

their emblem, the White Rats can put over a publicity note; that is, of course, if the men decide to utilize the unbeautiful surface exposed to view by the low-neck blouse.

No one really knows where the decorative craze will lead. Will men wear trousers split up to the knee, embroidered stockings and lace ruffles?

Will they grow so fond of the outdoor cut-away blouse that they will adopt it for evening wear?

When the opera opens will we see made and female in gorgeous array running neck and neck in the stalls and boxes?

Will the sloping shoulders of a man escape now and then from the filmy beaded chiffon, leaving the wearer in suspense as to the whole network of shimmering crystal beads and bangles descend without warning to the waistline?

It is a friendly thing to accept the caution that husbands must not patronize the dressmakers their wives employ. Even with women who have been great friends for years what occurs when one sees another face to face in a gown modeled like her own? She is transformed by something evil, and the ideal friendship of years is shattered, lost, gone, destroyed forever.

What startling reading would be offered under the head "Society at the Opera!"

"Mrs. Chilly Coupon, accompanied by Admiral Pickem and Mrs. Possum, appeared at the opera early attired in soft orange-hued satin, shrouded closely from head to foot in a dream of a cloak embroidered with a combination of steel-moonlight steel—and beads of jet. The sleeves of her cloak, coming half way down to the forearm were open a little at the outer side, where they were edged by a fringe of velvet balls and finished with net undersleeves."

Further down the column:

"Mr. Chilly Coupon arrived late with Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Kennedy and a murmur of amusement floated throughout the house. Mr. Coupon's costume was identically the same as that worn by his wife, with the exception of the sleeves, which were open on the inner instead of the outer side."

Same paper, one week later:

"Mrs. Chilly Coupon has closed her great town house early this season, contrary to her usual custom of keeping it open until after the holidays. Mr. Coupon is living at the Bide-a-Wee club and goes back and forth from his office to the club heavily veiled. He denies himself to all interviewers."

Two months later, same paper, dispatch under the head "Reno, Nevada":

"The transient, life-breaking, home-making element in Reno is in the throes of great excitement caused by the presence here of New York's social leader, Mrs. Chilly Coupon. Mrs. Coupon will not talk for publication, but through an intimate friend it was vouchsafed that Mrs. Coupon is in a heartbroken state bordering on hysteria, a condition due to a shock administered by her husband. She will seek a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Her friend alleges that when Mr. Coupon's wrongdoing has been cited the sympathy of the entire community will be extended to Reno's distinguished visitor."

So unless some one stops the traffic in low-neck blouses our social life is doomed. The jaunty sailor collar may seem quite harmless today, but what of tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow?

The decoration of man may be gradual or we may wake up some morning to find that hereafter we must put our clothes under lock and key or lose possession of them entirely.

As things are going it would be a timely act to take out the old jokes and cartoons on "Hooking Mother and Sister Up the Back" and substitute "Father and Brother" for the principals in the cast.

Shall our best dressmakers look forward to a political convention?

- Or a fireman's parade.
- Or a directors' meeting?
- Or a dinner and dance?
- Or a Sunday promenade?
- Or a longshoreman's reunion?
- Or a lamb's anniversary?
- Or a friars dinner?

A costume play as an every-day fact!

Page J. K. Hackett or Jack London. Some

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