

V A N I T Y  
F A I R  
*August, 1918*

## For the Well Dressed Man

By ROBERT LLOYD TREVOR

*VANITY FAIR* believes the time has come to describe in the pages of the Well Dressed Man Department, some of the things which are not correct to wear as well as those which meet the dictates of good taste. On these pages, therefore, will be found sketches and descriptions of some of the Dont's as well as the Do's of dress. Mr. Trevor will be delighted to tell his readers where any of the Do's may be purchased, if they will drop him a line, in care of Vanity Fair. As to the don'ts—"requiescat in pace."

SUMMER in the city is certainly the time for strange sights; the time to observe the do's and don'ts of good dress for men. Odd sartorial fevers which are with us in an endemic stage at all times seem to reach an epidemic force when the warm months come. Strange manifestations of hidden artistry make their appearance from heaven knows where. They range all the way from crudities so crude as to attract the attention even of busy Broadway, to smaller exaggerations and extravagances of dress, less startling but not less offensive to good taste.

Take, if you will, a stroll with me in the neighborhood of Broadway and 42nd Street, and let us observe the genus homo as he is.

Behold this breezy youth who comes strolling down Times Square. He certainly has come of age since June 5, 1917, but it must be that his vision is less than the required twenty one-hundredths of the draft board's physician. Yes, when we look at him more closely, one is assured it is his vision. The thing which stage heroes used to do when they met the stage villain was to look him up and down. Let us confine ourselves to looking this young gentleman down, beginning our inspection, therefore, at the top of his head.

**A cubist scarf in white, lavender, green and yellow, faintly resembling a camouflaged steamship**



**This bow tie of peculiarly hideous design is a combination of metallic colors which proclaim its wearer loudly afar off**





This scarf with an iridescent sheen and a large all-over pattern would do for a bit of portiere



Evening bow tie of dull silk with faint pattern. Price \$1.50

**T**HAT organ, if the head can be called an organ, is concealed nearly down to the ears by a high-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw hat, worn well back from the forehead. The hat has a fancy band around it which the hatter in his home town—which may have been New York—undoubtedly told him was very “nifty.” Next, below a face of innocuous vacuity, you see a broad expanse of high turned-down collar graced by a colorful scarf, so tied that it sticks out in a generous loop. Then comes a jacket, rather short of sleeve and very short of waist, the high waist-line marked by a seam all around. The pockets were evidently not intended to hold anything. They are put on at queer angles and slant this way and that. Also they have buttoned

flaps with buttons which could also be described as “nifty.”

Evening bow tie of pronounced basket weave; decidedly “tricky”



The young gentleman's long and somewhat attenuated legs are clad in very snug trousers rolled up far enough to expose several inches of elaborate and bright-hued socks, and his grip upon the ground is assured by low shoes with rather flaring soles and a superabundance of broad, ribbon-like silk shoestring. Vanity of vanities! his spirit is undoubtedly soothed by the thought that he is a “classy dresser,” whereas, in sober truth, he is sadly comic.



Some quiet and attractive scarfs in plain colors, stripes and inconspicuous designs, made of poplins and silks; price \$1.50.





