

JUL 1931

# London Terrace Cattler

Vol. I, No. 8

New York City, N. Y.

July, 1931



The New All-Year-Round Swimming Pool of London Terrace

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Vol. I, No. 8

New York City, N. Y.

July, 1931

## Terrace Club Will Organize During Month

THE extensive work preliminary to the actual organization of the Terrace Club has been progressing steadily in the past month. Owing to the scope of the club's prospective activities, its wide ramifications and the membership possibilities, these preparations are being made with the utmost care and deliberation. The entire framework is now practically completed and the work of organization itself will be undertaken in the immediate future. Before the next issue of the TATLER is off the press, it is confidently expected that the Club will be well on its way.

Ward P. Brennan, recreational director of London Terrace, who will also be supervising director of the Club's activities, is already on the job and his congenial personality has scored decisively with all his steadily widening circle of acquaintances here. His desk is in the Administration Office and you have only to give him a ring or drop in to see him to receive all the latest information on the Club's organization and the progress of his recreational plans.

### CHELSEA 3-7000

#### It's New Phone Number

THE new telephone number of London Terrace is CHelsea 3-7000. With the steady growth in the population of the terrace, which now is close to 2,000 and will be nearly 4,000 by October 1, the necessity for a simpler and more easily remembered number was obvious, so, since June 15, the old number of CHelsea 3-3460 has been in the discard and the new one has been in effect.

### IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU!

Don't blame us. We warned you. Think of the party you missed, just because you didn't read the TATLER thoroughly last month. What we're trying to say is this. It's a pretty good idea to look the TATLER over carefully, or you may miss some announcements concerning London Terrace which are of real interest to you. Quite a number of residents told the management that they were sorry they didn't attend the bridge party on June 18 and would have been there, if they had known about it. And there it was, a whole column of it, giving all the details on page 7 of the June issue of TATLER. Look it up and see if we're not right. Since it goes to every occupied apartment, the TATLER is the medium which the management uses consistently to keep you informed of Terrace events, past, present and future—particularly future.

—TATLER.

## Terrace Bridge Parties Will Be Held Throughout Summer

THE complete success which attended the first informal bridge party held at London Terrace on June 18 has led to the formulation of definite plans for conducting a series of bridge evenings throughout the balance of the summer.

Beginning Thursday evening, July 9, a bridge session will be conducted every alternate Thursday evening, through July, August and September. Unless definite notice is given to the contrary, all these affairs will take place in the penthouse of 425 West 23rd Street.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding, please note that this announcement is the formal invitation extended to every bridge enthusiast residing in London Terrace to attend each session. It is the sincere hope of the management that the acceptances shall be so numerous that it will be necessary to provide quarters for the overflow.

There will be no charge for attendance at these informal events. Residents of London Ter-

race are invited to be the guests of the management, in the hope that these affairs may add to the pleasure of your summer at the Terrace.

All that is requested of you is that you shall pick up the house phone and notify Miss Resli Tucker in the Administration Office, of your intention to come, not later than noon of the day before the party. Of course, we want you to come, even if you don't give such notice, but it will help materially in making adequate preparations for the party,

(Continued on page 11)

## 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.*

### VIII.

#### THE FIRST TERRACE

FROM the time that the banks of the Hudson were pushed back from Tenth Avenue, in accordance with the state legislative act of 1837, the Moore estate in Chelsea greatly increased in popularity as a residential district. The region began to attract several leading real estate and building interests, but no particularly active movement for its development on a major scale was begun until 1845. In that year, two speculative builders of that day, William Torrey and Cyrus Mason, saw there a real opportunity.

They obtained a leasehold on the entire block bounded by Ninth and Tenth Avenues, 23rd and 24th Streets and immediately launched the finest suburban development which the New York

(Continued on page 10)

### JUST IMAGINE

#### Giving Fountain a Bath!

PEACE reigned in the Terrace gardens. Suddenly, the quiet was broken by loud cries of pain. Startled, Terrace residents looked out of their windows and saw — workmen washing the ears of the young man riding the swan in the fountain of the Terrace gardens.

They went at it with a will. Scrubbing brushes were applied vigorously. Our young hero bore it with a stoic silence until they started to wash behind his ears. Enough was enough, and like all young men of his age, he objected violently and vociferously. But to no avail. For not even a statue is immune.



Vol. I July, 1931 No. 8

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

*The following editorial—as we will laughingly call it—was written only after the stormiest, most gruelling session that ever occurred in this or any other TATLER from the days of Dick (Sir Richard to you) Steele on down. Our substitute editorial writer now looms up as a man of character. When he says something he means it. After his diatribe on "month" editorials in the last issue, he refused to write any more. We tried cajoling, insinuation, wheedling and finally threats. No sale. Finally, he said, "Nothing less than wild horses could drag me to a typewriter for another one of those things." This left us no alternative. So we got a couple of wild horses, hitched them to his struggling form, and they dragged him to the typewriter. The office was a total wreck, but here's the editorial.*

## JULY

IF you think this is going to be funny, stop at this period. Yeah, that one. In spite of everything I could do, this thing about "July" had to be written. All right, I'll mention July! Is that enough? What more do you want? What makes me good and sore is the double-crossing we're getting on the holiday business. For the love of Mike, why couldn't those forefathers of ours have signed the Declaration on the 3rd of July? Then, look, the holiday would have come on Friday and who would have the heart to make you come back to work on Saturday, in heat like this? But, no, they had to sit around and talk about the drought in Minnesota and the new Ford and how the stock market was dropping and the swell time they had at Tony's last night and had they seen the new "Follies" and then it was 5 o'clock and they couldn't get around to the Declaration until next day. And what happens? In 1931, the 4th falls on Saturday and that's only a half day anyhow. Is that a way to make us feel patriotic? But then, suppose they hadn't signed it at all. Then what? All right, what? Say, are you as tired of this as I am?

