

Dress & Vanity Fair

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THE WELL DRESSED MAN

A Brief Autumn Visit to the Country



Soft colored flannel shirt and collar

SOME few days ago I accepted an invitation to spend the week end with a friend at his half year home which rests in a lovely land within two hours by motor from New York. I have concluded to take him, together with the men who were his guests, and what they wore at this time of the year, in the country, as the text of my paper.

By rail I reached the village of R — and was met at the station by my friend. It is a theory of mine that in small details and when they are off guard, that men show their real selves. As I observed my friend's clothes this thought came forcibly to me. Everything he had on was quite right from the soft hat of dark brown fuzzy felt to the heavy soled soft leg boots. The blue linen, slightly starched stock was tied correctly and held by a platinum safety pin. The great coat made double-breasted was of material that was light in weight, yet warm. It was a country coat, hanging full with wide collar, and cuffs that could be buttoned down tight around the wrists. It was a rational coat for motoring in these days which have the first cool touch of autumn. The *tout ensemble* showed the hand of a well trained servant and a master who is careful and knows.

A MILE or more through a pearl gray mist which hung in trees of a thousand colors and as the sun said good-night we drew up in front of the house. Within were many whom I



A pleated jacket and knickerbockers of brown India homespun; soft wool waist-coat and stockings

knew, others whom I had never seen before. The great room with its linen paneling, the screen, the high mantel framing the burning logs, and the comfortable placing of everything, brought back pictures of autumns in a far away land.

Over Scotch and soda we talked a bit before crossing for dinner. I could not help thinking how well groomed these men looked. They had been there through the day; they were costumed for the country and for sport. The dinner I shall not dwell on. A man's party is a stupid affair at best, and I shall hope for applause from the ladies in the gallery. The men were in evening

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clothes, jacket suits, double and single breasted. The waist-coats were white or black exposing much of the stiff-bosomed shirts. I saw no double collars worn with these clothes for the evening. There was either the plain, standing collar which lapped or was broken in front, or the bold winged collar — all worn with the black tie. I saw only plain, black silk socks above the low shoes or pumps. The jewelry was simple; in one or two instances perhaps, *very* beautiful in its simplicity.



Two button saddle jacket, Jodhpore trousers and Blucher boots

LATE I retired. My bedroom was a charming combination of Georgian and Queen Anne in its furnishing and the old bed I know has supported a number of historic personages. There was the usual array of glass bottles and cigarettes, but on the table beside my bed, under the reading light, was "Benvenuto Cellini" — a book that my friend would not select for himself, but one he knew I liked. It is such little personal touches, which no servant would think of and which show the master's own thought, that one prizes and is most grateful for.

I switched off my light and wondered if Benvenuto was really such a swashbuckler as he painted himself, and . . . "Will you have your bath, sir?" — and the morning

was in at my window. That man had been in my room, laid out my dressing things and drawn my bath and I had never heard him! He had been taught to perform his duties noiselessly.

IT WAS a hasty bath and a hasty dressing, and I was shortly in the breakfast room, ready for a long breakfast. The day offered everything. Outside I could hear, "Take an ace," then "Fifteen-love," — evidently men were already at tennis, men in white flannels, men in gray flannels, with heavy, wool socks, and white shoes on the feet, and I saw men playing in soft, fleece sweaters of brilliant colors. Even with the renewed zest for this game I find no waning in the number of golf enthusiasts. The links adjacent to our house proved this by the numerous devotees already out and by those waiting. I noticed, too, the creeping in of customs and fashions in the apparel for this sport that were lightly spoken of last year, but which to-day are quite common. A year ago, even at this season, one would not have seen many men wearing jackets while golfing; to-day the etiquette on this point is observed here and one finds but few men on any links of prominence without the jacket while in play.



