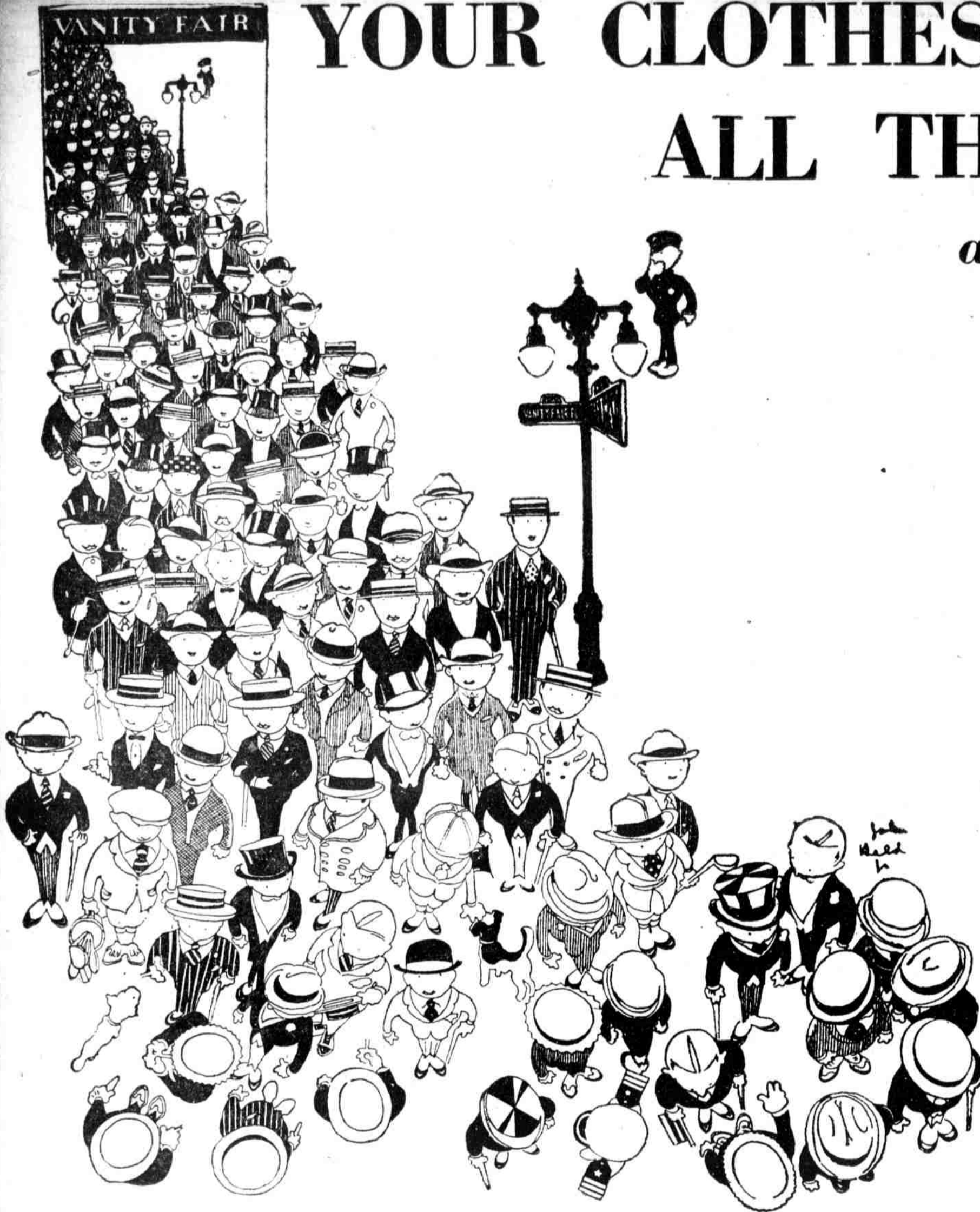


# YOUR CLOTHES ARE TALKING ALL THE TIME

and —

it makes a lot of difference  
what they say about you.



**YOU REMEMBER** the time when you were closing the big contract, and you found you couldn't make your man look at the dotted line, because he was looking so hard at your cravat.

That cravat spoke right out in meeting at that moment; you could hear its voice with painful distinctness.

"I really don't belong with a suit of this color," it said.

And you would have given a hundred dollars if it had been the kind of cravat that just lay quietly in its place, so naturally that it never made a sound.

