

THE LITTLE BOOK OF GREENWICH VILLAGE



A HANDBOOK OF
INFORMATION CONCERNING
NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
A MAP & DIRECTORY
EGMONT ARENS NEW YORK

(25c)

282



George Carlson



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THE LITTLE BOOK OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

A Handbook of Information
concerning New York's
Bohemia, with which is in-
corporated a *Map and Directory*

*"Whatever else Bohemia may be it is
almost always yesterday."*



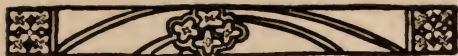
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*Yet we are free who live in Washington
Square,
We dare to think as up-towners wouldn't
dare,
Blazing our nights with arguments up-
roarious;
What care we for dull old world cen-
sorious,
When each is sure he'll fashion something
glorious?*

—John Reed.

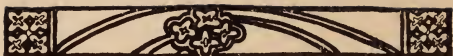


APOLOGY

Acknowledgments are due first of all to Arthur Moss, from whose intimate knowledge of Greenwich Village, past and present, I have drawn generously in gathering the material for this book. He has also been good enough to allow the use of the map, taken from the portfolio "Greenwich Village, by Its Artists," published by him. My thanks also to Bobby Edwards for the use of his song, to John Reed for his poem, and to Floyd Dell for extracts from the *Liberator*. I have not hesitated to quote copiously from Thomas A. Janvier's *In Old New York*, Anna Alice Chapin's *Greenwich Village*, and from the booklet about Greenwich Village published by the People's Institute; therefore, to the authors of these books my acknowledgments. I also drew upon Arthur B. Maurice's *New York of the Novelists* for material.

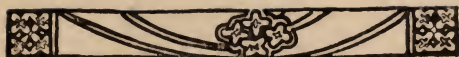
I have no doubt laid myself open to the most scathing criticism, as regards the names that have been included, or for that matter, excluded, from "Who's Who." My plea must be that I did my darndest, and angels kin do no more. Suggestions (in writing) for making a second edition more comprehensive will be welcomed.

E. A.



A PAGE OF DATES

- 1600—PETER MINUIT, first governor of New York, after buying the whole of Manhattan from the Indians for \$24, sets apart *Sappokanican* farm for the Dutch West India Company.
- 1633—WOUTER VAN TWILLER, second governor of New York, appropriates *Sappokanican* farm for his own private tobacco plantation, and builds the first house erected, north of the Fort Amsterdam settlement at Bos-sen Bouerie.
- 1664—BOSSEN BOUERIE comes into British hands with the surrender of Fort Amsterdam, and is newly dubbed *Greenwich* or *Grinnich*.
- 1739—FIRST SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC in New York makes Greenwich Village famous as a health resort.
- 1744—SIR (COMMODORE) PETER WARREN buys the Greenwich Vil-lage Farm, and builds a magnificent country home.
- 1865—OLD WARREN Homestead de-stroyed.
- 1776—GEORGE WASHINGTON makes his headquarters in the Village.
- 1787—TRUSTEES of Sir Peter's estate throw dice to partition the farm amongst his heirs.
- 1789—POTTER'S FIELD established in the marshes on the present site of Washington Square.
- 1789—VICE-PRESIDENT ADAMS takes up his residence on Richmond Hill. (Now Macdougall Street.)



A PAGE OF DATES

- 1797—AARON BURR makes Richmond Hill his country home.
- 1800—With a blunderbuss old BURGHER BREVOORT chases off the surveyors who want to put 11th Street through his estate. It's not been cut through to this day.
- 1802—TOM PAINE, "infidel," comes to Greenwich Village to end his days.
- 1807—GOVERNOR MORRIS' commissioners try to fit the tangled streets of Greenwich Village into the City Plans, but give it up.
- 1810—ASA HULL'S line of stages connects New York with Greenwich Village, and transports the first "commuters."
- 1819—ROSE BUTLER, a negress, is hanged on the gallows in Potter's Field (Washington Square).
- 1822—Another SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC drives New Yorkers to Greenwich.
- 1826—WASHINGTON MILITARY PARADE GROUND proclaimed on site of old Potter's Field.
- 1830—STONE CUTTERS' RIOTS occur during the building of New York University Buildings.
- 1833—N. Y. Society adopts Washington Square North as "the" fashionable residence district.
- 1835—BREVOORT HOUSE first opened.
- 1889—WASHINGTON ARCH (designed by Stanford White) erected in honor of the Centenary of Washington's birthday.



PICTURESQUE INDIVIDUALITY

Greenwich Village has always been to me the most attractive portion of New York. It has the positive individuality, the age, much of the picturesqueness of that fascinating region of which the center is Chatham Square.

Greenwich owes its picturesqueness to the protecting spirit of grace which has saved its streets from being rectangular and its houses from being all alike; and which also has preserved its many quaintnesses and beauties of age—with such resulting blessings as the view around the curve in Grove Street toward St. Luke's Church, or under the arch of trees where Grove and Christopher Streets, are mitred together by the little park, and the many friendly old houses, which stand squarely on their right to be individual and have their own opinion of the rows of modern dwellings all made of precisely the same material cast in precisely the same mould.—*Thomas A. Janvier in "In Old New York."*

ODD CORNERS

Here are some of the odd corners in Greenwich Village:

Washington Mews: Off Fifth Avenue near 8th Street.

