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. She gave up herring, shrimp and clams She gave up bread and wast, She gave up fruits and spuds and jam

She most gave up the ghost. She gave up powder, rouge and men, She gave up sweets and dope; And when she weighed herself again She wept and gave up hope.'

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 crampedly 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 theatregoer moans, rubbing calves deadened by long inaction: "Four hours is enough of any show for me, if it ain't for everybody." With regret, because \$11.75 is the least any self-respecting ticket speculator will accept for a Su Sum Sa seat behind a post in the nineteenth

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 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 conspicuity 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. In private life, of course, Barbara Ickes. Unless they had been divorced! Hope, like a tiny green live root, pushed often at the bottom of her heart. It hurt, this insistent push. It demanded that a constant effort be made to ignore it, in order that she might have any peace of mind at all.

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 distaste. Alice had stopped, incredulous of at intervals. Alice managed to smile at intervals. ful and unnecessary thought of one

They had seats on the center aisle. Alice and Murgtywood. Row H. Scalpers' prices. She had asked him to sulky. Mary's malicious understanding. The hard bright winter sun. Even had asked him to sulky. Mary's malicious understanding aisle, he bent suddenly and whispered in her ear, very low, "Don't forget to come back." to get seats as near the stage as he possibly could. Murgtywood's pockhad-once. Her throat tightened now, leaving town. remembering the balcony seats she used to urge to Phil, the cheaper ing up. Murgtywood leaned so that

She hoped, however, that Murgtywished seats near the stage. She did not suppose, though, that he had A caliph, large-girthed, in gold-and heard anything about the will. It purple velvet, with a retinue in gorhad nothing to do with the routine of the Barrows bond brokerage offices. Murgtywood fastened smiling, expec-And her choice of seats had nothing tant gaze on the sight. to do with the business of the willher again-the girl that Phil had preferred to herself.

Murgtywood likely had heard gosworld thought or heard or deduced.

You could not guess this from the Philip Ickes' form had stood out. composed prettiness of her small oval face. She was of that ash-blond type most indomitable mask for emotion or for thoughts. It is like thin, pale-

but it is opaque. soft-colored stones gave a pinkish lus- personalities that ticket scalpers went ter to her lobes. Her rather light- into raptures over. colored eyebrows were deftly dark delicate, cameo-like profile. Some- were not amused thereby. times, crying into her pillow, Alice pect to meet Phil. But the thought chosen to rouge skillfully. She was six years older than she had been. ear. Although, of course, she did not look can watch the years crawl, the jeerbe marked facially by the scythe so

that enemies can point.

There was her desk, of course. It a theatre. stood in a big office with other desks.

Regular work is an antidote to physical signs of heartbreak. So are other desks in deily view.

When other desks are desks are desks in deily view.

Composedly enough she had seen put their heads together when Murgary desks in deily view. er desks in daily view. When one's tywood first began to follow Phil's exash-blond head must be composedly ample and surreptitiously watch her lifted to view eight hours a day, ache ash-blond head bent over the adjaof desire and tears of night cannot quite get the upper hand in the way of scars. Particularly when, as the ward turning mind.

small, dainty women. And for thirty-six months now his desk had adjoined hers.

Beside him, now, without the barnot touch her. Her hands were ice- a pencil.

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 aware that from her apparently cold through the white kid.

might be his thoughts if accidentally a tom-tom. he discovered the betraying state of her hands. Oh, he must have heard preface of name: 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, blackeyed 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 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 cordown to the dancing desert girls ridor. 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, bediamoned, 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 fol-

lowed-That Wednesday noon-would she ever forget? Even now her eyes burned, hating the memory. State street and the hard, bright winter sun. Mary Huldby hurrying at her side, saying: "Let's snatch a piece of pie an run over to that lace sale at Crerie's." The sea food piled on chipped ice in the window of the St. Golny ground-floor grill. The cool black eyes, mascaralined, of the girl Phil's tight, eager hand on her beige perhaps. fur sleeve, Phil laughing, saying, "Nearly late, wasn't I? But—"

Phil, who twenty minutes before liph was due to be tortured by a robhad leaned over Alice's desk to ex-