## WE'RE GRATEFUL

THANK you for the response to our plea for copy. While we weren't snowed in (not that a little snow wouldn't be helpful now), still the response was gratifying.

However, TATLER is not yet satisfied. There are so many more of you who have done or are doing interesting things. Let us know about them. A bridge, luncheon, or other social event is news. If you notice anything about the Terrace or if you have any comments, don't be bashful. TATLER is published "for you." Complete the phrase and make it "by you."

## Tatler Tales

WE wish to announce that the Lonely Hearts Club has been disbanded for the summer. With the advent of warmer weather, the cool gardens are proving very popular with the residents of London Terrace, and these summer evenings at dusk you'll meet nearly everyone sooner or later. So the Lonely Hearts can foregather there and introduce themselves.

SOME of the outdoor sports in the garden are pretty good, too. We saw Miss Helen Eddy, Apt. 2-F, 435 West 23rd Street, very busy with water colors and brushes and we looked over her shoulder. It was a beautiful painting of our fountain.

MRS. HARRY A. LEVINE, Apt. 6-A, 445 West 23rd Street, and Mrs. John C. Maurer, Apt. 3-B, 415 West 23rd Street, were having a breathlessly exciting game of jacks the other afternoon. We'll be glad to promote a jacks tournament for another official championship any time, if there's a demand for it.

ADD big game hunting: The big game hunters sallied forth with cap pistols the other day and captured a tiny green lizard. We can't understand how he (or she, or should we say "it") got into the garden, unless he (or she, etc.) hitch-hiked from Rutherford on one of the shrubs that were put in recently.

WE can't resist the temptation to tell you this one. You may or may not know that Charles Weingart, the Terrace rental manager, has his musical moments. He strums a mean ukulele and he croons—ah, how he croons! Perhaps the following may explain, in a limited sort of way, why he hasn't already supplanted Rudy Vallee or Will Osborn or who's your own favorite? A few nights ago—well, no, a few mornings ago—it was about 2 o'clock—Mr. Weingart was visiting at the apartment of a friend in the Terrace—a male friend, let us add quickly, it being the hour it was and all that—and he was crooning to his own accompaniment. He was just in the midst of his fourth or fifth croonment, when the doorbell rang. The host answered, came back to the living room, grasped Charles firmly by the arm and led him to the door. "Here," he said, "here's the one who's doing it." Charles looked up to find himself gazing into the forbidding countenances of two London Terrace patrolmen. When they saw whom their prospective quarry was, they saluted in sudden embarrassment. "We're sorry, Mr. Weingart," one of them blurted, "but we've had two complaints that the most awful sounds are coming from this apartment." Did his face get red? But he saluted gravely and assured them that the noise would stop at once. Then he took his ukulele and his voice to his own apartment and packed them in moth balls.

## "We Have With Us"

A lot of folks live at London Terrace whom you ought to know. Each month we're going to give you an informal introduction to one of them. Here's Number Four. Ladies and Gentlemen, we have with us—

### JAMES CLEARY

General Sales Manager, Combustion Engineering Company  
Apt. 8-F, 415 West 23rd Street

BACK in 1917, as you may remember, when Uncle Sam embarked upon a somewhat violent argument with Bill Hohenzollern, one of the most popular commodities in the world—



JAMES CLEARY

and one of the hardest to get—was gunpowder. Uncle Sam wanted it in quantities—huge quantities—and one of his best bets for its production was the "Old Hickory" plant, down in Nashville, Tennessee. The most important phase of

the matter was the guarantee of certainty that the machinery and equipment of the plant would keep running, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, if necessary.

Looking about for the right man to put in charge of the all-important steam equipment at the plant, one government official popped into the office of another government official in the War Department one day and said, "Say, chief, twenty years ago, when we were spanking Spain, we had a young fellow with us as a chief machinist in the navy. He's done pretty well since then. I believe he can fill the bill. What say?"

"Where's he now?" the chief queried.  
"He's with the Westinghouse Company," was the reply.

"Get him," said the chief.  
And so, a couple of days later, James Cleary found himself on his way down to Nashville. The officials' estimate of him proved conservative. With Mr. Cleary keeping the mechanical end of the plant moving, "Old Hickory" became the largest powder plant in the world and was producing more than 1,000,000 pounds daily by the time the armistice was signed.

### Just an Old Cleary Custom

But that sort of achievement is just an old Cleary custom. He'll probably never get over it. A couple of years ago, shortly after he had become general sales manager of the Combustion Engineering Company, of 200 Madison Avenue, a situation arose in the western field that needed attention.

"I'll take care of it myself," said Mr. Cleary. So he packed up, spent a year in the

(Continued on page 8)



## Opening Bridge Party Success

LONDON TERRACE'S first bridge party, held on Thursday night, June 18, opened the summer recreational season with such a successful bang that it has already gone down as the most pleasing social event yet held at the Terrace.