MacDougal Alley: Off MacDougal Street near 8th Street.

Milligan Place: Off Sixth Avenue near 10th Street.

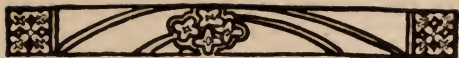
Clinton Court: Off 8th Street near Sixth Avenue.

Patchin Place: Off Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue.

Waverly Place that crosses itself.

Gay Street: Off Waverly Place near Sixth Avenue.

Minetta Street and Minetta Lane.

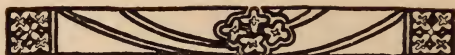


IN RETROSPECTION

Almost a hundred years ago the fashionable folk of New York City used to drive two miles into the country to Greenwich Village, along the "Inland Road," traversing what is now Park Row, the Bowery and Waverly Place. The drive took them past a pauper graveyard often complained of as an unsightly spot, unworthy of so genteel and fashionable a driveway. That graveyard is now Washington Square, one of the most beautiful parks in New York City. But modern New York still calls this territory south of 14th Street and west of Fifth Avenue by the old name, Greenwich Village.

In 1822 an epidemic of yellow fever broke out in New York City, and a high board fence was stretched across the island as a quarantine boundary. Greenwich Village, always considered particularly healthful, became a refuge from the fever-stricken city. Almost overnight the tiny village "sprouted into a town." In the haste of emergency building there was no time to straighten the village lanes and cowpaths and these rapidly became streets. Later the makeshift houses were replaced by substantial brick and stone structures. But the twists and curves of the streets were never changed. And when, finally, the city, growing to the north, met and annexed the village, the two communities had to fit together as best they could.

Thus it is that Fourth Street twists around until it crosses Tenth and Eleventh Streets, Waverly Place actually crosses itself, and every here and there two or three streets run in together at odd angles, forming a charming little three-cornered "square" to make the chance passer-by wonder if this can really be New York.



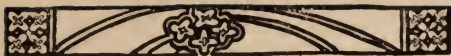
NOVELISTS' PARADISE

A number of authors, feeling the charm of the Village, have woven it into their romances. Three of O. Henry's stories have Greenwich Village for background. The phenomenon of Waverly Place "crossing itself" called forth this bit of fun from him, in "The Last Leaf":

"In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called 'places.' These 'places' make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paint, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

"So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents."

O. Henry himself lived a long time on Irving Place. He has laid the scene of the following stories, among others, in the Village: *The Street With Three Ends*, *The Thing's the Play*, *The Unknown Quantity*, *The Furnished Room* and *The Defeat of the City*.



NOVELISTS' PARADISE

Among the novelists who have used Greenwich Village for local color are:

Henry James in *Washington Square*.

S. Merwin in *The Trufflers*.

Theodore Dreiser in *The Genius*.

James Oppenheim in *The Nine Tenths*.

William Dean Howells in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*.

LeRoy Scott in *No. 13 Washington Square*.

Robert W. Chambers in *The Outsiders*.

David Graham Phillips in *The Great God Success*.

Thomas Janvier in *A Temporary Deadlock*.

F. Hopkinson Smith in *Col. Carter of Cartersville*.

George William Curtis in *Prue and I*.

Arthur Train, Owen Johnson, Edgar Fawcett, George Bronson Howard, F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Burton Harrison, H. C. Bunner, Frank R. Stockton and many others have found in the quaintness of Greenwich Village material for their novels.



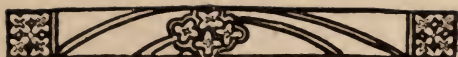
THE HOME OF CELEBRITIES

From the days of old *Wouter Van Twiller* until the present day Greenwich Village has been noted for the celebrities that have made their homes within its boundaries. There was, for instance, *Sir Peter Warren*, who was something of a Pirate in his youth, though he did settle down on the Greenwich estate in his latest years. *George Washington* himself had his quarters in the village for a time during the Revolutionary War. And *Vice-President Adams* lived in a great mansion on Richmond Hill, which is now MacDougal Street, where, too, *Aaron Burr* lived.

Then there was *Tom Paine*, the "infidel," who lived on what is now Grove Street, the last few years of his life. A generation later *Edgar Allan Poe* brought his sad young wife to live with him in a house near Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place. *Walt Whitman*, *Richard Watson Gilder*, *Henry James*, *Richard Harding Davis*, these are names that are still vividly in the memory. And *John Massfield*, perhaps England's greatest living poet, was once a bartender in Luke Connor's saloon, where you can go even now, and eat hard-boiled eggs with your glass of beer.

Lafcadio Hearn lived two years on Grove Street before he went to Japan.

