

THE SOUTHBOUND WARDROBE

by Corinne Lowe

NEW YORK.—[Special Correspondence.]—A certain very wealthy woman of my acquaintance always says, "As soon as anything becomes stylish it's no longer good style and I'm through with it."

Unfortunately, most of us are not privileged to do this. We are doomed to keep on wearing our clothes long after they've passed the danger mark of becoming "stylish" and the result is that we often feel we're just about as outstanding a figure as a single clover in a clover field.

There is no doubt about it. For some seasons there has been a crushing monotony of silhouette and of fabric. Only by minor differentiations of the mode and by the selection of some material beyond the possibilities of the average purse can a woman of today avert the fate of being hopelessly stylish. Even then it will take more time than the majority of us care to spend on clothes to win that lofty of encomiums, "a wearer of exclusive modes."

In no other province of dress is this fact more apparent than in that of the resort sports outfit. Looking about among the ensembles, sports frocks, and wraps presented to us on the eve of departure for southern climes we are apt to be discouraged by the standardization of themes. And if a native buoyancy of spirit takes us beyond this mood we are certainly obliged to entertain some qualms on the subject of price.

Take the matter of the sweater, for example. The sweater is still the basis of the sports wardrobe, whether that wardrobe be destined for north or south. We wear this classic garment as a complement to our tailored suit and to our sports suit. It is most frequently the finish to the jacket ensemble of sports wear and on the links the separate skirt and sweater are still preferred by many golfers to any fresher suggestions.

Yet woe to the man whose wife or daughter starts what one might call a sweater album! For, though one can get sweaters in comparatively cheap versions, an impressive outlay of money is required for those exclusive designs and that beauty of weave which the other woman is always so prompt to recognize.

So on it goes through the hats, shoes, stockings, bags, jewelry, and other accessories of a southern port wardrobe. The only way in which the woman of limited income can possibly afford those exalted patterns and weaves that defy cheap duplications is to reduce her wardrobe to a minimum—to invest in two sports costumes of good style rather than in a dozen ones which are only "stylish."

As I have remarked, some good sweaters are an ideal nucleus for the southern sports wardrobe. Worked out in different color combinations to be reconciled with several different costumes, these will give the effect of an ensemble without involving one in the extravagance represented by that composite garment. And it is really wonderful what an illusion of an extensive wardrobe may be achieved if we carry to the resort with us five or six sweaters differing not only in color and pattern but in weave. Several of the fine soft imported jerseys, one of the lace weave and one of the homespun weave—these will touch with a magic wand a very Cinderella of a wardrobe.

Second from the left on this page is an example of a sports ensemble which points to a different and more extravagant policy, for in this case the sweater is committed eternally to the coat and skirt with which it is worn. The band of the skirt material



Most striking of net gains—this tennis frock at the left, which borders white crepe de chine in rose color and makes the wrap around skirt open on the same line with the jumper.

Next, these two important resort colors—green and yellow—are allied in an ensemble topping a plaited skirt of green crepe de chine

that finishes that original neck line makes it impossible to think of this striped sweater as betraying its original playmates for separate skirt or suit.

Leaving this consideration aside, the ensemble is developed in two tones that are now having a tremendous vogue—yellow and green. The skirt is of plaited crepe de chine in soft green and the jacket as well as the sweater is of fine kasha jersey in yellow. The stripes of the sweater, however, occur in the skirt color and, as I have remarked, the affinity is still further stressed by that finish of the green crepe de chine at the throat.

Here is a sort of classic formula for the ensemble and there is no legislation regarding its fabric selection. If, for example, you make both the skirt and jacket of flannel to contrast with a jersey sweater you are not only well within the limits of style prerogative, you are keeping up with the best thought on the subject.

For flannel is good—O, awfully, awfully good. It is used for the separate skirt, which, completed by

with a jacket and sweater of kasha jersey. The latter is striped in green and bound with the skirt material.