In response to the announcement published in last month's TATLER, more than 75 attended the party, which was held in the penthouse at 425 West Twenty-third Street. Favored with one of the most delightful evenings of the springtime, the penthouse was a scene of gaiety, with the cool breezes playing upon the terraces and pouring through the windows.

The 420 West Twenty-fourth Street building took all the high honors of the evening. Mrs. D. S. Schenk, Apt. 17-B, 420, won the first prize cup in contract and Mrs. G. W. Noonan, Apt. 1-E, 420, took the cup in auction. The consolation prizes went to Mrs. Skinner, Apt. 16-D, 435 West Twenty-third Street, in contract—a copy of "My System of Contract Bidding," by Sidney S. Lenz—and to Miss Madeline F. Way, Apt. 15-D, 455 West Twenty-third Street, in auction—a copy of "Lenz on Bridge." Both the latter promised to read the volumes faithfully.

Mrs. Schenk won with a high score of plus 3605. Second honors in contract went to Miss Shea, Apt. 2-E, 430 West Twenty-fourth Street, with a plus score of 2775. Mrs. Minna Westerfield, Apt. 12-B, 445 West Twenty-fourth Street, was third with 2490.

Mrs. Noonan's plus score was 1921. Second place in auction was won by Mrs. C. A. Lloyd, Apt. 7-C, 415 West Twenty-third Street, with 1230 and third honors went to R. U. Braney, Apt. 3-A, 455 West Twenty-third Street, with 1018.

The entire affair was delightfully informal. Wicker furniture had been placed about the terraces for lounging purposes and a radio set played dance music on the north terrace where the "dummies" could dance while the band was being played. In the loggia a table had been spread, decorated in the center with a huge and apparently inexhaustible punch bowl and flanked by trays of cakes, where all present were invited to help themselves.

## SPEECH STIRS TERRACE—AND HOW!

*Parrot Goes Soap Box, Nearly Starts Riot*

TERRACE residents lounging in the garden on Monday evening, June 29, were brought to attention by a harsh-voiced harangue on the glories of our country.

They turned to look for this patriotic soul but in vain. Finally some one shouted and pointed to the top of the shrine to Dr. Clement C. Moore and there was the orator—a parrot. As his audience gathered around, the parrot became more vehement in his patriotic declaration.

Finally, he brought his stirring speech to an end, preened his wings in a gesture of gratitude to such an appreciative audience and

flew to the basement of the 460 building.

Patrolman Kelly of the London Terrace Force was apprised of the happening. He dashed in pursuit of the bird. He finally cornered him and received a nip on the finger from the bird which evidently felt that after an expression of such noble sentiments, he ought to be treated with more deference.

Subsequent investigation revealed that the parrot was the pet of Robert H. Tubbs, Apt. 2-F, 430 West 24th Street. Mr. Tubbs said that he had noticed the bird staring at the calendar, particularly at the Fourth of July.

## Coldstream Club Golf Links Made Available to Terrace

*Full Privileges Are Extended*

FORE!

The London Terrace golf season officially opened on Friday, June 26, when Ward P. Brennan, recreational director at the Terrace, took a party of mashie and niblick enthusiasts out to the Coldstream Country Club at East Hempstead, L. I., for a day's play.

This marked the introduction to residents here of the plans launched by Mr. Brennan to place at their disposal facilities for recreation which are not available at the Terrace itself. It was a distinct success but the best news on the situation lies in the completion of arrangements by Mr. Brennan whereby Terrace residents may take advantage of the Coldstream links throughout the summer.

Under the agreement made by Mr. Brennan with the Coldstream Country Club, any Terrace resident has the privilege of playing the Coldstream course for half the customary green fee—in other words, the charge will be only \$2.50, instead of the usual \$5.00. This is a most unusual concession, one of which many Terraceites have already signified their intention of taking advantage.

The Coldstream club is one of the finest private clubs on Long Island, being located on the old August O. Belmont estate at East Hempstead. For the benefit of

Terrace residents who plan to play there, following is the best automobile route to the club: From the Terrace to Eleventh Avenue, down the elevated express highway to Canal Street; west on Canal across Manhattan Bridge to Flatbush Avenue; Flatbush Avenue to Atlantic Avenue; Atlantic Avenue to Sunrise Highway; Sunrise Highway to Lynbrook; turn left at Lynbrook and take the direct road to East Hempstead.

By actual timing, during ordinary traffic, the trip requires just 55 minutes from London Terrace. It is unnecessary to be accompanied by any Terrace official when you go. The Coldstream club privileges are yours whether you go singly, in pairs or large parties. All that is required is a credential card from Mr. Brennan to identify you as a Terrace resident. Mr. Brennan's office is in the Administration Building.

## Gym Location Changed to 460

NOTICE of change of base! The Terrace gym will be located in 460 West 24th Street, instead of 470, as announced in last month's TATLER.

After the building experts had studied the plans for some time, they found that more space was to be had in the 460 building, by the simple expedient of removing a wall. So, the wall was ordered down. The equipment is already at the Terrace and waiting for that wall to vanish as it soon will, under the ministrations of human hands.

The new space allotted for the gym is larger and will allow for greater freedom of movement. And, as anyone can tell you, space is needed when those Terrace athletes get going.

Well, see you in the gym, as soon as alterations are complete.

### At Sea Gate

MRS. F. E. HOLLIDAY, Apt. 14-B, 430 West 24th Street, is spending the summer at Sea Gate, L. I.