Among the many who nurse the hope of becoming celebrated through the work they are doing in the village today, there are also a few notables who have already emerged. *Theodore Dreiser*, the novelist; *James Oppenheim*, the poet; *John Sloan*, the artist, are among the many who, living and working in Greenwich Village, have already tasted the sweet cup of success.



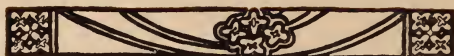
BOUNDARIES

As Hypolyte Havel once put it, "Greenwich Village is a state of mind." It has no boundaries but the imagination. Bohemia is as wide as the world, and yet so narrow that people with the smallest minds cannot squeeze into its hallowed gates. The map which we show on another page shows the boundaries of the old Warren farm, for the benefit of those who wish to be arbitrary.

The boundaries of Greenwich Village are growing to embrace ever wider and wider areas. Recently the dramatic critic of the *New York Times* wrote: "Needless to say, the people of the play are artists, presumably of Greenwich Village." He was speaking of "Youth," by Miles Malleon, as played by the Washington Square Players, the scene of which is laid in England.

News comes from the Bronx that the *real* Bohemia is now located in a little corner of Westchester County. A map was dug up, so the story goes, which shows that the original Greenwich Village really extended as far north as 263d Street. As a result wide-awake landlords are now making Bronx tenements over into studios.

Writeups of Greenwich Village have appeared, to our knowledge, in the leading papers of Topeka, Kan.; Oshkosh, Wis.; Punkin Corners, Ind., and Hoboken, N. J. The Associated Press will soon find it necessary to keep a staff correspondent on the spot.

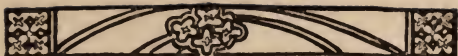


THE ART THEATRE

Greenwich Village is the cradle of the little theater in the United States. The first "art theater" in America was opened in 1831, as the Richmond Hill Theater, in the old mansion which had successively housed Vice-President Adams and Aaron Burr. It was located somewhere near the present MacDougal Street.

Three-quarters of a century later MacDougal Street again feels dramatic stirrings, this time in the Liberal Club, where several irrepressible playwrights kept the club members amused by holding theatrical nights. In the course of time it became very evident that the public ought to see some of these little plays, and thus it was that a group who used to meet and loaf in the Washington Square Book Shop founded the Washington Square Players. Although this group, which has since become famous, was compelled to move uptown before the first performance, it was a product of Greenwich Village, as its name implies.

The migration of the Washington Square Players left an aching void in the village, which was not long afterward filled by the Provincetown Players, a group of artists and writers who had been summering together at Provincetown, Mass. The Provincetown Players hired a house, also on MacDougal Street, and have devoted themselves to theatrical experimentation. Theirs is the most productive playhouse in America, for they have turned out more new American plays than any other organization.



THE ART THEATRE

But there were those who believed that Greenwich Village ought to have its own more adequate theater, and so in 1917 the Greenwich Village Theater was built on Sheridan Square, rivaling in elegance any theater in the city.

Now, too, we have the "Other Players" and the Harry Kemp Players, given over to individualistic interpretations.

PERIODICALS

Among the Village magazines which have sprung up from time to time only to die again are the Ink Pot, which lasted only a few issues; Le Dernier Cri, which printed three numbers; Mercury, which was unmentionable; Very Weak, which was pretty bad; The Wow, which was a joke, and Bruno's Greenwich Village, later called Bruno's Weekly, which helped to bring the first slummers.

There are, however, several that have stood the test of time, notably, the Pagan, a magazine for Eudimonists, an illustrated monthly review of art and literature; The Little Review, which came to New York from Chicago, devoted to Art (with a capital A) and the Intellect; The Greenwich Village Spectator, which is the village newspaper, and The Quill, a magazine of Greenwich Village, which reflects the spirit of the village in its illustrations, poetry and prose.

THEY DID

They drew fat women for the *Masses*—
Denuded, big, ungainly lasses—
How does that help the working classes?
—Bobby Edwards.



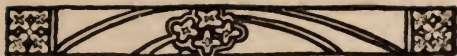
BOHEMIAS OF THE PAST

The Lafayette, or, as many old-timers still like to call it, "The Old Martin," was, as John Reed has said, the real link between the old Village and the new, since it was the cradle of artistic life in New York. "Bohemians," he declared, "first gathered there *as* Bohemians, and the beginnings of what has become America's Latin Quartier and Soho there first saw the light of day—or rather the light of midnight."

"The artists and writers came to the Hotel Martin to be inspired by Mr. Martin's excellent food and drink. From the bachelor quarters in the nearby square—the Benedick and other studio houses—shabby, ambitious young men came in droves. It was to the Hotel Martin that the famous singers came—Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Pol Plancon and Melba; the French statesman, Jules Cambon used to come, and Maurice Grau—then the manager of the Metropolitan—and Chartran, the celebrated painter, and the great Ysaye and Bartholdi. And Paulus—Koster and Biel's first French importation—to say nothing of Anna Held and Sandow." *

There were earlier Bohemias, too. Men like Frank R. Stockton, H. C. Bunner, Lawrence Hutton and Edgar Fawcett used to forgather during the early eighties in the restaurant of the Grand Vatel in Bleecker Street, and the Taverne Alsacienne, where you could get a dinner with wine for thirty-five cents. Then there was Oscar's opposite the old Academy of Design, where wiseacres shook their heads and deplored the Bohemia that had gone out years before at Pfaff's down on Broadway.

