

the larger the government, the smaller the citizen.

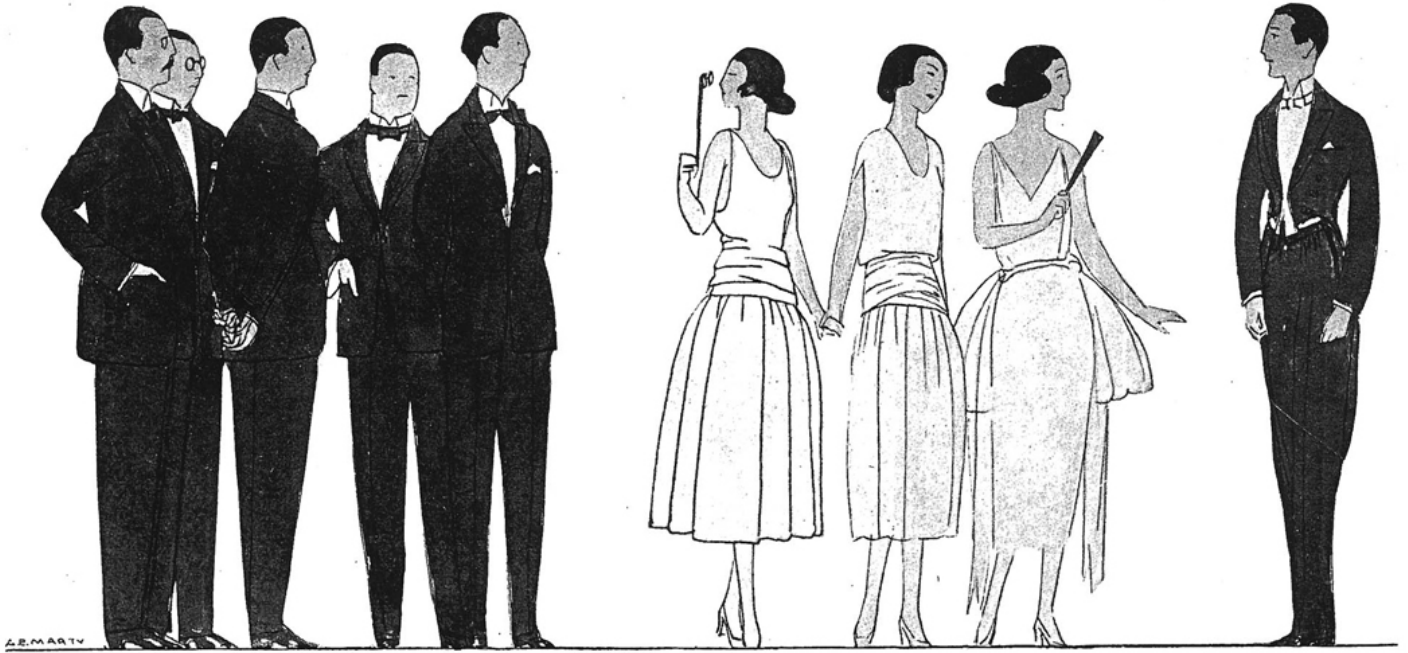
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## The CASE AGAINST *the* DECLINE of MASCULINE ELEGANCE



Many men there are, no doubt, who would gladly return to the dress coat, yet refrain through fear of ridicule. Would they but don the garment of distinction a bare dozen times in defiance of the voice of the majority, they would find that the ridicule would fall, not upon them, but upon those of their fellow men still lazy in dinner coats

A Parisienne Enters Protest against the Negligence Which Substitutes a Mere Dinner Coat for the Correct Dress Coat, to an Extent Displeasing to the Feminine World and Inimical to French Prestige

By FRANCIS de MIOMANDRE

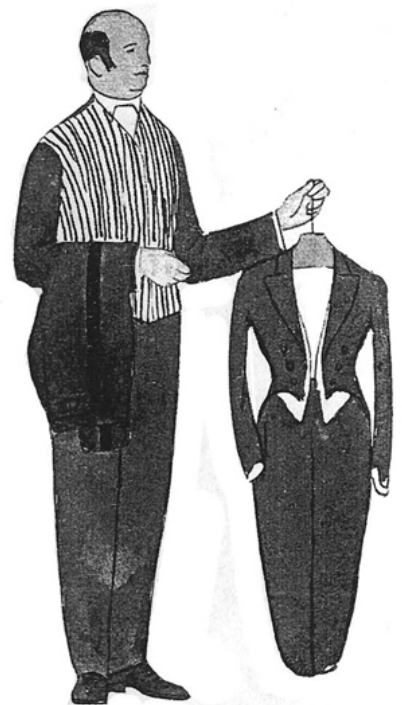


Can it be that there is really perceptibly greater difficulty in the knotting of a white tie than of a black one, that the masculine world so shuns the impeccable dress coat?

INDEED, yes, my dear friend, now that I think of it, that was something of a criticism that you made me the other evening of the ways and manners of women. It was not of the usual order, of course, for you are very well bred, but it was terrible, none the less. You have a way all your own of saying everything without seeming to say anything, so that at the moment one finds no reply to make to you. That, *parbleu*, is because one does not at the moment feel the wound. Later, however, there is time for reflection, and one realizes that you have said things which are very hard, even cruel.

Nothing that we do, we poor women, finds favour in your eyes, neither our attire, our bearing, nor our dances. Shall I confess to you very softly, *cher ami*, that I am rather of your opinion? They say that it is the privilege of mature years to find fault. The real privilege is that of seeing clearly. Being no longer blinded by any snobbishness, I see clearly, as you do. The young women of to-day astound me; I realize that they will return the compliment—to those who shall to-morrow succeed them. But, all the same, they astound me. They also scandalize me a little, for they seem to me always at the extreme edge of danger, of disaster, of bad taste. It is a miracle that they do not break their necks. Indeed, that miracle may prove to be their distinction. Then they would be right. What am I saying? They are right. They must be right, for they are young. With a little reaction, all that will take form.

However that may be, they are at present, I agree with you, disconcerting. But—are you entirely sure that you men are without reproach in the matter? Are you sure that you really deserve that perfection, those delicate attentions,



Once all the smart world of men wore it of an evening to all but the most informal of affairs. It was, as it were, a last vestige of that chivalry which they once lavished on woman

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