### Off to Russia

MR. and Mrs. Harold Burris-Meyer, Apt. 17-C, 445 West 23rd Street, sailed Saturday, June 6, to spend the summer in Russia.

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## Writer Signs With Griffith

H. M. K. SMITH, Apt. 16-A, 455 West 23rd Street, concerning whose successful literary work TATLER has commented before, has joined the staff of D. W. Griffith, as scenarist. Mr. Smith thus returns to motion picture work in a far different capacity than he held when he abandoned it some years ago. He was formerly associated with Paramount as a costume director and before that was manager and advisor to Lady Duff-Gordon, known as Lucille, the modiste.

He quit pictures to become a writer and had sworn that he was through with the screen world forever. But the opportunity of working with David Wark Griffith, the master craftsman of the screen, was too strong an inducement, so now, early every morning, Mr. Smith is off for the Androsound Studios in the Bronx, where Griffith is now working.

Mr. Smith had other honors heaped upon him recently, when Mabel A. Bessey, editor of *Current Literature* and *The Magazine World*, requested his permission to reprint his romance of Old China, "Lilies of Jade," which appeared in the March, 1931, issue of *North American Review*. *The Magazine World* does not appear on the newsstands but is published as a textbook for advanced students of English. Extremely few authors of modern fiction are honored by requests to have their material published therein.

## Wallace Spence Winner of More Swim Honors

Wallace Spence, one of the Spence brothers who will appear as a stellar attraction at the opening of the London Terrace swimming pool, corralled some new honors for himself in the recent swimming meet of the Brooklyn Central Y.M.C.A. Starting from scratch, he captured the feature event of the evening, the 150-yard medley, by a vigorous spurt in the last fifty yards when the free-style stroke was employed. Spence's time was 1:50 3-5. He defeated Martin Maloney, second, and Frank Plunkett, third, each of whom had a ten-second handicap.

## Two On The Aisle

by Annie Oakley

WHO was it said "The good die young"? Well, most proverbs are nutty, anyway. And that one certainly didn't have anything to do with the theatre. We've reached that stage of the year on Broadway when only the good live long. The bad—and, believe me, that's a conservative description of some we've seen—have died long ago. It takes a pretty hardy kind of entertainment to live through the weather we've been having lately and are going to have more of for the next two months, so, with the exception of the new starters about which we can't tell yet, you can depend upon it that most the fare that's offered you around Times Square just now is pretty reliable stuff.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN—(Erlanger)—We hope you haven't been passing up the revivals of the Gilbert & Sullivan's operettas that Milton Aborn's been staging at the Erlanger. If you go once, you're sunk. You'll be back for all the rest. In Little Annie's humble opinion, they're just about the best hot weather fare that's on the menu right now, that is, if these lilting melodies that you're thoroughly familiar with and the droll, ever fresh comedy, has any sort of appeal for you—which it ought to have. You won't hear any dirt and the chorus isn't undressed, but the girls can sing and the jokes are funny. And it doesn't make any particular difference as to which opera the company's playing. It'll be good. The staging may not be quite so lavish as you'll find at the New Amsterdam surrounding Mr. Ziegfeld's shapely chorines, but the settings are adequate and the company's swell.

We don't remember when we first saw William Danforth and Frank Moulán, they've been at it so long, but they only grow riper and more mellow with age. They're just about the classic Gilbert & Sullivan comedians of all time—and they're in every show. And it's worth an evening any time to hear the rich depths of Herbert Watrous's bass voice. The bill changes every two weeks, so you'll have to watch papers to see what's current. Of the productions still to come, Annie advises you, by all means, not to miss the

"Pirates of Penzance" and "Rudigore." The ancestral ghost scene in the latter is one of the best passages anybody ever devised anywhere for the theatre. And, best of all, the price of admission is the lowest of any legitimate show in town—just two dollars for the best seats in the house. Do we sound enthusiastic? Well, go yourself and find out why.

### DON'T MISS

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—(Plymouth)—The truth about Hollywood—in 1,000 laughs. 'Smarvelous!

THE GREEN PASTURES—(Mansfield)—Heavens! In color. BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET (Empire)—Katherine Cornell at her best—which is something.

GRAND HOTEL—(National)—Lots of things happen in a hotel, don't they?

AS HUSBANDS GO—(John Golden)—Rachel Crothers scores again.

CRAZY QUILT—(44th Street)—Fannie Brice, Phil Baker, Ted Healy.

RHAPSODY IN BLACK—(Sam. H. Harris)—Different and excellent colored revue.

PRIVATE LIVES—(Times Square)—Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger are playing the leads now.

THE BAND WAGON—(New Amsterdam)—Extremely well done revue though some spots might be cleaned up a bit.

YOU SAID IT—(Chanin's)—Lou Holtz still going strong. Easy to take.

## New Diversion At Cherry Lane

THE London Terrace Hawkshaw is able to announce the latest diversion for Terrace residents. One evening, while out protecting Annie Oakley, our mysterious dramatic critic, he skipped down to Greenwich Village with her and dropped in at the Cherry Lane Theatre. It looked as if most of London Terrace had attended in a body. Among those present were Mr. Baumann and his sister of Apt. 9-F, 435 West 23rd Street; Mrs. Sidney Marion, Apt. 5-F, 420 West 24th Street, with a party of friends and several others.