*The Quotations are from "Greenwich Village," by Anna Alice Chapin.



THE DEAR OLD VILLAGE

So fast does time fly, and so quickly do times change, that I who was but yesterday, as it seems, the youngest newcomer to our Village, am now among its elders, a patriarch among the flock of lambs who frisk joyously in the sunlight of their newly attained Village freedom. Oh, I have no doubt that there are still in existence austere relics of the antediluvian period before I came, ancient ones who look upon me, if they look at all, as a late intruder—who are as scornful of my claims to Village citizenship as I am of the pretensions of the latest generation. Nevertheless, if I am not among the aborigines, I am at least of those who came over, so to speak, in the Mayflower. I was among those present at the opening of the original (and how different!) Polly's restaurant on MacDougal Street. I helped get up the first Village dance ever given at Webster Hall. I was a Villager, that is to say, in the time before the invasion of the barbarians from Uptown, before Pepe raised the rents—the Golden Age.

In those old, forgotten, far-off days, the Village was truly a village. Artists and writers lived there because the rents were low, and one could get a floor of great rooms with high ceilings and tall deep-embraured windows (giving a true north-light) for I dare not say how little money; because the tangle of crooked little streets shut out the tide of traffic, and left a quiet island where the houses were as it seemed they had always been, where the pace of life slowed down a bit and left time for dreams and friendship and art and love. There were two or three restaurants where the cuisine was good and the prices modest, and where one knew everyone else. Because social life was so casual and easy, it was possible to spend most of one's time working. And the play was the play of artists, simple and ingenuous; the talk was golden, and the loves were frank and candid.—*Floyd Dell in the Liberator.*



THE VILLAGE EPIC

By Bobby Edwards

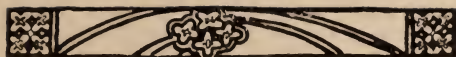
*Way down South in Greenwich Village,
There they wear no fancy frillage,
For the ladies of the square
All wear smocks and bob their hair.
There they do not think it shocking
To wear stencils for a stocking,
That saves the laundry bills
In Washington Square.*

*Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where the spinsters come for thrillage,
Where they speak of "soul relations,"
With the sordid Slavic nations,
'Neath the guise of feminism,
Dodging social ostracism,
They get away with much
In Washington Square.*

*Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where they eat Italian swillage,
Where the fashion illustrators
Flirt with interior decorators,
There the cheap Bohemian fakirs
And the boys from Wanamaker's
Gather "atmosphere,"
In Washington Square.*

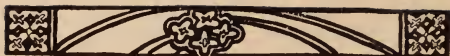
*Way down South in Greenwich Village,
Where the brains amount to nillage,
Where the girls are unconventional,
And the men are unintentional,
There the girls are self-supporting,
There the ladies do the courting,
The ladies buy the "eats,"
In Washington Square.*

—From the Song Book of Robert Edwards



THE VILLAGER'S LAMENT

Alas! Greenwich Village that was, is no more. Let me recount the tragic details of its debacle. In the first place (doubtless the whole thing was a plot of the real-estate agents), the rents were raised. Fabulous prices were charged for anything with a roof over it, so that only a few holes and corners, desperately clung to, were left to the original inhabitants. Then, as the invaders came to stare, the Villagers fled from one restaurant to another, leaving each new one in rage and despair as it was discovered by the enemy. Then the show-places, with imbecile names, began to be opened—"picturesque" (i. e., insanitary) places where the Uptowners pay two dollars for a bad sandwich and a thimbleful of coffee, and look at each other and think they are seeing life. Ah! how many honest bootblack stands and coal-holes have been displaced to make room for these new Coney Island sideshows! A new one yawns at one's feet every day. Thither, allured by the hope of finding something truly bohemian (i. e., naughty), the sad Uptowner repairs, bringing his vulgarity, his bad manners, and his money. And as in a looking glass he sees himself, for that is all there is to see. The Village is not there. It still exists, as the Christian sect existed in the Catacombs during the darkest days of the Roman persecution. But his search for it is in vain. Let him go back to One Hundred and Eighty-sixth Street. He will never find it.—*Floyd Dell in the Liberator.*



PHASES

"In my experience," said the writing man of sententious sayings, "there have been a dozen 'villages.' The Village changes are like the waves of the sea!"

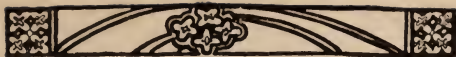
"He mentioned various phases which Greenwich Village had known. The studio-and-poverty Bohemian epoch, the labor and anarchy era, the futurist fad, the "free love" cult, the Bohemian and masquerade ball period, the psychoanalysis craze; the tea-shop epidemic, the arts-and-crafts obsession, the play-acting mania; and other violent and more or less transient enthusiasms."—*Anna Alice Chapin in "Greenwich Village."*

GONE—————! ? !