Either white crepe or white jersey may be used for the gown of our central sketch, but the velvet jacket is most smart in either plum or purple, both shades emphasized by Paris at the present time.

a sweater and perhaps a smart kerchief, is ideal upon the resort links. It fashions many a separate coat for the south. It is used for whole ensembles and for the wrap fulfilling some frock of silk crepe. And in this medium one still finds quite a few of last year's devastating cardigan outfits.

Well, perhaps we can't call it the trump cardigan, nowadays—that familiar jacket ensemble of last year—yet even now it is taking a few fashion tricks. And in flannel these cardigan outfits are especially good. One has in mind a gray flannel skirt and cardigan jacket completed by a gray sweater decked with grouped stripes in black. And, by the way, gray is a meritorious tint for any flannel to assume, these days. Thus we find separate skirts of gray flannel being substituted by the smart for the more hackneyed one of white flannel.

Now, if one makes the jacket and skirt of this costume in flannel, or perhaps all in crepe, to wear with a sweater, uncompromised by any touch of the suit trimming and related to it only by harmony of color,

Fourth, a one piece frock of soft blue homespun with manipulation of bands and of the popular fringe.

Last, an ensemble which poses a coat of green crepe de chine treated to fine pick-up tucks terminating in scallops over a frock of green and white printed silk.

one gets a result as smart as that pictured and a much greater mileage out of the sweater.

It would seem that many of our best bred migratory wardrobes have a suit or two tucked away, for the suit is good both at the resort and in the city and is growing constantly better. A tweed suit is, of course, an excellent suggestion for the woman of limited income, for this garment offers us doglike devotion on so many different occasions. Travel, city wear, the cloudy and cold day that sometimes afflicts even southern climes—all these and many others are served by the tweed suit. And by enlivening this garment with different types of sweaters, hat, and accessories it assumes sufficient glamor for the gayest of winter resorts.

The tweed suit in the serviceable neutral tones and the pastel colorings is being booked south. But it has many fellow travelers. Novelty woolsens of most exquisite weave are

being used widely in this connection by the French coutouriers. And here one finds the traditional preference for pin checked effects. In these same pin checked materials gray again is frequently emphasized and it is perhaps at its best when combined with some soft tone of blue.

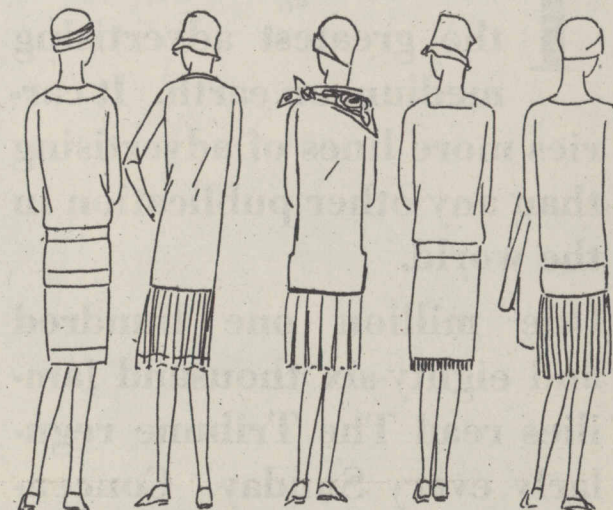
Along with the tweeds and novelty woolsens notable emphasis is being laid on the wool crêpes—especially jersey—on cashmere broadcloth, fine worsted, and a number of silk crêpes. All of these suits, as prepared for the south and for early spring wear, are developed with the feminine caprice of detail that has supplanted the grim tailoring of previous years. Details of pocket and collar, fineness of plaiting and of seams, vagaries of belt and neck line—all these make for infinite individuality, as they go hand in hand with the freedom of choice as to fabric media.

The one piece frock has sustained a vogue unthreatened by the everlasting jumper, and some of the most exclusive of our southern sports modes follow their inspiration. Wool jersey, light weight kashas, flannel, and homespun are all used for new smart little frocks of this genre, and they are all relieved by some adroit touch of trimming or clever handling of plaits and seams. Both the U and the V motifs are stressed in the seaming developments of such one piece models. Thus, one of the most striking of resort frocks occurring in green crepe de chine has the U seams of its bodice echoed in inverted fashion upon its skirt. This points to one of the important new theories regarding the one piece frock. It is that the skirt should echo the manipulation of the bodice.

