

DIETRIE'S GREAT CORSET

They Call It an Instrument of Torture, While Others Cling to It as Women's Best Friend.



DOLL, WITHOUT CORSET



DE HALLY, WITHOUT CORSET



CAVALIERI, WITHOUT CORSET



HAYGATE, WITH CORSET



BARNLEY, WITHOUT CORSET

PARIS, Aug. 2.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Half of the most famous Paris beauties now boast that they wear no corsets. Among them are statuesque creatures like Hatto, of the Opera; Cora Laparcerie, wife of the poet Richepin; Mlle. de Hally, who is supposed to have a simply perfect figure; Dieterle, whom they compare to a Sevres porcelain figurine; the voluptuous Doll Darnley; the classical little Maud Amy—and big Anna Held. Little and big, slender and plump, they form no particular noncorset type, but seem to be just so many splendid women rejoicing a new-found grace and freedom.

"The corset is the special enemy of feminine health and beauty," says the divine Hatto. "In future ages they will not be able to believe that women ever could endure such instruments of torture for the pleasure of deforming their bodies. The stomach and liver become crushed; the lungs cannot dilate to take in enough air to renew the blood; the diaphragm and the intestines, brutally pushed back, protest in spasmodic contractions. What they used to call 'the vapors,' sudden rushes of blood to the head and frequent faintings, had no other cause; and the neurosthenia of today finds its start in the corset!"

"There is a steel corset of the 15th century in the 'Luncheon Museum,'" says Cora Laparcerie. "Look at it. It is an unyielding metallic cage and seems atrocious. Yet it was only dangerous by excess of compression; it followed the feminine form—and ended above the hips. The present straight corset is far worse. It is a rigid scabbard in which we lose our natural form. The abdomen is so to speak—suppressed; the group is thrown back, and the bust is thrown forward so that it is still a several inches out of balance and where we put what we eat!"

At present they are giving a symposium in the Paris press, these beauties without corsets. The dainty Dieterle commenced it by an interview in which she told an awful sight she saw at her own corsetmaker's. It was a stout, old lady of 55 years trying to get into a corset that had been made expressly for her measure.

"She took her poor old abdomen in her two hands," says Dieterle, "and pulled it up! You understand, the corset had been put on her fairly loose to start. Then

as her maid stood ready with the strings, she suffered reached down and pulled up some abdomen. The maid began pulling tight. The martyr fetched some more up. And the maid laced tighter. And so, in time, she got her abdomen displaced miraculously, in a word, transformed to bust!"

This was enough for Dieterle, whose doctor had already shown her some diagrams representing the compression of the organs by the modern straight corset. "When one stands straight, one is compressed in a disgusting manner," she tells, "but the second diagram showed how the slightest movement forward still increases the compression. Out! I took my corset off!"

"Up to 16 years of age," says the voluptuous Doll, "I wore no corset and I posed for artists. It is the consecrated phrase, you know, *soixante ans et pas de corset!* I know from those days that artists will not look upon a model whose form has been modified by corset-wearing. Their ideal of beauty is the Venus of Milo and the Winged Victory."

"Yes," replies the divine Brestl, "we have all been told about the Venus of Milo. Once an artist friend told me about her once too often. He had a fine, life-size copy of the famous Venus."

