

In the New York Manner

—By Lucian Cary
ILLUSTRATED BY E. CUNEO

What Is The Secret of Attractiveness?—Is It a Metropolitan Manner and Suave Clothes Cut in the Finest Taste?—Joe Thayer, Who Was in Love With a Distinguished Girl, Learned the Answers to These Questions in a Surprising Way.

JOE THAYER came down Fifth Avenue swinging his stick as if he owned the street. It was that morning in April when spring boldly announces herself; that morning when the myriads of buds on the trees in Madison Square actually burst into myriads of tiny leaves. On such a morning it occurs simultaneously to thousands of young men that New York is full of pretty girls.

Joe arrived at the offices of Shotwell and Orme just in time to see Miss Robinson disappear through the door that led to the art department. She hadn't seen him. Joe walked into his office frowning thoughtfully and merely nodded to his secretary.

On his desk was a booklet entitled "In the New York Manner." Joe picked up the booklet and read it through from cover to cover. Then he walked over to the window and looked down on Madison Square.

It was six months since he had come on from Indiana to make a place for himself in the offices of Shotwell and Orme. In that six months he had succeeded. That is, he had succeeded with Shotwell and Orme. But he was exactly where he was in the first place with Miss Robinson.

Joe had never said anything to her but "Good morning, Miss Robinson." Not even, "Isn't it a nice day?" And especially not, "Where are you going to lunch?" Why hadn't he?

It was because she was so extraordinarily pretty in such a quiet, distinguished way. And because of the air with which she carried herself, of the way she wore her clothes. She was simply dressed always. But her clothes so exactly suited her. It was because she had the New York manner.

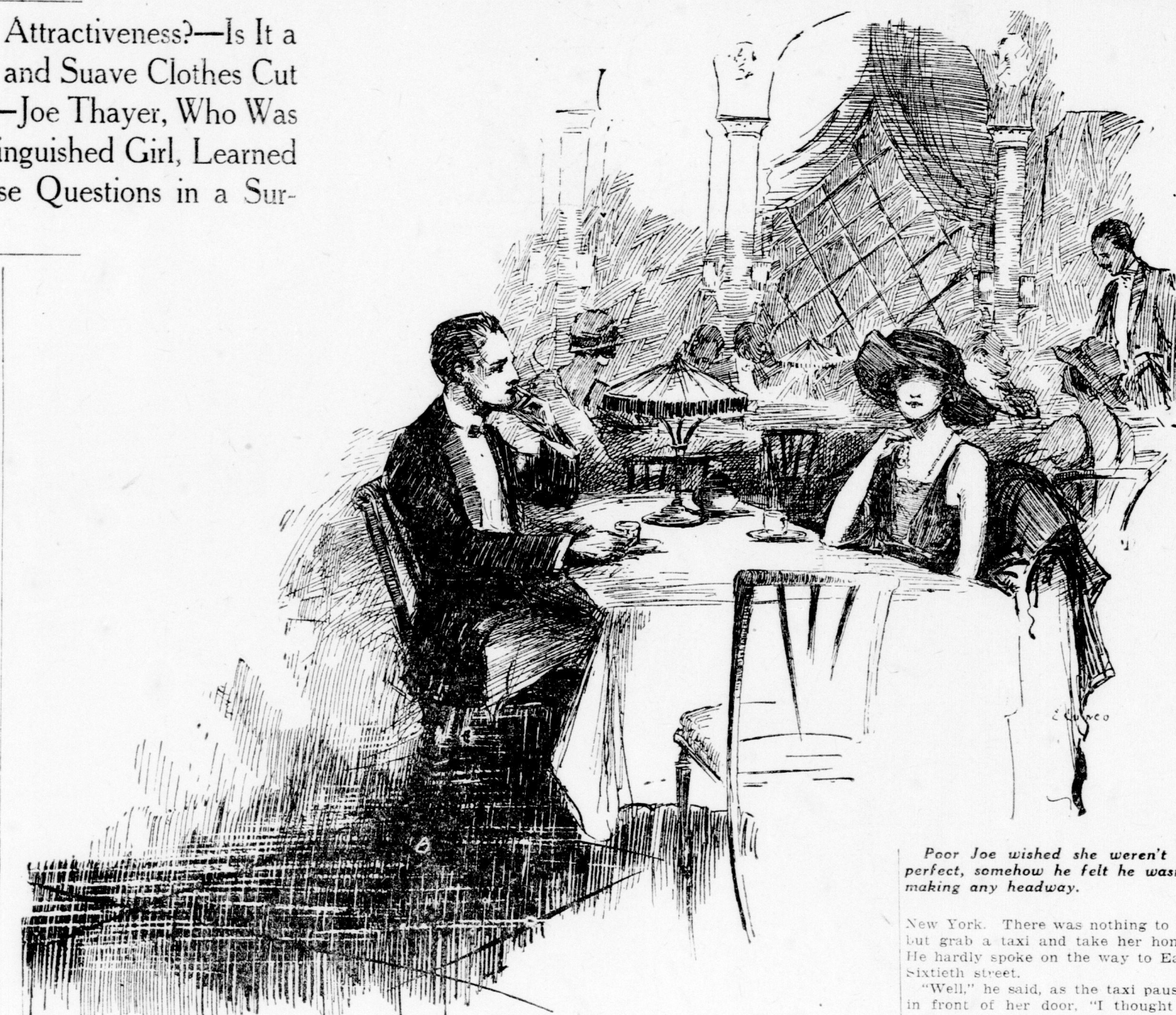
That Assured Ease
JOE sat down at his desk and idly turned the leaves of the booklet. It was printed to advertise the wares of a dealer in men's furnishings. It raised, and answered in detail, the question of how a young citizen of the metropolis ought to dress in order to say quietly but unmistakably that he belonged. It spoke of simplicity and distinction and ease.

