Now they're friends with a definite common interest. It's a pleasure to learn that plans are afoot to create a series of London Terrace tournaments in various competitive games, so that something of the sort will be under way virtually all the time.

POSSIBLY this is something we oughtn't to mention and we really wouldn't like to have it spread around too much. But the

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Ask for
London Terrace
Laundry

435 West 23rd Street

A. L. KRAMER, Manager

London Terrace News Service gave us the confidential tip that, when it comes to selecting their reading matter from the circulating library, the favorite book of Terrace residents is not, as you might imagine, that sterling record of financial majesty, "The House of Morgan," No, it's "Babe Morgan," which is something entirely else again. Maybe it's a mistake. Maybe the folks are a little confused and think they're getting the first when they ask for the other. The names are similar. But, we're told that the several available copies of "The House of Morgan" are as clean and untouched as the day they came,

Say It

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Opposite the Terrace
on 23rd Street

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HATS cleaned, blocked and renovated

LONDON TERRACE VALETS

French Dry Cleaners and Dyers

Call us on House Phone

SUPERIOR SERVICE

MODERATE PRICES

New Arrivals

SOME of the new arrivals at London Terrace during March are:

Miss Adele M. Marx, Apt. 5-A, 420 West 24th Street.

Mr. William M. Wells, Apt. 11-C, 430 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Selby, Apt. 3-E, 440 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene I. Stanley, Apt. 5-C, 445 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lyon, Apt. 17-F, 445 West 23rd Street.

Miss Mildred White, Apt. 8-D, 455 West 23rd Street.

Miss Anne Lavery, Apt. 7-A, 460 West 24th Street.

Dr. and Mrs. James A. Mark, Apt. 1-D, 445 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Waetje, Apt. 8-F, 430 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barwis, Apt. 2-E, 430 West 24th Street.

while "Babe," well, the Service can't seem to keep it on hand all. There's a waiting list for it. And second choice is "Louis Berretti." Now, we can all get this one. His name doesn't sound like anything except "Louis Berretti," and, well— Just forget that we said anything about the whole affair, won't you?

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One Block North
Between 24th and 25th

NINTH AVE. FISH MARKET
242 NINTH AVE.
Phone LAc. 4-0699



World Hit Won By Becker Book

OFF the press less than a month, "Paul Gauguin—The Palm Madman," written by Beril Becker of Apt. 6-C, 455 West 23rd Street, has scored such an instantaneous and world-wide success that already arrangements have been made to translate it into French and Russian. Last week Mr. Becker sold the British rights to the book, which was published by Boni Brothers in the United States.

Reviewers throughout the world have commented enthusiastically concerning the work. Edwin Forkman, the great Norwegian critic, in a personal letter to Mr. Becker, wrote, "It is one of the most terrible and one of the most inspiring books I have read, a tragedy of Hell from beginning to end, and yet as rich in catharsis as a Greek drama."

And to disprove that old one about a prophet having no honor in his own country, the London Terrace News Service circulating daily reports that the book has a great favor among Terrace residents. Numerous copies have already been sold and there is a long list of reservations for the copies the Service has for sale.

"Paul Gauguin," written with a striking intensity of style that grips the reader from the first word to the last, is a romantic biography. Mr. Becker himself has had a most romantic career, during which he followed the sea for years, serving as a radio operator on tropical tankers.

The author is leaving for Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on April 1. He is retiring there to work on his new book. He declines to reveal the title or nature of this work until he returns to London Terrace with the completed manuscript.

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Ashland 4-7197

London Terrace Chess Tournament

STANDING OF PLAYERS

| Name | W. | L. | Dr. | Pts. |
|-----------------|----|----|-----|------|
| Ernst Woltmann | 5 | 0 | 2 | 12 |
| James Sharon | 5 | 1 | 1 | 11 |
| Charles Moreau | 3 | 2 | 2 | 8 |
| Daniel Schenck | 4 | 3 | 0 | 8 |
| H. R. Mandel | 4 | 3 | 0 | 8 |
| H. W. Woltmann | 2 | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Resli Tuckerman | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 |
| Aaron Mizel | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |

Results of Matches

March 11—E. Woltmann d. Schenck; Sharon d. Mandel; Miss Tuckerman d. Mizel; H. Woltmann vs. Moreau, draw.
 March 14—E. Woltmann d. Miss Tuckerman; Schenck d. H. Woltmann; Sharon d. Moreau; Mandel d. Mizel.
 March 18—E. Woltmann d. Mandel; Sharon d. Schenck; H. Woltmann d. Miss Tuckerman; Moreau d. Mizel.
 March 21—Schenck d. Mizel; Mandel d. H. Woltmann; E. Woltmann vs. Moreau, draw.
 March 25—Moreau d. Schenck; Mandel d. Miss Tuckerman; Sharon d. Mizel; Schenck d. Mandel; E. Woltmann vs. Sharon, draw.
 March 28—Miss Tuckerman d. Sharon; E. Woltmann d. H. Woltmann; Moreau d. Miss Tuckerman, forfeit.
 March 31—Mandel d. Moreau; Schenck d. Miss Tuckerman; Sharon d. H. Woltmann; H. Woltmann d. Mizel; E. Woltmann d. Mizel, forfeit.

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260 West 23rd Street
Sea Food - Steaks - Chops
BANQUET ROOMS
Here more than 50 years
Special Sunday Dinner \$2

Desperate Battles in Silence

(Continued from page 5)

Schenck, Apt. 17-B, 420 West 24th Street and H. R. Mandel of the home office.

Ernst Woltmann, Apt. 6-E, 455 West 23rd Street and James Sharon, of the Terrace accounting department, emerged from the first round undisputed possessors of first and second place, respectively, Mr. Woltmann having come through with five victories, no defeats and no draws. Mr. Sharon won an equal number of victories, and drew one game, but was defeated once in the surprise upset of the tourney, when Miss Resli Tuckerman of the Terrace administration office conquered him.

In order to untangle the third place deadlock, the three players involved will play another round robin this week. If another tie results, they'll repeat until two of them emerge with a majority of victories. In view of the situation, it isn't possible to announce just

when the tournament will be over, nor when the champion will be awarded the trophy.

But when third and fourth places are determined, the semi-finals will be played like this: Mr. Woltmann and No. 3 will play a best two out of three series and Mr. Sharon and No. 4 will engage in a similar series. The two winners of these matches will then meet in a best two out of three games for the championship.

On Business Trip

MR. G. S. TIPSON, Apt. 6-F, 450 West 24th Street, has left London Terrace and his famous ship model and gone to Columbus, Ohio, for a six weeks' business trip.

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saver cleaning device in
your own apartment at
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SICK PEOPLE WELL

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On your house phone



Terrace Resident Head of Curb Exchange

Four Time President Worked Way to Top from Clerkship

(Continued from page 4)
office before he plunges on it. He doesn't take time to find out if the company whose stock he's buying is making dividends, or whether it's well managed, or if it has a good history. Somebody gave him a tip and he smells quick profits. Over he goes. And if he loses on his blind speculation, he's peeved. "If he'd spend half as much time investigating his prospective stock investments as he does the purchase of a house, he'd save himself a lot of grief, and a lot more money. And the odd part is that he usually resents any warning on stocks."

Saw Curb's Rise

Mr. Muller has seen the Curb Exchange go through a lot of metamorphosis. And he's had a lot to do with its rise from those old days of outdoor trading to its present high state of indoor operation. He's particularly enthusiastic as he stands in the gallery and points out how the floor of the exchange is being greatly enlarged to accommodate its ever-increasing volume of business in the huge building it now occupies and all the up-to-the-minute improvements for facilitating the handling of transactions in extraordinary quantity. He's proud of it all and justly so. He's been through the mill with it.

Bromidic as the expression is, there are few people who more worthily can be called "self made."

Mr. Muller was born in the Bedford section of Brooklyn on November 11, 1879—which makes November 11 notable for something else besides the Armistice. He has four brothers, two of whom are associated with him in the stock brokerage business. His father is deceased, but his mother, Mrs. Rose Muller, still lives in New York.

Becomes Bank Clerk

He stopped going to school when he was 16 years old and began hustling for himself. He became a bank clerk in what is now the Central Hanover Bank, but six years later decided too many things would have to happen to too many people above him before he could reach the point he was aiming for.

So he decided to become a Curb broker. That was a comparatively simple process in those days. You took your capital, prayed for a clear day, and went down on the street and started in.

Mr. Muller quit his job, drew his total savings to date out of the bank—just \$500—and went down to the curb. That was in 1902. And in the 29 years that have passed since then he's never had a losing year except 1914, the first year of the war, when almost every broker experienced the same condition.

