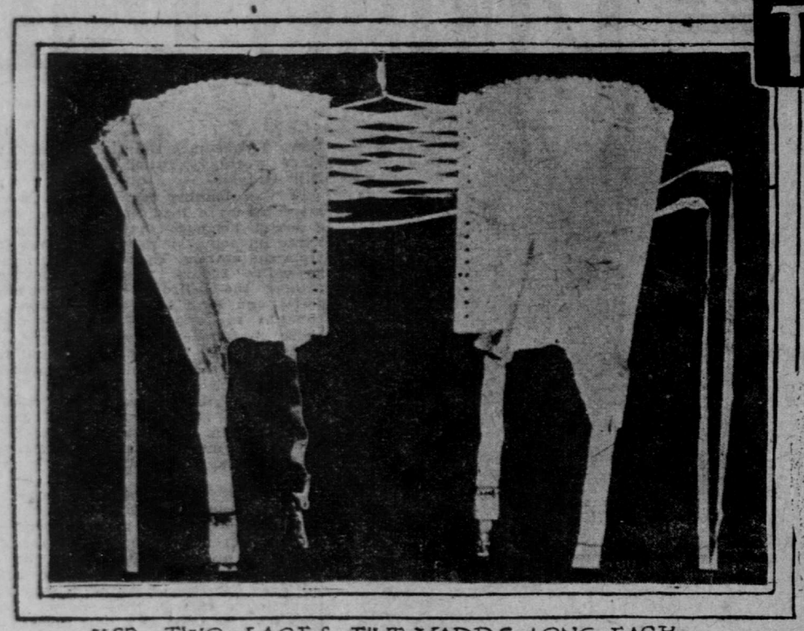
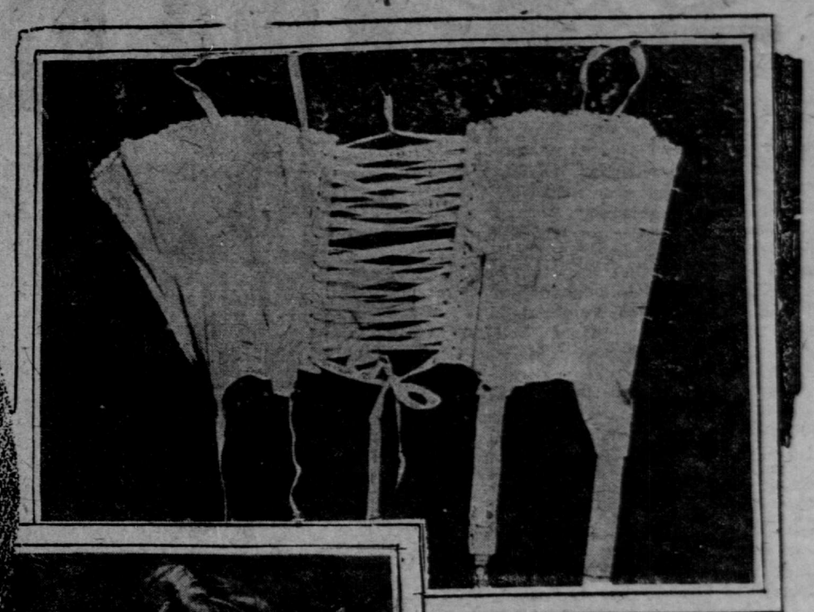
PROPER WAY of ADJUSTING a CORSET



USE TWO LACES FIVE YARDS LONG EACH

HOOK FROM THE TOP DOWN



LEAVE LOOPS AT THE WAIST LINE

AFTER IT IS HOOKED PULL IT DOWN OVER THE HIPS AND ABDOMEN

START WITH THE LACING APART

BRING THE LACES FORWARD, LOOP THEM UNDER THE GARTER TOP AND TIE THEM

NEXT PULL UP THE LACES AT THE WAIST

WHEN IT IS COMPLETELY ADJUSTED CROSS THE LACES IN THE BACK

PHOTOS BY VIGUS

THERE is no reason why every woman should not be able to adjust her corset properly, to give it the same curves and shape and fit that it takes on under the hands of an expert adjuster, who earns a good salary in a department store or corset shop, if she will only take the trouble to learn the few little tricks which are the secret of a good figure, a stylish one and a comfortable corset. For those who have not watched carefully the way an expert laces and adjusts a corset, the woman's page herewith presents a series of photographic illustrations and description of every detail connected with this distinctly feminine art and science.