The Cherry Lane Theatre, if it's unique diversion rather than drama that you're looking for, is really worth a visit. It has passed through successive stages as a stable (long ago enough), a factory and a warehouse. It has been under the management of Paul Gilmore, who was a real matinee idol among road troupers years ago, and boasts that several plays produced there lasted as long as five days on Broadway. The latest production, which has been running since June 21, is, to quote the program, "A wise-cracking, rip-roaring comedy of college life, with a big cast of boys and girls." If you don't believe it, go see for yourself. Mr. Gilmore gave Annie enough free passes for everybody in the Terrace, so, if you're interested, stop in at the Administration Office and Miss Tuckerman will supply you. Oh, yes, before we forget, the Cherry Lane is at 38 Commerce Street.

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# Kings Are Just Human Beings

A Close-up of Alfonso XIII

by  
Mrs. Mary Savage  
Apt. 3-A  
430 West 24th Street

MY husband, John M. Savage, was American Consul at Southampton, England, from July 1919 to December 1929, when he retired from the service. I was in the habit each year of spending four or five weeks at St. Jean de-Lux in the south of France. When I engaged my passage for the trip from Southampton on the Spanish Royal Mail liner *Reina Maria Christina* in July 1927, I had no idea that King Alfonso of Spain was to be a passenger, and there was much excitement in the British seaport when it became known that the Spanish monarch was going to embark.



MRS. MARY SAVAGE

The king was greeted on arrival by the mayor of Southampton, Alderman P. V. Bowyer, and other officials of the town. Luncheon was served in the gayly flower-bedecked dining room, and at the conclusion Mayor Bowyer proposed the toast of "The King of Spain," and made a felicitous speech. His majesty replied gracefully in perfect and fluent English. In conclusion his majesty proposed the toast of "The King of England and the members of the royal family." The toast was honored and the band played the national airs of Spain and England. Before the mayor left the ship, he presented my husband and myself to King Alfonso.

### King Youthful

My first impression was the extreme youth of the king's appearance. He had the slight, athletic physique of a boy, and none of his photographs conveyed the happy animation of his face, or the persuasive charm of his smile.

Spaniards invariably dine late, and when the king entered the dining room that night, all the passengers rose, only to have the king smile at them and wave them to be seated. He wore an evening yachting suit, the jacket short and cut on Eton lines, and his walk was so light and buoyant that he



Aboard the "Reina Maria Christina." Left to right, Lady Walker, Mrs. Savage, and former King Alfonso XIII

almost seemed to dance across the room. Just behind his seat at the table was a life-size bronze statue of his mother, Queen Maria Christina, holding the infant Alfonso in her arms. The king paused for a moment before the statue and bowed reverently. It was a charming and endearing gesture.

After dinner that evening, the passengers were requested to take their seats in the Moorish cafe on the upper deck to witness a cinema exhibition. I went upstairs with Lady Walker; we found our seats, and the lights were lowered.

A magnificent garden was flashed on the screen, and a voice on my left said, "Ah, that is my garden in the Alcazar." I turned and to my surprise found that my neighbor was King Alfonso.

### Cinema Companion

He sat beside me throughout the entire exhibition, translating all the Spanish captions into English. One picture showed the king and queen with their children standing on a balcony of the royal palace in Madrid, while the populace below cheered. The king, translating the text for me, said, "They have made a mistake in that one. They say it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, but it is really the twenty-first."

Another picture showed a beau-

tiful young girl, standing beside a noted Spanish screen star. She took his broad-brimmed sombrero from him and tilted it saucily on the side of her head.

"Ah," said the king, "that is a niece of mine. She is pretty, the little monkey, and she knows it."

He made witty and humorous remarks anent all the pictures, and when the show was over, asked Lady Walker and myself to join him in refreshments. Then we discussed all manner of things.

### As to Ibanez

I asked the king about Ibanez, whose attacks on the monarchy were rife at that time, and he said, "He says I keep him out of Spain. That is nonsense. He is trying his best to do me harm, but I do not care where he is." I then asked him his opinion of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, and his answer was, "Oh, he

is not a bad chap. He was helpless in the hands of the military party."

I asked the king if he thought he would ever visit America. He told me that it had always been one of his great desires. I said, "You are very popular in America, the American people would give you a great reception." He smiled and said, "I would not go for that, but I would love to see your great country."

He then deplored the fact that more Americans did not visit Spain. He said that he knew that at one time the hotels and the railroad service had not been all that they should have been, but all that was remedied now.

### "Poetry of Motion"

The following day after breakfast Lady Walker and I found seats on the sun-drenched upper deck. While we were chatting the king came along and, perching himself on the arm of my chair, discussed greyhound racing.

That evening a dance was held in the Moorish room and I never saw a lovelier sight. The graceful Spanish girls in their diaphanous frocks and gorgeously embroidered shawls looked like a flock of multi-colored butterflies. King Alfonso danced the tango with the beautiful daughter of the Marquis de Benemejes, and then one understood the meaning of the "poetry of motion."

The following morning the *Reina Maria Christina* anchored at Santander. A great crowd was lined up at the waterfront, bands played, and the people cried "Viva el Rey!" The mayor of Santander came on board, followed by a pro-

(Continued on page 12)

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## Champ in May Is Ex—In June

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." Somebody's liable to come along and "crown" it in quite a different fashion without warning. Take the marbles champion of London Terrace, for instance. Last month, TATLER announced the triumph of Eugene Scofield, son of our resident manager, who had simply ridden roughshod over all comers and had corralled unto himself most of the marbles in the Terrace. But Gene is just an ex-champion now.

