

Washing Rayon Successfully

Use Plenty of Water — Dry Indoors Away From Heat

As in the case with other fabrics — some rayons are washable; and others are not. Most rayons can be washed, however. The manufacturer's assurance is your best guarantee as to washability. Everything depends on the weave, the dye, and the possibility of shrinkage. If rayon has been subjected to much tension during manufacture, wetting will release that tension and the material will go back to its normal size. Your washing method will have nothing to do with it at all.

SOME RAYONS NOT WASHABLE

If your rayon is guaranteed not to shrink — a three-to-five minute run in your household washer, and mild soap and warm or lukewarm water, comprise the best washing "recipe." Wash your rayons in a lot of water; for when rayon is wet it is less strain-resistant. Put the rayons through at least two rinses of the same temperature. Press out as much water by hand as you can between rinses, for most rayon crushes fairly readily. Handle it gently as you ease each article into shape. Dry indoors away from intense heat provided by your ironer.

Handsome Ice-Man



Joseph O'Neill is seen seated on a makeshift throne of his own commodity after he had been chosen as New England's handsomest iceman. He is shown with the trophies he won, statues depicting icemen in action and a pair of silver ice tongs. But, what do you suppose Joe said, after he had received the honors, "Just put me down as a woman-hater."

Movies New Style Arbiters

Will Spend Plenty in Next Year Showing Women How To Dress

The movies, moving in as the world's style arbiters, are going to spend a lot of money in the next year or so showing women how to dress.

Designers feel that when Paris fell as the French capital, it also fell as the world's garment capital. As Edith Head, of Paramount, put it: "If the average American woman are to have new fashions this year, they'll have to get most of them from the screen. French and English influence is bound to be limited."

TAKING PARIS' PLACE?
A survey indicates that the studios will probably expend as much as \$5,000,000 a year on actresses' wardrobes, budgets on individual pictures running as high as \$25,000.

Maureen O'Hara will wear lavish costumes in "Dance, Girl, Dance." So will Ann Nagle in "No, No, Nanette." Deanna Durbin's "Spring Parade" will introduce new debutante styles, as will Judy Garland's "Strike Up the Band." Adrian's designs for Myrna Loy in "Third Finger, Left Hand," are described as "revolutionary."

Business and professional women can get ideas from Claudette Colbert in "Arise My Love." Subdubs can take suggestions from Susanna Foster in "There's Magic in Music." Margaret Lindsay, in the same film, offers a varied selection of suits. And Ellen Drew has a dozen Edith Head creations for "A Date With Destiny."

And Carole Lombard, who says she hasn't really dressed for a picture in three years, gets a chance with a whopping wardrobe in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

It Makes a Nicer Cool Drink

"SALADA" ICED TEA

SERIAL STORY SKI'S THE LIMIT

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BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

CAST OF CHARACTERS
SALLY BLAIR — heroine. She had everything that popularity could wish for, except —
DAN REYNOLDS — hero. He might have had Sally but while he was king on skis.
COREY PORTER — was king of the social whirl. So . . . But go on with the story.

Last week: Dan sends a short farewell letter to Sally, whose heart is now broken completely, irrevocably.

CHAPTER XX

"Sally, my sweet," Corey Porter said, for the hundredth time, "I do not see why you won't give in. You know you are going to marry me one of these days. Why won't you admit that you are? Why do you make me keep on telling you, my love?"

This was three months since Dan Reynolds had gone away. Three months during which Sally had had no other word from him, except that one farewell letter which she still kept locked in her jewel case. And three months during which the weight on Sally's heart had not grown much lighter.

"There isn't any reason why you can't marry me, is there?" Corey persisted. For Corey was a most persistent young man. He had just showered Sally with persistency all during these past three months. He had sent her flowers and candy, books and perfume; he had squired her around, escorted her to all the gay spots, courted her in a way that would have won any girl's heart. Except Sally's which was broken. "No, there isn't any reason," Sally answered. Truthfully, there really was not. For now Sally knew, after these three long months of heartache, that Dan would never come back. She had waited, all this while, still hoping that he might, in spite of that letter locked in her jewel case.

