

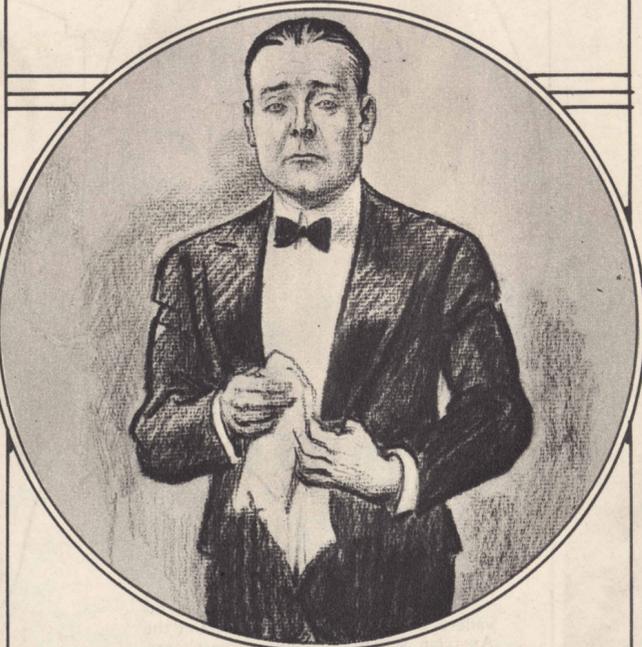
The Genial Headwaiter

By W. E. Hill

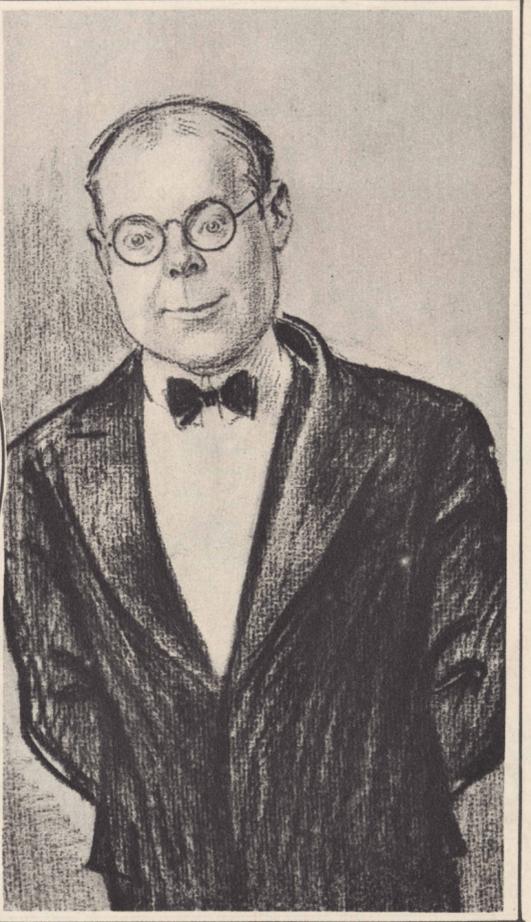
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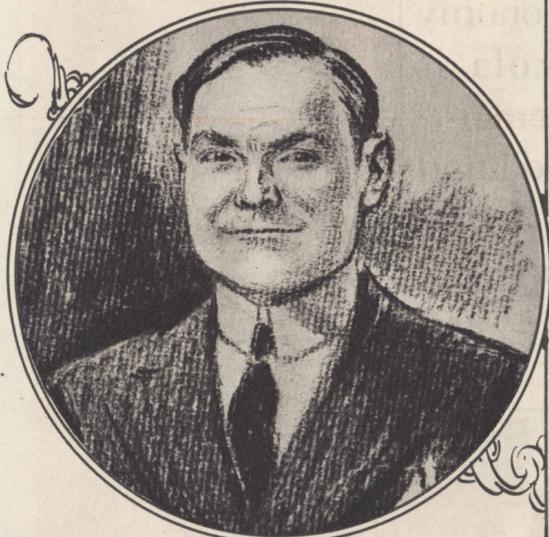
The headwaiter in a railway lunch room is a pretty busy person. Has to calm down irate travelers who appear just five minutes before train time and want quick service or know the reason why, by golly; besides having to soothe temperamental waitresses whose arches hurt them and who ask coldly how he gets that way, "because that's Gladys's table, not mine, and you can let Gladys set up her own table!"



Just a handsome headwaiter in a night club, pensively scrubbing off a soup spot, and pondering the while on the great number of people who can't bear to stay home of an evening.



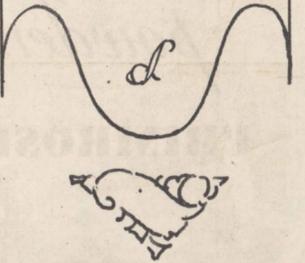
Peter works in a family hotel dining room, given over largely to elderly ladies who drop things. Peter's dress coat is all out of plumb around the neck, from stooping over to pick up bags, hankies, and neck pieces dropped by lady guests.



"Good morning, sir; nice day today." The breakfast smile of the hotel headwaiter is thrown in gratis with the combination breakfasts, and may or may not last till lunch time, what with bus boys who drop things, waiters who forget, and guests who complain about a speck in the butter.



"Our fillet de cheval is very enticing today, madam." A headwaiter with big melting orbs is a great asset to a restaurant wherein impressionable ladies are wont to gather at lunch time. Lady customers will get so het up they won't know what to order when our hero leans over and looks saucer-eyed at them, which, of course, is his cue to suggest whatever they have too much of in the kitchen.



"That's a table for ten; would you mind sitting over here, at this dear little table?" Some restaurants have gone in for hostesses instead of headwaiters. A hostess is the same as the old fashioned head waitress, only much more socially inclined and much more expensive looking.



An Irish headwaiter trying to impress on a Greek bus boy, who hasn't gone very far into his English, that to sneeze into a bowl of romaine with Roquefort dressing is the wrong idea—especially in front of a customer.



"Sorry, sir—these tables are reserved." Headwaiters are intensely sensitive to an appealing personality and vice versa. Those unfortunate persons who are lacking in winsomeness of contour, or minus sex appeal in a refined way, had better dine at home. Because sure as fate, the moment they step up to a headwaiter, he will pilot them to an out of the way table near the service pantry where the bus boys stack the dishes; that is, if he notices them at all.