

SHE WEPT AND GAVE UP HOPE.

By an Unknown Author. "She gave up mutton, pork and beef She gave up beans and peas She gave up milk, without relief She gave up cakes and teas.

SU SUM SA.

When the Su Sum Sa curtain goes down in sensuous velvet finality at three minutes before midnight, the Su Sum Sa audience gets crampingly up out of plush seats and into hats and evening coats with a grunting, house-wide sigh of mixed relief and regret.

With relief, because that curtain goes up promptly at 8. As even a hardened theatergoer moans, rubbing calves deadened by long inaction: "Four hours is enough for any show for me, if it ain't for everybody."

The list of characters of the Su Sum Sa extravaganza is long and sumptuous, from the chief caliph of great gold-and-purple girth and three princesses in rhinestoned crowns down to the dancing desert girls whose whirling, brown stained bodies in one scene make a hit that depends little on costumes.

These desert girls in another scene are singing sultanas. In others, Persian water carriers, temple maidens and Aryan slaves. Their twenty-eight names are printed in less conspicuous type than the more important characters of the extravaganza program.

But to Alice Derry, who had never been nearer a drop curtain than an orchestra seat, one name of the twenty-eight needed no conspicuous display of print for her sharply focused gaze. It was black-typed in her mind not to be forgotten; never while life lasted, to slip entirely from her bitter mind, Barbara Earl.

And then had come old Mrs. Corning's death in Luxemburg and that absurd will made six years before and never changed by a foolish, sentimental old woman!

Negligence or a senile lack of memory—and three people (or at least two) must be jerked into a distasteful and unnecessary thought of one another.

They had seats on the center aisle, Alice and Murgtwood. Row H. Scalpers' prices. She had asked him to get seats as near the stage as he possibly could.

She hoped, however, that Murgtwood would not suspect why she wished seats near the stage. She did not suppose, though, that he had heard anything about the will. It had nothing to do with the routine of the Barrows bond brokerage offices.

Alice leaned forward a little in her seat, tensely. The temple maidens were swaying on from the wings; white tunics and flowing dark hair.

She had never been behind scenes. She had a beginning's luck she made her way rightly past a series of great mutually supporting canvas silver-colored velvet. Murgtwood chuckled at intervals. Alice managed to smile at intervals.

Murgtwood rose at her movement of preparation. As she stood in the aisle, he bent suddenly and whispered come here, very low, "Don't forget to be extended. Oh, Phil! how could you?"

She wanted to squirm now, under the attentive eyes. Impulsively she asked if he had a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"I know a girl on the stage," she said, forcing a small, animated smile. "Do you?" with interest.

It was hardly possible, while she wrote, to hold the notebook sheet so that he could not overlook a word. By all the rules of ordinary breeding such action would be uncalled for.

wood had given her a quick stare of proof. He was the large, bulky type of man who succumbs helplessly to small, dainty women.

Beside him, now, without the barrier of office atmosphere, Alice was relieved that he only looked and did not touch her. Her hands were ice-cold.

Getting in and out of the taxi she had been most careful not to let her fingers touch his. And now she kept on her gloves, although she disliked gloves, even for formal occasions, and although she became increasingly aware that from her apparently cold palms the perspiration was oozing through the white kid.

Not that she greatly cared what might be his thoughts if accidentally he discovered the betraying state of her hands. Oh, he must have heard some of the story. Undoubtedly gossip still curled like old slow smoke through the office, along all La Salle street. Phil's jilting of her! How one noon he walked out from his desk which nearly touched hers, and married a little caracul-coated, black-eyed showgirl who was in town for a month.

Almost so offhand had it happened. They—Alice and Phil—had been engaged over a year. Alice had half framed her letter of resignation to stout old George Barrows, Jr. Phil was keeping an eye open for bargain building lot or bungalow out on the North Shore near a golf course and her people's old Evanston home.

Shopping noon hours, she had begun to pick up linens; gray and white remnants, rose and delft lettered towels. Phil had written his folks in Minneapolis.

Old Mrs. Corning, whose bond holdings were a large item in the Barrows bond brokerage books, came upon them one late afternoon in a side corridor. Phil's arm was around her shoulders and, extended, he held sets of bungalow plans. He had sponged them from a friend.

Old Mrs. Corning flung out yellowed, fleshy, bedimmed, sentimental hands. "Don't blush! I simply adore a young couple starting out in life!" Alice had done some legal typing for her that week. The previous month Phil had attended to a small bond transaction for her. She sailed for the Orient and then Europe the next month. And the month that followed—

That Wednesday noon—would she ever forget? Even now her eyes burned, hating the memory. State street and the hard, bright winter sun. Mary Huldy hurrying at her side, saying: "Let's snatch a piece of pie an run over to that lace sale at Creer's."

