

100 THE FRANKLIN

A PHILADELPHIA LANDMARK
CELEBRATING 100 YEARS

Constructed in 1925 as the prestigious Benjamin Franklin Hotel, this historic Philadelphia landmark at 9th and Chestnut Streets has stood for a century as a symbol of Philadelphia's rich history, architectural grandeur, and timeless hospitality. Designed by renowned Philadelphia Gilded Age architect Horace Trumbauer, it quickly became one of the city's premier destinations, welcoming dignitaries and luminaries, and earning acclaim for its elegance and hospitality. Throughout the 20th century, the Benjamin Franklin Hotel witnessed Philadelphia's dynamic history firsthand, becoming synonymous with the city's vibrant social life and cultural heritage, until its closure in 1980.

In 2011, Korman Communities acquired and reimagined this architectural gem as The Franklin Residences, boasting beautifully designed luxury residences, thoughtful amenities, and an enduring sense of community. The Franklin Residences seamlessly blends historic charm with modern comforts, offering residents an unparalleled living experience rooted deeply in Philadelphia's rich heritage.

Throughout the event, you will discover a collection of curated artifacts from this cherished Philadelphia landmark's storied history.

100 THE FRANKLIN

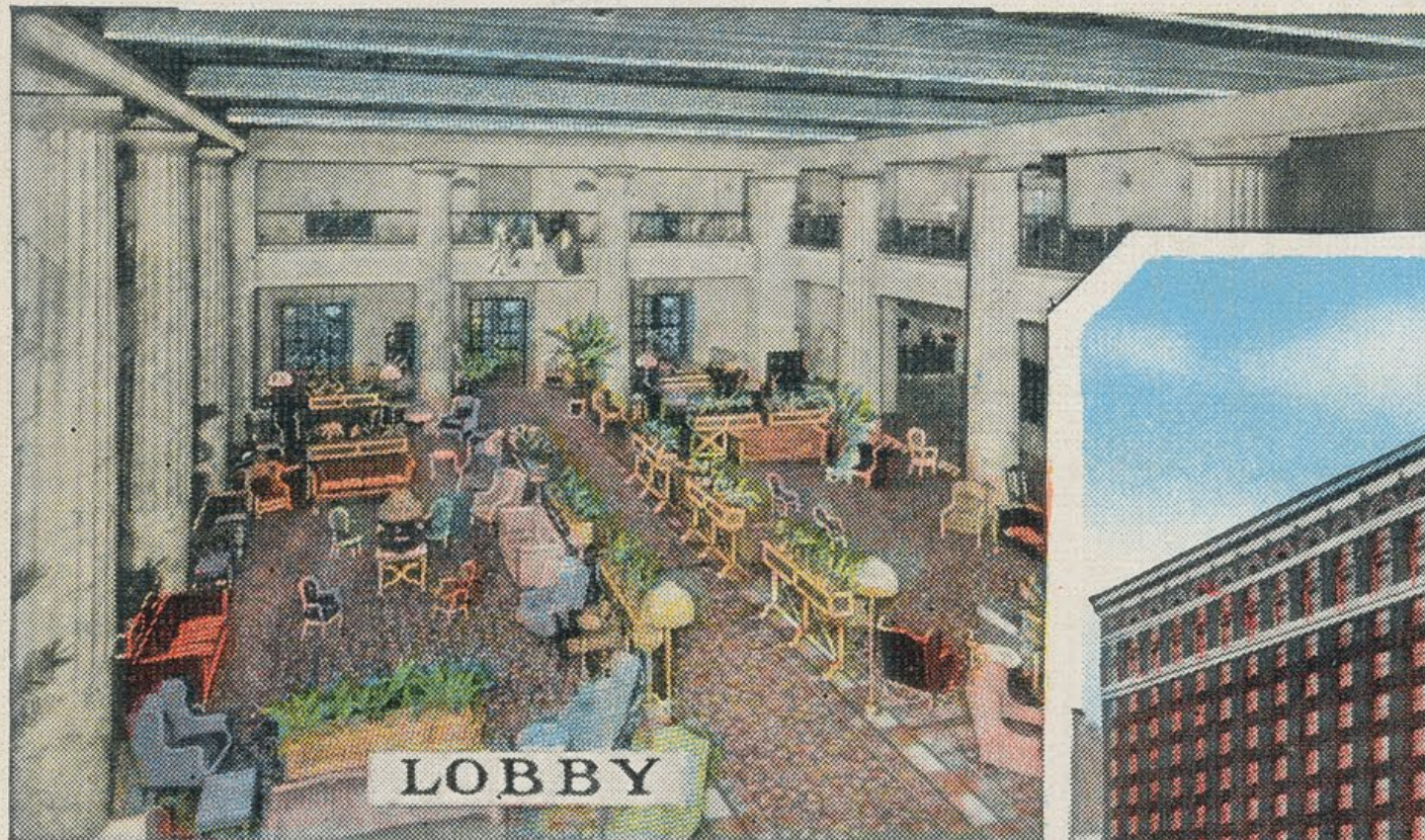
BY KORMAN COMMUNITIES





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

102793



LOBBY



COCKTAIL BAR



CORAL CAFE



THE
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
HOTEL
PHILADELPHIA

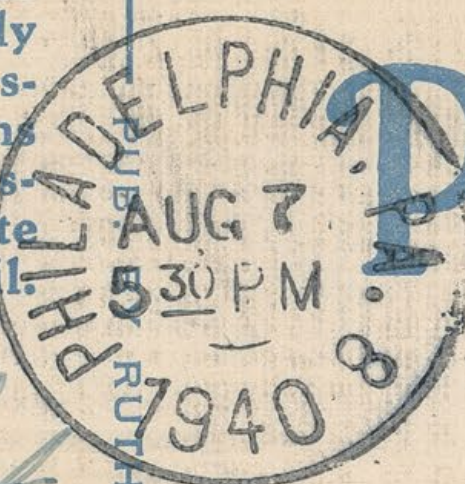


CRYSTAL BALLROOM

PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST HOTEL as well as the largest and most modern and ideally located, close to shops, theatres and historic shrines. 1200 luxurious outside rooms with baths. Two beautifully appointed restaurants offering finest food a la carte and table d'hote. Moderate Prices Prevail.

Dear Mother.

We just arrived at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel at 4:15 P.M. Wednesday. We have a very lovely sweet consisting of Wilhelm and Martha. I enjoyed my visit at the World's Fair very much and I wished that you was only with us. We are staying here on Wednesday night. Leaving Thursday for Washington D.C.



ROTH MURRAY MILLER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

POST CARD
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER



Mrs. L. F. Burckhardt
26 Lynnhurst St
Worcester,
Mass

THE LOUNGE, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.





MAIN LOBBY, THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Philadelphia's Modern Hotel. 1,200 rooms,
each with bath and circulating ice water.
Rates from \$3.00.

POSELWARD



Thursday Eve.
Went to Atlantic City today.
Returned at 6:15. Just walked
up and down the Boardwalk,
shopped a little, and saw
Clark Gable in "Men in White".
Mildred B. has friends here
in the city with whom she
is staying until Sat. One
of the daughters went with
her today. Hope to be able
to sleep a little tonight
on the train. Love, Corinne

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

Published by Ruth Murray Miller, Art Adv. Service, Philadelphia, Pa.