We illustrate this policy in the second sketch from the right. Here is a soft blue homespun trimmed with unusual bands, each of which is fringed out at the ends. The fringe is repeated on the cuffs and on the skirt and the final touch consists of crystal buttons accenting each band. A belt of darker blue suede is also fringed at the ends.

As a last word, we may say that the fringed effect which Chanel sponsored in the autumn is being utilized in many of our southern wardrobes. For example, a white crepe frock worn under a plum colored velvet coat is completed with a tiered side drape, each tier of which is self fringed.

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Other views of today's models.

HIGH CHIVALRY - By Achmed Abdullah

(Continued from page four.)

Queen Mary for good measure, and the London tower and . . . you care for half a dozen first class battle cruisers? Very well. Take them, too. But leave us the Khybar."

For those few rugged, bleak miles are a pistol aimed straight at the heart of India; a pistol that means safety to the British as long as it is in their hands and catastrophe were they to relinquish it for a single moment: with Russia squatting up there in the north, beyond the Himalayas—the same old Russia, be it czarist or bolshevist—immense, grim, sardonically sure of its ultimate destiny—waiting for the day when its armed hordes, Slaves and Tartars, Kirgiz and Turkomans, shall pour through the Khybar to the conquest of India.

And England without India—what would it be? No longer a proud empire. But just a tight little parochial island, occupied with cricket and football and the small beer of local politics and interdenominational quarrels. . . .

"THE Khybar tomorrow," said Mohindar Singh to the young sultana as he led her to a waiting carriage. "Everything is ready—horses, camels, guides, servants, tents. In the meantime my humble house is yours."

So they drove through the turbulent border town; through the whirling, choking dust that rose in clouds from the dirty streets; past crowds of ruffianly, swaggering, fur capped border Pathans; to Mohindar Singh's house, which was on the outskirts of Peshawar, not far from Fort Jamrud.

There, in a large pavilion in their host's garden, tiffin was served—the coarse, unappetizing food of the north: stringy, tough mutton stewed in honey and seasoned with asafoetida, leathery slabs of bread, sticky sweetmeats, muddy coffee, unripe melons; food that made L'Hommiedieu homesick for the sauces and condiments of his native land, but that was thoroughly relished by the Asiatics, chiefly by the seven rogues, who squatted on the ground, sleeves rolled up, hands dipped wrist deep into the stew pots, ejaculating grateful, heartfelt *Bismillahi* and *Allah ke Quodruts*, eating and drinking with loud, smacking, gurgling noises after the primitive, unmanly habit of their breed.

"Mon Dieu!" commented the Gascon. "They eat mostly in d-flat. Here!" offering a mutton bone to one of the four Afridi brothers and speaking in French, which, perhaps luckily for him, the other did not understand. "Play the 'Marseillaise' on 'this, my little assassin!'"

Lord Carmyon—for such is the way of romantic young men who are in love—hardly knew what he was eating. He only knew that there was a great happiness in his heart . . . and the garden was lovely: with a pleasant, soft rumor of spring and sappy, green shoots thrusting through the melling-tonia bushes that fringed it toward the road, and a brook cutting across it with the sobbing lilt that is in a man's dreams when he is far from home, and gold dusting the willows . . . peace and spring . . . He interrupted his thoughts.

Peace not for long—he said to himself. The Khybar tomorrow. Afghanistan. The north. Central Asia. Kivastan.

Then war. War not of trenches and gas and stinking chem-

icals. But war of Asia. War almost medieval. War of glittering, naked blades, and galloping horses, and the hollow, nasal beat of Tartar kettledrums . . .

War for the sake of a queen's narrow hands! Such a pretty queen . . . He looked at her. His eyes said: "I love you!" Her eyes replied: "And I love you!" He rose; walked in back of her under

"Between you, you will share my fortune—upon condition that you use and maintain your homes."

