

The most remarkable Novel ever written with a plot laid in the city which today dominates the world!

# "WITHIN THESE WALLS"

by RUPERT HUGHES

A tale of past and present that weaves into its broad web the life-threads of four gay, reckless generations and rattles skeletons which, for nigh a hundred years, New York has hidden in her closets. Here is the first pen bold enough to scratch the truth through history's smug veneer. Here is a romance—beginning in the September issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE—that draws the hot passions of a century to its veins.

Streets shift and house-fronts change; fashion captiously snips skirt-lengths and hat-brims; whale-oil lamps die down and electric lights flash out: but Father Time can't tell a thousand years of his children apart. Love and hate, faith and deceit, the willfulness of men and the weakness of women are eternal. Ideas alone alter—emotions and their consequences, never.

The first scenes of "Within These Walls" (so vivid and vital is the story that one has the sense of *witnessing*, rather than reading, the *actual* drama) are laid in Manhattan and its environs—at the peak of the great plague of '37. The wonderful railroad, reaching clear to Harlem, has finally been completed. Mr. Astor's huge and palatial hotel is the talk of the town. Slave- and rum-selling are buttressing the fortunes of soon-to-be "leading old families."

Prominent merchants and financiers openly flaunt their indiscretions, and even ministers drain their several bottles of wine at a sitting.

Rupert Hughes has painted his pictures with veritable backgrounds. He has scorned the evasions with which previous authors, touching upon the period, have slicked up their likenesses of nineteenth century society. He has staged his story with authentic properties. He has carried his unflinching plot without a Pecksniffian compromise—and without a breach of taste or decency—from the potter's field at Washington Square, around the years, to the cabarets of Greenwich Village there.

This is the *great* story of New York: a mighty portrait of its soul—the greatest story of the greatest and strangest city since man set up communities and worshiped their glamour—of New York, the ever-changing and ever-unchanged—New York, arbiter of national elegances and excesses—New York, the pander and the philanthropist—Babel with a thousand towers—general dealer in all the wares and weaknesses of earth—builder of palaces and wrecker of hopes—ever regilding her gauds, painting her old toys afresh for each generation, but always, at wanton heart, the same.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE has accustomed its readers to notable standards. A magazine whose contributors regularly include Booth Tarkington, Joseph Hergesheimer, Edith Wharton, John Galsworthy, Melville Davison Post, W. L. George, Clarence Budington Kelland, Richard Washburn Child, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Mary Synon, among others of equal distinction, is not easily stirred to extraordinary announcements, but "Within These Walls" is such an event. It is so clearly destined to be the literary sensation of years, that we must emphasize its publication and urge you not only to read the first of its equally important installments, but to provide as well against missing succeeding numbers (oversale is inevitable) by arranging with your newsdealer to save a copy for you every month.

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

September issue on sale at all news-stands