



# The Man's Shop

## Atop the Lord & Taylor Store

*An Institution New to the Metropolis, with Express Elevators  
which Lift One Instantly into a Realm of Complete Masculinity*

**T**HERE are the Twentieth Century Limited, the Pennsylvania Special, and the Express Elevators to The Man's Shop at Lord & Taylor's—a floor whose lofty windows look straight down into the heart of Fifth Avenue.

It is a new thing for the man about town to discuss. Occupying the tenth floor of the store, The Man's Shop is like a man's planet, all to itself, with the busy city moving about beneath it.

From it one gets a bird's-eye view, not alone of the accepted styles in clothes, but of London's newest raincoats and single-stud evening shirts—of the latest gloves and the bootmaker's finest products—of this Fall's Spitalfields squares, and brushed yarn stockings from the Highlands—of lounge robes from England and motor scarfs from Zurich.

For The Man's Shop is unique among shops—immaculately, splendidly masculine—offering in ready-for-service form a complete wardrobe selected from the best the world affords for the busy man or the man of leisure, each article characterized by that correct simplicity and quietness of taste whose prime requisite is quality.

All in a setting as interesting as that of a most realistic play. There is an appropriate background for the business and street suits and topcoats; quite a different one for the requirements of the traveler and the sojourner in foreign parts; and yet another for the male characters in the metropolitan society drama, with its weddings, its afternoon saunterings and its opera—with the evening clothes actually shown in evening shadows.

The Man's Shop distinctly is a spot to visit.

## If You Are in Quest of What a Man Wants

**W**HEN a man from the West strikes the Hudson River at Albany, he expects to find something different—an atmospheric difference, a difference in dress, a different arrangement of the elegances of life.

For he is nearing New York—the metropolis of the world.

When he alights on Manhattan he thrills with the realization of his expectations. He has reached that historic plateau, Murray Hill—the center of the greatest hotels and the finest shops and theatres in the world, on either side of that most wonderful business street, Fifth Avenue.

We, too, who live in this metropolitan district, whether born here or true Manhattanites from other sections of the globe, constantly feel this same thrill when we visit this most attractive sphere of human activity.

In the center of this plateau, on the Avenue, a short walk from any of the great railway terminals, is the Lord & Taylor store, atop of which, at the end of an express-elevator trip of twenty seconds is The Man's Shop—the journey's end if you are in quest of What a Man Wants.

It is a shop so new in character that New Yorkers are still talking about it—presenting the best that New York,

London and Paris can offer. The greater his hurry, the more pressing his demand, the more vividly will the limitless resources of this shop shine forth.

If it be a suit of Scotch tweeds, he will find it. If it is a suit of English blue diagonal, he will find it. If it is a mixture, a herringbone, a brown or business-like gray or check, the suit will be readily forthcoming.

**I**N overcoats, he will find the same conservative taste and perfect fit, in a numerous selection made of materials imported by Lord & Taylor's Man's Shop and made up by leading American tailors.

Among the scores of imported coats he will find English Guards' Coats, of the type worn by the Prince of Wales, and raincoats of those strictly British materials which are not imitated elsewhere—made for this shop by London coatmakers. Then there is the Asheville Coat, made of the famous Biltmore hand-loom homespuns woven at Grove Park Inn, North Carolina—a coat sold exclusively by this shop which has obtained the sole right to offer this sturdy homespun in ready-to-wear coats.

**O**R if it be a golf suit, made in England, or made here of English goods, or a pair of Scotch golf hose



which only an Edinboro house would be expected to supply, or a pair of Tom Logan golf shoes—he may be fitted and on his way to the links without loss of time.

Whatever his desires—he will not be annoyed with "novelties." Just those things that men of the world are using he will find here, selected by a rigid standard of correctness—some new with the season—others approved by long usage.

In the underwear offered he will find adequate assortments from the great underwear makers of England, as well as of the United States; in the lounge robes and house gowns, everything from an English flannel to the richest of imported brocaded silks—quite the largest assortment he has ever seen.

Where he might expect to find a few offerings of imported woolen hosiery, just now so much in vogue for street wear, he will find probably the largest assortments ever brought to America—with wide selections of imported French lisle and silk hosiery.

