

JABOTS PLAY STAR RÔLES *by Corinne Lowe*

NEW YORK.—(Special Correspondence.)— Long years ago the famous French poet, François Villon, sang, "Where Are the Snows of Yesteryear?" A modern American poet has paraphrased this by asking, "Where are the beaux of yesteryear?" The fashion writer, however, need take no hand in this sort of catechism. There is absolutely no use in asking, "Where are the jabots of yesteryear?" For they are here—right here on the spot.

Jabots are, in fact, one of the most important details of the early spring season. You find them on coats and on frocks. They are as likely to function on skirts as on blouses. They are as good company for the sports costume as for evening apparel. Frequently they form part of the collar, and just as frequently they become regular Sherlock Holmes of the dress world—detectives following the diagonal line of the bodice from start to finish.

One of the best examples of the jabot's importance in spring modes is offered by the Martial et Armand model at the extreme right of this page. In this black and white crêpe de chine, so typical of what the French designers are now up to, we find the jabot being a heroine all over the place. First of all, it undertakes to supply most of the snowy scenery on the frock. For not only are both corsage and skirt draperies lined with white crêpe de chine but they also are bordered by a narrow band of the same white. Incidentally, it is interesting to see how the snowy band of the irregular neckline merges into the band of the jabot.

In the second place, these two jabots indicate how harmoniously this detail may work with other trimming ideas, for a great deal of the smartness of this model depends on lines of faggoting, which, slanting across the front of the corsage, work themselves up into a fit of higher mathematics in the back. Do not overlook the back view of this frock, for it shows you how the back of many a smart model may be entirely transformed by these intricate lines, be they faggoting, seams, bands, or what not.

As to other features of the costume, there is the overshadowing fact that it is a combination of black and white. So many, many springs have we encountered this phenomenon of the black frock walking a chalk line! Yet, has familiarity bred contempt? Far from it. Still we go in our same old black and white way, and it is safe to say that nothing is smarter today for luncheon or tea than this same venerable alliance.

Although so often the jabot is of the same material as the foundation there is a marked emphasis in more formal models to construe this detail in some contrasting fabric. Thus we encounter jabots of lace, tulle, organdy, and mousseline as a feature of numerous crêpe and satin afternoon frocks. An example of this is supplied by our fourth sketch, another Martial et Armand model that owes its distinction to the long, graceful jabot of beige lace attached to a scarf collar of beige crêpe de chine, both contrasting with the deep blue crêpe de chine of the foundation.

So often the sleeve echoes the chord sounded by



A jabot drapery that is the scenario for a bolero is indicated in the stunning model of black satin crêpe at the left.

Next, a sports costume combining blue

crêpe de chine and blue jersey expresses other jabot theories.

In the center we find this trimming heroine executed in black mousseline on black lace.

Fourth, a jabot of beige lace is added to a blue crêpe frock, and last in a stunning black and white model we find both skirt and bodice benefiting by jabot attentions.

the jabot. Thus, in the black and white frock just described, a band of white crêpe de chine tying at the wrists takes up the note of the jabot. And in this present model the puffed sleeves corroborating that cascading frill down the front supply one of the most interesting features of the gown. Observe the fineness of that puff of lace, with its geometric appliques of beige crêpe de chine, and admit that the whimsicality of this sleeve does much to dispel any impression of severity made by the perfectly simple contour of the creation.

For it is such a simple little model, after all! Just a plain corsage blousing a bit over its inset belt of self-material above a skirt that departs from regularity only through a very slight prolongation of the lace jabot beyond the skirt hem. In fact, there are only those diagonal seams crossing the front to do something intricate in the back. But of course here, again, that jabot cooperates with its ally, the diag-

onal line. In this case fine tucks are the media for the latter, and you find these forming deep points in the front that are continued in the back.

In the center sketch the jabot shows you what it can do in the way of either afternoon or evening entertainment. Here is one of those frocks that fit into the requirements of either tea or dinner dance, one of those magical costumes that convey to a woman the sense that she is neither underdressed nor overdressed. For the woman who is contemplating a trip abroad this spring the advantages of this black frock cannot be overestimated. In the first place, it is black; in the second, it is easily packed; and, in the third, it will see us through all save the most formal evening occasions.

And again much of the charm of the creation must be ascribed to those jabots of black mousseline contributing their effect of fluttering grace to a foundation of black lace. One of these draperies is at-

tached to the front of the U-shaped décolletage, while four others, anchored to a soft girdele of the mousseline, dip below the hem of the skirt. The sleeves, too, are of the mousseline, and that great "loud speaker" of a ruffle is one of the assets of feminine grace by which this model from Agnes affiliates itself with the broad current of "more feminine" modes.

