

The Evening World Daily Magazine

Is a Corset a Luxury or a Necessity?

Doctors Disagree on Its Effects History Shows It Indispensable It Makes a Woman Look Young And the Decision is Left in the Hands of a Mere Man Commissioner of Internal Revenue Whether or Not It Shall Be Taxed as a Luxury.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall
WHAT are corsets? Why are corsets? The cosmic problem of the corset has just been left on the doorstep of Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Then, well-made correctly shaped corsets are a luxury? I doubt if the well-dressed American woman will concede that. Every dressmaker, every fashion magazine, maintains that the properly fitting corset is the foundation of the successful costume.

Since corsets are one of the properties of No Man's Land, how can any male, even a male Revenue Commissioner, define or diagnose them? What does he know about them? Has he ever endured their steel bondage?

Excavations in Crete showed that 3,000 years ago women of that island were wearing not only corsets but hobble skirts. In the Middle Ages armor was worn by ladies as well as knights.

The Italian beauties of the Renaissance were corseted. French women of fashion always have laced tightly; in fact, Catherine de Medici ordered that all women of good birth and breeding should reduce their waists to the abnormal size of thirteen inches.

Almost as ancient as the corset has been the war waged against this garment. It has had foemen worthy of its steel. The Roman Terence wrote a diatribe about it such as might have been penned by a modern satirist on sartorial follies.

Queens have been no more successful in conducting an anti-corset campaign. In the happy days of 1910, when royalty could take life much less seriously, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania joined Queen Alexandra of England in a crusade against corsets.

Four Brigadier Generals Under Forty Led American Armies in World War

Hodges, 34, MacNair, 35, Johnson, 36, MacArthur, 38, Establish New Record in U. S. Army History

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
FEW days ago there arrived on the Aquitania Britain's youngest Brigadier General—A. C. Critchley, who is only twenty-eight years old, who won his distinction in the Air Service.



MAJ. J.N. HODGES Former Brigadier General



BRIG. GEN. A.C. CRITCHLEY Capt. Film Service

America's youngest Brigadier General in the World War, and the first American to receive the British Distinguished Service Order, is John N. Hodges, who was thirty-four years of age when Gen. Pershing promoted him to the rank of Brigadier General.

Hodges was born in Baltimore, Feb. 13, 1884. His promotion to the Brigadier Generalship was made June 26, 1918, a few days after he had rejoined the American forces in France following his gallant exploit with the British.

When the war broke out he was a Captain of the 6th Engineers and located at Washington Barracks. He was promoted to Major shortly thereafter and went to France Dec. 5, 1917, with that rank.

McNair went to France as a Major in the 1st Division in June, 1917, and has been there ever since. He became Brigadier General on October 1, 1918. He graduated from West Point in 1904, as No. 11 in his class and was recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his remarkable work in training the artillerymen of the Expeditionary Forces.

He had been promoted to Colonel. They were called back to the American Army on June 12, attached to the 3d Division of the 1st Army.

He returned to the United States on Sept. 4 to assist in training an infantry division at Camp Devens, which he would have taken to France had not the Boche quit meantime.

McNair went to France as a Major in the 1st Division in June, 1917, and has been there ever since. He became Brigadier General on October 1, 1918. He graduated from West Point in 1904, as No. 11 in his class and was recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his remarkable work in training the artillerymen of the Expeditionary Forces.

Gen. Pershing knew McNair back in the days of the fare up with Mexico. The latter was on the border with

advised, feelingly. "You'll get a dispossess notice from him, operative in five days. In the mean time have some one visit you and become sick abed. With a doctor's certificate you can stay in the apartment as long as the invalid does."

Two years ago I rented a five-room apartment for \$9 a month. The lease expires next October 1st. The rooms were not large even when they were empty.

In fact, it was debated whether the twin beds should be set up in the clothes closet and my wife's gowns and my suit hung on the chandelier. I solved the difficulty by draping my things over a chair.

We could not stand to have him brushing the silverware from the dining room side table on to the baby grand piano in the drawing room every time one of us said, "Nice old Sport!"

But our reward came in vacation time when we re-visited the old folks and I illustrated with two motions of my hands the shape of a box a foot square, and said: "That's the size of our rooms in the city!"

That amount would rent the town hall of Eddyville for moving picture purposes. My wife glowed with pride as if to say: "See what a rich man I've made of your struggling son? Ten dollars a room!"

the 47th Field Artillery and was at Vera Cruz in 1912. He went across the border with Pershing in 1916 in the chase after Villa. He has served as instructor in the School of Fire at Fort Sill. He was one of the highly trained officers sent abroad in the early days of the war to lay the groundwork for the great army that was to follow.

