Hylan Builds Secret Stairs To Cellar Suite

Search for Dave Reveals Closet Door Hides Passage From Office to Mayor's "Apartment of Solitude"

Shower Bath There, Too

Ordered It Constructed So He Could Escape From the Crowds and Think

A search yesterday for David Hirshfield, investigator extraordinary to the Mayor, historian, birth control expert and possible art critic, resulted in the discovery of a secret spiral stairway leading from the basement of City Hall to the Mayor's office, on the floor above. At the base of the stairway, in the "apartment of solitude," recently fitted up for the Mayor during his absence at Palm Beach, is a shower bath for Mr. Hylan's exclusive use.

The Commissioner of Accounts figured in the discovery unintentionally. Inquiries at his office had met the response that he probably had gone over to City Hall to see the Mayor, no doubt to confer with him about "Civic Virtue," as symbolized in the Macmonnies statue to be erected on the fountain base in City Hall Park, in regard to the symbolism of which complaints had been made by women. It was understood that the commissioner felt that a little investigation of his own in the field of sculpture and art might be in order before the Mayor fixed a date for a public hearing on the matter, as he announced he would do.

The Mayor Has the Keys

No one could be found at City Hall, however, who had seen the commissioner go into the Mayor's office, though attaches declared he was there. They didn't know how he got in. It sounded spooky until some one volunteered that he might have gone up by the "spiral stairway." That diverted the trail from Dave to the basement. The new apartment directly under the Mayor's office, in the rooms formerly occupied by the Board of Child Welfare, was found locked. John F. Sinnott, secretary to the Mayor, was asked for the keys.

"The Mayor has the keys," he said, "and you can gain admission only through him."

The Mayor was not available. It was denied that any mystery was intended about the "secret stairway." It was quite appropriate, it was said, that the Mayor should have access from his private office to the extra compartments, where he could find rest and solitude to better concentrate on important matters and avoid the crowds of job hunters and reporters who sometimes hung about the reception rooms and the lobbies of the hall.

And why shouldn't the Mayor have a private shower bath? Comptroller Craig had one, all tiled and nickeled, which he inherited from former Comptroller Prendergast, in the suite of the Finance Department head in the Municipal Building. Furthermore, the Mayor worked long hours, from early morning until late at night, summer as well as winter, and the people surely would not object to their Chief Executive taking a refreshing shower bath at the end of a hard day's labor in their behalf, particularly during the hot weather. Palm Beach was all right in the winter, but a handy shower bath was the next best thing in the summer, it was explained.

Entrance Through Closet

The entrance from the spiral stairway to the Mayor's office is through an innocent looking closet door, which is only a couple of steps from the Mayor's desk. He can make a quick get-away if too hard pressed with callers. Carpenters had been doing a rush job on the renovation of the basement apartment while the Mayor was in Florida. No mention was made, however, of the spiral stairway or the bath. The whole project was put through quietly, pursuant to the Mayor's orders, it was said. Even members of the Sinking Fund Commission, which usually has the allotment of space in the City Hall and other city buildings, knew nothing of it. No formal action or approval in the matter was taken by that body. The Mayor assumed all responsibility—and got away with it. No objection is expected now.

The trail of Commissioner Dave was lost in the excitement of these discoveries. The report was verified that he had conferred with the Mayor. Diligent inquiry, however, left his entrance and exit shrouded in mystery. A reasonable assumption was that he was among the first of the Mayor's close advisers to use the secret stairway.

The Mayor failed to announce a date for the public hearing on the appropriateness of the statue of "Civic Virtue."

Grief Stricken Girl Ends Life Gazing at Dead Fiance's Photo

"Cherie, I Do Not Know Where You Are, but I Shall Try to Find You," Says Note Found Beside Poison Bottle in Gas-Filled Room of Pretty Stenographer

A week ago Gladys L. Runkle, a pretty stenographer rooming at 144 West Eighty-second Street, was making her wedding plans. She went to work happily every day and came home at night with a glad light in her eyes.