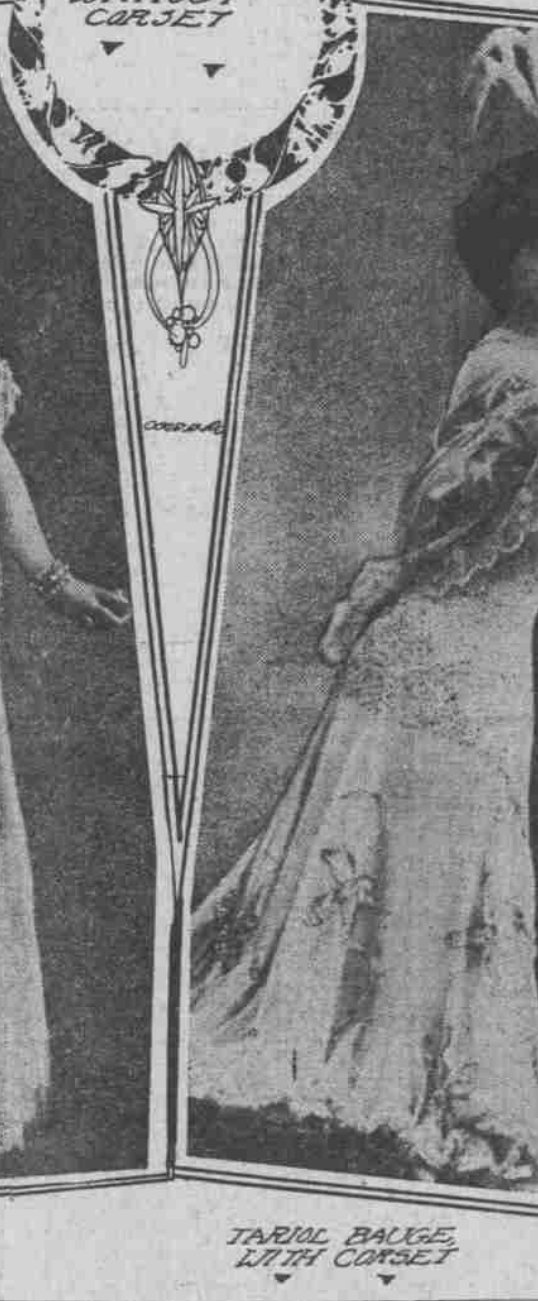
"Let us dress her!" I said—to teach him a lesson. I put a skirt on her, and a shirtwaist, and a nice bolero—and she was a sight, his Venus of Milo! "Would you walk out in the street with such a thick-waisted creature?" I asked; and his silence was eloquent."

There you are! Looking at those beauties without corsets, listening to their boasts of suppleness, of natural grace and freedom and of bounding health, one might come to think easily that the lovely specimens had hit upon a wondrous aesthetic as well as hygienic reform, until—

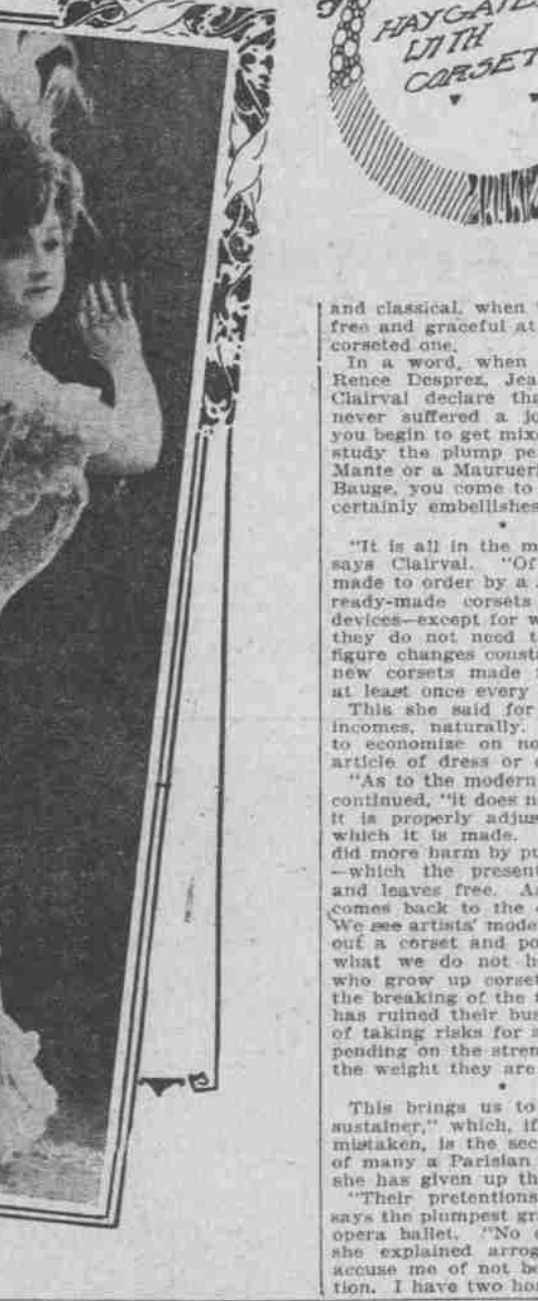
Until you hear the sarcasms, the protests, the explanations, reasonings and appeals to experience made by their sisters who cling to the corset until you see that those who still wear the "instrument of torture" are statuesque



MANTE, WITH CORSET



TARDOL BAUGE, WITH CORSET



HAYGATE, WITH CORSET

and classical, when they desire it, and are free and graceful at all times as any uncorseted one.

In a word, when perfect beauties like Renee Desprez, Jeanne Pierat or Lucie Clairval declare that their bodies have never suffered a jot from compression, you begin to get mixed up. And when you study the plump perfections of a Louise Mante or a Marguerite Brestl or a Tardol-Bauge, you come to think that the corset certainly embellishes.