**S**HIRTS in such variety of fabrics and patterns that they will exhaust the range—and every shirt distinctly desirable, never approach-

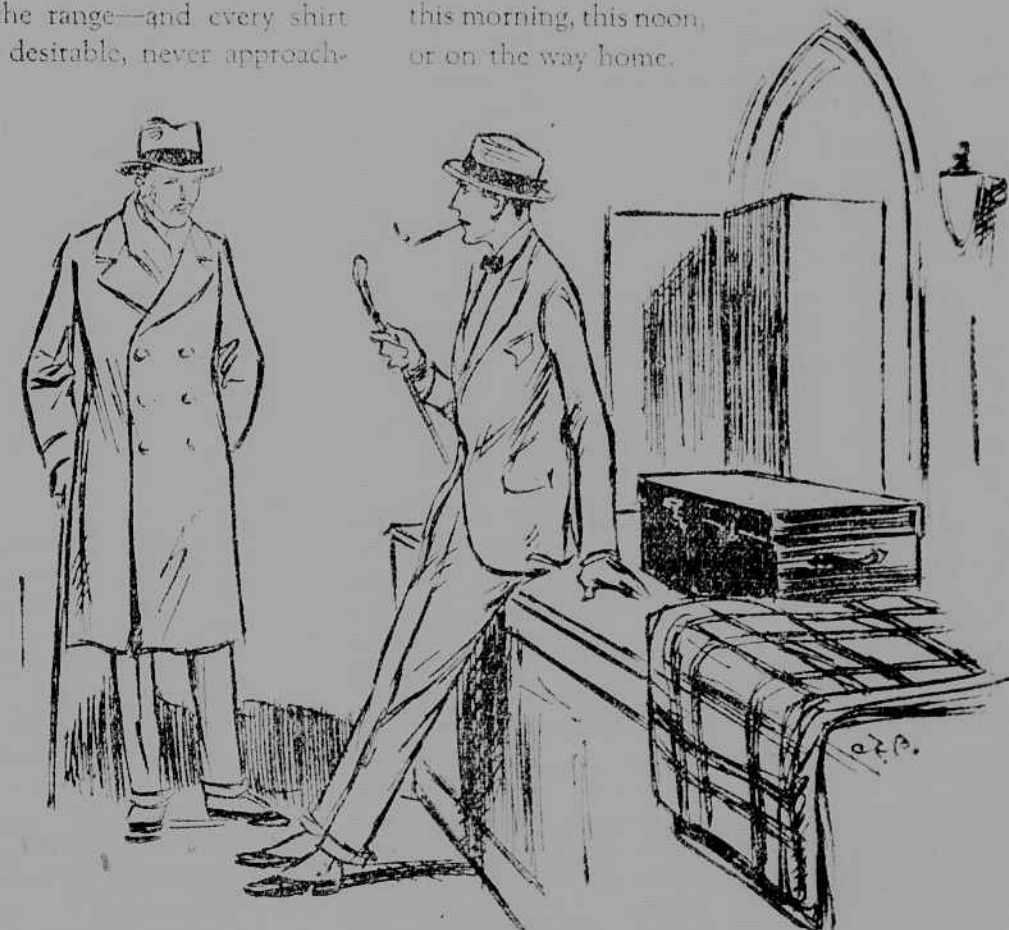
ing the venturesome in color or design; the ready-to-wear assortments backed up with a custom-made department.

And particularly evening dress shirts and collars, which are unquestionably correct as the evening clothes and boots, and all the evening dress accessories shown in the room especially set apart for them.

One could keep on, mentioning—pajamas, from the sheerest India silks to imported flannels; sweaters and knitted golf waistcoats; walking boots, brogues, oxfords and dancing shoes; tweed caps, felt and velour hats—until a wardrobe trunk would be needed for one's purchases.

What a Man Wants is all here—and What a Man's Chauffeur Wants, as well, even to a chauffeur's overcoat of genuine imported English box-cloth.

The Man's Shop extends you a cordial invitation to call—this morning, this noon, or on the way home.



# Lord & Taylor

38th Street

FIFTH AVENUE

39th Street

The Man's Shop  
Tenth Floor

Branch of New Jersey Bureau of Licenses for Motoring  
An Added Service in The Man's Shop

Express Elevators  
Without Stop