

STRAUSS MAGAZINE
THEATRE PROGRAM

for the Spring of 1916



*What the Man
Will
Wear*

Evening.

A TWELVEMONTH ago, the war had sobered "le monde ou l'on s'amuse" like an icy douche. Europe rang with the clump of tramping feet. Forked lightning seemed to lurk in the sky. In club cars of limited trains and smoke rooms of trans-Atlantic liners heads were put together and the air was as tense as a fiddle-string.

Jeremiads were sung and one mumbled darkly of this, that and the other, lump in throat and heart in mouth. Fashion tipsters, with long ears and short sight, said that the world would put on black, and style was knocked in the head, and look for the deluge, and so on "ad nauseam."



Well, the Palm Beach Season of 1916 has been the most brilliant in the chronicles of American Society. It drew a more notable gathering of fashion practitioners than our homeland has seen at one time in one place, and it gave a filip to more new styles and fads than ever within memory. All these will be

pictured and described here betimes.

Afternoon.

Time was, when if you wore a double-breasted mufti jacket, you felt almost as lonely as a coral island in the South Seas. Quite three years ago, this type of garment, never outmoded, came to be readopted by the generality of us, until this spring one sees it on smartly turned out men everywhere, and, of course and inevitably, on those who parrot them.


However, gone are the hock-bottle-shoulders that used to spoil this jacket and make it a pinched-and-hunched absurdity. Shoulders are natural, waistlines are natural, skirt-drapery is natural, naturalness is the key in which all contemporary fashion is pitched.

The double-breasted affair portrayed in the accompanying sketch, is only one of the modish jackets of the season. The collar is wide and low-notched; the lapels are unflattened, broadish and peaked; the pockets slant; the waist is curved over the arch of the hips; the cuffs are plain and the bottom corners are rounded off.

Such a jacket is very becoming to the spare, tallish, upstanding figure, nor does it misbecome the thicker-set man, if it be cut by a tailor who knows what he's about.

Morning.

Though there is supposed to be a pinching shortage of foreign cravat-tings, you see no end of Spitalfields, Macclesfield, French and Italian silks in spring scarfs at the smart Avenue shops. To be sure, the patterns are a bit dull and one misses the prismatic colors of former seasons.



Cravats, as foretold here, are edging toward narrowness, though this doesn't mean niggardly shapes. Knots of sailor scarfs (four-in-hands) are of fairish size, with a goodly spread of apron.

Bow-knot (batwing) ties are in the high noon of their vogue to accompany the tab

(wing) collar.

The white piqué soft collar, illustrated here, is seemly for the most informal morning dress. It is shown together with a flat bow-knot tie of a type which has vaulted into sudden "popularity," since it was described here at the launching of the Southland season.

Shirts with colored bodies and white piqué bosoms and double cuffs, overlaid with brilliant stripes, are sponsored by the best-turned-out set. The cuffs are heavily starched and, to have them swish comfortably, the jacket-sleeve is cut with a slight bell-bottom flare. —BEAUNASH.

Addresses where merchandise described in the foregoing can be obtained may be had from Frank V. Strauss & Co., 108-114 Wooster Street, New York.