His sound financial judgment, even at 23 years of age, served him well from the beginning and he progressed steadily. In 1911, when the Curb Market Association was formed, he was one of its 350 members. When, in 1919, the new Association was organized and it was decided to build the original Curb building and send the traders indoors, he was one of the leaders of the movement.

Halcyon Days

In 1921, the Curb Market moved into its building and the Curb's halcyon days began. Its membership was limited to 550—and there are no vacancies. In fact, it became necessary to establish an associate membership, which now numbers 600.

A young man of 23 with \$500 couldn't become a member of the Curb Exchange now. The average price of a seat is \$137,000. One seat sold for \$254,000 less than two years ago. The young man who started with \$500 in 1902 has had a lot to do with bringing the situation up to that standard.

In February, 1928, Mr. Muller took office as President of the Curb Exchange—and he's held it ever since—recently having been unanimously reelected for his fourth term, setting a new record for holding the office.

He has struggled unceasingly for the improvement of all phases of the Curb Exchange. One of his greatest achievements was the establishment of call money on the floor of the exchange, a tremendous victory for the Curb Exchange and a great personal one for its President, who worked untiringly for its accomplishment. Largely through his efforts the Curb Exchange has gained the confidence and cooperation of practically all the leading banks and trust companies in the financial district.

Tennis Enthusiast

He admits that he's so busy he doesn't have a lot of time for recreation, but he plays a lot of tennis and golf in the summer—especially tennis. Physically, he looks like a pretty good argument for the game. And he's an ardent bridge player.

In 1906 he was married to Estelle Kindgen, also a native of Brooklyn. In fact they lived over there for ten years, but moved to New York City in 1916 and have been over here ever since. They

have no children. They both like the theatre and traveling. Each winter they try to get away for a while—to Palm Beach or Bermuda or somewhere else where it's warm.

He's admired and respected by everybody in the Curb Exchange down to the humblest employe. But nobody is in awe of him—which is the way he would have it. They know he's the chief but also that he's a congenial, hard working, human person and they're all strong for him.

His career has been a continuous display of good judgment, never more fully demonstrated than when, last year, he decided to come to London Terrace to live. We're proud that he's here.

Tiny Arrivals

MR. and Mrs. John J. Schaefer, Apt. 14-E, 4 West 23rd Street, announced the birth of a son, John, Jr., on Mar 26th.

Ralph A. Iovieno

LAc.-4-1578

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Those Who Serve

The daily letters from Montreal, Canada, no longer arrive at the Terrace telephone switchboards. The reason? "Alfie" (Alfred C. Jones of Montreal) is no longer writing to Miss Hildred Winston, our former Chief Operator. Don't misunderstand. He's saying those sweet things over the breakfast table. They were married March 8 in Montreal.

Miss Edna Gibney succeeds Miss Winston (Mrs. Alfred C. Jones to you) as Chief Operator.

* * *

Our Chief Engineer, William F. Daniels, has resigned to take a position in the sales field.

* * *

Prize awards for the period February 15th to March 15th for neatness in appearance, courtesy, and general efficiency, were won by House 450 for the Uniformed Force. The awards for maintenance went to House 435. Names of the winners are as follows:

450 House:

| | | |
|--------------|-------|----------------|
| Controlman | - - | H. Brouters |
| Doorman | - - - | Val Sholar |
| Receptionist | - - - | James Carney |
| Elevator | - - - | Joseph Dolan |
| Elevator | - - - | John McGowan |
| Elevator | - - - | Edward Westway |
| Elevator | - - - | Joseph Benitz |
| Elevator | - - - | Peter Doonan |

435 House:

| | | |
|---------------|-------|------------------|
| Printer | - - - | John Danyluk |
| Cleaner | - - - | Elsie Fischer |
| Generator Man | - - - | John Ernst |
| Generator Man | - - - | Charles Beratian |

"World-Telegram" City Editor New Addition to Literati at Terrace

TATLER had better be good from now on. For there's a new subscriber in Apt. 17-F, 445 West 23rd Street, who can pass authoritative judgment on it — and why not? He's George H. Lyon, city editor of the World-Telegram, who, to no small degree, is responsible for the evolution of the outstanding newspaper which it has become since the amalgamation.

The coming of Mr. Lyon increases the roster of literary lights who make their home here and whose growing numbers are carrying on the traditions of old Chelsea in general and London Terrace in particular, as a center of artists and writers. A few decades ago, Horace Greeley lived just a few blocks away, by way of precedent for newspaper men.

