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Miss Gertrude Bryan as Her Every-Day Self.

By GERTRUDE BRYAN

IN the first place man's dress is all wrong. I should like to form a league for the sartorial improvement of man. I've worn trousers for some months now as Boy Blue, and I know just how I'd dress my husband.

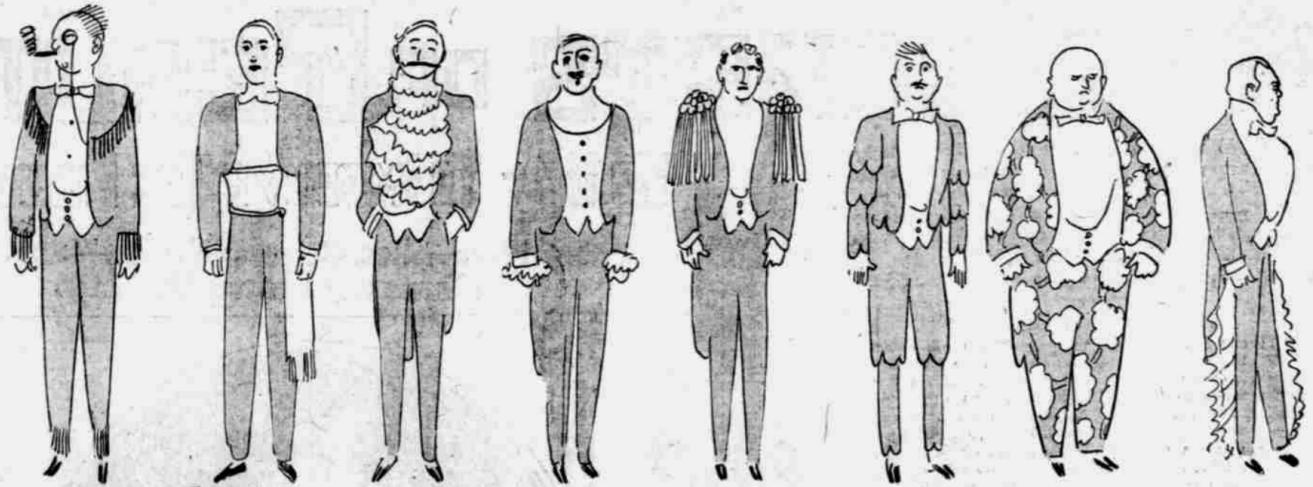
All men look alike to me in evening clothes. Most men look alike in any clothes. When I look out at the audience every night I am filled with wonder. In the mass a man audience looks like one huge billboard mounted on black stilts, a streak of white amidships and surmounted with an air of pleased complacency. Men are the inventors, the creators, the great original geniuses of the world—why, then, don't they invent something original and pleasing for their raiment, as women do. I know why, because men are really such cowards.

Wearing brooches changes a woman's outlook. What do I study nowadays as I walk about town? Why, the haberdashery windows. I pass the shops devoted to fluff, ruffly things and stare at men's shirts and waistcoats. I always wanted to be a boy; I'm sorry I'm not one in reality. But I do miss the lovely colors, the softness, the faces, the distinctiveness of femininity and I can't see a reason why they shouldn't be incorporated in men's wardrobes. I know just how I shall dress HIM—HIM'S my husband when I get HIM.

I hope and pray, of course, that



Miss Bryan's Sketch of a Dancing Man's and a Non-Dancing Man's Shoes.



GERTRUDE BRYAN

Here is a Row of Gertrude Bryan's Valentines Drawn Especially by Her for This Newspaper. Each Figure Shows Just How She Thinks That Particular Man Ought to Dress. If You Look Just Like Any of Them and Will Dress That Way She Might Consider YOU as HER Valentine.

"How I'd Dress HIM"

"ALL men look alike to me," said little Gertrude Bryan, the boy-girl of "Little Boy Blue." "When I get married, HE'S got to look different." "Face and figure?" we asked. "Oh, dear, no! 'CLOTHES!'" said Miss Bryan. "How would you dress men to make them look different, and especially how would you dress HIM?" we asked. "I'll write it and draw it for you," said she. Here it is:

with the Sketches--Try 'Em if You Dare, and Maybe Be Her Valentine



Suggested Bandoaux for Bald Heads and a Style for a Thin Neck.—Drawn by Gertrude Bryan.

ban. I am perfectly serious. I may be revolutionary but please remember that every style I suggest has been at one time or other a masculine style, and who can say I am not right?