Phil, who twenty minutes before had leaned over Alice's desk to explain regretfully that he'd had to skip lunch, except a sandwich, because he had to go to a bank for Mr. Barrows.

Alice had stopped, incredulous of her own sea-gray eyes. The confusion on Phil's face—red, sulky, Mary's malicious understanding. The hard bright winter sun. Even now it all burned her eyes, a blistering sight.

Phil ended an uncomfortable week by resigning, marrying Barbara, and leaving town. The sensuous velvet curtain was going up. Murgtwood leaned so that his shoulder touched hers.

She did not move away. The heavy, conscious touch did not disturb her. It left her indifferent. A caliph, large-girthed, in gold and purple velvet, with a retinue of gorgeous tunics, swept on the stage. Murgtwood fastened smiling, expectant gaze on the sight.

Alice leaned forward a little in her seat, tensely. The temple maidens were swaying on from the wings; white tunics and flowing dark hair. Barbara Earl was the twelfth. Those unforgettable vanity-ridden black eyes! That pert, baby-rouned cheek!

The single time that Alice had seen them put their distinct imprint on memory! From all impressions of other women' features they stood out cruelly, as among a dozen or more clean-shaven, brown-haired salesmen of the Barrows changing personnel.

Phil's form had stood out. The gold-and-purple caliph was a world-known comedian. Already four gags from his large, genial mouth had brought a riot of laughter from the great house. A tenor with a beautifully blue-satin-clad, slight body had begun to sing a brilliant modern ballad in a voice whose limpid sweetness earned him \$30,000 a year.

The three Su Sum Sa princesses were a trio of knees, throats and personalities that ticket scalpers went into raptures over. But Joe Murgtwood brushed all aside, so to speak, as nothing if Alice were not amused thereby.

be extended. Oh, Phil! how could you? In her white gloves her fingers curled with sudden physical pain.

Murgtwood still leaned toward her, solicitous. She was afraid that she was betraying herself.

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She wrote deliberately, without preface name: "You will be surprised at receiving this. Write to my mind giving up Philip Ickes' present address, or communicating with him to the effect that by the will of the late Mrs. Winter Corning, who recently died in Southern France, he inherits jointly with myself a house and grounds in the city here?"

The administrator of the estate has been unable to locate him since he left Chicago. One of the girls in the office reported your own presence this week in town. It is necessary to find out what arrangement he wishes to make to terminate the joint ownership of the piece of property.

Alice Derry. "Miss Barbara Earl, or Mrs. Philip Ickes." Murgtwood took it and motioned to the usher. Out of the corner of her eye Alice saw that he did not glance even slightly toward the superscription. He was that kind of man.

The attendant returned with a reply. Alice's white-gloved fingers were unsteady as she took it. She hoped Murgtwood did not notice this. She read: "I'll say I'm knocked dead! This isn't some one's far-fetched idea of a grand joke? For the love of heaven and my nervous system, come right around and give the details. Phil's in Brooklyn. I'll telegraph him to get here on the run, without stopping for a clean collar, and help along any probating. Pretend you're a sob sister, if you can get away with it. Rules bar callers, y'know, during performances. Twenty mins. between eleventh and twelfth scenes."

Barbara's chirography was bold. Barbara's spelling was bad. She hesitated, but managed a light smile for Murgtwood's interested look.

"She asks me to come around behind the scenes presently for a chat." The die was cast. If she did not go, he would wonder, become curious perhaps.

She consulted her program for the number of the next scene. The caliph was due to be tortured by a robber thief and then betrayed by his caliphness in rhinestones and silver-colored velvet. Murgtwood chuckled at intervals. Alice managed to smile at intervals.

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years ago. She had been abroad a long time before her death. I myself was very much astonished to be so remembered."

There! It was out for all hearers! She waited warily for Barbara's inevitable laugh because an old woman's sentimental plan had been thwarted; because instead of a devoted pair's occupancy of the house, there must be an unromantic sale and division of profits.

"She must have been a generous old party," said Barbara. "What's it worth?" The question was put greedily.

"It was worth about \$15,000 when she made the will. It is a three-story stone house with quite extensive grounds; out north, in a good neighborhood. Real estate has gone so high in the last few years that I understand the value has nearly trebled."

"And Phil—we—" Barbara leaned toward Alice, her lips parted excitedly.

Alice felt more at ease. No complexity about Barbara. "About \$21,000, at least."