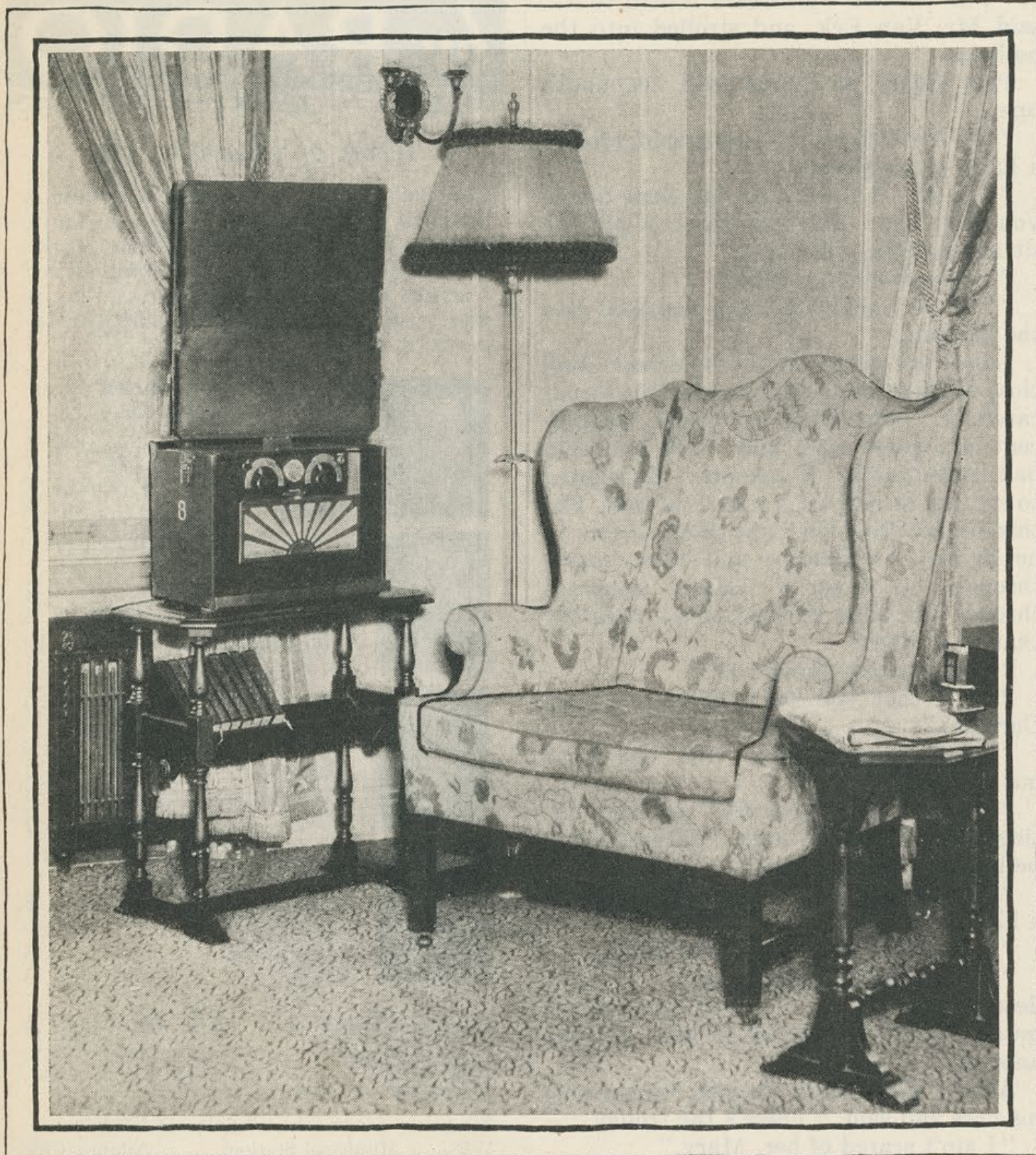
Mr. and Mrs. Ducton E. Adams

West Clarksville

New York

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS

Alone, but not lonesome



Our Guestroom Radio Service brings endless entertainment

TIME never hangs heavily on the hands of one who has radio as a companion.

The Benjamin Franklin provides, at a nominal daily rental, an individual receiving-set to any guest desiring it.

The set is placed in your room ready for reception. You have only to tune-in on the stations you wish to hear, sit back in a comfortable chair and enjoy the broadcasts. You select your own programs.

It is the aim of this hotel to give its guests "all the comforts of home"—including the most modern. Our Guestroom Radio Service is just another instance of that spirit which is embodied in the motto of the house: "Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always".

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street



Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

1200 rooms, each with bath and outside exposure. Rates commence at \$4.00.



Operating the largest chain of modern, fire-proof hotels in the world.

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE BOURKE OIL BEAN

(Continued from Page 15)

accumulated right now out there on my plantation—so to call it—with more to follow. And that's a small fortune in itself."

"Properly handled," observed Mr. Jay. Hungerford Bourke stood up, his extremely limited supply of natural patience completely gone. "Well, handle it then, can't you?" he roared. "What d'you think I've come here for if I didn't want a smart agent to handle my interests, hey? How can I handle 'em—me, a invalid with one ear, and just crazy for a taste of civilization like I am?"

George H. rose, too, smiling. "That'll be all right, Bourke. I'll go into it. Meantime you're coming out to have lunch with me and to tell me something about your adventures since you left London."

The big Hungerford softened. "Sure—sure I am. And I can do with a little taste or two of civilization, Jay, believe me," he said, patting tenderly where his left ear wasn't.