The confusion on Phil's face-red,

etbook did not matter to her. Phil's by resigning, marrying Barbara, and

his shoulder touched hers. She did not move away. wood would not suspect why she heavy, conscious touch did not dis-

Alice leaned forward a little in her except that, having heard she was in seat, tensely. The temple maidens town, Alice morbidly desired to see were swaying on from the wings; Barbara again. Eyes burned to see white tunics and flowing dark hair. Barbara Earl was the twelfth. Those unforgettable vanity - ridden black nudity. eyes! That pert, baby-round cheek! The single time that Alice had seen sip, for all his three years in t Chicago office. She did not greatly

The single time that Alice had seen them put their distinct imprint on memory! From all impressions of othcare, of course. In her heart some- memory! From all impressions of oththing had numbed, grown so like er women' features they stood out six years back, that she did not care cruelly, as among a dozen or more a great deal what any one in the clean-shaven, brown-haired salesmen of the Barrows changing personnel

The gold-and-purple caliph was a world-known comedian. Already four whose delicacy of coloring can be a gags from his large, genial mouth had brought a riot of laughter from the great house. A tenor with a painted glass. It may not seem so, beautifully blue-satin-clad, slight body had begun to sing a brilliant Tonight her ash-blonde hair was modern ballad in a voice whose limpwaved high and smooth. That was id sweetness earned him \$30,000 a her best style. She had amethysts in year. The three Su Sum Sa princessher ears; an expensive pair, but the es were a trio of knees, throats and

But Joe Murtgywood brushed all ened, giving needed animation to her aside, so to speak, as nothing if Alice

He was almost too bulky of build had blamed her eyebrows for Phil's for the orchestra seat. Leaning detection. She had splurged for her toward her, his concerned face was so French blue gown. She did not ex- near that his smooth brown hair almost mingled with the ash-blond curl of him, of his Barbara—well, she had that a hairdresser had effectively

She could not control a small draw-With bitterness and ache one ing away. That sickish feeling swept over her at intervals. It had come ing years from 19 to 25, and yet not when Phil's desk was first filled by another man; it had come the first time Murgtywood had brought her to

nights have gone on, desire has numbed and tears have lessened by sheer pendulum law.

As time went on, in the majority of her moments Alice Derry admitted to herself that she might have In spite of heart, she was conscious found life good enough with the one old customer in our offices. Philip" acy!

wood had given her a quick stare of be extended. Oh, Phil! how could proof. He was the large, bulky type you? In her white gloves her finof man who succumbs helplessly to gers curled with sudden physical pain. Murgtywood still leaned toward her, solicitous. She was afraid that she was betraying herself.

She wanted to squirm now, under rier of office atmosphere, Alice was relieved that he only looked and did asked if he had a sheet of paper and '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. ily.

that he could not overlook a word. ily.

"It was worth about \$15,000 when although she became increasingly By all the rules of ordinary breeding such action would be uncalled for. she made the will. It is a three-story each other is our favorite indoor To Alice's relief, Murgtywood turned stone house with quite extensive sport. But Phil's all right now." palms the perspiration was oozing To Alice's relief, Murgtywood turned his attention to the stage. An Orien-Not that she greatly cared what tal love song was beating forth like

this. Would you 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 arrangebuilding lot or bungalow out on the the joint ownership of the piece of ment he wishes to make to terminate property. ALICE DERRY. She addressed the folded sheet

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

The attendant returned with a reply. Alice's white-gloved fingers were unsteady as she took it. She hoped Murgtywood 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 reached for a snapshot propped bar callers, y'know, during performagainst a cold-cream jar. "It isn't a ances. Twenty mins, between elev-bit good. His father's there, too."

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

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

She consulted her program for the liph was due to be tortured by a rob-ber thief and then better the ca-ber thief and then better the ca-phil?"

of preparation. As she stood in the

Startled, Alice looked up at him. His eyes were inscrutable, but something seemed to lie far back, almost hidden, in their depths.

She was a little annoyed, but she forgot him as she gained the shadowy wall aisle and thence a passage leading past the boxes on the side of the parquet floor.