"What is it that gives a man that assured ease, that secure self-confidence?" the booklet asked. And it proceeded to answer: "Above everything else it is the knowledge that he is appropriately dressed for the occasion."

It distinctly implied that if you were appropriately dressed you would have assured ease, secure self-confidence. Indeed, he had intended to simply that when he had written it. He had believed it was so. When he had invented that slogan—"In the New York Manner"—he had been convinced that the right clothes were a sure way to achieve the New York manner. But there seemed to be more to it than just clothes.

Suppose you were from a small city in Indiana. Suppose you knew the ways of that town backward and forward, so you were never in doubt as to what was what. Suppose you knew exactly how to proceed from the stage of "Good morning, Miss Robinson" to the stage of kissing her good night just before you left her at her own front door? Suppose you could do all this quite perfectly in Indiana—what would you do in New York?

But supposing he did get up his nerve to wait for her and ask if he might walk up the Avenue with her, and that she acquiesced. What would you do then? You couldn't very well ask her to step in and have a soda. That would be small town stuff. You could ask her out to lunch. But you didn't do that kind of thing at Shotwell and Orme's. What he really wanted to do was to ask her out to



dinner. But he could hardly do that right off. And besides, what kind of a place would he ask her to? The truth was he didn't know enough about restaurants to choose. He had been so busy holding his job since he'd got down to New York that he hadn't been around. Now he recalled the story somebody had told him of the young man from the middle west who had met the perfect girl and wanted to do the perfect thing and so he had taken her to dinner at the Pennsylvania Station.

A Social Problem
JOE considered that he might ask her to go to the theatre. He could casually mention the fact that he had complimentary tickets to something, and if she expressed interest he could go and buy tickets. And if he should manage to ask her to the theatre what would he wear?

His dinner jacket, of course. That reminded him of something he had written about dinner jackets in the booklet entitled, "In the New York Manner." He had called special attention to the backless white waistcoat, cut in the new short-waisted fashion. He'd have to get one himself right away. It had been designed in London—for dancing—cooler.