"Just let me have a few more of those beans and I'll send them to an analytical chemist I sometimes employ. I want a full examination and report on that oil at once. For I like it—it looks good to me—better than it smells, in fact."

He hastily dictated a brief note to the chemist, and having charged Gus Golding to see that the note and the beans were delivered swiftly, he took the adventurous Hungerford Bourke to such civilization as was instantly available—about six courses of it, with three different wines.

It was a good luncheon, and a long one; for Mr. Jay, a warrior whose battleground was cities, nevertheless was always liable to be charmed and fascinated by the deeds and misdeeds of those wandering adventurers who, like the roughly genial Bourke, were ever setting out to more or less unmentionable places in search of most mentionable things.

George could never quite understand their methods, though he could sympathize with their aims. Hungerford Bourke, for example, merely aimed at the same target as Mr. Jay—namely, remuneration, reward, return—in fact, money. But Bourke clearly hugged the preposterous belief that in order to procure money, or those nebulous concessions which he clearly regarded as the equivalent of money, it was inexorably necessary to adventure forth into very unwholesome and far-off corners of the world, to be sucked dry of one's lifeblood by vampires, to be all stung up by mosquitoes, scorpions and tarantulas, to be bitten by rare and dangerous lizards and a large assortment of highly virulent serpents, to be chased and chewed by carnivorous monstrosities in distant jungles, to associate intimately with savages, Hottentots and tropical toughs of that type, to be the blood brother of cannibal kings and to return to civilization only when one had lost one's health or one's ear or some other portion of oneself, and even then only provided one had discovered something worth millions if it could be properly exploited.

That appeared, to the Squire of Finch Court, to be Mr. Hungerford Bourke's simple-souled notion of making a little money, whereas gentle George's idea was, on the whole, to sit in his office and wait for someone to bring him some money. They discussed this curious diversity of method, each quite obviously envying the other.

George H. Jay was a good host and Hungerford Bourke was a good guest. It was nearly four o'clock before, having arranged to dine together that evening and thereafter take, as it were, a bird's-eye view at the West End, they parted, Hungerford heading for a Turkish bath, George to the more prosaic destination, Finch Court.

Something perfectly lovely was sitting patiently in Mr. Jay's office when he returned, though when his eye first fell on her he started and recoiled a little. For the

lady was none other than the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, who, having engaged with him in a recent transaction for their mutual benefit, had rather deftly grabbed the benefit, leaving to George the task of making it mutual—which he couldn't.

But his keen and glassy eye softened as he stared at her, for she was really an exceptional example of ladyhood grown past the flapper stage. Nobody would have considered her a flapper, but everybody who was anybody—if anybody is—infallibly would have known her to be a perfectly dressed and perfectly poised example of a smart woman with a kind heart. Almost exactly George Henry Jay's style.

From the doorway George glared at her, with a glare that softened in spite of what he sometimes described as his better nature, meaning his business nature.

"Oh, yes, I know that you are cross, and feel hurt and bitter with me, dear Mr. Jay," cooed Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, "because I made a trifle more of this foolish money out of the Wyke Waste transaction. But you deserved it, don't you know?"

George walked in and sat down at his desk. "I don't see that at all," he said, very stiffly.

"Don't you? Then I will explain it, Mr. Jay," she said sweetly, and did so practically instantaneously.

It seemed that a vital cog in the machinery of the Wyke Waste property deal had been the formula for a temporarily marvelous fertilizer. For this formula George had paid to an analytical chemist sometimes employed by him the sum of one hundred pounds. It had been necessary to transfer a half interest in the formula to Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, then his partner; and George, in his innocent way, had charged her the truly exorbitant sum of two hundred and fifty pounds for the said half interest. She had paid the money without protest.

