



The Foyer of the SAVOY RESTAURANT on Sunday Evening

EXTRACTS FROM THE LONDON PRESS—

"Sunday evening at the Savoy Restaurant is once again one of the sights of London. There will be six hundred persons or more dining there tomorrow night; many of the celebrities now over here will be present."

From *The Evening Standard*.

"Sunday night is the great night at the Savoy Restaurant, and brilliant in the extreme is the sight it presents. Lovely women, flower-laden tables, the glimmer of shaded lights, and the ripple of music and laughter fascinate the eye and charm the ear. . . . No stranger of distinction is permitted to miss a Sunday dinner at the Savoy."

From *The Ladies Field*.

"It is evident that Sunday evening at the Savoy is to be as great an institution as ever during the coming season. The demand for tables in the restaurant is already reaching the limits of managerial capacity."

From *The Westminster Gazette*.

"For visitors to London who are desirous of beholding famous people of whom they have heard or read there is no better vantage place than the foyer of the Savoy Restaurant. In that brilliant rendezvous may nightly be seen members of the noblest families of the land, men and women distinguished in the world of literature, science and art, with millionaires and M. P.'s in close proximity. On Sunday evenings the company includes the leading lights of the drama and opera."

From *The Gentlewoman*.

"London is always en fete," said a French gentleman last week to summarize his impressions of a visit to Britain's metropolis. The Savoy Restaurant certainly conveys that idea, for probably in no other city in the world can such brilliant assemblies be seen as nightly gather there for dinner and supper. There must have been quite 300 people dining in the Savoy Restaurant on Sunday last. The Winter garden was crowded; from the balcony came ejaculations in foreign tongues on the beauty of the Thames at night."

From *The Tatler*.

"The Savoy is as cheerful a great restaurant as is to be found in the world. . . . I never stand at the top of the crimson steps leading down through the café au lait marble pillars with gilt capitals into the great foyer without feeling inclined to rub my hands together, as the good-natured uncles always do in plays, and to say, 'Now I am going to have a jolly good dinner, and am going to enjoy it thorou'ly.'"

From an article by Lieut.-Col. Newham-Davis, in *The World*.