And even the sports clothes frequently score by the addition of a jabot. As indication of this fact we point to our second sketch from the left. Here is one of those jacket ensembles which still bask in the sunshine of favor, and the fact that the jacket is built on cardigan outlines is significant of the fact that many well bred sports ensembles are still doing that sort of thing.

The cardigan is made of one of the new spectacular jerseys, with a silver thread woven into

bands raised slightly above its blue background. Taking the silver in serious vein, a frock of blue crêpe lighter in tone than the jacket is stitched in metal. This effect is especially noteworthy in the boyish collar of the frock and in a jabot attached to this collar. The material of the frock is crêpe de chine, and the jumper closes in front with a silver button.

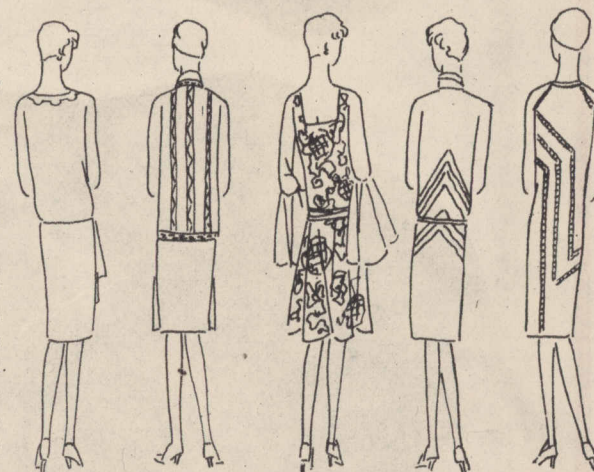
Now there is a curious thing about these new jabots. They are as apt to move as the old fashioned circuit rider. Therefore, we encounter on the fitted sleeves of the jersey cardigan jabots stitched to the under side. The skirt, as will be noted, is plated in front.

So much for the jabot situation. Now, how about some of the other trimming features that are going to make this spring utterly different from anything that has gone before? Well, first of all, there is the matter of applied materials. From all indications, this is going to be a season when we attach all sorts of unreasonable materials to other materials and call it a fashion day. This is what one means.

Take a simple little georgette frock accompanied, perhaps, by a coat in matching material. The new idea is to almost cover this transparent material with bias folds of some contrasting silk—say taffeta or poplin. Sometimes the silk is in monotone effect and sometimes it is subjected to some gay print, but, in any event, the result is absolutely different from anything we have heretofore seen.

Another trimming that has come up plentifully in the spring is buttons. More and more of these are used, and in a way disconcerting to the old fashioned mind, which conceives a button merely as a means of fastening. For example, one of the most stunning of early spring coats designed in Paris is trimmed with a geometric border formed of tiny buttons covered with the wool georgette of the coat, and there are many less spectacular models showing very small buttons which are made of crystal or of mother of pearl and which lend themselves to all sorts of novel effects.

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Other views of today's models.

PERISHABLE GOODS - By Dornford Yates

(Continued from page four.)

seats when Mansel called us into a parlor and shut the door.

"It is inconceivable," he said, "that Adèle was taken by chance. Her movements had been watched for some time. Let me go further. They watched her ride out on Monday and met her six miles away.

"Now, no one was seen near Poganeec, with or without a car: it follows that their observation post was distant, yet close to a road, so that, once they had seen her ride out and the way she went, they could instantly move to meet her—six miles away. Very well. Now turn to the window and lift up your eyes."

WE did so, to see the breadth of a valley as fresh and green as you please, and, beyond, a press of high hills, rising up very sudden and wooded cap-à-pie. These lay, I afterward found, four miles away. High up in their midst rose a fountain that fell by leaps and rushes down to the valley below, a considerable head of water, for the trees could not hide it, and from where we stood I could see its unbroken length.

"Can you see the bridge?" said Mansel. "A fifth of the way down the fall."

"Yes," said Hanbury, and after a moment or two I made it out.

"Good," said Mansel. "Now, their observation post was somewhere about that bridge. A post in the woods would be useless, for the trees would get in the way; but that torrent commands Poganeec; and a man sitting there with a glass could see any one come and go. Then again, that bridge serves a road to Sava—the only road thereabouts."

I took a step to the window, but Mansel stopped me at once.

"I hope and believe," he said, "that they're watching Poganeec now. I mean, our movements must interest them no end. So don't give them food for thought by looking straight into their eyes. And now come and look at this map.

"Here's Poganeec, and there's the bridge—due south. We're all going there at once. But Chandos and I are going to come up from the west, while Hanbury, Carson, and Bell will drive from St. Martin to Sava and come from the east. We may find; we may draw blank; we may meet our friends by the way." He turned to Hanbury. "Your way will be much the longer, so, if, when you come to the bridge, Chandos and I are not there, drive on round to St. Martin and thence to Villach. If you find any one suspicious, detain him, but not by force. If he won't be detained, follow him; drop Bell at the first crossroads, to put us wise; but, whatever you do, don't lose him, for he'll show us the way to Adèle."