She had never been behind scenes. But with a beginner's luck she made her way rightly past a series of great mutually supporting canvas walls which, shifted audienceward, became green forests or far-away gray mountains or Italian villas; and, guided by voices and two scene-shifters, went back and up to a large room filled—overfilled, it seemed!—with lovelyeyed girls in all degrees of partial

In medley were shrill voices, flashing, industrious bare arms, mirrors, brilliant ornaments and silks. And for a moment she was curiously affected, as she stood in the doorway and gazed. Time and place seemed unreal. So strange the sensation that came upon her—that she stood, or once had stood, in a well-kept, orderly garden, and looked out fascinated at looked out fascinated at looked the looked t brilliant, disorderly wilderness

where rioted strange fruits and vines and birds of rich plumage. Had she read a story once with that setting, with a character named Lilith? Probably, she decided with a small frown. One of the girls saw her and came greedy child. whirling to meet her. She had a vivid impression of a lovely bare upper body, gaudy Oriental bracelets, dark hanging hair, and a lively, black-

eyed face. "Is it a joke?" came excitedly. Say, tell me!" Alice stared haughtily.

sort of joke. The wealthy Mrs. Corning_"
"Wait." Barbara pulled a chair almost from under a tall, black-haired "Park yourself against the wall, Anne." Anne." Anne began, "Well, of all nerve—" Barbara pushed Alice in the chair. "Get comfortable and spill the story." Hand flashed back to a porcelain jar, and Barbara was rub-

bing brown stain upon her bare feet. A furious self anger took Alice for coming. All these hearers! This Anne who was coolly staring at her! Two blond dolls who turned from loan! Me-that ain't finished paying grease-paint jars to hearken! Barbara to compel her to relate the whole humiliating episode.

"Don't keep me on hooks," said Barbara, knee-engaged. "Have a Anger nerved Alice. She raised her head composedly. There is no

been foolish enough to come-"The wealthy Mrs. Corning was an that she looked well. She had the slight normally proportioned figure that is well fitted in shops. Getting in and out of the taxicab, Murgty- heart to any other hand that might is good enough with the one of tustomer in our offices. Philip?

—it would be an affection to say "Mr. |

Ickes" or "your husband"—"did her a few small favors. So did I. She in and out of the taxicab, Murgty- heart to any other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the will several matter-of-fact bitterness. "Say, when in the our offices. Philip?

—it would be an affection to say "Mr. |

Ickes" or "your husband"—"did her a few small favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand that might is well favors. So did I. She in the other hand the oth

years ago. She had been abroad a a show's finished a New York and

evitable 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 greed-

grounds; out north, in a good neighborhood. Real estate has gone so high

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 chos- nasty nice men," she confided. "And en to drop so completely out of sight after leaving Chicago, you might tastes bad and he doesn't like to be 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 anything good but puttered around for a year in offices that he didn't dote upon. And then he took a road position, because I 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 to shut away a picture. 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 Philip Ickes from a familiar, clearcut place in her mind.

The Anne person was still staring. Alice haughtily turned a French blue crepe shoulder on her. "Want to see a picture of Junior?"

Alice took the picture. The watchers, the-listeners! She could not turn her rigid head.

A boy of 4 or so, with an eager, sickly face. He had Phil's mouth and his mother's lively black 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 stub-

into dough! Over twenty thousand!"
"You're a liar," retorted one.

Barbara blew another kiss. "Have your own opinion, darling." But she turned vivaciously to Alice for confirmation: "It's so isn't it?" To the doubted, who had a Madonna profile and Broadway eyes: "This is an old flame of Phil's, and a generous old party who didn't keep up with current events will be mentioned in my prayers until I get down in the

ground with the worms." Alice sat still, burning with mortification. Was Barbara as naive and careless as she seemed? Or was it purposeful malice? She was not sure. Barbara's face, bent over in the assiduous business of make-up, was not so young as it had seemed to an or-

chestra seat. Oh, not by far! "Is Junior with his father?" Alice asked mechanically. "I hope not at this time of night! Or he's eating salted peanuts, potato salad, chocolate, shrimps and god knows what else. And I can't say Aunt Linda's much better, although she does make an effort to control her weakness where Junior is concerned.