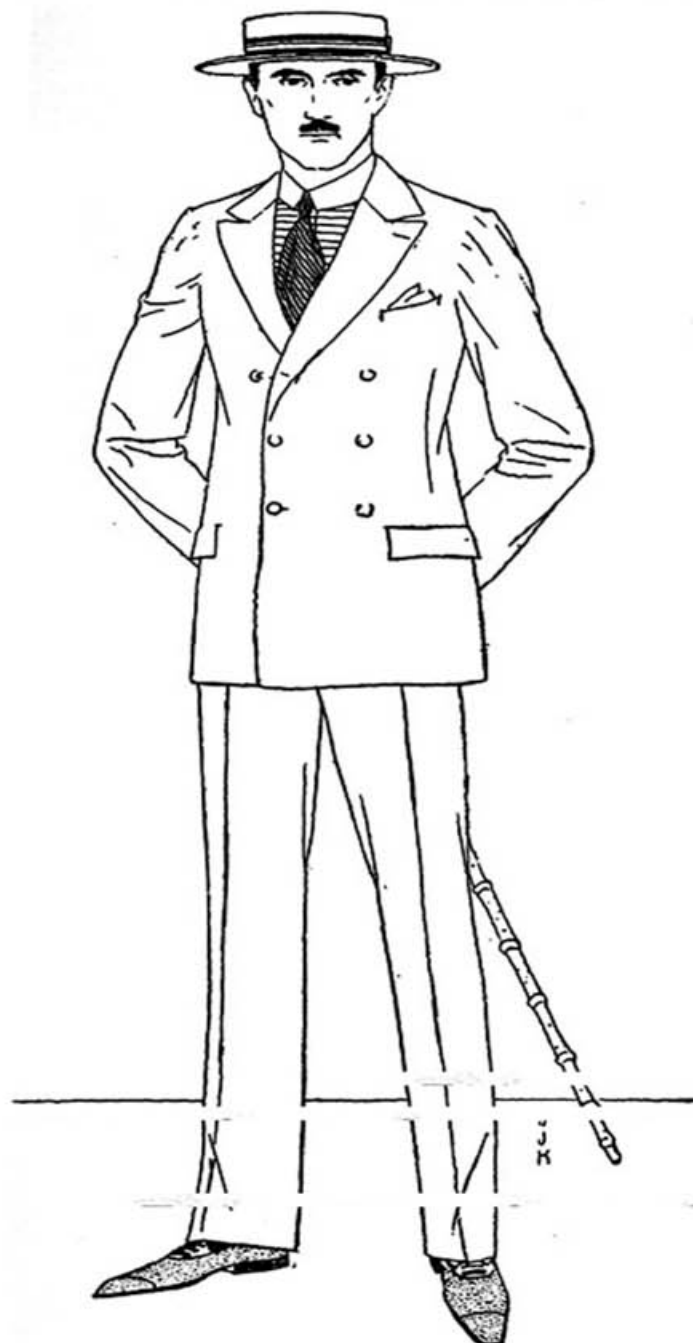
This type of gentleman can be seen at some of our leading cabarets. He is wearing a soft-bosomed shirt with his evening clothes; a freakish wing collar; a white tie with black edges; a fancy silk waistcoat showing below his coat; trousers too long and badly set; a conical top hat, and he is carrying a cane right for the races