"It is all in the making of the corset," says Clairval. "Of course it must be made to order by a skillful corset maker; ready-made corsets are simply ruinous devices—except for women so slender that they do not need them. Also, as one's figure changes constantly, you must have new corsets made for you continually—at least once every three months."

This she said for women of moderate incomes, naturally. It is best for such to economize on no matter what other article of dress or object of luxury.

"As to the modern straight corset," she continued, "it does nothing but good when it is properly adjusted to the body for which it is made. The old style corset did more harm by pushing in the stomach—which the present style one protects and leaves free. As for the rear, all comes back to the question of the bust. We see artists' models who grow up without a corset and possess fine busts; but what we do not hear about are those who grow up corsetless at the price of the breaking of the fibers. Going without has ruined their busts. It is a question of taking risks for a young girl even depending on the strength of the fibers and the weight they are called on to hold."

This brings us to the famous "throat sustainer," which, if Louise Mante is not mistaken, is the secret of the suppleness of many a Parisian beauty boasting that she has given up the corset. "The artist's pretensions make me smile," she says. "The plumpest grand star of the grand opera ballet, if one will accuse me, she has given up the corset. 'No one will accuse me of not being always in condition. I have two hours daily of the hard-

est kind of muscular exercise—the essential daily training of a danseuse. At the bar, like any beginner. Every muscle of my body is at my command. My waist must be flexible."

For this reason she claims the right to speak of corsets with authority. "When they have busts of any volume be sure they protect them with the soutien-gorge," she says, speaking of the boaster and using the delicate Paris phrase of "throat sustainer."

The device itself is something in the style of a bolero, very short and high, suspended from the shoulders and clasping and sustaining the bust.

"These same women who do not wear corsets also keep their waists by means of a whalebone girdle," laughs the solid corset-wearing danseuse. "Amme, there you are," she concluded to the interviewer. "The soutien-gorge may be compared to the upper part of a corset. The whalebone girdle may be assimilated to the waist of a corset. Yet they wear no corset."

For that matter some of the non-corset group admit the use of substitutes.

"I use the soutien-gorge," says de Hally, "while for the waist I find myself well off with an India silk girdle. Sarah Bernhardt introduced it many years ago. I was a tiny tot then. It is a band of the finest, lightest silk, five yards long, often. Someone must hug its extreme end. Then holding the other tight against the front part of your waist, you must turn slowly—like a spinning top—and wind and wind it round always pulling on it tight and always adjusting it, with your two hands to the form of your waist above the hips."

It is the Oriental woman's waist-presser and may be as tight as any corset. Indeed, I am not sure that it is hygienic; and it certainly reminds me of the latest and most extreme corset-wearer's device described by Dieterle. She says she saw it worn by the stout matron who "fought" her abdomen to get into the straight corset the instant before her maid pulled the strings.

"It is a corset in the second degree," she explains the sprightly Dieterle, "because, you know, there are forms that will bulge out of any corset. Now, when the corset is straining to hold the form, what shall she do? Have it made up in a new device. It is a corset-cover of the most resisting kind of silk or taffeta, simply moulded over the corset on the inside. It must be buttoned with a button-hook! It is the latest thing," says Dieterle, "a corset for a corset!"

STERLING HEBBING.

Usefulness of Worn-Out Garments

THE woman who consigns her old silk petticoats that, to all appearances, have outlived their day of usefulness, worn silk handkerchiefs that have served their legitimate purpose, and other odds and ends of soft silk to the rag bag, has in very truth, parted with friends in need.

Nothing makes a better dust cloth for pianos and other highly polished furniture than a piece of old silk.

For wiping the dust from silk garments, silk or chiffon hats, and similar articles of apparel a piece of old silk will prove so satisfactory that after one trial a brush, no matter how fine its bristles, will be discarded.

Black cotton, silk or lisle thread stockings that are quite hopeless from the darning's point of view still have not served their duty when they may be transformed into most excellent polishers for hardwood or oiled floors.

They should be laid smoothly one upon the other, until several thicknesses are formed, then rolled, beginning with the feet, into a compact roll, and sewed securely.

The woman who delights in the reflecting surface of her floors will find in this home-made polisher, which leaves absolutely no lint in its wake, a worthy rival of those in the market. Then, too, which is always gratifying to the housewife of strong economical tendencies, she has the comforting assurance that she is putting a seemingly worthless article to some real practical use.

Nor is the usefulness of old black stockings confined to floor polishers. They make No. 1 dusting cloths and have no rival when it comes to giving the finish-

ing shine to lamp chimneys, and for cleaning the dust from walking shoes or pumps no better means can be desired.