Joe went out at lunch time and bought the white waistcoat and had it sent home. At a quarter to five he put on his hat and said goodnight to his secretary, went down to the lobby of the building and waited for Miss Robinson. When she came out of the elevator he followed her. When she reached the door he was beside her. He lifted his hat and said, "Why, good afternoon, Miss Robinson." Just like that.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Thayer," she said and smiled.

"I hope," Joe said, "I hope you're walking up the Avenue."

"Yes," she said, "I am."

He fell into step with her. He couldn't think of exactly the right thing to say next. But he was glad he was carrying a stick and that he carried it as if he were used to carrying it.

"I heard to-day," Miss Robinson said, "that your booklet on men's furnishings has made a hit with the client."

"I had a lot of fun doing it," Joe said modestly.

"That's a good slogan," Miss Robinson added. "I mean, 'In the New York Manner.'"

"Well," Joe said, "I'm not going to pretend that I don't rather fancy it myself."

Up the Avenue
THEY walked on a block in silence and then Joe asked her what she was working on.

"Furniture," Miss Robinson replied, with a touch of bitterness. "It's an impossible job. The client wants sketches of rooms with his period furniture. But he insists that every detail of his product must be drawn to scale. And that throws the whole drawing out."

That started them off talking shop. Which was good for many blocks. Joe didn't realize he had passed Forty-fourth street, which was where he lived, until they were opposite Hicks, half a mile north on the Avenue. Miss Robinson called his attention to the Hicks window.

"Isn't that gorgeous?" she asked. "Hicks' window was full of fruit—every known kind of fruit. Yellow and reds and greens."

"They have marvelous fresh fruit sodas," Miss Robinson remarked as they walked on.

It was all Joe could do to keep from saying, "Shan't we try one?" But he did keep from saying it.

"I go east here," she said.

Joe decided instantly that he would let her assume that he went further north. He didn't want her to know that he had walked a mile past his street. He raised his hat.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," she answered, and was gone.

He would have to ask her to dinner, he decided, as he rode down the Avenue on a bus. And in the meantime he would look up places.

He went home and tried on the new waistcoat. It fitted. But it was short-waisted and so were his trousers. The two met but by a dangerously small margin. He hunted up two small safety pins and after much pinning and re-pinning, he secured the waistcoat to the trousers.

Then it occurred to him that he'd better go out and try a restaurant—Cyrano's, of course. He would dress and go there.

Ordering a Dinner
DRESSING involved unpinning the union between his waistcoat and trousers, in order to put on a dress shirt, and then re-pinning. In half an hour he was in a taxi. In forty minutes the waiter was suggesting a cold consommé and Joe was accepting the suggestion.

"And after that," he said, "I'd like the supreme of Guinea Hen Jeanne."

He had no idea what it would be like but he intended to find out.

"Very good, sir," said the waiter, and departed.

Joe affected a slightly bored smile while he studied the room. It was, he decided, quietly exotic. The tables were small, the lights were carefully shaded, the carpets were thick. There was no music. At least a third of the patrons were not in evening dress. Joe wondered if the crowd at Delmonico's was any more distinguished.

The cold consommé was refreshing but not exciting. He awaited the supreme of Guinea Hen with interest. It proved to be cold also—it was in fact cold jellied chicken. While he ate it Joe wondered what kind of salad a habitué of such a restaurant as this would order. He considered endive, which he had always thought unnecessarily bitter. He considered watercress, which he

happened to like very much. He decided in favor of the endive.

"Sir," said the waiter, "I regret to say we have no endive."

"Hmmm," said Joe, and frowned reproachfully.

"Have you—by any chance—some watercress?" he asked.

The waiter bowed.

"Yes, sir."

When he had eaten the watercress, Joe ordered a demitasse but continued to study the menu. The truth was he was still hungry. But he didn't want a sweet. He considered cheese. He found cheese à la Cyrano.

"What," he asked, "is that—cheese à la Cyrano?"