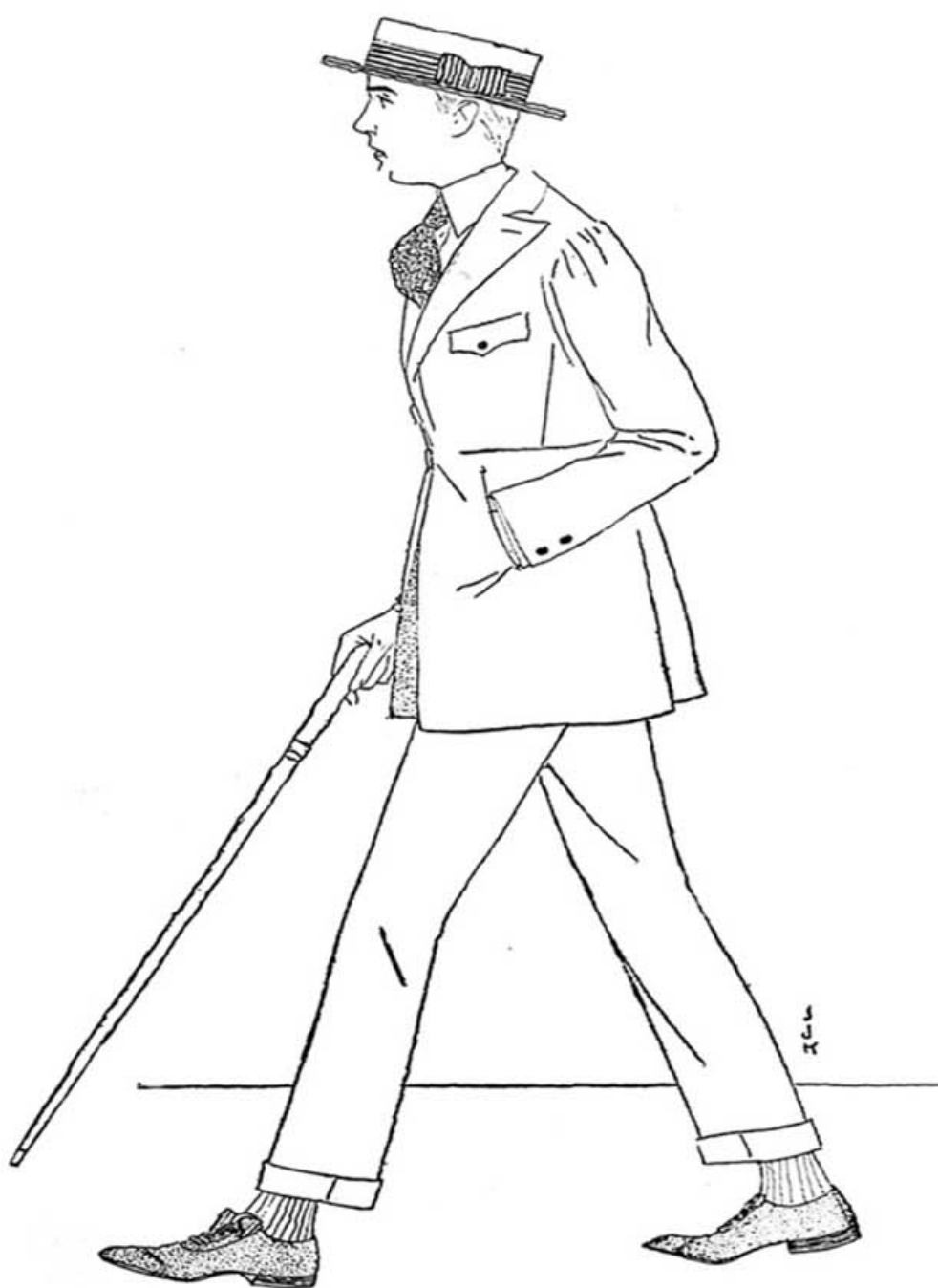
A quiet and suitable costume for evening wear at this time of year consisting of a simple dinner coat, with one or two buttons and a shawl collar; the jacket hanging easily; a black bow tie; a comfortable and conservative wing collar, and a straw hat. Vanity Fair will be glad to tell you where to purchase any of these articles

**I**F we pursue our rambles together, and four o'clock sees us, let us say, somewhere on Fifth Avenue, between the Park and 42nd Street, our powers of observation are likely to be attracted by men whose dress is in very marked contrast to that of the human specimen which we have just been observing. They are men whose





Conventional double-breasted sacque suit for summer wear made of flannel or tropical worsted. It is worn with a striped shirt, the stripes running across; a scarf of quietly contrasting solid color; low, comfortable fold-over collar; boater hat with modest club band, and brown shoes. Vanity Fair will be happy to get these articles for you



This lounge lizard is ready for lounging, with his narrow brimmed, high crowned straw hat with a meaningless fancy band; over-abundance of high collar; tie that sticks out from the top; jacket with a high waist seam, fancy pockets and a skirt full enough for a golf jacket. His trousers, rolled up, show several inches of elaborate sock