Gen. McNair is married and lives in Minneapolis. He became a Second Lieutenant of Artillery on June 5, 1904, and a Captain on July 1, 1905. He went abroad as a Major and received a Colonelcy June 26, 1918.

Another young Brigadier General was Douglas MacArthur, who was only thirty-eight when he received the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous gallantry under fire. Gen. MacArthur comes of fighting stock, and was born Jan. 26, 1880.

"What'll it cost me?" I asked eagerly. "My fee would be ten dollars; the doctor's twenty. You see, he runs the doctor's shop."

"And the sick person would eat about forty dollars' worth of groceries a month!" I murmured. "I'm not that much embittered against this particular blackguard of a landlord."

I hurried home to permit my wife to share this new indignation of mine. "By the time that bloodsucker gets a new tenant," I declared, "he'll wish he'd listened to reason."

After spending all the spare time of three days, I made the remarkable discovery that there were no new landlords on the market. "I'll take the apartment at sixty a month!" was my hasty decision.

Single microbes have wrought more devastation than billions of bullets. The typhoid bacillus has incapacitated more armies than have cannons. The mouse is far more destructive than the mammoth, while grubs have ruined far more crops than have cyclones.

Dere Bill

MABLE'S LOVE LETTERS TO HER ROOKIE By Florence Elizabeth Summers Illustrations by Natalie Fontaine Stokes.

I been to Red Cross Working today. Speakin of something tickle! They're awful down there. When I got there they please to wash my hands before I fooled with the bandages. They called 'em surgical dressings but I hoped the doctors would put on more than that when they operated, but they dont dress themselves in them, they put em on the fello that the Boche has cut up. I knowed my hands was clean cause it being Monday Id been washin all morning but I washed em an didnt argue or explain.

Then they told me to go over in the corner an stretch. I went over an started stretchin my arms an they all commenced to laff. I didnt know what it. I thought the stretchin was a good idea cause you had to get still so long foldin the rags. But it wanst myself that I was supposed to stretch, it was the cloth to make the things to dress you fello in when the Germans leave you on the battle field bleedin to death. Why didnt they tell me to stretch the cloth? How is anybody goin to tell?

Thats why it went with everythin—nothin made plain. They say the Red Cross is a sign of mercy. They showed me mighty little. Didnt explain nothin—then luffed when Id done somethin wrong. All the women talk about is babies an Hoover corned. Mrs. Joe Backner was braggin about how hers never cried. If I hadnt been no more human than she was Id have told her it was because she never stayed at home to hear it. They live in the doors from us. The kid will never have to go West for consuppshus as long as it keeps up its lung produce.

I went in the parlor last night an played "A Maidens Prayer." It made me awful blue. That was always your favorite song. Thanks for the swaggor stick. Hope you didnt take my rummies on for a hint. Maggie Sams got one of those cross gun pins today an knittin on some fox for you.

Yours till Niagara falls MABLE'S (Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Co. The complete series of DERE BILL, Tablets is published in book form.)

A Little Gilet Is a Fashionable Thing This Year To Be in Style Milady Must Invest in a Vest By Margaret Robe. YOU just must invest in a vest for your new coat suit will be a total waste without a waistcoat.

The Oldest Puzzle in the World

TAKE A PENCIL AND SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE IT

THE maze or labyrinth is the oldest puzzle in the world. Now a labyrinth is a collection of walled paths, or paths edged by thick hedges so high that it is impossible to see over them, that run in a circular direction. To solve the puzzle it is only necessary to get to the center of the circle. But this is not as easy as it sounds, for many of the paths are nothing but "blind alleys," which others take wrong turnings which lead back to the entrance instead of the direction in which one wants to go.

There was a very famous maze built in Egypt near Lake Moiris, probably as long ago as 2300 B. C. According to Herodotus, the famous Greek traveler, it had 3,000 rooms half of them above ground and half below. It was destroyed by order of the Caesars when Rome was mistress of the world eighteen centuries ago and only fragments remain.

Another even more famous labyrinth was on the Island of Crete. According to Greek legend this was built for Minos, King of Crete, on the model of the earlier Egyptian maze, but was much smaller. In it was kept the Minotaur, a repulsive looking animal that somewhat resembled a bull. The story goes that every year seven youths and seven maidens whom Minos compelled the Athenians to send him as a tribute were driven into this labyrinth to feed the monster. And this went until Theseus, one of the youths sent in with the last party, discovered the clue to the labyrinth and killed the minotaur. The labyrinth actually existed, but the tale of the minotaur is of course only a legend. A diagram of this old labyrinth accompanies this article. Take a pencil and see if you can get to the center.

