

DO YOU WEAR A TENNIS RACKET WITH YOUR COLLAR?

DON'T let anybody tell you that there are no class distinctions in this country. We may pretend to be a democratic sort of people, who wouldn't dream of tolerating a nobility, or an aristocracy, or any such foolishness; but don't you believe it. We do have an aristocracy, a real, honest-to-goodness Upper Class, composed of Best People. Like all best people, they possess a certain something of bearing and an indefinable *et cetera* of manner that set them apart from *hoi polloi*. You may not hope or even wish to be one of them, but you are probably snob enough to have a sneaking fondness for discussing them. Turn to the advertising sections of next month's issue of your favorite periodical—out week before last—and let us study them together.

Consider, for example, this automobile advertisement, wherein a gilded youth leans affectionately across the steering wheel of his very black Double Six, in front of a very pale Biltmore. Scrutinize that young man and then try to imagine him earning his own living. Certainly not! He inherited his money, and after going through some prominent university, where he was known as the Chinless Wonder, settled down to an arduous career of helping ravishing flappers in and out of double sixes.

For they seldom drive, these advertisement aristocrats. Not for them the easy jounce of the boulevard, the lurch and jar of the open highway. Let the *bourgeoisie* drive if it will; they rest serenely in their rooted cars, happy in their favorite outdoor sport of helping one another in and out.

Not that they remain always in the same spot. You will find them at all sorts of places—mayhap in some quiet country byway, sketching from the car, or on the very brink of the Grand Canyon, eating luncheon. But seldom indeed will you surprise them actually going anywhere. On the very rare occasions when they do drive they go about in parties of six or more; and there is always room for four more in the car.

Now turn to a clothing advertisement and see how they dress. One fact becomes immediately obvious: there are no stout men among the aristocrats; similarly, there are no short men. You and I may have reached the avoid-avoid point where we begin to wonder if there might not be something in this "eat and grow thin" nonsense, after all. They are all fair, skinny, and twenty-two. To be a genuine aristocrat you must weigh not over 121 pounds, ringside; and you must be six feet seven—or preferably ten—inches in height.

It is in the men's wear advertisement that you will find our aristocrat at work: not common, low-down office or field work, of course, but work suitable for a fellow who is a neat dresser and owns a 1917 Immovable. Mostly, he addresses boards of directors. Yes, and the directors, realizing that such a two-button, form-fitting, Kampus Kut Norfolk could be worn only by a Leader of Men, promptly elect him secretary of the company, or, if worst comes to worst, general purchasing agent. Later you may see the Leader of Men in his lofty office on Wall Street, gazing out of the window upon the busy scene below, as though wondering what to do with it, now that he has it. He wears a three-button, patch-pocket, soft roll cutaway, the secret of his success.

Collars, too, are a test of caste. A cursory perusal of any magazine or car card will bring home a great truth: that the one thing the People Who Really Matter always wear with a collar is a tennis racket. The ordinary necktie—pardon, cravat—is allowable, to be sure, but after all's said and done a tennis racket's the thing no gentleman would be seen without. In fancy one can envisage the aristocratic collar-wearer on the point of purchasing a batch of his favorite brand: "A dozen collars, please." "What size, sir?" "Why—I forget." "What tennis racket do you carry, sir?" "Thirteen and a half ounces." "Ah, then you require a fifteen and a quarter collar."

Another garment that the Better Sort usually wear with a collar is a smoking jacket. Few things are pleasanter than to come in after a hard day's work at the directors' meeting, slip on the old slippers and smoking jacket, and snuggle down into a nice, clean, three-inch, automatic interlocking tab, two-for-a-quarter Ashforth. That's the life!

Just as no stout aristocrats wear clothing, so no aristocrat over twenty-nine years of age wears a collar. It's a bit saddening.



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somehow, to think of the Man Who Knows on the eve of his thirtieth birthday saying to himself:

"Well, I've worn every collar on the market. I've had my fling. Time to step out, I guess, and give some younger chap a chance."

Then, with a stifled sigh, he unbuttons the old Bunkhurst for the last time, and so disappears from the advertising section forever.