BUT NOT FORGOT

Time was when Greenwich Village rivalled Coney Island for the number and variety of its sideshows. Among the "tea-rooms," which in their brief day varied from the notorious to the innocuous, are the following late lamented:

The Purple Pup, The Vermilion Hound, The Saraband, The Klicket, The Camouflage, Don Dickerman's Pirates' Den, The Will-o'-the-Wisp, the Aladdin Shop, The Three Thieves, The Wigwam, The Open Door, Romany Marie's, The Jewel Box, The Early Bird Breakfast Room, The Mouse Trap, The Tea Wagon, The Roman Chariot, The Village Art Gallery, etc., etc., etc.



OVERHEARD

My dear, look at the man that just came in—the one with the long hair. Isn't he *intrusting*? * * * Doesn't he look intellectual? What does he do? Gives dances at Webster Hall. * * * Oh, really! * * * Is it really true that Mr. Gallant uses hair restorer on his chin? * * * Are they married, or are they just—you know? * * * What is a Crump anyhow? An intellectual doughnut. * * * So many really worth-while people down here, you know. I think I'll open a tearoom in the Village. * * * Who is that with the thing sticking out from under his coat? Really? * * * Does he make them himself? * * * Does Mr. Freud live in the Village? I've heard that these psycho-what-you-callem's sometimes lose their minds *altogether*. * * * Is that man with the pointed mustache the one they call Polly? How does he do it? Rubber cement? Really, now, I think you're joking. * * * Tell me about those revels at Webster Hall. Are they really so awful? I suppose the costumes— * * * What's the *worst* thing you ever saw? * * * Yes. There's another Village guide now. But she didn't get hers patented. * * * I'm sorry I bobbed my hair. It's getting to be so common. * * * Wish that nigger'd stop his noise. * * * This is not exciting. I thought Bohemia was. * * * The Village landlord. If you peep (Pepe) he'll raise your rent. * * * Harry had some vodka. It's glorious. Makes you feel so— Who does she live with now? * * * Waiter! If I come to-morrow evening do you think you'll have that soup ready by then?—*Hegara in the Quill.*

GREENWICH VILLAGE



(From "Greenwich")

GREENWICH VILLAGE



A MAP

Showing the Limits of the Old
 GREENWICH FARM
 As Included in the Estate of
 SIR PETER WARREN



WHO'S WHO

VINCENT PEPE, the Village Landlord.

PA DUNBAR, the Village Preacher,
who wrote that book of travels.

DAVE CUMMINGS, the Village Bachelor.

DJUNA BARNES, our own Aubrey
Beardsley.

SIDNEY CARLISLE, the young shepherd, artist.

BARNEY GALLANT, late press-agent
to Carranza, impresario of the Greenwich
Village Theater.

CHRISTINE, who serves eats for the
Provincetown Players.

ROSE O'NEILL, artist-inventor of the
Kewpie.

HAL LAPHAM, painter, singer, stage-
carpenter.

SONIA, the cigarette girl.

ADELE, the Village Guide (Patented).

ARTHUR REED, decorator, musician.

POLLY, herself, of Polly's.

GEORGE BAKER, who turned Polly's
into the Greenwich Village Inn.

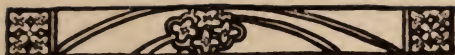
BOBBY EDWARDS, the village troubadour,
who makes ukeleles, paints, sculps,
writes music and poetry.

HYPOLITE HAVEL, sage and philosopher;
a modern OMAR.

PEGGY JOHNS, who broke into Vanity
Fair.

GRACE GODWIN, the Village Mother.

CLARA TICE, noted for her art and
her ball costumes.



WHO'S WHO

BILL REINEKE, who has art and a family.

PEGGY O'NEILL, who is just Peggy.

ETHEL PLUMMER, who does covers for Vanity Fair.

JIG COOK, boss of the Provincetown outfit.

SUSAN GLASPELL, who writes all the best plays.

JACK McGRATH, officially crowned King of the Village.

TWENTY-ONE EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, most famous house in the village.

LEW PARRISH, wriggley-line artist.

THE BEAUTIFUL STRUNSKY SISTERS, at the Cafeteria.

THE OLD MASSES CROWD, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Jack Reed, Maurice Becker, John Sloan, Art Young, etc.

ARTHUR MOSS, who arrived in the village Nov. 12, 1887. That's right!

PAST PERFORMERS

JOE TATTERSDILL, Editor of the notorious "Mercury," dancing partner of Ruth St. Denis, and champion speed linotyper.

BOB BROWN, who holds record for number of village dances at Webster Hall.

ALLEN NORTON, editor and owner of "Rogue."

FRANK SHAY, who finally got married.

ALBERT AND CHAS. BONI, who used to own the Bookshop.

GUIDO BRUNO, who advertised the village.

DON DICKERMAN, who made too much noise for the neighbors.



WHO'S ALSO WHO

LIN, formerly Linn, of Lin's.