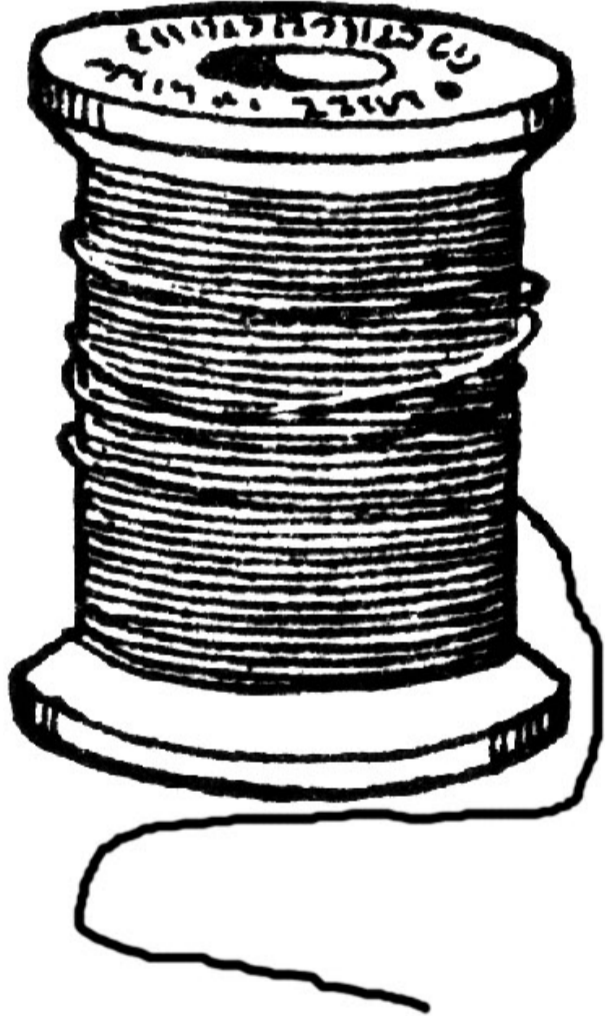
Colored linen shirt with low turned down collar attached

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KNICKERBOCKERS have come back, and the tassel on the end of the garter which is exposed below the turn-down of the stocking is no longer a source of amusement. I should say the best looking golf suits I saw were of India homespun in various shades of brown, and Shetland homespuns which showed bold weaves in black and white, and brown and white. There were jackets of these stuffs which had plaits in front holding perpendicular pockets, and great side pockets below. Across the back only, at the natural waistline, was a strap which held the fulness at the waist in small plaits. I saw many in the full knickerbockers or bags that strap below the knee wearing plain, sacque jackets, but even if these jackets were the ordinary sacque or of the Norfolk type, they were made properly. They did not have the roomy effect that some men seem to feel is necessary, but fitted close up under the arm so that they would stay in place with any movement of the body. The coarse wool stockings in game-feather mixtures reflected the colors of the stuffs in darker shades. The stout shoes in black and in brown in many cases had the full brogan finish and hanging-over slashed tongues.

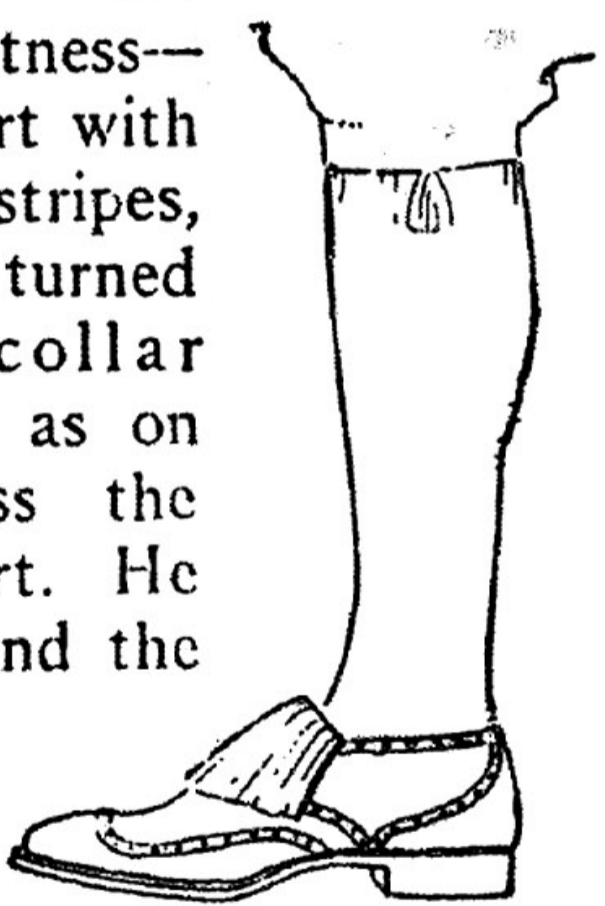


THERE in the Country Club were men in smart looking tweed sacques and ditto breeches with the buttons placed to the inside of the knee bone, and soft legged boots; others in homespuns, the India homespuns I have mentioned, with buttoned cloth leggings and laced boots. I saw others too, wearing Jodhpore trousers. These trousers for the saddle seem to be having a great popularity. They look well if cut properly (this means so they do not twist or crawl up), when worn with a smart jacket, and by the right man.



With the colored shirts were worn colored collars and this seems appropriate for country use. My host's neck dress had the usual exactness—white shirt with black stripes, the low turned down collar

showing the stripes around as on the single cuff and across the plaited bosom of the shirt. He wore a solid black scarf and the same safety-pin he had used in his stock the day before. With the flannel and silk shirts that had soft collars of the same stuff, held with bar pins.



Full brogued shoe with overhanging slashed tongue