It is in the underwear section that the plain man will meet his most disheartening rebuff. For it's obvious enough that no man may aspire to a union suit who does not employ at least one Japanese valet, to say nothing of an under-butler to bring in the morning's soft boiled egg on a silver tray. Probably right now some ten-year-old future Croesus is dreaming of the day when he will own a houseful of servants and a union suit.

Your true aristocrat certainly falls for the union suit. He loves to put it on and then have Toba help him on and off with his bathrobe. He loves to wear it in the library, whither the children, tastefully clad in theirs, toddle to beg Daddy to bounce them on his knee, while Muvver, slipping into hers, beams approval. He rather enjoys taking it off and holding it up to the light, to show you how porous it is. And, dearest of all, the midnight hour, when he steals down to the quiet living room, there to muse before the blazing logs, chin in hand, smoking the dear old jimmy pipe and wearing the dear old sanitary, fleece-lined, one-piece under-gabardine.

There is one commodity whose use in the advertising section is not strictly confined to the Men Who Count. That commodity is tobacco. Its devotees are of two distinct types. First, there is the sturdy man of the people, who smokes a pipe. He is getting along in years, and has been denied wealth or formal education—"schoolin'," he would term it, in his quaint way—but he has a pretty wit, none the less. He likes to gather a congenial little party around him and explain to them, in homely, pithy phrases, just why he considers Plasterer's Delight the best smoking tobacco on the market. A bit garrulous, mayhap, and somewhat over-given to slang, but, by and large, a sterling fellow.

Let us turn, by way of contrast, to the users of flake cut. Once more we are among the Leaders of Men. They are all here—yachtsmen, ambassadors, generals, admirals, kings, presidents—swell dressers, every man jack of them, yet simple in their tastes, unspoiled by success. They roll their own cigarettes. They roll them in embassies, in palaces, in hotel lobbies, at state banquets, aboard yachts and flagships, in fair weather or foul, in sickness and in health, in dead calm or hurricane. Democracy can show no fairer sight than that of these Moulders of Destiny spilling tobacco together in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was pointed out at the beginning of this monograph that freedom from the shackles of convention is one of the marks of the Real Thing. From this test the aristocrats emerge triumphant. Their manners and their speech are their own.

Probably their chief characteristic is a certain naive enjoyment of their own possessions. They like to show you their jewelry, their

Unless You Do, You Can't Hope To Be One of "The People Who Really Matter"—Turn to the Advertising Section of Your Favorite Periodical and See if It Isn't So—Also, if You Would Be a "Leader of Men" You Must Roll Your Own Cigarettes and Wear Kampus Kut Lounge Suits.

By DEEMS TAYLOR.

clothing, their houses, and tell you how much—or, rather, how surprisingly little—these things cost. They are given to turning articles upside down, or inside out, in order to prove to you that these articles are the genuine trademarked stuff, and not some cheap imitation. When an aristocrat dines out, he thinks nothing of seeing his host playfully pour boiling water on the dining room table, thereby demonstrating the remarkable non-blistering qualities of the varnish and the guest's legs; and he is prepared cheerfully to crawl under the Davenport, to see for himself the manufacturer's name branded on the framework. All their little ways show delightful freedom from constraint. No truly aristocratic girl

He—Mary, my dear, these are certainly the best biscuits which you ever baked! However did you ever succeed in making them so delightfully light and toothsome?

She—O John, I knew you would like them! I baked them all myself by the use of JOBCO, the famous Self-Stirring Biscuit Batter, manufactured by the Jones Baking Co., Inc., 2791-2799 Postelthwaite Boulevard, Waukesha, Mich.

Their Child Aged Two—O yes, Favver! Muvver says that JOBCO is the best Self-Stirring Biscuit Batter on the market because it has been proven by chemical analysis that JOBCO contains 4 762-846 per cent less free alkali than any other of the cheap and inferior



After all's said and done, a tennis racket's the thing no gentleman would be seen without.

THE LAST FLIGHT.

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Steffeck steered furiously. For a time they swam against the damp gray stream of cloud, their eyes fixed tensely on the compass and the aerometer; for here these two delicate instruments were their only help. They would have lost their way if they had looked out into the cloud mist.