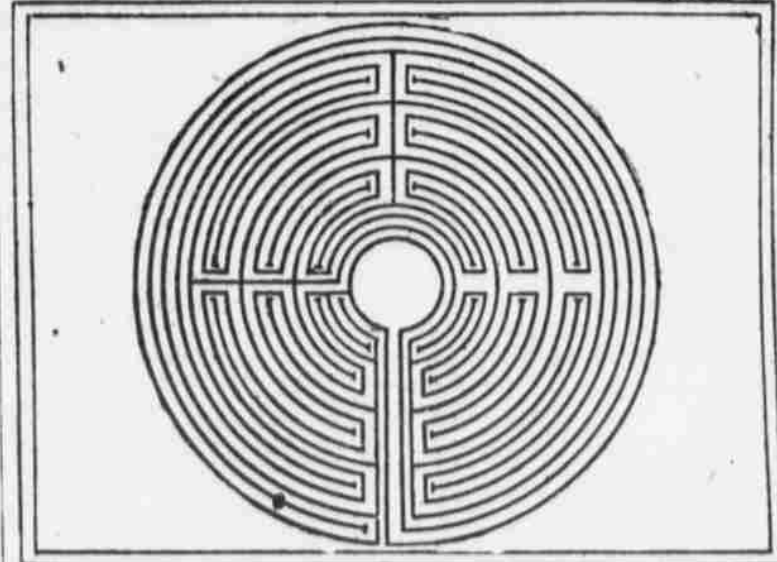


DIAGRAM OF THE ANCIENT CRETAN LABYRINTH. TAKE A PENCIL AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET TO THE CENTRE OF IT. There are several of these labyrinths in existence to-day, notably one at Hampton Court, the old palace near London, England. Then there is one at Versailles and another at Scheveningen in Holland. The maze at Hampton Court was built by King William III, in the seventeenth century. It is formed of very high, close-clipped hedges, and is still kept up and open to the public, who derive much amusement from it. Many romantic stories are told about it, one of the best of which is the tale of two brothers who were both in love with the same girl. In order to decide which should have the lady they took part in a novel race. They were blindfolded and led to the center of the labyrinth. Here the bandages were removed and the two at once set off to find the entrance, the idea being that the one who got out first should be free to woo the maiden without interference from the other. The race began early in the morning, but it was not until late afternoon that the younger brother staggered out thoroughly exhausted, to be followed in ten minutes by the elder. He was so overcome by fatigue and the knowledge that he had lost the contest that he fainted away. When the poor fellow recovered the two went home together, and determined that after all, as the race was so close, they would not abide by the result, but both would try their hardest to win the girl's love. But, sad to say, she settled the question by refusing them both. The clue to most labyrinths is simply to turn to the right the moment a choice of any two turnings is offered.

"Landing on the Landlord"

This Tenant Had Plenty of Seconds in His Corner, and His Footwork Was Clever, but the Landlord Had the Wallop and an Iron Jaw and Kept Coming Back for More

By Will Mack (Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

YOU never know how much rent you can pay until you try. What if the landlord does raise your rent? You can raise it right back! Just pretend it's poker. Keep a calm countenance and prevent a murderous glare from showing in your eyes.

He is having stored up against him the wrath of a pillaged populace. All you are losing is money. Follow my lead: Two years ago I rented a five-room apartment for \$9 a month. The lease expires next October 1st. The rooms were not large even when they were empty.

By the time that bloodsucker gets a new tenant," I declared, "he'll wish he'd listened to reason." "Oh-h-h-h!" she exclaimed, joyously, "that saves fifty dollars' moving expense. A couple of men for a day or two to carry up the piano and so forth won't cost more than twenty-five, will it, dearest?"

"I hope not!" I said yearningly. "And just think!" she added in awe and admiration, "we'll be paying fifty ten dollars a room!"

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM By Herman J. Stich (Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

Not Proportions But Potentialities Count TWO laborers were quarrelling beneath a large lifting magnet overhead—an electro-magnet that could lift thirty tons—60,000 pounds of iron. One of the laborers held in his hands a short pinch bar. The other held a heavy shovel. As the electro-magnet operator approached the machine both laborers raised their tools toward each other menacingly. Instantly the operator switched on the electric current. The two men stood as if transfixed, clutched, desperately at their weapons, which were held aloft as by some invisible hand—it was not a giant's hand—it was the product of a dwarf's idea.