"Then why don't you name the day?" Corey persisted further. This was on their way home from a football game, in which Dartmouth had scored a triumphant victory over Cornell. They had stopped at a favorite inn for coffee and sandwiches and to get warmed before the long drive back.

MIGHT AS WELL FORGET

Why didn't she? Sally wondered, looking at Corey. He had been very good to her, very patient — for Corey. He was a young man any girl might well want to marry. So blond and easy to look at, so gay and glamorous, so much a part of the luxurious easy world that Sally always had known. The world that Dan had despised, from which he had run away.

There was no use now in hoping that Dan would ever return. She might as well forget him! She might as well destroy the letter

that was the one thing she had left of him. She might as well mend her broken heart as best she could.

Yet she could not bring herself to say the words that might do that, the words that Corey wanted her to say. She supposed she would say them some time. It was very difficult to hold out against such persistency as Corey's. And Sally was so awfully tired, so weary — perhaps because of that dull ache that pressed against her heart.

"I've got something for you," Corey said now, his blue eyes looking into hers across the intimate little table. "Since you admitted there's no reason why you shouldn't accept it, my sweet, I want to give it to you today." He put his hand in an inside pocket, drew forth a tiny square box. He had been carrying that box for a long time, waiting for just such a moment. He felt the moment had come.

The inn was practically deserted, except for a few scattered couples. The lights were low, the room warm and cozy, the gypsy orchestra was murmuring a love song.

HE WOULDN'T GIVE UP
Corey opened the box, took something from it, reached across for Sally's hand. Before she could stop him he had slipped a ring on her third finger, a square-cut diamond that sparkled up at her in a blaze of challenging brilliance.

"Oh, but Corey — you shouldn't! I can't!" Sally's lovely face was distressed, flushing becomingly in the soft rosy light. Corey had had no right to purchase a ring, to put it on her finger, when she had not given him any reason to think she could accept it. But it was like him to do it in just that way, refusing to admit that she could do anything but accept it. Corey who always won in the end.

"Why shouldn't I? Why can't you wear it?" His challenge matched that of the sparkling stone. "Don't take it off, Sally. Wear it — until you make up your mind, anyway." "But I can't make up my mind," Sally said, sadly.

"Then let me do it for you!" and Corey's smile was triumphant. He caught both her hands in his, and crushed them so that the new ring pressed into her soft skin, hurting it, even as Sally's heart, fluttering in uncertainty, ached.

She might as well let him do that. She knew Corey would not give up until he had won. She liked Corey, more than any other friend. She could not hope to find any other so faithful, so persistent. Anyone else who would make up her mind for her.

It's time, Sally told herself, that she stopped thinking of Dan, hoping that he might some day come back. He never would. He did not want to live in her world. He had not asked her to go with him to live in his. He had told her that she was not the sort of girl he wanted.

WHY NOT?

During these long months those words had been in back of every thought that Sally had had. They had wounded her at first, but gradually they had begun to hurt in a different way. They taunted her, they stung her pride, they stirred her to rebellion and on toward anger. She knew, though he had not told her, that that was what Dan, writhing them, had meant they should do. He had meant to hurt her, deliberately. He had meant to arouse her anger, to make her come to despise him for them. He had wanted her to put him out of her world, forever.

Sally did not take off the ring. After she withdrew her hands from Corey's firm grasp, she left it where he had placed it. It was a very beautiful ring. The kind of ring that a girl like Sally should wear.

She laughed shortly, thinking of that. She said, "Why not?" And the light in her dark eyes was dangerously bright, as long ago it often had been. Perhaps in that instant the old Sally Blair, Queen of the carnival, party and glamor girl, came back. The Sally that that other girl, who had loved Dan Reynolds, had tried so hard to kill.

"You mean you'll wear it?" Corey asked. He had known that he would win her in time. Yet somehow, maybe because of something else that lay behind the brightness in Sally's dark eyes, his high moment of triumph held a tinge of remorse.

Or, maybe, in spite of being what he could not help being, Corey Porter had enough decency and goodness in him to have to experience that one moment, at least, of self contempt and reproach.

Sally nodded. What difference did it make whether she wore Corey's ring or not? What did anything matter in her gay, glamorous world? She had not succeeded in killing Sally Blair, but she could kill that other one, the one who had been Dan's friend, the girl he had believed in.