JOAN, who wins all the prizes at Webster Hall.

J. W. FRAZER, who designed the Buffalo nickel.

MARY CAROLINE DAVIES, cow-girl, broncho-buster and poetess.

GLEN COLEMAN, who paints.

HARRY KEMP, the Kansas poet, who goes bareheaded.

BERNARD SEXTON, the Grey Wolf, story teller and poet.

ZOE BECKLEY, who has interviewed everybody but the Kaiser.

REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, one of our staunchest Bohemians.

HENRIETTA RODMAN, who bearded the Board of Education.

JO DAVIDSON, who has his own way of wielding the scalpel.

JOHN BARRYMORE, known along Broadway.

THE VILLAGE OWL, which hoots at everything it can't understand.

MANY ANOTHER, who might have been mentioned if there were more room.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A NIGHT IN BOHEMIA, by John Reed.

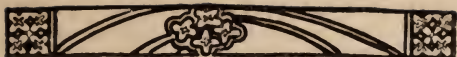
GREENWICH VILLAGE, by Anna Alice Chapin.

IN OLD NEW YORK, by Thomas A. Janvier.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, Henry James.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS, by Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

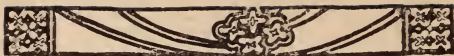
These books may be obtained at the Washington Square Book Shop, 17 West 8th St., N. Y. C.



THE BOOK SHOP

Joyce Kilmer, the poet, once said: "If Greenwich Village is the heart of literary America, then the Washington Square Book Shop must be the soul," or something very near that. He was referring to the old book shop, that was located over the Liberal Club rooms, where forgathered that group of writers, artists and enthusiasts who later formed themselves into the Washington Square Players. Indeed, the first official performance of that gifted company was held in the bookshop itself. It was the moment's inspiration of Bobby Jones, who has since won fame as a scenic artist, to put on Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gates" with impromptu actors and scenery.

Since the book shop has moved to its present location, at 17 West 8th Street, under the Sign of the Flying Stag, it has become more than ever a gathering place for those who have to do with the writing rather than the reading of books. The startling phenomena of an author buying his own works has become so common at the W. S. B. S. as to attract no attention whatsoever. Books that are made and books in the making are the main topics of conversation among the members of this ever changing company. Of course, books are sold too, but they are handled in an atmosphere that betokens an appreciation of their contents. Lately some interesting publications have issued from the bookshop, among which the series of Flying Stag Plays, for the Little Theatre, are notable.



DIRECTORY

If you're not in the Directory, you're not in the Village. See that you're included in the next edition.

ART GIFT SHOPS

LITTLE RUSSIA, 244 Thompson Street. Just off Washington Square Fania Mindell has created a shop where the pure Russian atmosphere prevails. Russian copper and brass articles. See your ideas incorporated into a new blouse designed while you wait. Hats, handbags, scarfs, may be had, embroidered in true Russian fashion. Indeed these Russian embroideries are very fashionable just now, and add a touch of individuality to the costume.

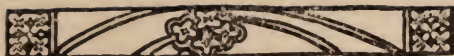
SONIA ART CIGARETTES, 19 West 8th St., near Washington Square. If you have not smoked Sonia's Art Cigarettes, it is like—

"The sky without stars,
The dance without music,
Or summer without sunshine,
Or like life without love."

Sold at all the Village shops and restaurants, and by mail in boxes of ten, fifty and one hundred. Phone Stuyvesant 1880.

THE VILLAGE STORE & TEA ROOM, 60 Washington Square So. At the end of the bus line. Your gift problem solved in the restful simplicity of this beautiful shop. Headquarters for American Potteries. Sole Agents for the famous American "Jugtown" Orange Pottery. Special exhibitions of etchings, wood-blocks, photographs, weaving, pottery and smocks. Open from 10 to 6. Phone Spring 5848.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 17 West 8th Street. Books make the best gifts for birthday, graduation, or holiday time. We specialize in Plays and Books of the Little Theatre, the Present Day Poets, Modern Fiction that is also Literature, the Russian Translations, and Imported Books of Art, and Rare Color Prints. We have a complete shelf of Psychoanalysis and the Psychology of Sex. Our Children's Books are artistic as well as amusing. We carry also Magazines of Literature and Art from Europe and America. Open evenings. Phone Stuyvesant 717.



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ART GIFT SHOPS

THE DEVONSHIRE LACE SHOP, 60 Washington Square. Laces designed and made by Marion Powys of England. Expert mending and reconstruction of old laces.

WILLICH EMBROIDERY STUDIOS, 57 West 11th St. Embroideries for Interior Decorators and dresses in modern designs. Phone 4366 Farragut.

THE PAINT BOX ART GALLERY, 150 West 4th St. Exhibitions of Paintings by Village Artists.

Arts and Crafts Import Co., 25 West 8th St.
Daisy Thompson's Shop, 63 Washington Sq. So.
Millia Davenport, 143 West 4th St. Smocks.
Lin's Shop, 171 West 4th St.