With a well-done hint of amusement, she said: "If Philip hadn't chosen to drop so completely out of sight after leaving Chicago, you might have heard the good news sooner."

"Oh, he didn't drop out of sight," promptly explained Barbara, again knee-engaged.

"But, you see, first he went to New York with me and didn't step into anything good but puttered around for a year in office; that he didn't do anything. And then he took a road date upon. And then he was on the road anyway most of the time, too. And then Junior was born, and we stayed in Newark a year, where it was cheaper to live. And then he got into the office in Brooklyn, and I must say I was relieved when he got it, because it broke him of the nasty habit of reminding me, whenever he was in a bad humor, of what a peachy prospect he enjoyed in the brokerage joint here that I tempted him away from."

Alice sat silent. One does not always quit thinking. Besides, this recital had an effect on her that she did not quite understand. It removed out place in her mind.

The Ann person was still staring. Alice haughtily turned a French blue crepe shoulder on her.

"Want to see a picture of Junior?" asked Barbara, vivaciously. She reached for a snapshot propped against a cold-cream jar. "It isn't a bit good. His father's there, too."

Alice took the picture. The watch-tower rigid head. "A boy of 4 or so, with an eager, sickly face. He had Phil's mouth and his mother's lively blue eyes. And Phil beside—how Phil had changed! He was preoccupied with the child, holding his arm firmly as if to keep him from running across the street. He had a mustache—small and stubby."

"D'ye think he looks like me or Phil?" "Both of you, I think," said Alice, composedly.

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a show's finished a New York and Chicago run, even a goiter is not considered a piece of personal property."

Some one across the room, possibly Corale, called inquisitively. "You really going to get that divorce, Earl?" Alice Derry gave a small start.

"No. That's off. It was never really on, really." Barbara spoke carelessly enough.

"You said—" "Did I? I don't remember what I said."

"Oh, well, threatening to divorce each other is our favorite indoor sport. But Phil's all right now."

"Sure," jeered Anne. "A lot of money—" "Money nothing," said Barbara, comfortably. "He was all right two days ago. I got a letter that proved it."

Barbara beamed on Alice, who was attentive. And Alice was of that ash-blond type whose delicacy is a most indomitable mask of emotion.

"You know, Phil's one of these nasty nice men," she confided. "And he doesn't like to take medicine that tastes bad and he doesn't like to be messy. But the only thing that will cure a cold of his is strips of bacon around his neck when he goes to bed at night. When I'm at home with him, I don't argue. I simply say, Phil, put that on and don't talk. He gets a letter two days ago telling me that he'd had a bad cold but he put six strips of bacon on the night before. I knew Phil was simply dying to be nice to me, and please me. Poor boy!"

"Oh!" gasped Alice. Involuntarily she put her hands to her eyes, as if to shut away a picture.

But it could not be shut away—that picture of a Phil who was not the Phil she had known but the Phil who had somewhere, some time, taken his place in a changing world; a man with a short, stubby mustache holding his neck ungracefully to Barbara's handful of detestable bacon.

"It is messy," sighed Barbara, meditatively. With a startlingly swift movement, she was adjusting a thin, sand-colored silk garment.

"Oh," repeated Alice weakly. She put out a hand feebly, as if she had lost hold of something that once was securely in her grasp, and she rose.

At the same moment a dozen other girls rose—lithic, with barbaric bracelets and brown bodies. Unheard by Alice, some signal must have been heard. Barbara flung back a cordial smile that seemed to mean good-by. Barbara's voice to Anne floated back like a carol. "Lots I care right now while this show ends its run."

The dancing desert girls were run. Alice made her way down and out, directed by an indistinguishable murmur and two scene-shifters. Past ancient canvas walls which, shifted adieuward, became desert sand, or temple walls, or coral isles.

A tenor in blue satin pumps passed her. He was saying bitterly, "He says to me, 'Spray your tonsils with this solution,' and I said, 'That's what you told me last week.'" A large-girthed person in gold and purple passed saying, "She cries me again in this act and you watch what I do to her! Watch, I warn you."

Alice heard, but was not interested. Forms and voices were vague, unreal. She gained a passage leading past the boxes on the right side of the wall and thence along the shadowy wall to the back and the center aisle.

The twenty minutes past seemed kaleidoscopic, unreal. So many colors had whirled, but where was one that had seemed woof of life? Somber enough of woof. But somehow lacking—now!

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

For a little mind courteth notoriety to illustrate its puny self.—Tupper. Launching a mode is always dramatic. Now Spring—Summer 1928 thrills takes stage.