That fantastic clause, found in the will of their great-uncle, promised to spell all manner of trouble for Jonathan Baldrick and Natalie Edgewood. For Jonathan wanted the home given Natalie, and Natalie craved the one given Jonathan.

How they solved the perplexity will be told in

Vanity of Vanities

Dornford Yates' delightful English tale in the rotogravure magazine section

Next Sunday

pretext of filling her coffee cup; whispered:

"I am jealous, dear—jealous of all the years when I did not know you."

She whispered back: "I've always known you—in this life—and in all my past lives."

And heaven knows what sentimental foolishness he was going to murmur in answer when just then trouble came with a bearded Uzbek's peaked black turban showing above the bushes, and his voice exclaiming shrilly:

"Mohindar Singh! Wah—pumah-ikhoda! Mohindar Singh-jee!"

The Rajput approached the newcomer.

"What is it, Fazil Khan?" he demanded; and then, when the other had delivered his message in guttural undertones, he threw up his hands and appealed excitedly, despairingly to the deities: "Ai Bhugwan! Ai Narayoon! Ai Sitaram!"

He returned to the pavilion and explained what had happened:

"The maharanees arrives here in the morning."

"Maharanees?" echoed Prince Tamerlanoff. "Which maharanees?"

"The Maharanees of Bundalpoore."

"O," cried Evelyn, "you mean . . . ?"

"Yes. The real Maharanees of Bundalpoore, the one in whose name your passport was forged—in whose name we have applied for a permit to cross the Khybar. She telegraphed to Warburton sahib, the governor here . . . telegraphed from Quetta—must have left there already."

"How did you find out?" interrupted Lord Carmyon.

"Fazil Khan is the chief operator at the local telegraph office. He is—O"—hesitating a little—"one of Shukri Ali's friends."

"Another thuggee, I wager," commented the Englishman in his thoughts as he remembered the statue of Doorga in Shukri Ali's house and the man's grim, cryptic warning. "Another devotee of the six armed goddesses."

Aloud, he said:

"The governor has not yet seen the telegram?" "No."

"When will it be delivered?" "Very late tonight. His excellency is at Fort Ali Musjid, dining with the colonel sahib there. He will not be back until midnight."

"Why don't you tell Fazil Khan to wait with the delivery of the telegram until tomorrow—after we'll have left, Mohandhar Singh?"

"What good would that do, sahib? The maharanees' train arrives very early in the morning—hours before the Khybar pass is open for travelers—and the news of her arrival will be all over town."

The situation seemed hopeless. By tomorrow the cat would be out of the bag. If they remained in Peshawar, or anywhere in India, for that matter, they would be arrested. Forged passports. A dangerous offense. Besides, the whole story was certain to be discovered . . . and then an end to their dreams of high chivalry; and, by the same token, an end, doubtless, to the House of Colin Macdonnell, Sultan of Kivastan.

"The Khybar!" said Lord Carmyon. "We must go through the Khybar tonight!"

"Sahib," sighed Mohindar Singh, "not a mouse can cross the Khybar without a permit."

There was silence. The seven rogues had not taken part in the discussion; had been conferring in whispers. Now too Gar Khan rose and salaamed.

"Cheel ke ghur men, mas ka dher"—he quoted the ancient Indian proverb—"there is always meat in a kite's nest."

"Meaning what?" asked Lord Carmyon.

"Meaning that the Khybar is not the only way to the north—meaning that there is a second way, a way no sahib has ever trod—yet a way three sahibs will tread tonight, if their hearts be strong and their souls tough, as well as one small mem-sahib! Nor shall we show the way because of Shukri Ali's orders, but—staring boldly at Evelyn—"because of your eyes, O young sultana!"

And the seven rogues salaamed before her deeply and, with fist on hilt, gave the throaty yell which is to the warriors of Central Asia what "hurrah!" is to those of Europe:

"Hoi! Shumshere aloom! Hoi! Shumshere bu dust. Hoi! Swords out! Hoi! Swords in hand!"

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(To be continued.)

TEMPTING MENUS FOR THE WEEK

By Jane Eddington

Pig Phenomena.