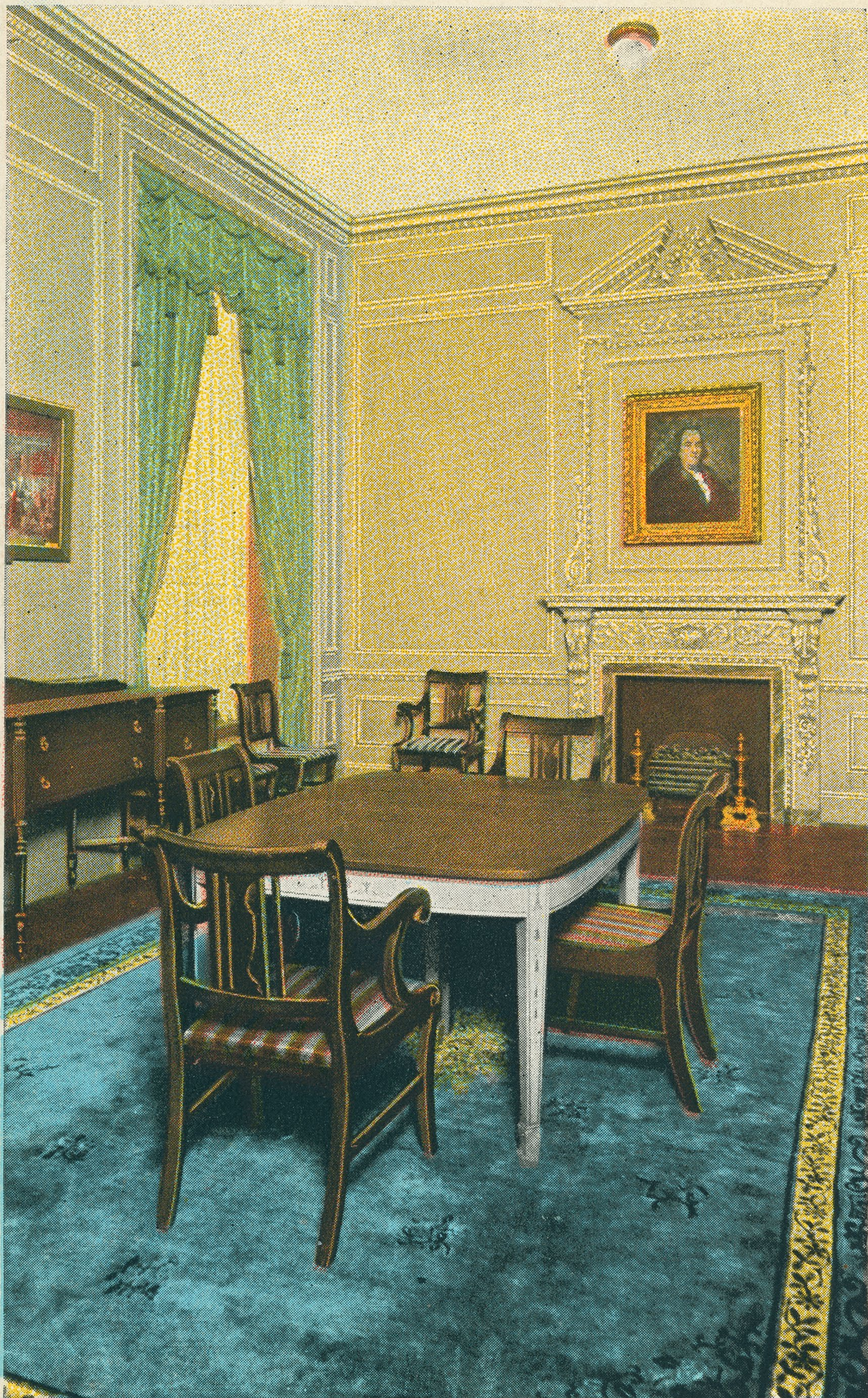
But, it appeared, even as she now explained, that she had discovered the amount Mr. Jay had paid the chemist; and, consequently, feeling hurt, irritated and challenged by this mercenary and unpartnerlike act of Mr. Jay, she had promptly made the Wyke Waste transaction an every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost transaction. And as events shaped themselves, it was Mrs. J.-J. who had successfully been for herself, while gentle George had been taken by the devil, he being hindmost. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, in short, had made more thousands of pounds out of the deal than the excessively disgruntled Squire of Finch Court had made hundreds.

"So, you see, Mr. Jay, it served you quite right now, did it not?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed, it did," she added, answering her own question, no doubt to save valuable time. "In any case, Mr. Jay, I wish very much to be friends with you. No, please don't look alarmed! You were very sharp with me and you found it unprofitable. Well, I forgive you, and I wish to prove it. If you wish to accept it, Mr. Jay, I have called on you today to offer you a share in another business transaction. Only a small matter, but little fish are sweet. And if you will play fair with me, I will return the compliment. Come, now, what do you say?"