On Wednesday evening her fiance, John de Bacourt, twenty-six years old, son of Pierre de Bacourt, assistant professor of French at the School of Journalism, Columbia University, died in the New York Hospital after an operation for appendicitis. Early yesterday the girl was found sitting up in bed, half-dressed, dead. Gas was pouring from a tube which lay across her shoulder, as it had fallen when death relaxed the grip of her lips upon it. A half-emptied bottle of poison tablets lay beside the bed.

In front of her, where her gaze had rested last, was the picture of her fiance, and lying beneath it a note scrawled in pencil: "Cherie, I do not know where you are, but I shall try to find you."

There was no signature.

Body Found by Roomers

The smell of gas brought other roomers to the girl's bedroom at 3 o'clock in the morning. They found crevices in the door and windows stuffed with paper. Dr. E. F. Barnes, of Knickerbocker Hospital, pronounced her dead. Dr. C. S. Cassassa, assistant medical examiner, said yesterday that death was caused by illuminating gas.

Miss Runkle is a daughter of George R. Runkle, assistant manager of the telegraph office in Union Station, Washington. When notified of her death yesterday he wired that he was sending his son to take the girl's body to Washington for burial. He will arrive to-day. The City Mission has been taking care of arrangements in the mean time.

Miss Runkle was grief stricken when told on Wednesday at the end of her day's work that her fiance was dead. She stumbled blindly away from the hospital, going first to the home of his parents, at 103 West Eighty-fourth Street. There she became hysterical and they begged her to spend the night with them. She insisted on going home, however, saying that she wanted to see John's face once again. She made an appointment with his young brother to go to the undertaker's at 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

Returned Home Weeping

She was still weeping when she reached 144 West Eighty-second Street. When questioned, she confided in Mrs. John Barnes, who conducts the rooming house, that she had just heard of the death of her fiance. Other roomers got the impression that she was in great mental distress. She quieted down when she went to her room, however, and nothing more was heard until she was found dead.

According to Professor and Mrs. de Bacourt, Miss Runkle had visited their home on several occasions and although there had been no formal engagement it was generally understood that the two were devoted to each other. They were fond of the girl. She spoke French and Spanish with ease. She was twenty-four years old. Young De Bacourt and she had known each other for about two months. They met at a college dance at Columbia, where Miss Runkle's brother is a student in the School of Journalism.

Former Soldier Held in Slaying Of Patrolman

'Casey the Cowboy' Arrested by His ex-Captain in Connection With Shooting of John McMail

Plan Benefit for Family

Residents of Brownsville Would Aid Widow With Two Children, Both Ill

Casey Ivanoff, known to the police as "Casey, the cowboy," was locked up last night at Police Headquarters in connection with the murder of Patrolman John McMail by one of two hold-up men in Brooklyn Wednesday. He was arrested by Detective Trainor, of the homicide bureau, who used to be his captain when Casey Ivanoff was in Company L of the 41st Infantry during the war.

"I didn't get your make-up first," said Casey Ivanoff when Trainor accosted him at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. "But when I got close, I see who it was."

He appeared surprised that the mission of his former commander was to conduct him to a cell at headquarters. Trainor said that when he went after his man he did not know that he was a former member of his company, but that he recognized him as soon as he saw him. Ivanoff lives at 343 East Fifty-first Street, Brooklyn, and is a student at a government vocational training school.

Residents of the Brownsville section of Brooklyn are planning to have a benefit performance at a theater in Brooklyn for the widow and children of the murdered policeman.

A plan also is being considered to present a medal to Samuel Cohen, the watchman who followed McMail's alleged murderer and exchanged shots with him among the tombstones of a stone cutter's yard at Rockaway Avenue and Osborne Street. Rabasovich was shot in the neck. He is now in St. Mary's Hospital, and unless complications set in probably will recover.

Know Identity of Slayer's Companion

The police know the identity of the man who was with Rabasovich just prior to the shooting, when the pair is alleged to have attacked Mrs. Anna Moishek in the hallway of 266 Watkins Street in an attempt to get money from her. His arrest, however, is not of immediate importance to the police. The only charge that can be brought against him in connection with the events of Wednesday afternoon is one of simple assault.