Knit underwear, no matter how badly worn, should never be discarded as worthless so long as a piece six inches square can be obtained from it, for it makes the very best of wash rags, being soft in texture and easily kept sweet and clean. The cloth should be cut into pieces of the desired size, then neatly hemmed. The comfort derived from having always at hand a generous stock of these indispensable articles will more than repay one for the labor of making them.

Worn tray cloths, dresser scarves, and similar articles of linen have only half done their duty when too shabby for the use for which they were originally intended. When this stage of their existence is reached they should be consigned to the storeroom and kept for polishing glassware.

The good portions of worn tablecloths

should be cut into pieces of symmetrical shape and hemmed. These cloths will prove invaluable in the storeroom for covering bread, cake and similar food-stuffs.

Flannel garments that can be worn no longer should be ripped apart, washed clean, folded neatly, and stored where they are easily accessible for use in sickness and other emergencies, when, as the provident housewife has realized more than once, a piece of flannel is practically worth its weight in gold. A piece of flannel should always be kept in the storeroom or silver closet for rubbing the silver.

Another thing the forehanded housewife does not fail to husband in the way of resources is her stock of worn sheets and other bed linen, for she well knows that when sickness takes up its abode in her household, as it does sooner or later in all homes, she will have great need of them.

Sunlight and the House

Sunlight is Nature's most health-giving scavenger. A house without sunlight is unhealthy and unsafe for human occupancy, and it is necessary not only to have some sunlight, but to have as much of it as possible. It is, of course, not feasible to admit the direct rays of the sun to every room of a house; the typical plan of all houses is square or rectangular, and at least one side of the house is entirely beyond the reach of the sun. The other three sides, however, can receive more or less direct sunlight, and the problem of the plan is thus reduced to arranging the

various rooms so that the amount of sunlight is adjusted to their uses, and it must be sunlight, for mere light itself is not sufficient. The rays of the sun have curative and cleansing properties that nothing else has.

It is generally admitted that a southern exposure is the best for all houses, and should be obtained whenever possible. It is immaterial whether the entrance be placed on this side or not, so long as the rooms most in use open onto it. In dwellings of average size the entrance front will also be the front on which any important room opens; but in large country

FEW DONTS FOR THE PICNIC GIRL

THE picnic girl is the jolliest, brightest and most good-natured of all the large family of Summer girls. In the first place, she starts out to have a good time and to have everybody else have one, and consequently she leaves any little pet dignities she may have at home with her starched frocks and her long gloves, and forgets herself completely.

She does not worry everybody on the way by wondering if it will rain. Certainly rain is not a joyous addition to a picnic, but if it comes nobody can help it, and the party must make the best of it. The person who predicts rain and then self-righteously exclaims, "There! I knew it!" when the drops begin to fall, deserves a ducking in the pond.

Don't make the mistake of wearing your good clothes to a picnic, nor yet of wearing a frock that is soiled or sloppy, with the idea that anything will do. Wear a dress that you won't regret tearing or soiling. Have it fresh and clean, and whatever you do, don't go in pumps and openwork stockings.

The woods are swarming in August with every sort of insect that lives, and they are just waiting for a foolish Summer girl and her exposed ankles. It is now a scientific fact that mosquitoes carry many kinds of disease. You can fight them off elsewhere, but it's a risky thing to leave your ankles uncovered or unsupported when you are tramping through the woods or climbing hills. Leave vanity at home and wear high shoes.

Wear any kind of a funny hat you like. It will add to the enjoyment of the occasion. It has been known to break the ice of many a difficult situation, and it

houses the old distinction of a front and back to a house has disappeared, and, instead, we have the entrance front and the garden front; the service and servants' quarters, so long regarded as characteristic of the "back" of a house, may be relegated to a side end or placed in a wing that abuts directly on the entrance front. In such cases it must be well screened and its purpose thoroughly subordinated.—American Homes and Gardens.

Be My Sweetheart.
Eugene Field.
Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bees and buds and babbling brook
Bespeak the birth of spring.
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy ring.
Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the golden summer glow
Of the earth afire with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields forebode,
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the noon we go.
Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When falls the bounteous year,
When the fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer,
O, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.
Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When the year is white and old,
Give us their harvest cheer, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold.
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
All the year of our love be told.

A Thought for the Day.
Wordsworth.
When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations; how ennobling thoughts
depart.
When men change swords for ledgers and
desert
The student's bow for gold, some fears
unnamed—
I had My Country, and
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

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