Life looked pretty good to Gene when he swept to the championship. As he hit his stride, he swept all obstacles from his path until he was king of all he surveyed. Then, suddenly, an unknown stepped into the gardens of London Terrace. It's always like that.

He looked the field over and saw Gene successfully defend his title against one bold contender. Then he disappeared for a few minutes. When he returned, his hands held several marbles and he graciously offered the champ the chance to take them away from him.

In a moment, the "battle of the century" was on. Much to the astonishment of everyone, particularly Gene, the unknown showed a prowess which was bewildering. The contest waged furiously. Gene found himself fighting desperately to hold his own. The challenger pressed his advantage. He crashed through the champ. He put a few extra quirks of skill into his shots. Gene struggled on, game to the last, but in the end he went down with colors flying.

By popular acclaim, the unknown was acclaimed the new champion. So, all hail to Byron Patrikiadis, Apt. 4-C, 445 West 23rd Street. He's it, and he has announced that he will meet any and all comers.

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### Surprise Dinner Party Real Surprise

MRS. Robert Hector Stanley, Jr., Apt. 8-A, 415 West 23rd Street, entertained at a surprise dinner in honor of her husband's birthday on June 25. One of the outstanding features of the event, Mrs. Stanley stated, was that Mr. Stanley actually was surprised.

Those who attended included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hector Stanley, Sr.; Dr. and Mrs. William H. Walker, the parents of Mrs. Stanley; Patricia and John A. Walker, sister and brother of Mrs. Stanley; Francis X. Walker, Miss Margaret Vause and Miss Katherine Kintler. Green and pink decorations made a most attractive background for the affair.

Miss Patricia Walker remained at her sister's home for the weekend following the party.

### Gives Bon Voyage Party for Friend

MRS. EDWIN H. GERTZ, Apt. 10-E, 435 West 23rd Street, one of London Terrace's busiest hostesses, gave a bon voyage party on June 20, in honor of Miss Grace Crystal, who has since sailed for Europe.

After dinner, the guests played bridge. Those present were the Misses Mabel Richardson, Sally Kutz, Alice Kutz, Florence Kutz, Stella Ligouri, Grace Batsholtz, Margaret Smith and Anna Fleming.

Miss Crystal will spend the summer touring Norway, Sweden and Germany.

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## Our Own Social Whirl

MICHAEL SELZER, Apt. 3-F, 460 West 24th Street, entertained twenty-five members of his American Legion Post at his home on Tuesday, June 30, at a card party and buffet supper. The organization is the Washington Heights Post, No. 171, of the American Legion. Charles Horowitz, Commander of the Post, conducted a special meeting at the affair.

Among the others who attended were Joseph Kreinitz, Eugene Hamburger, William Rosenbaum, Ralph Euell, Lionel Abrams, Reinhold Miller, Monroe Friedlander, Edward Selzer, Herbert King, Nathan Garlick, Harold Fleck, Ralph Dove, Samuel Alexander, James Wilson, Irving Fowler, Albert Gilsey, and Leo Fleck.

Mr. Selzer was a member of the Sixth Army Corps during the war.

DR. B. M. SHALETTE, Apt. 1-B, 425 West 23rd Street, forsook the cares of an exacting practice on Saturday, June 20, and entertained at an evening bridge.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. B. M. Warren, Apt. 1-E, 425 West 23rd Street, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Hardy, Apt. 8-D, 460 West 24th Street, Thomas Morrow, Apt. 16-C, 425 West 23rd Street, Miss Doris Weingart, Apt. 3-E, 435 West 23rd Street, Miss Roslyn Bernheimer and Charles Weingart, our rental manager.

EUGENE SCOFIELD, Apt. 1-E, 435 West 23rd Street, son of John J. Scofield, our resident manager, celebrated his eighth birthday June 10. Those present were the Misses Doris and Belle Coyle, 343 West 24th Street, Miss "Eddie" Burgess and Murray Burgess, Apt. 16-E, 460 West 24th Street, Master Robert Wolff, 45 West 81st Street, and that new idol of the screen, Master Billy Hayes, Apt. 1-A, 420 West 24th Street.

MRS. ZORA LUTHER, Apt. 12-E, 450 West 24th Street, has just returned from a motor trip to Provincetown, Cape Cod, where she spent a week as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alessandro Alberini.

Mrs. Alberini (Martha Attwood, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company) returned with Mrs. Luther and will be her guest over Monday.

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# First London Terrace Is Built in 1845

*"Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity"—Sometimes*

## Early Suburban Development In Chelsea Is Huge Success

(Continued from page 3)

area had known up to that time.

Torrey and Mason erected rows of three- and four-story brick dwellings on the block, with a definite variation in style between those which were arrayed along 23rd Street and those on 24th Street, the latter being smaller. Along 23rd Street, the buildings were set back a considerable distance from the street line and this open space was maintained as a private park for the residents—the inception of the garden idea.

"London Terrace"

As the development began to take definite form, the builders sought for a suitable name. From the English style of architecture and the park, the name "London Terrace" was conceived and this was the appellation given the 23rd Street row. Due to their different character, the houses on 24th Street were called "Chelsea Cottages." Both these names clung until the present development of the block was begun, when the term "Chelsea Cottages" was eliminated and the entire block was called "London Terrace."