Like woman, he should seek to hide his weak points and bring out his good. He should feign a virtue if he has it not. Every shape, every type of man wears the same open face clothes at night, the same shape in the daytime. At night, no matter what his figure is, he hides behind the billboard-shirt, the low cut waistcoat. Funny, isn't it, that in evening clothes women go in for the low cut bodice and man for the low cut waistcoat. The more of his shirt a man shows the better dressed he feels after six o'clock and—well so does a woman or something like that.

I want to remember the men I meet, but how can I when they all dress alike. But when I meet a crowd of strange women I remember them easily. I say to myself Mrs. S— is the woman with the yellow gown; Mrs. B— is the one with the green, and so on.

How much easier, how much better, how much more sane it would be if men would follow my idea and then I could say, Mr. S— is the man with the cerise frilled trousers; Mr. B— is the one with the golden sash and the pearl bandeau; Mr. R— is the gentleman in the Venetian point jabot and the fringed Dutch pantaloons.

How simple it would all be and how attractive! Here is a tall, narrow-chested man. On his coat, instead of the modern lapels, I would have a shawl collar edged

with fringe. I should be careful to choose colors to harmonize with his eyes and hair. A man with dark blue eyes could wear the most ravishing blues and grays. A man with red hair could wear vivid purples and greens. The fringe costume would be ravishingly done in rich purple velvet.

The sash costume could be developed in hundreds of ways. Years ago, in the days of the blazer men wore shashes. They wear them in Spain, in Mexico and in Carmen today. A very tall, slender man might wear a green velvet costume, the fabric falling in soft folds. He could wear a red or gold sash wrapped many times around his waist. His trousers should flare widely at the bottom like the old caballeros, and his cuffs should have the same wide flare. The effect of sash, folds and curves would be to soften his lines and make him so distinctive. No one could ever fail to recognize him again.

You begin to see the principal of my idea. The sash should never be worn though by a man of embonpoint.

When I look at the poor necks of the fat men I weep. It is all so wickedly foolish. Behold them in their high tight collars! Or in their low, loose collars! They should never wear collars. In my new styles for men I have designed a charming costume for the fat necked man. It is the low cut combination coat and waistcoat. They are of a dignified regression in color. They are made together and they are cut as low as the individual dares. There should be ripples upon ripples of very narrow lace edging to the bodice and lace should fall heavily over the wrists, concealing the pudgy hands. I personally prefer black or blue velvet for this costume because both make all stout people look smaller.

The elongated, narrow man who yearns for up and down stripes and who looks lankier than ever in modern evening clothes should adopt what I call the section costume. This costume is literally made of sections about two inches deep going around the body in concentric rings. The coat starts with a fall of twenty rings in a cape like collar, very wide. The coat is one series of these tucks; they run down his sleeves, down his bifurcations, flaring out in wide cape-like effects at cuffs and bottom of trousers. This costume developed in bull blue or dark maroon, will make him look stouter. Scalloping the edges of the tucks will relieve the monotony and tend to cut an inch or two from his height. No man should look to be more than six feet tall.

Do you think I am joking? Let me assure you I am not. For the life of me I don't see why men should go uniformed and not be able to dress individually and attractively. I should also have men dress according to their occupations, their professions. Of course those only while at their occupations.

There is the problem of the bald-headed man. Every bald-headed man looks alike from the rear, and nothing is ever done to make the bald head ornamental. What finer setting could there be for the bandeaux than the hairless dome? You never see one bandeau quite like another, and they are so distinctive. Mr. K— might wear one of emerald velvet with rhinestone clasps; Mr. P— might abuse under a gold band with deep clusters of grapes falling over his ears—there is no limit to their charm and variety. If you think it impossible I pray

By F. CHRISTIAN MILLER

Do and Don't Exercises--

THIS is the sixth of a series of practical lessons on health and grace especially prepared for this newspaper by Miss F. Christian Miller, F. C. T., the famous English health expert.

TAKE your exercises with discretion.

Take only those for which you know the reason for taking and which you know are needed by and valuable to you.

Stop before you are tired. The Conn. Institute, which I represent, has for its motto one word: "Moderation." We do not believe in strenuous exercises. Five-minute exercises may rebuild the body, making it over as new, in a reasonable time. Ten minutes daily are in most cases better, but fifteen minutes we believe to be quite enough—in some instances too much. We do not believe in the vigorous exercises of the gymnasium, because of the danger of their overdoing them, especially for delicate young girls.