What is new? What is different? What are the winning colors? Where is the waistline? Are skirts to be long or short? Intriguing questions, fascinating to answer.

The Eternal Feminine distinguishes the mode, soft lines, alluring qualities that suggest a lovely curving sense of the body. The silhouette is picturesquely a-flutter with scarfs, flounces, godets, pleats, and flanges. "Figures" are becoming fashionable. Curves are supplanting the angles of the one-time "garcon" type. Waistlines are creeping toward the normal line and it can be told that corsets are "nipping in."

Skirts for sport are standardized, short, full, allowing freedom of movement so necessary for play. But, as has been poetically said, "Skirts will lengthen as the shadows creep." A feeling of formality, an elegance characterizes frocks, a romantic spirit. Not that they are lengthened all around, but dip gracefully with fluttering accents, moulding the hip line, playing hide and seek with the figure, intensifying the Eternal Feminine.

Old favorites in materials are playing a return engagement. Shantung, habutai, linen for sport; plain or printed taffeta and moire for afternoon or evening with tulle as the accepted medium of a crisp fabric in a sheer medium. The smart woman includes prints in her wardrobe this year, small patterned ones in a bewildering variety for daytime, while large exotic floral designs glow irresistibly in frocks for formal evening wear.

Colors are blended subtle, delicately overcast. "The Melody Tones" are Summer Favorites, orchid, a dusty blue, and a particularly lovely yellow. Beige, grege, and a light navy for the street with "off white's" for sports or evening. Nile green is beginning to receive flattering attention.

The ensemble theme is important and capes, because they are so flattering, are to be popular. Once the central idea of one's costume is established, one thinks, logically, of its accessories. These, however, must always be subordinate to the main theme and keyed to relative importance. Hats are particularly interesting. Felt will remain the favorite. Straws that can be moulded and manipulated as felts are to enjoy a degree of popularity. Hats will be put on differently this year, also worn in a distinctly new way, so that part of the forehead will show. There is the clever off-the-eye-brow line. Little nose veils heighten the feminine appeal. Hats are more colorful, more varied in design. Brims are wider.

Stockings, because they are so important a part of the costume, must be tactfully chosen. If you wear a distinctive ensemble. The simple suede slip-on is always in good taste in gloves. Bags, gloves, and stocking harmonize.

Costume jewelry has never been so lovely. Modernistic gold and silver motifs are effective. Grandmother's jewelry is also a fitting ornament for Granddaughter's taffeta dress of bustle inspiration, so search out the quaint, lovely old pieces, if you are fortunate enough to possess them, or choose a delightful replica, faithfully rendered. For the rest, Paris says, "Crystals, semi-precious stones, topaz, amethyst, carnelian, turquoise are chic."

Good dressing is not so much a matter of spending money, as of spending it wisely—good taste in dress is a matter of knowledge, a process of intelligent selection, rightly keyed and rightly chosen, where there can be no glaring highlights, no overwhelming shadows, but all will be exquisitely balanced and harmonized.

The constant complaint of the woman who is not slender that she cannot wear wollen knit, is unwarranted. True, she can't choose sleazy jerseys and expect them not to stretch and reveal much too obvious bulges, but she can use judgment and discretion in the selection of knitted fabrics—cashmere jerseys, tightly woven zephyr-cloths and any closely woven fabric of fine threads.

Degrade effects leading from a light bodice to a gradually deepening shade by centering the darkness at the hips and skirt lend the illusion of slenderness. One of the smartest of ensembles to employ that principle is of canton crepe and knitted fabric.

The bodice is beige and the skirt brown but the cardigan covering the bodice begins in tan ending in a deep brown at the bottom of the jacket, where it blends into the brown of the skirt. Gold metal threads are inter-laced, giving the weave a subdued sheen.

The skirt is pleated in clusters of three alternated with box pleats, and the steady brown continues to the hem, where an inch band of the beige carries to color toward the blouse. A tan and brown Deauville kerchief is worn flapperishly with it and in my opinion could be dispensed with. The rest of the costume from the beige stitched toque to the beige hose and dark shoes meets with my strong approval.

Nothing makes a home look lovelier than clean, gleaming windows. Even lace curtains cannot hide the grease and grime toward the cleaner I have learned the value of paper as a cleaner. When windows are wet from rain, wipe them off with a paper towel or a soft crumpled newspaper.

When they need a real wash, wring a chamois skin out of hot water in which a few soap chips are dissolved and a little ammonia added, and wash them well. Wipe them with another chamois skin, slightly moistened. The chamois skin may seem expensive at first, but they will last for years.