With that he put up the map, and two minutes later the cars were clear of the drive and were making towards St. Martin at a leisurely speed. Not until we parted were we to let them go.

"There's a road on the left," said Mansel, "somewhere just here."

With his words the turning appeared, and, as we swung around, Hanbury flashed past our tail lamp in a pothole of dust.

Our road ran into the valley and lay in full view of the bridge, and, since any one who was watching must now suspect our move, we went like lightning till we came to the foot of the hills and a pretty, white walled hamlet where four roads met.

A woman, busy at a rummel, gave us good-day.

"I'm looking for some friends," said Mansel.

"Have you seen any car go by?"

"I only came in from the fields, sir, a quarter of an hour ago. But no car has passed since then."

Mansel thanked her and immediately turned to the left.

It was soon evident that we were approaching the bridge, for the noise of the fall was thunderous, and the pleasant smell of wet earth was unmistakable. Indeed, an instant later we saw the bridge not sixty paces away, and at half that distance a car in the middle of the road, with a man bent double beside it, trying to pull off a wheel.

He was so much engaged that we had stopped alongside before he knew we were there, and, when of a sudden he was aware of our presence, he gaped at us and our car as at an apparition.

Now this was not the way of a spy; and, indeed, it was easy to see that the fellow had nothing to do with those we sought. His cloth apart—for he wore a clergyman's habit—one look at his face was enough. The man was a genial simpleton, in whom there was no guile.

"You're English," he cried, twittering.

"Yes," said Mansel. "And we were to meet a man here. By that bridge. But we're late for our appointment, and I'm afraid he may have gone."

"No one was there," said the other, "ten minutes ago. And I've been here more than an hour. But he might have come since."

With that, before we could stop him, he started to run to the bridge. We overtook him half way, for, fool though he looked, it seemed prudent to be there first; but he only sought to step on to our running board, and, fouling the tool chest, fell heavily into the road.

There, more to my disgust than surprise, we found that Rouse was to lodge in the very same inn. I will not dwell upon his follies, the tale of which was enough to make the angels weep, but merely record that for the next three days he continually invited violence, pressing his company upon us whenever we were at hand and openly trying to follow us when we went forth.

This we did every morning at break of day, as best we could to search the country toward the west, for to that quarter, we made sure, Adèle had been carried off. Mansel, who alone could speak German, visited the villages in turn, stopping at wayside inns and engaging in conversation men and women whose business kept them in sight of the road. George or Carson or I went always with him. The others repaired to the hog's back, from which four men with glasses could command a very great view; if ever a car was sighted it was carefully watched, and two would leave in pursuit so soon as the line it was taking could be fairly presumed. But questionings and scrutinies alike bore us no fruit, for Mansel learned nothing of value, and the occupants of the cars, which were few, gave us no cause to doubt their honesty. Indeed, at the end of three days we seemed to be no nearer Adèle than when we left Cleveland Row. In that time, however, we received a savage monition that, though we had no idea where "Rose" Noble was, he had his hand upon us and could, so to speak, twist our tail whenever he pleased.

(To be continued.)

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going and gave Rouse time to remember that he had a camera with him, with which he must photograph us all. We protested that we could not wait, but while we were still protesting the thing was done. I confess that it did not delay us, for he took his picture as we reentered the cars, laughing the while like a maniac and promising to show us a proof.

Mansel drove very fast to where Adèle's glove had been found and set us all to seeking some mark of a tire. "For here," he said, "I am certain that she changed from one car to another, and, while she did so, contrived to drop her glove, for they would have watched her too closely to let her throw it out as she went."

In proof of this he showed us where oil had been dripping on the edge of the grass by the road, as is sometimes the way of a car which is standing still.

"The relay was waiting," said he, "half on and half off the grass, close up to the hedge. The other ran up alongside, and the transfer was made. And now we'll all work in a line, searching the ground as they do on a dairy farm."

We did so for more than an hour, but found nothing.

Then we took to the cars and drove very slowly west, until by evening we had come to a great hog's back some fifty miles from the spot where the glove had lain. Then Mansel led us to Villach as fast as he could.

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(To be continued.)

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TEMPTING MENUS FOR THE WEEK

By Jane Eddington

Some Real Specialties

AN ancient rhymester has said that some things dressed up seem very grand, though at the best but second hand; and old as Adam some appear, though newly dressed from year to year. The new dress is sometimes no more than a new button, yet the whole thing is announced as new. It is a great trick with popular cooks to announce as new some ancient thing, taking advantage of the popular demand for something different and novel.

Yet almost any country will help us to novelties in sweet things, but will we do the work required to make the more or less timeless things? Mostly not, but many people will buy if they are told what.