Her smile spread George Henry thinly over the floor at her feet. "Well, maybe there was something in the nature of a misunderstanding about that Wyke Waste business, Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun," he confessed. "I can't admit all you say; but considering that what I don't admit you evidently admit for me, we'll call it past and done with."

"Past and done with!" echoed the lady. "With all my heart, Mr. Jay."

(Continued on Page 70)



103085

INDEPENDENCE ROOM, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

presents

in **GARDEN TERRACE**

ICE FANTASIA



ICE FANTASIA

by

Dorothy Franey

with the Color, Glamour and Melody of a Musicale

ON REAL ICE

starring

lovely Ariane

former Swiss Figure Skating Champion
and featuring **LAWTON & NONA, Skating Team**

BAIN LIGHTFOOT PEARL JOSEPH

ICE FANTASIA

Highlights

. . . *Pretty As A Picture*

. . . *Hawaiian War Chant*

. . . *The Gay Nineties*

2 complete ICE SHOWS nightly

7:30 for dinner—11:30 for supper

Saturday—1:30 luncheon, 7:30 dinner, 11:00 supper

Dancing Begins at 7 P. M.

NEVER A COVER CHARGE

We Suggest Reservations —
WALnut 8600, Vincent Bruni

FRANKIE JUELE

and his Orchestra

Lee Kerry, Vocalist and MC.



1178 MERRILL MR & MRS L E 7 50
726 FOUNTAIN ST HAVRE DE GRACE
1-1-46 10 08PM MH E10320



THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
CHESTNUT AT NINTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA

Memo.	Date	Explanation	Amt. Charged	Amt. Credited	Bal. Due
	1 JAN-1-46	ROOM	7.50		7.50
	2 JAN-2-46	LONGDIST.	1.25		8.75
	3 JAN-2-46	TELEGRAM	0.96		9.71
	4 JAN-2-46	ROOM	7.50		17.21
	5 JAN-3-46	LAUNDRY	1.01		18.22
	6 JAN-3-46	ROOM	7.50		25.72
	7 JAN-4-46	TELEPHONE	0.11		25.83
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PAID
JAN 4 1946



JAN 4 12 04 PM 1946
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
HOTEL

CASHIER

REMINDER:



GUESTS INTENDING TO DEDUCT EXPENSES
FOR THEIR INCOME TAX RETURN WILL FIND
IT USEFUL TO RETAIN THEIR HOTEL BILLS.
TELEPHONE CHARGES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

LAST BALANCE IS AMOUNT DUE
BILLS ARE PAYABLE WHEN PRESENTED



The Benjamin Franklin
Chestnut & Ninth St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

To Whom it may Concern:

My husband and I were married on
Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1946 in Havre de Grace, Md. and
we spent our Honeymoon in your hotel in room
1178. We were well pleased with the room,
service, meals and etc.

I just thought you would like to reminisce
about prices in 1946 and 1995. We will be
celebrating 50 yrs Jan. 1.