To rolling, which is practised so much in America by women who wish to grow thin, I am opposed, because of its danger to the heart. Unless your heart is in all respects sound and normal you endanger your health and menace your life by rolling.

The exercise of lying with feet under a chair or the radiator or any other heavy article and slowly raising yourself into a sitting or standing position I consider too great

a strain upon the tendons and muscles, and liable to cause internal injury. Never attempt it without cushions to stop your fall. I will not alarm you by telling you all that might happen from this exercise unless you are bunglingly followed. Take my advice. Don't do it at all. I see signs of hockey matches on the billboards on your walls. That is well enough for men, but it is too violent for women. It is a game that should be for all time barred to women.

Hanging from suspended rings, a favorite pursuit in gymnasiums, is fraught with danger to women. Young girls are especial sufferers from it. It throws most of the weight of the body on the abdominal region, causing pressure upon the delicate organs. The slightest undue pressure, even so slight, as a finger's weight, always causes some degree of congestion. And congestion is always dangerous.

A good exercise for almost every one—indeed, I will make no exceptions—is that of rising on the tip-toes and slowly settling back again. It must be done well. There must be no carelessness. If you rise from heel to tip-toe and settle down again from tip-toe to heel, doing this with military precision and regularity, counting three slowly as you rise and three as you settle

back upon the heel, the exercise will prove a most valuable one in poise.

It may be truthfully said that every exercise which really stimulates regular and safe deep breathing is a good exercise. There is no mystery about deep breathing. It is only normal breathing done more slowly and with greater emphasis.

I do not believe in breathing from the diaphragm. It is sufficient for health and for the right development of the figure to breathe from the chest, but do this thoroughly, sweeping every cell clean.

But there is a preliminary which seems so commonplace that I hesitate to repeat it, test you joke-seeking Americans laugh at it. Never neglect my duty. If the curtains at your windows were stiff with dust you would not expect the air that contrived to pass through them to be pure. So if you do not keep your nasal passages free from all obstructions the air you take into your lungs will be impure, the blood will be impoverished and you will become anemic. A great vocal teacher began his lecture to his class by saying: "Discover whether your airshaft is clear by the simple expedient of blowing your nose. Do this not violently, like a trumpet call, but gently and easily blow down one nasal passage and then the other, in order to clear them." Said he: "The silly habit of pinching the nostrils together and blowing by forced expulsion not only tends to inflame the delicate

lining of the nose, but often affects the eardrum."

It was this same authority on vocalization who gave these instructions in deep breathing, the best I have ever followed. Though designed for singers, they are of equally great value to laymen.

"Stand erect, chest and chin up, and with the hands on hips. Raise the chest, but do this without inhaling. You will be inclined to arch the back by stiffening the lumbar muscles. Don't do it."

"Slowly inhale through the nostrils in five short, separate, silent—don't whistle—inhalations, until the lungs are filled to their utmost capacity, yet avoid the slightest strain."

"Pause for three mental counts, and then slowly exhale while mentally counting eight."

"Take another breath in the same way, and increase the number of counts during exhalation by two, making ten. This number can gradually be increased until twenty or even thirty counts are reached. But stop when you begin to grow dizzy."

The Prettiest Girl-Boy on the Stage Describes Her Ideal Fashions for Men, Helps You



Miss Gertrude Bryan as a Boy, Proving She Knows What She's Talking About.

you look in your histories and see what wonderful bandeaux the gentlemen wore in Nero's time. The bald head would then become a thing of beauty, a glorious setting for fashion's art. I also have in mind adaptations of the turban.

Again, all men's shoes look alike. Women do not. Most women have the call on everything pretty? And it is very discouraging for a girl to find that at a dance she has carefully smiled on men who do not dance! The non-dancing men should be allowed great latitude in their foot gear, but all should be forced to wear long upturned points to their shoes. A girl could then tell at a glance whether he was a wall-flower or a floorwalker.

All this and much more I have learned from my acquired trousers. I hope it will be enough to start you men thinking and you women, too. Once again, believe me, I am not joking. Man is about the only animal on earth whose costume is less attractive than that of the female. He should wake up.

In his fringed trousers, his tucked, scalloped and bunched coats and waistcoats, his low cut necks and billowy laces, jewelled bandeaux and silken shoes I see him coming into being! Oh, happy, happy vision!



The Kind of Trousers a Bow-Legged Man Should Wear