It developed yesterday, according to the police, that Rabasovich had received two suspended sentences at the hands of Brooklyn judges. The other man is involved in a charge of possessing chloral knock-out drops. District Attorney Ruston will rush the case to trial, it is said.

In discussing the shooting of Patrolman McMail District Attorney Ruston yesterday criticized the justices and judges outside the city who issued pistol permits to residents here.

"It is high time," he said, "that judges whose jurisdiction is outside the city should play ball on their own grounds and leave the issuance of permits to residents of the city to the Police Commissioner. I don't think that the Legislature ever contemplated that a resident of the city could go to some other county and get a permit."

Judge J. Grattan MacMahon, in addressing the Kings County Grand Jury yesterday, spoke of the McMail shooting and said:

"It is a critical hour in the affairs of our city when gunmen, robbers, burglars and murderers are flouting the law as perhaps they have never done in your lifetime or mine.

Wants Police Upheld

"Our only protection against these death-dealing enemies rests in the police force of our city. We must uphold the police. Those that criticize the police do not know the burden of their task. Let nobody stand out against the police and lean toward the robber."

Magistrate McReynolds, in the New Jersey Avenue court, paid high tribute to McMail as a policeman and urged support for the Police Department.

A purse of $50 for Mrs. McMail was collected among the spectators and lawyers in the courtroom. She has had to draw heavily lately on her none too large income to pay for the care of her children, who have been ill.

Funeral services will be held at the McMail home, 1289 Greene Avenue, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in Lutheran Cemetery.

275 Meters Proposed As Amateur Radio Limit

Allocation of Specific Wave Lengths for Different Classes Is Favored

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Recommendation that a wave length of from 150 to 275 meters be allocated to amateur wireless telephone operators, that the field between these limits be subdivided for various amateur classes, and that their status be fixed by law, was made in a report made public today by the amateur committee of the government radio conference. The report was supplementary of those of other committees which already have been published.

The amateur operator would continue to be under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce, if the committee report were accepted, and "for the purpose of self policing among the amateurs." Amateur deputy radio inspectors would be elected to serve under the federal radio inspector in charge of each district. The deputy radio inspector would serve without compensation and would be clothed with "whatever authority may be necessary in the opinion of the district radio inspector."

Hunt Burgoyne Companion

The condition of A. G. Burgoyne, general prohibition enforcement agent, who was found drugged in a New York hotel last Tuesday, was reported improved by the authorities at the Newark City Hospital last night. Prohibition authorities are still searching for the man who registered at the New York hotel with Burgoyne under the name of D. H. Reese.

Burgoyne still is unable to tell what happened to him. His condition is still serious. The physicians at the hospital say they do not know whether anything further would develop from the effects of the drug.

Jazziest Jazz Can't Blister New Record, Scientist Declares

Paper Core Invention Won't Warp or Crack Under Any Strain, and It Should Cost Less, Dr. Hutchison Says

A phonograph record which can be thrown out of a tenth story window, sat upon, stepped on or given to the baby to play with, all without affecting the quality of its reproduction, was exhibited yesterday by Dr. Miller Rees Hutchison, electrical expert and inventor, in his office in the Woolworth Tower. The invention, Dr. Hutchison said, may mean a saving of millions of dollars every year to the phonograph business.

"The secret," Dr. Hutchison explained, "is in a record with a paper core which has the same co-efficient of contraction and expansion as has the veneer upon which the music is recorded. That is what I believe our experiments show this record to possess.

"A satisfactory record must not warp in any condition of atmosphere, or in shipment. It must not blister, crack or split, and the veneer—where, as in this case, a veneer is used—must adhere to and become a part of the core and be thermoplastic. That is, when the heated matrix is pressed upon it the veneer is softened and takes the impression of the matrix.

"This record has all these characteristics. It is lighter than the average record and should cost about 10 cents a record less to produce. The paper core, which is the secret heart of the invention, has exactly the same co-efficient of expansion and contraction as the veneer. Ordinary handling will not even fracture the veneer; but even when the veneer is cracked the core holds the veneer in exact position, and the crack cannot in the least affect the playing qualities of the record.

