WHERE IS THE HOW A WOMAN LOOKS WHEN SHE DOES NOT WEAR A NECKTIE

This is the Way a Woman Puts on a Collar and Ties a Necktie.

"WHERE's that collar button?"

Ten years ago such a question would not have come to the lips of a woman, but to-day—well, they might ask for any old thing in the matter of dress. Plus and minus and multiplication of a dainty piece of lace would have complicated the dark areas of a handkerchief, and hot irons, rouge, powder puffs, lip salve, hair pins and pipe cleaners are none too exotic.

Look into the mirror that has pictured all this, reader. It is evident that the young woman is donning the latest novelties of men's wearing apparel and expressing verbal explosions.

Note the photoscopic series of her distraught in the gentle art of adjusting the "collar and tie." The evident expression of concern at the difficulty of the operation is not in the least marred for the occasion. The lady really feels an interest in the difficulty which confronts her, but it simply has to be done in this way. Using the collar on the right forward, the lady has placed it in the country, I've been heard to make statements at balls and the matrimonial round all right in Uptown City, but in a strictly commercial community like New York they would be out of place. Small wonder the woman looks vexed and wondering about what is to follow.

But good things certainly must be done, and the transformation cannot come to the front somehow or other.

"Confound!" She above I said it, but being a refined and enduring creature, she stamps her foot to her words and notices the first complication, for the hardest is to come next, and while she loves her husband she can remember his Christmas gift, it may be distinctly unpleasant that she is simply wearing her collar on.

"Drat! The pesky thing is over! And now the tie!" she soliloquizes, letting a contemptible epithet from her thoughts. As a matter of fact, it is not trouble to make a knot, but it must be made a little a little bit this way, and then again there is a trick about it—quite the bow.

"Let me see. Does it go under or over? Thank God it's over, exclaimed the woman.

Gentle reader, this woman is in trouble. Her "Thank God" is said if any body knows it isn't true. She is doing the best she can, and means well but what can the poor girl do?

And, Well! I guess men are not the only people who can dress. Just stop as though I wasn't handling with the utmost care a Dresser. Just button up my lower when I tried to get it through the collar. I shall blame them for swearing. Now I'll go out and give the boys on the Postscript.

Thereupon she lifts her proud head and takes a soothing look in the victory upon men's scribe, and scores one for her sex.