

THE MAN AND HIS CLOTHES

By John Chapman Milder

THERE are times in the affairs of almost every man when he must forswear the comfort and ease of ordinary clothes and array himself in the trappings of formality. And gosh, how the average man dreads it!

If you have a husband there is little I can tell you about the masculine state of mind when it is confronted with the necessity of climbing into the royal regalia.

You know how it is. You cough gently once or twice, as a signal that you are about to broach a painful subject; you sit on the arm of his chair and slowly but firmly draw the evening paper out of his nervous fingers. Not quite sure what choice morsel of news you are going to launch at him but very certain that he is going to be given medicine of some sort, he raises a wary eye and grins apprehensively. When he is thoroughly on the defensive you begin, somewhat like this:

"Henry, dear, I wish it might have been any night except to-night, because I know you must have had a hard day, but the Blenkinsops are having a little bridge party and I'm afraid-----"

"Oh, golly," groans Henry. "Have I got to go? Can't you get George to take you? George loves that kind of thing. Besides, I haven't got any shirts."

"I'm sorry," you murmur, "but I'm afraid you must go. Mrs. Blenkinsop is counting on you to be her partner. She said only this morning, in the butcher's—when I told her how tired and busy you'd been lately—she said it would ruin her party if you couldn't be there. I tried my best to get you out of it, you see, but she wouldn't hear of it and so I bought you some new shirts and—please get ready as soon as you can."



Evening Dress Should be Devoid of
All Fancy Touches

He Will Look in the Long Mirror

WITH a wry grimace Henry surrenders. For half an hour you hear him stomping about, talking in undertones to his collar and his tie, communing more or less vigorously with his shirt studs and condemning the man who first invented the stovepipe hat. And you smile to yourself because you know very well that, deep down in

side, Henry rather fancies himself in full dress; that at some time during the Blenkinsop séance you will catch him admiring himself in the long mirror by the side of the hatstand.

The aversion of the male toward formal clothes springs partly from laziness and partly from hypocrisy.

It seems to me that the sensible attitude to adopt toward evening dress and the cutaway is this: "Formal clothes are the survival of a tradition. They do not differ from everyday things in any useful way. They are a convention. They are considered as either a social passport or as the uniform of a head waiter. By adhering very closely to the best and most conventional standard of tastes in my choice of dress clothes and their appurtenances, I can get the utmost social and commercial value out of wearing them and at the same time minimize my resemblance to a head waiter. I will therefore take the trouble to find out what constitutes formal dress as it ought to be and, having secured this information, which will probably not change radically during my natural life, I will conscientiously apply it with as little fuss as possible."

Get a Happy-Medium Fit

IN BUYING evening clothes there are two main considerations to be taken into account: Quality and fit.

As they do with business suits, tailors and manufacturers make changes every now and then in the minor details of evening dress. This year they are advocating a notched lapel. A short time ago they advocated the peaked lapel. Next season, perhaps, they will revert to the "shawl" collar, which, properly speaking, has no lapels at all.