And there was another day when the President invited you to his club. Fortunately you had dressed that morning with special care. Your suit and linen, your cravat and shoes—everything was right and you knew it.

Some of the Directors were there, and the President said:

"This is Mr. Jones, our new sales manager." Before you could say a word your clothes spoke up and said:

"This is a successful young man. Look him over. You can see that for yourselves."

And you felt wonderfully at ease and talked more interestingly than ever before in your life.

Walk down Wall Street  
and look at the leaders

**WALK** down Wall Street; or La Salle Street in Chicago, or any other street where you can look at the leaders.

Foppish? Not a bit of it. Overdressed? Never.

But their clothes speak a quiet self-confidence and prosperity. They are successful,

and they look successful. They know this simple business truth.

For every man who sees your soul or your bank balance, and knows you for what you are, there are a hundred who see your clothes and assume that you are what you look to be.

Not fashions;  
just hard business sense

**TROUSERS** that bag at the knees have retired from business and are found only on politicians who are looking for the farmer vote in the rural districts.

It isn't fashion that makes successful men give more thought than they once did to their

dress. It's simply good hard business sense.

And that's one reason why, if you go over the list of the live ones—the ones who are running the world's business—you'll find it corresponds with startling preciseness to the buyers of Vanity Fair.

The magazine that big men read!

**VANITY FAIR** is no fashion magazine. Perish the thought.

It's the magazine of men whose arms are brown up to the elbows—men who know that five days in the office and one day at golf are worth six days at the office any time—

Who know what's interesting in the world of sport—who keep abreast of developments in art—who know the good plays, and books.

The sort of men who don't gasp and go down with a gurgle if the conversation happens

to turn from hides or the sash-and-blind business for a minute.

And that kind of a man knows the value of clothes. He's well-dressed in business; well-dressed on the golf course; well-dressed when he goes out at night. He is live.

It's a great club to join—the Vanity Fair Club. It's made up of the men who are live, and human, and prosperous and who look the part.

Why not lay 35 cents on the newsstand and join?

Every Issue Contains:

**GOLF AND SPORT GENERALLY**—Two pages of Grantland Rice at his best. Shrewd discussion. Sound instruction. Plenty of action pictures. Other golf features from time to time. Sport events covered as they occur.

**MOTORS, MOTOR BOATS, AIRPLANES**—New models, their doings and fittings. The most popular, as well as the most expensive, racing cars and speed boats. Timely talk on the development of the air services. New touring routes for your car.

**THE STAGE AND THE MOVIES**—Who's who and how much, in the New York spotlight. Dependable reviews of the Broadway productions. Stills and stories of the screen. No press agent stuff.

**THE ARTS**—Painting, literature, sculpture, music. A working and talking knowledge of what's going on and coming off among the intelligentsia. Authoritative but never tiresome.

**HUMOR**—Not the custard pie school nor the Sunday School supplement brand. The best work of our younger essayists and artists. Sold by the laugh, not by the mile. Everything from politics to Paris hats.

**DANCING**—All varieties, wild and hot-house, and their indoor, outdoor, and ballroom exponents, taken in the act. The line forms at the right for this feature. Skits, sketches, and rotogravure.

**ASSORTED NUTS**—Portraits and revelations (voluntary and otherwise) of the well-known and wild-eyed of two continents and several capitals. Hardened offenders and amateur Bohemians.

**ESSAYS AND REVIEWS**—Nothing long; nothing dry; not a 2.75% in the lot. Timely and full of chuckle from title to tailpiece. Leacock, Wodehouse, Benchley, Chappell, Chapman and all the rest of them.

**BRIDGE**—A sanctuary for incurable addicts not taken care of by their own clubs or the beneficent provisions of the Food and Drugs Act. Problems, plays, accidents and incidents of auction discussed by a brother in crime.

**FINANCE**—Rukeyer on big money and what it's doing in and out of Wall Street. No promotion stuff. Nothing for the nimble nickel. After hours talk by an expert who knows the market.

**CLOTHES FOR MEN**—Real clothes and accessories for the regular man who knows the business value of dressing the part seven days of the week—whether he's arrived or getting there.

**PICTURES**—And more pictures, and then some more again. New people, new artists, new poses, new ideas. All through the magazine as frequently as the test will admit, and in the rotogravure to the exclusion of everything else.

# VANITY FAIR

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