LOOKING at a pig China-to-Peru-wise, the phenomena we may glimpse are of intense significance and ancient symbolism. Surveying a pig near at hand, we are likely to get a sense of intimacy with him, because, really, he is an intimate and familiar animal, perhaps because of his loquacities. But if we look at the pig as he was among the early peoples of the world—the wild pig is the sort there are most records concerning—the picture is rather a grim one, full of desperations among both men and beasts. And there are other surveys not a few that we may take.

Of history the pig offers a perfect compendium of rather incredible volume. As we go back and then farther back yet for our view, we may

see those very Assyrians noted for coming down like a wolf on the fold, with their kings and nobles stepping aside to enjoy the royal sport of boar hunting—probably the tragic Sen-nacharib himself. It is supposed to be common knowledge that on the tablets of the palace of Nineveh were depicted the kings of Assyria in the royal pastime of hunting wild pigs with spears which the animal might crush with his teeth.

In the middle ages there were boar hunts, too, as in Germany and Austria even in the twentieth century, yet the tame pig was a major feature in the landscape, with swineherds in attendance. Read "Ivanhoe" for that sort of picture. But a gilt resemblance of the head of the wild pig in those days went on the crests of the noblest families of the realm, and when a real boar's head was served on a silver

platter it was borne by some one of great importance, with flourishes and various marks of distinction, its service being for the palate—perhaps with a red sauce and gay ruffles of white fat.

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Fried Bananas
White Cornmeal Mush
Popovers
Coffee

Luncheon

Scalloped Oysters
String Bean Salad
Cheese

Beverage

Fruit

Dinner

Ripe Olives
Vegetable Soup
Stuffed and Baked Haddock
Parsley Potatoes Fried Eggplant
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
Forced Rhubarb Pie Cheese
Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Baked Prunes
Wheat Cereal
Toast Honey

Luncheon

Pork Chop Suey over Rice
Kumquat Relish
Cake Winter Pears
Beverage

Dinner

Lettuce Relish, French Dressing
Pork and Beans
Boston Brown Bread
Apple Pie Cheese
Coffee

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Bacon and Eggs
Ring Corn Muffins
Coffee

Dinner

Beet Relish
Oyster Soup
Roast Capon, Mushroom Gravy
Frosted Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce

Buttered Wax Beans
Salad of Endives and Orange
Pastry Cream Tarts
Fruit and Nuts and Candy
Coffee

Supper

Baked Bean Salad Hot Biscuit
Cream Cheese Cookies
Beverage

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MONDAY

Breakfast

Tangerine Sections
Oatmeal Porridge
Pancakes
Coffee
Luncheon

Scallops
Broiled Smoked White Fish
Toasted Crackers
Kidney Bean and Lettuce Salad
Cake Preserved Fruit
Beverage

Dinner

Mixed Olives
Cream of Corn Soup
Roast Pork
Sweet Potatoes with Sour Apples
Buttered Beets
Lettuce Salad
Rice Pudding
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Orange
Hot Sump Buttered
Toasted Raisin Bread
Coffee
Luncheon

Cold Pork Hot Potato Salad
Hot Corn Bread
Hot Apple Batter Pudding, Cream
Beverage

Dinner

Cabbage Relish
Hamburg Steak Baked Idahoes
Buttered Onions
Waldorf Salad
Individual Pork Pie
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Baked Apple
Barley Porridge
Toast Jelly
Coffee

Luncheon

Pork Liver and Bacon
Hot Muffins Cranberry Sauce
Hot Gingerbread, Whipped Cream
Beverage

Dinner

Radishes
Onion Tapioca Soup
Pot Roasted Lamb Shoulder
Pan Roasted Potatoes
Glazed Prune Garnish
Baked Squash Mince Pie
Cheese Malaga Grapes
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Fried Mush Bacon
Fried Apples Hot Cornbread
Coffee

Luncheon

Lamb Croquettes Cooked Lettuce
Cheese Biscuits Jelly
Nut Sticks
Beverage

Dinner

Mixed Relishes
Baked Slice of Ham
Fried Pineapple Slices
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cabbage
Chocolate Layer Cake
Coffee