

Behold N. Y.'s Best Dressed Men!

By G. O. McINTYRE.
Whenever—and it is quite often—I feel the urge to know just exactly what the well-dressed man is wearing, I do not turn to Beaunash in the front of the theater programs.

I know a better way. I walk up to the rechristened Broadway mile known as Automobile row. Or among the folks as Gasoline alley. Here Solomon's halo is knocked for a row of humming birds' sleeve garters. Automobile row in New York begins somewhere in the Fifties and stretches northward to Sixty-sixth street. The stately facades glitter with class and blazon with brass. It is aristocracy plus—a pulsant competitor of the Rue de la Paix.

Here among the myrmidons of the salesroom one finds the nattiest dressers in Manhattan. Robert Hilliard and Lou Tellegen at their best appear second rates. Almost any one of them could without a flick of the hair step into the most gorgeous drawing room on the avenue and be at home.

The salesmen of the row connote style to their polished finger tips. Each is the motif of a sartorial drama. From the paves you can see them in their showrooms as magnificent and resplendent as the shining new cars they are selling.

Standing about in easy nonchalance, it might appear that Ziegfeld had staged the picture. You almost expect the melding of chiffon curtains, faked with gold, and a deep purple urban back drop. There is, it would seem, even the studied wait for the ensemble to flash on singing. "On That Beautiful Isle of Bing Bong."

It is a pretty good sign when men take such pride in their job that they dress up for it. Clothes may not make the man, but they go a long way in creating respect in the mind of a reluctant buyer.

How One Sale Was Made.
Dressing is a minor art and may not deal with the big problems of life. The Brahmins in the temple may cry, "Clothes will not sell cars!" I am one of the saddle-pated nit-wits who believe they do.

Furthermore, I believe the epic and span salesmen of Auto row have quite a bit to do with the growth of the auto industry. You hear many quips and quirks about their persistency. It is a quality to admire. We need just a little more of it in all industries.

The salesman who isn't persistent has just about as much future as a clam at a shore dinner. He doesn't have to carry his persistency to the point of being a nuisance and the auto salesman doesn't. He merely has faith in his product and he attempts to pass it on to the prospective patron.

A little personal experience of mine

with the auto salesman might be told here, I have an antiquarian fascination for window shopping. I am stimulated by imagining myself the proud possessor of this and that as I saunter along the boulevards. There is a glamorous haze of romance to me in my musings.

It was a hot summer day—one of those days when an inferno of sun spread its hot wrath upon the asphalt of upper Broadway. I loitered before one of the white marble showrooms along Auto row.

A fine car caught my eye—and mentally I was pulling it up in front



"I have an antiquarian fascination for window shopping."

of my taller—just to awe him a bit—and then bowling over the ribbon-smooth roads that unwind their way through Westchester.

The salesman watched me. As I looked up he smiled a friendly smile and motioned for me to come in. A bit abashed, I did, and expressed my admiration for the motorcraft's handiwork.

It was a dull day along the row and I suspect he was lonely just as I was.

Odd Gets a Free Ride.
We talked of many things—of books, plays and current topics of the day. But always we came back to the subject of motoring.

"Jump in and I'll take you for a

spin," he said—and he did, through a maze of traffic and into beautiful, cool Central park. There was no salesmanship talk. In fact it was more like a holiday outing. And after circling the park a few times we returned to the showroom.

"You like the car?" he asked. I replied that I did very much—but fell back on the ancient alibi—income tax and the high price of rents. "Still, I'd like to own it," I said, eyeing it with the light of proud ownership.

"Well," he finally said, "why don't you buy it?" I hummed and hawed and told him I would go home and think it over. Courteously he bowed me out—a sort of Chesterfieldian genuflection.

Now I remember all the details of that little adventure, but when I got

There was no rude insistence, but he did try to explain as clearly as possible all the car's good points.

To make a long story short, I didn't buy the car but I so interested a friend of mine in it that he did. In other words my salesman friend had made a sale out of the seeming nowhere. Clothes unconsciously played a big part in that sale.

Bert Buys a Car.
The late Bert Williams, one of the best of the sepiu comiques, once told me how he came to buy a very fine car—something he had no notion of doing until the very hour of the purchase.

Williams was strolling down Broadway on his way to a matinee. He was a shy fellow—this comedian who made you laugh while a lump came into your throat. He was ever careful not to intrude among those outside his own race.