The Treasure Box, 7 Sheridan Square.

ARTISTS & DECORATORS

HUGO GELLERT, 11 East 14th Street, Posters. Decorations. Phone 3699 Stuyvesant.

Anton Hellman, 17 West 8th Street. Interiors.
Maud Langtree, 59 Washington Square So. Photographs.

(Artists and decorators who wish to appear in the second edition of the Directory should communicate with the publisher.)

ART PHOTOGRAPHS

JESSIE TARBOX BEALLS, 71 West 23rd St.

The official photographer for Greenwich Village. Her post cards of New York and Boston on sale at the shops. But it is in the special field of home portraiture that Miss Bealls has won her highest recognition. Appointments may be made by mail, or phoning 2271 Gramercy.

AUTHOR'S STENOGRAPHER

ROSE RICHMAN, Hotel Brevoort, Fifth Avenue at 8th St., As the official author's stenographer of Greenwich Village, she holds the record for number of stories she has written. She makes a specialty of authors' manuscripts, plays, short stories, novels, etc., by dictation or from longhand. Business letters, multigraphing and all classes of public stenography. Special appointment by phoning Stuyvesant 3620 or 4674.



DIRECTORY

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BATIK ARTIST

ALICE MUTH, Studio, 12 East 8th St. An artist who has discovered a new perfection in batik designing as applied to modern dress and decoration. Individually designed batik silks in tea gowns, lingerie, evening wraps and stage costuming are her specialties. Let Miss Muth bring individuality into your wardrobe, or your home. Interior decorations. Lamp shades, vases, and landscapes on view at her studio. Phone Spring 63.

BOOKS

SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, 80 and 82 Fourth Ave. As far back as the earliest Bohemians can remember, Schulte's has been the Mecca of New York's bibliophiles. Here is carried the most complete stock of Out-of-Print books in New York. Here, also, you can sell for cash, the books you've finished with. Schulte is always on the market for good books to replenish his large and constantly changing stock. Phone 2550 Stuyvesant.

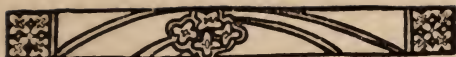
WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 17 West 8th St.

CLUBS

Civic Club, 14 West 12th St. Farragut 4797.
Liberal Club, 137 MacDougal St. Spring 9577.
The Penguin Gallery, 8 East 15th St. Stuyvesant 3684.
People's House, 7 East 15th St. Rand Socialist School.
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave. (Artists). Stuy. 5870.
Whitney Studio Club, 147 West 4th St. Spring 7116.

NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATIONS

Greenwich Village Improvement Society, Dr. Lawrence Purcell, Secretary, 66 Morton Street.
Washington Square Association, 11 Broadway, Bowling Green 8590.



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HOTELS

The Brevoort, 8th Street & 7th Ave. Stuyvesant 4674.

The Earle, 103 Waverly Place. Spring 8456.

Hotel Holley, 36 Washington Sq. Spring 3309.

Cafe Lafayette, University Pl. & 9th St. Stuy-4420.

Marlton Hotel, 3 West 8th Street. Stuy. 5482.

PERIODICALS

THE QUILL—A Magazine of Greenwich Village.

10 cents a copy; \$1.00 a year. Published monthly by Arthur H. Moss, at 174 West 4th Street. Poetry, drawings, short stories, gossip. Visit the Quill Shop, open daily from 2 to 7 P. M. Books, Prints, Periodicals. Telephone Spring 3951.

THE PAGAN—A Magazine for Eudaemonists.

15 cents a copy—One dollar fifty a year. Published by the Pagan Publishing Company at 7 East 15th St. Joseph Kling, Editor. A Magazine that seeks to add to the Joy of Life. Its stories, poems, drawings and etchings are done by men and women of to-day, not by those of yesterday. If you're a by-goner, The Pagan will make you very mad. If you're a comer, it'll make you glad.

The Liberator, 34 Union Square. 15c a copy.

The Greenwich Village Spectator. 5 cents.

The Little Review, 24 West 16th St. 25 cents.

PRINTER

LEONARD P. KUHLE, 32 Union Square. He printed this directory. Nuff said. Phone 735 Stuyvesant.

REAL ESTATE

PEPE & BRO., 40 Washington Square So. Renting agency. Studios, apartments, etc. Phone 8347 Spring.

SETTLEMENTS

Casa Maria, 251 West 14th St. (Spanish Women.)

Doe Ye Nexte Thyng Society, 12 Leroy Street.

Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street.

Richmond Hill House, 28 MacDougal Street.

Spring Street Neighborhood House, 24 Spring St

Washington Square Home for Friendless Girls,
9 West 8th St.



DIRECTORY

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RESTAURANTS & TEA ROOMS

GRACE GODWIN'S GARRET & COFFEE

HOUSE, 58 Washington Square So. Nobody should be lonesome in New York, because Grace Godwin invites real people to eat at the garret and to make themselves at home, whether it be for late breakfast, afternoon tea, or after dinner coffee. Grace's home made sweets are good any time of day. At the end of the bus line, looking out over Washington Square, it's the one place to be happy in.