But you can't impress things on Phil. Even doctor bills don't touch him." asked that purposeless question? Certainly not to inject into her mind a rather unpleasant picture of Phil, with an unbecoming short, stubby mustache, feeding peanuts and shrimps from a paper sack to a

Barbara looked up brightly. the way, I'm glad I've seen you. You know, Phil's said two or three times that he was sorry he didn't marry

you. "Ah! That was kind of him." A scarlet face—an icy voice. "And I came right back, 'Too late,

"Thank you." Some persistent chatter across the room suddenly lulled; then shrilled with renewed force.

"And I said to him, 'You can't do me dirt like this! You cannot do me dirt like this!' I said to him-" "Dirt!" Well, let me tell you, Corale, what happened to me last week. That brother of mine meets me on the street and lays me out flat because I don't hand him a good-sized

for those two lots at the edge of Jersey City-" Murting Alice's eardrum, Anne's lusty contralto shouted: "Lay off! There's something interesting to be heard over here! Give us a chance to listen.'

"Say, Anne," hissed Barbara, with strength like pride's. Since she had an alarmed movement of body. "Shut up! Corale'll dog me for a loan before Phil gets here and collects the leg-

long time before her death. I my-self was very much astonished to be sidered a piece of personal property." There! It was out for all hearers! Some one across the room, possibly.

Corale, called inquisitively. "You real-

She waited warily for Barbara's in- ly going to get that divorce, Earl?" Alice Derry gave a small start. With frowning scrutiny she looked at matic. Now Spring-Summer 1928 Barbara, listened to her.

"No. That's off. It was never really on, really." Barbara spoke What is new? What is different? What are the winning colors? carelessly enough. "You said—"

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

"You said Phil said-" "Oh, well, threatening to divorce "Sure," jeered Anne. "A lot of

Barbara beamed on Alice, who was are "nipping in." attentive. And Alice was of that asin-

"You know, Phil's one of these he doesn't like to take medicine that feeling of formality, an elegance messy. But the only thing that will spirit. Not that they are lengthencure a cold of his is strips of bacon ed all around, but dip gracefully with around his neck when he goes to bed at night. When I'm at home with line, playing hide and seek with the him, I don't argue. I simply York with me and didn't step into Phil, put that on and don't talk.' He sulks but he gets over that. So when I got 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

But it could not be shut awaythat picture of a Phil who was not the resistibly in frocks for formal even-Phil she had known but the Phil who had somewhere, some time, taken his place in a changing world; a man cately overcast. "The Melody Tones" with a short, stubby mustache holding are Summer Favorites, orchid, a dushandful of detestable bacon.

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 othby Alice, some signal must have been heard. Barbara flung back a cordial Barbara's voice to Anne floated back like a carol. "Lots I care right now when this show ends its run."

ning on the stage.

large-girthed person in gold and purple passed saying, "She crowds 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 house and thence along the shadowy wall to the back and the center aisle. The twenty minutes just passed

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! The floor was dark. The stage was

a rainbow guide, however. She found Murgtywood's familiar head, at the side of the aisle. The dancing desert girls, whirled sand-colored thin silken scarfs. Barbara's face, young smiling, whirled behind the footlights. Alice in the dim aisle smiled at a thought. No, wherever old impulsive Mrs. Corning was, she would not for- woman who is not slender that she get! Alice herself was impelled cannot wear wollen knit, is unwar-Murgtywood sprang up, perceiving er. "Back?"

drawing off her gloves. "You were gone a long time."

Dimness, like a temple's shadows, held the great houes. Her face was light bodice to a gradually deepennot plainly to be viewed. But Murg- ing shade by centering the darkness tywood leaned toward her quickly, as at the hips and skirt lend the illusion if a bell had been rung for his will- of slenderness. One of the smartest ing attention. Too dark for him to of ensembles to employ that principle read her composed eyes. Too smooth is of canton crepe and knitted fabric. for laughter the inflection of her. The bodice is beige and the skirt voice. But beyond physical sight and brown, but the cardigan covering the Oh, bells may be rung.

scenes change, too!"