"That, sir, is a specialty of the house," the waiter said. "Very good, sir."

"Bring me some," Joe said.

Social Progress
THE cheese was very good. It seemed to be a mixture of cheeses, made into little balls, like butter balls. It had distinction. Cyrano's would do. The check was seven dollars.

Joe reflected that there was one advantage in staying at home nights and working for six months. He had money in the bank—enough so he could easily spend some on a pair of dress trousers designed for a short waistcoat. He would order them the next day.

He got the trousers, by insisting, in a week. But the moment he tried them on he perceived that they demanded a new jacket. That took another week. So it was two weeks before he waited for Miss Robinson in the lobby again.

This time he said, "Hello, there," most informally when he raised his hat. And she responded as informally with a "Hello."

She was wearing a new dress, with a cape and a hat to match—a cape that rippled as she walked. His elbow accidentally touched hers. And for two blocks he couldn't think of anything to say. What if he said the wrong thing? And how could he ask her to dinner?

But coming to Sixtieth street she happened to say something about the theatre and Joe said why didn't he get tickets for something.

"I'd like to go very much," Miss Robinson said.

"Shall we make it to-night?" Joe asked.

"No," she said. "I don't believe I could before next week."

"Monday then?"

"Yes, Monday will be fine," said Miss Robinson, and smiled her most gracious smile.

Joe got tickets at an agency on the way home.

She lived in a brown-stone house in East Sixtieth street—one of those houses which fails to reveal in any outward way whether it has been remodeled into apartments or not. A white-capped maid opened the door and a second later she came down the stairs in a lovely little frock of green and silver that showed her throat and her arms to advantage, and in a third second there were in the taxi and on their way to the theatre.

After the Play
FOR the first time, as he sat beside Miss Robinson, Joe felt that possibly he hadn't stretched the truth—much—when he had implied that the appropriate clothes gave a man that secure self-confidence. He kept it until the finale. And then he realized that almost any place he might choose to suggest supper would have dancing. His dancing had done well enough in Indiana. But he didn't know how they danced in

ing and observe yourself in the glass."

Dancing à la Mode
JOE did it. Miss Ponsonby-Smith corrected carefully the manner in which he grasped her right hand with his left. Then she corrected with equal care the way he had placed his right hand.

"Now," she said, "you will see in the mirror that there is at least four inches of clear space between us."

There was.

Never under any circumstances, reduce that distance," Miss Ponsonby-Smith said. "To do so is vulgar."

"Yes," said Joe.

Miss Ponsonby-Smith released herself and put a record on the machine and started it.

"Of course," she said, "if the girl puts her arm around your neck, in the fashion that one occasionally sees among flappers, you have no recourse—you simply cannot dance properly. You can only avoid dancing with her again."

"Yes," said Joe.

"Now," said Miss Ponsonby-Smith, "we will dance. A perfectly plain, fox-trot walk."

Joe started off with her. Miss Ponsonby-Smith could dance and the moment he discovered that, the rhythm of the music got hold of his feet.

Poor Joe wished she weren't so perfect, somehow he felt he wasn't making any headway.

A Dinner Engagement
"I'd like it awfully if you'd go to dinner with me some night," he said.

Miss Robinson smiled. Her smile was an acceptance.

He had reached this point in his reflections about her for the third or fourth time, when he realized that he was actually walking across Sixtieth street. He was almost exactly opposite her house. He hurried.

He turned south on the first corner—he could get the subway at Fifty-ninth street. And then it began to rain hard all of a sudden without the slightest warning—at least without any warning, he had observed. Joe instinctively ran.

Miss Robinson's Suggestion
HE reached Fifty-ninth street, but the subway was a block east, at Lexington avenue. He kept on running. The rain came faster. He dodged into the doorway of the drug-store on the corner. And then it

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"Hello," she cried.

"Hello," he answered.

Somehow her tone, her expression, her air were less formal than usual—as if in response to the informality of the occasion.

"I've got an umbrella," she said. "I'll see you to the subway. Just as soon as it lets up a bit."

