



DINING IN CHICAGO





BLUE ISLAND

OAK LAWN

SOUTH SIDE

STOCK YARD

CHINA TOWN

BLACK AVENUE

EAST-WEST DIVIDING LINE

MICHIGAN

LAKE CALUMET

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

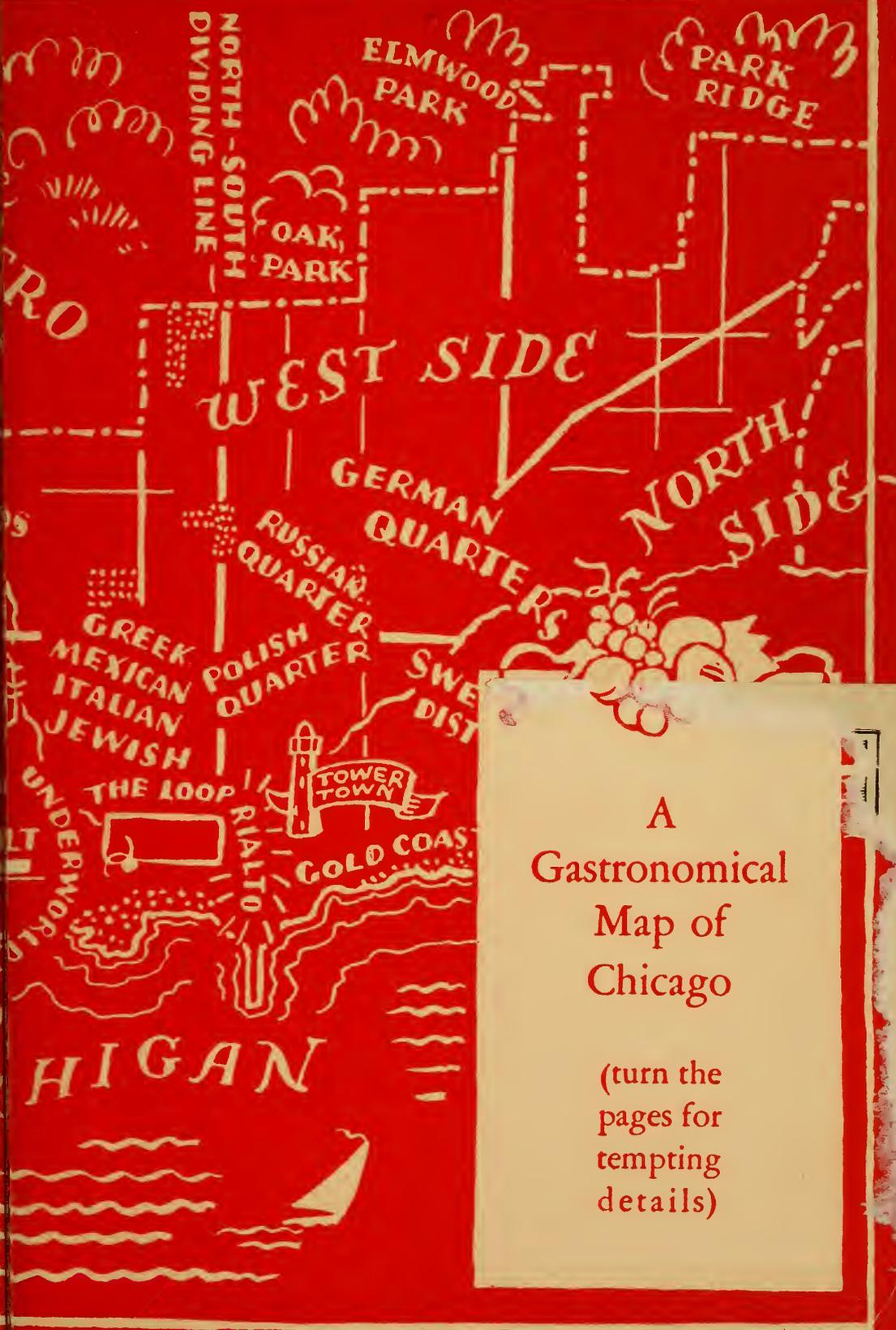
INDIANA

LAKE MICHIGAN

TO ROADHOUSES

MENU

W
S
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N



A
Gastronomical
Map of
Chicago

(turn the
pages for
tempting
details)

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DINING IN CHICAGO



THE JOHN DAY INTIMATE GUIDES

DINING IN NEW YORK

By Rian James

ALL ABOUT NEW YORK

By Rian James

DINING IN CHICAGO

By John Drury

THE BON VOYAGE BOOK

By "Old Salt"

Other volumes in preparation

DINING
IN
CHICAGO

by John Drury

with a foreword by

Carl Sandburg

and published by

The John Day Company

New York



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TO MARION . . .

*The Best Dam' Dinner Companion
In All Chicago*

3090



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Drury . . . first began his gastronomic adventures in this life at Chicago, Illinois, on August 9, 1898 . . . in school he was terrible in arithmetic but talented in drawing . . . had to quit high school to help lift the mortgage off the old homestead . . . worked in factories, drug stores, stockrooms and department stores . . . continued education in Lane Technical Night School, studying English composition and French . . . remembers the English composition but forgot the French . . . fired from his job as clerk in a South Clark Street bookshop because the proprietor caught him once too often reading Keats . . . worked on a farm in the Illinois River valley and quit after a week because the plow horses would stop in the middle of a furrow and look at him contemptuously . . . later became clerk in book section of Marshall Field department store . . . at outbreak of World War was refused admission to army and navy because of failure to meet physical requirements . . . intent on wearing a uniform (being Irish), he enlisted in the 11th Regiment, Illinois National Guard, and helped to keep Chicago safe for Democracy . . . in 1918 went to New York City to live in Greenwich Village . . . first contact with intimate side of restaurant life gained while working as a bus boy in Child's, on Broadway, near Wall Street . . . helped edit a literary magazine in the Village . . . began to write free verse poetry—but *not* because everybody else was doing it . . . returned to Chicago and Marshall Field's book section . . . reviewed books for Llewellyn Jones, of the

Chicago Evening Post . . . went to Los Angeles in 1920 where he made his first bow in journalism as copy boy on the *Los Angeles Record*, having been hired by Ted Cook, of "Cook-Coos" fame . . . the third day on the job Ted made him a cub reporter, giving him as his first assignment the duty of checking on the price of eggs . . . two months later he was made dramatic and motion picture editor of the *Record* . . . made several expeditions across the border into Mexico, but not for alcoholic purposes . . . after getting enough of the City of Angels and Hollywood, he returned to Chicago, where he became a police reporter on the City News Bureau . . . his poetry began to appear in the "little magazines that died to make verse free" . . . to New York again (1923) where, after John Farrar gave him a free meal at the Yale Club, he shipped as a messman (gastronomy, again) aboard a tramp freighter to the east coast of South America, visiting Brazil and the Argentine pampas . . . back to Chicago again and began reviewing books for Harry Hansen, on the *Chicago Daily News* . . . another sea voyage in 1925, this time to London . . . same year saw publication of his first book, "Arclight Dusks," a volume of free verse poems . . . joined reportorial staff of *Chicago Daily News* in 1927, after which he covered many gang murders . . . second book, "Chicago In Seven Days," appeared in 1928, and, since its printing, he has become a sort of "unofficial guide" to the city . . . last summer he made an expedition across the border to Canada, for alcoholic purposes . . . he smokes a pipe . . . has a talented wife . . . and a dog . . . has never lectured to a woman's club or over the radio . . . his hobby is Chicago . . . Carl Sandburg once wrote of him: "John Drury loves Chicago very much. It is neither an ethereal nor an ephemeral love that John has for the Windy City. John walks, rides and flies over it. He eats and sleeps anywhere in it. A thousand cops know him. So do all the reporters, and he never gets into trouble."

FOREWORD

On reading over the text of John Drury's book one is not merely persuaded that Chicago is a place to stop for more than a sandwich and a *cuppa coffee*. From page to page he hammers home the evidence that cooking skill and kitchen science has drifted to Chicago from the continents of Asia, Europe, Africa and the archipelagoes of the seven seas. The ancient declaration, "Man doth not live by bread alone," serves as a literal and materialistic text for Drury's rambles. The good eater who is proud of his repertoire at the table, who is a little vain about his talent at handling a knife and fork for the guidance of victuals, must acknowledge that if he can't find a place for performance—after listening to Drury on when and where to go—something is wrong.

Of course there are a couple of million people in the Windy City who never go into the general run of these places. A single course of the food at some of the more elaborate emporiums would be a tasty square meal for many of these people.

There are, however, those who would like to eat first hither and then yon every day in the week, with no two days alike. Also there are the people who have drawn extra pay or had a ship come home or made a killing in a

crap game. Also there are the folks who get tired of the home cooking, the delicatessen, the kitchenette, and wish an evening of change. If any of these get sore at Drury, that's ingratitude. Those who refuse to thank him are ingrates who probably happen to be off their feed, as the farmhands say.

Furthermore, there are the citizens like the present writer who have a high batting average and fielding average in the one-arm joints where the taxi drivers mention "rusta biff" knowing just whom they are kidding. These citizens can enjoy reading about where to eat and thereafter converse more intelligently about such food establishments as have personality, savor, and savoir faire.

Authorities in folk lore credit Chicago with the origin of the tale of the two garbage wagon drivers stopping to pass the time near a house into which had moved a new family. The driver who had in his official capacity served them that morning was asked what kind of people they were. He replied, "I don't know. All I know is they got swell swill."

CARL SANDBURG

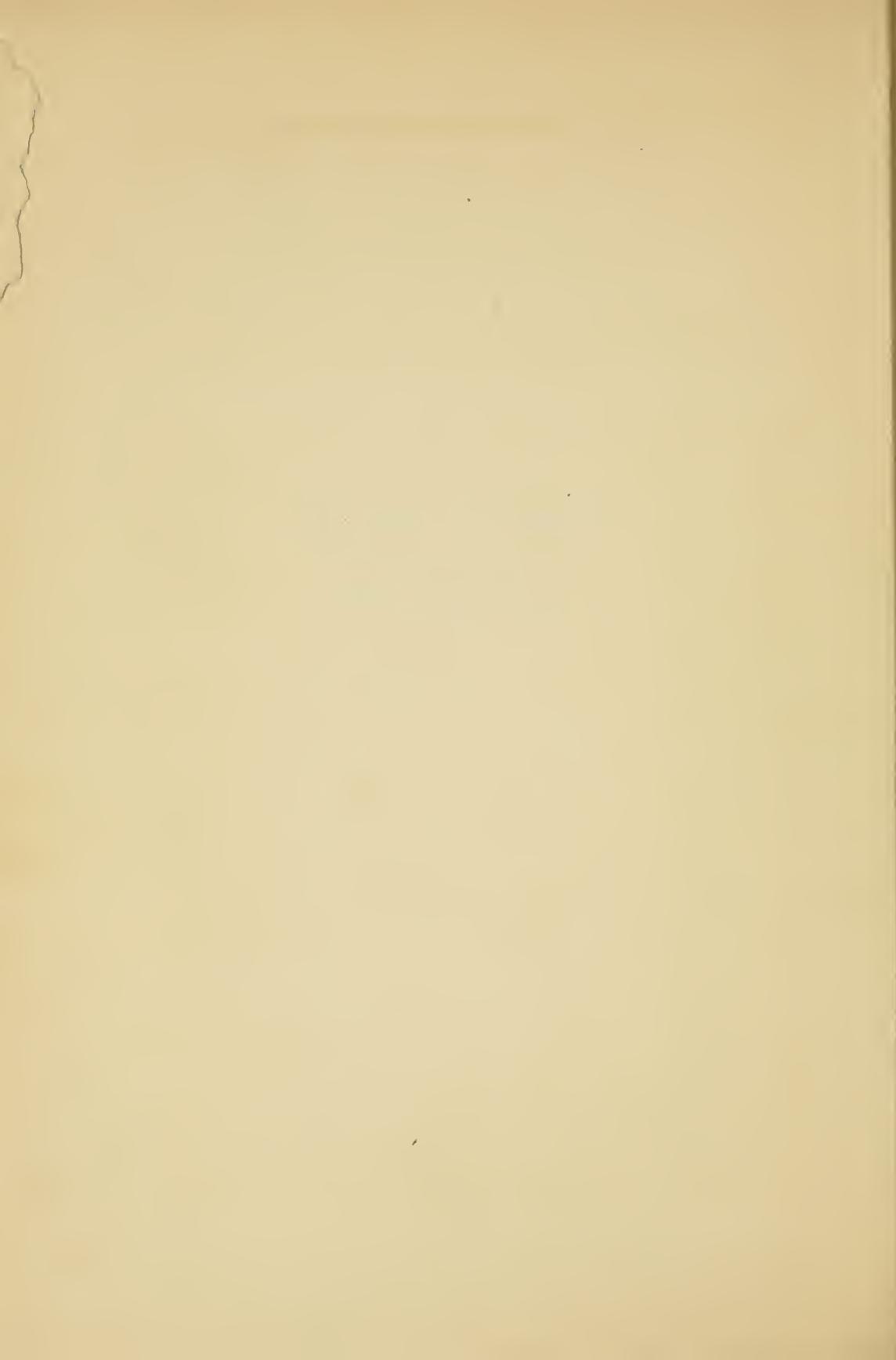
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DINING IN CHICAGO

An Intimate Guide



HORS D'OEUVRE

A Few Appetizing Words About the Public Tables of the Town

If you think that Chicago, from a gourmet's point of view, is nothing more than a maze of red-hot stands, chili parlors, cafeterias, barbecue stalls, one-arm joints, chop suey restaurants, counter lunch rooms and all other such human filling stations, artistically embellished with bullet holes, you're as mistaken as Columbus was when he started out on his trip to India the wrong way.

Engage in an earnest trip of exploration about the town and you will find, as with Old Chris, a whole new world—a world of epicurean delights that you never thought existed in the City of Winds. We will admit, of course, that the human filling stations are here and in abundance, too, just as they are in New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco; but Chicago, like these other cities, can also boast of first-class restaurants that would delight the heart and palate of the most fastidious and cosmopolitan of gourmets.

There are many people, especially among those who go frequently to London or Paris, who would laugh at the idea of such a book as this. "What," we can hear them exclaiming, "dining in Chicago? Why, you *can't* dine in Chicago. When I want to dine I go to Paris!" These well-meaning but uninformed persons, it develops, possess a

very limited knowledge of the restaurants of Chicago and of the table delicacies to be found in them.

It is for the benefit of such haughty innocents, both native and otherwise, that this book was written. We will show them gastronomical locations that are high up on the lists of all knowing epicures; we will point out aromatic steak houses, boulevard cafés, foreign coffee houses, hotel dining rooms, chop houses, sea food establishments, roadhouses, tea rooms, bohemian haunts, weinstubes and inns—all types and kinds of eating places where foods are wholesome, inviting, novel and expertly prepared. Chicago is full of them if you but know their names and addresses.

For in this very same city, you may sit with sultry-eyed Arabs in one of their basement coffee houses and eat arische mahshi, with baklawa and a demi-tasse of Turkish coffee for dessert, while around you the swarthy descendants of the Bedouins smoke those Oriental water-pipes and argue politics in a strange tongue. Or you may prefer to dine with actors and actresses who live at the exclusive Blackstone Hotel just to say they are stopping there, but who sneak off to a hole-in-the-wall tea room next door where the meals are good—but inexpensive.

* * * *

Similarly, on noisy Wells Street, at the west end of the Loop, there is an old German restaurant where millionaires, who can afford the most expensive of tenderloins, come for Hamburger steak . . . On the other hand, the most appetizing tenderloin steak we've ever tasted, in this city where steaks come from, was in an obscure Rou-

manian restaurant among the suffocating tenements of the west side "Valley."

* * * *

You don't have to go to Prunier's in Paris for bouillabaisse—that famed Mediterranean fish stew. We have it right here in Chicago—and as skillfully prepared and delicious as that which they serve in Gay Paree. You will find it on the menu of a dine-and-dance palace on the Rialto—of all places—and cooked by a former Prunier chef. Nor is it necessary to go to Paris for moules marinière or escargots bourguignonne, those other popular French delicacies; a French restaurant in an old town house on the near north side features these items for the knowing epicure. Another "one flight up" restaurant has been offering frogs' legs to Chicago for many years past.

* * * *

Chicken bird's nest soup, that queer but tasty concoction made from the substance that certain Oriental birds use for cementing their nests, awaits you in any of the Chinese eating houses of "Chinatown"—as do chicken chow mein subgum, fried fresh shrimps and kumquats. Caruso's favorite spaghetti restaurant is still doing business in a little brick house across the river on the near north side, among frowning warehouses. And in a lovely Colonial dining room in the Loop, where the waitresses are pretty and college-bred and wear crinolines, you may revel in the tastiest of corned beef and cabbage, that popular Irish-American dish.

* * * *

In a narrow, London-like side street, near the Federal

Building, you may step back into Thackeray's day by dining in an old English inn, where pink-coated waiters bring out thick mutton chops and plum pudding; and in the very heart of the Theatre Sector your palate can feast on Mexican chili and hot tamales. Here, too, is a hole-in-the-wall eatery known from Broadway to Hollywood for its steaks. It is patronized largely by theatrical stars. And in a restaurant in South Michigan Boulevard you may spend a night in New Orleans, feasting on pompano and Creole gumbo and other New Orleans delicacies.

* * * *

You may celebrate the annual Colchester oyster feast, which originated in early Norman days in Colchester, England, to mark the official opening of the oyster eating season, in the dining room of a Michigan Boulevard hotel; you may also celebrate the Passover feast of the Jews by much eating of matzos and gefülte fish in a restaurant patronized by Jewish intellectuals and writers in the west side Jewish quarter.

* * * *

Crêpes Suzette as fine as any served in France are to be had in Chicago; and those incomparable Italian specialties, veal scallopine and spaghetti with Parmesan cheese, are items to be found on the menus of many an obscure café in "Little Italy;" Swedish smorgasbords tempt you in the eating houses of "Herring Lane," as the north side Swedish district is called; and the best waffles in town are found in a little Uptown waffle shop.

* * * *

Not to forget those familiar American edibles—wheat cakes, ham and eggs, pies, strawberry shortcake, red-hots,

Boston baked beans, roast turkey, sugar-cured ham and baked Idaho potatoes—all these you may find most appetizing in the many and varied white-tiled lunch rooms of "Toothpick Row," in the middle of the Loop. Excellent foods are also to be had in most of the restaurants located in railroad terminals and, for the shopper, in State Street department stores.

* * * *

Up on the north side, in the old German quarter, a Bavarian tavern features Sauerbraten and Kartoffelkloesse, and German potato pancakes; all the waitresses are blonde in a downtown restaurant, which, despite this, serves food as good as any in Chicago; writers who are influencing contemporary American literature foregather at a "round table" in the shadow (and amid the noise) of the Wells Street elevated; on Randolph Street is a restaurant founded a few years after the Civil War and still serving good food; the Mayor and other public officials often eat in a west side store-front restaurant, turning their backs on the dining rooms of the big hotels downtown.

* * * *

Russian goluptse, Bohemian roast goose with sauerkraut, Greek lamb chops, Polish beef filet à la Nelson with mushrooms, Filipino adobo—foreign and exotic edibles of all kinds you may eat in this "melting-pot" of the middle west. Too, you may hobnob with the fashionables of the town in smart boulevard cafés and hotel dining rooms; with long-haired bohemians in the basement eating parlors of "Tower Town"; with actors and actresses on the Rialto. You may brush shoulders with college boys and boys who don't go to college in the Uptown district; with

distinguished university professors in Hyde Park; with wealthy pork packers and sun-tanned cowpunchers of the stockyards; and you may eat chitterlings among the happy-go-lucky colored folks in the "Blackbelt."

* * * *

All these gastronomic adventures, and more, await you in the Windy City and are yours if you have the experimental instincts of the true epicure. In this book, of course, we have made no attempt to list all the public tables of Chicago, but only those that are outstanding by reason of their cuisine, service, setting, prices, clientèle and traditions. The only thing we regret is not having had the opportunity to appraise them according to that other standard of the dear dead days—their cellars.

AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM

Comes now an authority on cocktails who deposes and says that cocktail imbibing, that great American indoor sport, is of Mexican origin. Discarding the domestic rooster theory, Harry Craddock, of the Savoy Hotel, London (known as the King of the Cocktail Shakers), offers as proof of his contention the story of King Axolotl VIII of Mexico and the wonderful potion.

Harry says that over a hundred years ago the old king, tired of border skirmishes between his troops and the American army, wanted to make peace before he kicked the bucket. So he sent an invitation to the American general (whose name Harry apparently doesn't know) to come and talk over peace terms at the king's palace. A banquet was spread, but before the guests started eating the tortillas and hot tamales, a beautiful woman appeared bearing a gold cup which contained a special potion brewed by her own hands.

Immediately, there was embarrassment. Who should drink first—the king or the American guest of honor? The day and Mexican-American relations were saved, however, when the beautiful woman took the first sip herself. The American general, upon drinking, was loud

in his praises of both the drink and its purveyor. Being an American, he wanted to know who the beautiful dame was.

"That," said King Axolotl (try to pronounce his name), "is my daughter, Coctel!"

"Great," said the American general. "I will see that her name is honored forevermore by the American army."

Presumably, he asked for the recipe of the potion. Coc-tel, of course, became "cocktail" after the drink had gone the rounds of the army.

Another noted cocktail authority and shaker, Robert, of the American Bar, Casino Municipal, Nice, offers the rooster story as being the one most generally accepted. This concerns an American innkeeper of the nineteenth century who was proud of his daughter and of his big prize-fighting rooster. One day the bird disappeared. He offered his daughter in marriage to the man who would find it. A young cavalry officer brought it back. The inn-keeper was highly pleased. He brought out the materials for drinks.

"His daughter," continues Robert, "either by accident or from excitement at the sight of her future husband, mixed whiskey, vermouth, bitters and ice together. Everybody liked this delicious concoction so much that it was christened 'cocktail' right on the spot." Robert goes on to tell how the cavalry officer told his fellow officers about it and soon the whole American army took it up.

That the cocktail was known over a century ago in the United States, and that it was used at that time as a vote getter, is shown in the following quotation which Robert takes from *The Balance*, an American magazine, under date of May 13, 1806: "Cocktail is a stimulating

liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water, and bitters—it is vulgarly called *bittered sling* and is supposed to be an excellent electioneering potion.”

The American general who promised old King Axolotl that his daughter's name would be honored henceforth by the American army, seems to have made good his promise, for the American army and the cocktail appear to have been inseparable ever since. Everyone knows that it was the officers of the A. E. F. in France who first introduced the cocktail into Parisian café life. The “cocktail hour” is now a feature of daily routine among the *bons vivants* of the French capital.

But whatever its origin, cocktail drinking is an old American custom. It has been truly said that what wine is to a Frenchman, whiskey to an Englishman, beer to a German, the cocktail is to the American. It is always taken before dinner, and in that respect is similar to the French *apéritif*, or appetizer. Assuming, therefore, that you are an American and that you believe in maintaining the customs and institutions of your forefathers, we herewith submit a few cocktail recipes—some old, some new—which we guarantee will put you in the proper frame of mind for an evening's dinner excursion abroad in the town.

CHICAGO COCKTAIL: Fill the mixing glass half full of broken ice, add one or two dashes of Angostura Bitters, three dashes of Curaçao and one-half a gill of Brandy. Stir well, strain into cocktail glass; add an olive or cherry, squeeze a lemon peel and drop it into the glass, and pour a little Champagne on top. Before straining the mixture into the cocktail glass, moisten the outside borders of the glass with lemon juice and dip into pulverized sugar.

Robert, of the American Bar at Nice, and formerly of the Embassy Club, London, vouches for the Chicago Cocktail—and you'll agree that his vouching is above question.

SUNSHINE COCKTAIL: To one-sixth gill of Old Tom Gin, add one-sixth gill of French Vermouth, one-sixth gill of Italian Vermouth, and two dashes of Orange Bitters. Stir well, strain into cocktail glass, and squeeze lemon peel on top. A favorite of the old Olympia Club in San Francisco—and there's a reason.

THE MARTINI: Into a shaker half-filled with cracked ice, pour two-thirds of a wine glass of Gordon Gin, one-half wine glass Italian Vermouth, and add a dash of Orange Bitters. Shake well, and serve with a piece of orange peel or an olive, to each glass. An old standby—as good now as it ever was.

THE STINGER: Simple as pie. To one-half Brandy, add one-half Crème de Menthe, shake well and strain into cocktail glass—which is just the way they used to make them in days of old.

THE TICONDEROGA: To one jigger of Dubonnet, add a dash of Italian Vermouth, a dash of Grenadine and just a touch of lemon. Emil Rutz, manager of the extinct Vogelsang's, concocted this—and the Loophounds liked it.

HORSE'S NECK: Into a large bar glass containing a few lumps of ice, insert the spiral of a lemon peel so that one end hangs over the rim; add one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one pony of Gin, and fill glass with ginger ale. Uncle Charley ought to go for this old-timer in a big way.

ARMOUR COCKTAIL: Into a mixing glass half-filled with

shaved ice, pour half a jigger of Sherry, half a jigger of Italian Vermouth, three dashes of Orange Bitters; mix well, strain into cocktail glasses and add a piece of orange peel. Charlie Roe and Jim Schwenck, those two good mixers, in their home bartender's book, tell us that people "Back-o'-the-Yards" used to drink this before breakfast and then go out and beat up a policeman, but we think it's nothing more than a bracer for old ladies.

THE BRONX: To one-third Gin, add one-third French Vermouth, one-third Italian Vermouth, and the juice of a quarter of an orange. Ice, shake well, and then note the results upon imbibing.

THE MISSION: To two-thirds Gordon Gin, add one-third French Vermouth; stir well and strain into cocktail glass into which a stuffed olive has been placed. This was a great attraction to the boys at the old Mission Bar in West Madison Street before Mr. Volstead appeared.

THE GARNET: Half fill shaker with chipped ice; to one part Gin, add three parts juice of a blood orange, a dash of lemon and a dash of maple syrup; shake as usual, strain into cocktail glass . . . and hey! hey! The favorite concoction of the painter, Fred Biesel—very colorful and exotic.

CLOVER CLUB SPECIAL: Into a shaker half-filled with cracked ice, pour three parts Vicker's London Dry, one part fresh cream, one part Grenadine; shake well and serve in sauterne glasses. Bertani, former head waiter, made the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec famous with this cocktail—which is easy to understand after tasting it.

C AND C: To one-half Brandy, add one-half Cointreau. No limes and don't shake . . . and you'll soon think you are aboard a Cunarder, whence it gets its name.

THE YEGG: To one-third Brandy, add two-thirds Port Wine and the yolk of an egg. Sweeten with powdered sugar or syrup. "This baby will 'hold you up' no matter where you are going," says Judge, Jr.

SIMPLE MANHATTAN: To two parts Rye Whiskey, add one part Italian Vermouth; shake well with fine ice and strain into cocktail glasses. As old as the hills and still in vogue.

THE GILBERT: To one jigger of Gordon Gin, add one-half jigger of French Vermouth and one-half jigger of Italian Vermouth, a touch of Absinthe, and strain into cocktail glass. Concocted by Paul Gilbert, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, and a favorite of Ring Lardner, when both rested their weary reportorial feet on the brass rail at Stillson's.

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

THE PINK LADY: To one jigger of Gin, add orange syrup to color, a dash of Apollinaris, and one half a lime. Ice, stir well, and serve. Another Paul Gilbert creation, now become a standard cocktail. Said to be Walter Winchell's favorite.

SILVER FIZZ: One part Gordon Gin, the white of one egg, one-half teaspoonful of powdered sugar (or, to taste), cracked ice, and enough seltzer. Serve in a tall glass. A GOLDEN FIZZ is made the same way, substituting the yolk of an egg for the egg white. First rate for a sultry evening.

THE SIDE CAR: To two-thirds Brandy, add one-third Coin-treau, and one-half lime juice . . . and your dinner will be topped off nicely.

ORANGE BRULOT: Take an orange, roll it well on all sides with considerable pressure, make two circular incisions in skin midway between stem and navel—clear around circumference—leaving a strip one-half inch wide in the middle. Loosen skin (all excepting middle strip) with end of a spoon. Push back skin carefully and turn inside out, so that “cups” are formed at both ends of orange. Place a cube of sugar in upright cup, pour into it two table-spoons of Brandy or Whiskey, touch a lighted match to it, and stir until sugar is melted in blue flame. Then drink hot . . . and offer a toast to Ferdinand Alciatore, of the famed La Louisiane restaurant in New Orleans, where this delicious after-dinner cordial originated.

WHISKEY SOUR: To one jigger of Scotch Whiskey, add the juice of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and a twist of lemon peel. Something for the morning after.

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

And Finally

THE BROMO SELTZER: Into a large tumbler, put one table-spoonful of Bromo Seltzer; fill tumbler with soda, then pour into another tumbler. Repeat this twice, and rapidly, until powder is dissolved, and drink while fizzing.

AN OLD FRENCH CUSTOM

—*And Another Matter*

Since we are dealing with the subject of civilized restaurants for civilized individuals—and by civilized individuals we mean those persons who are aware, cultured, cosmopolitan, and gay when gayety is in order (such as yourself, or else why would you be reading a book on dining)—we come now to an old French custom practised generally by civilized people throughout the world in connection with the art of dining—namely, wine drinking.

But don't get excited! We're not going to let the cat out of the bag. The restaurants included in this book have all heard of prohibition and their proprietors conduct themselves accordingly. Of course, we're not denying that wine and other alcoholic goods are to be found in Chicago. Good heavens, no! What do you suppose we've had all the shootin' fer?

With many obscure little restaurants and other similar places all over town, and some not so obscure, that have about as much respect for the Eighteenth Amendment as the eminent Mr. Capone has, it is certain that you ought to get a wee bit here and there. But we're sorry we cannot help you out on that score. All we can do is to advise you to use your own resources, ask around a bit—and smoke a Murad if you get turned down. But try again

some other place. If unsuccessful otherwise, you ought at least to find Dago Red.

In case you're more fortunate, however, and come upon a wide assortment of table wines, and you wonder why so many different kinds are manufactured, we shall take on the role of *sommelier*, as the French call a wine waiter, for the nonce, and try to point out the various kinds of wines to drink at mealtime. Remember, we said "for the nonce," which relieves us of any implication of pretending to be an expert on the subject. But we have studied the matter somewhat, or else how could we a-noncing go?

Brillat-Savarin, prince of epicures, says that wine, "the most pleasant of drinks, whether we owe it to Noah, who planted the vine, or whether it is due to Bacchus, who squeezed out the juice of the grape, dates from the infancy of the world." In modern times, there are more varieties of wines than Heinz's products, and the secret of pleasurable wine drinking is in knowing what vintages to sip with what courses. Herewith we print a list of the wines most commonly used, and the courses for which they are intended.

With HORS D'OEUVRES, OYSTERS, FISH

The light foods used for appetizers require light thin wines—in other words, white wines. You may make your choice of a number of these wines. For example:

Graves	(Fairly dry and thin)
Barsac	(Intermediate, having more flavor)
Chablis	(Dry and thin)

Montrachet	(Said to be the best of all white wines)
Riesling	(A popular Alsatian wine)
Pouilly	(Thin and somewhat dry)
Meursault	(Quite dry)

With THE MEAT COURSE

Here we come to the red wines—a Bordeaux, a Burgundy or a Rhône. Bordeaux wines are otherwise known as “clarets.”

Saint-Julien	(A popular Bordeaux red wine)
Medoc	(Fruity and generous)
Saint-Emilion	(Excellent, if sufficiently old)
Château Larose	(Light and fruity)
Hermitage	(A strong Côte-du-Rhône wine)
Anjou	(Rich, and sweet; from the Loire Valley)
Pauillac	(Heavy, generous, and fruity)
Chambertin	(One of the great red Burgundies)
Beaujolais	(Another Burgundy, light and fruity)

With GAME, ROASTS, AND MEATS OF HIGH FLAVOR

A fine old château wine from the Bordeaux region should accompany your venison or buffalo. Château Lafite and Château Margaux are especially recommended—if you can get them. If not, try some high-grade Burgundy.

With DESSERT

Château d'Yquem	(Rich and sweet and grand)
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With CHEESE

Connoisseurs will always demand a Burgundy of good vintage.

With PASTRY

Such Sauternes as Château Yquem, Suduiraut, or Coutet; or a Muscat from Tunis; or a Champagne may be used with sweet desserts.

In the event that you are confused by all these names, and have no time to find out what they mean, you may simplify matters by ordering a few of the wines which are suitable for the entire meal. These vintages are found mainly in the white wines, such as Riesling, Barsac, or white Bordeaux. Barsac is a good medium wine for a medium price and may be chosen for all practical purposes. Of course, if the cards are stacked against you and you have exhausted your Murads in going about, you may have to be satisfied with plain ordinary Dago Red. And remember that Dago Red, being a very cheap concoction parading under the name of wine, is of high alcoholic content. So watch your step and don't imbibe too much.

AROUND THE TOWN

Thirty-three Gastronomical Locations

For Epicures and Others

TIP TOP INN

A. Hieronymus, Host

Frankfort-on-the-Main, in southeastern Prussia, goes down in history as the birthplace of two great men—J. Von Goethe, the poet, and A. Hieronymus, the host. For what Goethe is to literature, Hieronymus is to epicureanism in Chicago. We know of no other caterer in Chicago who more closely approaches the creative artist than this elderly, distinguished founder and host of the historic Tip Top Inn. Where else can you find a restaurant offering 109 *specialités de la maison*—original viands created by Mr. Hieronymus and his chefs. Turn to the back page of his large dinner menu and see them listed! If this isn't proof that Mr. A. Hieronymus is as great an artist in cookery as was Mr. J. Goethe in iambs, then we'll make a meal off our words. But "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." And so it is. You must eat some of these highly original dishes for verification of mine host's reputation in cookery.

Let us point out a few of them. Among the oysters (in season) are Baked Rockaways à la Hieronymus—a dish nothing short of marvelous. So also is the shore stew, consisting of lobsters, oysters, and shrimps. In the relish col-

umn there are Lobster Filets Cardinal, Crabmeat Grace Louise, and English celery with anchovies—all delicacies that live up to the word “relish.” Essence of tomato with fresh crab and whipped cream heads the list of soups *en tasse*, with mousse of new peas à la Pullman as our second choice.

Getting down to fish and shell fish, we know of nothing more succulent than the stuffed whitefish with crabmeat or the stuffed lobster in shell à la Pullman. As for entrées, you will not be making a mistake in ordering Boned Grilled Chicken Strasbourg, as thrilling as an airplane ride (but not so uncertain), or in ordering the doebird en casserole (for two), which is worth the \$4.00 you pay for it.

Not to overlook chafing dishes, mine host offers Mallard Duck à la Hieronymus (in season), for which we would gladly pay twice the \$5.50 that he modestly charges for it; Imperial Sirloin Steak, a sirloin like none other in Chicago; and Chicken Flakes Kingsbury, a dish that is poetry to the palate. And there are other chafing dishes too. Among the salads is Stuffed Pear Tip Top; among the desserts are Mussolini Slice, Colonial cup and Omelette Glacé Surprise; and in the cheeses we suggest Camembert with Romaine and Oriental dressing. Special Tip Top drip coffee is another creation of the house that you shouldn't miss.

These delightful dishes, which make the Tip Top Inn an epicure's paradise, were not created overnight. No, they are the result of more than thirty years experience on the part of Mr. Hieronymus in watching over the kitchens of the Tip Top Inn. These specialties have made it a landmark of the town, as much an institution as are those

other familiar landmarks, Marshall Field & Company and the Stockyards.

Here is what Wallace Rice wrote about the Tip Top Inn in his chapter on Chicago hotels and restaurants, appearing in "Chicago and Its Makers," by Paul Gilbert and Charles Lee Bryson: "Especially worthy of note because it has survived happily and prosperously into the living present is the Tip Top Inn, conducted for many years by Adolph Hieronymus on the uppermost floors of the Pullman Building. Originally known as the Albion Café, it was taken over in 1893 by its present proprietor, who was an apprentice under two of the greatest chefs the city has known, William Thomann, of the Tremont House, and Joseph Seil, of the Palmer House."

During its career, the Tip Top Inn has been the gathering-place of many of the first families of Chicago as well as of notables from the stage, opera and music world. Here came such world-famed actors and actresses of the past as Lillian Russell, Richard Mansfield, Sir Forbes Robertson, Anna Held, and Robert Mantell—and among the living, George M. Cohan, DeWolf Hopper, Blanche Ring and Richard Carle. The literary critics—Floyd Dell, Harry Hansen, and the late Keith Preston—came here too.

At the present time, everybody who is anybody in Chicago has dined at least once in the Tip Top; but it is a particular favorite with such diners-out as Ashton Stevens, the drama critic, and his actress-wife, Katherine Krug; Arthur Bissel, vice-president of Lyon & Healy Company; Fanny Butcher, literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*; Frederick Stock and Eric De Lamarter, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conductors; James Keeley, official of the Pullman Company; Richard ("Riq") At-

water, columnist of *The Chicagoan*; and Colonel A. A. Sprague, the civic leader.

One of the reasons why these interesting people come here is found in the many delightful dining rooms of the Tip Top Inn—the Dickens Room, like an old English inn, with a beamed ceiling, fireplace and sporting prints and portraits of Pickwick, Sam Weller and other familiar Dickens characters hanging about the walls; the Italian Room, quiet, elegant and Neapolitan; the Nursery, with its Mother Goose nursery rhymes; and the Black Cat Room, with its whimsical feline motifs. And in two of these rooms there is music from stringed orchestras. Service at the hands of polite colored waiters is perfection.

By all means don't miss the Tip Top Inn. And the view from the windows overlooking Chicago's lake front is grand.

The Tip Top Inn

American

Michigan Boulevard at Adams

Open daily and Sundays, 11:30 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

À la carte and table d'hôte luncheons in all rooms. Table d'hôte dinner in Black Cat Room, \$1.00. Both à la carte and table d'hôte dinners in other rooms. Prices reasonable. Maître d'hôtel: Adolph Hieronymus

SCHLOGL'S

Meet the Literary Lights!

Robert J. Casey, newspaperman, explorer, humorist and

mystery-story writer, has his nose buried deep in a German apple pancake as big as an elephant's ear; Lew Sarett, poet, sturdy woodsman and Indian authority, is making short work of the Southern hash; Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and author of "Deadlines" and other novels of newspaper life, prefers two boiled eggs, toast and jelly; Vincent Starrett, the handsome bibliophile and essayist, obviously likes his Southern ham with corn fritters, while Howard Vincent O'Brien, literary critic and novelist, goes in for ham and eggs; but big Gene Morgan, the columnist, swears by the corned-beef hash with poached egg.

See them eating—the literary lights of Chicago. It is Saturday noon at Schlogl's. They are crowded about the big round walnut table in the right-hand corner—talking, laughing, joking and shouting "Hey, Richard!" whenever the waiter is needed. Women are forbidden here. Therefore, male camaraderie prevails, the atmosphere is thick with smoke from many a cigar and pipe, everything is informal, diners take their time and tell stories, and the Hamburger steaks and Wiener Schnitzel are plentiful and appetizing.

Other regulars who come to the "round table"—although, of course, not all at any one time—include John T. Frederick, novelist and editor of *The Midland* magazine; Dr. Morris Fishbein, author of "Medical Follies;" S. L. Huntley, writer, epicure, and creator of the popular comic strip, "Mescal Ike;" the drama critics: Lloyd Lewis, of the *Daily News*; Gail Borden, of the *Times*; and Fritz Blocki, of the *American*; Charles Layng, short-story writer and globe-trotter; Phil R. Davis, lawyer, Loophound, and sometime poet; Jack Brady, "the public-

itor;" Hal O'Flaherty, foreign news editor of the *Chicago Daily News*; Paul Leach, political writer and author of "That Man Dawes;" George Schneider, lawyer and bibliophile; Le Roy T. Goble, the advertising man and connoisseur of the arts; and the *Midweek* magazine group: Robert D. Andrews, editor, and two of his star contributors, Sterling North and Upton Terrell.

What the Mitre tavern in Fleet Street was to the writers of Dr. Samuel Johnson's day, Schlogl's is to the scribes of Chicago's "Newspaper Row" at the present time. Also, it is one of the oldest restaurants in town, having been founded here in 1879 by Joseph Schlogl as a combined restaurant and weinstube, or wine-room. The interior is the same as on the day it was first opened, only the ornate tin ceiling, the walls and the large oil paintings depicting monks drinking wine in old cellars have become a bit musty and smoky with age—which is appropriate. The walnut tables, walnut panelling and walnut service bar are kept well-polished by Richard and his two assistant waiters, Charley and August.