Thank you,
Mr. & Mrs. Lee Merrill
4290 E. Lake Park Dr
Hernando, Fl. 34442

apr. 18, 1995

REC

4 1995



THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

Main Restaurant Luncheon

OYSTERS and CLAMS	Little Necks.....	35	Cherrystones.....	40	Cape Cod.....	40
	Blue Points.....	35	Robbins Island.....	40	Cocktail Sauce.....	10
	Fresh Shrimp Cocktail.....	80	Lobster Cocktail.....	1 15	Crab Meat Cocktail.....	80
RELISHES	Imported Caviar.....	1 90	Hors d'Oeuvres Parisien.....	90	Boneless Sardines.....	75
	Grapefruit.....	30	Buffet Russe.....	1 15	Canape of Caviar.....	80
	Fruit Cocktail Benjamin.....	75	Lyon Sausage.....	45	Mixed Olives.....	40
	Stuffed Celery.....	65	Bismark Herring.....	50	Smoked Salmon.....	80
SOUPS	★Potage Bonne Femme.....	35	Onion Soup Gratinee.....	50	Petite Marmite Menagere..	60
	★Consomme Vermicelli.....	35	Chicken Gumbo Creole....	35	Chicken Consomme.....	35
FISH			Veloute Clamarte.....	35	Cream of Tomatoes.....	35
	Boned Shad and Roe Meuniere.....	1 15	★Silver Smelts Remoulade Sauce.....	70	Scallops Mariniere.....	1 15
	★Poached Weakfish, Egg Sauce.....	80	Grilled Halibut Steak Mirabeau.....	85	Pilaw of Fresh Shrimps Oriental.....	1 10
EGGS	Poached Egg Vendome....	45	Omelette Portugaise.....	70	Shirred Eggs Chipolata....	65
ENTREES	★Spring Chicken Pot Pie Benjamin Franklin.....	1 25	Minute Steak Bercy Potatoes O'Brien.....	1 15	★Fresh Mushrooms on Toast Bourguignone.....	90
	★Rissoto of Capon Livers, Fresh Mushrooms.....	80	★Corned Beef Hash with Poached Egg.....	85	Aiguillette of Veal with Fresh Spinach.....	85
	★Duckling Croquette Creamed Cucumbers.....	85	Special Spaghetti Caruso... 80		★Tripe a la Mode de Caen... 85	
READY ROASTS	Ribs of Prime Beef.....	1 00	Spring Lamb Mint Sauce... 1 00		Vermont Turkey.....	1 25
POULTRY and GAME	Broiled Spring Chicken....	2 50	Squab Chicken.....	2 00	Philadelphia Capon.....	5 00
	Milk Fed Chicken.....	4 00	Young Guinea Chicken....	3 00	S. A. Quail.....	1 50
	S. A. Partridge.....	3 50	S. A. Pheasant (for 2)....	4 00	Royal Squab.....	2 00
COLD DISHES	Breast of Chicken Jeanette..	1 50	Galatine of Capon, String Bean Salad.....	85	Assorted Cold Cuts.....	1 35
	Spring Lamb Potato Salad..	1 10	Sliced Chicken.....	1 15	With Virg. Ham or Chicken	1 50
	Virginia Ham.....	1 15	Lobster Salad.....	1 50	Individual Tureen Goose Liver.....	1 25
	Chicken Salad.....	1 35				
VEGETABLES	★Lima Beans Bretonne.....	35	Fresh Spinach.....	50	Oyster Bay Asparagus....	80
	New String Beans.....	60	Fresh Artichoke.....	60	Beets in Cream.....	35
	Succotash.....	45	Spaghetti au Gratin.....	40	Bermuda Onions.....	35
	New Asparagus.....	1 00	Stewed Fresh Tomatoes....	40	Cauliflower any Style....	45
POTATOES	★O'Brien Potatoes.....	25	Mashed or Parsleyed.....	30	Imperial.....	40
	Au Gratin.....	35	French Fried.....	25	Soufflee.....	50
	Hashed Creamed.....	35	Candied Sweet.....	35	Baked.....	25
SALADS	Nicoise.....	50	Alma.....	60	Endive.....	50
	Lettuce.....	40	Chicory.....	40	Fresh Fruit.....	75
	Escarole.....	40	Romaine.....	40		
DESSERTS	★Mince Pie.....	30	Fancy Cakes.....	20	Fruit Cake.....	30
	★Cream Puff.....	30	Rice Pudding.....	30	Pound Cake.....	30
	★Custard Pudding.....	30	Macaroons.....	25	Apple Pie.....	25
	French Pastry.....	20	Cup Custard.....	30	Pineapple Meringue Pie....	25
	Lady Fingers.....	20	Caramel Custard.....	35	Charlotte Russe.....	25
	Strawberry Short Cake.....	65				
ICE CREAMS	Vanilla or Coffee.....	35	Tutti Frutti.....	50	Biscuit Tortoni.....	50
	Chocolate or Hazelnut....	35	Peach Cardinal.....	75	Coupe aux Marrons.....	65
	Orange and Lemon Ice....	30	Coupe Benjamin Franklin..	65	Bombe Lillian.....	65
	Nesselrode Pudding.....	50	Meringue Glacee.....	50	Coupe Helene.....	65
FRESH FRUITS	Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream	40				
	Orange.....	25	Fresh Strawberries.....	50	Pear.....	25
	Grape Fruit.....	30	Grapes.....	40	Banana.....	20
HONEYDEW Melon.....		60				
CHEESE	Imported Camembert.....	40	Cream Cheese.....	30	Roquefort.....	45
	Imported Swiss Gruyere....	40	Port du Salut.....	40	Gorgonzola.....	45
COFFEE, TEA, Etc	B. F. Coffee with Cream....	25	Buttermilk Glass.....	10	Oolong, Ceylon.....	25
	Chocolate or Cocoa with Whipped Cream.....	30	Kaffee Hag.....	40	Orange Pekoe, Mixed.....	25
	Certified Milk (Bottle)....	15	Instant Postum.....	25	Green E. B. T.....	25
	Hot Milk.....	10	Malted Milk.....	25	Bread and Butter.....	10
			Demi Tasse.....	15		

Saturday, March 14th, 1925

Service per Person

"I shouldn't have said that. I'm going back now. Please stay here. Oh, please don't touch me. I must be crazy."

