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MEN WHO DRESS OF FORTUNE A YEAR

Thousands of Dollars for the Raiment of the Beau Brummels of Today



George J. Gould Ready for the Saddle

THIS country holds a score of men who dress on a fortune a year. It holds scores more whose attire costs them, annually, the bigger fraction of what would be a competence to the average citizen.

And it holds some hundreds, taking in the really well-dressed men resident in the large cities, who spend above \$5000 a year for their raiment and are calmly unconscious of the fact that other men, who are not poorly dressed in the common acceptance of the phrase, would consider them extravagant.

They think, simply, that the man who doesn't spend as much as they do may be respectable, but he is not the really well-dressed man. And, as the scale of expenditure rises, those nearer its apex in turn look down upon their emulators.

But they, themselves, have no very keen sense of vanity or delight in the splendor of their attire. Indeed, splendor is the last, the ultimate horror in dress which the gentleman eschews. They merely feel that they can afford to be properly dressed and they commiserate, perhaps, the unfortunates who can't.

So, discarding the terms "well dressed" and "poorly dressed," it may be pertinent to inquire, modestly:

How much does it cost the man, every year, who is properly dressed?

NO DOUBT, what with two new hats a year, two pairs of shoes, a couple of suits, half a dozen or so of shirts, two or three suits of underwear, a dozen collars and a few ties, an overcoat and a couple of pairs of gloves, whole male populations manage to pass muster at a total expense of \$100 a year.

And large coteries, bound to be "swell" dressers, manage to permeate the atmosphere with radiant penumbrae at the rate of \$500 a year, while dazed femininity looks on admiringly and gives them credit for every dollar of it.

But this distinction of being properly dressed can be allowed neither to the barbarian, whose native bent toward violence is prone to afflict the eye, nor to the poor gentleman, whose taste, discretion and care join in making him at least presentable.

Nor is there any golden mean. A man is either properly dressed or he is not properly dressed, with some vagarious, awful examples among the "gent" class who are improperly dressed.

Thomas W. Lawson, his proverbial composure and mildness of soul perturbed by some foreign criticisms made in the unregenerate West, retorted recently from Boston with a defense of his duds that left Chicago gasping in anxiety over its comparative nudity and made the famous Oak Park champion, John Farson, very nearly take the count.

Employing the same non-combustible brand

of pen with which he excoeriated his erstwhile associates in finance, Mr. Lawson remarked:

"I have made for me each year fifty-two complete suits of clothing, one for each week in the year; twelve evening suits, one for each month in the year; and an overcoat for each week in the year, each with hats, boots, gloves and underclothing to match."

The inference, that Mr. Lawson is an advocate of the grandmotherly precept as to the mortal danger of changing underwear more frequently than once a week, would work him injustice, because he goes on to explain:

"For thirty years I have had my hosiery and underclothing hand embroidered with the week and the month day, to cover the entire season."

The period he names makes it apparent that he emancipated himself into clean underwear as soon as he arrived at manhood's stage and could be his own master, which is greatly to his credit. But it did not necessarily fix his position as a glass of fashion or a mold of form.

It merely settled the fact that Mr. Lawson owns enough clothes to be properly dressed; their cut and their quality are quite other matters.

Chicago's Mr. Farson, urged on Fame by local partisans who rejoice in donning earmuffs when they come within hearing distance of his raiment, is an enthusiastic investor in white "Prince Alberts," gray Tuxedos and albino "dress suits."

He is emphatic in the use of the word "waistcoat"—still referred to as the "vest" in some districts of Pennsylvania, Illinois and the Klondike—when he exhibits the diamond buttons that adorn the multitudinous pulchritudes of the varieties he possesses. A "dress suit" corresponds to the evening clothes worn by gentlemen: a "Prince Albert" is popularly known as the frock coat. No one will hold against Mr. Farson his penchant for phraseology of the era of Ward McAllister, in the light of his apostleship to modernity in "waistcoats."

But the man who aims to be properly dressed—the man who will concede that Boston's Mr. Lawson has enough for the purpose—is fain to conclude that Chicago's Mr. Farson appears to have too many. Given sufficient cash, or credit, it is fatally easy to be improperly dressed.

The plain fact is, that the social conditions of the United States afford few opportunities for the picturesque; no one can be an innovator and fail to be bizarre.

In Europe, a Kaiser Wilhelm may own a whole suite of apartments crowded with uni-

John Farson of Chicago, A. Berry Wall of the West.

forms, with naval gorgeousnesses that relegate Solomon in all his glory to the ranks of the simply well-dressed elite; and even the rapier-tongued Clemenceau, in hypercritical Paris, can find nothing to censure at.

King Edward, in England, abandoned to the exalted horse concours of royalty after setting men's fashions for half a century, can change from his beloved tweeds to his well-beloved robes of ermine; and a devout court will acclaim him the pink of perfection, whatever he wears.

Alfonso, juvenile monarch and parent in Spain, can do anything, from a plaid walking coat to the uniform of a major general. Madrid lauds his gallantry toward his English queen as sincerely as it praises his effulgent patriotism.

In the next stratum, the dukes of Marlborough and of Manchester, Captain Cornwallis-West—even Boni de Castellane, in the days when his income was more than sufficient for the chewing gum required to supply the needs of his encounters with the prince, his cousin—find occasions when the strict severity of the modern garb is tempered to man's innate tendency toward some fuss and fine feathers.

But, in America, the limit is always here, inexorable. Clothes for functions and diversions of all sorts, oh, yes; but the cut and color of all of them prescribed as though by the Medes and Persians, or by the infinitely more particular sumptuary laws of medieval times, which constrained a whole nation to shave off



When Alfred G. Vanderbilt Holds the Reins

its mustachios between a single sunrise and sunset.

That is why—as between the devil of inadequate dressing and the deep, deep sea of improper dressing—so few American men can justly be acclaimed as being properly garbed.

George J. Gould, the Vanderbilts, Alfred and William, in New York; James Hazen Hyde and Charles Dana Gibson, in less or more active retirement abroad, and, in Philadelphia, Alexander Van Rensselaer, General Edward de V. Morrell and A. J. Drexel Biddle—these, with some few others, are conceded to be impeccable in their attire.

Their perfection does not necessarily preclude a fair degree of propriety on the part of those who find a dress outlay of \$5000 sufficient for the year; but it does leave them in a class apart, conspicuous in their isolation.

Yet, without going to the extent of disbursement that characterizes some few, a man can enjoy an ample and proper habilliment which excludes the Russian sables that bring



Charles Dana Gibson is Always Well-dressed



Thomas W. Lawson in Yachting Rig

the cost of a single coat high in the thousands, even as he can be eminently correct in the motoring class without begging himself in high-priced machines.

It is sufficient that, in hats, he buy five derbies a year, at \$4 or \$5 apiece—\$20 will be (CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)