Schlogl's had its beginnings as a literary lounge in the days when Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, Robert Herrick, Edgar Lee Masters and Maxwell Bodenheim foregathered here. Others came after them—Bart Cormack, playwright and author of "The Racket;" J. P. McEvoy, of "The Potters" fame; Pascal Covici, the publisher; Charles MacArthur, who wrote "The Front Page" with Ben Hecht; Clarence Darrow, attorney and writer; John V. A. Weaver, author of "In American;" Harry Hansen, the literary critic; John Gunther, foreign news correspondent and novelist; J. U. Nicolson, author of "The King of the Black Isles;"

the drama critics, Ashton Stevens and Charles Collins; Gene Markey, man of letters and *bon vivant*; Robert Morss Lovett, of the *New Republic* staff; James Weber Linn, columnist; Mitchell Dawson, poet and lawyer; Irwin St. John Tucker, poet and rector of Chicago's "poet's church;" Kurt M. Stein, who writes in the German-American dialect; Edward Price Bell, dean of foreign correspondents of the *Chicago Daily News*; Don Lawder, now of the *New Yorker*; Sam Putnam, literary critic; W. A. S. Douglass, contributor to the *American Mercury*; Junius B. Wood, the foreign correspondent; and Horace Bridges, the essayist.

Since we seem to be doing nothing but listing names, we might just as well go all the way and put in the names of other well-known writers who have visited and dined here—Witter Bynner, Heywood Broun, Alfred Harcourt, Donald Ogden Stewart, E. Haldeman-Julius, Paul H. De Kruif, Upton Sinclair, Bobby Edwards, William McFee, Sinclair Lewis, Konrad Bercovici, Arthur Brisbane, William Allen White, D. W. Griffith, Gilbert Seldes, Horace Liveright, Louis Untermeyer, Jay G. Sigmund, Nelson Antrim Crawford, and the English visitors,—Rebecca West, Hamilton Fyfe, Ford Madox Ford, Francis Brett Young, E. O. Hoppé, and Brig. Gen. Edward L. Spears.

You will find the autographs of all these literary notables in what has become known as "Richard's Book"—a copy of "Midwest Portraits," containing literary recollections of the Schlogl gang, written by Harry Hansen and presented by him to Richard Schneider, who waits on the "round table." No other restaurant in the world boasts a book like this, wherein is described the

restaurant itself, and the people who eat in it, and having in its end sheets the autographs of those written about.

Naturally, the "Who's Who" of the American literary world would not come here unless the cuisine were such as to meet the approval of fastidious men of letters. This place serves food that the most cosmopolitan of epicures would revel in. The Stewed Chicken à la Schlogl can be gotten nowhere else. Millionaires who can afford sirloins and tenderloins come here for Hamburger steak, which is fried in butter and prepared as only Chef Paul Weber, who has been here for thirty years, knows how to prepare it. The steaks and chops demand more than just this mere listing of them. There is also savory Wiener Schnitzel and Hasenpfeffer, roast young duck, and bouillabaisse. Too, the Schlogl pancake is deserving of a chapter to itself.

When accompanied by a lady, you eat upstairs in an old dining room, where the ceiling is cracked, the wall-paper is beginning to peel in places and warmth in winter is provided by an old coal stove. All is atmospheric and thrillingly ancient—except George Kling, who has a youthful alertness in seeing to the culinary needs of the distinguished ladies and gentlemen at his tables.

You haven't dined in Chicago unless you've eaten at least once in this historic restaurant. If you're in any way literary, you are probably on your way over there by now.

Schlogl's
37 North Wells Street

German-American

Open for luncheon and dinner (closed on Sunday)

À la carte only—and expensive, but worth it
Maître d'hotel: Richard Schneider

THE BREVOORT

"Famous For Food"

Breast of Guinea hen! What an exquisite flutter of the palate as we write those words. What thoughts at mention of this dish—of Johnny Bartsch, oldest of the Brevoort waiters, bringing the generous portion under glass, (which always reminds us of the wax flowers under glass in grandmother's Victorian sitting room—but only as far as the glass is concerned); of the savory white flesh, with just the slightest flavor of game; and of the appetizing corn fritters, fresh mushrooms and sweet bit of ham that come with it. We'll wager our last dime that nowhere in the middle west can you get a better breast of Guinea hen than in the main dining room of the Brevoort Hotel in Chicago.

Many are the notables who have partaken of the Brevoort's Guinea hen. Trixie Friganza, the actress, always visits the Brevoort when in town, and always orders Guinea hen; it is also a favorite dish of Charles S. Deneen, former senator of Illinois, and Len Small, former governor of the state—both of whom are habitués of the dining room. There are many other bigwigs who are Guinea hen addicts, so many that Charles Sandrock, maître d'hotel here for seventeen years, cannot remember them all.

But don't get the impression that Guinea hen is the Brevoort's only specialty. Other foods are here in abundance. As a matter of fact, the Brevoort occupies about the same position among local gourmets as does the historic Hotel Brevoort dining room in New York City among gourmets of that metropolis. Chicago's Brevoort breathes an atmosphere of the unhurried past like its eastern sister—of leisurely dining, good fellowship, and an excellent cuisine. The Brevoort has been catering to Chicago for over a quarter of a century; it is the same today as it was in the days of heavy beards and bustles. The main dining room is still located in the basement and still has a Victorian air about it; and Henry, the chef, is still here, as well as Charley Sandrock, Johnny Bartsch and many of the other waiters, whose names are familiar to scores of prominent people about town.

Nowhere have we found more truthful advertising than in the sign over the old Brevoort entrance, "Famous For Food." As a hotel, the Brevoort is just another hotel, but as a house of food we offer it the silver loving cup. What a tantalizing array of other Brevoort specialties besides Guinea hen—imported Irish bacon and fried apples, with the bacon really coming from Limerick; Special Sirloin Steak à la Chas. S., featuring a delightful garniture that Charley Sandrock invented himself; broiled baby lobsters; Squab en Casserole à la Parisienne; and broiled mushrooms on toast. We could name half a dozen other specialties, but these will give you an idea of what this house offers. On the à la carte menu, which is as inclusive as any in town, you'll also find many German and French dishes, and choice sea foods and game in season.

Luncheon is the high moment in the Brevoort day. The basement dining room is crowded with sleek, well-fed brokers, and aged, white-haired financiers from the Board of Trade and the La Salle Street financial district, which are just around the corner from the Brevoort. The Coffee Grill in the lobby upstairs is alive with the conversation of red-faced politicians and prominent officials from the City Hall, nearby; and the famous old "Round Bar" at the rear of the lobby, done in the manner of a luxurious Moorish temple (red lamps and Saracenic scroll work and all), formerly the Hannah & Hogg Bar, is serving its delicious plate luncheons to lawyers, advertising men and newspaper men. In all of these places, the food purveyed comes from the one kitchen and Chef Henry Friedenberg watches over that kitchen like a hawk.

The Brevoort Hotel is situated in the center of the Loop and is convenient to all the more important hosteleries of the downtown district proper. We advise you not to miss the Brevoort if you want food fit for a king, and want it amid restful surroundings and at the hands of waiters as civil and courteous as any to be found in the best Parisian café.

The Brevoort

American

120 West Madison Street

Coffee Grill open from 8:30 A. M. until midnight. Main dining room open for luncheon and dinner (Sundays included). "Round Bar" for luncheon only.

The à la carte is average in price. Table d'hote dinners, \$1.25 and \$1.75

Maitre d'hotel: Charles Sandrock

ST. HUBERT'S

Merrie England in the Loop

Thick English mutton chops and plum pudding await you in delightful old St. Hubert's English Grill. This little bit of England in the Loop, tucked away at the foot of the towering Union League Club, is located happily on narrow, London-like Federal Street, and on a foggy day you'd think you were in some by-street just off Piccadilly Circus. Here, polite pink-coated English waiters bring you a mutton chop so thick and juicy that its taste lingers in your mouth for days. Dr. Sam Johnson might utter an immortal *bon mot* over it. As for the plum pudding, Mr. Dawell, the proprietor, is apologetic. "We haven't the brandy so necessary in making it," he explains wistfully. But his cooks do an excellent job of it with what materials they have.

Here is the atmosphere of an old English inn such as you read about in Thackeray or Dickens. The ceiling is low and beamed; long English clay pipes, smoked by Chicago celebrities who dine here, hang from the beams; old English sporting prints decorate the rough stone walls; the atmosphere is quiet and homey and heavy with smoke; the fire-place puts you in a mood of ease and relaxation. Upstairs, where you dine when accompanied by a woman, framed pictures of British royalty abound and the plate-rail is filled with English crockery and other mementos of British life.

Mr. Dawell's guest book shows visitors from all over

the globe—Rio, Singapore, Paris, Scotland. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Faversham and other Anglo-American theatrical stars have eaten here in the past, as well as Sir Thomas Lipton and Charles Dickens, Jr., son of the novelist. This is one of the favorite dining places of those two noted Union Leaguers, General Charles Gates Dawes and Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois.

The late John J. Mitchell, the banker, came in often; even "Big Bill" Thompson, former mayor of Chicago, has reveled in English mutton chops here on a number of occasions; Clarence Darrow, the great criminal attorney and liberal, had his wedding breakfast in St. Hubert's many years ago; Richard Henry Little, conductor of the popular "Line O' Type Or Two" column in the *Chicago Tribune*, and his wife, Shelby Little, the authoress, are frequent visitors. St. Hubert's has even made its way into contemporary fiction, being described in Mary Plum's "The Strange Death of Judge McFarlane" and in John Gunther's "The Red Pavilion" and a number of other novels.

Try St. Hubert's. We know of no more charming and pleasant adventure in town than a dinner of mutton chops in this picturesque and authentic old inn. You'll like the London accent of the waiters and their inborn courtesy. And Mr. Dawell, who was born in a little town in Illinois, is our idea of a perfect host.

St. Hubert's Old English Grill
316 Federal Street

English

Dinner à la carte only—and rather expensive. Business men's table d'hôte luncheon.

Open until 9 P. M.

Maître d'hotel: Charles A. Dawell

WIECHMANN & GELLERT'S

Bear, Caribou, and Moose

It's a lucky thing that nature up in the New Brunswick country in Canada is ever bountiful and replenishes her woods and streams with new wild life each year, for if this were not the case Herman Wiechmann would have cleaned out the country long ago in supplying Chicagoans with the popular game dishes—bear, caribou, and moose. Annually, for thirty years, he's been going there with his rifle and returning home with a loaded bag, so to speak. As a result, his restaurant at the south end of the Loop is a rendezvous for all lovers of venison and other game dishes.

And what a restaurant it is! You know that game is featured here as soon as you step inside, for the walls are decorated with sprig-like antlers and other trophies of the hunt. And Herman Wiechmann did not buy them, either; each antler comes from a deer that he brought down with his own hands in the north country. The walls are hung with big black turtle shells, indicating that this is a place of sea foods too. But the feature that strikes you most in this South Wabash Avenue restaurant is its old-style atmosphere, reminiscent of a dining room of the nineties—long, rangy, and with a highly ornate Victorian ceiling.

This ceiling, by the way, is of interest to old-timers because it is all that is left of the famed Kuntz-Remmler restaurant, which occupied the premises before Wiechmann & Gellert took it over six years ago. "Honest John" Kuntz, who died in 1928, attracted many prominent people to his place, among them Theodore Roosevelt, Enrico Caruso, John Drew and John L. Sullivan. Harry Hansen, the literary critic, writes of John Kuntz's place: "In my college days, 1905-1909, I often ate a fine steak at Kuntz-Remmler's. They served a grand steak for fifty cents, with potatoes and coffee. We paid twenty-five at the University Commons, so you can see that we were lavish."

Meanwhile, over in the Standard Club Building in South Dearborn Street, Wiechmann & Gellert's was making history and vying with the Kuntz-Remmler establishment in catering to the epicures of the city. There came venerable judges from the United States district courts in the Federal Building nearby—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Judge James Wilkerson, Judge Carpenter, and such other celebrities as Charles ("Old Roman") Comiskey, Ban Johnson, Armour, Swift, and many of the mayors of the city. Wiechmann & Gellert were in this location for twenty years and when the old club building was torn down to make way for a new one, the restaurant moved over to Wabash Avenue and took over the vacant Kuntz-Remmler premises.

Today, Wiechmann & Gellert's is the most popular restaurant in the city for game. Sea foods and German dishes are also featured. What a treat to observe the waiters hurrying back and forth among the tables with all the fish and game—turtle soup, prepared from green

turtles (shipped alive from Louis Bay, Mississippi), and with a dash of sherry wine in it; partridges; bass and stuffed lobsters; perhaps a saddle of venison requiring two waiters to carry it; bear meat; opossums, raccoons, beaver, Alaska mountain goat and Watertown goose. The game, of course, is served only in season. Among the German dishes, the pork shanks and sauerkraut and the Beef à la mode with potato pancake are outstanding for their palatableness.

Wiechmann & Gellert
424 South Wabash Avenue

German-American

Open for luncheon and dinner

Both table d'hôte and à la carte—and reasonable

Maître d'hôtel: Herman Wiechmann

LA LOUISIANE

A Night In New Orleans

Gaston Alciatore, handsome as a collar ad, and with the ends of his mustache waxed, animatedly welcoming new arrivals with typical French—or is it Southern?—cordiality; French waiters lighting silvery alcohol lamps to make crêpes Suzette; murals of scenes in the old French quarter of New Orleans decorating the walls; Ferdinand Alciatore, father of Gaston, looking down benevolently from an oil painting to the left of the entrance; diners gazing

over the list of Creole hors d'oeuvres, trying to decide between *salade d'anchoix* or *escargots à la bourguignonne*; everybody, however, ordering Creole gumbo and that fish which is New Orleans' gift to the world's edibles, *pompano papillotte*.

Truthfully, here is a night in old New Orleans! Atmosphere, food, the service and the waiters, and Gaston himself, give you the impression of dining in that famed rendezvous of New Orleans' gourmets, *La Louisiane*, where Gaston's father once was proprietor. As a matter of fact, the interior of the Chicago restaurant is an exact replica of the establishment in the Mardi Gras city. Or you could easily imagine that you were eating in the parent restaurant of both, *Antoine's*, one of the oldest and most noted restaurants in America. *Antoine's* was founded by *Antoine Alciatore*, grandfather of Gaston. *Julian Street*, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, points to *Antoine Alciatore* and his two sons, *Jules* and *Ferdinand*, as outstanding men around whom the names of great restaurants have been built.

Chicago epicures and epicuresses thank the stars that there is a member of this great family of restaurateurs in town, for nowhere else can they indulge their passion for delectable viands with greater zest and enjoyment than in this one-story restaurant among the auto salesrooms of *South Michigan Boulevard*. All the great dishes of Creole cookery, which is the most original school of cookery in the United States, combining as it does both French and Spanish influences, are served here with such skill and palatableness as to draw people not only from all parts of Chicago but from other cities as well. The chef, *Arnold Pfeffinger*, was trained in New Orleans kitchens and

knows how to prepare these dishes in the true Alciatore tradition.

Now, *messieurs et mesdames*, if you wish a typical New Orleans dinner, we would suggest *salade d'anchoix*—anchovy salad with beets, chopped egg and capers—for your *hors d'oeuvres*. It's perfectly grand. Among the oysters, there is that culinary masterpiece first offered to the world in the old Antoine restaurant—namely, oysters Rockefeller. You may order it here, but you may not order the recipe of its incomparable sauce, for that remains a secret of the Alciatore family. Creole gumbo, of course, is your soup in any *Maison Alciatore*, for only the Alciatore chefs know how to prepare this noted New Orleans concoction in just the proper manner.

And now we come to the *pièce de resistance*—pompano papillote. We could write letters home to mother, we could wax poetic, we could shout from the house-tops, over the delicious pompano that Max Manus, oldest of the Alciatore waiters, lays before us; we could go into a long dissertation over its virtues, describing the savory fish, the method of baking in oiled paper (the word "papillote" refers to this process), the history of this scaleless fish, which is found nowhere else in the world but in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico—we could, in short, make ourselves ridiculous in our ravings over the delectableness of this American member of the finny tribe, but our suggestion is that you try it yourself. We're sure you'll feel the same way we do after once tasting it. And don't forget to order soufflé potatoes, asparagus tips and Southern alligator pear salad—which are the conventional accompaniments to New Orleans pompano.

In case you don't care for fish, however, there are lamb

chops à la Louisiane, another *specialité de la maison*, served with livers and mushrooms and the whole drenched in claret wine sauce. This is truly a gastronomical delight and something you'll not easily forget.

At La Louisiane, almost any evening, you'll find both local and nationally-known celebrities. Maurice Chevalier, the French comedian, dined here when he was in town; such society personages as Count and Countess Minetto, Michael Cudahy, Jr., and Mrs. Frederick Countiss come in often as do those two Randolph Street theatre executives, John J. Garrity and Ralph Kettering. Tito Schipa, Chicago's favorite opera singer, is another patron, as is R. R. Donnelly, whose printing firm makes the telephone books. P. M. Goodwillie, the box manufacturer and about-towner, and his wife, are regulars and may be seen here often with their friend, Chief Michael Corrigan, of the fire department.

But celebrities are not the factor that counts in La Louisiane. It's the food—and what food! This place is a culinary landmark of Chicago and you shouldn't miss it. Gaston's vivacious French manner will charm you and he will gladly assist you in the selection of dishes. You may dance at La Louisiane, without cover charge, from 7 P.M. until 1 A. M.

La Louisiane

French-Creole

1341 South Michigan Boulevard

Open for luncheon, dinner and after the theatre

À la carte. Two can dine plentifully for \$5.00

Table d'hôte, \$1.25

Maître d'hôtel: Gaston Alciatore

K A U ' S

The Wineless Weinstube

We feel sad every time we enter Henry Kau's place. To think that this quaint and charming weinstube, redolent of old times and with a tavern-like interior more interesting and picturesque than any you'll find in Chicago—or Berlin, for that matter—should be without the juice of the grape! What a pity! It fills us with the sort of wistful sadness we feel upon beholding in a museum some delicate old wine glass, now, alas, empty and unused, from the cupboard of a princely household. How many times have we longed, while dining here, for a schoppen of one of those rare old Rhine Valley vintages that Henry Kau used to purvey in the old days—a Scharlachberger or a Rüdeshaimer—wines that would be so much in keeping with the dark and medieval atmosphere of this restaurant in South Wells Street.

Thinking these thoughts, we should pine away and die if it were not for the new lease on life we take when the waiter sets before us that which we have ordered. A faint *bouquet* charms our nostrils; our eyes begin to glisten; and our palate awakens with anticipation. For there before us lies the object for which we usually come to Kau's—fricasseed chicken. It is a culinary masterpiece. Only a woman could prepare it in just this way and we thank the gods for Mrs. Mueller, chef for Henry Kau for thirty-five years, who is responsible for making diners feel no regrets at the absence of wines. English mutton chops,

special steaks, lamb chops, roast lamb, fowls and game in season, are other dishes of the house that are especially notable.

Small wonder, then, that Chicago's kings of finance, captains of industry, merchant princes, and millionaires of all sorts have sat—and still continue to sit—at the tables in this old German weinstube, which is located just around the corner from the La Salle Street financial district. The wholesale district is also nearby.

That world-renowned Chicagoan, General Charles Gates Dawes, at present ambassador to the Court of St. James, dines here frequently when he is in town; here came the late Albert B. Kuppenheimer, clothing manufacturer; it was the favorite eating place of James Simpson, chairman of the board of Marshall Field & Company and head of the Chicago Plan Commission; Louis Eckstein, founder of the Ravinia Opera, has his fricasseed chicken here, as does John J. Mitchell, the banker (the younger), and Charles Netcher, head of the Boston Store; and you're likely to find those two friends, Ludwig Plate, local manager of the North German Lloyd offices, and Dr. Hugo Simon, the German consul, at one of the tables almost any day. Here also came the late Charles Wacker, the city planner, after whom Wacker Drive is named.

That Kau's was built as a temple of wine and food is evidenced on all sides; the white-tiled façade is carved with designs of lobsters and game and monks drinking wine; the leaded windows of colored glass are covered with culinary symbols; the interior walls are of mahogany panelling and hung with old German color prints of scenes along the Rhine; and back of the service bar is a

large painting of the vineyard-covered hills of Bingen-on-the-Rhine, where Henry Kau spent his boyhood.

In 1914, upon his return from a tour of Germany, Henry Kau built this weinstube, embodying in it the best features of the weinstuben he had studied in Berlin. Henry feels that you won't find anything to compare with it in the German capital. It was designed by the late Peter J. Weber, a noted architect who also designed the Ravinia Opera Pavilion and some of the World's Fair buildings in 1893.

All of which is to say that if you are looking for genuine old-time tavern atmosphere, combined with food of the highest excellence, we recommend Henry Kau's without reservations. And you will quickly forget that this is a wineless weinstube.

Kau's

German-American

127 South Wells Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote only—and a bit steep

Maitre d'hotel: Henry Kau

MADAME GALLI'S

Still at the Old Stand

Once, while conversing with the late Enrico Caruso as he ate spaghetti in her restaurant, Mme. Galli said:

“Signor, I would give the whole world if I could sing like you.”

And the great “O Sole Mio” singer replied:

“Madame, I would give the whole world if I could cook spaghetti like you.”

And there you have it in a nut shell. For forty years, Mme. Galli’s has been serving spaghetti and other Italian dishes to Chicago’s diners-out and *bons vivants* as well as to notables of the theatrical, operatic and literary worlds. It was the first Italian restaurant in town. And it is still at the old stand, the same today as it was almost half a century ago; but alas—Mme. Galli is now with God. She died in 1915 and her daughter-in-law, Mme. America Galli, has been carrying on the business ever since, and with as much success.

The story of Mme. Carmelinda Galli, founder of this nationally-known restaurant, is a romance of Tower Town. In fact, the near north side art colony, centering around the old Chicago Avenue water tower, had its birth in Mme. Galli’s little old three-story brick house just across the river from the Loop. Born in Lucca, Italy, of well-to-do parents, she came to Chicago in 1883 with her husband and children. When her husband died shortly afterwards, she was left in straitened circumstances and was forced to take in boarders in her little house in East Illinois Street.

These boarders were mostly poor starving artists and writers and she fed them spaghetti, having learned how to cook it in a special way from the old family cook in sunny Italy. She did not open a restaurant, however, until after an episode involving a group of actors and actresses from abroad, who were playing in Chicago in the Eight-

ies. It seems they threatened to go back to their native heath unless they could find a spaghetti restaurant in Chicago. A stage hand who boarded at Mme. Galli's told them about her wonderful spaghetti. They immediately flocked to her boarding house, her fame grew with a bound, and shortly afterwards she put in several more long tables and opened a restaurant.

But although she grew in worldly fortune, Mme. Galli never forgot the poor artists, writers and musicians of the bohemian quarter. When she died sixteen years ago at the age of sixty-six years, Tower Town mourned her as "The Queen of Bohemia."

During its long existence, Mme. Galli's has made history. It was a surprise to us to learn that Rotary was born here (H. L. Mencken, please note). "It was in this restaurant, on Feb. 23, 1905, that Paul P. Harris, a Chicago attorney, paused over a dish of spaghetti and mentioned his idea of Rotary to an interested listener, Sylvester Schiele," wrote Frank J. Cipriani, of the *Chicago Tribune*. Here, also, in the Gay Nineties, came Eugene Field, "the children's poet," with a bunch of cronies from the old *Chicago Daily News* office; another literary light of that time who first learned how to eat spaghetti here was George Ade, and nowadays he never comes to town from his Indiana farm without having a "feed" at Mme. Galli's. George Horton wrote a good portion of his Chicago novel, "The Long Straight Road," in this place, and he devotes considerable space in it to a description of the restaurant. In later years there came such significant figures in American literature as William Marion Reedy and Edgar Lee Masters. Always, the local literary and other critics have frequented the place—Llewellyn Jones and

Susan Wilbur, of the *Post*; C. J. Buillet, art critic of the *Post*; and Howard Vincent O'Brien, of the *Daily News*.

One of the proud possessions of the family is a large caricature drawing, hanging on the wall, of Mme. Galli, made by the great Caruso in 1910. This was the favorite Chicago dining place of the opera singer. Other singers and conductors from the opera came here—Francesca Daddi, Toscanini, Campanini, Rimini and Tito Schipa. Such stage and screen stars as Leon Errol, Bernard Granville, Al Jolsen, Jane Cowl, Will Rogers, Buster Keaton, Raymond Hitchcock, W. C. Fields, Elsie Janis, Ann Pennington, Ina Claire and Moran and Mack eat or have eaten at Mme. Galli's board. Framed and autographed photographs of many of these personages hang from the walls. Here, too, the late Eddie Foy first met his wife, who was one of Mme. Galli's boarders. Located near the old Criminal Courts Building and County Jail, Mme. Galli's was also the rendezvous of eminent judges—Marcus Kavanaugh, Theodore Brentano and the late Frank Comerford.

There are scores of other distinguished people who have eaten, or continue to eat, in this little unpretentious place, but Mme. America Galli (who, by the way, was born here) does not keep a guest book and cannot recall all of them.

Mme. Galli's is of particular interest to us, however, because nowhere this side of Naples can you get better spaghetti. It is served with a sauce that has made the house famous, the recipe of which old Mme. Galli refused to sell to the Heinz company for a not unflattering figure. They have no menu here, the customer merely being asked his choice of entrees—chicken, squab, filet mignon, or

lamb chops. The whole dinner includes an appetizer, soup, spaghetti, the entrée, salad, cheese and apples, or the delicious Italian ice cream, spumoni. As prepared by Chef Orazio Monti, who possesses the Galli family secrets in regard to cuisine, this dinner explains the reason why so many notable people are seen here almost any evening.

Mme. Galli's

Italian

18 East Illinois Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hôte only. Luncheon, 75 cents. Dinner, \$1.50

Maîtresse d'hôtel: Mme. America Galli

NEW COLLEGE INN

Food and Entertainment à la Byfield

Bouillabaisse à la Marseillaise! If you have ever tasted this famed Mediterranean fish stew, brought to perfection by the chefs of Prunier's in Paris, you have come the nearest to eating the sort of food our dear departed presumably eat in heaven. It is the rarest of sea food delicacies and its memory remains on your palate for days. But you don't have to go to Paris to get it—thanks to the Byfield brothers, proprietors of the Hotel Sherman, and known from Broadway to the Loop as the most genial and enterprising of hosts.

For in their New College Inn, in the basement of the

Hotel Sherman, they have installed M. Jean Gazabat as head chef—M. Jean himself, formerly of Maison Prunier's and the Café de Paris, two of the leading dining places in Gay Paree. Monsieur Jean's genius in the preparation of sea foods, learned in the kitchens of Prunier's, has already put the College Inn high up in the list of Chicago sea food restaurants favored by discriminating epicures. And one of his outstanding specialties is Bouillabaisse à la Marseillaise.

All of which culinary data is offered as proof of the fact that the College Inn is as much a dining place as a place of dancing and entertainment. It is the oldest dine-and-dance restaurant on the Randolph Street Rialto; for thirty years it has been a gathering place for theatrical stars and just ordinary people "out for a night." In the years immediately before and after the war, Isham Jones and his dance orchestra made the College Inn a Mecca for Loop pleasure-seekers.

Then, in recent years, when times changed and the modernist note came to the fore in the arts of decoration, the Byfield brothers, ever progressive and "aware," re-decorated the old College Inn, installed new features, inaugurated a delightful floor show, improved the cuisine and—most important of all improvements—brought in Ben Bernie as master of ceremonies. The "Old Maestro," as Bernie is known to his friends, has practically made the New College Inn what it is today, providing the most attractive after-the-theatre entertainment in Chicago.

But the food has not been sacrificed on the altar of jazz. The à la carte menu handed to you by the ever-polite Braun (popularly known as "Brown"), the maître d'hotel, would delight the eye of the most cosmopolitan

of diners-out. Choice dishes from the gay capitals of Europe tempt your palate. Here, for example, are those delicious items prepared by Louis Vatel, an expert chef in the preparation of Italian and other Continental viands. Here, also, are the chafing dish specialties offered by Joe Colton, known to many as "Finnan Haddie Joe." Trained in the kitchens of the original Rector's in Chicago, and later with the same restaurant in New York, Joe is the cook responsible for such popular items as College Inn chicken à la king, chicken shortcake, lobster Newburg, and the appetizing Creamed Finnan Haddie à la College Inn.

We advise you not to miss Joe's finnan haddie, served with an admirable cream sauce infused with the most luscious of small red shrimps. It is a rare gastronomic pleasure. As for his lobster Newburg, sufficient comment is made on it when we say that those two epicures of Chicago, Amy Leslie, dean of dramatic critics, and Louis Swift, the packer, come to the College Inn almost weekly to partake of it. On the other hand, the late Raymond Hitchcock preferred Joe's chicken shortcake to any of his other specialties. There are others among famous people who come for the wide variety of oysters, served at the new Oyster Bar.

What with its main dancing and dining room, its adjoining hors d'oeuvres bar and oyster bar, and Ben Bernie, the College Inn is probably the most interesting and unique restaurant in Chicago. Ashton Stevens, an habitué of the College Inn, even goes further and says that it is the most successful night club in America. Around the walls is a modernist design of a tropical aquarium, done by the painter, John Norton; and when the lights are

turned low for dancing, strange and exotic fish appear in a glow of phosphorescent pastel colors—an effect obtained by the use of radium paint. The firm headed by Ralph A. Bond, the prominent clubman and backgammon expert, laid the dance floor which, it is said, resembles a backgammon board.

A word about the famous “Theatrical Nights” on Thursday nights in the College Inn. Don’t miss attending at least one. Stevens says they have “actually become a scandal all over the United States.” Actors and actresses, famous and not so famous, come here after the theatre on these nights and put on an impromptu performance that you will never forget. And they come because they like Ben Bernie, Ernest Byfield, Dr. Albert Byfield, and Frank W. Bering, manager of the hotel and noted polo player.

One local drama critic made the remark that on the evening he attended Theatrical Night “there must have been at least \$70,000 worth of theatrical talent among the diners.” We are inclined to believe him when we recall the names of some of the stars who have been present in the past—Irene Bordoni, Ethel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, the Four Marx brothers, Rod LaRocque, Vilma Banky, Dorothy and Paula Stone, Clark and McCullough, Rudy Vallee, De Wolf Hopper, William Hodge, Helen Morgan, and a host of others.

The drama critics come too—Gail Borden, of the *Times*; Charles Collins, of the *Tribune*; Mrs. Margaret Mann Crolius, of the *News*. A host of well-known and popular Rialto characters are always present, such as U. J. (“Sport”) Hermann, the theatre manager; Sergeants William Drury and John Howe, of the Detective

Bureau; and Richard ("Rich") Jacobson, editor of the political newspaper, *Standard Opinion*.

So, if you are looking for a unique thrill to tell the folks about when you get back home, we suggest the New College Inn.

New College Inn
Randolph and Clark Streets

American

Open for luncheon, thé dansant, dinner, after-the-theatre supper, and until the milkman comes

Cover charge after 9:30 P. M., \$1.00. Saturday nights, \$1.50. On Theatrical Nights, \$2.00

Maître d'hotel: J. Braun

Army vs Navy

LITTLE BOHEMIA

With a Capital B

The Little Bohemia is not a restaurant for long-haired artists and short-haired poetesses. It is not a rendezvous of bohemians; no midnight coffee, cigarettes and lofty discussions of Freud are in evidence here. No, you spell the last name of the Little Bohemia with a capital B—which means that it is patronized by persons of Bohemian nationality or descent. And not only these, but individuals of high and low degree from all other races in Chicago come here, for the Little Bohemia is a landmark of the

west side, serving food as good as any to be found outside the Loop.

In the old days (Ah, the old days!), the Little Bohemia was known all over town for its imported Pilsner beer. Many were the celebrities, during the summer evenings of long ago, who used to drive out to the west side in a hansom cab and sip those big steins of Pilsner served there. Not the least of them were the late Theodore Thomas, founder of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and his companion, Henry Kau, the restaurateur and former wine merchant.

It was logical for Pilsner to be purveyed here, for this place is located in the heart of "Little Pilsen," as Chicago's neighborhood of Bohemian families in the vicinity of West 18th Street and Blue Island Avenue is called. Although prohibition has come, and the Pilsner has gone, the Little Bohemia otherwise remains the same today as it was in the old days—that is, architecturally speaking. You could find no more comfortable and pleasant dining room in town than the one here. It is quietly and attractively done in mahogany woodwork; murals depicting scenes in early Chicago history decorate the walls; and at the rear is a log cabin dining room, filled with antlers and other trophies of the hunt.

People from all parts of Chicago come here nowadays for the excellent food and the convivial atmosphere. Emil Wanatka is a restaurateur of the old school and takes a personal interest in his menu and the customer who reads it. A native of Bohemia, he serves any dish to be found on the menu of the famed Hotel Continental, in Pilsen, Bohemia. These dishes, however, are not greatly different from German dishes, but Emil's roast goose with

sauerkraut is something that you'll like especially. Regular American items are served here also and in a way that does credit to Emil's cooks, who are all women. And you'll like the toothsome Bohemian pastries. Emil serves game in season—moose, bear meat and caribou.

Offering good substantial dishes in an appetizing way, the Little Bohemia caters in a large measure to the sporting element of the city. It receives a heavy "play" during the racing season at Hawthorne, since its location on the west side makes it convenient to motorists on their way out to or returning from the Cicero racetrack. Here, come the prize fight followers after any big fisticuff event at the Chicago Stadium, which is not far away. Gene Tunney dined here at the time he fought Jack Dempsey in Chicago. Newspapermen and city officials are frequenters and it is one of the dining places of Mayor Anton Cermak, who was born in Bohemia. Heads of the commission houses in the South Water Commission Market, located in the nearby "Valley," come here also.

The Little Bohemia
1722 South Loomis Street

Bohemian-American

Open for luncheon, dinner, and supper

À la carte only—and reasonable

Maître d'hotel: Emil Wanatka

926

ATLANTIC DINING ROOM

Old Heidelberg

If you've ever been to Heidelberg, that romantic medieval university town on the Neckar, and visited its old Heidelberg Schloss, an outstanding example of German castle architecture, you'll appreciate to the full the charm of the Hotel Atlantic main dining room. If you haven't been to old Heidelberg—well, here's the next best thing to it.

For this small, picturesque dining room used to be the *Bauernstube* of the Kaiserhof Hotel, a famed hostelry for German-Americans, that formerly stood on the site of the Atlantic. When they tore down the original Kaiserhof many years ago, this dining room, together with the old bar-room, was preserved and incorporated into the new building. In no other restaurant in the Windy City can you enjoy the atmosphere of the grand old days as in this place.

If you're an expert antiquarian, however, you'll notice that the *Bauernstube* is something more than a mere Heidelberg peasant's room, being really a combination of an old German *Kneipe* (inn room), a medieval hall and a rather luxurious *Bauernstube*. Everything in the room smacks of medieval Germany—raftered ceiling, high oak wainscoting, heraldic devices, wood carvings, and the murals of Lichtenstein Castle and other historic German landmarks, done by the painter, Edgar Spier Cameron.

To a modern sophisticate, however, it all looks rococo and flowery and unnecessary. But even your sophisticate

could not disguise his interest in the most distinguishing feature of this dining room—the thirty-four pyrographic panels at the farther end of the restaurant. In the old days this part used to be the “Ladies’ Café” of the *Bauernstube*. The panels are set into the German Renaissance-style wainscoting. They are the work of Otto Schwarz Vanderleeden, noted creator of burnt-wood pictures, and the subjects represented are taken chiefly from Goethe’s “Faust” and Shakespeare’s “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

The Atlantic Grill, which is a counter lunch room of the hotel facing directly on Clark Street, formerly was the Kaiserhof Bar and still retains some of the features of the one-time drinking place, notably the seated plaster figure of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, standing out in haut relief in a centerpiece on the north wall. The ravens are beside him, and he seems to have just been awakened by their cawing after his periodical sleep of a hundred years in the Kyffhauser Mountains. But Frank L. Hayes, poet of the *Chicago Daily News* and sometime patron of the lunch room, gives a different interpretation of this figure in a recent poem:

“The faces one saw here in nineteen-eleven
One finds here no longer; perhaps they’re in heaven.
That’s why the old king in his niche, looking down,
Is knitting his brows in a sorrowful frown.”

As for the food served in the main dining room, Herman Schurg, maître d’hotel, says it is “an international cuisine—with a leaning toward the German.” Herman is telling the truth. French, German, English and American dishes—all prepared under the watchful eye of Chef Otto Johannisson, one of Chicago’s outstanding cooks—

await you at luncheon and dinner. The Atlantic is also noted for its pastries, baked in its own ovens. We like especially the *stollen*, the recipe of which dates back four hundred years in Teutonic history, and the almond-filled *strudel*, a delightful creation to go with your coffee. There are French and Danish pastries, cheese cake, and pumpkin bread and old-fashioned German rye bread, made from sour dough.

And if you want to see some of the noted men of Chicago, men from such landmarks in the vicinity as the Board of Trade, the Stock Exchange, the Federal Building, the Union League Club, the Insurance Exchange Building and the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Company, come here any day at noon. The late James Patten, the wheat king, ate here, and Arthur Cullen, the present wheat king, comes in often. Here dine such prominent German-Americans as Dr. Otto Schmidt, the historian; Oscar Mayer, the sausage manufacturer; Dr. Hugo Simon, German consul; Dr. Louis B. Schmidt, the noted surgeon; Albert Brietung, the tobacco manufacturer, and Ernest J. Kreutgen, head of the engraving firm. Julius Rosenwald, the philanthropist, dines here frequently, as does James E. Gorman, president of the Rock Island Railroad and Dr. Max Heinus, member of the library board.

The waiters are courteous and considerate and Herman, the maître d'hotel, will see to it that you are made comfortable. Remember, it's the food that counts—and this is a place for good substantial food.

Hotel Atlantic Dining Room
316 South Clark Street

German-American

Open for luncheon and dinner

Plate luncheon, 85 cents. Table d'hôte dinner, \$1.25.

Also à la carte

Maître d'hôtel: Herman Schurg

HENRICI'S

"No Orchestral Din"

Is there a Chicagoan living, no matter how old, who does not remember Henrici's windows, ever since his mother first took him downtown as a child—those big windows laden with tantalizing creations in birthday, wedding, and fruit cakes and, at Christmas time, those big English plum puddings? Here is the oldest restaurant in Chicago. Situated in the gaudy center of the Randolph Street theatrical district, this grand old temple of the culinary art is known from coast to coast; its familiar advertising phrase, "No Orchestral Din," has become a national slogan, as common as "Say It With Flowers" or "Janssen Wants To See You."

And this phrase, "No Orchestral Din," is not an idle boast. Your true gourmet will quickly recognize the significance of it. Since Henrici's is an establishment devoted solely to the art of eating, as it was practiced in the good old days, everything has been ruled out that might be foreign to the quiet, dignified and restful at-

mosphere which a born gourmet seeks. No jazz orchestra, no clatter of silverware or dishes, nor the sound of waitresses moving about, disturbs the Henrici patron in the enjoyment of his food or in conversation with fellow diners.

We are not engaging in a superlative (for which Chicagoans are notorious) when we say that Henrici's is the oldest restaurant in the city. Turn to any of the early city guide-books and you will find that it was founded in 1868—three years after the close of the Civil War. And its atmosphere today is practically the same as it was in the days of hoop skirts and side-burns. It is like a bit of the Old World in the midst of modern American skyscrapers; a breath of Vienna, that brilliant capital of dining halls. And so it should be, for Phillip Henrici, its founder, was a member of an old Vienna family of noted restaurateurs. Coming to this country as a young man, he continued westward to Chicago and set up a small eating-place near Madison and Wells Streets, which was the "Newspaper Row" of that day. In the course of time the diners-out—newspapermen, sportsmen, and business men—beat a path to his door. His wonderful coffee and delicious pastries became the talk of the town.

In building the present restaurant, which was opened in the days of the World's Fair of 1893, Philip Henrici sought for that restful spaciousness and air of elegance which were the hallmarks of the great dining places he knew back in gay Vienna. This atmosphere remains today, like that of a cool retreat in the midst of hot, feverish modernism. Remain, too, the excellent coffee and delectable pastries. And on the walls still hang the oil

paintings that Henrici collected from European salons and studios during the course of the years and which now give the place a distinctive touch. And for a comprehensive American cuisine, with such added features as certain popular German, French, and Italian specialties, Henrici's is the equal of any in Chicago.

Small wonder, then, that with such coffee, pastries, and wholesome food, Henrici's should become the gathering place of local and national celebrities. To attempt to name them, considering the long history of this restaurant, would fill a volume. In the past, to mention only a few, came the late John P. Altgeld, greatest governor of Illinois; Theodore Drieser, who refers to Henrici's several times in his "American Tragedy;" Edward F. Dunne, former governor of Illinois, and Carter H. Harrison, former mayor of Chicago; Jim Jeffries, Jack Lait, Ring Lardner, George Ade, and a host of others. Practically all the famous actors and actresses of the past have eaten here at some time or other. At the present time, Edna Ferber always dines here when she is visiting her native Chicago and has described the restaurant in a number of her novels; such stars of the theatrical world as Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor, as well as opera singers and popular vaudevillians, are regular patrons when playing in Chicago. Henrici's has also become the last stopping place in a sort of gastronomical circuit being followed in recent years by Mayor Anton Cermak and other leaders of the local Democratic party. They lunch at the Celtic Grill in the Hotel Sherman; have dinner in the Pompeiian Room at the Congress and wind up at midnight in Henrici's. The older generation of theatrical stars, too, have established a midnight rendezvous here.