Instant success attended London Terrace and Chelsea Cottages. The houses were quickly filled, attracting the finest type of residents from New York City. The development of Chelsea now became almost automatic. London Terrace had focused attention upon it. A virtual boom followed in the section. Other and more pretentious homes were soon going up in the streets from 19th to 24th Streets, attracting New York society's most elite members.

The south side of 23rd Street underwent complete metamorphosis. Old Chelsea House, which Mistress Molly Clarke had built in 1776 on the hill where 420-422 West 23rd Street now stands, was torn down and the hill levelled to the street. This was in accordance with the city's street surveys made in 1807 which had determined that Manhattan Island from 8th Street to 155th Street should appear like a gridiron. At the time this plan was made, all of New York City was still south of 8th Street, but the farsighted pioneers of that early day, sensing

that a vast growth would eventually attend the city, laid out definite plans to insure that the northward march of population would find clearly marked, straight-line paths to follow and avoid a repetition of the confused maze of winding irregular streets which prevailed at the lower end of the island.

### Dr. Moore Moves

When this development in Chelsea was at its height, Dr. Clement Clark Moore, residing at Chelsea House, probably was amazed at the bewildering progress which was going on about him, particularly as only a few years before he had been prepared to abandon Chelsea entirely. But, he quickly caught up with the spirit of the day. Before Chelsea House was demolished, he had built himself a spacious brownstone dwelling house at 400 west 23rd Street, at the southwest corner of Ninth Avenue and here he lived throughout the balance of his life.

The open park before London Terrace dwellings was extremely popular with the residents, but it proved a not unmixed blessing. While it was presumed to be a private park and was so-called officially, in actual practice it proved to be rather less than that. At the foot of 23rd Street was the pier at which docked the excursion boats to Coney Island. Pas-

sengers waiting for the boat to leave and those who had landed from the incoming craft found the London Terrace lawns much to their liking on hot summer afternoons and nights.

As the years passed, these folks came to consider the park as their own pet camping ground and waxed indignant when the mere residents who were maintaining the park tried to use it themselves. The condition became so aggravated and the depredations of the passers-by so material that, about 1881, the London Terrace residents found themselves forced to erect iron fences and railings around each individual lot. It didn't enhance the beauty of the vista, but it did bring peace and a measure of privacy.

When Henry Mandel conceived the new London Terrace of the present, he obviated all possibility of a repetition of such an experience by making the beautiful gardens of the development entirely private from the start, placing them within the perimeter of the structures and making access to them impossible except through the buildings themselves.

Dr. Moore lived long enough to see Chelsea Village virtually transformed into city stature, but, always it maintained its almost purely residential character. Commerce and industry made but slight inroads upon the peace of the district. And when he died, in 1860, it was with the realization that he had builded well and given to the growing city a most pleasant region in which to live.

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IT'S an ill wind that blows no good.

Mrs. Joseph B. Rosenbach, Apt. 5-F, 415 West 23rd, was coming out of a store on Ninth Avenue when she fell and broke her ankle. That was the ill wind.

But the good breezed right along in the person of Mrs. Byron A. Wilson, Apt. 5-D, 435 West 23rd Street, who was formerly a trained nurse. She rushed to the rescue, escorted Mrs. Rosenbach to her apartment and administered first aid until the arrival of the doctor.

Since then, Mrs. Wilson has called several times a week to inquire about the injured ankle. And so a new friendship was born.

### Away for Summer

MISS R. RHEA BROWN, Apt. 14-F, 430 West 24th Street, is leaving London Terrace for the summer, which she will spend in study at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts.

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*New Arrivals*

**A**MONG the new arrivals at London Terrace during June are:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Fisher, Apt. 1-C, 435 West 23rd Street.

Misses Lesley Werner, Dora Berman and Esther Charoly, Apt. 2-A, 420 West 24th Street.

Mrs. Anna L. Hilton, Apt. 3-C, 430 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kittredge, Apt. 10-A, 460 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly L. Clarke, Apt. 15-B, 450 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Logan, Apt. 9-A, 450 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Carlstein, Jr., Apt. 4-D, 460 West 24th Street.

Miss Hildegard Lupprian, Apt. 10-D, 455 West 23rd Street.

Mrs. Annie Miller, Apt. 8-D, 415 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cohen, Apt. 14-E, 420 West 24th Street.

Mr. Leonard Duff, Apt. 7-E, 425 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Toomey, Apt. 17-E, 425 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Bellingrath, Jr., Apt. 2-D, 430 West 24th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fichandler, Apt. 10-B, 430 West 24th Street.

Miss Irene Garibaldi, Apt. 10-D, 430 West 24th Street.

Miss Beth Lackey, Apt. 4-F, 440 West 24th Street.

Mr. William Bellis, Apt. 12-D, 445 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Hart-hill, Apt. 3-D, 445 West 23rd Street.

Mr. Eugene Pries, Apt. 11-C, 450 West 24th Street.

Mr. Charles J. Watson, Apt. 10-E, 455 West 23rd Street.

**Visiting Mother**

**R**OBERT SCOTT of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Helen Scott, and his sister, Mabel, Apt. 2-C, 445 West 23rd Street. Mr. Scott, who is an aeronautical engineer, expressed the opinion that London Terrace is a masterpiece of engineering execution.