Then Steffeck choked the motor. At the same moment they heard the smothered reports of guns.

Gliding carefully, Steffeck sank deeper. Now the under surface of the cloud bank was reached. Slowly the earth emerged from the gray and took form. Right under the shelter-offering cloud rim Steffeck guided the machine, so that Wegehaupt had time to make further observations.

The whole widespread battlefield lay beneath them, with its woods and hills, its villages and roads, cut through by a glistening river to the far spaces of the horizon. On the brown hills the other side of the river the sun rays lay golden.

Suddenly Wegehaupt detected the march of the enemy. Darkish, scarcely distinguishable lines moved on the roadways, pushing slowly toward the northwest. There—there—and there. On all the roads he saw the enemy's columns.

He gazed through the glass. Directly under them he noticed an ant-like stirring of agitated men. By the short trousers and blue jackets he judged them to be Zouaves. They had seen the machine. An entire company appeared to be shooting upward. But their shots did not reach.

A wild satisfaction rioted in his blood. He felt the thousands of eyes which now rested angrily upon him. The lust of destruction, of slaughter, came over him. He reached for a bomb, intending to send it through the discharge tube down on the human swarm below.

Just then his eyes caught the distant flash-rod bridge spanning the river. Like a flash the thought came to him: "Save your bombs for it!" He reached for the arrows instead and scattered a handful of those pointed steel rods, much as Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts, on the earth beneath. Then he turned his field glass downward.

"A hit!" he exclaimed. Down there the Zouaves were scattering wildly. Two, three, bodies lay flat on the ground. The machine began to jerk. Before and behind it appeared the familiar white shrapnel clouds. On all sides the shells exploded. It was with difficulty that the ear caught something of the reports of the guns—it was only a hollow murmur like that of the distant sighing of a forest.

Wegehaupt was calm again. Cold-bloodedly he sketched in on his map the probable strength of the enemy on the various roads. From time to time he gave Steffeck the direction. When he finished his observations they vanished into the shelter of the clouds, to appear again in another place and continue their work of espionage.

Now Wegehaupt was ready. He fidgeted in his narrow seat like the schoolboy on a bench who has finished his lesson. His eye sought again the distant bridge. There it was.

"The railroad bridge!" he cried to Steffeck.



On the very brink of the Grand Canyon, eating luncheon.

thinks twice of showing you what amazing quality can be put into a pair of 50-cent lisle stockings. Indeed, the younger aristocratic set while away many a long winter evening comparing hosiery. Indoor socker, they call it. Nor do they mind debating the underwear question. In fact, you must be careful, when going out of an evening, to wear the right make and weight of union suit; otherwise, all the other guests at the ball are likely to stop dancing and gather around to make game of you, playfully wanting to know why you prefer to sweater in those awful things, instead of wearing thin ones, like theirs.

In speech, these Best People are a trifle over-formal. One almost wishes that they might unbend a bit now and then. Their conversation, though fluent, is somewhat limited in choice of subjects. Their children, however, are astoundingly precocious. A typical family chat runs about as follows:

substitutes with which the market is flooded! In disposition these folk are impeccable. It's a cinch you can't pack a grouch and belong to the advertising set. Any little thing pleases them. They go into spasms of joy over their morning cereal; they clap their hands with glee over a patent clothes wringer; the arrival of a fresh cake of laundry soap brightens their whole day. They smile as they try out their favorite chewing gum, as they operate their latest safety razor, as they operate their ridiculously low-priced vacuum cleaner.

A simple-hearted, cheery lot, with their hearts on their sleeves, always bursting with glad surprise, always being little sunshines. Except, of course, when they have been stung by accepting some Cheap and Inferior Substitute. Then the sky darkens. But they soon rally, and Demand the Genuine; and lo! once more the sun comes forth and the little birds burst into song.

DURING THE PREPAREDNESS PARADE.



CERTAIN NEW YORK STATUES AS THEY SEEMED TO AN UNDULY STIMULATED HIKER YESTERDAY AFTERNON