It is well to bear in mind the important fact that no gown, however handsome, can possibly look well worn over a badly adjusted corset. The stays are the foundation upon which a smart and attractive appearance is built, and no small amount of time is required to do them correctly. The woman who slips on her corsets in a hurry, hooks them up and gives the laces a tug at the back is going to look slipshod, no matter how dainty her gown may be. She has slighted one of the most important parts of her toilet, and the slight is bound to show, much to her discredit.

The Best Way

About one out of every five women knows how to lace a corset correctly. There are two or three very good ways, but the simplest and best for every practical purpose is the one shown on this page. Two silk or mercerized laces, each five yards long, are used. They are tied together and the lacing begun so that the knot comes at the middle of the top. Whether you start at the very first holes to lace or not depends upon your breadth of shoulders and how much leeway you like to have above the waist line. Since the high bust and long, slim waist effect has returned to favor corsets are usually laced all the way, so that they can be drawn rather tight at the top in order to increase the long slim look. The lacing is done in the ordinary way, back and forth, until the upper hole of the two, just at the waist line, is reached. Instead of crossing there each lace is pulled through to the outside and then laced back in the hole just below on the same side of the corset. This leaves a loop, by which the pulling in is managed later on. After these loops are made the lower half of the corset is laced in the usual fashion and the ends of the laces are knotted at the bottom. Common sense will suggest clipping off the pointed metal ends after the ends are tied at the top and bottom. If they are not removed they will be apt to hurt the flesh.

No matter how slender you are and how much the laces have to be up it is always best to draw the corsets as far apart in the back as the ten yards of silk will permit, allowing the middle loops to hang a yard or so. This is where so many women display carelessness and laziness about their corsets. They consider it too much trouble to pull the corsets wide apart and lace them up again each time they are put on. But this is the only way to do to have them fit well and be comfortable. The woman who boasts of never having to change the lacing of her corsets from the time they are new till they become passe is the woman who wonders why her figure is not smart and trim looking when she buys a good style of corset. She thinks that leaving her corsets adjusted as they were in the beginning shows a great amount of consistency on her part, whereas it merely shows how little she understands the variableness of her figure.

Every woman knows that a corset that feels fairly loose one day may seem tight the next. She may be able to endure a little pinching today, when temorrow it would be unbearable. That is why the corsets should be pulled wide apart and then drawn in and adjusted each time they are worn, to suit one's mental and physical condition. Another point is that the corset cannot possibly be drawn down low over the hips to give a long waisted effect if it is not loosened with each hooking up.

Some women begin to hook up a corset from the bottom, but the majority start at the top, and as they proceed downward they pull the corset low over the hips. After it is all clasped and is so loose that it has no shape at all the front and sides are pulled far down. Then, if a woman possesses enough of an abdomen to make it necessary for her to dispose of it in some way, she may draw it up above the waist line, as she has learned to do in the days of the straight front. Women who stand erect and have a curve at the back are the ones who find it impossible to wear corsets that have not been pulled wide apart before adjusting. They are the ones, too, who like to get the waist part where it belongs before pulling up the laces, and they are usually found to have good chest expansion and well-shaped hips, these being partly due to a perfect understanding of the uses and abuses of the oft maligned stays.

In these enlightened days no woman admits that she laces. She outgrew that foolishness during the straight front regime, when tight lacing was out of the question. At the same time a woman has to pull her waist in ever so little if she hopes to look presentable at all, for the fashionable dress calls for a small waist measure; and whatever fashion demands women usually accede to.

Attaching the Garters

When the corset is pulled well down and the waist line has reached its proper zone the garters attached to the front and sides should be fastened to the hose, and then the tugging process begins, though it need not partake of the nature of a struggle if the corset is properly laced. On the contrary, pulling it in to fit the figure may be accomplished very easily. This adjusting is done at the waist line, where the two loops of lacing have been left. There is scarcely any difficulty in bringing the two rows of eyelets together, and when they are drawn together at the center they adjust themselves far more evenly than if all the drawing were done at the bottom. The loops make it possible to pull the corset in top and bottom at the same time, and they also make it possible to pull it more at the bottom than at the top if desirable. The part that covers the hips is one of the most important, and women who are well developed here give careful attention to the way their corsets fit and shape themselves over the curve of the hips.

When this part is drawn in as much as the wearer likes the top may be loosened a bit or tightened until it encases the shoulders without discomfort. Then all the attention may be devoted to the waist line. It is here that the average woman can stand a little tightening. So long as her lungs and ribs are not cramped her waist may be pulled in an inch or two more without adding to her discomfort. This adjustment, however, is a matter of personal taste and feeling. The reverse holds equally true, so that the waist may be loosened as easily as it may be tightened with laces that are adjusted from the center as in the case in point.