THE GREEN GATE, 11 East 8th Street. An eating place with a distinctive atmosphere. The decorations are in excellent taste, quiet and reposeful. A luxurious lounging and reading room for the use of patrons is a popular feature, and the outdoor dining-room is an added summertime attraction. The cuisine is excellent, and prices reasonable. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner served, a la carte and table d'hote. Virginia waffles a specialty.

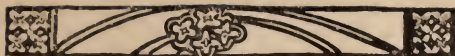
THE HEARTHSTONE, 174 West 4th St. In a cozy room, before two large old-fashioned fire-places that warm it in winter and cool it in summer, you sit down to a well served and well cooked meal amid reposeful surroundings. The restful atmosphere, the quiet hospitality, and the good food combine to make this an ideal eating place. Table d'hote or a la carte at all meals. Luncheon 50c. Afternoon Tea, and Dinner 75c.

YE PIG & WHISTLE INN, 175 West 4th St. A quaint little inn with daintily curtained windows where luncheon, afternoon-tea and dinner are served. The walls are lined with old Dickens prints; one greets Sam Weller, Sarah Gamp, Pecksniff, Mrs. Bardell, Sally Brass and many others with the same cordiality one feels for old friends. One of the popular places for artists, writers and thespians. Table d'hote luncheon and dinner at popular prices.

GONFARONE, 179 MacDougal St. Table d'hote luncheon and dinner served. Music.

PAUL & JOE'S, 62 West 9th St. French-Italian table d'hote with wine. Outdoor dining room.

THE MAD HATTER, 150 West 4th St. Afternoon tea and afternoon coffee. Open from 3 to 11 P. M.



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RESTAURANTS & TEA ROOMS

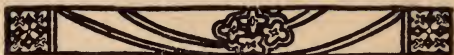
THE SAMOVAR, 148 West 4th St. Through the alley, up the stairs and over the roof lands you in the very heart of Greenwich Village and very close to its soul, too. Up in this cool room, with its window boxes abloom with flowers, come kindred spirits to partake of the excellent food that is served so reasonably. Both a la carte and table d'hôte luncheon and dinner served.
Phone Spring 7927.

THREE STEPS DOWN (Cafeteria), 19 West 8th St. One of the most popular gathering places for villagers and those who appreciate well-cooked food and a congenial atmosphere. The "serve yourself" system is what makes the prices so low. Then there is the outdoor umbrella garden, where great orange umbrellas spread over the tables like giant mushrooms. Table service upstairs. Banquet rooms. Phone Stuyvesant 1880.

THE DRAGON FLY has alighted on the Samovar roof (148 West 4th Street) with refreshments on his wings.

PUSS IN BOOTS, 57 West 10th St. Table d'hôte luncheon and dinner. The Village's favorite eating place.

Black Cat, 557 West Broadway.
Broad's Chop House, 53 West 3rd St.
The Checker Box, 18 Barrow Street.
The Crumperie, 6½ Sheridan Square.
Enrico & Plagieri, 64 West 11th St. Italian.
French Pastry Shop, 144 Sixth Ave.
Galotti's, 64 West 10th St. Italian.
The Green Witch, 49 East 10th St.
Greenwich Village Mill, 47 West 3rd St. Italian.
Joan's. Dancing. Tea. 54 Sixth Ave.
The Red Lion, 233 Thompson St. Italian.
Renganeschi, 139 West 10th St. Italian.
The Russian Tea Room, 239 West 4th St.
The Silhouette Shop, 144 West 4th St.
Strunky's Cafeteria, 19 West 8th St.
The Village Kitchen, 53 Greenwich Ave.
Washington Square Restaurant, 19 West 8th St.



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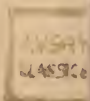
THEATRES

GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE, 4th St. & Seventh Ave. To establish here in this corner of Manhattan,—so long a place of activity in the arts—a home for the art of the theatre; to gather together a company of players and craftsmen dedicated to fine endeavor; to give the choicest plays, ancient or modern, in a simple and dignified presentation,—these are the aims of those who have so successfully launched this art theatre. Phone Spring 6409.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS, 139 MacDougal Street.

THE MARIONETTE THEATRE, 49 Vandam St. New York's Theatrical Novelty—Remo Bufano, Director.

A convenient route for those who want to take in the points of interest in the village is suggested herewith. Begin at the Washington Square Book Shop, on Eighth Street just west of Fifth Avenue, thence over to MacDougal Street, where there is a peek into MacDougal Alley, then south, to the Square. Cut across diagonally to the fountain, and then visit the shops along Washington Square South and Thompson Street. Now turn west and visit the shops and tea rooms on Fourth Street, crossing on over Sixth Avenue, until you arrive at Sheridan Square, which is lined with shops, and where the Greenwich Village Theatre is located. Here you will undoubtedly lose yourself and will wonder how this can be New York, for the streets run in every direction but toward home. But no matter which way you turn, you'll find something interesting, so why worry?







THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE