

FINE LIVING ... a la carte ??

Come to the Waldorf-Astoria!



Listen Hungry Ones!

Look! See what *Vanity Fair* says about the new Waldorf Astoria:

"All the houses of private homes ..."

Now, won't that be charming when the last drop-house has turned you down this winter? Furthermore:

"It is far beyond anything hitherto attempted in the hotel world. ... It cost twenty-eight million dollars. The famous Oscar Tschirky is in charge of housekeeping. Alexandre Dumas is chef. It will be a distinguished background for society."

So when you've got no place else to go, homeless and hungry ones, choose the Waldorf as a background for your eyes—

(Or do you still consider the subway after midnight good enough?)

Roomers

Take a room at the new Waldorf, you downtown-creeps—sleepers in charity flophouses where God pulls a long face, and you have to pray to get a bed.

They serve swell food at the Waldorf Astoria. Look at this menu, will you:

GUMBO CREOLE
CRABMEAT IN CARSOLETTE
BOILED BRISKET OF BEEF
SMALL ONIONS IN CREAM
WATERCRESS SALAD
PEACH MELBA

Have luncheon there this afternoon, all you fellows. Why not?

Dine with some of the men and women who get rich off of your labor, who clip coupons with



Illustration by Walter Steinhilber

clean white fingers because your hands dug coal, drilled steel, sewed garments, poured steel—to let other people draw dividends and live easy.

(Or haven't you had enough yet of this soup-line and the bitter bread of charity?)

Walk through Piccadilly Alley tonight before dinner, and get warm, anyway. You've got nothing else to do.

ladies with diamond neckties staring at Gert mums.)

Thank God Almighty!

(And a million niggers bend their backs on rubber plantations, for rich beholds to ride on thick tires in the Theatre Guild tonight.)

Ma said's a winner!

(And here we stand, shivering in the cold, in Harlem.)

Glory be to God—

Do Waldorf Astoria's open!

Evicted Families

All you families get out in the snow! Apartments in the Towers are only \$10,000 a year. (Three rooms and two baths.) Move in there and taxes get good, and you can do better. \$15,000 and \$1.00 are about the same to you, aren't they?

Win cases about money with a wife and kids homeless, and nobody in the family working? Wouldn't a duplex high above the street be grand, with a view of the richest city in the world at your nose?

"A law, if you prefer, or an arrangement reasonable at will."

Negroes

O, Lord, I don't forget Harlem!

See, you colored folks, hungry a long time in 119th Street—they get swell meals at the Waldorf-Astoria. It sure is a mighty nice place to shake hips in, too. There's dancing after supper in a big warm room. It's cold as hell on Lenox Avenue. All you've had all day is a cup of coffee. Your powderpuff overcoat's a ragged banner on your hungry frame. ... You know, downtown folks are just crazy about Paul Robeson. Maybe they'd like you, too, black socks from Harlem. Drop in at the Waldorf this afternoon for tea. Stay to dinner. Over Park Avenue a lot of darkie color—free—for working! Ask the Janitor Leagues to sing a spiritual for you. They probably know 'em better than you do—and their lips won't be so chapped with cold after they step out of their closed cars in the undercoat driveways.

Hallelujah! undercover driveways!

Ma said's a winner for de Waldorf!

Astoria!

(A thousand nigger, action-hands keep the road-beds smooth, so investments in railroads pay

Everybody

So get proud and free back, everybody! The new Waldorf Astoria's open!

(Special siding for private cars from the railroad yards.)

You ain't been there yet? (A thousand miles of carpet and a million bath-rooms.)

What's the matter? You haven't seen the ads in the papers? Didn't you get a card? Don't you know they specialize in American cooking?

Arise on down to 48th Street at Park Avenue. Get up off that subway bench tonight with the evening POST for news! Come on out y' that highball! Keep shoveling your guts out all day on street corners under the L.

Just, ain't you read yet?

Christmas Card

Hail Mary, Mother of God!

The new Christ child of the Beedvatine's about to be born.

(Kick hard, red baby, in the bitter womb of the mob.)

Somebody, put an ad in *Vanity Fair* quick! Call Oscar of the Waldorf—for Christ's sake!

It's almost Christmas, and that little girl—barned when because her belly was too hungry to stand it any more—wants a nice clean bed for the Immaculate Conception.

Listen, Mary, Mother of God, wrap your new born babe in the red flag of Revolution!

The Waldorf Astoria's the best nigger we've got. For instructions: Telephone

Edouard 5-0000.

by Langston Hughes

