Afternoon Arrival

If Grand Central Station was “the crossroads of a million private lives,” per the vintage radio serial, one life loomed largest in the southwest corner of the terminal: that of John Campbell. The financier and member of the New York Central Railroad board of directors moved into his corner office in 1923, after having it designed in the image of a Florentine palace, complete with 25-foot-high, hand-painted ceilings, leaded-glass windows, and a stone fireplace. It served as an office by day, reception hall for the powerful by night. Now the ornate hideaway has been renewed as The Campbell bar, serving manhattans and negrons with classic bar fare ranging from charcuterie plates to grilled Gruyère-and-mozzarella sandwiches – legitimate excuses for missing the next Metro-North, thecampbellnyc.com.