Two Size 6 x 9  
**ORIENTAL RUGS**  
FOR SALE

MRS. M. FREEMAN  
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**Bridge Series  
For Summer**

(Continued from page 3)

if we know approximately how many are planning to attend.

Thus, if you plan to come to the July 9 party, please notify Miss Tuckerman not later than noon of July 8.

As at the first party, both contract and auction bridge will be played. You will be assigned to tables on your arrival. Because it was a first party and involved all the problems of such a first event, play did not begin until nearly 9 o'clock at the first bridge. On July 9, however, the cards will be dealt and play will begin promptly at 8:30 o'clock. Those who come later than the completion of play on the first hand of the first round will begin with the second round. This is but fair to those who are on time. So, if you want the advantage of the first round scoring, it behooves you to be punctual.

Engraved cups will be awarded to the high score winners in both contract and auction at each bridge party.

During September, it is planned to hold the first official team championship bridge tournament at London Terrace. More about that in next month's issue of the TATLER. Meanwhile make your plans to attend the delightful summer affairs outlined above.

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**T**HE Peg Woffington shops are nearing completion. Get ready to enjoy old English food in the dining room, grill room, coffee shop and tea room. I'm simply mad about their English Beef-Steak Pie. The main dining room has a perfect view of the garden.

The Chemical Bank is convenient—right at Tenth Avenue and 23rd. We'll have a barber shop in the Tenth Avenue building in less than a month and that's something.

The cuisine at the Tuscany is excellent and it's delightful to lunch or dine in the open air garden restaurant there.

Mr. Newman, the chef at the Y. M. C. A. on 23rd Street, WATKINS 9-8331, specializes in making up plates of delicious sandwiches for parties at a cost of from six to eight cents apiece. Dainty ones with the crusts trimmed, instead of the usual

planks of bread.

The latest decorations on the walls of the News Service are some attractive pastel paintings of typical London Terrace apartments. These are the work of Mrs. Tom Loftin Johnson, 6-D, 455 West 23rd Street. If you have a favorite antique, or a lovely corner of your apartment you'd like to have painted, just call Mrs. Johnson about these very artistic wall decorations. By the way, the News Service is to have its beautiful new shop in the Ninth Avenue and 24th Street building.

And for the gentlemen—Wilkie Pipe Shop at 396 Broadway. If you go there, you'll be simply fascinated and hate to leave.

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# Alfonso Just Human Being

(Continued from page 7)

cession of priests and military officers to pay their respects to their king. Later on the king left the ship to return the mayor's visit.

### Speed Demon

A huge motor-car was waiting for him. He ran bareheaded down the gangplank, leaped lightly into the car, and produced from underneath the seat a rather battered and friendly looking soft green hat, which he clapped on the back of his head.

One member of his suite sat in the back seat of the car. We were all lined up against the rail. King Alfonso, looked over his shoulder, smiled his radiant smile at us, waved a hand, and shouted "Viva Espana!"

He put his hands to the wheel, the huge car snorted and he was off in a cloud of dust. I have never seen a car go at such a pace. I turned to a Spaniard standing beside me, and said, "Surely, the king won't go at that speed all the way to Madrid."

"Oh yes, madame," he replied, "he will go even faster than that once he leaves the town. Our sovereign knows no fear."

In memory, that is always the way I shall see Alfonso XIII, his radiant face bent over the wheel, headed for the Madrid he loved so well, a brave king and a gallant gentleman.

## Those Who Serve

Dr. Paul Robert Jacobs, Apt. 1-B, 415 West 23rd Street, has kindly consented to contribute two hours of his time each week for free dental work to London Terrace employees.

PRIZE awards for the period May 15 to June 15 were won by House 420 for the Uniformed Force and House 460 for Maintenance.

### First Awards:

Francis O'Rourke Doorman  
Arthur Farry Relief Man

### Second Awards:

Benjamin Bissell Doorman  
J. Breza Elevator  
George Kauff Elevator  
Philip Cataggio Elevator  
Jack Stone Elevator

### Award for Patrolman:

Charles Arent

### Maintenance Awards:

Julius Betzi Houseman  
Anna Kobbie Cleaner  
Nick Warren Incinerator Man  
John Clifford Incinerator Man

## THEY DO AWAKEN And Move To Terrace

MAYBE we're wrong. On the other hand, maybe this proves we're right. Well, anyway, here's the letter we received and you can judge for yourself.

"Having just read with much pleasure this month's TATLER, I noticed in the 'We Have With Us' article, the opening sentence, 'One morning, a few years ago, the citizens of Philadelphia awakened—if it can be said that Philadelphians ever awaken.'

"I should like you to know that I am a Philadelphian who was awakened sufficiently to have discovered in a wonderful city of many thousands of apartments that London Terrace is a delightful place in which to live, that it gives good value for one's money, also that it edits a clever little paper.

"Now perhaps you can say something pleasant.

"Sincerely,

"Elizabeth M. Grant  
"(Mrs. Charles H., Apt. 15-D,  
440 W. 24th Street)."

There you are—and that's just it. When they do awaken it just proves that, after all, they've advanced far beyond the status of real Philadelphians, so they come to New York and move to London Terrace.

### Bon Voyage

MRS. JOSEPH VAN DEN BERG, Apt. 7-B, 445 West 23rd Street, is sailing on the Bremen on July 3, to spend the summer in Europe. She will travel through Berlin, Vienna, Italy, and Southern France and will return some time in September.

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