Henrici's
71 West Randolph Street

American

Open 7 A. M. to 1 A. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to midnight

À la carte only—and reasonable

BLUE FOUNTAIN ROOM:
HOTEL LA SALLE

Chafing Dish and Saxophone

Here you may see those two highly-polished instruments, the chafing dish and the saxophone, manipulated by the fingers of experts. Quickly and deftly the waiters prepare the chafing dish specialties of this dining room at your table—veal chop sauté with bacon and fresh mushrooms à la Melba, breast of capon with Virginia ham and rice à la Hongroise, whole breast of baby chicken à la Queen Roumanienne, or Lake Superior Jumbo whitefish à la Mary Garden. You are thrilled by the Continental aspect that these chafing dish activities give the place, and you are more thrilled upon eating that which you have seen prepared before your eyes.

Meanwhile, the saxophone is in deft hands also—which is a more American feature. The room is alive with the intoxicating, but not blatant, music from "Husk" O'Hare's orchestra, and couples are tripping the fox trot fantastic under the colored lights and around the foun-

tain of blue water in the center of the room. All is gay, and colorful, and elegant—and you feel that you are having a time of it.

Such is the Blue Fountain Room at dinner hour. But during luncheon, the atmosphere is more restrained and dignified. Then it is that you find the lovers of good victuals collected at the tables—principally bankers and capitalists from the La Salle Street financial district. The Blue Fountain Room was one of the favorite dining places of the late James Patten, the wheat king; here also came the late John J. Mitchell, the banker, and the late James B. Duke, the tobacco king. At the present time, during luncheon, you are likely to run into George M. Reynolds, the banker; Henry A. Blair, the traction magnate; and Joe Leiter, the millionaire. Here it was, also, that Paul Leach, noted political writer of the *Chicago Daily News*, held many of the conversations with his friend, General Dawes, which led to the writing of "That Man Dawes," a recent biography.

The prices in the Blue Fountain Room are not as high as you might expect after reading the above names. Therefore, if you want to indulge in a chafing dish dinner, we know of no better place in town than the Blue Fountain Room.

Incidentally, Hotel La Salle contains the only roof garden in the Loop. It is on the top floor, open during the summer months only, and you may dine and dance from 6 P. M. to 1 A. M. The food is on a par with that served in the Blue Fountain Room. Here is a pleasant adventure during a hot summer's evening, with the streets of the downtown district far below you.

*Blue Fountain Room: Hotel La Salle
La Salle and Madison Streets*

American

Open for luncheon, dinner, and after the theatre

*Special blue plate dinners, 85 cents. Table d'hote dinner,
\$1.50*

Also à la carte—which is expensive enough

Cover charge after 9 P. M., 50 cents. Saturdays, \$1.00

Dancing, 6:30 P. M. to 1 A. M.

L' AIGLON

La Cuisine Francaise

Escargots Bourguignonne! Moules marinière! Pâté de foie gras! Poulet belle meunière! Omelette au fromage! Crevettes marinière! Filet mignon! All the bewildering and ingenious viands of French cookery, the greatest school of cookery in the world, are on L'Aiglon's menu, providing the connoisseur of table delicacies with an excellent opportunity to indulge his inclinations towards refined orgy.

In case you're up in the air as to what all these French names mean, your waiter will gladly explain them and even arrange a typical dinner of French dishes for you. For the waiters here are nothing if not courteous, patient, very French, and politely aware of the average Chicagoan's lack of training in French verbs.

But just to post you on the subject beforehand, we'll give you the lowdown on what these things mean. Escargots bourguignonne is nothing but snails with bourguignonne sauce—and a very delicious dish, too. Moules marinière are mussels with marinière sauce, a sauce made of white wine, pure cream and—but you'll have to ask John Denier, the chef, as to its remaining ingredients. We don't know whether it is the mussels or the sauce that makes this dish so highly palatable.

The pâté de foie gras—paste of goose liver—at L'Aiglon is something you'll rave about; but the poulet belle meunière—chicken with “beautiful” meunière sauce—is even better. Omelette au fromage is a cheese omelette, and crevettes marinière are shrimps with marinière sauce—as good as any you'll get this side of Paris. The béarnaise sauce served with the filet mignon—tenderloin steak—is an appetizing concoction of melted butter, yolk of egg, meat jelly and herbs, making your filet mignon a delightful adventure in eating.

All these dishes are popular in the cafés of Paris and are typically French. And there are others—frogs' legs, Chateaubriand (thick rump steak, served with mushrooms), and lamb chops Maison d'Or. Also you will find here that popular fish, English sole, imported in ice from overseas, as well as deep sea trout with marguery sauce.

Creole cookery, too, has its place in the L'Aiglon cuisine—*pompano papillote* and Creole gumbo, being two of the outstanding items. Teddy Majerus, owner and manager of L'Aiglon, used to be connected with the famous old La Louisiane restaurant in New Orleans. He came to Chicago, however, and worked with Gaston Alciatore in the management of the restaurant in South

Michigan Boulevard which bears the same name as the New Orleans institution. Then he went in business for himself, opening up L'Aiglon on the near north side. His knowledge of Creole cookery, therefore, is quite what it should be, but it is his French dishes that draw the crowds, for Teddy first obtained his training as a caterer in the best cafés of Paris and London before he came to the United States.

Too expensive for the bohemians of Tower Town, in which it is located, L'Aiglon is patronized largely by the fashionables of the Gold Coast, sleek well-dressed business men from the Loop, and celebrities from the stage and the opera. Teddy Majerus didn't think it would be ethical to give us the names of some of his better-known patrons, so you'll have to visit L'Aiglon some evening and find out for yourself.

You'll probably have as hard a time as we did in trying to discover "who's who" among the patrons. For the Siamese Twins have nothing on this restaurant, architecturally speaking. It occupies two old brownstone mansions, joined together, one of which was the former home of Nelson Barnes, the millionaire broker. All of the rooms in the two old houses have been utilized as dining rooms, and the restaurant today is as full of private dining rooms, supper rooms, reception rooms and dancing rooms as a castle on the Rhine. There are also many passageways, steps and hallways thrown in for good measure. In view of this arrangement, how is one going to find out whether some noted actress or millionaire or other notable is present in L'Aiglon?

Here, however, you'll find excellent French food, a Parisian atmosphere, considerate waiters, music and danc-

ing, and personable Teddy Majerus. So why go to Paris when you have L'Aiglon?

L'Aiglon Restaurant
22 East Ontario Street

Creole-French

Table d'hote dinner, \$1.75. Special L'Aiglon dinner, \$3.00. Also à la carte

Open for luncheon, dinner, and supper

Maître d'hôtel: Theodore Majerus

GOLD'S

"The Rector's of the Ghetto"

Somebody called Gold's restaurant, in the Jewish quarter on the southwest side, the "Rector's of the Ghetto." We think no better sobriquet could have been applied to Gold's, since it is truly to the Ghetto what Rector's was to Broadway. Here, you will find the wealth and the beauty and the brains of Chicago's large Jewish quarter, gathered before Mr. Gold's inviting board; and you will also find many lovers of highly-seasoned foods from other parts of town. Celebrities come here too—Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Georgie Jessel, whenever they are in town. Ben Hecht, the novelist, made this place a rendezvous when he was a Chicago newspaperman.

Kosher cooking, of course, prevails at Gold's. And when you have kosher cooking you have clean cooking,

for the word kosher means "clean." But kosher, with its limited orthodox significance, is not emphasized at Gold's, for their menu is as American as any to be found downtown and all of their foods are clean and wholesome and expertly prepared.

Chicken appears to be the main theme in the symphony of a Jewish menu. At Gold's, the chopped chicken livers, served with a touch of "schmaltz" (goose grease), are excellent as an appetizer; the noodle soup is a rich concoction; the chicken "blinzes" with green peas are deserving of high praise; the gefülte fish is the last word; and the Russian tea and cookies are just the thing for dessert.

Gold's is not a Ghetto restaurant in the strict sense of the word (the Maxwell Street Ghetto is two blocks south), but is a clean, modern, dining parlor, tastefully decorated; and the Pompeiiian Room upstairs, where weddings and banquets are held, is comparable to any similar room in a Loop hotel.

We recommend Gold's if you like highly-seasoned foods, shot through with plenty of garlic, and served in a gay metropolitan atmosphere. For Gold's is situated at Halsted Street and Roosevelt Road, the crossroads of the Jewish quarter.

Gold's

Jewish-American

810 West Roosevelt Road

Open all day and all night

Table d'hote dinner, \$1.25 and \$1.35. Also à la carte

Maitre d'hotel: S. Gold

IRELAND'S OYSTER HOUSE

Delicacies From the Deep

When Chicagoans think of sea foods they think of Ireland's. For over a generation, Jim Ireland has been purveying every conceivable form of deep sea delicacy, and delicacies from seas not so deep, to diners-out all the way from the exclusive Gold Coast to "Back-o'-the-Yards." Being an open-all-night establishment, Ireland's is as popular with after-theatre crowds as it is with diners before the theatre.

And on Fridays, either for luncheon or dinner, the place is packed with people from offices in the Loop and with politicians, executives, theatrical people, newspapermen, and big, red-necked, policemen. During the many years that his restaurant has been located on North Clark Street, a short distance north of the downtown district, Jim Ireland has made hundreds of friends and he has kept them by virtue of the excellence of his sea foods.

His oysters arrive every day fresh from the coast and are a luscious treat to the palate; his \$2.75 lobster shore dinner has become an institution in Chicago; his \$1.00 fish dinner is like none other in town; and his jumbo frogs' legs, scallops, clam chowder, and halibut, to mention only a few of his other items, are appetizing beyond compare.

Of outstanding merit, however, is Jim's planked Lake Superior whitefish. This sea food is said to be Chicago's gift to the nation's edibles, just as Boston has contributed

baked beans, New Orleans the pompano, and San Francisco chop suey. And nowhere in Chicago can you get Lake Superior whitefish prepared more expertly than in Ireland's.

In keeping with the nature of his board, Jim has arranged several very delightful dining rooms in his establishment. The main dining room, known as the Marine Room, is done in the nautical style and is replete with shipboard effects. The Lobster Grotto is distinguished by the design of a big lobster in colored glass on the ceiling. Then there is the Grill Room, with its own ingenious decorations and atmosphere of camaraderie. Another feature of Ireland's is the absence of any closed kitchen, all of the cooking being done in the open. As for the waiters, you will find them as alert as messenger boys at the Board of Trade—and as intelligent.

Ireland's Oyster House
632 North Clark Street

American

Open from noon until the roosters crow

Table d'hote luncheon, 65 cents. Table d'hote dinner, \$1.00. Also à la carte

Maître d'hotel: J. H. Ireland

STOCKYARDS INN

The Wild West

Although in close proximity to thousands of cattle on the

hoof, your ears hear nothing, your eyes see nothing, and your nose smells nothing of cattle when you have luncheon in the dining room of the Stockyards Inn. This South Halsted Street restaurant is near enough to the stockyards to obtain the choicest cuts of fresh meats, and yet far enough away from the cattle-pens to make it one of the important gastronomical locations in Chicago.

Ranchowners and stockmen from the wild west ought to be good judges of meats. To see these big, sun-tanned fellows eating luncheon here every day, and eating it with keen relish, should be proof enough that the foods and meats served in this establishment receive the stamp of their approval. The roast beef is unexcelled for freshness and tenderness; the vegetables seem to have come from the garden directly to you; and the coffee and pastries are on a par with the best coffee and pastries served in the Loop.

The interior is not an artificial log cabin or ranch house, as you might expect with a clientele of cowboys from the prairies. It is quite removed from such, being a replica of an old English inn, with high oaken panelling and hunting prints adorning the walls. The atmosphere is very quiet and comfortable, and the service is beyond reproach. Women are welcomed.

The Stockyards Inn

American

42nd and Halsted Streets

Open for luncheon only

À la carte—and average in price

Maitre d'hotel: John Hill

JULIEN'S

Frogs' Legs, à la Julien

Have you ever eaten frogs' legs, the national weakness of France? They're a memorable delicacy once you've tasted them. But they are especially memorable if you've tasted them at Julien's, the oldest French restaurant in town. Julien's, it is said, made Chicago frogs' legs conscious. We believe it, considering the way "Ma" Julien cooks them, giving them that distinctive Julienesque touch which has been duplicated nowhere this side of Paris. We'll go further and say that she could even make a name for herself in Gay Paree, the home of frogs' legs.

It was from her late husband, Alex, that Mme. Julien learned the secret of preparing this highly delectable French viand in so distinctive a style. "Pa" Julien, it was, who first introduced frogs' legs into Chicago. That was thirteen years ago. After making a name for himself as chef in the old Lexington Hotel when it was in its prime, and later in the kitchens of the Hamilton Club, the exclusive Casino Club and the Blackstone Hotel, Alex Julien opened this little French restaurant on the second floor of his old red-brick home on Rush Street, in Tower Town, and featured frogs' legs.

Soon fashionable society on the Gold Coast nearby beat a path to his door—for Julien was an artist and they came to partake of his masterpiece, frogs' legs. But alas, the gods became jealous, and "Pa" Julien was removed from this earth a few years ago—but not before he had left the secrets of his culinary skill to his capable wife.

“Ma” Julien does all the cooking herself now and we defy you to point out any difference between her frogs’ legs and those that were made by “Pa” Julien. The same challenge applies to those other two famed items of the *Maison Julien*—scallops and lettuce salad with Julien’s original French dressing. Mme. Julien instills nothing less than magic into her salad dressing—a ghostly touch of garlic or something—which makes it an exquisite adventure in gastronomy. The story is told that an Armour agent once offered “Pa” Julien, who created this dressing, \$15,000 for its recipe and that he refused, maintaining that its secret should never go out of his family.

Small wonder, then, that famous and wealthy people may be seen frequently—top-hats and ermines and all—at the Julien board, partaking of the frogs’ legs or the delicious salad. “Ma” Julien says she doesn’t know who they are half the time, adding regretfully that she’s never kept a guest book. The former French consul, Antonin Barthelemy, came here often and his successor, Count Charles de Fontnouvelle is following his example. Here, also, come such gourmets of the town as County Judge Edmund K. Jarecki, Postmaster Arthur C. Leuder, Superior Court Judge Joseph B. David, and Scott Durant, the millionaire.

There is a friendly, home-like atmosphere about Julien’s that you’ll like. The tables are covered with white oil-cloth; paintings of the French countryside adorn the walls; “Papa” Joffre smiles down from a photograph; several “tin hats” from the late war hang above a door frame; the French tri-colors and American stars and stripes decorate the bay-window and, last but not least,

Mme. Julien's two grown daughters, Marie and Renée, serve you most charmingly and efficiently.

Since "Ma" Julien only serves at long tables in boarding-house fashion, and since there is only room for ninety-nine persons (and the chairs are always occupied), she asks you to call her up first—Delaware 0040—and reserve a place. The frogs' legs and scallops, by the way, are only served on Tuesdays and Fridays—with the \$1.50 and \$2.00 dinners. You may also obtain these same dishes at the Saturday luncheon. A table d'hote luncheon is served each day between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. for 65 cents and on Sundays for 85 cents. We highly recommend Julien's.

Julien's

French

1009 Rush Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote only

Maitresse d'hotel: Madame Julien

HARDING'S COLONIAL ROOM

"The Famous Corned Beef of John P."

Here we have the home of that great American dish—corned beef and cabbage. Only John P. Harding and his chefs know the secret of concocting a corned-beef dinner such as you get here—tender, tasty slices of red corned

beef, laid over a heaping mound of fresh green boiled cabbage, and the whole flanked by boiled potatoes, parsley-buttered and as big as a policeman's fist. After feasting on this famed Harding dinner, you too feel the urge to write a limerick over it, just as J. P. McEvoy, of "The Potter's" fame, did.

"The famous corned beef of John P.
Is a succulent delicacy . . .
Why, it's England's belief
It was Harding's corned beef
That practically set Ireland free."

Another well-known author, Julian Street, who is also one of the most fastidious of epicures, writes of Harding's corned beef in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Pointing out that "certain items from the old American cuisine, the cuisine of our forefathers, are now found almost exclusively in private homes," he indicates corned beef as an exception. "Thus the several Harding lunch rooms of Chicago," he adds, "are famous for their corned-beef hash, actually supplying it wholesale to some other establishments." What he means, of course, is Harding's corned beef and cabbage and not their "corned-beef hash."

When you can get this old-fashioned American dish in an atmosphere redolent of Colonial America, your pleasure is well-nigh complete. We know of no more charming dining room in town than Harding's Colonial Room, on the second floor of their big eating establishment in South Wabash Avenue. A pretty young damsel, costumed appropriately in Colonial style, greets you at the elevator and conducts you to a table where an equally pretty and

well-mannered waitress takes your order. These girls, rosy-cheeked and young, are working their way through college and are well-bred and intelligent.

Don't get the impression that here you can obtain only corned beef and cabbage. No, their menu is replete with other viands as notable—the roast beef is the best in the city, the steaks and chops with big baked Idaho potatoes are unexcelled, the sugar-cured baked ham is memorable and the pastries are as toothsome as can be found, especially the Colonial Special, consisting of cake with vanilla ice cream filling, covered with hot caramel sauce and whole pecans and topped with whipped cream.

You would be missing something if you failed to eat a corned-beef dinner in Harding's Colonial Room. Nowhere in the place can you detect any odor of cabbage being cooked. All is elegance, charm, and pleasure—considerably added to by the young lady who softly plays appropriate airs on the baby grand piano.

Harding's Colonial Room

American

21 South Wabash Avenue

Open for luncheon and dinner

À la carte only—and surprisingly reasonable

Maître d'hotel: Martin J. Harding

RED STAR INN

Bavaria on North Clark Street

Decorative beer steins, leaded windows bearing Teutonic

coats of arms, wooden table-tops scoured to the point of whiteness, and fat waiters with a German accent as thick as one of Papa Gallauer's liver dumplings, together with a menu the equal of that of any first-class café in Berlin, combine to make the Red Star Inn one of the most interesting of the German restaurants in a city full of good German restaurants. Situated for over thirty years in the heart of the German district on the north side, "Zum Rothen Stern" is unique in that it is a replica of some old tavern in Bavaria—in construction as well as in interior decorations. The only difference is that it hasn't got the real Münchener or Pilsner.

But the excellence of its food makes up for this loss. Francis C. Coughlin, writing in the *Chicagoan* about the menu in this place, says: "One cannot go into detail over Red Star menus. It is a task comparable to going into detail over a civilization." And so it is. Suffice to say that all the great dishes of German cookery, second only to French cookery in variety and palatableness, are here purveyed in a style that has brought the great and near great, as well as the rich and not so rich, of Chicago to Papa Gallauer's board.

Papa Gallauer, with his white Van Dyke, is himself an institution. A native of Cologne, Germany, he is the perfect German host. Observe him any evening as he goes among the tables, welcoming friends, offering suggestions, or receiving complaints—which, by the way, are few and far between.

His beaming personality is in part responsible for such frequent visitors to the Red Star Inn as General Milton J. Foreman and General Frank R. Schwengel, two of Chicago's outstanding military leaders; Senator J. Hamil-

ton Lewis, of Illinois; Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*; Carter H. Harrison, former mayor; Richard Henry Little, the columnist; Judge Theodore Brentano, pioneer Chicagoan; Burt Masee, the millionaire explorer; Judge John R. Caverley, who sentenced Leopold and Loeb; Harold F. McCormick, the capitalist and former opera "angel;" Edward F. Dunne, former governor; and Judge Joseph Sabath, of divorce court fame.

Representatives of the artistic and literary side of Chicago life also foregather here—Fred Biesel and his wife, Francis Strain, the painters; Vincent Starrett, the bibliophile and writer; Ruth Jameson, another writer; Vladimir Janowicz, the painter; and Lloyd Lewis, the dramatic critic.

We could toss off a great many more names of Chicago notables who dine here but these will give you some idea of the position which this place occupies in Chicago restaurant life. It's the food that attracts them—and the quiet, old-world atmosphere, and Papa Gallauer. And don't forget the special Easter Bock on draught—almost as good as the real thing.

Red Star Inn

German-American

1528 North Clark Street

Open from 10 A. M. to 1 A. M.

Table d'hote luncheon, 85 cents. À la carte dinner, reasonable

Maitre d'hotel: Carl Gallauer

BON VIVANT

And What Lobsters!

Henri's lobster dinner has become an institution on the south side—and should, by rights, be an institution for the whole town. It would be if M. Henri Delaloye would do a little more advertising and try to get people to come here from other sections of the city than just Hyde Park, Woodlawn and the University of Chicago district. For over ten years now the Four Hundred of Hyde Park society—wealthy residents of the old mansions, hotels, co-ops, apartment houses and apartment hotels of Hyde Park Boulevard and the "Hotel Coast" east of the Illinois Central tracks—have been coming to this humble little red-brick house among the stately old residences of Lake Park Avenue and partaking of lobsters and oysters and other French delicacies that are hard to duplicate anywhere in town.

But maybe if Henri advertised more widely he would be spoiling a good thing. Anyway, we think he'll pardon us if we mention his restaurant in this book; after all, we're supposed to hunt out places like this and tell the world about them. The lobsters, coming twice a week from Maine and Boston, are served with an eight-course dinner, and you may have your choice of three roasts—squab, steak with mushrooms or roast duckling. Henri himself presides over the kitchen and the perfection of his lobsters are the result of experiences as a cook in his native Switzerland, several noted cafés in Paris, the

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York and the Sherman and Blackstone Hotels in Chicago.

Equally delicious are his oysters, which he serves during the traditional "R" months. He has invented a special butter which permeates the oysters during the cooking process and which makes them the talk of the town. Gene Morgan, conductor of "Hit or Miss" column in the *Chicago Daily News*, has paid tribute to these bi-valves in a recent poem.

Oysters A La Bon Vivant

The "R" months all are star months
At the Bon Vivant's rich board,
For then we feast on oysters
Which but gods could once afford.

Reclining in a roomy shell
And warmly dressed in red—
Alas for Mr. Oyster! He
Must leave this kingly bed.

Bon Vivants dine at Bon Vivant.
Its fame has travelled far,
And when I dine there I'm content
With all the things that "R".

When the oysters are out of season, Henri brings out his soft shell crabs—and you would have to travel far to feast on crabs like these. There is, too, Henri's special French dressing for his salads—something to rhapsodize over. You will like the Bon Vivant because the specialties are so marvelous, the service so individual and considerate, and the atmosphere so much like one of those little

cafés in a Paris by-way—which, if you have ever been to Paris, you know are a real delight.

The Bon Vivant

French

4367 Lake Park Avenue

Open from 6 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Table d'hote only. Dinner, \$1.50. Lobster dinner, \$1.75.

Maître d'hotel: Henri Delaloye

RAINBO SEA FOOD GROTTTO

Ship Aboy!

Out of the crowds, automobiles, street-cars and shop windows of busy South Dearborn Street, you step into the cabin of the palatial yacht, S. S. "Rainbo," somewhere out, say, in mid-Atlantic. A handsome officer, gold braid and all, pilots you to a table on "The Deck," as the main dining room at the rear is called. Painted blue waves and cumuli clouds fill the north wall, beyond a real ship's rail; life preservers, bearing the name S. S. "Rainbo," are tied to the rail; a ship's clock, barometer and shiny ship's bell, as well as numerous portholes, adorn the east wall; doors are marked "Captain," "First Officer," "Chief Engineer," "Chief Steward," "Galley" and "Storeroom;" real ship's lamps hang from the striped marine awning overhead; and throughout the dining room there is the high treble sound of wind whistling

through rigging. Everything is authentically nautical at the Rainbo Sea Food Grotto and all that's lacking is the rocking of the deck—for which thank the Lord and Gus Mann.

"Skipper" Gus Mann, who made a name for himself in the restaurant world as proprietor of the famous Café Zinkand in San Francisco in the days before the earthquake, has come into greater glory since opening up this picturesque sea food restaurant in Chicago's Loop. His S. S. "Rainbo" is now "safely anchored in the harbor of high public esteem," as Frances Warren Baker, a local magazine writer, put it.

Look over Gus Mann's varied and appetite-provoking menu. "If it swims we have it," is Gus's slogan. Imploring you to eat more fish, his menu notes:

"At 5 A. M. in waters blue—
The same day it is served to you."

Who wouldn't order Louisiana jumbo frogs after reading this: "Visiting New Orleans without ordering Frogs is like passing up beans in Boston. The delicacy of a quail, combined with the game flavor of a pheasant—that's what a Louisiana Frog tastes like as prepared here." Of the Coney Island clam chowder, the menu says: "No magnifying glass needed to find the clams." The oysters, Waldorf style, are prepared with "chili sauce, bread crumbs, creamery butter and baked in the shell on a bed of salt, retaining its ocean tang." The Mammy style corn pones were "Al Jolson's inspiration;" and as for the lemon pie: "We paid a young fortune for the recipe; please don't ask us to reveal it." The spaghetti Caruso is "a concoction that the famous artist loved to prepare

himself. Imported spaghetti cooked to the proper tenderness in rich beef stock, chicken livers, mushrooms and genuine Parmesan cheese. Ah, what a flavor!"

Proof that Gus Mann is not exaggerating the quality of his cuisine may be found here any evening at the dinner hour—prominent politicians, theatrical stars, society fashionables and all other well-travelled people who ought to know good sea food when they taste it, are in abundance among the diners. Ashton Stevens, son of California, waxes laudatory over the California crabs served here, saying they "have thighs as thick and meaty as an old-fashioned ballet dancer's." Novelist Rupert Hughes, another Californian, drops in to see Gus Mann whenever he is in town. Paul Ash, the jazz king, who used to play the piano for Gus Mann in the old Café Zinkand days, is a frequent visitor. And there are scads of other notables.

Here, then, you may revel in oysters, deviled crabs, deep sea scallops, baby lobsters, planked Lake Superior whitefish, fried Virginia shrimps, Boston mackerel, broiled Delaware shad roe, as well as in the most savory of steaks and chops and German potato pancakes and, for breakfast, delicious sausages and wheat cakes. Everything is wholesome and satisfying—and why wouldn't it be, with Axel Kastrup, noted throughout Europe and the United States for his sea food dishes, presiding over the "galley"? We heartily recommend a meal aboard the S. S. "Rainbo" in South Dearborn Street.

Rainbo Sea Food Grotto
117 South Dearborn Street

American

Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Closed Sundays and holidays

Plate lunch, 50 cents. Table d'hote dinner, \$1.50. Also à la carte

Maître d'hotel: Gus Mann

PAUL'S

After the Ball is Over

When the performance is over and the theatre signs on Randolph Street go out, and you're in the mood for an after-theatre supper; when you're tired of the regular dining places along the Rialto; when the night clubs and the food they serve have no lure; when you're fed up on the Loop and its taxicabs and policemen and lights; when the night session of the convention or meeting has come to an end at last, thank goodness; or when the ball is over, you go to Paul's.

For Paul's is the ideal place to take care of the wants of the inner man during the midnight hours. Located in an old mansion on Michigan Boulevard, a mile or so south of the Loop, Paul's has been for years a popular gathering-place of the town's *bons vivants* and gourmets after the theatre. Notables of the stage, the sport world and of political life are seen here often. The last time Tito Schipa, the opera singer, ate here he brought along his friend, Renato Gardini, the great Italian wrestler. Primo

Carnera, the fighter, has eaten here, too. And there are plenty of others, both of local and national fame.

Not a little of the attractiveness of this place is to be found in the chef, Frank Simonetti, who used to be cook aboard one of Sir Thomas Lipton's yachts. Frank's skill in the cooking of those highly edible specialties of the house—Risotto Milanaise au Saffron, either with truffles or mushrooms; Scallopine à la Monte Vesuvius; whole chicken en casserole or broiled jumbo squab with jelly—explains why people like to come here. Too, another drawing card is Signor Paul Bergamini, the proprietor, who is a host par excellence. He has been a restaurateur in Chicago for many years, and has hundreds of friends all over town.

Although this is strictly a place for food, Paul's also features what it calls the Club Galant, a small room set aside for music and dancing and an occasional floor show. There is no extra cover charge in the Club Galant and you may amuse yourself in this charmingly decorated room from 9 P. M. until closing. The menu is sufficiently large to be interesting, displaying a dozen Italian specialties, and the waiters are trained in the best Continental traditions. Mr. Bergamini's wife is a native of Switzerland, and sometimes you may get Swiss viands if you know what you want and the management is in the mood. Paul's is a thoroughly worth-while place.

Paul's
1715 South Michigan Boulevard

Italian-American

Open from luncheon until the first peek of dawn

Special table d'hote dinner, \$1.50. Also à la carte

Maître d'hotel: Paul Bergamini

LITTLE JACK'S

Little Jack of Madison Street

Twenty-five years ago "Little Jack" Levin sold sandwiches in a small West Madison Street shop to students at the Lewis Institute and numerous medical schools that abounded on the west side. Today, further west on Madison Street, "Little Jack" Levin conducts one of the leading restaurants in Chicago, the rendezvous of Chicago's officialdom and the bright particular star of gourmets from all over town. It was food, the best quality of food prepared in the best possible manner, and food only, that put Little Jack's on the gastronomic map of Chicago.

This house offers no specialties. "Every item is a specialty with us," explains Jack Levin. His menu is large and varied and tempting with steaks, chops, sea foods, poultry, salads and pastry. The Sirloin Steak à la Little Jack is tender, juicy and done to the proper turn; the imported Russian caviar is something not to be missed; chicken stew, Spanish style en casserole, as served here, cannot be duplicated; and the broiled jumbo whitefish is on a par with that of the best sea food restaurants in town. Little Jack's features daily specials as well as a varied assortment of pies, cakes and pastries from its own

ovens. The outstanding impression you get from Little Jack's is food of fresh wholesome quality, expertly prepared.

Small wonder, then, that city officials, from the Mayor down, and politicians of every type and degree, have made Little Jack's their rendezvous. Here, any evening, you're likely to run into them—Mayor Anton Cermak, Commissioner of Police John Alcock, Sheriff William D. Meyering, Coroner Herman N. Bundesen, State's Attorney John A. Swanson, Bailiff Al Horan, President W. R. James of the West Park Board, Governor Louis L. Emmerson, Former Commissioner of Police Morgan A. Collins, Colonel A. L. Brodie of the American Legion, Police Captain John Prendergast, and Coroner's Physician I. M. Fienberg. Stars of the newspaper and theatrical world come here too. It seems that everybody of any importance in the official life of Chicago knows Little Jack Levin, who has a flair for hospitality hard to match.

You'll find this place a real treat and if it be a hot summer's evening, the atmosphere of the various dining rooms will be air-cooled; if you come in your car there is parking space at the rear of the establishment. And don't forget to shake hands with "Little Jack" himself. He'll be glad to see you.

Little Jack's
3175 West Madison Street

American

Open all the time

Plate lunch, 50 cents. Table d'hôte dinner, \$1.00. Also à la carte and surprisingly reasonable

Maître d'hotel: Jack Levin

MERCHANDISE MART RESTAURANTS

10,000 Persons a Day

By all means visit one of the Merchandise Mart restaurants—preferably the Coffee Shop. Try it just for the sake of contrast with the many quiet little restaurants you have been dining in around town. It's a gustatory adventure you'll not easily forget. And don't be afraid your stomach will suffer as a result of this excursion, for the food served in the Merchandise Mart restaurants is of surprisingly good quality considering such a vast output—they have facilities for handling 10,000 persons a day.

The Coffee Shop is the largest of its kind in the world. Now we've been and said it. Smile indulgently if you must at the familiar Chicago boast, "largest in the world;" but we'll wager that you will believe it once you put foot inside this vast, typically American, eating hall. What other coffee shop in the country has over 800 feet of table-high lunch counter and 68 additional feet of soda fountain counter? Smile, too, at this dragging in of figures, but we think they give some idea of the magnitude of the restaurant.

Here is the apex of quantity production in food; here is quick and efficient service; here are all the latest devices and contraptions of the up-to-date restaurant. The great

distance from far counters to the main kitchen is overcome by means of a "service" kitchen. The big room is pleasantly decorated, the seats are comfortable, and there is plenty of "elbow room." In short, here is the modern American coffee shop in its highest state of perfection.

Naturally, the Coffee Shop receives the heaviest "play" of the Merchandise Mart restaurants. What greater convenience could be found in the way of eating for the thousands of workers in the building—which, by the way, is the largest building in the world in point of floor space—than this Coffee Shop on the ground floor, overlooking North Bank Way and the Chicago River? The plate luncheon is the most popular item on the menu, with sandwiches of all kinds running next in demand. The tea room is on the mezzanine floor above.

For executives and other bigwigs of the wholesale firms in the building, there are two excellent dining rooms—the Governor's Room and the Old English Grill, each seating about 300 persons. The Governor's Room is very formal, luxurious and quiet, while the Old English Grill is tavern-like, with its oaken walls and beamed ceiling. And don't forget, this Grill is for men only—and all the waitresses are blonde. What more could a good substantial American go-getting salesman want than to have a pretty blonde waitress serve him his steak and French fried! The Grill offers a special 75 cent club luncheon, as well as an à la carte menu containing Chef Pierre Berard's recommendations—a feature on the menus of all the other restaurants in the building.

And to think that only one hundred years ago there stood on the site of the Merchandise Mart a little old log

cabin, Wolf Tavern, purveying food and drink to the villagers of the little settlement across the river.

Merchandise Mart Restaurants *American*
Wells Street and North Bank Way

Coffee Shop open from 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Tea Room from 11 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Governor's Room from 11 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Old English Grill from 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.

À la carte, table d'hôte, plate lunches—all reasonable

WEISS'

La Cuisine Viennoise

Although you may have nothing to do whatever with cloaks and suits in wholesale quantities, yet it is eminently worth your while to trek over to Chicago's wholesale district at the west end of the Loop for a meal at the Weiss restaurant. Alex Weiss has been caterer to the town's wholesalers for over twenty years, his clientèle being made up largely of the executives and heads of the wholesale firms in the district.

Viennese cooking is featured at this place, the kitchen, being in the capable hands of Chef Theodore Huber, a product of Austro-Hungarian restaurants. Therefore, the fresh paprika pike with steamed potato is worth the trip over here; the Hungarian lamb goulash with baked noodles makes you love this place; the gefülte fish is in-

comparable; the matzos pancake with currant jelly cannot be praised too highly; and the apple strudel is a dessert that eminently deserves to be called dessert. The French and Danish pastries come from the restaurant's ovens and are always fresh.

The establishment is divided into several dining rooms, all decorated in good style and with no artificial effects to catch the eye of the passing pedestrian. Weiss' reputation for good food is sufficient advertising. The main dining room is on the first floor, a popular-priced lunch counter is in the basement, and the second floor contains the tea room.

Weiss Restaurant *Austro-Hungarian and American*
208 West Adams Street

Open for luncheon and dinner

Maître d'hotel: Alex Weiss

CIRO'S GRILL

Resort of Fashion

As everyone knows, there is a *Ciro's* in Paris, one in Monte Carlo, one in Deauville, and one in London. But not everyone knows that there is also a *Ciro's* in Chicago. It, too, is a swanky place, the haunt of Chicago's *beau monde*, just as the European places are the rendezvous of fashionables. The London and Chicago establishments, if you care to know, have no connection with each other or

with the French establishments of the same name.

We don't know which of the following is the reason for the frequent presence of Chicago millionaires, dowagers, debutantes, and dandies in *Ciro's* during dinner time. It might be due to the excellent French cuisine; or maybe to the fact that the exclusive Opera Club happens to be located on the floor above; or to its delightfully intimate atmosphere. The restaurant is small and cozy and unique in *décor*. Also, it is conveniently located near the Gold Coast. Last, but not least, its prices are alluringly high.

Anyway, for whatever reason, *Ciro's Grill* is foremost of the resorts of fashion. If you're a connoisseur of automobiles and wish to observe the most luxurious foreign models, walk past *Ciro's* any evening during the winter months and feast your eyes on the cars parked at the curb.

Why winter months? Because *Ciro's* follows the social season and is closed during the torrid days of summer. Having a small but very exclusive clientèle, this place would be empty in summer when everybody who is anybody in the social world is out of town.

Then you wouldn't be seeing such frequent diners as John Borden, the millionaire explorer, and his authoress-wife, Courtney Borden; Cyrus Hall McCormick, head of the International Harvester Company; Burt Masee, another millionaire explorer, and Mrs. Masee; the two opera singers, Cyrena Van Gorden and Edith Mason; and Georgio Polacco, the opera conductor. Of course, these are only a few of the wealthy and celebrated people who come here. There are many more.

As for the *décor*, *Ciro's* is tasteful and novel, the motif being that of a submarine garden. Fishes in gay colors and

decorative undersea plants are painted on the walls. Inverted lighting is used here by suspending bowls of gold fishes under the electric bulbs—which must be rather hard on the fishes. The whole atmosphere of the room is charmingly intimate, quiet, novel, and colorful.

The à la carte menu is inviting, both in variety of dishes and quality, and the service is suave and Continental. Try *Ciro's* some evening when your purse is sufficiently fat. And you needn't go formally, although you would not be out of place if you did.

Ciro's Grill

Franco-American

18 West Walton Place

Table d'hôte luncheon, \$1.00. Table d'hôte dinner, \$2.50

Also à la carte—and pretty high

Open for luncheon and dinner

MAISONETTE RUSSE

Introducing Colonel Yaschenko

Meet Colonel Vladimir Yaschenko, formerly of the Russian White Army, formerly of the Petrushka Club on Michigan Boulevard, and now the man responsible for admirable Russian food specialties at the *Maisonette Russe*. Polite, gentlemanly, suave, having all the refinement of a Russian reared amid the military pomp of the Czars, Colonel Yaschenko reflects true Continental hospitality as he welcomes you into his Russian restaurant,

located in an impressive old town house on Lake Shore Drive, facing Lincoln Park.

The room is appropriately decorated in the Muscovite manner. The hangings are of dark blue, with touches of orange here and there; shelves at intervals contain old pewter pieces made especially for the *Maisonette Russe* (so we are told) by exiled Russian officers in Paris—pewter vases, wedding cups, loving cups, and long “dipper” cups. Mme. Yaschenko says these “dipper” cups were like the ones they used to drink wine out of in Russia. As a final bit of atmosphere, and adding considerably to your pleasure in this place, there is music and entertainment by the Gypsy Trio, in Russian costume, quite dashing and colorful.

As for the victuals, see Colonel Yaschenko! He will initiate you into the mysteries of Russian dishes; and when the meal is over you'll find they are not so mysterious after all. For example, there is borscht—a thick red soup made of beets, rich in flavor; Bitochki à la Scobeleff, which is chopped chicken cutlets with truffle sauce; a lamb barbecued on skewers and known as Shashlik à la Kars, and Tournedeau Rossini, similar to filet mignon. And there are lots of other delicacies on the menu.

In summer time, you may dine in a truly Continental manner at the *Maisonette Russe*, for Colonel Yaschenko has tables in the garden among the flowers and shrubbery, where luncheon and dinner are served. Gay-colored umbrellas are mounted over the tables and all is quite European and sophisticated.

Maisonette Russe
2800 Sheridan Road

Russian

Open for luncheon and dinner

*Both table d'hôte and à la carte. Table d'hôte dinner, \$1.50
Sunday dinner, \$2.00*

Maitre d'hotel: Colonel Vladimir Yaschenko

BOSTON OYSTER HOUSE

Ancient, But New

In 1875, when men were men and women were women, and Chicago was rebuilding itself after the great fire of two years earlier, Colonel John S. Wilson founded Wilson's Oyster House in the basement of a building at Clark and Madison Streets. Then he changed the name to the Boston Oyster House—a name which has remained to this day. His specialty was shell fish. Colonel John S. Wilson now occupies a place in local history as the first caterer to serve live lobsters in this region. His restaurant and his lobsters soon attracted attention and in time the Boston Oyster House became the rendezvous of the Four Hundred of that day.

The cashier was a young man of likable personality. His name was Charles E. Rector. Later he became manager of the establishment. Then he gave up his connection with Colonel Wilson to accept a position as head caterer for a railroad. Some years later he opened a basement oyster house of his own at Clark and Monroe Streets. This place soon eclipsed the Boston Oyster House in popularity and Rector's became the Mecca of Chicago's night

life. Seeking new worlds to conquer, Rector opened a restaurant in New York City and . . . but need we go on? After all, we're writing about the Boston Oyster House.

Then, in 1899, Harry C. Moir became manager of the Boston Oyster House and the old eight-story Morrison Hotel that rose above it. Prominent citizens continued to foregather here. Writers came. That old Kentucky philosopher, Opie Read, sat here and talked with friends in the days when he was a newspaperman and before he became famous as a novelist. Came also Senator James Hamilton Lewis, whiskers and all, and Edward F. Dunne, before he became governor of Illinois. Finley Peter Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley," and the late Fred A. Chappell, writer and philosopher, were other frequenters. And there are many who recall the International Live Stock shows of those days, when the stockmen and cowboys from the wild west would wind up a night amid the bright lights of the Loop with a 6 A. M. breakfast at the Boston, consisting of two dozen oysters on the half shell.

This place continued through the years in its basement location. In 1925 a new Boston Oyster House blossomed forth under the auspices of Gus and Fred Mann, well-known Chicago restaurateurs. It was fitted out to look like a ship's cabin—at a cost of \$200,000. But alas, the Mann brothers were unable to get a return on their investment and the Boston Oyster House once more fell back into the hands of Harry Moir.

Today, the Boston Oyster House is an elegant basement dining room of the Morrison—sans marine trappings. All that remains of the original establishment is the name. True, sea food is still served, with lobsters as a specialty, but Chicagoans do not go to this place for sea food or

lobsters as they did in the old days. There are too many other sea food restaurants in town now.

But we don't wish to imply that the sea foods here are second rate; you will find them as good as any in Chicago. And there are other savory dishes—for example, Pearl's Special, consisting of porterhouse steak and baked potato and named after Pearl Kuntz, who has been head waitress here for over ten years. They have a large menu, the food is wholesome, the waitresses are fleet of foot and polite, the surroundings restful; and, should you come here, you may tell your friends back home in Chillicothe that you've dined in Chicago's famous Boston Oyster House.

The Boston Oyster House
21 South Clark Street

American

Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

Table d'hôte and à la carte—average prices

Maîtresse d'hôtel: Pearl Kuntz

LINCOLN PARK REFECTORY

Pot Roast Among the Trees

After a hot, feverish, August day in the Loop, when the skyscrapers and the street-cars and the dust have sapped your energy, there is no greater relief than to take your wife, or your children, or your lady friend, to dinner in the Lincoln Park Refectory, an open-air eating place

among the trees of Lincoln Park, overlooking the pleasant sunset-tinted waters of the park lagoon.

Here, you may have your delicious pot roast, with noodles and cheese, amid the cooling breezes of the summer evening; the planked Lake Superior whitefish tastes twice as good under the summer stars; and the Lincoln Park special minute steak is something to remember when you eat it against a background of dewy evening trees, boats on a lagoon and a faraway horizon of lighted apartment hotels. All is poetry and romance at the Lincoln Park Refectory.

For thirty years, Chicagoans of high and low degree have been dining on the open terraces of this establishment. It is a favorite place for women's clubs; "Kaffee Klatches" are common here during July and August afternoons; Gold Coast women come here for tea; at dinner you'll find many of Chicago's substantial business men and civic leaders among the diners. George Schneider, the well-known lawyer and bibliophile, says that it is the most European-like restaurant in Chicago—and he ought to know, being a veteran globe-trotter.

Caspar Brauer, proprietor of the Lincoln Park Refectory, is one of the old-time restaurateurs of Chicago and is ever solicitous of the gastronomic whims of his patrons. Many of them are old friends of the Brauer brothers, whose Café Brauer on State Street, near Van Buren, was a leading restaurant of the Gay Nineties. Paul died a few years ago and Caspar is carrying on the family catering traditions most successfully in this dining place among the trees.

The menu is comprehensive, featuring sea foods, steaks and chops, cold dishes, roasts, poultry, sandwiches and

cold soft drinks; the waitresses are attentive; the cooking is expert; and the surroundings, as we told you before but which can bear repetition, are perfect for a pleasurable evening dinner.

Lincoln Park Refectory

American

Lincoln Park, foot of Center Street

Open from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M., between May 15 and September 15

Plate luncheon, 75 cents. Table d'hote dinner, \$1.50

Also à la carte

Maître d'hotel: Caspar Brauer

P A R K E R ' S

For Hyde Parkers—and Others

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Parker have been caterers to the south side ever since that day when Charles A. Comiskey, "The Old Roman" of baseball fame, came into their delicatessen store at 36th Street and Cottage Grove Avenue and ordered a sandwich. That was over thirty-five years ago. Comiskey brought his friends to the Parker store and soon the proprietors had to change it into a restaurant. The food was of the best quality and well cooked. When the neighborhood changed its complexion, the Parkers moved farther south to Hyde Park. They now have an attractive restaurant on Hyde Park Boulevard,

across the street from the historic Hyde Park Hotel, serving food of the highest standards and skillfully cooked. This was the favorite dining place of the late Chicago novelist, Clara Louise Burnham, and Charles S. Deneen, former senator of Illinois, comes in often. The oyster cocktails, fried chicken, clam chowder, and lemon cream pies are worth going a long distance for. An excellent dinner of English beef stew with pickled walnuts can be had here. Parker's caters to genteel old-time residents of genteel old-time Hyde Park and is also patronized by University of Chicago students and professors—as well as by lovers of good meals from everywhere. Women are not permitted to smoke.

Parker's
1510 Hyde Park Boulevard

American

Open for luncheon and dinner

Table d'hote luncheon, 60 cents. Table d'hote dinner, \$1.00

Maîtresse d'hotel: Anna Flagg

ROCOCO HOUSE

—*And Smörgåsbord*

True to her philosophy of "believing in cooking as a cultural enterprise," Mrs. Rose Palm has made of the Rococo House an outstanding restaurant of the city. For Mrs.

Palm is a culinary artist and a superb hostess, years ago she studied the art of cooking in the famous Prunier's of Paris. Many of the recipes of that restaurant are used by her in preparing fish and game. Her delightful Swedish smörgåsbord—that "board" in the center of the dining room laden with Swedish hors d'œuvres and from which you may help yourself to your heart's content—daily attracts scores of people from the near north side and the Upper Michigan Boulevard area—stenographers, artists, advertising men, debutantes, ladies with lorgnettes and the foreign consuls of the neighborhood.

There is nothing strange or foreign about Swedish hors d'œuvres; the table contains all the familiar appetizers on big pewter plates—sausages, olives, celery, cheeses, sardines, salads, herring, beets and lots of other items. You may make up a complete meal from the smörgåsbord, or you may have a waitress serve you at one of the tables. It is not the uniqueness of the smörgåsbord, however, that attracts the patrons, but rather the savoriness of the foods obtainable from it.

A contributing factor to the popularity of the Rococo House is its charming *décor*, done as it is in the "peasant rococo" style. The Swedish waitresses are in appropriate costume; articles of Swedish arts and crafts are displayed on shelves; the hand-woven curtains and table linens are from Stockholm; the candlesticks (holding real lighted candles) are the work of Scandinavian potters, and the ship's model, suspended from the ceiling, is typical and authentic, being a "good luck" gift to Mr. and Mrs. Palm from their friend, Carl Milles, the noted Swedish sculptor.

Male patrons prefer the new Men's Grill, while women foregather in the upstairs dining room. The latter room,

in addition to having rococo style chairs and tables, is also notable for the numerous original oil paintings by the Swedish painter, Malmstrom. Afternoon tea with French pastry has become popular with the ladies here—and a better room could not be found for such purpose.

Dining at Rococo House is a real esthetic adventure and you would be missing something if you failed to have a meal here. And don't forget to look over Mr. Palm's marvelous collection of modern Swedish furniture and objets d'art, which are on sale in an adjoining room.

Rococo House
161 East Ohio Street

Swedish-American

Open for luncheon and dinner until 9 P. M.

Luncheon, 50 and 75 cents. Dinner, \$1.50 and \$1.75

Maîtresse d'hotel: Mrs. Rose Palm

CHEZ LOUIS

Cuisine for the Epicure

No other restaurateur in town has been able to build up a more fashionable following than has M. Louis Steffen, the debonair Franco-Swiss proprietor of Chez Louis. Since opening this elaborate dining place, a short while ago, in an old town house, just off the boulevard, Louis has had no difficulty in retaining the exclusive clientèle who came to his board when he was proprietor of *Ciro's Grill*.

Ermine wraps, silk toppers, diamonds and town cars are as much in evidence here as they are at *Ciro's*.

There are two reasons why the dowagers and millionaires and debutantes of the Gold Coast come to this newest of Chicago's public dining salons—Louis himself, and his chef, René Seurin. A combination like this cannot be excelled for attracting knowing epicures and the town-wise—Louis, with his suave Continental manner, his youthful dash, his rare good taste in providing the unusual in *décor*, and M. René Seurin, of Bordeaux, trained in the kitchens of Paris and as skillful in the culinary art as Bach was in the art of music.

Naturally, with two such men as these in charge, French dishes would be featured at *Chez Louis*—and so they are. Many of the popular delicacies of Parisian tables, together with certain *spécialités de la maison* from the hands of Chef René, make your evening at *Chez Louis* memorable. The foods, in point of quality and preparation, would pass the severest test. The *Chez Louis* is a charming place to visit for dinner; the prices are not so high as you might think; the service is genuinely Continental and completely satisfying, and the Chicken Salad à la Louis—well, try it yourself.

Chez Louis

Franco-American

120 East Pearson Street

Table d'hôte luncheon, \$1.00. Table d'hôte dinner, \$2.50

Also à la carte

Open for luncheon, dinner and after-theatre supper

Maître d'hôtel: Louis Steffen

MORE GASTRONOMICAL LOCATIONS

BERGHOFF'S, 17 West Adams Street. Pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, Thueringer sausage and red cabbage and other such heavy Teutonic dishes served appetizingly in this old landmark of the Loop . . . EAT SHOP CAFETERIA, 6 East Lake Street. First-rate vegetables, a small orchestra at dinner hour, and once a hang-out of Carl Sandburg, the poet and his pal, Lloyd Lewis, the drama critic . . . NEGRI ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 123 West Madison Street. One flight down, good spaghetti, and tables filled with stenographers and office help . . . POTTHAST'S, 4 West Van Buren Street. Another one-flight-downer, featuring solid German dishes for years and known to almost everybody at the south end of the Loop . . . SAUERMAN'S, 545 North Clark Street. Old-time atmosphere and substantial old-fashioned Germanic victuals. A landmark on North Clark Street, formerly John Fein's place. Executives and business men of the neighborhood are patrons . . . FOO CHOW CHINESE RESTAURANT, 411 South Clark Street. Sole survivor of Chicago's old "Chinatown" in South Clark Street. Chop suey and chow mein, those popular American dishes, served here on teakwood tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Still popular for after the theatre, because it is not as far from the Loop as restaurants in the new "Chinatown" on 22nd Street . . . RIVIERA ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 540 South Wabash Avenue. Although the

opera has deserted the old Auditorium Theatre, around the corner, the Riviera still remains an after-opera rendezvous. The Italian food is eloquent testimony that the chef knows his business, and Milton Fairman, of the *Herald and Examiner* and an expert on Italian à la cartes, swears that it is one of the best in town . . . THE ALPS, across the street from the Riviera. More Italian food, and having its own clientèle from some of the South Michigan Boulevard hotels . . . GERMAN RESTAURANT, 327 Plymouth Court. The name explains everything. A small, high-class eating parlor in quiet surroundings . . . CAFÉ FRANCAISE, 1922 Calumet Avenue. Excellent French cuisine; best filet mignon in town; occupies one of the stately old mansions in this deserted "Gold Coast" area; and caters to executives from some of the publishing houses nearby. . . VILLA SPIRO, 4646 Drexel Boulevard. A little old cottage among tall apartment houses. A rendezvous for south side connoisseurs of table delicacies. . . GENOA INN, 5035 Lake Park Avenue. A good French-Italian cuisine for south siders. . . BOVERI ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 1645 East 53rd Street. Another south side dining place, featuring the viands of Naples and Rome. . . LOBSTER ISLAND CAFÉ, 6354 Cottage Grove Avenue. Sea food that is *really* sea food. . . HYDE PARK HOTEL, Lake Park Avenue and Hyde Park Boulevard. Wonderful victuals, courteous colored waiters and an old-fashioned Victorian atmosphere redolent of World's Fair days in '93. . . LINCOLN GARDENS ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 1524 North Clark Street. Spaghetti and veal scallopine are noteworthy, and Joe Black, proprietor, has cleverly fixed the place up to look like a Venetian garden or something. . . AQUARIUM

RESTAURANT, 316 South Wells Street. Specializing in sea foods that are skillfully prepared. Atmosphere is quiet, and surroundings are decorative and tasteful. . . LEIGHTON'S RESTAURANT, 73 East Lake Street. Good food, quiet atmosphere, agreeable service. Convenient to Michigan Boulevard. Turkey and chicken and pastries are specialties. Excellent hot and cold delicacies "after the show." . . . DORIE'S, 65 East South Water Street. Another first-class dining room, just around the corner from the boulevard. Hungarian, Jewish, German, English, and American cooking. Decorated in the Russian style. . . E AND M RESTAURANT, 3216 West Roosevelt Road. Popular eating place of the west side, conducted by Davey Miller, the sportsman and fight referee. Twenty-four hour service and as many varieties of victuals. And don't forget to dine in the "Log Cabin" room. . . DINING ROOMS OF THREE LOTT HOTELS: THE PARKWAY, 2100 Lincoln Park West; THE WEBSTER, 2150 Lincoln Park West; THE BELDEN-STRATFORD, 2300 Lincoln Park West. Three fashionable dining rooms, serving foods fit for a king and all under the expert eye of Arnold Shircliffe, catering manager and author of "The Edgewater Beach Hotel Salad Book," an outstanding treatise on salads. . . HOMEWOOD RESTAURANT, 605 Diversey Parkway. Wholesome dishes, Renaissance interior; patronized by residents of apartment hotels in vicinity and mentioned in "Diversey," McKinley Kantor's novel of Chicago life. . . MILANO ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 2723 North Clark Street. Plenty of spaghetti and popular among gay set of Diversey Parkway neighborhood. . . RICKETT'S, 2727 North Clark Street. They come here

for steaks, which are admirable, and for a snack after the theatre. . . GOLD'S, on Broadway, near Diversey. Where Jewish people eat you will always find good food, and this applies to Gold's. . . AQUARIUM CAFÉ, 514 Diversey Parkway. Excellent sea foods for the mid-north side. . . BELMONT HOTEL, 3156 Sheridan Road. A grand cuisine in the main dining room, very fashionable, and you'd feel more at home in formal dress.

RIALTO TABLES

When the tungstens and the neons at dusk change Randolph Street into a world of gaudy incandescence; when you have arrived in this Great White Way with your companion for an evening at the theatre; when you have finally found a place to park your car and once more reassured yourself that the theatre tickets are still in your coat pocket; and, lastly, when you and the fair lady with you begin to feel that familiar inner void at this time of day, then the restaurants of the Rialto beckon most invitingly. It is the hour before curtain time. You are bent on making the most of it. Therefore, your thoughts turn to that most delightful of all curtain-raisers for an evening out—a good dinner.

But where to go? And what to eat? These are questions that demand answers quickly, for your time is limited. You look about. On every hand are orange huts, oyster bars, candy shops, red-hot stands, one-arm joints, barbecue eateries and other similar fly-by-night filling stations. True, you note a formal restaurant here and there—but what does it serve? What are the specialties on its menu? And how about the dining rooms of the

theatre district hotels? Also, where may one dine and dance at the same time?

These are questions that we have tried to answer in the following selection of Rialto restaurants. They are of all types and varieties—some old, some new; a few foreign but most of them domestic; in hotels and along the side streets—but all of them serve foods of the best quality and you are sure of receiving the utmost in courteous treatment.

BISMARCK DINING ROOM

171 West Randolph Street

A bulwark of German culinary art in the theatrical district. Koenigsberger klops, Wiener schnitzel, German potato pancakes, Hamburger steak, pork shanks and sauerkraut, sauerbraten and kartoffel kloesse—all the appetizing and substantial dishes of the hardy Teuton await you in the dining room of this historic Randolph Street hotel. And every one of the items on the comprehensive menu bears the stamp of that incomparable German chef, Fritz Mattmueller, who has been with this establishment for over thirty-three years and who has maintained the same high standard of cooking during all this time.

For this reason, and several others, the Bismarck dining room has been the favorite rendezvous of German-Americans of all classes ever since the World's Fair in 1893. Here, also, all visiting German celebrities are entertained and banqueted—Dr. Hugo Eckener, the air pilot; Julius Meier Graefe, the art critic; Count Von Luckner, the sea devil; the German transatlantic flyers; German opera singers and stage stars; and visiting mem-

bers of the German diplomatic corps, from the ambassador down.

The Bismarck dominates "German Square," as the intersection of La Salle and Randolph Streets, at the west end of the Rialto, has been nicknamed. German shops, steamship offices, and clubs are on every hand and everybody connected with them dines at the Bismarck. So do many of the officials from the City Hall nearby, as well as the theatrical stars.

Nowhere this side of Berlin can you find more charming examples of German modernist art, as applied to interior decoration, than in the main dining room of the Bismarck. Karl and Emil Eitel, who built the present hotel in 1927 on the site of the old Bismarck, imported from Germany many of the latest ideas and effects in restaurant ornamentation, with the result that all is restful, artistic, and novel in the main dining room. Its modernist decoration has plenty of curves to beguile the eye of the most hardened conservative, grown weary of squares and angles. Brass chandeliers made in Berlin depend from the ceiling; the walls are of hand-carved walnut; and Gobelin tapestries hang at each side of the mantel in the south wall. And at dinner you may dance to the music of Art Kassel's orchestra.

For real old-style peasant atmosphere, however, dine in the picturesque Dutch Room on the third floor. The same menu, with the same prices, is used in this room as in the dining room. Another interesting dinner place here is the Flamingo Room, done in vivid red and decorated with highly-polished brass work.

Maitre d'hotel: Otto Harting

BOLLARD & FRAZIER'S CHOP HOUSE

20 West Lake Street

In this age of the equality of sexes, Bollard & Frazier's historic chop house and sea food restaurant stands out like a Gibraltar of masculinity. Stubbornly and consistently, down the years, it has refused its fine cuisine to Milady, remaining one of the last of the stag restaurants in Chicago. Therefore, it has become the sportsmen's headquarters of the Loop. Contiguous to the Randolph Street theatrical district, it is also a popular gathering place for actors, race horse fans, newspapermen and politicians.

Here, you may dine on the same bar (as well as at tables) which did service over a generation ago in George Bollard's famous old Edelweiss Buffet in South Wabash Avenue. Located next door to Von Lengerke & Antoine's, the pioneer sporting goods house, the Edelweiss attracted huntsmen, fishermen and trap-shooters. Nowadays, they come to George Bollard's place on Lake Street. Jess Frazier, the other member of the firm, is himself a hunter of no small ability. Photographs of famed trap-shooters line the walls; stuffed samples of tarpon, brook trout and "muskies" are also displayed; and the atmosphere is thick with cigar smoke.

This is a favorite dining place for Sidney Smith, Sol Hess, and S. L. ("Mescal Ike") Huntley, the newspaper comic strip artist; Clark Rodenbach, the movie critic; Bob Becker, editor of "Field and Stream" in the *Chicago Tribune*; Lloyd Lewis, the drama critic and writer; Jimmy Murphy, dean of police reporters; William Hale Thompson, former mayor and yachtsman; Con Rourke,

the political writer; Charley Ellison, the race horse owner; and Sam Lederer, the noted press agent.

For the names of any other celebrities who dine here you will have to see Jimmy Morris, who has been with Mr. Bollard for fourteen years and who knows everybody in the Loop worth knowing. Jimmy will also help you in making selections from the Bollard & Frazier menu. The steaks, chops, and sea foods, prepared under the expert eye of Chef Carrodi Arrigoni, are incomparable for their savoriness. Meals are à la carte and prices within reason.

Maître d'hôtel: Jimmy Morris

LINDY'S

75 West Randolph Street

Situated in the heart of showland, Lindy's is one of the most popular theatrical restaurants in town. Go there any hour of the day or night (it never closes) and you will be certain to find some star from a current show, or a host of near-stars and satellites. Sam Horwitz, the entertaining proprietor, is well known to them all. Mostly you will find them here after the show, from midnight on—dining, laughing, telling stories, greeting each other or partaking of Sam's toothsome after-theatre specialties.

That group over there in one of the booths under the mezzanine, exploding in laughter at frequent intervals, might be listening to stories from the lips of Julius Tannen, the comedian. Or those two jovial fellows in the corner might be that incomparable team of fun-makers—Clark and McCullough. Others come here when they are playing in Chicago—Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, Fanny Brice, Herbert Rawlinson, Texas

Guinan, Rudy Vallee, Phil Baker, George White, Georgie Jessel.

Many local newspapermen eat here; also such noted Randolph Streeters as Milton Weil, the music publisher; Phil R. Davis, the poet and divorce lawyer for theatrical people; Gail Borden, the columnist; and Sam Gershwin, the theatrical advertising man. They all come because they like Sam Horwitz and his foods. Sam, by the way, was the founder of the original Lindy's in New York City.

Emil, who made a name for himself as chef in De Jonghé's famous old Chicago restaurant, presides over Sam's kitchen and is responsible for the popularity of those after-theatre specialties—Italian spaghetti with mushrooms, Chinese chop suey, French pancakes, Emil's special chicken à la king, German potato pancakes, fried New York counts, kosher frankfurter sausages, American ham and eggs, shrimp salad à la Russe, and Mexican chicken chili con carne. The service in Lindy's is quiet and quick and the waitresses are always helpful. There is a \$1.75 table d'hôte dinner that is commendable. The à la carte is less expensive.

Maitre d'hotel: Sam Horwitz

PETE'S STEAKS *161 North Dearborn Street*
There is nothing inviting about the exterior of this place. A blunt ordinary sign out front merely announces "Pete's Steaks." Glancing through the window, you see only an ordinary white-tiled counter lunch room. Nowhere is there any outward hint of the inward culinary delights of this small, unpretentious Dearborn Street restaurant, a few feet north of Randolph.

But go inside, mount the steps at the rear to the gallery, and you will find yourself in a unique dining room—long, narrow, and looking much like a dining car. Dozens of framed photographs of noted actors and actresses, personally autographed to the proprietor and his wife, decorate the walls. And the tables are crowded with gay laughing theatrical people—vaudeville artists, chorus girls, song boosters, press agents, box office men and, almost nightly, a “big time” star or two.

What brings these show people and celebrities—as well as many other people—to this place are the steaks. And what steaks! Thick, juicy, tender, dripping with real butter, and smothered in a heaping mound of cottage fried potatoes, radishes, green onions, peas and sliced Bermuda onions, these steaks have made the proprietor, Bill Botham, known from Broadway to Hollywood. His place is to Chicago what Beefsteak Charlie’s is to New York. And we feel that Bill is deserving of his fame, for to eat a Pete’s Special here is to indulge in a gustatory adventure that is rare indeed. No truer catch phrase was ever adopted than the one Bill uses for his restaurant: “Where Steel Knives Are Unknown.”

Whenever Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, Rudy Vallee, the Great Nicola, Eddie Cantor, or the popular Chicago Jazz Idol, Paul Ash, become “steak conscious” while in town, they go to Pete’s Steaks. So do many local celebrities outside the theatrical field, notably Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, city health commissioner and one-time mayoralty contender. And you may also see well-known local newspapermen here any evening—Jim Doherty, of the *Tribune*; Nate Gross, of the *Times*; Eddie Doherty, of *Liberty* magazine; and Orville (“Doc”) Dwyer, Ted

Tod, and Maurice Roddy, all of the *Examiner*. Pete's Steaks is also the hangout of that picturesque Rialto character, Grover ("Red") Gallagher, stage manager of the Harris Theatre.

We know of no other restaurant in the theatre sector where the "personal touch" is so much in evidence as in this place. Bill has even gone further and made it a sort of family restaurant, for his wife, Marie, assists him as does his brother, Eddie, and his sister, Ethel. They are all gracious hosts and hostesses and always solicitous of the welfare of their guests. Two can dine here easily for \$4.00. Don't miss Pete's Steaks—which, by the by, derives its name from Pete Soteros, who formerly conducted a restaurant around the corner in Randolph Street and which Bill bought out many years ago.

Maître d'hôtel: Bill Botham

DEUTSCH'S

28 North Dearborn Street

And now we come to Louie Deutsch, caterer of Jewish edibles to the Rialto. For over sixteen years, in his Dearborn Street restaurant and delicatessen store, Louie has been purveying most delectable dishes—chopped liver with schmaltz, spitz brust and sauerkraut, gefülte fish, schnitzel à la Holstein, steaks and chops, and toothsome pastries—to many an actor, actress, lawyer, judge, financier, clerk, and stenographer. And not only do Jewish people eat here, but gentiles from all parts of the Loop come to enjoy Louie's excellent cuisine.

Louie is our idea of the perfect restaurateur. He takes a personal interest in the whole establishment—counters, tables, kitchens, selection of foodstuffs, and upstairs dining room—and is always on hand to welcome

a new customer or shake hands with an old one. You will like Louie if you should be fortunate enough to meet him—and it ought not to be hard.

Louie has lots and lots of old friends, both of high and low degree. Adolph Zukor, the movie magnate, always dines here when he is in town—and why shouldn't he, Louie being his brother-in-law. Another movie magnate, Jesse L. Lasky, partakes of Louie's board whenever he, too, passes through Chicago. And such well-known local movie theatre owners as Aaron Jones, Barney and Max Balaban, and Sam Lubliner, are frequent patrons. So also are General Milton J. Foreman, General Abel Davis, Paul Ash, Superior Court Judge Harry B. Miller, Attorney Sam Bachrach, and the great, baggy-trousered, Clarence Darrow. For good Jewish-American cooking try Deutsch's—and don't forget the pastries.

Maître d'hotel: Louis Deutsch

MAULELLA RESTAURANT

786 West Taylor Street

Although a mile or two away from the Randolph Street bright light area, being located across the river among the tenements of "Little Italy," the Maulella Restaurant gets into this chapter because it is a favorite spaghetti restaurant of many persons whose names loom large in the radio and amusement world—musicians, radio announcers and stars, continuity writers, and orchestra leaders.

Mike Maulella, the proprietor, who is himself one of the leading violinists of the town, and Mrs. Teresa Maulella, his sister-in-law, who can cook spaghetti, chicken dishes, and ravioli with as much skill as her rela-

tive can handle the bow, are the ones responsible for the name and fame of this little "one flight up" eating parlor in the crowded Italian quarter. Everything is clean and orderly here, the food is of good quality and cooked under sanitary conditions, everybody knows everybody else, and the establishment is open all night.

For these reasons, the musical and radio people come here—Quin A. Ryan, director of Station WGN, and his wife, Roberta Nangle of the *Chicago Tribune* staff; Joe Gallicchio, conductor of the *Chicago Daily News* Concert Orchestra; Husk O'Hare, the popular orchestra leader; Mary Hunter, announcer over Station WGN; Pat Gallicchio, announcer over Station WMAQ; Art Benson, another well-known orchestra leader; Franz Pfau, the pianist; Ennio Bolognini, the cellist, and lots of others. You will find the Maulella Restaurant a delightful and informal place, particularly at midnight. A taxicab will bring you there in a jiffy.

Maître d'hôtel: Mike Maulella

SCHULDER'S SEA FOOD INN

172 North Clark Street

Schulder's is the best known and most popular sea food restaurant on the Rialto. But it has us puzzled. We can't make up our mind as to which serves the best planked Lake Superior whitefish in the Loop—the Rainbo Sea Food Grotto, in South Dearborn Street, or Schulder's. We've tried both, and the question still remains in our mind. With your kind permission, we shift this weighty gastronomical question to your shoulders and bid you try to find the answer yourself.

In any case, the Lake Superior whitefish served here

is a milestone in your gustatory career. Such tender and sweet-tasting food, done to just the right turn by a chef who is nothing if not skillful. You have not tasted the best in sea food until you have made short work of a Lake Superior whitefish as prepared at Schulder's.

But they have other sea foods here just as thrilling. To attempt a description of the à la carte menu—and it is large and varied—would be like trying to name all the fishes in Shedd Aquarium. We could devote no end of space to eulogies over their fried Lake Michigan perch; their Florida pompano is also excellent; and the fresh shrimps à la De Jonghe are admirable and completely satisfying. All forms of oysters, clams, shrimps, scallops and crabs are here, as well as New England lobsters—from lobster cocktail (90 cents) to lobster Bordelaise (\$2.25).

Go into Schulder's any evening for dinner and you are sure to find some luminary of the stage, or of the political world, at one of the tables. Mike Schulder—fat and amiable—has many friends among both classes and is well-liked by all. There is another Schulder's establishment at 17 South Dearborn Street.

Maitre d'hotel: Mike Schulder

THE ROMA 117 North Clark Street
The Roma was not built in a day. It is, on the contrary, the oldest Italian restaurant in Chicago's theatrical district. Signor Virgil Nottoli, the proprietor, even goes further and affirms that it is the oldest Italian restaurant in the downtown district. Picking up a pencil, he will write: five years at State and Monroe Streets, two years at State and Congress Streets, four years at Wabash and Congress Streets, and eighteen years at its present location,

117 North Clark Street. That makes a total of twenty-nine years—more than a generation.

The reason it has lasted so long may be easily discovered in its first-rate Italian-American cuisine. Signor Nottoli takes a personal pride in his dishes, true restaurateur that he is, and is always willing to point out some of the more delectable items that his brother, Signor Frank Nottoli, who is chef here, prepares in the kitchen. The à la carte dinner menu is a veritable happy hunting-ground to those fortunate persons who consider eating one of the fine arts.

Here, you may partake of that choice Italian entrée, veal scallopine al Marsala—tender veal covered with mushrooms and an appetizing sauce. But if you want to taste the *spécialité de la maison* order spaghetti à la Roma. Only Signor Frank knows the secret of preparing this highly pleasurable viand and the sauces that give it its distinctive appeal. Another specialty of Signor Frank's is chicken à la Cacciatore, served in hunting style.

The Roma clientele is interesting and cosmopolitan. Among some of the frequenters are Robert Herrick, the Chicago novelist; Rosa Raisa, the opera singer; John ("Bathhouse John") Coughlin, picturesque alderman of the First Ward and poet laureate of the city council; and Georgio Polacco, the opera conductor.

The Roma also gets its share of public officials, being located across the street from the County Building and City Hall. Mostly these are judges, officials, and attorneys of the Italian persuasion. Theatrical people come here, too.

Maître d'hôtel: Virgil Nottoli

HARDING'S GRILL

131 North Clark Street

Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, greatest of gourmets, in his classic work on gastronomy, "The Physiology of Taste," says, in effect, that history has been made in cafés and restaurants. The truth of this observation is nowhere more fittingly illustrated in Chicago, we believe, than in Harding's Grill, on North Clark Street, across from the County Building and City Hall and around the corner from Randolph Street.

For during the days when Al Capone was sucking lollypops in a New York tenement doorway, Harding's Grill was the famed Righeimer's Bar—where Chicago political history has been made. Need we go further than to say that Righeimer's was the cradle of "Big Bill" Thompson.

Today, Righeimer's lives on—the same bar is here, the same furnishings, the same "Ship's Cabin" upstairs, and it is still a political rendezvous. Only the name is changed—and the molecular density of the products offered for consumption. For, since John P. Harding, known as The Corned Beef King, took over Righeimer's and changed it into a sandwich shop and restaurant, it has become popular in the town for three things—its corned beef and cabbage, its roast beef, and its steaks and chops.

Harding's Grill is worth visiting, both for the food and the old-time atmosphere. They have a fine à la carte dinner menu in the "Ship's Cabin," where you may take your wife or sweetheart. The service in the cabin dining room is from 5 P.M. to 11 P.M. And the waiters are civil and alert. The whole establishment is open for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and after the theatre.

Other Harding Grills in the Loop district are at 68 West Madison Street and at 4 North Clark Street.

THE GREEK CAFÉ *216 North Dearborn Street*

Where Greeks meet Greeks. Although this place, situated for over thirty years on North Dearborn Street in the immediate vicinity of the night life district, is the dining place of wealthy and prominent Greeks of Chicago who have offices in the Loop—importers, business men, editors, fraternal lodge officials, commission merchants and ice cream manufacturers—yet it has always been popular among diners-out of other races. They come here for the exotic appeal of certain of the items on the Greek Café menu, such as the distinctive broiled lamb chops, baklawa, and Turkish coffee.

And what lamb chops! If you really want lamb chops in their most delicious form, prepared by chefs from the Balkans where lamb, by force of necessity, is the prevailing gustatory weakness, go to the Greek Café. But it might be well to prepare the way by sipping of that other specialty here—Greek chicken soup with vermicelli. And for dessert order baklawa, a most toothsome Balkan sweetmeat, made of pastry bound together with crushed nuts and honey and palatable spices. And then there is Turkish coffee—black, thick, and tasting truly coffeeish. Also, if you want to be an Athenian all the way, taste some of the genuine white Greek cheese served here. A landmark of Chicago, retaining the same interior as when it first opened at the turn of the century, the Greek Café has a leisurely and friendly atmosphere. There is a \$1.00 table d'hôte dinner.

Maitre d'hotel: Peter Anagnost

OLD TOWN COFFEE ROOM

Basement, Hotel Sherman

Here is one of the novelty restaurants of Chicago. But the food has in no way been sacrificed to decoration or lay-out and you may enjoy the same highly edible dishes here as you do in the other restaurants of the Hotel Sherman.

Of main interest in this place, however, is the panoramic map, occupying the entire ceiling, of Chicago as it was in 1852. It is the work of Tony Sarg, the noted artist and puppet-master. Done in the manner of the old cartographers, this map shows each house that stood in Chicago in that year, as well as boats, railroad trains, and wagons. The whole is highly colorful and entertaining. If you're seated at the counter, you won't have to strain your neck looking upward, since you may see the whole thing by looking downward into the mirror which covers the top of the counter.

As for other effects, the Old Town Coffee Room is decorated in the manner of Colonial America, with old maps and sporting prints hung about the walls, which are panelled in unfinished American pine. This is a delightful place to dine in on a hot summer's evening, the room being artificially cooled. Prices are very reasonable and there is both counter and table service.

THE GARRICK

68 West Randolph Street

Ask your father, or even your grandfather, about the Garrick, formerly the Union. They'll have many a story to tell of this once popular barroom of the old Union Hotel, famed no less for its luxurious appointments than for its wet goods, and, particularly, for its beer. The

ornate mahogany "arch" of the barroom, located in a corner of the present restaurant, is not the only part of it to survive, for the original ceiling also remains—highly decorative, criss-crossed with intricately-carved oak beams, and painted in between with gay and colorful pictures of horns of plenty, cherubs holding bunches of grapes, and all the other motifs that decorators used in the Mauve Decade. The Garrick now is a restaurant, maintaining an open-all-night policy, and having its own share of the Randolph Street crowds before and after the theatre.

The Garrick recently took on more grandeur, opening up an elaborate French Room on the second floor. This room not so many years ago was the Deauville Café, operated by the late Ike Bloom, once a power in the old 22nd Street night life district. Recently, Mr. Roeder, proprietor of the Garrick, took it over and redecorated it in the French style. It is now a pleasant, intimate room, done in soft rose colors, where you may dance to the music of a small orchestra. The Garrick provides good table d'hote dinners for \$1.25 and \$1.50. Live baby lobsters are a specialty here.

Maître d'hotel: Mr. Roeder

NELLO'S

2423 South Oakley Avenue

Like the Maulella Restaurant, Nello's is another Italian eating parlor, far from the downtown Rialto, but patronized by not a few of those whose names are printed large before theatre doors.

It was Grover ("Red") Gallagher, that jovial Irish stage manager of the Harris Theatre, who first brought the green room folks to Nello Giovannini's board. Nello's

hearty Neapolitan personality and his musical renditions on the mandolin, together with Mama Giovannini's skill in the cooking of Italian fried chicken, made an instant hit with the footlight people and they have been patronizing the place ever since. Lately, the newspaper boys have followed suit, led by Maurice Roddy, the police reporter and cartoonist.

Nello's is open as long as there are guests at the tables, the food is of the finest quality, the telephone number is Roosevelt 4587, and you reach the place best by taxicab.
Maitre d'hotel: Nello Giovannini

COFFEE DAN'S *114 North Dearborn Street*
Here is your opportunity of finding out, however vicariously, all about this Coffee Dan business. That name is perhaps as familiar to you as Heinz's Fifty-seven Varieties; from time to time you may have seen some reference in the newspapers to the famed Coffee Dan's of San Francisco; or perhaps some friend has dined in the original and told you all about it. In any case, you know that Coffee Dan's originated in San Francisco's theatrical district, that they served such ham and eggs and coffee there as was never found anywhere else in the country, that they gave you little wooden hammers to pound on the table in time to the music, and that it was popular with those who gained their livelihood behind the footlights.

Well, Chicago's replica of this unique establishment may not have the same atmosphere of spontaneity and gay companionship, nor the clientele of the theatrical people who made its fame known abroad in the land, but it does provide you with something of the original place—namely, the ham and eggs and the wooden hammers.

Order the Coffee Dan's special ham and eggs and they will bring it to your table in the same pan in which it was cooked—sizzling in a most appetizing and tempting manner. Such was the procedure followed in the original establishment. French fried potatoes and a toasted roll accompany it, and the whole costs 75 cents. Another specialty of the house, as with the original, is Hamburger steak à la Coffee Dan. This lightens your purse a little more than the "ham and," costing \$1.00.

In all other respects, this basement restaurant is just another dine-and-dance place in the theatre district. It does not open until 5 P.M.

Maitre d'hotel: Bob Sorenson

HUTCHESON'S CHILI PARLOR

83 West Lake Street

Although a plain ordinary American lunch room—white-tiled, sanitary, with a counter and marble-topped tables, and loud with the clatter of dishes and the conversation of taxi drivers and such—Hutcheson's Chili Parlor is convenient to the theatre sector, the Mexican dishes are appetizing, and in recent months it has been receiving a "play" from the boys and girls of the theatre. Almost any time after midnight you will find a gay group of chorines and their boy friends at one of the tables, partaking of that popular Hutcheson specialty, Chili Mac, which is chili and spaghetti, covered with powdered cheese. Or you might find some of them deep in bowls of fiery chili con carne, and others indulging in hot tamales with chili sauce. Of course, these dishes are not gotten up with the perfection and skill of those prepared

in the cafés of the Mexican quarter, but they are first-rate substitutes.

CELTIC GRILL

Lobby Floor, Hotel Sherman

As well known and historic as the Hotel Sherman's College Inn, the Celtic Grill today is the noontime lounge of His Honor, Mayor Anton Cermak. Almost every day he comes to his favorite table in the southeast corner of the room and there lunches with many of his cabinet officials and others. Its easy accessibility (it is located directly across the street from the City Hall), and the excellence of its cuisine, have been the factors responsible for bringing the city's chief executive and his aids here.

Celebrities from other fields come here too. Thornton Wilder, the novelist and now a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, is seen here often; it is a favorite dining place for Will Rogers when he is in town; and Rod La Rocque and his wife, Vilma Banky, the popular stage team, ate here almost every day when they were playing in Chicago.

Large, elegant, quiet, with walls of unfinished oak panelling, quaint and comfortable chairs, leather-covered wall-seats, convenient electric lamps for newspaper reading, and no music, the Celtic Grill is an ideal place in which to lunch or dine and talk over a business deal or the day's events.

The Celtic Grill contains that famous Maxfield Parrish mural, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," painted on the west wall. As for the food served in the Celtic Grill, it is of the first order and à la carte only. In season, there are many game dishes to tempt your palate. The room is

open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Prices are not exorbitant.

BRENNAN'S

128 North Wells Street

Home-made apple pies that give the ones mother used to make a close run, and Southern fried chicken as good as any served below the Mason-Dixon line, are the outstanding specialties of Brennan's located in a Wells Street basement at the west end of the theatre district. Mrs. Ursula Brennan, who has been conducting this restaurant here for a number of years, is rapidly becoming known all over town for these specialties, as well as for her luscious strawberry shortcake and savory corned beef and cabbage. Lawyers, executives of the Chicago Telephone Company nearby, and those fortunate ones among the Randolph Streeters who have discovered the place, make up the principal part of Mrs. Brennan's clientele. Prices reasonable.

Maitresse d'hotel: Mrs. Ursula Brennan

BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT

139 North Wabash Avenue

If you like to dance between the soup and the entrée (which epicures claim is bad practice), we recommend the Blackhawk, at the east end of the bright light area, across the street from Marshall Field's department store. Here is a luxurious dining room where the food and the music are both of high order, and where you may see gay couples and couples not so gay, and have an all-around good time. Coon-Sanders orchestra will tickle your toes if nothing else will. Dancing is from 6:30 P. M. to 1:30 A. M. and there is no cover charge at any

time. They serve a \$1.50 table d'hote dinner that meets with the approval of most Blackhawk patrons.

THE TRIANGLE

57 West Randolph Street

"Yesterday," reads the Triangle menu, describing its oysters, "as the sun was sinking in the west, these beautiful creatures were frolicking on the sandy bottom of Delaware Bay, unmindful of the danger that lurked overhead. Gaiety filled their little hearts. But suddenly this scene of joy was transformed into one of desolation, for astute Man hurriedly plucked them and sent them on to us, so that today you may revel in their glorious freshness and 'tang' of the sea . . . still scenting of the azure blue waters."

The baked potato is lauded thus: "From Idaho, a Land of Treasure. Ages ago great Volcanoes roared and to-day among their old lava beds in Idaho they grow these Magnificent Gorgeous Beauties. Hot, genuine, mealy, Idaho baked potato, with plenty of butter, for only 20 cents. Here's Health for You."

You are reading excerpts from a menu of one of the most original and typically American restaurants in the country. You are in the House that Ham built. You are about to taste the most succulent hot roast sugarcured ham you've ever eaten, or the biggest and most savory of baked Idaho potatoes, or the finest and largest order of good old-fashioned American strawberry shortcake in all the length and breadth of the land. In other words, you are in the midst of one of the most novel and unique epicurean adventures that has ever befallen you.

If you think we have been carried off our feet by the appetite-provoking advertising of this house, and are in-

dulging in redundant and idle boasts, you are mistaken. The Triangle has practically revolutionized restaurant management in Chicago by the unique advertising methods it employs to attract patrons to its counters and tables. Other popular-priced lunch rooms have begun to copy the Triangle style. The walls of this Randolph Street Triangle look like nothing so much as the sideshow of a circus—loud with gay and colorful placards heralding in the most flowery and poetic of phrases the merits of its foods. And the interesting part about it all is that these signs tell the truth. Else how could D. L. Toffenetti build a chain of six Triangle restaurants in the Loop within the last ten years, with the present Randolph Street house as the latest and most-up-to-date of the six?

Standing on the site of the former King Joy Lo chop suey restaurant, an old landmark of the Rialto, the Triangle is as much a showplace as any of the theatres that surround it—and as entertaining and diverting. Observe the striking black marble facade, done in modernistic style and rising two stories high like an inverted U, and the ever-changing play of colored lights across its sweep. It is one of the most outstanding buildings on Randolph Street.

But go inside. See the crowded counters and tables; observe dignified judges, city officials, and theatrical people mingling with stenographers and office boys and family groups; see the dashing white-capped carver slicing a huge appetizing-looking roast beef high up on a dais at the front of the restaurant; the big colorful signs, dictated by Mr. Toffenetti himself, that make your mouth water; the girls making strawberry shortcake

right before you in the window; the snappy and intelligent waitresses in their smart white frocks; the cooks making salads and dressings before the gaze of all; and Mr. Toffenetti himself moving about, picking up a plate here, helping a waitress there, and welcoming his many friends. All is lively, clean, wholesome, colorful, in-the-open, and American—yes, clatter of dishes and all—about the Triangle.

The big day during the Triangle year is the annual opening in the spring of the Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake Jubilee—an event that has become as important in the life of the Loop as the annual Autumn Exhibition of Fashion in Marshall Field's windows.

Indeed, the Triangle, which started as a little restaurant at the triangular corner (this is the origin of its name) of Broadway, Sheridan Road, and Montrose Avenue, in the uptown district, over fifteen years ago, has become as much an institution in Chicago as is Marshall Field & Company. Therefore, you should not miss it. It is especially interesting to visitors from foreign countries. It is open all night and the prices are scandalously reasonable.

Another of the chain of Triangle restaurants is located at 6 South Clark Street.

Maitre d'hotel: Dario L. Toffenetti

RANDOLPH GERMAN RESTAURANT

234 West Randolph Street

Max Koppel, proprietor of this quiet, unobtrusive old establishment at the west end of the bright light sector, is a restaurateur with an impressive background. His first employment in this country was in Delmonico's in

New York City, one of the greatest restaurants in America. Then, when Henry M. Kinsley, a noted Chicago caterer, and his son-in-law, Gustav Baumann, opened the Holland House in Manhattan in 1891, Max Koppel went over to that establishment. It was in the Holland House, which became almost as famous as Delmonico's, that Max learned the art of catering. A few years later, Max came to Chicago and joined the Kinsley restaurant here. Its five stories all devoted to catering purposes, Kinsley's was the greatest of all Chicago restaurants. At the time it closed, Max Koppel was manager of its dining rooms.

With a background like this, Max ought to be expected to serve good food. He does. His German dishes are comparable to those served in any of the other worthwhile Teutonic eating houses of the town. Especially notable, however, is Max's hasenpfeffer, which, of course, can only be served between Thanksgiving and January 31. His beef à la mode, his smoked ribs of pork, and his potato pancakes are also worthy of mention. The Randolph is a clean, quiet place and has an atmosphere of the old days about it. It is open only for luncheon and dinner.

Maitre d'hotel: Max Koppel

BAMBOO INN

78 West Randolph Street

Chop suey and chicken chow mein have replaced the Martini cocktails and champagne that graced the tables of this basement dining room when William ("Smiley") Corbett conducted his famous Cabaret here many years ago. Today, the Bamboo Inn, located in the hectic center of showland, is popular with young girls and

Just
after

their boy friends, as well as visiting farmers and others from the tank towns of the midland. It is a quiet, innocent Chinese restaurant where the chop suey is good and where you may dance to the strains of Steve Leonardo's orchestra. No cover charge and open until late.

CHILDS

55 West Washington Street

In recent months, this representative of the great chain of restaurants has been getting considerable of a "play" from the show people, nighthawks, and *bons vivants* of the downtown district. Tired of the poor quality of foods served in the gaudier night clubs, these gay persons have been dropping into this open-all-night place to eat food that is *food* before going home. Often you will see silk top hats and ermine wraps, or a theatrical star or two, among the diners. The food served here, of course, is wholesome and skillfully prepared.

ANNES' RESTAURANT

620 Rush Street

Another eating parlor distantly removed from Randolph Street, but part and parcel of the town's theatrical life. Many stage stars who live in the Hotel McCormick just over the river, in which this restaurant is located, dine here in the wee small hours. During the day and early evening, this unit in George J. Annes' Chicago chain of lunch rooms is quiet and of no particular importance. But after two in the morning it takes on life. Actors, chorines, vaudevillians, race track men, fisticuff artists, and an occasional newspaperman or two, are usually present. At one table you might see Tony Canzoneri, the fighter, entertaining a couple of friends; eight chorus girls from Earl Carroll's show might be at

another; Bernardine Hayes, voted "the greatest girl radio star," comes in often; Jock Malone, once one of the country's foremost fighters, sits in a corner working on cross-word puzzles. And they are all served by Angelo, probably the most travelled waiter in town, who speaks five languages.

DE LAZON'S

127 North Dearborn Street

Few of the many Rialtoites who dine in this interesting restaurant across the street from the Cort Theatre know that it is on the first floor of the only leaning skyscraper in the world. Observing it from across the street, the American Bond & Mortgage Company building (built by the late Governor John P. Altgeld, easily reveals the incline in its upward thrust. But don't be alarmed. It has been standing this way for over a generation. De Lazon's serves good food, the waitresses are bright and cheerful, and the cakes, pies, and pastries made in its own ovens are highly satisfying. It is open from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. And don't forget to look over the unique and clever carvings in wood, the work of Tud Kempf, which adorn the walls. Kempf, although known popularly as "The King of the Whittlers," is a serious artist and his creations in wood are highly regarded by the local art critics. These samples may help you to digest your food. There are also many autographed photographs of theatrical stars on the walls.

Maitre d'hotel: Nick Lazon

GIMBEL'S

30 West Randolph Street

This large and popular basement dining room occupies an interesting location. Above it rises the Masonic

Temple building, headquarters of Masonry in Chicago; next door is the Oriental Theatre, largest of Chicago's cinema palaces; and, lastly, here was the site of the Iroquois Theatre fire in 1903. As for the restaurant itself, it is new and luxurious, the menu is large and inclines toward German and Jewish cooking, the waitresses are lively, the sticks of bread are good, and there are four special Gimbel salads that would brighten the eye of any epicure. Patrons are invited to observe the kitchen, made of Monel metal. The walls of Gimbel's are wainscoted with American walnut, ornamental plaster, and intricately designed gold work. Open from 7 A. M. to midnight.

Maitre d'hotel: Fred Gimbel

THOMPSON'S

27 West Randolph Street

Here is the surprise of your life. Used to eating your ham and eggs (country style) on one-arm chairs and amid the clatter of much crockery in any Thompson lunch room, you are totally unprepared for the scene of splendor and spaciousness and up-to-dateness that confronts you as you enter, for the first time, this newest of the Thompson restaurants. The "one-arm" chairs are gone. Considerably lessened, too, is the crazy symphony of dishes. All is changed. Nothing of the old-time Thompson atmosphere is here, with the exception of the service counter and the help-yourself system.

Instead, a unique and artistically designed eating place rises before you. The one-arm chairs are replaced by highly-carved and polished oak tables and chairs; the walls are of panelled oak; large colorful murals, rising from floor to ceiling and lit by hidden lights in pros-

ceniums, depicting scenes in early American history, dominate the east wall; snappy girls in white frocks have replaced the men at the service counter; and a long soda fountain stands at the front.

The interesting part about it all, however, is that the Thompson prices have not changed in order to pay for this new elegance. Neither has the food deteriorated in quality. We know of no better place to eat during "lean days" than this Rialto establishment—and its sumptuousness is soothing to your pride.

TERRACE GARDEN *Madison at Clark Street*

Here is one of the best known dine-and-dance restaurants in Chicago. Popular both before and after the theatre. Although not on Randolph Street, the Terrace Garden is but two blocks southward. It is located in the basement of the Morrison Hotel, where the famed old Boston Oyster House once had quarters. You eat at tables placed on circular terraces and the dance floor, orchestra, and floor show are below you. Luncheon, dinner, and after-theatre supper are served here and the menu is both table d'hôte and à la carte. They feature daily specials, which are appetizing, such as beef à la mode with potato pancakes, New England boiled dinner, fried spring chicken roadhouse style, boiled brisket of beef with horse radish sauce, baked finnan haddie à la Moir, and individual chicken pot pie. If you like to dance between courses, or if you like to be in a gay convivial atmosphere, with music, young people, and colorful surroundings, the Terrace Garden is the place to go.

ORIENTAL GARDENS *23 West Randolph Street*

Newest of the Loop's chow meineries is the Oriental Gardens, located on the second floor over Thompson's latest restaurant and across the street from the Oriental Theatre. Here, all is Chinese and sufficiently exotic for the kind of people who go to the Randolph Street movie palaces—and there are plenty in Chicago. Henri Gendron and his orchestra provide music for dancing and the establishment is open until 1 A. M. A few American dishes are served here and such popular Chinese dishes as chop suey and chow mein.

Maître d'hotel: Chin Wai

GARDEN OF ZANZIBAR TEA ROOM

54 West Randolph Street

An upstairs tea room where they tell your fortune in the tea leaves—typical of the fortune telling tea rooms which have sprung up all over the Loop in recent years. Lots of fun for stenographers and their boy friends.

THE GYPSY TEA SHOP

22 West Monroe Street

Where real gypsies read your palm or tea leaves. The original of these establishments in Chicago.

ALONG THE AVENUE

Like proud and gaily-decorated soldiers standing at attention, the big skyscraper hotels of Michigan Avenue rear their million-windowed facades over Chicago's Lake Front. Serving a wealthy and exclusive clientele, these hotels, in their dining rooms, offer the very best in food-stuffs. They obtain the choicest cuts of meats from the stockyards; the vegetables served on their tables are fresh from the country; and the chefs and pastry cooks working in their kitchens are trained in the best traditions of Continental cookery.

Our survey of the Avenue eating halls and parlors begins at Michigan Avenue and Lake Shore Drive, the near north side crossroads of the Gold Coast. Here, the Drake Hotel stands as a citadel of wealth and fashion; a few doors east of it rises the exclusive Lake Shore Drive Hotel; several blocks northward we find the swanky Ambassador East Hotel; just south of it stands the Knickerbocker Hotel. In all of these high-toned hostleries are dining rooms that serve the choicest of dishes for a discriminating clientele.

Among these hotels are the Avenue restaurants and tea rooms—the majority of them decorated in the

modern style. Down the Avenue we follow them, crossing the Chicago river into the downtown district, until we come to the Palmer House, which is just one block west of the Avenue but always identified with it. From then on, we visit the dining rooms of the ritzy Avenue hotels in the downtown district—the Auditorium, the Congress, the Blackstone, and the Stevens. Here, also, we make note of the more important restaurants and tea rooms. In the following pages, then, you will find the results of our survey.

THE DRAKE

Lake Shore Drive and Michigan Avenue

First and foremost of the Avenue eating establishments catering to Chicago's social world is the main dining room of the Drake Hotel. The location of the hotel, of course, has much to do with the high prestige of the dining room, being at the head of Michigan Avenue and dominating the Lake Shore Drive Gold Coast, which sweeps northward in an imposing curve of trees and tall apartment hotels along the shore of Lake Michigan. Incidentally, no other dining room in town offers a more beautiful metropolitan view than the one to be seen through the spacious windows along the north wall of the Drake dining room.

Huge, impressive, decorated in the Italian Renaissance style, with plenty of veined marble columns and gorgeous glass chandeliers, and soothed by the dulcet strains of the Drake Concert Ensemble, this rendezvous of the Four Hundred and such visiting celebrities as happen to be stopping at the Drake (and most of them stop there), comes to its most active life at dinner time—and

mainly during "the season." Then, tuxedos and low-necked gowns are in abundance; the atmosphere is gay and swanky and cosmopolitan; and the débutantes and dandies are having the time of their lives. The cuisine, of course, is of the highest quality and the à la carte menu is more like a catalogue than a folder.

Historic banquets have been held in this dining room in honor of world-renowned celebrities. Gazing upon such a magnificent dining hall, you regret that old John B. Drake, founder of the Drake dynasty in Chicago, is not alive to stage in this place one of his far-famed annual game dinners that made his Grand Pacific Hotel (now gone) the talk of the country back in the seventies.

For luncheon, however, many of the millionaires and dowagers and others prefer the smaller Lantern Room, which overlooks Michigan Avenue. Here, you may see the interesting French wall lanterns which Mrs. John B. Drake II installed and which are replicas of ones she had seen in an old chateau in France. A striking silvered frieze, depicting various medieval sports and games, is also of interest, and so are the figurines of gay-colored candy which decorate each table and which are the work of Jacques Czerwinski, product of Parisian art schools and kitchens.

While an orchestra plays, you may enjoy that delicious Drake luncheon specialty, eggs Becker, created by the late Chef Becker of the Blackstone Hotel (owned by the Drake interests) and consisting of eggs and diced lobster in Newburg sauce, served on toast. But there is a varied selection of other ready dishes and all of them, prepared under the skillful eye of Chef Theo Rooms,

would meet the hearty approval of the most fastidious of epicures. The Lantern Room is open for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper dances, and the prices are not extraordinarily high. And the service is truly a tribute to the genius of Chicago's most noted maître d'hôtel Eric Dahlberg.

The Drake Italian restaurant, on the ground floor, reminiscent of a low crypt in some old Tuscan villa, is the popular-priced eating room of the hotel, table d'hôte luncheons being served here for 85 cents and table d'hôte dinners for \$1.50. The sea food Louisiane and lamb rack Parmesan are notable specialties of the Italian restaurant.

Eric Dahlberg

BRADSHAW'S

127 East Oak Street

Although a small, unassuming place, around the corner from Michigan Avenue and having all the appearance of being just another Gold Coast tea room, Bradshaw's serves some of the best food in the North Central district. The establishment is conducted by Mrs. Jene Fageros, a capable and conscientious Norwegian cook from Minneapolis, and her daughter, Bernyce, who is an artist and a graduate of Columbia. Nowhere can you find better apple pie—the delicious fresh apple slices are exposed and instead of the usual covering of crust Mrs. Fageros uses a layer of chopped walnuts. Her bran muffins also are incomparable, being made of figs, bran, milk, and eggs. Luncheons are 65 and 85 cents and dinners \$1.00 and \$1.50. Mrs. Bernice Challenger Bost, editor of *Tower Town Topics* magazine, and many well-known men and women from nearby

advertising offices come here daily for luncheon, and it is one of the favored spots of Lake Shore Drive society. Through the windows you may observe, on the other side of the street, the lawns at the rear of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick's palatial residence—if that is of any interest to you.

Maître d'hôtel: Miss Bernyce Fageros

KNICKERBOCKER COFFEE SHOP

163 East Walton Place

Excellent substantial dishes, the kind that business men enjoy, are offered in this small eating room just off the lobby of the Hotel Knickerbocker. There is German apple pancakes with head lettuce, broiled Spanish mackerel and boiled potato, Szedigner beef goulash, and any number of other items. This coffee shop, decorated with unique pinkish wallpaper, is popular among advertising men and executives from the towering Palmolive Building next door, as well as among society people. Luncheons are 65 cents—and worth it.

NINE HUNDRED NORTH

900 North Michigan Avenue

This place was aptly described recently as "Modern—but beautiful!" And so it is. If you are a lover of modern art, here is a thrill for you. It was designed by Mrs. Howard Linn, the talented Chicago society woman, and its first manager was Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, widow of the noted poet and foremost of the town's hostesses.

The Crystal Room is where the main thrill lies. Small, oval in shape, exquisitely done in black and white and

with many hexagonal columns of black glass and hidden colored lights, the room looks large and intricate by virtue of the clever arrangement of French mirrors. Several novel private dining rooms, notably the Straw Room, made of hand-painted straw squares, are also features of the place.

During the sultry evenings of summer, however, most patrons dine in the Patio—a large open-air court with a fountain in its center. Here, under the July stars and to the strains of an orchestra, you may enjoy Chef Charles Font's delightful Stuffed Lobster Thermidor, or any of his other dishes, in a most gay Monte Carlo-like atmosphere. This courtyard, by the way, is part of the Nine Hundred North Michigan Avenue Building, designed by the Jarvis Hunts, Senior and Junior, noted architects, and occupied by numerous Chicago millionaires and their families on the cooperative plan.

Here, then, you are likely to see many of these residents at dinner—Eames MacVeigh, Edward Swift, Jr., W. C. Boyden, Joseph M. Cudahy, Hopwell L. Rogers, Thorne Donnelley, Ira Nelson Morris, Cyrus Hall McCormick, D. F. Kelly, and George E. Porter.

Rudolph, in his polite Continental way, is there to welcome you; the cuisine is perfection; you will not feel out of place in formal dress; and the prices are within reason.

Maître d'hotel: Rudolph

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

942 North Michigan Avenue

For women only—and the only one of its kind in Chicago. Very exclusive. About fifteen tables at the

rear of the Woman's Exchange of Chicago, which is a charity shop established by Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, Mrs. Louis F. Swift, and other wealthy society women. You help yourself at the serving counter. Excellent home cooking. Salads and pastries best in the city, and excellent are the creamed cheese and anchovies served on rye bread. Heavily patronized by socially prominent women at tea time. When you are through lunching, you tell the cashier what you ate and she makes out the bill. No so bad!

180 EAST DELAWARE RESTAURANT

180 East Delaware Place

Most charming and interesting of French restaurants in Chicago, just off the Avenue. The ceiling is beamed, the floor is made of tile, dark brocaded draperies hang over doorways and windows, real candles are on the tables, a fireplace is at one end and a big table of most tempting hors d'oeuvres is at the other, and all is delightfully atmospheric and redolent of the Old World. But most interesting of all is Jacques Fumagally, the maître d'hotel, who goes about welcoming guests in true Parisian style. Born in Monte Carlo, Jacques was formerly with the Ritz in Paris and the Sevilla Biltmore in Havana. With the able assistance of Chef Julliard Medou, Jacques offers you a few specialties, such as cottage cheese à la Jacques and 180 Delaware special salad. The menu is large and contains all the popular French dishes. Table d'hote luncheon, 75 cents, and table d'hote dinners at \$1.00 and \$1.50. This French restaurant is located in swanky and exclusive Streeterville, once the

bailiwick of old Cap'n George Wellington Streeter, the militant squatter.

Maître d'hotel: Jacques Fumagally

HUYLER'S

917 North Michigan Avenue

The modern atmosphere of this important Avenue restaurant, with its four dining rooms, is in keeping with the building in which it is located—the cloud-piercing Palmolive Building, a modernistic skyscraper with setbacks, which, with its powerful Lindbergh beacon, dominates the entire near north side both day and night. The Pink Room, first of the rooms, is done in rose-pink and contains a lunch counter and booths. Then comes the Gold Room, a formal dining room where prices are higher. The Walton Coffee Room, at the rear, done in blue and silver, is a sort of sandwich shop. The Fountain Room adjoining is self-explanatory. The foods served in all these rooms are of the best quality and not only typists but fashionable men and women from the Gold Coast patronize the various rooms daily.

WOOD'S

930 North Michigan Avenue

Many a Chicago millionaire can remember being taken, when a child, to Wood's on Michigan Avenue for ice cream soda. This small but exclusive establishment, however, is an off-shoot of the parent house, located downtown at 108 South Michigan Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Wood serve delicious light luncheons and confections and they have a large following among the older first families of the town. Their creamed shrimps and creamed mushrooms are exquisite creations, nowhere to be duplicated. In recent years this Upper Michigan

Avenue branch has become popular among debs for afternoon tea. Not very many men are seen here—but there's no reason why they should stay away.

Maitresse d'hotel: Mrs. Wood

LAKE SHORE DRIVE 180 Lake Shore Drive

When Queen Marie of Roumania, and her two children, Prince Nicholas and Princess Ileana, visited Chicago in 1926, they resided at the Lake Shore Drive Hotel and ate in its dining room—which information might give you some idea of the position occupied by this establishment in Chicago's social life. The Lake Shore is also a favorite stopping and dining place of many other renowned bigwigs—Ira Nelson Morris, former ambassador to Sweden; Mary Garden, the opera singer; Robert P. Lamont, secretary of commerce; Michael Strange, the author and ex-wife of John Barrymore; Jascha Heifetz, the violinist; Anita Stewart, the movie star; Yehudi Menuhin, the boy violinist; Alfred Lunt, the actor, and such actresses as Lillian Gish, Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, and Ethel Barrymore.

People of this sort demand the best in food—and they get it in the dining room of the Lake Shore Drive Hotel. Not only residents of the hotel, but matrons and millionaires from the residences nearby, come to this dining room. During "the season," all diners are in formal dress. It is a small room, beautifully done in the Adam style, and the china and silver cause you to gasp. The atmosphere is very ritzy and fashionable and the prices are accordingly high.

The hotel occupies a commanding position, fronting on Lake Michigan and the Lake Shore Drive Gold Coast,

and only a short distance east of the Avenue. The Loop is five minutes away by auto. If you want to dine with the beau monde of Chicago, or catch a glimpse of some visiting celebrity in an informal moment, then the dining room of the Lake Shore Drive Hotel is the place to go.

Maître d'hotel: Langsdorff

HOTEL AMBASSADOR

North State Parkway and Goethe Street

In the heart of the Gold Coast and very very swanky. Main dining room, at dinner, alive with the presence of Chicago society folk and others well known. Here, any evening, you are likely to see Chicago's veteran member of the bench, Judge Thomas Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. Taylor; John Borden, the explorer, and his wife, Courtney Borden, the writer; Senator and Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis; and James Keeley, the former *Chicago Tribune* executive, and Mrs. Keeley. All is elegant, dignified, and expensive in this dining room and the cuisine is carefully prepared to suit the tastes of well-travelled epicures. No music. The room is not large. It is done in the Colonial style and crystal chandeliers of striking beauty depend from the ornate ceiling. For less formal atmosphere, many of the society people eat in the Italian Room of the old Ambassador Hotel, across the street from the Ambassador East, and reached through a tunnel under State Street. The Italian Room is reminiscent of some old hall in a Neapolitan villa and the cuisine here is the same as that of the dining room in the Ambassador East.

Maître d'hotel: Charles Metcalf

MISS ELLIS TEA SHOP

737 North Michigan Avenue

Most elegant and high-toned of the Ellis chain of tea rooms in Chicago. The interior is modern and the wall-paper is a delight to the esthetically-inclined. Patronized by smartly-gowned women and by women who come here to look at the gowns. The cuisine is commendable and the numerous old family recipes used in this place make the menu inviting. The chicken pie is something you shouldn't miss. Luncheons are 50 and 65 cents and dinners 75 cents and \$1.00. Sunday dinners are \$1.25 and \$1.50. The waitresses are lively, intelligent, and courteous.

LE PETIT GOURMET

619 North Michigan Avenue

Established by Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, Le Petit Gourmet has played an important part in the literary history of the city since its beginning over nine years ago. Here it was that Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry* magazine, conducted her popular "Poetry Readings"—bringing before the public such well-known poets as the late Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Lew Sarett, Edgar Lee Masters, Alfred Kreymborg, Witter Bynner, Eunice Tietjens, Mrs. Arthur Aldis, Marion Strobel, and Maxwell Bodenheim.

Le Petit Gourmet, occupying basement quarters, has always been popular among writers, artists, musicians, society folk, epicures, and all others who enjoy good foods. Many of Mrs. Moody's famed recipes (she is no longer connected with the establishment), contained in

her recently-published cook book, are still served here, and the excellent pastries made by the Home Delicacies Association (which Mrs. Moody also founded) are part of the menu. People still come here for the East Indian chicken curry, served only at the Wednesday luncheon during cold weather and always a popular favorite of the house.

The interior is attractive, colorful, and unique, featuring real burning candles, a wood fire in the fireplace, rare and quaint porcelains and colorful designs on the walls. During the summer months you may dine in the Continental manner at little round tables in the Italian Court, an old-world court that has been photographed and drawn and painted more than any other spot in town. Italian balconies are all about and the summer sky is above you. Men mostly frequent the Italian Room in the rear of the basement quarters. Le Petit Gourmet is now operated by Mrs. Florence Sturgis and Mrs. Ethel Williams, two capable women, well known in Chicago restaurant and catering circles.

VASSAR HOUSE *540 North Michigan Avenue*
Starting five years ago as a small tea room operated by the Vassar College alumnae of Chicago and vicinity for the purpose of raising a scholarship fund, Vassar House is now one of the major restaurants of the Avenue, especially since it moved into its new and larger quarters in the Michigan Square Building. Modern and colorful in *décor*, its interior is featured by Leslie Thorne's black and white murals representing the various styles of women's dresses worn by students since the founding of

Vassar in 1868, and the old-style cartographer's maps of the Vassar campus painted on the table-tops. The Men's Grill, a recent addition, serves breakfast in addition to luncheon and dinner. Among the specialties of the house, prepared by those two able cooks, Antonio Gillio and Emile Burckel, is Vassar Devil, a fudge cake known to every Vassar graduate. This place is ideal for tea and has become popular among visitors who come to view Carl Milles' famous statue, "Fountain of Diana", in Diana Court, the beautiful lobby of the Michigan Square Building." And, if you are a Vassar graduate, you will be interested to know that former Vassarites act as hostesses, among them Mrs. Arthur D. Welton, Mrs. Charles Faben Kelley, Mrs. Eugene S. Talbot, Jr., and other members of the board of directors. An interesting sidelight on the restaurant is that fully seventy-five per cent of its clientele is made up of real honest-to-goodness he men. The excellent and substantial foods served here is what brings them—as well as women patrons.

Maître d'hôtel: Miss Ruth Isabelle Smith

TOWER TEA ROOM

820 Tower Court

Located on the Pearson Street side of the Illinois Woman's Athletic Club Building, a soaring skyscraper which makes the historic old Chicago Avenue water tower in front of it look like a midget. Good substantial dishes are served here and there are as many men at the tables as women. The room is decorated with striking wall designs and all is elegant and in keeping with what a first-class dining room, just off the Avenue, should be.

GRAYLING'S

410 North Michigan Avenue

This large restaurant, on the ground floor of the Wrigley Annex Building, is largely patronized by the advertising men and executives who have offices in the twin Wrigley Buildings and by department heads and others of the *Chicago Tribune* in Tribune Tower, across the Avenue. Women mostly dine in the front section of the restaurant, which is ornately decorated, while men prefer the smaller and more intimate Grill Room at the rear. This room is unique, being the only example of Holland Renaissance decoration in a Chicago restaurant. The walls are of panelled walnut, and real tapestries, wrought iron lighting fixtures, and a flagged floor form other decorative features. It was designed by Leonard De Wit, the noted Dutch artist and designer, now resident in Chicago. The food served in Grayling's is of the best quality and there is a large and varied menu. Open for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Afternoon tea also is popular here.

Maître d'hotel: Mr. Grayling

THE VESUVIO

15 East Wacker Drive

Although not on the Avenue, this Italian restaurant is in its immediate vicinity and occupies one of the most cosmopolitan sites in town. It lies between the Michigan Avenue bridgehead plaza and the grand sweeping plaza at Wacker Drive and North Wabash Avenue, with the waters and the steamers of Chicago at its feet. The decorations by the Italian artist, Gallano, are Pompeiian, in black, red, and gold. D. Price, a native of Torino, one of the proprietors, numbers among his friends Gallinetti, Curci, Rosa Raisa, Tito Schipa, and other operatic no-

tables. Rossi, the other proprietor, was formerly with the Drake and Blackstone Hotels and knows what Italian cooking is all about. Hence the reason why many bigwigs dine here frequently—Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor; Jackie Coogan, the kid movie actor; Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Chicago's social queen, and Count Charles de Fontnouvelle, the French consul. Business men's luncheons at 65 cents and table d'hote dinners at \$1.25 and \$1.50. There are a lot of Italian specialties served here—and appetizingly, too.

Maitre d'hotel: D. Price

ST. CLAIR

162 East Ohio Street

The dining room of the St. Clair Hotel, serving food on a par with that of many of the Avenue restaurants, has become popular as an after-theatre rendezvous. Waffles and late supper specials are prepared most enticingly here, and there is music and a dance floor. Table d'hote dinners are \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Plate luncheons for 50 cents and dinners for \$1.00 are served in the St. Clair Coffee Shop. This hotel, a stone's throw from the Avenue on the near north side, is within five minutes walk to the Loop.

EL HAREM

165 North Michigan Avenue

An Arabian Night on Michigan Avenue. All is dark and mysterious and sensuous and Turkish in El Harem—including the menu. By a simple twist of the wrist and the addition of a few "hubble-bubble" pipes and ornate hanging Turkish lamps, Pietro Mosgofian, formerly impresario of the Café Old Stamboul in Tower Town, was able to transform the heavily ornamented

Russian interior, recently occupied by the Petrushka Club, into a place having all the exotic atmosphere of a Sultan's harem. Turkish dishes are served here, including baklawa and Turkish coffee, and, after the meal, you may smoke highly-scented Turkish cigarettes or struggle with the narghile, (or hooka, or "hubble-bubble" pipe, or Oriental water-bottle pipe—which ever you want to call it). In case none of these attract you, there is Clarence Jones and his orchestra to provide music while you dance. El Harem is open for luncheon, tea dance, dinner, after-the-theatre, and late supper. The waiters are Turkish, wear fezzes, and are very meek. This place is highly interesting if you want to spend the evening and your money in an exotic foreign atmosphere. Dinner is \$2.00.

Maitre d'hotel: Pietro Mosgofian

PALMER HOUSE

State, Wabash, and Monroe Streets

This famed Chicago hotel, although not on Michigan Avenue, is included in this chapter because it is but a block westward on Wabash Avenue and therefore easily identified with the gay life of the city's Lake Front boulevard. Founded in 1871 by Potter Palmer (known to posterity as "The Father of State Street" and the husband of the undisputed social queen of Chicago during the World's Fair of 1893), the Palmer House has always been noted throughout the country for its unrivaled cuisine.

It was in the dining room of "the old Palmer House" that the most famous banquet ever held in the United States was staged—that accorded to General U. S. Grant

in 1879 and at which Mark Twain and Colonel Robert T. Ingersoll, among dozens of other celebrities, were speakers. Never before was there such an array of game dishes as at this feast—saddles of venison, roast prairie chicken, buffalo steaks, breasts of wild duck, filets of wild turkey, and innumerable other edibles from the woods and prairies of the Middle West.

The culinary fame of the Palmer House, now in a magnificent new skyscraper building on the old site, continues to the present day, and has been considerably enhanced since the house acquired Monsieur Ernest E. Amiet, noted Swiss cook, as executive chef. Chef Amiet, former president of the Chefs de Cuisine Association of America, is one of the few chefs in this country to hold the diploma of the Société des Cuisiniers de Paris, which is the highest honor that can come to a chef.

With Chef Amiet to supervise their preparation, then, the Palmer House "Daily Specials" are epicurean delights of the highest order. The disjointed fried squab chicken Ol' Man River, served with corn fritter, glazed brown sugar, pan gravy with pimiento, and crisp salt pork, is a dish you'll never forget. Neither will your memory of the mutton chop Smithfield, with ham and mushrooms, grow dim. And you'll cherish your recollections of the potted brisket of beef Palmer Square, and that delicious dessert, Creole Juanita. Also, the Hungarian goulash with spatzles and the roast capon Dixie are of the first order.

Since its recent opening, the Fountain Room, just off the lobby, has become the most popular of the Palmer House luncheon places. It is decorated in hand-painted panels and features Chinese Chippendale furniture. The

85 cent table d'hote luncheon is unique here in that the polite colored waiters bring a silver tray bearing the three entrées, from which you may help yourself to your heart's content.

Grandest of the Palmer House dining rooms is the Empire Room, done in soft green in the style of the time of the first Napoleon. Luncheon is à la carte, but there is a \$2.50 table d'hote dinner, and both for luncheon and dinner music is supplied by the Palmer House String Quartet. The next largest dining room is the Victorian Room, decorated in white and gold with draperies of crimson, and dominated at one end by a large oil painting of Queen Victoria. A \$1.00 table d'hote luncheon is served here, also à la carte, and the table d'hote dinner is \$2.00.

The Chicago Room, located in the basement, is one of the novelty restaurants of the city. All four walls are so painted that one seems to be viewing the skyline of downtown Chicago from the roof of the Palmer House—the steam-plumed roofs of skyscrapers are all about, white clouds float across a summer sky, and to the east lies the blue vastness of Lake Michigan. The Special Casserole "Pop" Dinner, at \$1.50, is a feature of this room, the dishes being served from a casserole table at one end of the room. The table d'hote luncheon is 85 cents. The basement of the Palmer House also contains a large counter lunch room, packed at noontime with Loop workers from surrounding office buildings.

ART INSTITUTE *Michigan Avenue, at Adams Street*
Here you may dine with the embryonic artists, sculptors, decorators, and architects of the town. It is also

a charming place in which to rest and have tea when you get "museum fatigue." At noon it is crowded with young men and women students from the various schools of the Art Institute. Cafeteria service is in the main lunch room. The tea room is in Mather Hall, adjoining, the walls of which contain colorful and whimsical murals of Art Institute life, the work of Ethel Spears and Louise Taylor.

Maîtresse d'hôtel: Blanch Aultman

MAILLARD'S 308 South Michigan Avenue

Located on the ground floor of the towering Straus Building, this well-known Avenue restaurant has a front that is deceiving. It looks like a ritzy confectionery shop, but go inside and into the four basement dining rooms and you will be in one of the largest restaurants in Chicago, with a seating capacity of 1,200 persons. This establishment is a branch of the noted New York restaurant of the same name, founded eighty years ago by Henry Maillard, a French caterer, who supervised Abraham Lincoln's inaugural banquet. All of which means that the foods served here are of supreme quality. One of their outstanding specialties is chicken livers sauté à la Maillard, with fried apple rings and fresh mushrooms. Daily, Maillard's has been crowded ever since its start here five years ago. The restaurant is richly furnished, very elegant, and French in atmosphere. In the basement you will find the main dining room, the Gold Room, the College Room, the men's Old English Grill, and the "Hall of Fame" in the foyer. Many operatic, musical, theatrical, and movie celebrities, as well as fashionable people and business executives,

have meals in Maillard's. Afternoon tea in Maillard's is a Chicago institution. By the by, if you want a thrill, have a light snack in their Tower Tea Room, located on the top-most floor of the Straus tower, which is only open between June first and September first. An amazing view of Chicago awaits you here.

Maitre d'hotel: A. Richard Moulin

THE PICCADILLY *410 South Michigan Avenue*

Located on the fourth floor of the Fine Arts Building and consisting of four "period" dining rooms, the Piccadilly serves many of the town's outstanding artists, musicians, writers, and art patrons, as well as innumerable illustrators, etchers, silversmiths, decorators, teachers of drama and elocution, booksellers, and dealers in antiques and curios. Most of these people occupy studios, shops and salons in the Fine Arts Building, an historic Chicago landmark dedicated to the arts and built by the Studebakers of South Bend, Indiana. The dining rooms are quietly and tastefully decorated in various period styles. The Empire Room is done in the green favored by Napoleon and Josephine in their home, Malmaison; the Early American Room is notable for its striking "Scenic America" wallpaper; the Venetian Court, where you may lunch or dine *al fresco* under gay umbrellas, is delightfully Continental; and the Men's Grill is like the refectory of an old Spanish monastery, with its (alleged) worm-eaten beams and dark oak furniture. Luncheon and dinner are served in all rooms (both *table d'hote* and *à la carte*), and tea is served between 2:30 P.M. and 5 P.M. in the Empire and Early American Rooms, which offer splendid views of Chi-

cago's waterfront plaza. Prices are reasonable and the service is perfection.

Maître d'hôtel: Mr. Chapin

AUDITORIUM *Michigan Avenue, at Congress Street*
Most pleasurable of dining experiences along the Avenue is that to be found at the tables on the open-air balcony of the historic Auditorium Hotel, where you may eat your sirloin steak à la Auditorium while gazing down at the promenaders on the sidewalk and across to the sweeping Lake Front plaza, with its two Mestrovic Indian statues and the gushing Buckingham Memorial Fountain. The balcony, of course, is only open during the summer months. There is no additional charge and the luncheon and dinner menus here are the same as in the main dining room. Being on the second floor, the balcony is sufficiently close to the sidewalk below to be interesting. There is an 85 cent table d'hote luncheon and a \$1.25 table d'hote dinner.

The atmosphere of the Nineties is found in the main dining room, the Oak Room, and the Coffee Shop. Here are the same oak panelled rooms and ornate leaded glass windows that were so admired by our fathers and mothers when the Auditorium Hotel and Theatre, designed by the great architect, Louis H. Sullivan, were dedicated by President Harrison in 1888. Here, also, are the same tables where over two generations of opera-goers sat in their formal dress, until a few years ago when the Chicago Civic Opera Company deserted the incomparable old Auditorium Theatre for newer quarters. What is called the Oak Room now used to be the

Auditorium Bar, where conviviality was notable during pre-World War days.

Today, the foods are of the same high quality as formerly and you will see many pioneer Chicago notables in the dining room. Chef Joseph Bencivenga has introduced a few highly edible specialties worth any epicure's attention.

Maître d'hotel: Peter Pompei

THE CONGRESS

Michigan Avenue, at Congress Street

First of the four dining rooms that branch off at intervals from Peacock Alley, the Congress Hotel's famed avenue of fashion and sophistication, is the Louis XVI Room, where dinner is served and where, during the social season, you will see plenty of opera wraps and silk top hats. The room is large and lavishly decorated in the French style and the foods are of the best quality—that noted French chef, Lucien Raymond, presiding over the Congress Hotel kitchens.

For luncheon, however, there are many guests of the hotel, as well as Michigan Avenue strollers, who prefer the smaller Pine Room, which occupies quarters between Peacock Alley and the Avenue. The walls are panelled in unfinished pine, and at the north wall there is a log cabin where a colored Mammy turns out those great American dishes, Aunt Jemima waffles with maple syrup and Aunt Jemima pancakes. The table d'hôte luncheon is \$1.00 and the table d'hôte dinner is \$1.50. The small dining room on the floor above the Pine Room is a popular afternoon tea rendezvous. Sandwiches,

salads, pastries, ice cream, and fruits and preserves, are featured here.

Further down Peacock Alley, on the opposite side, is the Pompeiian Grill Room, most famous of Congress Hotel dining rooms, and its equally famous chef, Alfred Fries. Chef Fries has presided over this room for twenty years, and his typical American dishes have been the delight of hundreds of celebrities from all over the world who have eaten here. He is now an authority on our native edibles, his "The Blue Book of American Dishes" being the most comprehensive cook book on the subject so far written.

The Pompeiian Room, as its name might imply, is very luxurious and elegant and Roman. It is said that Burne-Jones declared it to be the most beautiful room in America. The squat green fountain in the center of the room, made of fevile glass and tinkling with the sound of water, was exhibited in the World's Columbian Exhibition in 1893. Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Caruso, and Al Smith have dined here in the past—to name only a few of an endless number of renowned people who have patronized the Pompeiian Grill. And celebrities of this sort still come here.

The menu of the Pompeiian Room is à la carte and there is a dance orchestra, but for night club atmosphere, you must seek the Balloon Room, at the end of Peacock Alley. This unique after-theatre dine-and-dance place was designed by H. L. Kaufman, for twenty years president of the hotel and an artist. It is done in orange and black; lights from a slowly revolving chandelier of mirrors continually circle about the room like a swirling snowstorm; and the dance floor is fringed

with colored glass under which electric lights shine. D. W. Griffith is reported to have used the design of the Balloon Room, with its novel lighting effects, in one of his pictures. You may dance here from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. The service is à la carte and no cover charge. Art Kahn and his orchestra provide the music.

What used to be the Congress Bar, on the Congress Street side of the hotel, is now a coffee shop. The foods served here are of the same high quality as those served in the other eating parlors of the Congress. The coffee shop is mostly patronized by men.

Maitre d'hotel: Ray R. Barrete

THE BLACKSTONE

Michigan Avenue, at 7th Street

For over two decades the most exclusive and renowned hotel in downtown Chicago, the Blackstone, in its various dining rooms, offers a cuisine equal to that of the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris, or the Ritz in New York, both in excellence of preparation and variety. Here are all the principal dishes of Continental cookery, as well as those of domestic brand, prepared by a large staff of expert cooks and confectioners according to the recipes of some of the world's foremost chefs. If you are an epicure—and more so if you are not—you will receive the culinary thrill of your life in gazing over the Blackstone's catalogued à la cart menu, an impressive folio containing almost every dish eaten by civilized man. That great epicure, Lucullus, would turn in his catacomb were he to see this menu and the prices are higher than a cat's back.

Such gastronomical lavishness is in keeping with the

traditions started by John B. Drake, first of the Drake family in Chicago, whose sons, Tracy Drake and John B. Drake II, built the Blackstone in 1910.

Not a little of the culinary fame of the Blackstone, however, is due to the *spécialités de la maison* created by the late August Becker, chef here for over nine years. Nowhere, not even in Europe, can you get such delicious creations in foods—eggs Becker, omelette Becker, breast of chicken Becker, sweetbreads Becker, Virginia ham Becker, steak à la Blackstone, Blackstone mixed grill, Blackstone salad, the Blackstone sandwich, and the coupé Becker. These specialties may also be obtained at the Drake Hotel, operated by John B. Drake II and III and William Drake. And, since we are mentioning names in this paragraph, those of Frederick H. Muller, head of the purchasing department at the Blackstone, and Otto C. Staack, maître d'hotel, should not be left out. Muller, a veteran in the service of the Drake family, is one of the foremost authorities on foodstuffs in Chicago, while Staack was private steward to the former Emperor Wilhelm in the early years of the century.

For dinner, of course, nearly everyone goes to the main dining room, done in the Louis XVI style and commanding an impressive view over Michigan Avenue and Chicago's Lake Front. It is a high-ceilinged hall, old ivory in tone and modeled after the Petit Trianon at Versailles. The service is of the highest perfection and you can get everything here from that popular Russian dish, Blenis Romanoff, to that great American entrée, young turkey, from the green hills of Vermont.

There is music during luncheon and dinner and the menu is à la carte. Visiting diplomats, captains of industry, opera stars, financiers, governors and senators and the first families of Chicago may be seen here almost any evening.

The Blackstone Club Grill, in the basement, is crowded during luncheon and especially before matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when women theatre-goers occupy most of the tables. It is decorated in the old English style, with walls of panelled walnut and walnut furniture, and an open charcoal and electric grill occupies one corner of the room. A table d'hôte matinee luncheon is served here for \$1.50 per cover. Four o'clock tea is the main offering in the Marble Room, located off the lobby.

Maitre d'hotel: Otto C. Staack

SHEPARD TEA ROOM

616 South Michigan Avenue

Sssh! We are whispering this to you in the strictest confidence and want you to be sure not to tell anybody: the lowdown on the Shepard Tea Room is that it is an inexpensive eating place for many actors and actresses and others who stop next door in the swanky and expensive Blackstone Hotel. It is situated at the rear of an arcade of small shops in the lobby of the Arcade Building and therefore away from the gaze of Michigan Avenue promenaders. And we don't blame the theatrical fold—and the others too—for coming here, since the food is very good and the prices are nothing if not reasonable.

LAURA JACOBSEN'S *1014 South Michigan Avenue*

This place is a large dining room, with no particular decorative features, but serving food of substantial and wholesome quality. It is open for luncheon and dinner and the menu is both table d'hote and à la carte, and prices are within the means of the average person. Patronized mostly by business executives in the big skyscrapers at the south end of the downtown district, and by clubwomen from nearby Avenue clubs. This is a branch of the older establishment at 5311 Lake Park Avenue, in Hyde Park, founded by Laura Jacobsen many years ago.

THE STEVENS

Michigan Avenue, between 7th and 8th Streets
James W. Stevens and his son, Ernest J. (present head of the Stevens Hotel), introduced a quaint and unique culinary custom into Chicago life when, a few years back, they celebrated in their hotel the first Colchester Oyster Feast to be held in America. It occurred on Hallowe'en, and the Colchester Grill of the Stevens that evening was crowded with the beauty and brilliance of the Windy City. Since then, the feast has been held annually in the Colchester Grill and it is always eagerly looked forward to by many of the town's gourmets, fashionables, and antiquarians.

In building what even a New Yorker will agree is the world's largest hotel, the Stevenses made provisions for honoring the birthplace of their ancestors, Colchester, England, by conferring the name Colchester Grill on one of their dining rooms. Colchester is a town situated on the Colne River and is famous for its oyster beds.

History records that the Oyster Feast was first celebrated in 1086, in early Norman days. Each year the date for the feast is set by the Lord Mayor of Colchester. This usually occurs in the latter part of October, but at the Stevens it is definitely celebrated on Hallowe'en. Specifically, the feast marks the official opening of the oyster eating season and is an occasion for much feasting and music and dancing.

On this night, the Colchester Grill menu (\$2.50 per person) is replete with old-fashioned English dishes, beginning with giant Colchester native oysters on the half shell, working through such substantial entrées as York ham steak, grilled, with champagne sauce and English chutney, or English roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, and winding up with English plum pudding with brandy sauce. After the meal, the Colchester Oyster Show, consisting of vaudeville acts and other forms of entertainment, begins in the Grand Ball Room of the hotel. Afterwards, you may dance to your heart's content.

The Colchester Grill, a beautifully decorated and furnished room, is located on the first floor at the north end of the hotel and its walls are painted with mural scenes depicting the art and customs of Colchester. At the entrance to the room you will see the portrait bust of Mr. Justice Lent John Watts, mayor of Colchester, England, in 1890, the work of H. Charles Grimwood, noted English sculptor. There is a table d'hote luncheon for 85 cents and you can buy a similar dinner for \$1.50. An orchestra furnishes music.

Largest of the dining rooms at the Stevens is the main dining room, overlooking Michigan Avenue and

the Lake Front. It is a large, magnificent room, done in the Louis XVI style, and adorned with elaborate murals by Norman Tolson. An interesting item on the dinner menu is the English Compartment Plate Combination for \$1.25. There is also a \$2.00 table d'hote dinner. On the luncheon menu, the Plate Combination is 75 cents and the table d'hote \$1.25. Music is furnished by the Stevens orchestra.

At the south end of the hotel, just off Colchester Lane, is located the Oak Room, panelled in sandblasted oak and furnished with the most comfortable of chairs. It is a smaller eating place and ideal for conversationally inclined lunchers or diners. A 60 cent breakfast, a 75 cent luncheon and a \$1.50 dinner are served here. There is music during dinner.

Something of a novelty is found in the Japanese Lunch Room, a counter eating place located in the basement and popular at noon among South Michigan Avenue office workers. The walls are decorated with scenic murals of Japan, and look for all the world like greatly enlarged Japanese prints. It is open from 6:30 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.

Maitre d'hotel: John Thoss

LITTLE COZZI'S *1468 South Michigan Avenue*
Little "Mickey" Cozzi, who conducted a popular restaurant on West Taylor Street, among the fruit stands of the west side Italian quarter, recently moved his chef and staff of waiters and tables and chairs into this old brown-stone residence in South Michigan Avenue, thereby providing the salesmen and business men of "Auto Row" a chance to partake of his excellent

Italian board. Cozzi's spaghetti with mushrooms is very savory, and so are his veal scallopine and ravioli. His friends from all over town have followed him here, and at dinner the place is crowded.

Maitre d'hotel: Mickey Cozzi

LITTLE FLORENCE *2132 South Michigan Avenue*

Now we are about two miles south of the Loop, in the vicinity of 22nd Street, which, in the old days, was Chicago's "Tenderloin," or, as it was called, the red light district. The Little Florence Italian Grill is located across the street from the old Lexington Hotel, alleged headquarters of the eminent Mr. "Scarface Al" Capone. This almost mythical gent and some of his retainers are said to eat their spaghetti not infrequently in the Little Florence. We don't know whether this is true or not, but we do know that the Italian dishes served here are on a par with those served in other well-known Italian restaurants of the town. Also, in case you should want to know, you are as safe in the Little Florence as you are in a church. The foods are good, the prices reasonable, and the waiters polite.

BLOCK'S

116 East 22nd Street

Situated on the ground floor of the Lexington Hotel, a few doors east of Michigan Avenue, this place has been on 22nd Street a good many years and enjoys a heavy patronage of men from surrounding automobile agencies and business houses. The restaurant offers both counter and table service and the food is commendable and varied.

AROUND THE WORLD

If you are one of those persons who have a natural curiosity about all phases of life in a big city—and we hope you are, or else you're missing a lot—there is no pleasanter adventure we know of than that of eating strange and exotic dishes in some obscure café or coffee house of a crowded foreign quarter. An adventure of this sort is also of keen interest to epicures who have travelled widely and acquired a taste for the viands of those countries they have visited.

Chicago, a bubbling melting-pot of practically all the principal races in the world, offers splendid opportunities for gastronomical gallivantings in foreign fields. On the north side you will find the large German area, with its many eating houses, and also the Swedish district; northwest, along Milwaukee Avenue, lie the Polish and Russian quarters; on the west side exist most of the foreign quarters—the Greek, Mexican, Italian, Jewish, Roumanian, and Bohemian; the Chinese, Arab, and Japanese neighborhoods are found on the near south side; in the Loop are an English chop house and a corned beef and cabbage restaurant favored by the Irish; and just north of the Loop are two Filipino res-

taurants, as well as a number of French eating places.

In the event that you are fastidious about the food you eat, let us emphasize that the kitchens of the foreign restaurants named in this chapter can bear the closest scrutiny as to cleanliness. They are open for your inspection any time and we are sure that you will have no cause for complaint.

CHINESE

WON KOW

2235 Wentworth Avenue

Not just another chop suey parlor, but truly Chinese, and situated in the middle of Chicago's 22nd Street Chinatown, a mile or so south of the downtown district. It is as Chinese as your laundry slip—in cuisine, appointments, and clientele. But Americans come here too—judges, city officials, newspaper people, and theatrical folk. All of these visitors know Frank Moy, the venerable "Mayor of Chinatown," who, with his chief aid, Tom Toy Lee, is part owner of the Won Kow Restaurant. Order chicken bird's nest soup, fried shrimps, chicken chow mein subgum, and kumquats if you want a typical Cantonese dinner. The waiters here are very courteous and will show you how to use chop sticks in case you don't know how to handle them. Observing discreetly the manner in which the Chinese diners eat is an interesting diversion—and might be of

help to you in using the sticks. After you have finished your meal, visit the Chinese "city hall" across the street, a large temple occupied by the On Leong Chinese Merchants Association, of which Mr. Lee is president and Mr. Moy secretary. They welcome visitors and the beautiful rooms are worth seeing. The Won Kow is open until 2 A.M.

Maître d'hotel: Mr. Lee (not Tom Toy)

A R A B I A N

ORIENTAL CAFÉ *1814 South Wabash Avenue*
From the Far East to the Near East is but a step in Chicago. You have only to walk a few blocks north of Chinatown and you are in the Arab quarter at 18th Street and Wabash Avenue. Here we turn you over to Mr. Jamiel Salamy, an educated Arab rug merchant and part owner of the Oriental Café, which is a typical basement coffee house of the quarter. He'll explain everything and serve you the sort of meal the Bedouins eat in the holy city of Mecca, say, or in the desert villages of Arabia—kibbeh, made from meat ground with wheat, fried, and then cut into little squares; arische mahshi, grape leaves rolled in the form of sausages and stuffed with rice and bits of lamb; and melfoof mahshi, which is rolled cabbage. The dessert consists of baklawa and

Turkish coffee served *demi-tasse*. The Oriental Café is unpretentious but clean.

Maitre d'hotel: Jamiel Salamy, or his brother Jaleel Salamy

J A P A N E S E

MRS. SHINTANI'S 3725 Lake Park Avenue
Here is something delightful and exotic—a full course Japanese meal. Mrs. Shintani prepares it right on the table before you, Japanese style, using a little kitchenette size gas stove. You gaze interestedly as she cooks the raw meats and vegetables preparatory to serving a typical Nipponese suki-yaki meal. The table is covered with tiny tea cups, bowls of rice, chop sticks, and a cruet of soy sauce. There is nothing mysterious about a suki-yaki meal; it simply means a method of cooking thinly sliced pieces of beef in a frying pan at the table. Vegetables and various Japanese sauces are added during the cooking process and, after being fried sufficiently, the suki-yaki, to be eaten with rice, is served to each guest. Chop sticks, of course, should be used, but you may use an ordinary American fork. Once you eat a suki-yaki meal you'll swear it is the most savory that has ever touched your palate. The boys from the Japanese Y. M. C. A., down the street a bit, come to Mrs. Shintani's board. She cooked for Prince and

Princess Takamatsu, the royal honeymooners from Japan, when they visited Chicago. Should you desire a Japanese meal, you must call Mrs. Shintani on the phone a day in advance. Her number is Oakland 2775. Don't miss this opportunity.

G R E E K

PANHELLENIC RESTAURANT

711 South Halsted Street

The best lamb chops in town. Leave it to a Greek chef to prepare lamb chops in just the right way; he ought to know because lamb is to the Greeks what mutton is to the English. Here, they bring you a lamb chop—thick, juicy and broiled to the proper turn. We recommend their admirable chicken soup with vermicelli, and the French fried potatoes and combination salad, suffused with olive oil, to go with your chops. For dessert, there is thick black Turkish coffee, and, if you're willing, genuine white Greek cheese. There is also that Balkan sweetmeat, baklava. The Panhellenic, in the midst of the South Halsted Street Greektown, is clean, attractive, features cozy booths and the waiters are polite. Many of the social service workers from Hull-House, in the vicinity, dine here. An attractive section of the Panhellenic is the summer garden, situated at the rear of the restaurant in a small yard. You sit in trelliswork stalls, a fountain bubbles, flowers and vines

are all about, and the summer stars twinkle over your head. A delightful quiet place. All told, the Panhellenic is worth a visit.

Maitre d'hotel: Mr. Tsouloufis

MEXICAN

EL PUERTO DE VERA CRUZ

811 South Halsted Street

Consuls and consular attachés from Latin-American countries, Mexican caricature artists, Spanish tenors from the Civic Opera, residents of Hull-House, newspapermen, sightseeing students from the universities, and gourmets—all these indulge their fondness for “hot” dishes in this little unpretentious Mexican restaurant directly across the street from Jane Addams’ famed tenelement community center, Hull-House. Conducted by the good Senor Juan Malpica, this place serves an excellent Mexican cuisine—sopa de arroz, a rich and tasty rice soup with meat broth, not too hot; gallina con molle poblado, which is chicken with a thick sauce made, as its name implies, from “everything in the kitchen;” the familiar frijoles refritos, consisting of boiled beans, pulped and fried and served with Parmesan cheese and raw Spanish onions; tortillas, like very thin pancakes made of corn flour; and chocolate y pan, or, in other words, hot spiced chocolate, which is the national beverage. Some of the well-known persons who come here frequently are Al Careno, the Mexican cari-

capture artist; Silvano Ramos, the singer; Paco Parafan, the dancer; Sam Fragas, editor of *Mexico*; Senor Bustamente, the pianist; and Senor Rafael Aveyra, the Mexican consul. The Puerto de Vera Cruz is open until late.

Maître d'hotel: Juan Malpica

ITALIAN

AMATO'S CAFÉ 914 South Halsted Street
Spaghetti restaurants are as plentiful in all parts of town as chop suey parlors, but to get spaghetti in its true native state you must go to the west side Little Italy centering about South Halsted and Taylor Streets—and to Amato's, when you get there. Amato's wonderful antipasto; his heaping plates of spaghetti Napolitano, sprinkled with mushrooms and covered with a sauce having the faintest suggestion of garlic; his admirable roast chickens or his scallopine of veal al Marsala—these are the dishes which attract Italian opera singers, judges, business men and politicians as well as diners-out from other parts of the city. The place is one flight up, clean and comfortable, and the atmosphere is typically Italian—which, in other words, means hospitable. Prices average. Open all night.

Maître d'hotel: Amato Magialuzzo

Other good Italian restaurants in the neighborhood

are JOHN CITRO'S, 1014 South Halsted Street; SPINO'S, 942 Polk Street; and the MAULELLA RESTAURANT, 768 Taylor Street.

J E W I S H

STRULEVITZ TEA HOUSE

929 West Roosevelt Road

Meet Papa Elias Strulevitz, proprietor of one of the most interesting Jewish restaurants in town. Papa Elias comes from Roumania and his establishment is a mixture of Jewish café, Russian tea house, and American restaurant, all rolled into one—which gives it a unique atmosphere. His wife and his sister-in-law do the cooking—and how they can cook. The food is plain, fresh, wholesome, kosher, and served in a most palatable style, and you can get all forms of Continental dishes here, from Russian kasha and Roumanian steaks, to Jewish gefülte fish and chicken blintzes. Before Papa Elias moved to this roomy street-corner restaurant a few months ago, he served his meals in his little west side home a short distance away on Sangamon Street. There came the *bons vivants* and diners-out of the town—Francis Coughlin, then on the staff of *The Chicagoan*; John Landesco, the Roumanian criminologist; Morris Topchevsky, the painter; the Roumanian consul; students from the various universities; and lots of other interesting people who like good foods. Today, they

have followed Papa Elias to his new place. He serves luncheon and dinner—and we advise you not to miss him. By the by, Papa Elias is quite a personality himself.

Maitre d'hotel: Elias Strulevitz

ROUMANIAN

GOLDSTEIN'S

821 West 14th Street

A tenderloin steak, as only the Roumanians know how to prepare it, awaits you in this unassuming restaurant on the first floor of Mrs. Goldstein's home over in the Valley. Mrs. Goldstein, who is manager, cashier, waitress and chef, prepares all of her steaks as in her native Roumania—that is, by broiling over a charcoal fire. The result is something that touches the palate in the same manner that a Beethoven sonata touches the soul. And you may pick out your own steak and watch her broil it in the kitchen, noting incidentally the cleanliness of her kitchen and everything in it. Served with her delicious combination salad, pickles, and appetizing rye bread (which has caraway seeds in it), this steak dinner is something that will remain long in your memory. And don't forget to make ample use of the tiny dried seeds from the red pepper pods on the table—these give your steak an added tang. Mrs. Goldstein serves only two other entrées, broiled liver and sweet-

breads. For an appetizer, she serves anchovies and, on certain days, chopped chicken liver. We heartily recommend Goldstein's when your thoughts turn toward a steak. This was the favorite eating place of Tine Bimbo, king of the gypsies. Open until midnight.

Maître d'hotel: Mrs. Goldstein

BOHEMIAN

GLASER'S CAFÉ

3551 West 26th Street

Where the musicians, newspaper editors, writers, and leaders of the west side Bohemian quarter foregather. Dr. Jaroslav Smetanka, consul for Czechoslovakia, comes here when in the mood for his native Bohemian viands; here many visiting celebrities from the homeland are banqueted; here also Mayor Anton Cermak ate in the days when he was a minor political figure. Charles Glaser, who is somewhat of a bibliophile and philosopher in addition to being a first-rate restaurateur, has been conducting this place on the main business street of the Bohemian quarter for the past thirteen years and his friends are legion. All the well-known Bohemian dishes are on the Glaser menu—plum dumpling, with poppy-seeds or cottage cheese (served only between the months of June and December); roast duck with sauerkraut; Prague salami with raw onions; roast goose and roast loin

of pork, both with sauerkraut; liver sausage; and the various delightful Bohemian pastries, such as kolacky and buchty smaken. Glasher's is open from 7 A.M. to 1 A.M. and the menu is à la carte.

Maitre d'hotel: Charles Glaser

R U S S I A N

R U S S I A N W O R K E R S ' C O - O P E R A T I V E

RESTAURANT

1628 West Division Street

Situated in the Russian quarter on the northwest side, this dining place has a menu that would certainly make an underfed comrade over in Soviet Russia green with envy. For not only do you find here a comprehensive line of ordinary American foods but all the standard Russian dishes are on the menu—borscht, that tasty thick red soup consisting of beets and milk; kasha, made of buckwheat grits with a sauce of bacon and mushrooms, and goluptse, which is rolled cabbage stuffed with various meats. A tumbler of amber-tinted Russian tea, some fruit, and a cigarette finishes off the meal nicely. Now that you are at leisure, look about you and observe the comrades reading *The Daily Worker*, for this is a dining place for communists as well as for old conservative White Russians. It is spotlessly clean and the prices are reasonable. And don't be afraid—nobody will toss a bomb.

Maitre d'hotel: Mr. Kutzko

POLISH

LENARD'S RESTAURANT

1182 Milwaukee Avenue

As for Polish viands, you will find these done to perfection in Mr. Ignace Lenard's establishment on Milwaukee Avenue, around the corner from the Russian eating place. A quick glance over the menu shows that the Polish people are great lovers of mushrooms and use them as a garniture for many of their important dishes. We recommend the *Zrazki po Nelsonsku* or, in other words, the beef filet à la Nelson, which comes to you arrayed in sour cream gravy, mushrooms and potatoes, served *en casserole*. Or you might like another of Mr. Lenard's specialties—meat balls with mushrooms. Cheese pancakes, the way they are prepared here, make a delectable accompanying dish. And Mr. Lenard's three expert pastry cooks from Krakow provide you with as bewildering an assortment of frothy, toothsome, and delicious things to eat with your coffee as you may find in all Chicago. Lenard's is the headquarters of prominent Polish-American gourmets of the city—County Judge Edmund K. Jarecki, City Treasurer M. S. Szymczak; the two bankers, August J. Kowalski and Julius Smetanka, and John Romaszkievicz, president of the Polish National Alliance. Polish newspapermen and business men, and their families, eat here too.

Maître d'hotel: Mr. Lenard

GERMAN

LINCOLN TURNER HALL CAFÉ

1005 Diversey Parkway

Like a breath from Unter den Linden. A German orchestra plays compositions by Strauss, Mozart, and Wagner; imported oil paintings adorn the walls; the dining room is large and colorful, with red predominating; waiters of thick accent careen hither and yon with steins of (near) beer; stout Teutonic papas and their families eat sauerbraten or kartoffel kloesse; and all is lively, crowded, colorful, and Continental.

The dining room is located on the ground floor of the Lincoln Turner Hall, an old landmark in the center of the north side German area. It is conducted by August and Fred Marx, cousins, who formerly ran Marx's "Beer Tunnel," a basement sauerkraut and beer establishment in the Loop in the old days. They are widely known among German-Americans of the city and many of their old friends are always present at dinner in the Lincoln Turner Hall dining room.

Music is featured only during dinner. The table d'hote dinners are \$1.00 and \$1.25; luncheons are 50 and 75 cents. All of the standard German dishes are on the menu, as well as the regular American items, and the cooking here is in the hands of expert German chefs.

Maitre d'hotel: August Marx

SWEDISH

IDROTT SWEDISH CO-OPERATIVE CAFÉ

3204 Wilton Avenue

One of the interesting restaurants in Chicago. Owned and conducted entirely by the residents of Herring Lane, as the Swedish neighborhood along Belmont Avenue, on the north side, is called. Organized into a society, they elect officers to manage the restaurant and all other activities which have made of their modern two-story building a sort of Swedish community center. They have a library, public bakery, lecture hall and card rooms. Waitresses will serve coffee while you read your newspaper or play checkers. But it is the food we are concerned with—and what food! What rare arrangements in fish—fresh, salted, smoked or lye soaked. This last is the justly celebrated Swedish lutefisk, a kind of cod fish given a lye treatment but, of course, cleansed thoroughly of lye before serving. It's very appetizing. But don't begin your meal until you have paid your gustatory respects to the smorgasbord—that great Swedish institution, similar to the French hors d'oeuvres, but far more expansive. It is a table loaded down with appetizers of all kinds—fish, cheeses, sausages, cold meats, olives, celery—and you may help yourself to as much as you like. For typical Swedish entrées there is köttbullar, which means meat balls, or stekt salt sill, the familiar salt herring, fried. And to be really Swedish you must eat either Swedish rye bread or the hard-tackish knackebrod with this meal. On Thursdays they

serve a special Swedish dinner composed of pea soup, potato sausages and plättar, which is a small Swedish pancake, especially delicious with the Lingonberry jam that goes with it. Anybody may eat at the Idrott Café and the prices are amazingly cheap.

Maître d'hotel: Mr. Carlson

FILIPINO

MANILA VILLAGE CAFÉ 837 North La Salle Street

Filipino cookery, a combination of Oriental, Spanish, and native edibles, is something new in Chicago and is fast winning the favor of Chicago friends of the Filipinos as well as lovers of foreign viands. Here, in this plain undecorated restaurant in the basement of the Filipino Community Center, these dishes from over the Pacific are prepared in a highly appetizing manner and in true native style. There is pansit, a sort of appetizer composed of ravioli, bits of meat, noodles and dried shrimps; adobo, an entrée, which is spare ribs of pork, fried, steamed, and served in a transparent brown gravy with just a touch of garlic in it; and shrimps guisado, composed of shrimps and celery suffused with soy sauce; and Filipino cabbage and chop suey. And, as in Chinese and Japanese restaurants, you are supposed to eat plenty of rice from the bowl before you. Most of the boys from the surrounding Filipino colony eat here, as well as the local leaders of the race, including Pablo Katigbak,

staff writer of the *Chicago Daily News*. There is another Filipino restaurant around the block on the second floor at 642 North Clark Street, where the same native dishes are served. It is conducted by Pedro Abicilla, who is a student at the University of Chicago. Visitors are welcomed at both places.

DINING IN BOHEMIA

Tower Town, the Greenwich Village or the Latin Quarter of Chicago, lies across the river on the near north side. It derives its name from the old Chicago Avenue water tower, an historic landmark at Chicago Avenue and Upper Michigan Avenue, in the center of the district.

What its boundaries are, it is hard to define; some aspects of it are found in the elegant precincts of the Gold Coast north of Division Street, but it is safe to assume that Tower Town life does not definitely get under way until after Division Street is crossed southward; parts of it are also found west of Clark Street; at its lower end, it jumps Michigan Avenue and goes eastward into Streeterville, that area of ritzy apartment hotels; on the south it ends abruptly at Grand Avenue. State Street is the main north-south highway through it, and Chicago Avenue bisects it from east to west.

Now that you have a more or less geographical layout of Tower Town, the rest is up to you. We offer you the following selection of curious and quaint and foreign eating places in Tower Town with the hope that, somewhere among them, you will find that elusive some-

thing which causes people to go to Greenwich Village in New York or to the Latin Quarter in Paris. Anyway, we hope you have a good time.

RAVENNA RESTAURANT

1205 North La Salle Street

Hungarian food and atmosphere. Like a little café in old Budapest. No artificial "scenery" but the atmosphere is as Hungarian as the delightful goulash that Gene Ziegler serves. Popular among the bohemians of Tower Town, newspapermen, artists, and visiting Hungarian theatrical stars. Pen portraits of many of the celebs who visit here line the walls. Real Hungarian gypsy musicians play the tunes of Franz Liszt and other Continental composers, as well as Hungarian folk ballads, from 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. Gene Ziegler, the hearty proprietor, sometimes cooks savory specialties himself, as does Bill, the popular head waiter. Naturally, such Hungarian dishes as chicken paprika, rolled stuffed cabbage, sausage, and goulash, are served better here than elsewhere in the town. There is a 65 cent table d'hote dinner. Lincoln 1702.

MARGHERITA ITALIAN RESTAURANT

1121 North State Street

Good spaghetti and ravioli from the hands of a chef who knows his business. Not a few debs and their boy friends from the Gold Coast nearby are seen here nightly. There is a seven course table d'hote dinner for \$1.00. Cuisine Francaise et Italienne. One flight up. Delaware 0466.

NORTH STAR INN

15 West Division Street

Another Italian place, here for many years. Occupies an old one-story stucco house. Small-time actors and actresses from the nearby Claridge Hotel, newspapermen, artists, and couples stealing away from formal dances at the Drake Hotel, come here during the late hours. One section has tables and the other cozy booths. Ask for Adolph. Delaware 0592.

A BIT OF SWEDEN

1011 Rush Street

One of the quaintest and most charming of the many foreign restaurants in Tower Town. It is a high-class Swedish peasant restaurant and the foods are delicious and wholesome. You help yourself to all the appetizers you want—sardines, herring, cheese, olives, celery, salad—from the smorgasbord, or Swedish hors d'oeuvres table. Prices are reasonable and luncheon and dinner are served. The room is appropriately decorated with Swedish objets d'art and the blonde waitresses are in costume. Delaware 1492.

LA ROSETTA

1045 Rush Street

Occupying an old mansion, La Rosetta has been here for a long time. And there's a reason. Excellent Italian and French dishes, and the personality of the great Gino himself, have been the factors which built up this establishment's clientele—some of whom are Gold Coasters. The atmosphere is dignified and Continental and there are always interesting people at the tables. Delaware 0468.

CAFÉ KANTONESE

1005 Rush Street

Chinese cuisine in a small place that is modern and colorful in decoration rather than Chinese. No teak-wood tables or mother-of-pearl furniture. Here, the bohemians eat plenty of chop suey and chicken chow mein when they have the price—which isn't often.

BALLANTINE'S

942 Rush Street

Established by Edward B. Ballantine, formerly of the exclusive Casino Club. The steaks and chops served here rate high in quality, and the other dishes are of no small merit. Open for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and after-the-theatre. Both à la carte and table d'hôte service. The front portion of the restaurant contains high oaken booths while at the rear is a large dining room, done in the English tavern style. Delaware 0050.

SEVEN ARTS

12 1/2 West Delaware Place

Here is bohemia—if you must have it. This is a typical Tower Town forum, located on the second floor of an old stable at the rear of a garden. Lectures are held here on Saturday and Sunday nights. Anybody may go—if he pays the small admission charge. But the point that concerns us is that food is served here—mostly sandwiches, salads, and coffee or tea. We mention the Seven Arts in case you want to eat in a truly bohemian atmosphere.

SOUTHERN TEA SHOP

47 East Oak Street

A quiet and charming tea room in a brownstone front, where prices are very reasonable and the colored waitresses are polite and attentive. Such specialties of

the Southland as Southern fried chicken, date torte, and hot Southern biscuits are popular items on the menu. The table d'hote luncheon is 50 cents and the dinner is 75 cents. This is No. 2 of the tea shop chain established by Miss Annie Sara Bock, a well-known Chicago restaurateur. Delaware 0817.

TORINO ITALIAN RESTAURANT

104 East Oak Street

Another eating parlor occupying an old residence. A stone's throw from Lake Shore Drive, the Torino has its share of the beau monde among its patrons. Italian dishes, as you may readily guess, are offered here. It is open until late at night and is most crowded after the theatre. Delaware 3889.

TOWER TOWN TEA ROOM *43 East Oak Street*

Luncheons and dinners at prices within the means of those who live in the many studios and rooming houses of the near north side. The food served here has its merits and the waitresses are alert and civil. Delaware 2047.

K-9 CLUB

105 East Walton Place

An odd sort of a place, serving luncheons, dinners, and after-theatre suppers—in fact, any kind of meal any time of day or night. The luncheons are 35 cents. Stenographers from the Palmolive Building on Michigan Avenue come here, as well as clerks and taxi drivers. It is alleged to be an eating place for radio and theatrical stars, but few, if any, are ever seen here. Photographs of the stars adorn the walls. Once, a dog club occupied

these quarters, hence the name "K-9." The place features Pig's Feet Alley, where pig's feet are served. Delaware 0605.

THE WALTON TEA HOUSE *75 East Walton Place*

A pleasant tea room with New England atmosphere, occupying a cottage. Foods are wholesome and the cooking plain. The butterscotch pie is delicious. Luncheons are 50 cents. There are a few specialties at dinner. Delaware 2024.

RICKETTS *1004 North Clark Street*

Although a standard American white-tiled lunch room and restaurant, Ricketts has always been a favorite eating place of many of the bohemians of Tower Town. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that it is open all night—and you know how bohemians like to sit around over their coffee and cigarettes and talk at all hours of the night. The food is good and the prices are standard. Lincoln 4824.

DILL PICKLE CLUB *18 Tooker Place*

Are there people living here who haven't heard of the Dill Pickle Club? What Mecca is to a Mohammedan the Dill Pickle Club is to the bohemians of Chicago—and to those who merely come to see the bohemians. It is a center of night life activities in Tower Town and is the most often visited and most often denounced of near north side bohemian haunts. The walls are adorned with garish paintings, the dance room is dark and dusty and dimly-lit, the little theatre is awfully little, the garden is popular on summer nights, and the coffee shop serves

coffee and a few light foods that are tolerable. Jack Jones, the bushy-haired, who founded the Dill Pickle, and his mild-mannered sister prepare goodly assortment of sandwiches for the Wednesday night literary crowd, the Saturday night dancing and drama crowd, and the Sunday night lecture crowd. Don't miss the Dill Pickle. It is not a club but a free-for-all place. Delaware 0669.

SUNRISE SEA FOOD GROTTTO *901 Rush Street*
Where the near north side eats its sea foods. All kinds of finny edibles during their respective seasons. One reason this place is so popular is that it is open all night. You never know at what hour of the night you are likely to feel in a mood for oysters or lobsters and such. Delaware 0470.

BOB'S COFFEE SHOP *905 Rush Street*
A Godsend to those Tower Towners who are more lean of purse than others—and there are plenty of the former. Here you will see poor poets and painters, of both genders, eating Bob's 35 cent luncheons and 50 cent dinners. The food is plain and home cooked and just the thing to keep soul and body together until such time as your ship comes in.

LA RUE'S DINING ROOM *900 Rush Street*
The opposite of Bob's Coffee Shop. Being the main dining room of the Maryland Hotel, La Rue's is dignified and rather elegantly furnished with oak panelled walls and gay lighting fixtures and the like. Steaks and chops

are popular here, as well as the pastries. Open for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Superior 4568.

SHIP'S CAFÉ

913 Rush Street

Probably one of the craziest—and therefore popular—eating establishments in Chicago. You may carve your initials on the wooden table top if you like. Glossy photographs of movie stars decorate the walls. Triangular flags drip from all parts of the ceiling like icicles. Real candles sputter on the tables. Portholes adorn the walls. At the rear is the Pirate's Den—small, dim, and full of painted skulls and cross-bones. Donald Austin, the entertaining proprietor, says he knows what the public wants and he gives it to them. The Ship's Café has recently become popular among the younger element of fresh-water sailors—the lads who man yachts along the waterfront. Aside from the novelty atmosphere offered here, Donald serves good sirloin steaks, lake trout, and whitefish. His prices are standard and his place is open for luncheon and dinner. Delaware 0683.

CASA DE ALEX

58 East Delaware Place

The atmosphere and food of old Madrid—and the dance music of these United States. Don Alexander, the proprietor, a big dark Spaniard, knows lots of people in town, having been manager of the extinct Samovar Café in South Michigan Avenue. The standard American dishes are served here, prepared in appetizing style. You can also order a special Spanish meal, cooked by a real Spanish cook. The walls are decorated with original oil paintings by Alexander's wife, an artist of no small talent. Here, at dinner, you are likely to see one or two

celebs almost any evening—Edward Gorey, political editor of the *American*; Thomas Ross, the actor; Aline Stanley, the actress; Jess Krueger, the newspaperman and American Legion official; Gene Morgan, the columnist; and Bob Andrews, the novelist. They are all friends of hearty Don Alexander. The Casa de Alex is a favorite with out-of-towners; we don't know how the word gets around. Dancing in the evening. No rowdy stuff allowed. Small, intimate. Afternoon teas attract many women, but there are no gigolos. Superior 9697.

GONDOLA INN 837 North State Street
French and Italian cooking. One flight up. Open for luncheon and dinner. Prices within the means of near north siders who live in rooming houses. The spaghetti is good.

OLD VENICE CAFÉ 755 North Dearborn Street
Another Italian place, in the basement of the historic Rice Hotel. Here for three or four years, the Old Venice has maintained its prestige by reason of the excellence of its cooking and the atmosphere of conviviality. It is open until late at night and you may dance to the music of a radio. Delaware 0081.

BLACKTHORN TAVERN 51 East Chicago Avenue
An old English tavern in the basement of Younker's retail and wholesale grocery store, "west of the water tower." Rough walls, hewn oak beams, leaded glass windows, benches around the walls, Windsor chairs, and rough-topped oak tables. Pieces of old china, brass, and

copper, as well as sporting prints and trophies of the hunt, adorn the walls. Open for luncheon and dinner each day, and also for Sunday dinner. There are 50 and 65 cent luncheons, and \$1.00 and \$1.25 dinners, in the Tavern. Steaks and chicken dinners are a specialty. The foods served here are a credit to the establishment. Alice G. Crane, president and manager of Younker's, is to be complimented for the service and for her skill in picking out alert and polite waitresses, who, by the way, are trim enough in their tight bodices and full skirts. Whitehall 5300.

ROUND TABLE INN *57 East Chicago Avenue*

Another Godsend to the poor artists and writers of the quarter. Located in the basement of the Vogel & Company grocery store. You walk through the store, pass behind the counter, and enter a door leading to the basement. No fancy decorations, but all is clean and fresh and intimate. There are a number of large round tables under the shaded lamps. But the thing that crowds the Round Table Inn each evening is the well-cooked table d'hote dinner for 50 cents. Which, let us repeat, is a Godsend to many Tower Towners. Superior 3886.

SOUTHERN TEA SHOP *745 Rush Street*

First of the chain of tea shops founded by Miss Annie Sara Bock. Luncheons 50 cents and dinners 75 cents. Southern atmosphere, intelligent colored waitresses, and a few Southern dishes. The food in general is very good. Many of the newspapermen, artists, and musi-

cians who live in the studios over the tea shop dine here. Delaware 0328.

AMBER PIE

118 East Superior Street

One of the first of the tea shops on the near north side. The little old frame house it occupies is a familiar sight to strollers along Upper Michigan Avenue. The food is carefully prepared, wholesome, and varied. The Misses Helm, who established this place over ten years ago, are known all over town for their delicious amber pie, a specialty of the house. There are always interesting people here at dinner. Table d'hote luncheons are 60 cents and similar dinners are \$1.00. Also à la carte. Plenty of room, both upstairs and downstairs. Delaware 3719.

CASA LAGO

213 East Superior Street

Occupying an old town residence east of the Avenue. Italian foods and hearty Italian hospitality at the hands of John Luccaci, well-known restaurateur of the near north side and former proprietor of the Old Venice Café on Dearborn Street. Open late and prices easy on your budget. Lots of newspaper people and about-towners at the tables during dinner.

CHEZ DORÉ

212 East Erie Street

This French restaurant gets most of its patrons from the studios, office buildings, and business establishments east of the Avenue. Like so many of the restaurants on the near north side, Chez Doré is also in an old town house. Luncheon and dinner (\$1.50) are served and

the foods, cooked by an expert French chef, are varied and savory.

ERIE INN

153 East Erie Street

Occupying the former location of the Vassar House and conducted by the former manager of said Vassar House. A quiet, refined place for luncheon, tea, or dinner. You will not be disappointed in the food. Delaware 2334.

HUNGARIAN RESTAURANT

637 North Michigan Avenue

Hungarian goulash, chicken paprika, rolled cabbage, sausages, and other dishes that people eat in Budapest await your palate here. It is not a fancy place; just a collection of chairs and tables and a few pictures on the walls. But the dishes are good and substantial and the prices not the least bit high.

HOLLAND TEA ROOM

157 East Ontario Street

We don't know why this place is called the Holland Tea Room, since no Dutch dishes are served here. The menu is a regular American tea room menu. Although disappointed in not finding any Dutch dishes, we were not disappointed in the quality of the cooking. Open for luncheon and dinner. This place has a good-sized clientele and is one of the better places east of the Avenue. Delaware 3810.

THE LITTLE GARDEN

160 East Ontario Street

Another tea room, rather quaint and interesting.

Occupying a little house at the rear of a garden. New England atmosphere and food and such. Open for luncheon, tea, and dinner. Restful and away from the noises of the street.

EASTGATE GRILL *162 East Ontario Street*

Not only do residents of the Eastgate Hotel eat here, but many others from the surrounding neighborhood partake of the commendable Eastgate board. Open for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and after-the-theatre. The steaks and chops and sandwiches seem to make the biggest hit. Superior 3580.

COLONIAL TEA SHOP *619 Rush Street*

Luncheon 50 cents and dinner 75 cents, and a steady clientele. Another tea room occupying an old residence. This one is interesting, with its many rooms and ornate wooden stairways. Delaware 0956.

G T RESTAURANT *100 East Ohio Street*

This place took over the Triangle Restaurant idea of poetic menus and carried it much further. The dishes are described in the most glowing terms and you are bound to get hungry reading them. They have one specialty, unique in Chicago. Steaks are cooked in triangular tin pans, and are served in them with the natural juice. Many a hand is burned from touching these pans, but the steaks are thick, tender, and delicious. And you will enjoy the amusing drawings of chefs and cooks and bakers painted in modernistic style on the walls. Open until late. Delaware 1510.

VIRGINIA DINING ROOM

Rush and Ohio Streets

Old-fashioned atmosphere and old-fashioned food. Being old fashioned, the food is fresh, wholesome, and skillfully prepared. This is the main dining room of that old landmark of the near north side, the Virginia Hotel, built shortly before the World's Fair of 1893. A unique feature of the room is the huge, beautifully-carved wooden Norman church altar, made in 1546 and exhibited at the World's Fair. Cyrus Hall McCormick is said to have owned it but, not finding room for it in his home, he turned it over to the Virginia Hotel. Carved with hundreds of little human figures, this altar is eminently worth seeing. And the food here is worth eating. Superior 1690.

FRASCATTI'S

619 North Wabash Avenue

An old-timer in Tower Town, as restaurants go. Has a wide reputation for first-rate Italian and French cooking. This one too occupies an old town house, across the street from the big Medinah Temple. Not a few celebrities are seen here in the evening. Mentioned in John Gunther's novel, "The Red Pavilion." Whether such mention gives it added prestige, we don't know, but the spaghetti, ravioli, and filet mignon here are unforgettable. Open for luncheon and dinner. Delaware 0714.