There is a trick about fastening the laces here that is well worth knowing. After they have been pulled up until the corset begins to fit closely to the figure, it is a good scheme to cross the double lacings in the back and continue drawing them in that way. When they are pulled without being crossed they draw the steels outward and away from the body. In the shops they invariably follow this scheme, as it facilitates the adjusting very much. To be more explicit, the loop that hangs over the left hip is seized in the right hand, while the one on the right is seized in the left hand, and then they are ready to be secured. Now, suppose the lacing part and the adjusting are finished and it is time to dispose of the ends of the lacings to make them fast.

Each woman probably has her own particular way of doing this, but experience has shown that there is none better than the one depicted here. The two long loops are left crossed over in the back and then brought forward, one being drawn under the front garter extension, where it is caught beneath the last corset hook on the front steels and tied in a knot with the other lace. If the laces are brought forward and tied around the waist they increase the measure at this point, which is always a thing to avoid doing, and they sometimes press into the flesh with most uncomfortable results. Again, corsets are frequently provided with a large hook fastened to one of the front steels and intended to hold the laces in almost the same position as the one described where they are looped under the end of the steel. But large hooks have an unattractive way of showing through the gown, and, besides, they are never placed so low that the knot made by the laces does not make a perceptible bunch. When the laces are caught under the garter extension they should be tied at that point, the lowest possible one. There is little advantage in arranging them this way if in the end the knot is made to come higher, where it is apt to show its outline through the gown.

A few women dispose of the laces in this way, bringing them down under the garter extension and front steel, and then carry them again to the back, where they are tied. The great objection to this arrangement is in the knot at the back. If it comes between the steels, and it usually does, for the majority of women wear corsets that do not quite meet at the lacings, it is very apt to press against the flesh in an irritating way. Some women have had callous places form here from the constant pressure of a corset lace or knot, and it never occurred to them that they could have avoided this painful pressure in a very easy and simple way.

If there seems to be a chance of the laces untying this disaster can be avoided by securing them with a small safety pin. They should be pinned far down toward the edge of the stays, however, in order to keep the knot and its anchor as far away from the waist and abdomen as possible.

FLUNKED OUT OF STANFORD, AND WHAT THE FLUNKEE DOES

One, two, three, four—
Oh, how I wish there were more!
Ein, swei, drei, vier—
I won't be back next year.
Yet, nee, sam, see—
Dumb as the heathen Chinee.
No more I'll roam
Away from home—
One, two, three.

HOW true this refrain of the quaint cardinal drinking songs sounds only the student of Stanford university who has fallen beneath the pale of the vigilant "flunkout committee" and has been summarily ousted can tell. With a last look at the dear familiar scenes of the campus the undergraduate packs his belongings, stripping his room of trophies, and departs for an enforced vacation of six months. To at least fifty students, and often times as many as four score, at the end of each semester come the fatal blue slips of the faculty committee on deficient scholarship stating in well-chosen words that the "committee regrets to state that your work has been below the standard, and that you are requested to withdraw from the university."

While the little blue slips—so colored with malice aforethought—are nicely composed in elegant English by the authorities of the university, to the unfortunates themselves it is: "Dear Sir—You are canned. Please make yourself scarce for six months. Signed, Flunkout Committee."

These little notices are sent to the "flunkouts" prior to registration day, giving the lads—girls very seldom fail below the high standard of the university—time to return before their more fortunate classmates and pack their goods and disappear into the dark of unknown regions. The "flunkout" is gone and is only conspicuous by his absence when his friends convene to take up the academic routine and pleasures of college life once more.

After the first few weeks the college community becomes reconciled to the various vacancies in their ranks, be they never so great—great when a prominent athlete, student official or journalist departs. But with the departing the troubles of the "flunkee" begin. The first feeling that a flunkee has is one of shock. The academic groves, then, are to be his no longer—at least not for the immediate present. Wedded to the life which is the essence of good fellowship, a flunkout committee suddenly appears to be the force to sever him, to divorce him from the bride of learning and to set him adrift in a cold and unsympathetic world to which the war slogan of the cardinal is mere jargon—an unpitied and misplaced solus.

The blue slip, however neatly gotten up, is appropriately blue. No other color would fit. Perhaps the expelled wonders whether the devotees of the blue and gold at Berkeley are notified of their deficiencies in blue and if their loyalty to the color is not a little jarred for at least some days or more. Mercifully, no list of those who are flunked gets into the daily press with some conspicuous exceptions. Those who have won fame on the football field, on the baseball diamond, on the cinder path, in the racing boats—debaters, star men of all sorts whose ears have been tickled with the sound of the local trumpet of fame find their names in cold and unsympathetic type and the world and possibly their parents find out at once that they are "have beens" for a time at least. Indeed, the agony in their cases is drawn out by space writers of the San Francisco dailies and other Pacific Coast papers, who pad out stories wondering how the team will pull through now that —— and —— and —— are out of college."