"Thanks awfully," Joe said. They stood side by side in the doorway and watched the rain. After a few minutes it did let up. She handed him the umbrella.

"It's nice to meet you this way," he said as they started off. "I wish there were some place we could go or something."

From across the street came the steady beat of a dance orchestra with drums and plenty of brasses. Joe looked across. An electric sign announced: Dancing 50 Cents. Miss Robinson's gaze followed his. She saw the sign. Then she stepped out.

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" she asked, impulsively.

"No," Joe said stupidly.

"I'd like to go over there and dance."

"Really?" Joe asked.

"Yes," she said. "I like that gorgeous, noisy, awful music."

Some Real Fun
THE big orchestra was striking up again, when they reached the floor. Joe put his arm around Miss Robinson. They danced. They danced the dance the music called for. Joe forgot all about Miss Ponsonby-Smith's four inches of space. They finished in an absolutely middle-class kind of whirl.

"Gee," she said, "that was fun."

When they reached the door of her house an hour later he had to say something.

"Look here," he said, "won't you go dancing with me to-morrow night? We'll go to dinner first."

"At Cyrano's?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered.

Miss Robinson looked thoughtfully down at the toe of her shoe. They were standing under her umbrella. That is, she was standing under it.

"No," she said.

"I—I'm sorry," Joe stammered. Miss Robinson continued to study the tip of her shoe.

"I can recommend the cheese à la Cyrano," she said, with a quiet case. "It's a specialty of the house."

Again Miss Robinson accepted his suggestion. She was polite, even agreeable. But she wasn't—well, she was almost too calm, as if she were a bit bored. Somehow he just didn't get a further with her.

Joe lit a cigarette slowly, while he gathered himself for speech.

"You know," he said, "I'd like to dance. Why don't we stroll down to the Biltmore or the Astor?"

"Why don't we?" Miss Robinson asked. So they did. That is, they took a taxi.

When it Rained
THE music was good, and she was a beautiful dancer, after the entirely restrained fashion recommended by Miss Ponsonby-Smith. But somehow, Joe felt that she didn't specially enjoy dancing with him. It was as if some pall of formality hung over the occasion. That was the trouble with the New York manner. It was impeccable, but it was also a little impenetrable. It was a smooth and glassy surface.

And yet he knew she wasn't just a surface. She was a keen workman, drawing every day, from nine to five in a fashion to satisfy one of the most exacting advertising firms in the world. And she was human, too. She was capable of warmth and friendliness and laughter. He knew it. Only somehow he failed to stir all that in her.

Joe made a desperate effort to find a subject that would arouse her interest. But he couldn't. There was just nothing to do but go home. Joe had the impulse every afternoon at five o'clock to wait for her in the lobby. He repressed that. But he found himself taking long walks after dinner. Twice he walked all the way up Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth street. He found himself wishing she wasn't so perfect. If she were only a little more ordinary he'd feel more at home with her. But, of course, she never would be ordinary. Anything she did or said, or wore would be a distinction.

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"No," she said.

"I—I'm sorry," Joe stammered. Miss Robinson continued to study the tip of her shoe.

"I'm sorry if I've presumed," Joe continued. It was the flattest refusal he had ever experienced. And ten minutes before she had been so jolly. What could have happened?

"Oh," she said, "you haven't presumed. Not in the least. You never would—conceivably."

She paused.

"I must go in," she finished. "Won't you keep my umbrella? You can bring it to the office in the morning."

"But I don't understand," Joe said. "I—I," he stammered.

She flashed a look at him.

"I've half a notion to tell you the truth," she said.

"Please do," Joe said stiffly.

Change of Manner
"WELL," she said. "You are a New Yorker—you've been used to it all your life—you won't understand what I mean. But I'm

going to tell you. It's just—it's just that I'm not up to it—your sort of thing. It cramps my style. I knew it would, but—it was fun to go to Cyrano's once. But a place like that makes me self-conscious. Why, I didn't dare to go with you until I'd got a new dress. You see, I'm from Iowa."