Dr. Hutchison declined to divulge the name of the inventor. Plans are being perfected, he said, to manufacture the record, but it would be several months before it would be marketed.

Bedtime Stories

Farmer Brown's Boy Has Fun With Trader

By Thornton W. Burgess

To live let live. Thus only may Trade grow and prosper day by day.

—Farmer Brown's Boy.

Farmer Brown's Boy was delighted at having made the acquaintance of Trader the Wood Rat. He was careful not to disturb Trader's home which he had found under the floor of the little sugar house. Trader was not at home and was nowhere to be seen. Of course, when he heard Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy tearing up the floor he ran away and hid. Having taken out the things Trader had stolen, the floor was carefully put back, and Farmer Brown and his boy went to work collecting sap and making syrup and sugar. All day long they were too busy to give further thought to Trader.

But that night when Farmer Brown's Boy was once more left alone in the little sugar house his thoughts returned to Trader and he planned to have some fun with him. "We'll do a little trading," chuckled Farmer Brown's Boy. "I'll find out just how good a trader that little scamp is. I'll put some things out for him, to see what he will give me in return."

So before he went to bed Farmer Brown's Boy carefully put away the things he didn't want Trader the Wood Rat to take. Then in a little box on the table he put some shiny new nails, two or three buttons, the handle of a broken tea cup, a penny and a little, round pocket looking glass. Near the box he put some scraps which he had taken pains to save from supper. Then he went to bed.

The next morning when he awoke the first thing Farmer Brown's Boy did was to look in the box where he had placed all those things the night before. Not one of those things remained, but the box was a little more than half filled with pine cone scales.

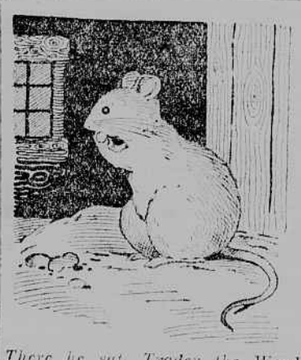
Farmer Brown's Boy chuckled. "Now, I wonder who got the better of that trade?" said he. "Those things Trader took are not of the least bit of use to him, but I suppose he will have a lot of pleasure just looking at them. These scales he has left for me are not the least bit of use to me, but I am having no end of fun trading with him. So I guess we'll call the trade even. To-night we'll try another trade."

During the day Farmer Brown's Boy had to go over home on an errand. He brought back with him a handful of corn. That night he put the corn in the little box in the table. The next morning when he peeped in the box he found—what do you think? He found that box half full of beechnuts. He laughed right out when he discovered them.

"A fair trade!" he cried. "Trader has probably got more beechnuts than he knows what to do with, and certainly that handful of corn will never be missed at home. So, altogether, I call this a pretty even trade."

That night when Farmer Brown's Boy went to bed he was not so tired as he had been other nights and he managed to keep awake. By and by he heard the patter of little feet and the scratching of little claws as Trader climbed up on the table. Farmer Brown's Boy waited a few minutes and then pressed the button of his flashlight. There sat Trader the Rat eating the scraps Farmer Brown's Boy had thoughtfully left for him. Somehow Trader seemed to know that there was nothing to be afraid of, and he remained right there until he had finished the last scrap.

Thus Farmer Brown's Boy made friends with Trader the Wood Rat, and before the season was over Trader had learned that he had a new friend and a true friend. He would come out with the coming of the first Black Shadows and take food from the hand of Farmer Brown's Boy.



There he sat, Trader the Wood Rat, eating the scraps Farmer Brown's Boy had thoughtfully left for him

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Boxer and Woof Woof Awake."

Weather Report

Sun rises...6:06 a. m. Sun sets...6:04 p. m.
Moon rises...11:11 p. m. Moon sets...8:48 a. m.

Local Forecast.—Fair to-day, increasing cloudiness and somewhat warmer to-morrow; diminishing northwest and north winds, shifting to northeast.

Local Official Record.—The following official record from the Weather Bureau shows temperatures during the last twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

	1922.	1921.		1922.	1921.
3 a. m.	38	46	3 p. m.	38	60
6 a. m.	36	47	6 p. m.	34	56
9 a. m.	39	50	9 p. m.	30	49
12 noon	40	57	11 p. m.	28	44

Highest temperature yesterday, 42 degrees (at 2:45 p. m.); lowest, 28 degrees (at midnight); average, 35 degrees; average same date last year, 52 degrees; average same date for thirty-three years, 38 degrees.

Humidity

8 a. m. 89.1 p. m. 50.8 p. m. 35.

Barometer Readings

8 a. m. 30.02, 1 p. m. 29.98, 8 p. m. 30.11

General Weather Conditions

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Pressure was high to-day over the eastern half of the country except New England, and it continued to fall over the western half. There were two centers of minimum pressure to-night, one over northwestern Montana and the other over the plateau region. There have been rains within the last twenty-four hours west of the Rocky Mountains, while fair weather has prevailed almost generally east of the Rockies.

The temperature has fallen in the north Atlantic states, the lake region, California and the plateau region and it has changed little in other parts of the country.

The indications are for generally fair weather Friday and Saturday in the states east of the Mississippi River, except that rain or snow is probable in the upper lake region Friday and Saturday and rain in the Ohio Valley and the lower lake region Saturday. The temperature changes will not be important, although slightly warmer weather is probable in the Northeastern states Saturday.

Forecast by Districts—Eastern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware—Fair Friday, Saturday increasing cloudiness and slightly warmer.

Southern New England—Fair Friday and Saturday; not much change in temperature.

Western Pennsylvania—Fair and slightly warmer Friday; Saturday unsettled and warmer, probable rain.

Western New York—Fair Friday; Saturday unsettled and slightly warmer, probably rain.

Daily Radio Program

Friday, March 17

WJZ, Newark (360 meters)

11 a. m. to 6 p. m.—Musical program every hour.
11 a. m. to noon to 3 p. m. and 10:01 p. m.—Weather forecast.
3:05 p. m.—Shipping news.
Noon to 6 p. m.—Agricultural reports.
10 p. m.—Arlington official time.
7 p. m.—Man in the Moon Stories.
8 p. m.—R. P. O. E. band of Newark, Lodge 21, thirty pieces, under the leadership of E. J. Guenther. Program as follows: "Greetings," Vorzel; "Flag of Humanity," Hayes; "Mount Healthy," Beans; overture, from "Mignonette," Baumann; patrol, "Blue and Gray," Dolizy; selection of Irish airs, "Leave Me With a Smile," saxophone duet by Mompere and Collins, "Semper Fidelis," Sousa; "Sunny South," Tempe; "Wedding of the Winds," Hall; "El Capitan," Sousa; "Our Drum Major," dedicated to Richard Miller by E. J. Guenther; "Auld Lang Syne" and Irish ballads, song by James R. Caffrey and Joseph O'Toole, Alex Berme, accompanist.

WYCB, Bedloe's Island (1,460 meters) Signal Corps, U. S. Army

9 p. m.—Musical number.
9:05 p. m.—The Caruso memorial by Charles Isaacson, prologue from "Pagliacci," Albert Terrasi, baritone; Cinquino Minuet, from "The Canebrake," Miss Ruth Kemper, violinist; group of Irish songs, John Valentine; "Eri Tu," from "Ballo in Maschera," Albert Terrasi; mazurka, "Deep River," Hungarian Dance No. 5, Miss Kemper; group of Irish songs, John Valentine.

WBZ, Springfield, Mass. (360 meters)

7:30 p. m.—Surprise party for the children; bed-time story told personally by Thornton W. Burgess.
7:45 p. m.—Billy Grant of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
8 p. m.—Mrs. Fabiola Richardson, soprano; Mrs. Esther de Gray Metevier, violinist.

WGI, Medford, Hillside, Mass. (360 meters)

8 p. m.—Boston police reports. Popular music throughout the evening.
8:15 p. m.—Amateur Night—Elementary Radio Talk No. 7, "The Care and Operation of Storage Batteries for Radio Work," by Frank J. Stone.
Concert, music and instruction.
Announcement of amateur activities.

KDKA, Pittsburgh (360 meters)

10 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.—Hourly music program.
7:30 p. m.—Thornton W. Burgess's "Bedtime Stories."
7:45 p. m.—News, market reports and summary of stock conditions.
8 p. m.—"Looking Backward and Forward," by C. E. Corrigan, Civic Club of Allegheny County.
8:30 p. m.—Popular entertainment by the Collegiate Six.

KYW, Chicago (360 meters)

10 a. m. to 6 p. m.—Hourly program of news, music and reports.

8 P. M.—PROGRAM

Dance selections, Isham Jones Orchestra; trombone solo, Carrol Martin; "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," Edith Allen, accompanied by Beulah Taylor Porter; dance selections, Isham Jones Orchestra; cornet escapade, "The Laughing Cornet," William Paarce; dramatic reading, Jessie Boyce Landis; saxophone solo, Isham Jones; dance selections, Isham Jones Orchestra.

Telephone—Stuyvesant 4700
Store Hours—9 to 5:30

John Wanamaker

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co.
Broadway at Ninth, New York

A Husband and Wife in Perfect Accord

seem to be dwelling amid the music of the

harp and the flute

The gentle touch of the little fingers of the woman upon the harp, and the breath of her good man turned into sweet sounds, form for us a beautiful picture of the best kind of a happy home reverberating with wonderful harmony.

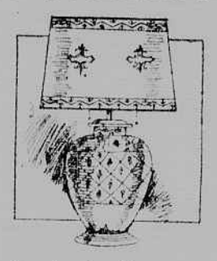
So may the months and the years of two lives go on ever in gladness and peaceful unity.

(Signed)

John Wanamaker

March 17, 1922.

AU QUATRIEME



Artistic Lamps

for Unusual Rooms

Lamps which are in keeping with the other furnishings and are exquisitely shaded may make even a plain room look rich.

Au Quatrieme has many beautiful lamps ready for the rooms of the city or the country house with the appropriate shades to match, or from jars or vases it will make to order lamps for any rooms.

Persian Oil Jar Lamps

in rare old turquoise blue or pearl gray tones are perhaps the most beautiful lamps in the world. $45 and $60.

Painted Tin Lamps

are not only unusual but decorative. In classic urn and water-jug shapes, they are made gay with bright paint. $25 to $35.

Deruta Pottery Lamps

urn-shaped, with handles, are lovely in solid colors of old French blue, soft green, buff, rose. $20.

Bassano Pottery Lamps

of simple, classic shapes and embossed designs on their ivory white surfaces are exquisite for bedroom and boudoir. $15 and $25.

Harmonious Shades

have been designed and beautifully executed by Au Quatrieme.

For Persian oil jar lamps and tin lamps shades of painted paper decorated in bands of soft, dull color, $12 to $35.

For smaller pottery lamps bewitching shades of organdie, or silk, combined with chiffon, dress themselves in little flutings of gay French metal ribbon or in tiny ruffles of colored lace. $15 to $55.

Fourth floor, Old Building.

For a Green Party on St. Patrick's Day

Jack Horner Pies, with humorous reminders of their Irish origin—pipes, harps, Irish flags, little snakes, $2.50 to $17.50.

Individual favors—from little kewpie dolls dressed like colleens, wee green hats such as Paddy wears for state occasions, and horns, blow-outs, wands and other toys all in fluffy paper—green, of course. 8c to $1.25 each.

Eighth Gallery, New Building.

Fourth Organ Recital

on the new organ in the Auditorium

Tuesday, March 21
at 2:30 P. M.

CHARLES M. COURBOIN
Famous Belgian Organist

Programme of works by Marcello, Berwald, Franck, Schubert, Salome, Widor, Grasse.

Note: Complimentary tickets are now ready. Apply at the Auditorium in person.

First Gallery, New Building.

Sports and Trotteur Fashions for Misses

Specialized at $39.50

GREAT COATS—flaring, of course—homespun in the new gay colors.

CAPES — straightline silhouette — developed in two-toned plaids.

DOUBLE BREASTED OVERCOATS—very mannish—in smart herringbone materials.

TOPCOATS of cross-barred homespuns.