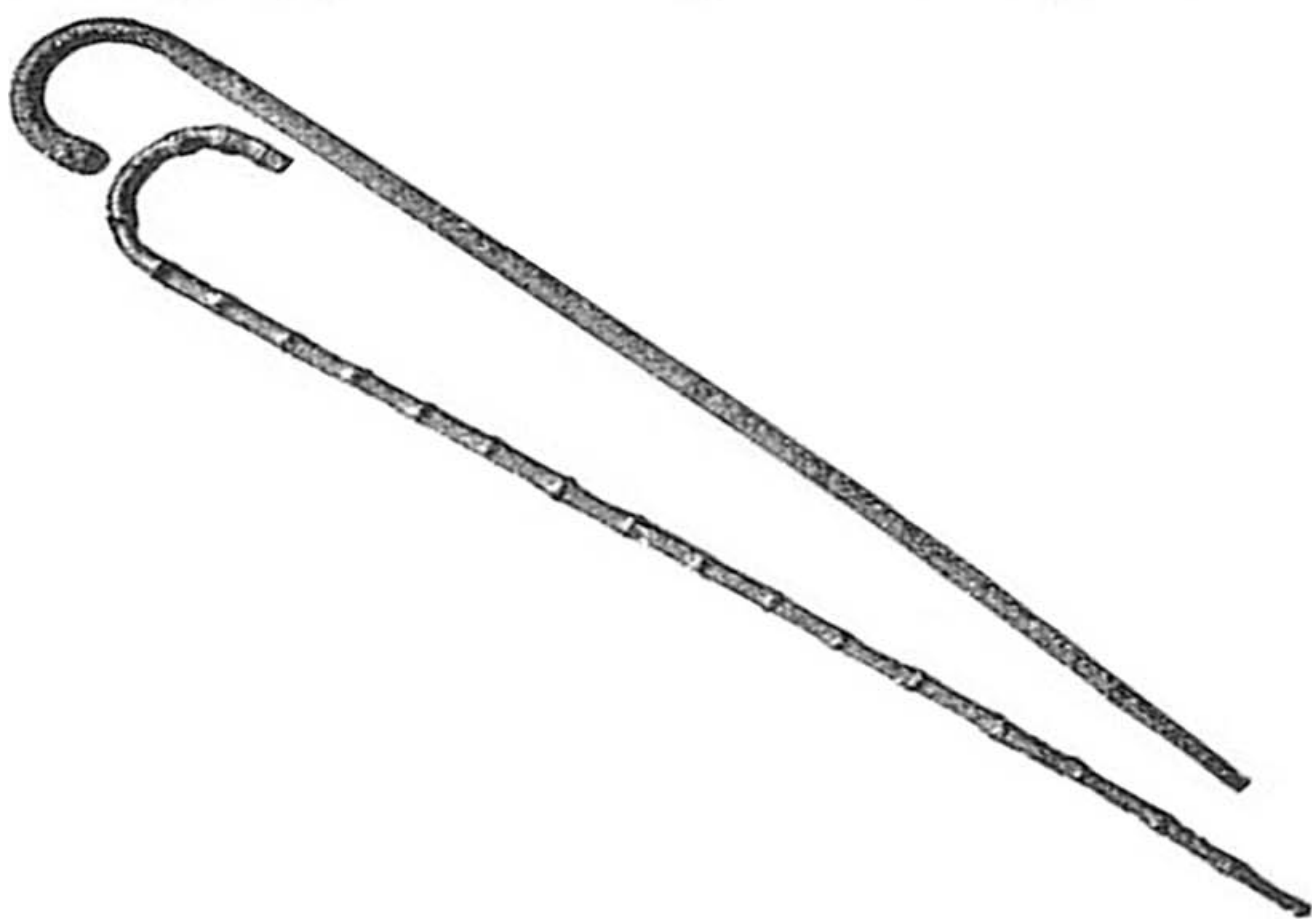
outward appearance does not register, to steal from the movies, an immediate impression. The things which they wear are impressive only upon the second or third look, and then only because of their correctness of line and harmonious suitability.

Let us single out one for particular, although we may hope unobserved, scrutiny. Beginning at the top, as we did in the case of the other, we see a boater straw hat, neither too broad nor too narrow of brim and with a well-proportioned crown which is encircled by a modest club band. The collar, of coarse white linen, is a low, fold-over model with the points trimly cut away and a general sense of easy freedom. The scarf is of a simple throw-over variety, solid in color and harmonizing with the striped shirt of madras, of which the stripes run horizontally.