As he sauntered past Auto Row he stopped to admire a stumpy roadster. After a time he felt a touch on his arm. A salesman had come out of the show room upon recognizing the comedian. He seemed to know that Williams would hesitate to enter the place.

"I would like very much for you to step in and look this car over," said the salesman. Williams followed him in.

Afterward in telling about it, he said: "I rarely encountered such courtesy and tact. He was not a 'puller in' like those who stand in front of clothing shops. He saw I was interested in that car and he was interested enough in it to display its wonders. He had no idea of selling it to me. But he won me over in such a hurry that to his amazement I said, 'I'm going to take it.' And on my way home I gave him a check and drove it away. I never regretted it. It was the best car I ever owned."

In New York after running into the snippy type of salesman that one finds in so many places it is a relief to be greeted by the young Apollos who grace the motor sales caravansaries of Automobile Row.

Tailors Cater to Them.
Most of the big dealers were once salesmen. It is a University of Hard Knocks—but what knowledge they have was secured greeting customers in the show rooms.

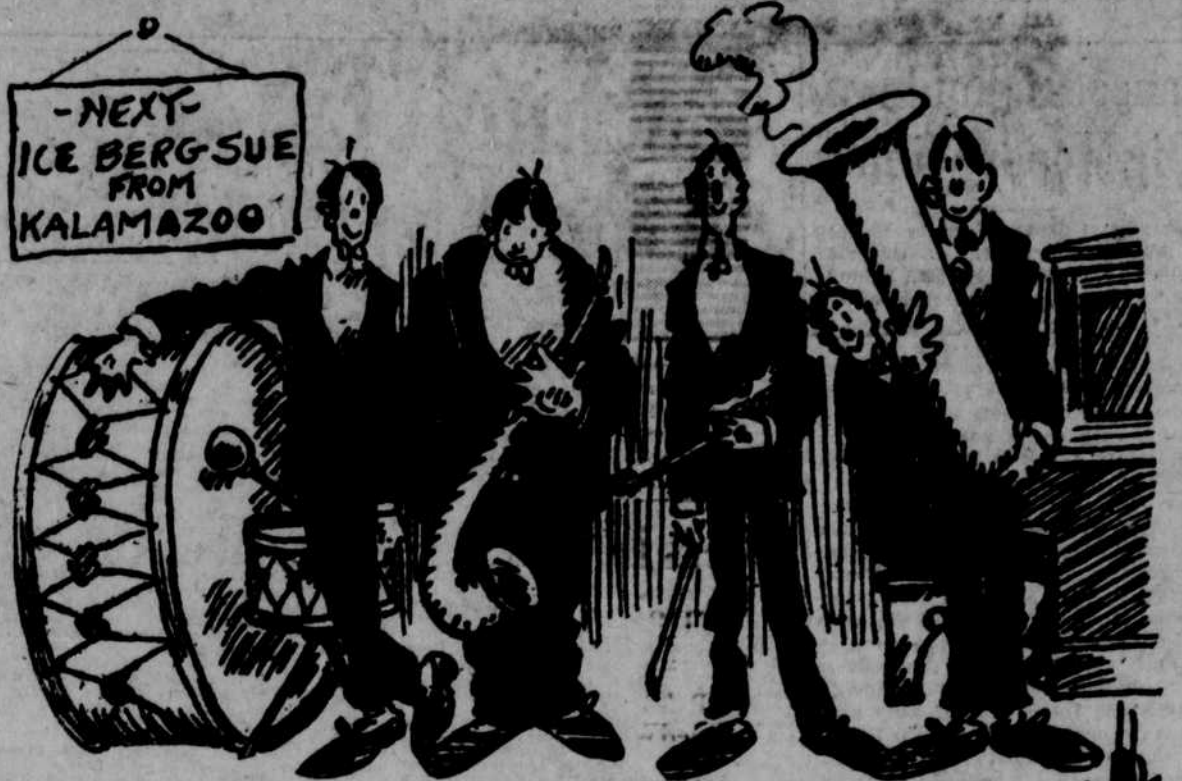
And to the credit of the dealers they floss up their background for the boys who sell you the cars. There are Louis Something-or-other thrones, luxuriant groves of artificial palms, indirect lighting and rich plush curtains.