Out in the world, with the gates of the campus closed with a snap and forbidden to trespass, the ousted student faces his problems in order of importance. First, the "governor" must be kept in the dark and other doting relatives of "the boy at college." Also, perhaps there are other "friends" in his home town that would not understand his excuses of why "Smith left college." At any rate, mum is the word. If he can depend on his allowance coming regularly from an unsuspecting source all is well. But if the "governor" is "wise" it is get out and hustle to earn enough coin to keep the pace in some place near by the campus—presumably San Francisco. Here is the great rendezvous of all flunkies. At all sorts of odd jobs may be seen the "college man" who is not a graduate. Eagerly they scan the dailies for dope from the Stanford correspondents, devour hungrily any of the college publications which may fall their way, and when they see a student in attendance buttonhole him and make him gossip.

After a few weeks each flunkout knows in a way "who's who." He knows who are his companions in misery and he hails them from afar with joy unconcealed. And if on the horizon another appears it is "Well——, what in time are you doing in Frisco?"

"What are you here for yourself?"

"Shake."

Each understands the facts concealed behind the greetings and each swaps personals and gossip of the home turf. The papers, the dailies, may give facts and he may see behind them significance concealed, knowing the campus community well, and he may get even greater information from the college publications gleaned from various sources; but best of all and most greatly missed is the fresh and savory gossip. Whisperings of what is up and who will be elected. And who —— is queening and who went to the "prom" and countless other items immaterial for publication in the periodicals, but vastly interesting to the individuals.

These are the squibs the flunkout misses and when he obtains some of the information he immediately hunts up some fellow sufferer—he knows where to find him—and swaps the dope gleaned.

The athlete dismissed for poor scholarship, the journalist dropped for similar reasons or for utterances nonjudiciously made or both, and the ordinary good fellow who was too "fat" to work—all are hunting jobs. The college journalist sees a break in the clouds at the daily paper. The correspondent perhaps heads that way first, others may follow. But the newspapers are not elastic. They have room for just so many and no more at a time. Clearly he must either kill time or go into other lines pending the beginning of the new semester. So they use their wits and ingenuity, and not one of the industrious class but finds dawning upon him a growing respect for the knowledge of the useful, for that which can be turned into means of getting a living. The story of working one's way through college, while in college, is repeated now in great variety on the outside and distant from the campus.

"We're as blue as indigo,
It makes us worry so,
To write the folks for money and then have it not arrive;
We're all so short of dough,
And we'd have our parents know,
That we can't be college fellows on a check of twenty-five."

Oftimes this refrain, echoing from Stanford song lore, recalls to the one-time students who are now delving for their own "check of twenty-five" the easy days when the coin came from home.

Stanford flunkies upon searching for jobs will, and do, take positions from rough-and-ready jobs to clerical and reportorial positions in San Francisco. Others, who wish to "rough it" and "forget it," secure possible positions with engineering parties which are starting off on extended trips into new country laying out roads and lines for railways.

Not long ago two students possessed of more than the usual amount of desire to quit familiar scenes and faces after being dropped, signed aboard a transoceanic steamer as members of the crew in the capacity of oilers, calculating to spend their vacation knocking about the globe. These and countless other positions are attacked by the army turned loose at the end of the semester. Few of the students return home to tell the folks how it happened, but are content to put up with all sorts of discomfort until their sentence shall be served. Those who do retire to tell the "pater" all are subjected to a running fire and crossfire of questions. The hardest work a flunkout has to do is to account for his presence. "Why are you not at college?" This old question, sprung in a countless number of varieties, is encountered by the student who is home. Every flunkout, without exception, has some excuse, which he soon learns to reel off in every conceivable shape to meet every turn of the ever-present question.

With the lad at home dodging questions, and the student picking fruit, oiling on a steamer, sewing sacks on a thresher, teaching "prep" athletes the way things are done at Stanford and the other thousand and one odd jobs which crop up, the first and primeval thought is, "This is all to end when college opens, and then—well, I will be 'wise' to the flunkout committee when next they snoop for my scalp, and when the fellows gather next semester I will be there with the big lung to join in the chorus:

Come you back, you Stanford Flunkee! come you back to Stanford farm;
Come you back to Stanford farm
Where the arches thrill and charm—
Can't you hear those voices calling, calling from the Stanford farm!