The suit is apparently of flannel or of light tropical worsted with a double-breasted jacket (although if we had happened to select any one of a dozen men of like type it might have been single-breasted) which follows easily the outlines of the figure. It is buttoned with a soft roll and has but three pockets, two at the sides, with flap and the breast pocket without. The trousers fit well down over the shoes, without any cuff, and the shoes themselves are of stout brown leather and laced with a single lace. The object of our attention is carrying a crook handled whangee of good balance.

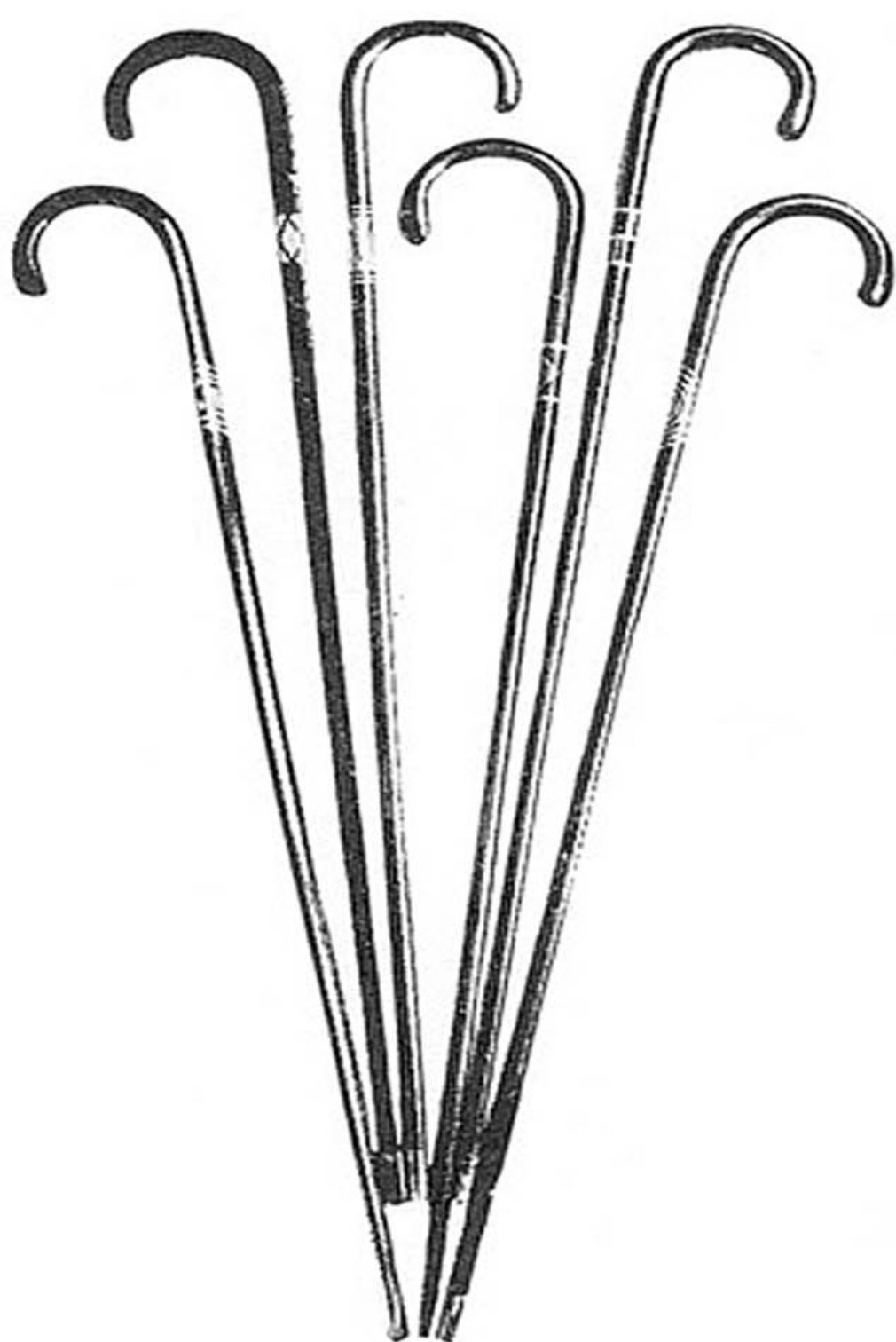


Three attractive canes; a plain ash stick, \$2.50; a bamboo with pigskin top and loop, \$7.00; and a whangee, \$3.00. Vanity Fair will get these for you