VICTOR HOUSE

9 East Grand Avenue

Italian restaurants are as thick on the near north side as cats in Siam. Here is another one. The Victor House, however, is one of the more important ones, having

quite a few patrons from among the ranks of local politicians and city office holders. And where politicians eat you can always conclude that the food is good. Luncheon and dinner are served here. Delaware 0712.

SUBWAY CAFÉ *507 North Wabash Avenue*

Latest of the basement eating houses in Tower Town. It is open late, the atmosphere is informal, and there is always someone around to play the piano. Steaks and chops are featured and good Southern cooking. The service is à la carte and the prices are within reason.

THE PHALANSTERY *915 Rush Street*

Both the soul and the body is fed at the Phalanstery, a small restaurant featuring sea foods and lectures on life and letters. It is conducted by Jack Ryan, a well-known Tower Towner, and his wife, and offers sandwiches, coffee, and a variety of sea foods on its menu. The Phalanstery was the name of the edifice in which the community of the Fourierites lived in France. Local writers and philosophers lecture at Ryan's establishment on Saturday evenings.

A M E R I C A N A

One of the most interesting features of Ruth Page's "American Evening" party, held recently in honor of Mary Wigman, the noted German dancer, was the buffet supper of typical American dishes. It was the first time we became actively conscious of native American viands in relation to the viands of other countries and it led us into a study of the subject. Such familiar items as baked Virginia ham, Boston baked beans, corned beef, red hots, watermelon pickles, Southern hot biscuits, coffee, and ice cream cones were provided by the charming Chicago dancer and her husband and, needless to say, Miss Wigman ate these dishes with keen relish—as did the Chicagoans present. We came away with two questions: What are typical American dishes and where can they be found to best advantage in Chicago?

We discovered at the outset that the most popular American contribution to the world's edibles is the turkey. In England, Germany, and France it is regarded as the most savory of the domestic fowls and it is found on the menus of all first-class restaurants in those countries. Brillat-Savarin, the great French epicure, in 1825 wrote these words in tribute to the king of

American table fowls: "The turkey is certainly one of the most beautiful presents which the New World has made to the Old . . . Only in America has the turkey been found in a wild state, and in a state of nature."

More detailed information on native American dishes, however, was found in a book by that modern American counterpart of Brillat-Savarin—Julian Street. In his "Where Paris Dines," Street describes fifteen restaurants in Paris where American foods may be obtained. And then he names the conventional American dishes—grapefruit, ham and eggs, wheat cakes with Vermont maple syrup, corned-beef hash and poached egg, fried chicken with corn fritters à la Maryland, waffles, baked Idaho potatoes, corn on the cob, strawberry shortcake, New England boiled dinner, venison, bear meat, codfish, pompano, watermelon, corned beef and cabbage, Hamburger steak, sweet potatoes and cranberry sauce.

Our study of this subject came to a head when we discovered Alfred Fries, the final authority on American viands and his little book, "The Blue Book of American Dishes," which is a distinct contribution to Americana. As far as we know, it is the only book of its kind. Here, Chef Fries tells you how to prepare dishes which originated in America, or European dishes which were altered by the American style of preparation. All of the dishes named by Julian Street are here, and such additional ones as chop suey, broiled mallard duck, club sandwich, Denver sandwich, hominy, Philadelphia pepper pot, Lake Superior whitefish, candied yams, Philadelphia scrapple, pumpkin pie, cornbread, New England mince pie, hoe cakes, and ice cream. Here is what Chef Fries says about the sandwich:

“The term ‘sandwich’ is supposed to be derived from the Earl of Sandwich, who, so tradition relates, was an inveterate gambler and who, because he did not want to be disturbed while playing, ate his meat placed between two slices of bread. From this humble beginning the sandwich has grown into universal favor, especially in our own United States. It is a quick and easy way to satisfy the inner man and quite acceptable as a snack between regular meals. It would be easy to write a whole volume on sandwiches alone, so great is their variety.”

An interesting sidelight on our researches was the enthusiasm shown in typical native dishes by such highly indigenous American writers in Chicago as Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, John T. Frederick, and Howard Vincent O’Brien. We found out that they often eat in the one-arm lunch rooms, cafeterias, and sandwich shops of the Loop, finding in them foods as wholesome and palatable as the French, German, and other Continental dishes featured on the menus of the first-class restaurants.

Where, in Chicago, does one find these dishes to best advantage? Exactly in the center of the Loop. In our estimation, Clark Street, in the vicinity of Madison, provides the greatest array of typical American quick-lunch restaurants. This section of Clark Street is sometimes called “Toothpick Row” because of the many lunchers standing along the curb in front of the restaurants at high noon on a summer’s day, busily and unabashedly manipulating toothpicks. The restaurants here are mostly of the white-tiled counter variety—crowded, loud with the clatter of crockery and the

shouting of orders, and blatant with advertising matter. But they are typically American and serve the standard American dishes for the great mass of the people.

Here, then, in the following named restaurants along "Toothpick Row," you will find the dishes that Chef Fries lists in his book—the dishes which the great middle class eat so avidly at the noon lunch hour. Representatives of the principal "chain" restaurants in town are here, as well as independent ones, and all are so close together as to make this section of Clark Street an Ap-pian Way for the luncheon crowds.

HOTEL PLANTER'S COFFEE SHOP

19 North Clark Street

A small, hole-in-the-wall sort of place, on the ground floor of the Planter's Hotel, one of the old hostelrys of the Loop. Good sandwiches, coffee and dessert, and quick service. Patronized mostly by sportsmen, race horse fans, and residents of the hotel.

RAKLIO'S

3 North Clark Street

Both counter and table service—with men seeming to favor the counters and stenographers and girl clerks preferring the tables. Good table d'hote and à la carte luncheons, at average prices, and offering all the regular American edibles. The *décor* is in the bleak, white-tiled tradition, but everything is neat and clean and the waitresses are alert. One of the Raklio "chain" of restaurants.

MITCHELL'S

18 South Clark Street

Another eating place, *à la Americain*. Mitchell's, besides its conventional table d'hote and à la carte menu,

offers a small steak luncheon for 35 cents. Of good quality and done to the proper turn, these steaks have made the fame of the house. Everyday at noon Mitchell's is packed—and ninety per cent of the customers order the small steak.

W-R SANDWICH SHOP *20 South Clark Street*

That great American viand, the hot dog, is the main attraction here. A long, very narrow room, this place is a madhouse at noon; men and boys actually wait in line for their chance to partake of the tasty wienies that sizzle in the window. A hot dog sandwich, made with a fresh roll; a cup of coffee; and a piece of pie (in summer pie à la mode) make up most of the luncheons here. Many of the patrons order two hot dog sandwiches. Another specialty of the house is Hamburger steak. Potato pancakes with apple sauce and cheese cake are more items that are popular here.

PIXLEY AND EHLERS *22 South Clark Street*

Tantalizing cherry pies and pastries of all sorts—observe them being prepared before your eyes in the window of Pixley and Ehlers. Note the pastry cooks, the flour and the bulbous piles of dough and the ovens in the background. This is the home of the American pie—juicy, flaky, and using all the conventional fruits. They also feature an "Old Fashioned Farm Breakfast Special," consisting of wheatcakes (whole wheat or buckwheat, as you please) with Mickelberry's sausages, and plenty of syrup and a cup of coffee. The whole comes to 20 cents. Pork and beans, sandwiches, and ham and eggs are also served here.

ARCADE CAFETERIA

32 South Clark Street

And now we come to the cafeteria style of restaurant, an institution as American as the Statue of Liberty. Most of the first-class cafeterias in Chicago, such as the Ontra and Harmony, are located on Wabash Avenue, where they cater to the employees of State Street department stores. Here, at the Arcade, you have a representative example of this style of restaurant. It is located on the second floor of the Arcade Building. Fresh vegetables are featured here, including the New England boiled dinner.

LEIGHTON CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY

RESTAURANT

40 South Clark Street

As its name indicates, the Leighton features dairy dishes. A clean attractive place, serving a good 40 cent luncheon, which includes other typical American dishes than those made of dairy products. Southern hash with poached egg, for example. This is very good here.

B-G SANDWICH SHOP

109 South Clark Street

The United States seems to have gone in for the Earl of Sandwich's invention in a big way. Probably no other agency is more responsible for this than the B-G Sandwich Shops, which are to be found in all the principal cities. Is there anybody who doesn't relish the type of sandwiches served in a B-G place—those three-deckers, toasted, and made with such wholesome edibles? The most popular of these sandwiches is the B-G Special, composed of various meats and Mayonnaise dressing. Their coffee is also of first-rate quality, prepared as it is by special process. And the pies are something which

make you feel glad that you're eating in a B-G place. We highly recommend a B-G Sandwich Shop for a light snack on a hot summer's day.

WALGREEN'S

Anywhere in the Loop

Newest of the American dishes, which has made a great hit, is the inner-toasted sandwich, served only in Walgreen drug stores. It is a good-sized bun with its insides toasted and filled with various meats or other foods—beef sauté, chicken salad, frankfurter, melted American cheese, or tuna fish salad. A deviled egg and a cup of coffee or tea go with it and the whole costs 25 cents. Everybody eats them at noon in Walgreen's.

E. W. RIECH'S RESTAURANT

118 South Clark Street

In the jargon of the man in the street, this counter lunch room is a "beanery." The only foods served are vegetable or navy bean soup, Boston baked beans (with or without pork), coffee and pies. An epicure would probably turn up his nose at a place like this, but just the same it is always crowded and sometimes you have to wait in line. And the people who come here to eat are not truck drivers or lowly laborers, either, for we have seen many prominent lawyers and city officials and judges and newspapermen eating in Riech's beaneries. Whenever we want good vegetable soup and Boston baked beans we always go to Riech's.

AMONG THE LITERATI

There are as many literary gangs in Chicago as there are underworld gangs. Saturday is the big day in the week for these literary gangsters; they foregather at "round tables" in numerous restaurants, clubs, hotel dining rooms, tea shops, alley studios, and basement coffee shops and talk about everything but literature.

The Schlogl gang, which we told you about on page 26 is the most famous of them all. Here, most of the significant Chicago authors eat or have eaten, and here it is that practically all visiting literary notables from the world at large are invited to lunch.

There are numerous writing groups, however, which do not meet in public restaurants, but organize into clubs and provide their own quarters. Among these are the Tavern, with such well-known literary members as Charles Collins, Ashton Stevens, Wallace Rice, Henry Kitchell Webster, and Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; the Cliff Dwellers, with the benevolent figure of Hamlin Garland hovering over it; the Midland authors, occupying a private dining room provided by Ernest Byfield and Harlan Ware, officials of the Hotel Sherman and writers themselves; and the Press Club, where the veteran novelist, Opie Read, and his cronie, Al Dunlap, an

editor, as well as a host of other typewriter pounders, hold forth.

Newspapermen of today may be the authors of tomorrow. So we have included in the following list of literary eating places a few of the restaurants where the boys from Newspaper Row do their eating and talking.

THE DUTCHROOM

Hotel Bismarck, Randolph and Wells Streets

One of the liveliest literary gangs in town meets here each Saturday at noon. Composed of writers, poets, newspapermen, advertising men, professors, lawyers, bibliophiles, and conversationalists. No women allowed. The gang occupies a "round table" in the farthest corner of the room; everything is informal and spontaneous; the wits of the table cross verbal swords; the laughter is explosive; and everybody has a good time.

No better room could be found for conviviality than the Dutchroom of the Bismarck Hotel, located at the west end of the Rialto. It is a low, beamed dining room with a fireplace, having the atmosphere of an old German tavern and the foods served here are the same as those served in the main dining room of the Bismarck.

Here, then, come the literati—Kurt M. Stein, the popular German-American dialect poet; Richard "Riq" Atwater, columnist of *The Chicagoan*; Dr. Walter Blair, of the English department at the University of Chicago; Fred Lowenthal, the attorney, bibliophile, and wit; Dr. David Boder, the Lewis Institute psychologist; Francis Coughlin, the magazine writer and epicure; Vincent Starrett, the essayist and novelist; Joe Ator, of the *Chicago American*; Walter Auburn, who writes under

the name of "Gimmick" in various columns; Finney Briggs, the continuity writer; Franklin Meine, the book auctioneer and authority on American humor; Phillip Morris, the conversationalist; V. L. Sherman, of the Lewis Institute; and Douglas MacMurtrie, who made *The Golden Book*.

In other words, the Dutchroom is a sort of Algonquin of Chicago. Aside from this, however, you will like the food and atmosphere here and the prices are standard.

MAURICE'S

175 West Madison Street

Ranks with the best restaurants in town for good food. The pastries and coffee are on a par with those of Henrici's. Because of its nearness to the Market Street "Newspaper Row", Maurice's has always been a newspaper restaurant and all of "the boys" know C. H. Penikoff, the genial proprietor. Maurice's stands on the site of the famed Vogelsang's restaurant, where George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Eugene Field, Ring Lardner, John T. McCutcheon, Opie Read, and other news writers of a generation ago dined. Here, at the present time, you'll find the town's columnists—John Keys, Warren Brown, Ralph Cannon, and Carol Willis Hyatt; the sports writers, Paul Hirtenstein, Anne Armstrong, S. S. "Salty" Bell, Albon Holden, John C. Hoffman, and James Crusinberry; Bertha Fenberg, feature writer for the *News*; Harry Beardsley, author of the forthcoming biography of Joe Smith, "Celestial Wives"; Tom Bashaw, Dan Fogle, Clem Lane, reporters all; Hume T. Whitacre, who edits the elaborate rotogravure section of the *News*; Jim Braden, the automobile editor; Don Russell, the

book critic; Eugene Stinson, the music critic; and William S. Hedges and Royal S. Munger, radio and financial editors respectively. And there are lots and lots of others from "Newspaper Row". Maurice's is open all night and Sundays and serves a 65 cent table d'hote luncheon and a \$1.00 dinner. The establishment has recently been enlarged so that now there is plenty of room.

NEW TIVOLI

183 West Madison Street

In some respects, one of the most interesting restaurants in Chicago. William Piccolo, the courteous and debonair proprietor, will sing operatic numbers at your table; the waiters speak two or three languages; the cuisine is Italian and French; intimate booths are arranged around the walls; the food is excellent and reasonable; and newspaper celebrities and writers are always plentiful among the gay and cosmopolitan diners and lunchers.

Piccolo's is a favorite eating place of Ione Quimby, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, author of "Murder for Love"; Paul Gilbert, the veteran reporter and man-about-town; John Ashenhurst, of the *American*; Howard Mayer, also of the *American*; Loren Carroll, author of "Wild Onion"; Seymour Berkson, of the *Examiner*; Vaughan Schoemaker, the cartoonist; A. L. Mahoney, the police reporter; Al Rose and Julius Rosenthal, both of the *Times*; and a host of other newspaper people. State Senator Harry Starr, Judge Francis Borelli, and Tito Schipa, the opera singer, also dine here frequently.

The New Tivoli is situated "one flight up" and a few

doors west of Maurice's. There are 50 and 65 cent luncheons and \$1.00 and \$1.25 dinners. The New Tivoli is also popular among after-theatre crowds.

CAFÉ ROYALE

3854 West Roosevelt Road

Here is bohemia in the true sense of the word. The Café Royale is an intellectual and artistic rendezvous of the west side Jewish quarter. Full of poets, musicians, actors, artists, radicals, intellectuals, and all night talkers. Founded and operated by Israel Blume, a poet, and Morris Mason, an actor, as a Chicago counterpart of the famed Café Royal on the East Side of New York. Saturday nights, beginning at 10, the Jewish cabaret, a sort of neighborhood version of the Russian Chauve Souris, is staged in the concert hall at the rear of the place. Harry Rosen and his orchestra are in Russian costumes; Mme. Maria Masheir sings gypsy ballads; Gregory Veneztzsky and Joe and Edith Levinson entertain; playlets are performed; there is dancing after the show; and Jewish, Russian, and Roumanian dishes tempt your palate. The walls are decorated with rustic murals by the artist, De Vries. All is gay, garrulous, Continental, colorful and worth much more than the \$1.00 you pay for it.

Always, the main dining room out front, unique with its modernist panels depicting the various arts, is crowded with lively bushy-haired men wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and carrying books under their arms; black-eyed actresses from the nearby New Yiddish Lawndale Theatre; visiting Jewish celebrities from New York; and gourmets who have a weakness for substantial Jewish dishes fragrant with garlic. The popular entrées

here are rib steak, broiled in the Roumanian style, and gratchitze, or sweetbreads. The foods in general are wholesome and savory and not so expensive.

Here, then, dine most of the local Jewish celebrities in the arts and allied interests—Emil Armin, the painter; S. P. Rudens, the essayist; L. M. Stein, the publisher and patron of the arts; Todros Geller, the wood-block artist; Joseph Kriloff, the singer; Dr. M. S. Malamed and J. Siegel, the well-known newspaper editors; J. Z. Jacobson, author of "Thirty-Five Saints and Emil Armin"; I. Iver Rose, the painter and potato pancake maker; and a great many others of lesser note. Meyer Zolotareff, the newspaperman, edits his Yiddish literary monthly, *Chicago*, from a table in the corner. Here also have come such famous figures in the Jewish world as Abraham Raisen, the poet; Prof. Enrico Glickentien, the Italian-Jewish sculptor; Molly Picon, the actress; Maurice Schwartz, theatrical director; Boris Thomashefsky, the actor; Alexander Kipnis, the opera singer and Morris Topchevsky, the painter. Politicians also come here—Alderman Jacob Arvey, Ward Committeeman Moe Rosenberg, and their followers. We could go on describing this interesting place but the above information ought to be enough to arouse your curiosity. Don't miss it. Saturday nights are the best.

RUTZ'S COFFEE SHOP *28 South Wells Street*

Another newspaper hangout. Located at the end of a corridor in an old building. Good German cooking and the roast beef is hard to beat. You may sit at a table and be served by Mary Michalska, the best waitress on

Wells Street, or you may stand at the long coffee bar and converse with Emil Rutz, the proprietor. Emil used to be manager of Vogelsang's restaurant in the old days and he also conducted the Mission Bar in West Madison Street. Quite a crowd from the newspaper offices meets here for luncheon daily—Oscar "Yank" Taylor, the radio announcer and ex-newspaperman; Dorothy Fay, the writer; Justin Forrest, of the *American*; Meyer Levin, author of several novels; Logan "Steve" Trumbull, the playwright and soldier of fortune; Hal Totten, the popular baseball announcer over Station WMAQ; Frank Malloy, of the *Times*; Irma Selz, the caricature artist; Joe Duggan, of the *Post*; George Kercher, the radio editor; Paul Gilbert, part author of "Chicago and its Makers"; Larry Selz, the publicity agent; Elizabeth Hobart, of the *Post*; Fred Seaburg and Ray O'Neil, two globe-trotters and Victor Knox, the columnist.

GARDEN OF ITALY 10 South Clark Street

This upstairs Italian eating place, located on "Toothpick Row", is patronized quite frequently by a few of the local literary notables—Alfred MacArthur, the book collector and wit (brother of Charles MacArthur, the playwright); Lew Sarett, the poet; Henry Justin Smith, the novelist; Hume T. Whitacre, of the *Daily News*; Lloyd Lewis, the dramatic critic; Colonel Jacques Lissvoy, formerly of the Russian Army; and Theodore Seelman, the writer and explorer. The Italian food is commendable here and the atmosphere is quiet and conducive to conversation.

ANNA LYON TEA SHOP 1449 East 57th Street

Always an eating place for students at the nearby University of Chicago, the Anna Lyon Tea Shop has in recent months been the rendezvous of a south side literary crowd centering around John T. Frederick, editor of *The Midland* magazine and author of several novels, and Mrs. Frederick. They foregather at a "round table" in the rear of the establishment and, over many cups of coffee, discuss the present state of literature and other allied topics—all of which is quite in the Parisian tradition of café life. And not only writers, but artists and others interested in the seven arts are at the table. Of course, they do not all come together at any one time but there is always a crowd present and the discussions invariably are animated.

The poets seem to predominate—Mark Turbyfill author of "The Living Frieze"; George Dillon, who wrote "Boy in the Wind"; Jun Fujita, the Japanese poet who penned "Tanka"; and Gladys Campbell and Elder Olson, who contribute to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine. Other writers and intellectuals include J. Z. Jacobson, R. L. Sergel, Marion Neville, James T. Farrell, John Sullivan, Frank Malloy, H. D. Roberts, Ruth Jameson, Llewellyn Jones, Mary Hunter and Susan Wilbur. Among the artists are Charles Biesel, George Josimovich, Frances Strain, Fred Biesel, Emil Armin, and Vladimir Janowicz. A decorative feature of the restaurant is the oil paintings which adorn the walls, done by Clifford Lyon, son of the proprietress. Dinners at the Anna Lyon Tea Shop are 50, 65 and 75 cents and the food is fresh and wholesome.

THE CORONA CAFÉ

531 *Rush Street*

The Corona, located a block west of Tribune Tower, is mostly an eating place of the men who work on the *Chicago Tribune*. There is both counter and table service and the sandwiches are appetizing and quickly prepared for men who have to make "deadlines". James O'Donnell Bennett, feature writer, and author of "Much Loved Books", and such other feature writers of the *Tribune* as Phil Kinsley, James Doherty, John Boettiger, Arthur M. Evans, Oscar Hewitt, Edward Burns, Harvey T. Woodruff, and Bob Becker, are seen almost daily in the Corona.

HEINLY'S GRILL

125 *North Clark Street*

The County Building and City Hall reporters usually breakfast in this sandwich shop, across the street from their "beat" headquarters. "Pop" Heinly's waffles and griddle cakes appear to make a big hit with the "boys"; and so do his toasted sandwiches and pastries. Such well-known newspapermen as Willis O'Rourke, of the *American*; Ray Quisno, of the *Examiner*; and Willard Edwards, of the *Tribune*, come here; and the City News Bureau boys make this their hangout.

QUINN'S GRILL

327 *West Madison Street*

A new sandwich shop within a stone's throw of the Market Street Newspaper Row. Three-decker toasted sandwiches, named after the various newspapers, are featured; the place is crowded at noon with men from the *Evening American*, the *Examiner*, and the *Times*; sports followers also come here from Kid Howard's Gymnasium upstairs; and the food is good and plentiful.

BARON'S

718 West Roosevelt Road

Another gathering place of writers and artists in the west side Jewish quarter. Baron's has been catering to leading Jewish people for over ten years and they have a wide reputation for exceptionally appetizing food. Harry Rosen, Meyer Zolotsreff, Dr. M. S. Malamed, and other local Yiddish writers foregather here, and there have been such visitors as Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Paul Ash, Judge Samuel Heller, Cantor Joseph Rosenblatt and Cantor Pierre Pinchik, as well as actors from numerous Jewish theatres. The two proprietors of Baron's, Samuel Abel and Louis H. Steinberg, besides being expert restaurateurs, are also known for their interest in the various arts. The walls here are hung with paintings of the well-known artist, Emil Armin. All the popular Jewish dishes are on the menu and the prices are reasonable. The feast of the Passover is celebrated here annually and is attended by Jewish celebrities from all over the city.

STUDIO TEA SHOP

1369 East 57th Street

Caters to University of Chicago students, but has a literary tradition because it is the frequent meeting place of the Poetry Club of the university, many members of which are promising poets. Conducted by Jane E. Caldwell, who is keenly interested in the seven arts. No hot dishes are served here, but the sandwiches and salads are worth coming a long distance for. The room is tastefully decorated and the atmosphere is quiet and homey. Open for luncheon and dinner.

BETWEEN TRAINS

Restaurants as elegant as the dining rooms of some of the Michigan Avenue hotels are found in the numerous railroad stations of the downtown district. This is as it should be, for Chicago is the railroad center of the nation; all roads lead to it; it is the crossroads of the continent. Here, then, that phase of the catering field devoted to the feeding of the travelling public has been developed to its highest possibilities.

When you are passing through Chicago and your time is limited between trains, or when you have just arrived in town and want a bite to eat before starting for your hotel, these terminal restaurants stand ready at all hours of the day and night to serve your culinary wants. The interesting factor about them is that they serve foods the equal of those found in the best restaurants in the Loop. In fact, several of these railroad eating establishments are the rendezvous of well-known persons in Chicago life, who come to them for certain dishes that are prepared with a skill that cannot be duplicated anywhere else.

The following railroad station restaurants are the sort we have in mind. Their prices are the same as in other eating places in the city, and the service in them is both alert and courteous.

EITEL'S

Northwestern Station, Canal and Madison Streets

You could not want a better place in which to eat between trains than the series of dining rooms conducted by Robert and Max Eitel, members of the famous Chicago family of caterers and restaurateurs, in the terminal of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The main dining room, a dignified elegant place on the second floor, even ranks as one of the important restaurants of the town, for many noted people lunch here from office buildings at the west end of the downtown district. It is one of the favorite eating places of Edward Price Bell, dean of foreign correspondents of the *Chicago Daily News* and the late Walter Strong, publisher of the same paper always ate here (the *Daily News* is located across the street from the Northwestern Station); Fred Sargent, president of the Northwestern Railroad; Herman Black, publisher of the *American*; and Bill Hay, the popular radio announcer of Station WMAQ. Chris, the head waiter, knows them all and they all know him. No better roast beef can be found anywhere in town than that served here. An expert chef from Munich presides over the kitchens and it is plain that he knows his business. Meals à la carte and table d'hôte. Luncheon 75 cents; dinner \$1.00 and \$1.50. Afternoon tea, while waiting for your train, is pleasant on the Terrace. Eitel's lunch room, where the same foods are served, is on the first floor of the station and consists of both counter and table service. Many North Shore commuters purchase their bakery goods and pastries at the Eitel Bakery, which adjoins the main floor lunch room. Robert and

Max Eitel are brothers of the Eitels who conduct the well-known Bismarck Hotel in the Loop.

FRED HARVEY'S

Union Station, Jackson Boulevard and Canal Street

What a contrast is the lofty dignified and luxuriously-furnished Harvey dining room in the Union Station here to the little counter lunch rooms of the Fred Harvey system along the Santa Fé Railroad in the small tank towns of the West. Everything is done on a grand scale, from the antique clock with mirror and stand in the foyer (discovered by Miss Mary E. J. Colter, decorator of the Fred Harvey restaurants), to the high wainscotting of American walnut and the comfortable Windsor chairs. You get the illusion of dining in the formal dining room of some Michigan Avenue hotel or club. This is probably one of the most elegant railroad terminal dining rooms in the country. And all of the dishes of a first-class hotel are on the menu here, prepared by a staff of chefs and bakers the equal of any in Chicago. Steaks, chops, sea foods, and bakery products are featured. The prices are standard and the waiters are courteous and efficient.

In popularity, however, the Harvey lunch room, adjoining the main dining room, takes first prize. It is a big rangy dining hall, with both table and counter service, and also a mezzanine for afternoon tea. The lunch room gets a heavy patronage because the service is quick and because it is open all night. At noon the counters and tables are crowded with workers from office buildings in the neighborhood surrounding the Union Station. Luncheons are 50 and 65 cents and

dinners are \$1.00 and \$1.25. The Coffee Shop, located at the east end of the lofty concourse, is a small intimate room, uniquely decorated in mosaic tile work, and is patronized mostly by suburban passengers for breakfast and afternoon tea.

MARTIN RESTAURANT

La Salle Street Station, Van Buren and La Salle Streets
Bankers, insurance men, railroad executives, brokers, manufacturing tailors, as well as the travelling public and an occasional celebrity, lunch or dine in the Martin restaurant, on the first floor of the La Salle Street Station. This is one of the chain of Martin railway depot restaurants operated in eastern cities. If names mean anything to you we may offer those of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and the late William Howard Taft, as among the notables who have eaten here between trains or otherwise. Fred Frese, the head waiter, has been here for eighteen years and he is as well known at the south end of the Loop as "Bathhouse John" Coughlin. The food is delicious, the service alert, and the atmosphere quiet, if a bit old-fashioned. Plate luncheon 65 cents; dinner \$1.50.

POLK STREET STATION RESTAURANT

Dearborn and Polk Streets

When we say that this is a Fred Harvey restaurant we have told you all there is to know about it. You know immediately that the food is of the best quality, wholesome, and carefully prepared. Like the station in which it is located, this restaurant is old-fashioned and has the decorative knick-knacks of the Nineties around its walls.

It is small and quiet and the service is attuned to requirements of the travelling public. When Sherwood Anderson, the novelist, worked as an advertising man in Chicago he frequently used to sit in a corner of this dining room and, a cup of coffee beside him, write short stories. There is also a Harvey lunch room adjoining this dining room.

UPTOWN AND NORTHWARD

Six miles north of the Loop lies Uptown, a sort of miniature Loop. Tall terra cotta office buildings, hotels, business houses, movie palaces, amusement centers and restaurants, as well as orange huts, photomaton, chop suey parlors and \$1.88 women's hat shops, abound in the district and give it a sort of gay carnival air. It is quite definitely a night life pleasure area and serves the entire north side and, more particularly, the rooming house and apartment hotel district immediately surrounding it. The beaches of Lake Michigan are at its feet; street-cars and elevated trains lead to it; and at night it is the Great White Way of the north side.

From among the many restaurants of this lively area, we have selected the following as being most notable for good foods. Some of them are famous all over the city for certain specialties, while others offer a general menu worthy of the attention of any gourmet. We have also pointed out a few of the outstanding restaurants lying north of uptown. They are found along Sheridan Road, which runs through the exclusive residential sections of Edgewater and Rogers Park.

SALLY'S WAFFLE SHOP

4650 Sheridan Road

The best waffles in town. This shop has been here for many years, and people come from all over the city to this famed uptown eating establishment—especially for late supper or a snack in the wee small hours. Other dishes are exceptionally good here, too. Ashton Stevens drops into this place frequently during the spring months for the delightful asparagus tips served at the Sally board. The heroine of John Gunther's novel, "The Red Pavilion", ate her waffles and bacon at Sally's. In other words, everybody thinks of Sally's when they vision waffles. Located in the heart of the uptown district.

KRISTENSEN

4017 Sheridan Road

Alfred Kristensen is one of the most interesting restaurateurs in Chicago. He was born in the United States, of Danish descent, but served his apprenticeship in the culinary art in Germany, France and England. In 1910 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Chicago. Once he was chief steward for the United States Shipping Board. After holding various positions with the Astor and Vanderbilt Hotels in New York City, and the La Salle and Blackstone Hotels and the Canadian Pacific Railway in Chicago, he resigned from such work and set up this important uptown restaurant. As recently as a few months ago he received an honor diploma from the Société de Cuisine de Paris in recognition for laboratory research work in connection with foods. So, with such a background, Mr. Kristensen ought to be expected to serve good foods—

and he does. He has no specialties on his menu since every item on it is a specialty. Worth trying.

SKOONGLUND CAFETERIA *1136 Wilson Avenue*

Although a cafeteria, Skooglund's is an uptown culinary landmark. The cuisine is both Swedish and American and you can get a large assortment of food items—baked goods, vegetables, salads, meats, and fish. Here you can also eat the delicious Dundee cake and those savory little wafer pancakes that the house specializes in. The Swedish hors d'oeuvres alone would make a meal. A bakery and delicatessen is conducted in connection with the cafeteria.

EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL

5349 Sheridan Road

The Marine Dining Room is the principal dine-and-dance center of the uptown area. Here, in a large and attractively decorated room, located in a hotel which stands right on the shore of Lake Michigan, you may dance every night except Sunday night. Special nights are featured during the week—Monday is Celebrity Night, when theatrical stars are usually present; Friday is Fraternity Night, with plenty of frat members at the tables, as well as co-eds; and Saturday is Formal Night, a time of starched linen and red velvet wraps. Always there is plenty of fun, the music is lively, and the walks along the terrace between dances are pleasurable and refreshing. The Marine Dining Room serves luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and late supper. Similar service is rendered in the Grill, another dining room of the Edgewater Beach.

ALICE BAUM'S DINING ROOM

5200 Sheridan Road

A high-toned and well-known eating parlor, located in a high-toned and well-known part of Chicago. The mansions of the wealthy are on all sides and directly across the street are the grounds and low building of the Saddle and Cycle Club, one of the most fashionable and exclusive clubs in Chicago. Alice Baum offers genuine home cooking, with plentiful portions, and her seasonings are notable. The room is tastefully decorated and the atmosphere is restful and dignified. Table d'hote luncheons are 65 cents, and similar dinners are \$1.00 and \$1.50.

WAGTAYLE'S WAFFLE SHOP

1205 Loyola Avenue

Where Rogers Park, on the far north side, eats its waffles during the late hours. And very good waffles, too. There are lots of other dishes on the menu, all skillfully prepared and highly appetizing. Wagtayle's is open all night and there are always plenty of young people present, especially on Saturdays after midnight.

MURPHY'S RESTAURANT *6546 Sheridan Road*

Where Rogers Park eats its corned beef and cabbage at all hours of the day and until midnight. Mrs. Murphy serves the most appetizing corned beef and cabbage north of the Loop; also she serves other dishes that are as notable. Her place is located one flight up and receives a heavy "play" from students at the nearby Loyola University, a great majority of whom are of Irish descent.

THE BLACK OAKS

7631 *Sheridan Road*

Occupies one of those curious and interesting houses built by the great American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. You get the effect of dining in a private home, what with many rooms all about, candlesticks holding real burning candles, unusual china, and all sorts of glassware. All of these objets d'art, of course, are carefully and artistically arranged, and dinner at the Black Oaks, from the point of view of food, decorations, service, and architecture is nothing if not an esthetic adventure. Milk-fed broilers, mushrooms under glass, and filet mignon are specialties. Luncheon is \$1.50, and dinner \$2.50 and \$3.00. You'd better call up first—Briargate 2646.

SHOPPER'S REST

State Street, as everybody from Des Moines to Kalamazoo knows, is the main shopping artery of Chicago. All the big department stores are here, from Marshall Field's on the north to the Davis Store on the south, and here the women of the city, as well as from cities all over the middle west, buy those things which not infrequently cause their husbands to frown.

Naturally, while on these shopping expeditions, the ladies grow a bit weary along about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. So, to meet this feeling, the State Street department stores have provided quiet and restful tea rooms where Mrs. Jones or Miss Smith may sit down and have a nice cup of tea and a light snack, the while several musicians play Chopin's Nocturne in B Flat. Luncheons are also provided in these places, composed of good wholesome foods, and in one or two of them you may have breakfast.

The men have not been overlooked, either. These stores feature men's grills that are the equal of any of the first-class dining places elsewhere in the city. Here-with is a list of these department store restaurants, to-

gether with information as to their cuisine and other phases.

MARSHALL FIELD'S

State Street, between Randolph and Washington

Most widely known and elegant of the shopper's tea rooms on State Street is the Narcissus Fountain Room, on the seventh floor of the world-famed Marshall Field & Company department store. In decoration, atmosphere, service, and foods, it is on a par with any dining room of a first-class Michigan Avenue or Gold Coast hotel. Chamber music is featured here between 3 P.M. and 5 P.M., and a special menu replete with sandwiches, salads, beverages, and desserts is offered the tired shopper. Half an hour spent in such surroundings, and with the stimulation of a light and most carefully prepared snack, and you are refreshed and ready again for another round of shopping. An excellent \$1.00 table d'hote luncheon is also offered here and there is à la carte service at all hours. The special afternoon tea luncheon is 50 cents.

Six tea and grill rooms occupy the entire seventh floor of this great Chicago mercantile establishment. In the Walnut Grill, beautifully decorated in Circassian walnut, breakfast is offered, both club and à la carte, from 9 A.M. until 11 A.M. Table d'hote luncheons are also featured here at \$1.25 and \$1.50 the plate. Here, too, you may find the special afternoon tea luncheon, as in the Narcissus Fountain Room. There is no music in the Walnut Grill.

The Colonial Tea Room and the Mission Grill are for the convenience of the shopper whose time is limited.

A menu is offered which can be quickly and attractively served. Table d'hote luncheons are served in both rooms at 75 and 85 cents, and \$1.00 the plate. Oldest of the tea rooms is the Colonial Room, on the Wabash Avenue side, and this is the only room in which smoking is not permitted. The atmosphere is conservative and many feminine members of the pioneer first families of the city foregather here for luncheon or afternoon tea. Prices are the same as in the other rooms. The Wedgewood Room, decorated in the Adam period and replete with bric-a-brac of the famous potter's design, is reserved for private parties or banquets.

The famed potato flour muffin, originated many years ago in the Marshall Field kitchens, may be obtained in all of the tea rooms and grills. Nowhere else can you get a muffin like this; it is an epicurean thrill of the highest order. Another original feature of the Marshall Field tea rooms is the child's luncheon—a balanced menu for children under twelve, served on gaily decorated china in the Walnut, Narcissus and Crystal Rooms. There are combination plate luncheons (reduced portions) for 50, 65 and 75 cents.

For the Men's Grill, you must go across Washington Street to the sixth floor of the Marshall Field's Store for Men. It is a beautiful and impressive room, with a Tiffany fountain at its center. There are many circular, leather-upholstered booths, which afford pleasant nooks for business luncheon-conferences. Luncheon may be had here from 75 cents to \$1.50, or à la carte. It is usually crowded at noon with prominent business executives, physicians, and other professional men from surrounding office buildings.

KRANZ'S

124 North State Street

Unique in that it is a lone survivor on State Street of the World's Fair days of 1893. Interior very flowery, old-fashioned, ornate and Victorian. A marble lady, with diaphanous material for protection against dust, stands at the entrance. No sandwiches, but very good coffee cakes, layer cakes, confections, and excellent chocolate, coffee and tea. Ideal for a light repast, service is perfection, Mrs. Kranz is always present, and the atmosphere is quiet and genteel.

STOP AND SHOP

16 West Washington Street

The Tiffin Restaurant, on the second floor of the most famous of Chicago's retail food shops, the Stop and Shop, located a few steps west of State Street, serves perfectly grand 65 cent table d'hote luncheons. There are half a dozen Tiffin Specials on the à la carte menu. The table d'hote dinner is \$1.00. Open from 11 A.M. to 8 P.M. The room is large and attractively done in green and the tables are always crowded.

HILLMAN'S CAFETERIA

24 West Washington Street

Many shoppers prefer Hillman's for their luncheon. It is located on the second floor of Hillman's food shop, almost as renowned as the Stop and Shop. The victuals here are plain and wholesome, you help yourself, there is plenty of room, and the place is open from 11 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

STEVENS BUILDING RESTAURANTS

17 North State Street

The two large dining rooms on the eighth floor of the

Chas. A. Stevens mercantile establishment are heavily patronized by women during luncheon and afternoon tea. The Persian Room, on the State Street side, is the more elegant of the two; colorful murals depicting scenes from the Arabian Nights adorn the walls and the atmosphere is refined and pleasant. The East Room is devoted to more popular priced meals. Service is both table d'hote and à la carte and the cuisine in both rooms is ideal for women shoppers.

BOSTON STORE DINING ROOM

State and Madison Streets

Blue Plate combinations at 75 cents are featured in this twelfth floor dining room, attractively decorated in restful green. There is also a 65 cent luncheon. The service is à la carte at all hours and here the ladies come at mid-afternoon for a cup of coffee and a bit of pastry, both of which are commendable.

MANDEL'S

Northeast corner, State and Madison Streets

Afternoon tea is served in the Tudor Room between 3 P.M. and 5 P.M. This room, done in the manner of an old English inn, is quiet and dignified and well suited for a light repast. Luncheons are served here at 65 and 85 cents the plate. The same prices prevail in the larger Tea Room. The Men's Grill, located on the Wabash Avenue side and adorned by interesting murals, serves good substantial dishes for the heartier palates of the male sex.

CARSON'S

Southeast corner, State and Madison Streets

The North and South Tea Rooms, on the eighth floor, are large and there are both table d'hote and à la carte luncheons. Music is furnished by the Carson Pirie Scott & Company Trio. The foods are admirable and the seasonable dishes especially are to be recommended. Afternoon tea is served in the South Tea Room, where the atmosphere is quiet and restful. The Men's Grill, in the new men's store at Monroe Street and Wabash Avenue, is modelled on Haddon Hall, a sixteenth-century Tudor structure in England. Here, you may eat a special 75 cent and \$1.00 table d'hote luncheon. Service is also à la carte.

THE FAIR

Adams and State Streets

Music is featured in the Spanish Room during luncheon and afternoon tea. Done in the manner of a Spanish patio, this room is small and intimate and provides an ideal opportunity for rest and a light snack. Luncheons are served here for 50 and 65 cents the plate. Adjoining the Spanish Room is the Cafeteria.

DAVIS STORE

State and Van Buren Streets

Something interesting here are the cozy booths, large enough for six or eight people, provided for the convenience of shoppers from the suburbs surrounding Chicago. Each booth bears the name of a suburb. For example, if you are from Evanston you go to the Evanston booth and there most likely run into other Evanstonians. Table d'hote luncheons at 50 and 65 cents are on the menu, and service is also à la carte.