"I'm afraid I'm not inclined to that old boy! Too late. That girl has long The dancing desert girls ran off the holder looked back to enjoin silence. sheen.

came on. His song would haunt ears hem, where an inch band of the beige long after a curtain had come down. carries to color toward the blouse. It was an Eastern love song, haunting, A tan and brown Deauville kerchief melodic—"My Heart Is a River for is worn flapperishly with it and in Thy Solace.'

er bind bacon slices on your neck for a sore throat?"

The rest of the costume from the beige stirched toque to the beige hose "Good Lord, no," he exclaimed in approval. disapproval. "At least, not since I

"Would you?" she whispered, with laughter. "If you were the one that insisted," he said without hesitancy. "I wonder," she murmured, "if I'll

Ledger. A Boon to Humanity.

Goo. "How did the professor make his million?" Magoo: "He put fenders on grape-fruit spoons."—Penn State Froth.

---Subscribe for the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

For a little mind courteth notoriety to illustrate its puny self .- Tupper.

Launchng a mode is always dra-

thrillingly takes stage. 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. stand the value has nearly trebled." comfortably. "He was all right two the one-time "garcon" type. Waist-preface of name:

"And Phil—we—" Barbara leaned days ago. I got a letter that proved lines are creeping toward the normal line and it can be told that corsets

blond type whose delicacy is a most indomitable mask of emotion.

"You know Dhir.

"You kno ment so necessary for play. But, as has been poetically said, "Skirts will lengthen as the shadows creep." A figure, intensifying the Eternal Femeinine

Old favorites in materials are playing a return engagement. Shantung, haburti, 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 "Oh!" gasped Alice. Involuntarily cludes prints in her wardrobe this she put her hands to her eyes, as if year, small patterned ones in a besheer medium. The smart woman inwildering variety for daytime, while large exotic floral designs glow ir-

ing wear. Colors are blended subtle, delity blue, and a particularly lovely yel-"It is messy," sighed Barbara, meditatively. With a startlingly swift sports or evening. Nile green is beginning to receive flattering atten-

The ensemble theme is important and capes, because they are so flat-

tering, are to be popular. Once the central idea of one's coser girls rose—lithe, with barbaric cally, of its accessories. These, howtume is established, one thinks, logiever, must always be subordinate to the main theme and keyed to relative importance. Hats are particusmile that seemed to mean good-by. larly interesting. Felt will remain the favorite. Straws that can be moulded and manipulated as felts are to hen this show ends its run." enjoy a degree of popularity. Hats the dancing desert girls were run- will be put on differently this year, Alice made her way down and out, so that part of the forehead will directed by an indistinguishable mur- show. There is the clever off-thegreat canvas walls which, shifted au- heighten the feminine appeal. Hats eye-brow line. Little nose veils dienceward, became desert sand, or are more colorful, more varied in de-

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 incredulors of at intervals.

Alice had then betrayed by his calliphess in rhinestones and silver-colored velvet. Murgtywood chuckled at intervals.

Alice had stopped incredulors of a stopped incredulors of at intervals.

Alice had stopped incredulors of a stoppe in gloves. Bags, gloves, and stock-

ing 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 So 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 toward little shaking secret laughter. ranted. True, she can't choose sleasy jerseys and expect them not to stretch and reveal much too obvious "I've come back," she murmured, bulges, but she can use judgment and discretion in the selection of knitted fabrics -cashmere jerseys, tightly "It's so different behind the woven zehhyr-cloths and any closely woven february and any closely woven fabric of firm threads.

Degrade effects leading from a physical sound, bells may be rung, bodice begins in tan, blending it with tan and brown, and ending in a deep "It always is," he said, oddly. "And brown at the bottom of the jacket, "Yes. They change!" skirt. Gold metal threads are inter-laced, giving the weave a subdued where it blends into the brown of the

The skirt is pleated in clusters of three alternated with box pleats, and The tenor, in rose satin doublet, the steady brown continues to the my opinion could be dispensed with. "Joe," whispered Alice, "do you ev- The rest of the costume from the and dark shoes meets with my strong

was 10 years old and my mother was lier than clean, gleaming windows. Even lace curtains cannot hide the grease and grime. From the dry 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

insist?"-By Ida M. Evans in Public 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 skins may seem expensive at

first, but they will last for years. -Subscribe for the "Watchman."