**I**F the contrasts between the good and the bad in clothes are apparent in the daytime, they are even accentuated, perhaps, when the lights go on and the life of the evening begins. At first, it seems a little odd that this should be so, because the lack of color in evening dress makes it impossible to use the garish combinations which the man lacking in taste finds so

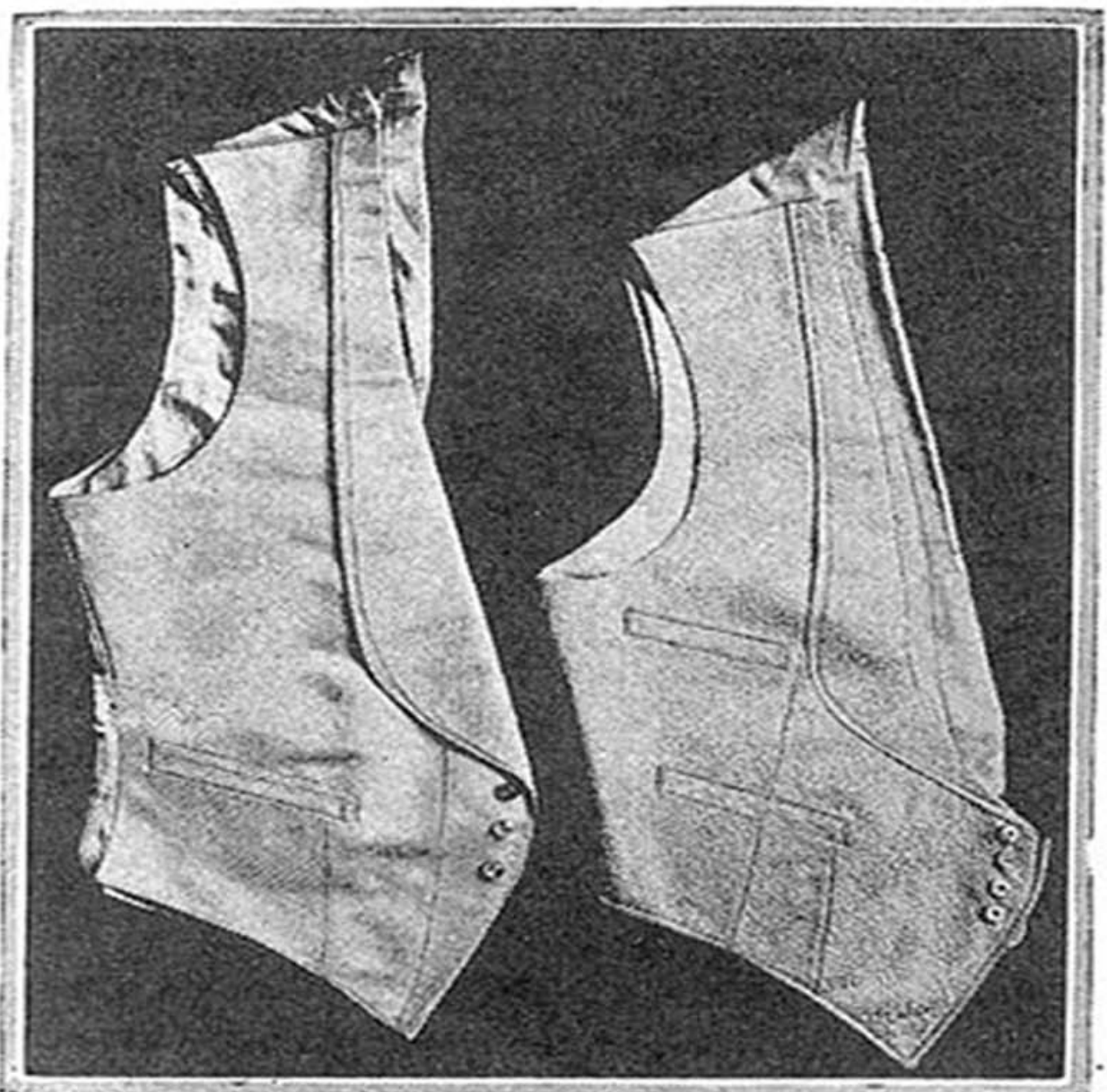


A group of elaborately mounted canes which might be summed up in the one word "dressy"