But it was too late. His arms were around her. "Then we're both crazy," he said. "Ever since I first saw you I've been fighting against it, Kay. I'm mad about you. There's never been anybody else, not like this."

But the next moment reason, lost to her, reasserted itself in him. Without kissing her he let her go and stood back.

"Now you go back to the house," he told her. "I'm not trusting myself too far—nor you either."

"If you care, that's all I want."

"Care! If you think about it you'll know. And you'll know you're all I've got in heaven and earth. And I won't have that very long. Now go back to the house."

"You can have me always, if you want me."

"You don't know what you're saying," he said roughly. "Go on back when I tell you. I'll wait until you're in the house."

There was nothing left for her to do. The finality of his tone forbade her reopening the question between them. She started across the lawn, and halfway over she turned and looked back. He was where she had left him, rigid and watchful. She went dreadingly back to the house and crawled into her bed. Toward morning, her slim bare arms relaxed on the counterpane, she even slept a little; but when she awakened it was to find that Tom had gone into the mountains and would not be back until the round-up was over. She was completely crushed.

"Kay, do you remember where you left your raincoat?"

"At the barn, mother."

"Run and get it so Nora can pack it."

George Potter and the banker came out at noon. They lunched and then retired to the office and closed the door. After a time Herbert came out and got Jake Mallory, and Jake went in and the door was closed again. When Jake came out his face looked tired and old; he stood on the veranda steps and looked all around, at the mountains and the yellowing cottonwoods, at the long row of shelter yards beyond the barn, and the creek which had "the best water in the state, sir."

Kay was there, too, looking out, but he did not see her.

She met the next day with courage, carried off the good-bys with an air, was neither more talkative nor less than usual on the way into town. But never once did she lift her eyes to the mountains. She sat as she had sat on that journey out weeks before, in the front seat of the car. But now there was no lighted window ahead, no feeling of coming home; only the Mariposa on a side-track, and William in a fresh white coat and a broad cheerful grin.

"Shuah am glad to see you folks again," he said. "The old Mariposa, she's got stiff from sittin' so long."

Then her little room again, with its broad bed, and Nora laying out the things from her dressing case, the little gold brushes, the jars, the mirror, the boxes for this and that.

"I'll leave your perfume in the bag, Miss Kay. It might spill if I put it out."

"Thanks, Nora."

All set now, her hat covered, her traveling coat protected with a sheet, the far-away whistle of Twenty-two, which was to pick up the car; Jake on the platform, Stetson in hand, anxiously receiving some last instructions from her father; her mother's low-pitched voice, speaking to Joe the cook. A little crowd outside, staring at this magnificence.

"Do they eat in there too? Or do they use the diner?"

And on the fringe of the group, standing by herself, a girl in a small pull-on hat and a very short skirt, surveying the preparations for departure with a peculiar intensity. Kay knew her. It was the girl Tom had been with under the lamp-post. That was the last thing she was to see as the car moved out, the picture she was to carry

Your floor-clerk



THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

WHILE some other great Inns of this Day do employ the Modern idea of posting a Floor-clerk upon each Floor, the system is here Develop'd to an unusual perfection.

Here, each Floor-clerk, with but an Hundred guestrooms to supervise, gives Prompt and Personal attention to many Details bearing on the Comfort of our Guests.

Your Floor-clerk does ably care for your Key, your Letters and packets by Post, and so forth. And withal does see that your Room is Maintain'd and Attend'd as you wish.

Especially do Ladies traveling Unescort'd appreciate the Helpfulness, so understanding, of the Floor-clerks here. And, in truth, they do declare the Arrangement to add immeasurably to the pleasure of their Visits at this House.

1200 rooms, each with bath and outside exposure. Rates commence at \$4.00.



Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

DIRECTION



OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern, fire-proof hotels in the world.

Our Motto:

Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always.