S U B U R B I A

Appetizing foods, skillfully prepared and served in quiet and elegant surroundings, are found in Suburbia. Northward, lying just next door to Chicago, is Evanston, seat of the far-famed Northwestern University and said to be the birthplace of prohibition. Evanston's foremost citizen is General Charles Gates Dawes. It is a city of wealthy, blue-blooded, American citizens—people who have discriminating tastes in matters pertaining to the table. Not the least of its interesting landmarks is the old mansion in which the first cafeteria was started back in 1905 and which is still in operation. Today, Evanston has many interesting little tea rooms and other eating places worthy of the attention of any seeker after good foods.

North of Evanston lies the North Shore, like a string beaded with numerous millionaire villages and private estates. And here, between Kenilworth and Wilmette, you will find No Man's Land, having no local self-government but picturesque with Spanish style theatres, clubs, houses and barbecue stands. Here is where the North Shore eats its barbecue and chicken sandwiches. Proceeding northward along Sheridan Road, you come to other eating places until you wind up at the Deerpath Inn, done in the English style and the rendezvous of

many Chicago millionaires who have their summer homes in Lake Forest. Following, then, are the outstanding eating places of Suburbia.

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE CAFETERIA

1627 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Established in 1905 for the benefit of students at Northwestern University, the Woman's Exchange was the first cafeteria in existence. One of its early patrons was Frances Willard, dean of women at Northwestern and founder of the W. C. T. U. The cafeteria continues to occupy the same house in which it was founded—a large frame mansion, set back on a wide lawn and having the appearance of a New England homestead. Mr. Robert Davidson, the present owner, possesses a section of the original cafeteria tray rail which figured prominently in the news a few years ago as an exhibit in a law suit involving patent rights on the rail. It was Mr. Davidson's mother who took over the cafeteria two years after it was established. Needless to say, the food served here is highly appetizing and carefully prepared, and the roast beef and home made pies are the best to be found on the North Shore. The Woman's Exchange never advertises as it has a steady clientele among Evanston and North Shore residents. Open for luncheon and dinner and on Sunday from 12 noon to 8 P.M.

NORTH SHORE HOTEL COFFEE SHOP

1611 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.

First-class food at reasonable prices for college boys and co-eds from Northwestern and others. Located a few doors south of the Woman's Exchange, on the first floor

of the North Shore Hotel. It is a quiet, dignified cafeteria, decorated in the style of an old English inn, with beamed ceiling and high-backed Windsor chairs. The formal dining room of the North Shore is done in the Colonial style.

VERA MEGOWEN'S TEA ROOM

501 Davis Street, Evanston, Ill.

Wholesome, plain, American cooking from the hands of skillful chefs. This place is known as the Early American Room and is charmingly finished in Colonial style, which includes potteries, glassware, and brass and copper articles, all of which are for sale. Vera Megowen is a well-known Evanston cateress. Her pastries are particularly notable. She operates another tea shop, known as the French Provincial Room, at 512 Main Street. Luncheons, afternoon teas, and dinners are served in both places.

COOLEY'S CUPBOARD

1511 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.

This is one of the three tea rooms conducted in Evanston by Raymond Cooley. Known as the Picardy Room, it is small and intimate and reminiscent of a French peasant inn. The cuisine is on a par with the best in Evanston and some of the wealthiest women of the suburb foregather here. Cooley's original Cupboard is at 1632 Orrington Avenue; his third establishment, the Rendezvous Moderne, is at 505 Main Street.

HEW'S

616 Church Street, Evanston, Ill.

Hew's, decorated in the modernist manner and featur-

ing tables and booths, gets a heavy patronage at the noon hour from the business men of Evanston. Their Special Business Men's Luncheon contains substantial edibles, and plentiful portions. Hew's derives its name from the initials of H. E. Weeghman, proprietor. Open for luncheon and dinner.

FRENCH TABLE D'HOTE

1710 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill.

A unique tea room on the first floor of the Orrington Hotel, decorated in the modernist style by Benjamin Marshall, one of the outstanding architects of Chicago. You help yourself at an hors d'oeuvres table; the waitresses wheel out an electric cart and serve from chafing dishes; the entrées include meats, fish, roasts, and chicken; the pastries are delicious; and you may make your choice as to which of the several delightful little modernist rooms you intend eating in. Worth visiting for the novel color effects. There is a \$1.00 table d'hote dinner. Open for luncheon, afternoon tea, and dinner.

THE HOMESTEAD

1625 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

The Tea Room of the Homestead Hotel, located off the lobby on the first floor, is authentically Colonial in atmosphere and gives you the feeling of some old tavern along the New England roads. The ceiling is made of rough-hewn beams, the south wall is panelled in pine, genuine early American color prints decorate the walls, and an old blunderbuss and warming pan are features of the brick fireplace, where a real log fire burns. Most interesting of all, however, is the scenic wallpaper on

the north wall, depicting scenes in early American history. Made from century-old French wood blocks, this paper causes amusement because of its naive conceptions of American scenery and life. For example, Spanish moss hangs from the trees in the vicinity of Boston. Miss Isetta Anderson is hostess here. Philadelphia pepper pot, an appetizing soup, is a popular item on the menu. The other dishes show the hand of a skillful chef.

THE PURPLE PUP *524 Davis Street, Evanston Ill.*
Nothing like it anywhere in Evanston—or Chicago, for that matter. Dedicated to food, fun, music, and dancing, the Purple Pup is a tiny jazz parlor patronized solely by students from Northwestern University, Evanston High School, and other North Shore schools, and is as collegiate as a raccoon coat. The most amazing thing about it all is that these boys and girls can be so gay, bohemian, and garrulous on nothing more than the Purple Pup's special Black Bottom sundae, or the special sandwiches named after all the different kinds of dogs. The boys do not bother to take off their hats, the girls sit on table tops, the dance floor is no bigger than a minute and is packed all the time, the orchestra blares away in fox trot time, couples smoke in booths, and many go back to the kitchen and make up their own sandwiches. The Purple Pup is operated by two former college boys, Jack B. Roxton and Ernest Smedberg. Smedberg is a nephew of Frank Smedberg, who managed the famed King's restaurant in Chicago in the old days. Dancing is featured on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, and Friday and Saturday evenings. This is the only dine-and-dance place in Evanston.

VILLA DEMETRE

1623 Sheridan Road, No Man's Land, Ill.

Where all the North Shore eats its barbecue and chicken sandwiches. Also an eating place for motorists along Sheridan Road. Located in No Man's Land, that Spanish village pleasure spot between Kenilworth and Wilmette. Along with the other buildings here, Villa Demetre is Spanish in style and its proprietor is William Demetre, who operates another barbecue stand at Juneway Terrace and Sheridan Road. In both places, you use the running water finger bowl to clean your fingers.

MORAINÉ HOTEL DINING ROOM

Highland Park, Ill.

An elegant and ritzy eating hall for the fashionables of the North Shore, serving all the standard dishes in a style that meets the approval of well-travelled epicures. During the summer opera season at Ravinia, which is nearby, this dining room is crowded with Italian, French, and German contraltos and baritones, as well as the Social Registerites of the vicinity. Expensive, and open for luncheon, and dinner. Located just off Sheridan Road.

DEERPATH INN

255 East Illinois Road, Lake Forest, Ill.

A quaint and refined old English inn, always crowded with the debs, college boys, and aristocratic ladies and gentlemen of the exclusive Lake Forest millionaire colony. The food, of course, is beyond criticism. Open

for luncheon, afternoon tea, and dinner. Truly, a delightful adventure in epicureanism.

WINDSOR TEA ROOM

717 South Boulevard, Oak Park, Ill.

Swinging around to Oak Park, that swanky suburb directly west of Chicago, we come to the Windsor, which has a good sized clientele among the diners-out of the village, said to be the largest village in the world. This place is open for luncheon, afternoon tea, and dinner, and the standard American dishes are found on the menu.

THE CHANTICLEER DINING ROOM

138 South Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Another smart eating establishment of the village, and well patronized, too. The pastries are notable, the waitresses alert, and the prices reasonable. There is another Chanticleer at 124 Wisconsin Avenue.

THE THREE SISTERS TEA ROOM

180 North Marion Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

Over thirty years ago three sisters started a small eating establishment at Madison Street and Crawford Avenue, on the far west side of Chicago. Today, they still operate it and its fame is based solely on the excellent quality of the foods served. Now they have opened this tea room in Oak Park and are meeting with as much success as in the Chicago place. It is in an old residence and the scheme of decoration is early American. Chicken, roasts, and sea foods are the popular items on

the menu. Sunday dinner is served from 12 noon to 4 P.M. Prices standard.

DEL-RIO RESTAURANT

5615 West Roosevelt Road, Cicero, Ill.

One evening in April, 1926, Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggin and two west side O'Donnell gangsters were shot and killed by Capone machine gunners in front of this Cicero establishment. Called the Pony Inn at that time, it was a speakeasy and had been a meeting place of the O'Donnell gang. Events have since proven that, although in the company of gangsters, McSwiggin was killed accidentally. Today, with its name changed, this place is a quiet barbecue restaurant, serving also first-rate chicken and steaks. It is patronized a good deal by motorists.

HAWTHORNE RESTAURANT

4823 West 22nd Street, Cicero, Ill.

Some months after the McSwiggin murder, Capone was said to have been eating in this restaurant, located on the ground floor of the Hawthorne Hotel (now called the Western), when a motorcade of north side gangsters sprayed the front of the restaurant and the hotel with hundreds of machine gun slugs. The Big Fellow escaped injury, but one of his henchmen and a woman by-stander were wounded. Capone, according to legend, paid the hospital bills for the recovery of the woman. The Hawthorne Hotel has always been known as the Cicero headquarters of the gang chief. Today, the Hawthorne Restaurant is a regular counter and table lunch room, serving the standard American dishes at all

hours of the day and night. It is patronized by the workers in the business district around it and those from the monster plant of the Western Electric Company nearby.

TEMPLES OF THE SUN-DODGERS

A Sun-Dodger is a person who worships at the altar of Jazz. Sun-Dodgers make up a large sect in Chicago, which derives most of its membership from individuals known as nighthawks, Loophounds, *bons vivants*, men-about-town, butter and egg men, and "suckers." The Sun-Dodger comes to life only when other people go to bed. Members of this strange sect do not know the color of sunshine, but are plenty familiar with the various colors of moonshine. In order to carry out their ritual, Sun-Dodgers visit the numerous gaudy and colorful Temples provided for them by wily High Priests in all sections of the city.

Handmaidens function in these Temples, going through dance steps which express in no uncertain terms the spirit of Jazz. Strange liquids and potions are sipped by the devotees as they watch the handmaidens do their stuff in an atmosphere filled with the incense of cigarettes and cigars; or perhaps the Sun-Dodgers eat peculiar substances which, according to reports reaching the outside world, are said to be foods. The whole ritual is presided over by a person known as a Master of Ceremonies. Sometimes the Master is a woman, who ad-

dresses the devotees by their strictly technical title, "suckers."

But the motivating force of the entire life of the Temple is a group of young demons who, sitting on a raised altar, blow into all sorts of odd silvered and golden instruments and beat toms-toms and strike various wood and metal objects, the effect of which causes the Sun-Dodger to fall into a fine frenzy (or over a table). This is continued all night long until the first pink peek of dawn over the minarets of the Temple. The Sun-Dodger is now ready to go home. But before doing so he is required to pay tribute to the wily High Priest of the Temple for the privilege of partaking in the night's ritual—which tribute takes the form of numerous slips of green paper. Quite numerous, in fact. But the devotee does not complain. He goes home and crawls into bed—just when others are getting up.

Do you wish to join this happy and care-free sect? There is plenty of room for new members. In the following pages we have listed a few of the more worthwhile Temples where the Sun-Dodgers of the city and others worship the great god, Jazz. The only requirement for admission is plenty of those slips of green paper.

MACK'S CLUB

12 East Pearson Street

Bright spot of the near north side, a stone's throw from Michigan Avenue and the Gold Coast. Where every night is New Year's Eve. The famous Harry McKelvey is host and Harry Glyn, who knows how to entertain, is master of ceremonies. For feminine diversion there are Trudy Davidson and a collection of pretty faces and

nimble dance feet. Keith Beecher and his Melody Makers provide the music—and what music. Intimate atmosphere. You'll have plenty of fun. Cover charge, \$1.00. Whitehall 6667.

VANITY FAIR

803 Grace Street

Other night clubs come and go but the Vanity Fair remains forever. Or so it seems. Occupying the site of the once famous Marigold Gardens. Has a large following on the north side of Chicago, particularly in the uptown district. Four floor shows nightly and no cover charge. The food is good and high-class people come here. Leo Wolf and his orchestra contribute much toward the popularity of this place. Otto E. Singer, likable and hearty, runs the Vanity Fair. Buckingham 3254.

CLUB ALABAM

747 Rush Street

More dusk to dawn diversion on the near north side. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was a big drawing card when she was here recently. Dan Blanco is host, Slater Brockman does the mastering, and Willie Newberger's orchestra furnishes the music—which, by the by, is nothing if not "hot." Floor shows and vaudeville entertainers and Chinese and Southern dishes—what a combination. Cover charge, \$1.00. Delaware 0808.

CLUB AMBASSADEUR

226 East Ontario Street

A real sun-dodgers Mecca, east of Michigan Avenue and but five minutes from the Loop. The boys and girls call it a "hot spot." It occupies one of those old mansions and is very cozy and intimate. Jimmie Noone

and his orchestra provide the music for the floor shows—and for you. And there is an after-theatre menu in case you get hungry. No cover charge. Delaware 0930.

BLACKHAWK *139 North Wabash Avenue*

Here in the Loop for quite a few years, as night clubs go—and how they go! An elegant dining room and lots of gay and interesting people. Comes to life when the Rialto theatres die for the night. The Coon-Sanders band is here to help you forget your worries and tickle your toes. Also, other entertainment. No cover charge. Dearborn 6262.

FROLICS *18 East 22nd Street*

When other places have folded up for the night, the Frolics is just beginning. Charles Kaley and his orchestra. Dine and dance until dawn. Earl Rickard is master of ceremonies. Four shows nightly and Theatrical Night, featuring visiting stage celebs, on Wednesdays. Sixteen girls in the chorus and all lively and good to look upon. The place was recently remodeled. Always a lot of Chicago notables at the tables. Mike Fritzel and Ralph Gallet are the well-known managers. Victory 7011.

COLOSIMO'S *2126 South Wabash Avenue*

Where Al Capone got his start. That was after "Big Jim" Colosimo went mysteriously and hastily to his eternal reward way back in 1920. His violent demise has never been solved. But all that is in the past. Today, Colosimo's is just another night life center. The food and entertainment are on a par with those of other night clubs. There is a seven-course table d'hote dinner

for \$1.50, featuring a whole baby lobster. À la carte service at all hours. Jimmy Meo and his orchestra provide the music for dancing and the four nightly revues. Something of a novelty here are the "Horse Races," where you may act as jockey and perhaps win a prize. No, you won't get shot here, and the eminent Mr. Capone is never seen in the place—now that he's been graduated. Calumet 1127.

CASA GRANADA 6800 Cottage Grove Avenue
Most popular of south side night clubs. The Granada made Guy Lombardo and Guy Lombardo made the Granada. Big Paul Whiteman and his big orchestra now provide the music . . . and hey! hey! Al Quodbach, impresario, has provided a lavish musical show with eighteen chorines any one of whom would cause you to leave home if you're the home-leaving type. There is no cover charge. Billy Leather is head waiter. Dorchester 0074.

OTHER PLACES IN WHICH YOU
CAN DINE, DANCE, AND
BE ENTERTAINED
AFTER THE
THEATRE

NEW COLLEGE INN, basement of Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph Streets. Described in chapter "Around the Town" as a restaurant. One of the best

after-theatre dine-and-dance places in Chicago. Ben Bernie is orchestra leader and master of ceremonies and there is none better in either capacity anywhere in town. Theatrical Night on Thursdays. Here's where the idea of Theatrical Night originated . . . BAL TABARIN, another Hotel Sherman institution. Open only on Saturday nights after the theatre. Very swanky, a first-class entertainment program, good food, and lots of well-known people among the guests . . . LINCOLN TAVERN TOWN CLUB, 4806 Broadway. Where the uptown sun-dodgers go. Texas Guinan used to have this place. Diverting revues, plenty of fun, and "hot" music. Jack Huff, who conducts the Lincoln Tavern outside the city limits during the summertime, is host. . . . CASA DE ALEX, 58 East Delaware Place. Described in chapter "Dining in Bohemia." This place also functions as a dine-and-dance center during the wee small hours. Here is the atmosphere of old Spain—as well as the music . . . TERRACE GARDEN, basement of Morrison Hotel, Clark and Madison Streets. Described in chapter "Rialto Tables." . . . VENETIAN ROOM, Hotel Southmoor, 67th Street and Stony Island Avenue. Night life near Jackson Park. Order what you please and dance as long as you like . . . MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5349 Sheridan Road. Where the north side dines and dances until 2 A.M. or thereabouts . . . GOLDEN PUMPKIN INN, 3829 West Madison Street. As big as a convention hall but much more entertaining. Night life rendezvous of the far west side. Jack Chapman and his orchestra and floor shows . . . CANTON TEA GARDEN, 404 South Wabash Avenue. "Airplane quality of food at sub-

marine prices." Chinese and American cuisine. Dan Russo and his orchestra, the favorites of Station KYW, furnish music for dancing and the floor shows. Celebrity Night every Wednesday, when theatrical stars attend . . . FLEUR DE NOR, on Broadway, at Devon Avenue. The famous old Northern Lights Café, on the far north side, redecorated and renamed. The usual music, floor shows, and foods . . . TURKISH VILLAGE CAFÉ, 606 North Clark Street. A snappy orchestra; entertainers sing at your table; food if you get hungry; Turkish decorations; and George Mason to see that you are enjoying yourself . . . SHOW BOAT, 205 North Clark Street. Latest of the Loop night clubs, occupying the basement where the late Ed Hester had his famed fish camp. Louis Armstrong, "king of the trumpet," and his orchestra, are a thrill to people who take their music hot . . . GRAND TERRACE CAFÉ, 3955 South Parkway. A lively black-and-tan in the heart of the south side Blackbelt. Ed Fox is impresario. All-colored floor shows and the best in town. Earl Hines' band. Wealthy people come here . . . CLUB CASANOVA, 1023 North State Street. Latest of the Tower Town night clubs. Five minutes from the Loop. Colored chorines, plenty of music and gayety and food . . . MUSIC BOX, 6353 Cottage Grove Avenue. Dom Acri's music boys play here nightly and entertain diners and dancers of the south side . . . VIA LAGO, 837 Wilson Avenue. Earl Hoffman's music, plus several revues, plus a glass dance floor, plus colorful surroundings, plus prices within the means of high school kids . . . THE LIMEHOUSE, 1563 Howard Avenue. Way up north on the boundary line of the city. Chinese-

American dishes. Another place for high school girls and boys and students from Northwestern University . . . CLUB BAGDAD, 6400 Cottage Grove Avenue. Another south side rendezvous, located in the Pershing Hotel. Billie Adair's band and plenty of fun . . . C AND O BARBECUE RESTAURANT, 509 North Clark Street. Another Clark Street night club, five minutes from the Loop . . . EL HAREM, 165 North Michigan Avenue. Described in chapter "Along the Avenue." Music, floor shows, and dancing in a perfumed Turkish atmosphere . . . THE VOGUE CAFÉ, 4640 Cottage Grove Avenue. Plenty of entertainment, good music, and dancing. Located on the south side. The Liquorsham Committee reported that the Vogue was a headquarters of certain members of the Capone gang. Believe it or not.

THE GREAT BLACK WAY

Way down south, around 35th Street, 47th Street, and Garfield Boulevard, lies Chicago's great Blackbelt. It is a "city within a city;" it speaks its own language and has its own churches, schools, dance halls, movie palaces and five and ten cent stores; also, it has such institutions unique to the locality as barbecue stands, East India herb shops, and black-and-tan night clubs. It is, in short, the Harlem of Chicago.

Now, in keeping with the times, white people visit the Blackbelt in great numbers. Mainly they come at night, and late at night, to partake of the happy-go-lucky and joyous spirit supposed to be inherent in the Negro soul. This they find in the black-and-tan night clubs, where Jazz is expressed in a way that could never be duplicated in any white cabaret. All is lively, lurid, noisy and "hot" in a Negro night club, and the proceedings get much "hotter" as the night wears on. Here, also, are the Negro "blues" singers, the amazing tap dancers, those high-yellow chorines, and those snare drummers and saxophone artists who seem almost possessed by wild demons. Here, too, among the patrons, you will find the dashing dandies of the Great Black Way and their amber-eyed fair companions—as well

as successful Negro lawyers, politicians, business men and professional men.

Many white people, on the other hand, come down to the Blackbelt for sightseeing purposes, and not a few come to partake of delicious Southern dishes offered in the various high-class restaurants and tea rooms of the district. There are three or four such places where Southern foods are prepared by big Negro mammals, as skillful in handling a frying-pan as they are in their ability to produce laughter and good cheer.

Both black-and-tan night clubs and Negro restaurants are included in the following list, which is selective and contains only those places of good repute. Incidentally, if you want to retain the few rubles left in your pocket after a visit to a black-and-tan, do not walk about on the deserted side-streets of the Blackbelt at a late hour. Like a good little boy, stick to the lighted highways. And another thing: Don't forget that when you are in the Blackbelt you are in an alien world—superficially, at least—and that there are ladies and gentlemen among the Negroes as there are among the whites. Therefore, the Golden Rule applies here as it does anywhere else. Now then, be on your way and enjoy yourselves!

GRAND TERRACE

3955 South Parkway

Swankiest of the Blackbelt night clubs, and one of the oldest. It is richly furnished and there is plenty of room for black, white, and intermediate shades. The floor show is elaborate and contains some of the most attractive colored chorines west of Harlem, as well as lively tap dancers and vaudeville teams. Music is furnished by Hines' band, which is nothing if not "hot."

Saturday night is the big night at the Grand Terrace. Many of the patrons are white, this place being too expensive for the hordes of Negro nighthawks, but there are enough dusky damsels and high-brown gentlemen to give the place color. Ed Fox is manager. Douglas 3600.

PORO TEA ROOM *4415 South Parkway*

Where the wealthier class of colored people dine and lunch. Very elegant and refined and located on the first floor of the Poro Beauty College, founded many years ago by Annie M. Malone, said to be one of the richest colored women in the country. This college occupies the imposing gray stone mansion in South Parkway built by the late John R. Thompson, who established the chain of one-arm restaurants. The food is of the best quality and the menu contains a few Southern specialties. Miss MacMurray is hostess. This tea room is patronized frequently for afternoon tea by groups of sightseeing students from Northwestern University and the University of Chicago. Open for luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner.

THE GOLDEN LILY *309 East Garfield Boulevard*

The management is Chinese but the clientele is practically all colored. You can have more fun here than in many other places, especially on a Saturday night. The colored orchestra is really keen, the surroundings are colorful, and the colored folks know how to enjoy themselves. You won't feel out of place, since everybody is polite and no rough stuff is allowed. There are several floor shows. The prices are within the means of the average individual. Wentworth 0820.

CLUB EL RADO

235 East Garfield Boulevard

A block west of the Golden Lily. Made famous by Nora Holt, the internationally-known "blues" singer. The Monkey Club, started by Gentile Jimmy, a Black-belt character, is the big event on Sunday night. The orchestra warms up during the late hours, and so do the entertainers, chorus girls, and buck-and-wing dancers. Situated one flight down. Italian cooking if you get hungry. Engelwood 10535.

RITZ CLUB

343 East Garfield Boulevard

Bill Bottoms' popular black-and-tan, where the atmosphere is torrid during the wee small hours. Plenty of action from the colored saxophone player and the drummer, and the entertainment goes on at a merry clip. Floor shows, dancing between, exotic atmosphere, food, and the beaming personality of Bill himself. Chicken and chops are a specialty on the menu.

THE SUNSET

315 East 35th Street

Last survivor of a day (or night) when black-and-tans were plentiful along 35th Street, which was then called the Rialto of the Blackbelt. The Sunset is still popular among after-theatre crowds and the amusement and atmosphere are on a par with those found elsewhere in the colored section of Chicago. Douglas 6100.

DUCK INN

4845 South Parkway

Mrs. Elier Richardson, a large, amiable colored woman and an expert cook, is proprietor of this dining room on the first floor of an old mansion. Her fried chicken à la Richardson is delicious and done to a turn; so are

the roast duck, the frogs' legs, scallops, hot biscuits, waffles, butterscotch pie and lemon pie, and the corn bread. Her Sunday dinners are \$1.00 and many white people come to her board. Most of her patrons belong to the professional and commercial classes on the south side. Kenwood 6220.

CHAPMAN'S *3708 Indiana Avenue*

A white-tiled counter, a table lunch room, and quite a few Southern dishes, prepared by an expert chef. Here are Southern fried chicken with rice, black-eyed peas with salt pork, turnip greens and ham, fried corn and bacon, sausage and fried apples, red beans and rice, Southern hash and hominy grits, barbecue meats, and sweet potato cobbler. Anderson B. Chapman conducts the place and it is open until late. Douglas 0172.

KING TUT'S TOMB *4711 South Michigan Avenue*

Another dine-and-dance place, situated under the ground. Said to be the hottest spot in town. Al Bentley's King Tut Syncopating Mummies, featuring Lee Collins, the jazz cornetist from New Orleans, provide music that would make a mummy come to life. Atmospheric and lots of fun. Kenwood 0800.

KING GEORGE'S *4809 South State Street*

Here is the big thrill in the Blackbelt. King George (Mr. William Hale Thompson please note), is none other than the eminent Mr. George Oglesby, the barbecue king, who learned how to cook barbecue meat in the hills of Tennessee. Theatrical people, diners-out from the Loop, politicians, and policemen from the

various Blackbelt police stations come to King George's Southern Barbecue Inn at all hours of the night and day for the delicious and wholly satisfying barbecue sandwiches that he serves. His place is a dingy one-story nondescript shack, in a neighborhood of shacks, but it houses the first and only authentic barbecue pit in town. It is a large brick fireplace, taking up half the space, and here you see chickens, pork, beef, and other meats being broiled in the leaping flames. White visitors stand about, eating the sandwiches; colored customers are at the counters; a negro youth plays a piano all night long; cooks are chopping up chickens with hatchets; the atmosphere is gay and bohemian and everybody laughs at King George's sallies and wise-cracks. The sandwiches are 25 cents. You may also call up and have King George's dishes delivered to your home anywhere in the city. Southern catfish is also served here. Don't miss this place. The meats are clean and served under sanitary conditions. Drexel 3223.

WIDE OPEN SPACES

Out on the county highways leading into Chicago, where the motorists get reckless and the grasshoppers hop, stand the roadhouses. Mostly they offer chicken dinners. We don't know why they feature chicken dinners; perhaps because you think of chicken when you get out into the wide open spaces. Anyway, here is the barnyard fowl—and served in a most appetizing style. Or is it the ozone in your blood that makes you feel it is appetizing? Of course, they also play up steak and chop dinners—which you eat with great relish, too. And several of these places, particularly those south of Chicago near the shore of the lake, make a specialty of Lake Michigan perch dinners.

Northwest of Chicago, and directly west of the millionaire colonies along the North Shore, are located the pleasure palaces of the wide open spaces. These are lavish dine-and-dance establishments, serving first-class foods and providing elaborate revues and music and space for dancing. In such places, Chicagoans and North Shoreites enjoy themselves during the summer nights, feeling a sense of relief among the cool trees after a hot feverish day in the city.

If you are interested and own a motor car, and if

you don't mind getting caught in traffic jams on the way out or on the way in, then the following places are worth your time and attention.

VILLA VENICE *Milwaukee Road, at Desplaines River*
Most elaborate, novel, and swanky of all night life centers in the wide open spaces outside Chicago. Located northwest of the city, on the wide-spreading Milwaukee Road, just where it bridges the old Desplaines River. Also, conveniently set down directly west of the millionaire colonies along the North Shore, and the millionaires and their guests do come here pretty consistently. The Villa Venice is said to be America's only theatre restaurant. A big rambling casino forms the center-piece of an eighteen-acre estate; tall poplar trees line the paths and avenues and colored lights depend from them; there are also stone benches, fountains, flower beds and plaster statues; you may dine on the terrace or you may ride in a gondola on the river, the while your gondolier strums a mandolin. Nowhere in Chicagoland can you get the illusion of being in some gay and elegant Monte Carlo pleasure palace as at the Villa Venice.

In the ballroom and main dining room of the casino, decorated with the modernist murals of the Russian artist, Roman Chatov, you observe the gorgeous revues and floor shows which have made the name and fame of M. Albert Bouché, proprietor of the Villa Venice. He is also proprietor of the Villa Venice at Miami Beach. Here, also, at the hands of deft and polite waiters, you may partake of those rare dishes created by Chef Pierre,

formerly of the Tour d'Argent in Paris. These specials are listed on the à la carte menu and are worth the attention of any epicure. There are three floor shows nightly, made up largely of imported talent, and music is furnished by skillful Cuban musicians from Havana. Table d'hote dinners are \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. The couvert is \$2.00 on weekdays and \$3.00 on Saturdays. Telephone: Wheeling 8 or 107.

NEW DELLS *Dempster Road, Morton Grove, Ill.*
Another well-known dine-and-dance pavilion among the cottonwood trees northwest of Chicago. Everybody seems to know Sam Hare and his New Dells; he's had this place here for over seven years. It is three miles west of Evanston and the North Shore and its clientele is made up of innumerable captains of industry and capitalists and their wives and guests, out for an evening's diversion. There is room for nine hundred on the large dance floor, and music is supplied by such popular orchestra leaders as Ben Bernie, Ted Lewis and George Olson. They appear at different periods during the season and their lively melodies are broadcast over Station WBBM. Four floor shows nightly, beginning at 8:30, with a couvert of \$1.00. On Saturday night the cover charge is \$1.50. Steaks, chops, chicken, lobsters, and frogs' legs are especially delectable at the New Dells and add considerably to the fame of the place. You reach the Dells by driving north out of Chicago on Sheridan Road, as far as Evanston, then west on Dempster Road. Morton Grove 1717.

LINCOLN TAVERN

Dempster Road, Morton Grove, Ill.

Located down the road a bit from the New Dells, the Lincoln Tavern is the oldest of the dine-and-dance establishments in these parts. It has a large clientele from all parts of Chicago and the North Shore, and deservedly so, for the atmosphere here is gay and lively and colorful. The dance floor represents the patio of a Spanish castle; the colored lighting effects are unique, there is room for one thousand persons, and music is furnished by such capable masters as Al Handler and the great Duke Ellington. Duke Ellington and his band are all colored—and how they can play. Three floor shows each night. No cover charge. Table d'hote dinners for \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00. Jack Huff, well-known manager, closes this place in winter, operating instead the Lincoln Tavern Town Club in uptown Chicago. Morton 1919.

THE STUDIO INN

Railroad Avenue, Morton Grove, Ill.

Although there is no music or dancing, the Studio Inn gets a heavy "play" from the students at Northwestern University in Evanston. They come here for nothing else but the excellent steaks, and chops, and chicken dinners. Open for luncheon, dinner, and late supper. Take Dempster Road west out of Evanston. Morton Grove 1780.

NORTHBROOK INN

Waukegan Road, Northbrook, Ill.

Another popular spot directly west of Evanston. No

music, no dancing. Operated by Frank Barthelme, whom everybody out northwest seems to know. Good chicken dinners, \$2.00; steak dinners, \$2.25. Open for luncheon, dinner, and late supper. Northbrook 9.

EARLY AMERICAN TEA SHOP *Barrington, Ill.*

Not a roadhouse or dine-and-dance place but one of the most interesting restaurants in Cook County. The chicken dinners are unforgettable and you will come back for more. Occupying an old house, this place is charmingly done in the early American style. Private parties and large groups are provided for in the upstairs rooms. Dinner, \$2.50. Early American antiques all about and for sale. We know of no better place for Sunday dinner and the ride in the country will do you good. But you'd better call up first—Barrington 455. Take Dempster Road to Northwest Highway, then to Barrington. Not to be missed.

THE FARM *River Road, Schiller Park, Ill.*

Popular among race track crowds returning from the Arlington Heights race track out northwest. First-rate steaks and capon dinners, and plenty of music and dancing. No entertainment. Started a few years ago in an old residence, but since then considerably enlarged because of the crowds. The River Road runs north and south, parallel with the old Desplaines River. From the city, you reach the Farm by taking Irving Park Boulevard directly west to River Road, then to Schiller Park. Franklin Park 297.

TRIANGLE CAFÉ

810 Desplaines Street, Forest Park, Ill.

Directly west of Chicago, in the village of Forest Park. Operated by "Mickey" Rafferty, who also operates the Antioch Palace, at Antioch, Ill. Howard Harrell and his orchestra provide the music for dancing and the three floor shows, which begin at 10 P. M. Seats for over eight hundred. A lively place and plenty of diversion. From the city, drive west on Harrison Street to Forest Park. Forest 1248.

KING'S

9602 South Western Avenue, Evergreen Park, Ill.

Turning our attention southwest of Chicago, we come to King's restaurant, just across the city limits. The best corned beef and steak sandwiches in the county may be gotten here and the place is always crowded in the evenings. Take any street west to Western Avenue, then south to Evergreen Park. Operated by Mike King. Evergreen Park 81.

WILDWOOD INN

Forest Avenue, Willow Springs, Ill.

A quaint little old house among the rolling green hills of Willow Springs, just off the Joliet Road out southwest. Overlooks the sluggish Desplaines River. Conducted by the Olsen family, who know how to cook steaks and chicken in a most appetizing way. Many politicians from Chicago's City Hall eat here. You'll enjoy it. Willow Springs 48. Take Archer Avenue to Willow Springs.

SMIDT'S RESTAURANT

430 Indianapolis Boulevard, Hammond, Ind.

Philip H. Smidt's big rambling old fish restaurant, southeast of Chicago, where baseball players, sportsmen, and lots of people from town go for their Lake Michigan perch dinners. Chicken and steaks are also featured here. Dinners, \$1.50. Private dining rooms for large parties. Open from 11 A. M. until closing—which might be any hour of the night. Located just over the Chicago boundary line in Indiana and only a short distance from the shore of Lake Michigan. To reach it from the city go to South Chicago, then southeast on Indianapolis Boulevard. Whiting 25 or 720.

LUNDGREN'S

1519 Calumet Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

Many of Chicago's fish lovers and diners-out prefer Lundgren's restaurant, located in the same vicinity as Phil Smidt's. The Lake Michigan perch (from Lake Erie) served here is a delicious treat to the palate, and so are the steaks and the chicken and the frogs' legs. Fridays and Sundays are the big days here. Carl Lundgren, who founded this place over twelve years ago, is dead, but the present management successfully carries on the traditions started by him. Dinners, \$1.50. Open from 11 A. M. to 12 midnight. Whiting 297 or 136-J.

COVER CHARGES AND MINIMUM CHARGES

When we hear people complain about a cover charge in a night club that furnishes entertainment, we become annoyed. They do not realize that they are getting what amounts to a theatrical performance in return for the payment of the cover charge—and at even less cost than in a downtown theatre. Don't get the impression that we are in the pay of the night clubs for making this statement. No indeed, not by a long shot. We merely want you to understand what a cover charge is all about. Most places that assess you for the privilege of sitting at one of their tables stage a more or less lavish floor show or other form of entertainment. It costs money to put on such entertainment. And this money comes from your cover charge.

* * * * *

Many places advertise "no cover charge"—but they obtain the equivalent in another manner—the minimum charge. In other words, you cannot buy any food—or anything at all, for that matter—under a certain figure. Let us say that the minimum charge is \$2.50. That means you must accept all the food they bring out

to you for \$2.50, whether you can eat it or not. You might just as well partake of it, since you cannot get out of the place without laying down the two-fifty.

There is a third method of gently forcing you to contribute to the support of the entertainers. This is done in many of the night clubs which have neither cover charge nor minimum charge. It is very simple. They simply charge you from one-half to two dollars for a 25 cent bottle of White Rock, Ginger Ale, or a bowl of cracked ice, or any other similar essential to a happy and successful evening.

TIPPING

The Great American—we were going to say “art”, but that isn’t the word; perhaps “habit” is better—anyway, the great American habit of tipping, which has now spread to all corners of the globe, is little understood by the average American. It is a well-known fact that most Americans do not use their heads in tipping. They tip more than they should simply because they do not want to appear to be under-tipping, or because they are careless. There is no reason why this should be done. Let us, in our humble way, give you the lowdown on the manner in which an experienced man-about-town would do it.

During the noon hour, fifteen cents is the usual contribution on a check which amounts to one dollar and a half or less. Nobody would think of tipping less. Incidentally, many waitresses get a very small salary from the management and derive most of their income from the tips. This is fair and square.

If your check, whether at noon hour or dinner hour or at any other time, amounts to more than one fifty and less than five dollars, you’d better tip on a basis of fifteen per cent. This is the usual figure practised by all veteran diners-out who wish to avoid the little

annoyances on the part of the attendants if anything less is offered.

When your check is above five dollars, then you must think in terms of twenty per cent. In any case, anything less than a dollar would be regarded as heretical.

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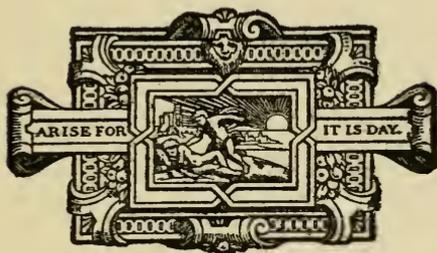
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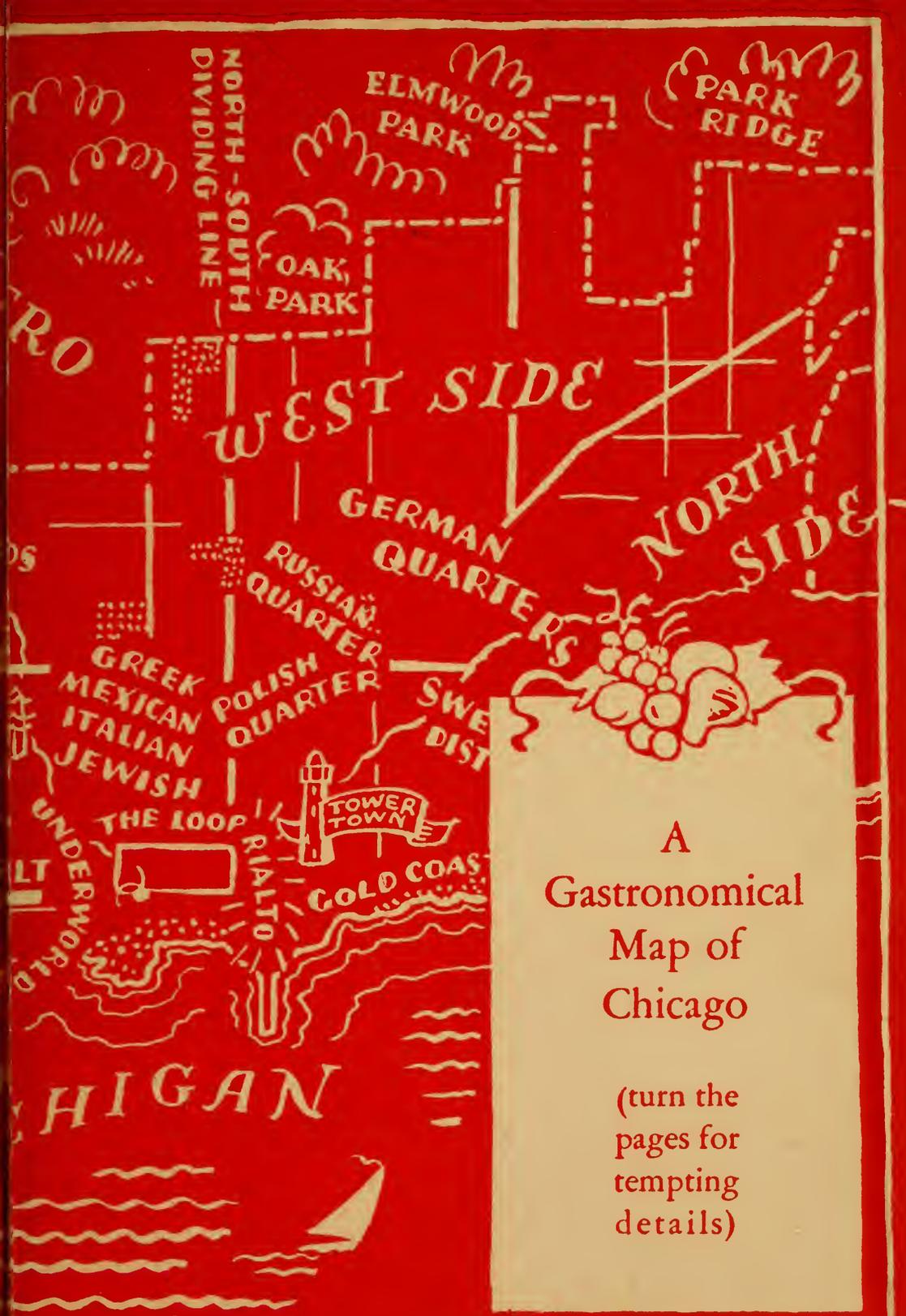
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