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Dinner - - - - 90c. to \$1.50

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Perfect Service
Excellent Cuisine



Like to Shop?
HERE'S WHERE TO GO

LAST minute thoughts for Easter.

Have you decided what your Easter corsage is to be? Call Mr. Blaedel of the Blaedel Flower Shop, 23rd Street opposite the Terrace, and he'll help you plan it. All you have to do is tell him what your ensemble will be. He has some wonderful suggestions for what is correct and smart. Gardenias are popular. I suppose because they do go with most any outfit. Violets are staging a comeback, and, of course, orchids—there are always the exclusive, expensive, not-to-be-compared-with orchids.

Easter greeting cards — Westward Gallery, 424 West 23rd Street.

Dash of Color

One way to get that dash of color accent, which all neutral or dark-toned costumes must have this Easter, is through the use of a gaily-colored handkerchief peeking from the pocket. The Elizabeth Jay Shop, 212 West 23rd Street, is showing some fascinating ones. In linen, there are various shades in solid colors. Large chiffon ones in dashing Algerian colors for the tweed suit—and for evening, lacy or frilly chiffon.

At the very last minute, if any of you gentlemen neglect the tonorial needs, Owen of Owen's Barber Shop, 207 Ninth Avenue, wants me to tell you he has an apartment service.

So has Lillie Beauty Studio, 129 West 21st Street, for the ladies.

In the Corridors

The London Terrace tunnels are rapidly being transformed into a subterranean shopping center. Display windows, show-rooms, lighting effects and everything, with the News Service displaying oil paintings. And now the Radio Shop on the 23rd Street side has given the shop a delightful homey atmosphere with a fireplace and all. It has inexpensive gifts and bridge prizes that are not ordinary. Its Italian pottery is lovely and moderately priced. There is a tiny alabaster lamp you may like. Some evening take a stroll through the tunnel and take your guests with you. It really is amazing.

—IRENE TAYLOR SCHULTZ
Apt. 6-C, 420 West 24th Street.

London Terrace to Have Three Restaurants

(Continued from page 3)

the gardens. In fact, it won't face the street at all and will provide two delightfully secluded dining rooms. The facilities will include a dining room on the first floor and a banquet room on the floor below, each having approximately 3,500 square feet of floor space, beautifully decorated and equipped, an ideal spot in which to dine and bring your friends.

The entrance to the London Terrace Restaurant will be on 23rd Street, near the corner of Ninth Avenue, leading through a corridor to the interior dining rooms on the gardens. Alongside this entrance in the 405 West 23rd Street building will be another of the restaurants to be called the Peg Woffington Coffee Shop, with an area of 1,000 square feet, where you can take a bite when you're in a bit of a hurry.

The third restaurant will be the Peg Woffington Tea Room, in the 465 West 23rd Street building, down near Tenth Avenue, next to

the Chemical Bank. This will have a floor space of 2,500 square feet and will be another pleasing place to eat.

More than \$150,000 is being expended on the decorations and equipment of the restaurants, which are scheduled to open May 1st, or immediately thereafter.

The Peg Woffington restaurants have been operated in New York City for 20 years by Mrs. Clara Ellen Kayser. She found her in-

spiration in the coffee houses of old England in the days when Peg Woffington and David Garrick were contemporary stars of the first magnitude on the English stage. They have maintained the typical English atmosphere in the costuming of attendants and in management methods. The first Peg Woffington restaurant was established in 1911 on 41st Street, near Fifth Avenue. Three are now in operation in the city.

Lackawanna 4-4513

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452 West 25th Street
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Cruising in South

MRS. HAROLD S. WILKS, Apt. 4-E, 455 West 23rd Street, sailed on March 13th for a cruise to the West Indies and Bermuda, and will return early in April. Mrs. Wilks is accompanied by her sister, Miss Marion Frank, of *New York Times* fame.

To North Carolina

MR. and Mrs. Carl V. Percy, Apt. 3-E, 430 West 24th Street, have gone to Asheville, N. C., for a short vacation, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Josephine Percy, and their son, Mr. Samuel Percy.

Lillie Beauty Studio

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
and HELENA RUBINSTEIN

**Highest Class Work
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Try Our
French Finger Marcel
The Latest from Paris, \$1.00

**Permanent Marcel
Wave**
\$5.00 and \$6.00

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