One of the most unique products of the pastry shops formerly, and something that may yet be found rarely, was the German tree cake or baumkuchen. A large tree cake might be several feet high and have the pagodalike shape of a tree laden with snow, but when you looked for the trunk of the tree you found a hole. The reason for this was that it was

baked on a spot or cylinder, whence the French have called it "the cake of the spit." In turning the spit bulges at regular intervals are made on the cylinder to give it the shape of a tree (if one's imagination is good).

In Germany this cake used to have much the same taste as our old fashioned marble cakes, and it was finely striated. It was iced, and because it kept well it was cut up and sold in boxes. Once it was baked before an open hardwood fire, but a modern German cook book says it is simpler and more comfortable to bake it before gas. You can see gas spits here and there in our midst, but not often active.

In France the wilderness of tiny cakes, or "petit fours," is a great institution. When we can get the tiny tins, and will patiently care for them, we can produce novel specialties at small expense. The outfits for dolls' houses contain almost identically the same tins as are used for some of these. And the scallop shell for the French madeleines is quite easily procurable among the small cooking molds of sorts.

Among the larger French sweets the Gateau St. Honoré is a dessert struc-

ture of note. A rim of tiny cream puff balls is glazed to the edge of a plaque of cooked pastry to make this, and within the ring there may be both cooked and whipped cream, the latter piped to match in size the puff balls, and perhaps peaked a bit.

The French use the cream puff dough for many things, from tiny pea sized pieces for soups ("proffertolles") to the "religieuse," which is partly a sort of cream puff like a little tower or turrelle. It, too, is a structure.

FRIDAY

- Breakfast
- Baked Apple
- Small Hominy
- Toast Honey
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Vegetable Shortcake
- Rhubarb Compote
- Iced Cup Cakes
- Beverage
- Dinner
- Cucumber Relish
- Tomato Soup
- Baked Shad, Cream Sauce
- Boiled New Potatoes
- Green Peas
- Chiffonade Salad
- Grapefruit Pie
- Coffee

SATURDAY

- Breakfast
- Orange Juice
- Hot Breads and Honey
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Fried Hominy, Bacon
- Fried Apple Egg Salad
- Cheese Fruit
- Beverage
- Dinner
- Cheese Canapes
- Potato and Cress Soup
- Pressed Corned Beef
- Frosted Sweet Potatoes
- Spinach Buttered
- Chocolate Cream Pie
- Beverage

SUNDAY

- Breakfast
- Wafer Sliced Fresh Pineapple
- Farina Porridge
- Toast Coffee Jam
- Dinner
- Mixed Relishes
- Pea Soup
- Roast Duck, Baked Oranges
- Creamed New Potatoes
- Cooked Celery in Ramekins
- Dinner Salad Simmel Cake
- Coffee
- Supper
- Cold Meat Potato Salad
- Hot Spoon Bread
- Preserves Cream Cheese
- Toasted Crackers
- Beverage

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MONDAY

- Breakfast
- Hot Canned Fruit
- Prepared Cereal
- Toast Honey
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Rice in Cheese Sauce
- Radishes
- Sponge Cake Fruit
- Ginger Ale
- Dinner
- Green Olives Chicken Broth
- Lamb Chops
- Potatoes on Half Shell
- New Cabbage Greens Cornbread
- Plain French Endive (no Dressing)
- Cream Puffs
- Coffee

TUESDAY

- Breakfast
- Sliced Oranges
- White Cornmeal Mush
- Toast Jelly
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Chop Suey Kumquat Relish
- Fruit Salad Crackers Cheese
- Beverage
- Dinner
- Ripe Olives
- Cream of Carrot Soup
- Meat Loaf, Herseadish Garnish
- Delmonico Potatoes
- Buttered Cauliflower
- Head Lettuce, French Dressing
- Toasted Fruits Cake
- Coffee

WEDNESDAY

- Breakfast
- Sliced Bananas, Cream
- Oatmeal Porridge
- Graham Toast Jam
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Broiled Finnan Haddie
- Baked Idaho Potatoes
- Grapefruit Salad
- Little Cakes
- Beverage
- Dinner
- Plain Cress
- Onion Tapioca Soup
- Salisbury Steak Mashed Potatoes
- Corn Fritters
- Cucumber and Lettuce Salad
- Rhubarb Pie Cheese
- Coffee

THURSDAY

- Breakfast
- Cooked Prunes
- Pearl Barley Porridge
- Toast Marmalade
- Coffee
- Luncheon
- Stewed Lima Beans, Bacon
- Hot Biscuits
- Fresh Fruit Sugar Cookies
- Beverage
- Dinner
- Mixed Relishes
- Fricassee Chicken, Dumplings
- Potato Pancake
- Artichokes Hollandaise
- Date Batter Pudding, Cream
- Coffee