It is all a splendid panorama and a fit setting for monogrammed handkerchiefs, robin's egg blue neckties and delicately striped shirts. New York tailors regard the brisky young men of Gasoline Alley as their best peripatetic advertisements. And deservedly so.

Other industries should have their salesmen emulate the fastidiousness that characterizes Automobile Row.

ABE MARTIN

On Boy Orchestras



A census o' th' boy orchestras throughout the United States has just been completed an' th' figures are staggerin'. Unless some vigorous action is taken, an' taken immediately, t' stem th' tide o' youth in th' direction o' dance orchestras, our whole economic structure must tumble, t' say nothin' o' th' reg'lar army. Th' exodus o' kids an' young men from the useful walks o' life t' th' saxophone alone mounts well int' th' hundreds o' thousans, while those who are devotin' th' olden, habit for main years of their lives t' trombones an' trap drums may easily be surmised since wherever there's a saxophone th' drums an' trombone are hard by. Employers o' child labor are complainin' bitterly, while parents who wish t' make dentists an' plasterers

o' ther sons are wringin' ther hands. An' th' present day craze among boys t' join slap bang orchestras is drivin' our girls int' th' professions. Instead o' prowlin' about durin' th' long summer evenin's with girls on ther arms, fully eighty per cent of our boys may be seen dartin' here an' there carryin' bass drums, fiddle boxes an' horns. An' what kind o' music are they makin'? We saw a fine from the useful walks o' life t' th' promisin' lookin' boy buyin' a stiff hat fer his trombone th' other day with money his father had given him, not fer mowin' th' lawn or washin' th' car, but just out o' th' goodness of his heart. We know his dad an' he's a fine, conscientious cement mixer an' wears a cap daily an' Sunday. Th' saxophone is an ole time musical instrument, an' fer many years, or up th' time jazz got prominent, it had

no standin' whatever in decent, ear respectin' musical organizations, but t' day its low, degradin' notes predominate at all dances. We don't know how true it is, but we've heard that these jazz orchestra boys make three dollars an hour while they last. But what o' th' future years, but what o' th' day o' reckon' when ther orchestra days are over, when ther' tossed int' th' arena o' life with nothin' t' commend 'em bnt an ear fer noise? Gittin' stuck on a musical instrument is different from any other diversion. We kin have most any other kind of a hobby an' still study law, or medicine, or learn a trade, or excel as a bookkeeper, but becomin' endeared t' a musical instrument destroys initiative, an' th' ambition t' tried th' nobler walks of life.

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Gayety Has Dancing Team Heading Burlesque Show

To those who enjoy dancing, brought up to the utmost degree, comedy that is clean and wholesome and an elaborate production, Hurting & Seaman's new Columbia Burlesque production, "Step On It," which comes to the Gayety theater this afternoon is dedicated. Headed by George Niblo and Helen Spencer, dancers and gloom destroyers, this extravaganza ranks with the most noteworthy achievements of the latter day stage. A clearly written book has been supplied by Allen Spencer Tenney, while tuneful, catchy melody has been injected by Jimmy Johnson, writer of many popular songs. Prominent scenic artists have contributed their share in devising elaborate sets for the play, and Leonard Harper, ballet master supreme, has drilled the chorus of 18 eye-filling youngsters. The wardrobe is new and unique, especially designed under the direction of Miss Spencer, from imported models. Martie Semon, the fat boy, is the second comedian. His wardrobe is said to be furnished by Omar, the Tent Maker. Morris Lloyd handles the straight man's end, while Harry Bart, Jim Hall and Ben Josse assist in various departments. Among the ladies, in addition to Miss Spencer, there are Frankie Morris, blues singer, and Helen Ardell. Listed among the vaudeville specialties are Niblo and Spencer, the California Trio, Lloyd and Ardell and Frankie Morris. There will be a ladies' bargain matinee at 2:15 daily all week.

"Deluge" Will Be First Play at Brandeis

"The Deluge" will be presented here at the Brandeis theater September 18, 19 and 20 under the direction of Melville B. Raymond who has sponsored such well known stars as Guy Fates Post in "The Climax," "The Masquerader," etc., with the same cast that has contributed to its success at the Cort theater in Chicago where it closed a 12 weeks run August 16. This play was universally acclaimed by the Chicago critics as the best play of the year.

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