"What?" said Joe.

"I knew it wouldn't work that first time we walked up Fifth Avenue together—I knew it when we passed Hicks' and I said they served such good fresh-fruit sodas and you didn't say a word. Why—back home a man would have taken me in and bought me a soda. But you wouldn't—you wouldn't take a girl to a soda-fountain. You're too—too awfully New Yorkish."

Joe took her arm in his free hand. "Look here," he said. "How long have you been in New York?"

She laughed.

"I came in September—I haven't been here a year."

"You've been here longer than I have," Joe said fiercely. "I came in October. I thought you were a New Yorker."

With a quick movement he caught her hand in his and snuggled it.

"I begin to get it now," he said. "I've been putting up a bluff on you and you've been putting up a bluff on me. And it's going to stop—right here."

He put his arm around her. He kissed her. And she let him.

She released herself and looked up at him, smiling.

"That," she said softly, "that wasn't a bit in your New York manner."

"No," said Joe Thayer, "that was the Indiana way."

(Copyright, 1924)

GOOD INSULATION A FACTOR IN RADIO

Unless Your Receiving Antenna Is Perfectly Insulated Your Results Will Disappoint

TIPS FOR AMATEUR

ONE of the most important things to remember when installing the receiving or transmitting antenna is that it should be insulated as nearly perfectly as possible. After looking over the various aerials which have been put up during the last two years the writer has come to the conclusion that radio fans never give insulation a thought. It is true that with the receiving aerial high voltages are not employed, but it must be remembered that we are dealing with high frequency currents, which have a great affinity for escaping off to the ground before they actually reach the receiving set. It is therefore logical that as much of this current as possible be protected, so that its full force will pass down the antenna lead-in and reach the set without loss.

The usual form of aerial insulator used is the small unglazed porcelain cleat. While porcelain is considered as one of the best insulators to high voltage and radio currents, the unglazed cleat is a poor insulator and its use should be discouraged. This type of insulator absorbs moisture due to its unglazed surface and gets dirty with soot, forming a good short circuit path to the ground. The proper form of porcelain insulator is one that is about three or four inches long and which is glazed. The surface need not be in ripple form as long as the insulator is glazed over its entire surface. In the better stations the eight or ten inch type of glazed porcelain insulator is used, one at each end. If the shorter type is employed two of them should be connected in series.

This will afford ample insulation for the aerial of the one-wire type. If the aerial is a one-wire affair, the first drawing shows where the insulators should be placed. The lead-in in this case is taken off one end. The aerial wire may be made continuous so as to include the lead-in. A soldered joint will be satisfactory, but a wrapped joint should not be used for any length of time.

In B is shown the two-wire aerial with a spreader at each end. In this case the insulators are not put in parallel on the spreader, as is most always practised. Parallel insulators on a spreader reduce the resistance and create a double path for leakage. It is best to use a long insulator at the V in the spreader rope, or two insulators in series at this point will be more satisfactory. The aerial wires are fastened to the spreader by means of eye bolts screwed into the wood.

C shows another form of aerial. The far end is generally spaced for a distance of ten to twenty feet and is fastened to the side of a house. The near end comes together to a point. The lead wire may be taken from this end. One or two insulators may be placed at the point or lead-in end.

The single wire aerial shown in D, with a center tap is often put up. If the aerial is exceptionally long it is best to take the lead from the center. In this case the insulators are placed at both ends of the aerial. Such an antenna is said to pick up stations equally well in all directions. The long one-wire aerial has slight directional effects.—New York Herald-Tribune.

Speaking for Himself

POLICE Court Comedy: Several women had complained of the bad behavior of another of their sex and the magistrate asked what sort of a husband she had.

A man stepped forward and said: "One of the very best—a kind husband and a good worker."

Magistrate: "Is he in court?" The Man: "Yes, I'm him."



Musical Celebrities Return Home