On the left, a waistcoat intended for use with a dinner jacket but suitable for a fancy dress ball. On the right, a plain black silk waistcoat of dull finish; price \$7.50. Vanity Fair gladly will get the latter for you or tell you where you can purchase it





On the left, a well-cut plain white evening waistcoat; price \$8.50. On the right, an evening waistcoat, evidently made of grandmother's wedding gown

**F**OR one at all sensitive to good judgment in clothes it is a relief to turn from him and his kind and stroll leisurely, in the warm summer night, to the doorway of the Ritz.

A charmingly gowned woman has just stepped into the doorway and her escort is telling Hopkins that he need not return. As he turns to enter also, it is a real pleasure to note how essentially the man and his clothes belong together. He is wearing a boater straw with black band with his dinner jacket. The jacket has a shawl collar and exposes a mediumly large oval of immaculate linen. His black, single-end tie smartly sets off his collar with its bold wings which are of just the right proportions. There are no superfluities, no furbelows, no exaggerations.

These contrasts, these gulfs between what is good and what is bad in dress, can be multiplied indefinitely by observation in any of our leading cities. It is but necessary to keep one's eyes open and note the impressions which are made upon the optic nerve. In this issue of *Vanity Fair* I have endeavored to illustrate some of the articles of clothing which can be classified among the sheep, and others which cannot fail to be classified among the goats.

**T**AKE, for instance, the waistcoat for evening wear. The man possessed of a nice taste in dress will instinctively choose a waistcoat which is simple in both design and material. One to be worn with full evening dress will be either of white piquet or dull white silk entirely without decoration in the way of flowers or conventional designs. In its



lines it will not be exaggerated, the points will not be too long, nor the "v" at the bottom too flaring or pronounced. Waistcoat and coat will be so designed that the former does not protrude in an ugly white line below the latter.

Much the same distinction applies to the waistcoat for use with a dinner coat. One is illustrated in these pages which is nearly an epitome of all which is undesirable. Its material looks like the stuff of which the fancy waistcoats or undercoats were made in the time of Mr. Pickwick, and it is just about as suitable for use with a dinner jacket to-day, as would be one of those flowery garments unearthed from some long-forgotten trunk in the family attic, or purchased from the stock of a theatrical costumer.

Some exceedingly bad neckties have also been chosen for illustration in this issue. Why such material should ever be made into neckwear is difficult to understand, except on the warlike theory of camouflage, which is based on the plan of making anything look like what it is not. By an extension of the same theory, a buffalo robe would make a very nice bathing suit, or a blazer would make a good coat for an afternoon wedding. The men who wear neckties of this gay and peculiar type have evidently forgotten the truth that civilization reverses nature when evolution reaches the stage of man. In the lower orders of animal life it is the male which wears the gay coloring. The peacock is far more resplendent than

**T**O some extent, savage man apes the animal kingdom in this particular, and the warrior of darkest Africa bedecks himself far more gorgeously than do his drudging spouses. But it is of the essence of civilization that this order of things be reversed, and among the modern races of Europe and America the tendency has been constantly progressive in the direction of increased sobriety of dress for man as distinguished from woman. It would be going afield from the purposes of the present article to enter upon the cultural aspects of this matter, but the paramount fact stands out in clear relief, that the whole trend of good taste is toward simplicity, unobtrusiveness and utility in the things which men wear.

With the government insisting more and more strongly upon the conservation of wool, and with a rising barometer of prices which automatically leads to conservation, it is emphatically a time not only for the selection of suitable and utilitarian clothing, but of careful attention to the matters of preserving and keeping that which one has.