BLANKET COATS—look as though they were fashioned of steamer rugs. Fringed.

AND, Camel's hair coats, of course.

Second floor, Old Building, Tenth Street.

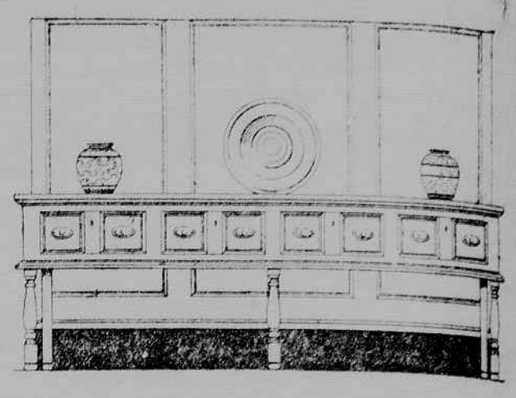
Homespun Topcoats for Children. $14.50

Matching hats, $3.50, $4.95.

Coats for playtime or Sunday best, adapted from one of our most successful Paris models — at a fraction of its cost. Made for us by one of the finest tailors of children's coats in New York.

Sizes 2 to 6 years.

Third floor, Old Building.



Reproductions of Old Original Seventeenth Century English Oak Dresser

BELMAISON, never having seen anything of the sort so slender, so long, so modest in the manner in which it hugs the wall, as this interesting paneled oak dresser with three drawers, promptly bought it on sight.

And, from it, made excellent reproductions.

The original—$525.
Reproductions—$250.

Reproductions just half the length—as if the dresser had been cut in two—$175.

* * *

Seven feet one-inch long, 1 ft. wide, 31 in. high, this dresser is appropriate for halls, dining-rooms, great living-rooms, where the dark dignity of English oak in early models is suitable.

Fifth Gallery, New Building.

Wanamaker Clothing for Men is

Individual Clothing

It is for men of all ages and types

The first business undertaken by this Store was the clothing of men and boys—in 1861. The first day's receipts were $24.67. The twenty-four dollars were spent at once on advertising. The 67 cents were kept to make change.

* * *

Today we have a men's clothing business so deeply rooted in the confidence of the public that we have been able to sell more than $100,000 of men's clothing in one day.

* * *

The experience of 61 years is a great builder! There is no teacher like experience.

A very important business —the clothing of men

"Take great care," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son—*"always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age, in the place where you are, whose dress is never spoken of one way or another, as either too negligent or too much studied."*

* * *

To help all men within reach of this Store to put into practice this wise advice, is the aim of the Wanamaker Men's Shops.

"Reasonable people." We know them. We have studied them. We are in complete accord with them. Their tastes and ours are one. Together we try to lift clothing to a higher standard.

* * *

There are many standards in clothing — or, more appropriately expressed, many deviations from the standard.

The first, and worst, deviation is that of *compromise with quality.* Fabric that has only the *appearance* of service. Workmanship that holds a garment together only long enough to sell it. Counterfeit clothing! The cities are full of it. But you will not find it at Wanamaker's!

* * *

Another deviation is in the matter of style, in the pandering to the ignorant, the flashy, the extreme. Bad colors, impossible patterns. Queerly cut clothing — like some of the awful fashion plates in the magazines. This sort of clothing is made by men who don't know their business, extremists who haven't any idea of the reason or spirit behind good clothing. They simply don't understand. But they go ahead with the making of their "stuff." And somebody sells it.

* * *

Then, there is *"slogan"* clothing—clothing made to appear superior by the aid of plausible slogans.

* * *

Proper tailoring, all wool, good service, may all be taken for granted in Wanamaker clothing, which is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or you get your your money back. Wanamaker clothing is made by tailors specially detailed to the work. Wanamaker specifications set a standard for America.

* * *

STYLE, in the last analysis, is the thing men want. Not conspicuous style, but style that is conspicuous by its inconspicuousness. Wanamaker clothing is built for the man *"whose dress is never spoken of one way or another,"* as Lord Chesterfield says.

* * *

Men's Spring Suits are ready, $30 to $60

The Shops for Men—Street floor, New Bldg.