Oh, she promised herself grimly, perhaps to cover up the ache in her breast, she would begin, right now, to do a very good job of that!

(To Be Continued)

Being Fat Just State of Mind

Alfred Hitchcock, Famed British Movie Director Decries Mental Anguish Occasioned By Reducing Diet

Being fat is just a state of mind, and losing weight is mainly a mental process, says one of the world's most famous fat men, Alfred Hitchcock, the British movie director.

Three months ago, Hitchcock weighed 292 pounds. He now weighs 250 pounds. And he hopes in a year to be down to a neat 180.

He has accomplished this by dieting — by eschewing two of his three huge meals a day and by cutting the third meal down to a meagre normal size.

LOSING WEIGHT. MENTAL PROCESS

But it isn't the lack of food that has taken three inches off his waistline, he insists. It's the mental anguish, the constant consciousness of the food he's missing.

"It works," he says, "the same way cooks get fat. It's mental. People say, 'Oh, they're always tasting things . . .' But that isn't the reason. You can't 'taste' a steak you're preparing for somebody else, can you?"

CONSCIOUS OF LACK

"Hitch" is as famous for his food as for his unusual pictures such as "The 39 Steps," based on the book by the late Baron Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada. It is said that before he was getting \$800,000 for five pictures in Hollywood, he would often borrow a pound (then \$5) and spend it all on a lunch.

Handy Hints

When your light-colored leather gloves show signs of grubbiness, put them on and rub gently with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a white shoe cream. Look after your husband's felt hat; slight surface spots can be removed easily and at once by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper. If baby's pram or cot blanket gets worn, cut out funny animals from colored wool material or from felt, and apply them over the worn parts; baby will bless you and the blanket will last longer and look smart.

Never throw away orange peel; dry it in the oven, put into a net bag and hang it in the wardrobe to keep moths away. When stewing fruit, add a few dates stoned and cut up, and stew them along with the fruit; use only two-thirds the normal amount of sugar for sweetening the fruit then. Look around you, you country readers, and help yourself to nature's vegetables. Young stinging-nettles (pick them in leather gloves, mind!) cooked like spinach and served with a dollop of butter on top, will fool the family completely and will improve their complexions at the same time.

Autumn Fashions' Mannish Trend

South American Influence Is Also Expected to Continue

This is the nervous in-between season for the makers of women's clothes, a period when everybody watches everybody else, waiting to see which way fashion will jump.

With Paris not saying a word, clothing manufacturers are uncertain where to look for inspiration, says Amy Porter, fashion writer for The Associated Press. SLIM LINES, FURS, PLAINNESS

The general outlines for fall are there — slim lines, rich furs and fabrics, an absence of fussy detail. But fashion still needs something to talk about, a shot in the arm for promotional purposes. Something like the hourglass corset or the up-hair do of other seasons.

Out of last spring's fashion trends, two seem likely to carry on into fall — the mannish trend and the South-American trend.

AZTEC PRINTS

The mannish trend will be felt in college girl clothes — suits and sport things. Smith and Vassar started it by buying jackets in men's wear shops. Style scouts took notice, and this fall every college shop will offer boyish sack suits made up in masculine-looking tweeds.

The South American trend was strong early in the spring, faded for a while, and now is strong again. There are likely to be more and more tambourine hats, black lace shawls, sombreros, Aztec prints.

The Truth About Mother Hubbard

A long-forgotten manuscript identified by the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, proves that Mother Hubbard, of nursery-rhyme fame, really did exist. Miss May Stubbington came across the original manuscript of the famous nursery rhyme while going over some old family papers. It was written in 1804 by Miss Sarah Martin, daughter of Sir Henry Martin, of Lockyng. So the rhyme, which is world-famous and thought by many to be centuries old is quite young. The inspiration of it was Mother Hubbard, housekeeper to the famous old West Country family of Bastard — whose present representative is Colonel Reginald Bastard, of Kitley, Devon. She had a dog she was fond of, and had gone to find it a bone when Miss Martin arrived. So the dog's unhappy dilemma was handed down to history!

Ice Cream and Cantaloupe



How about ice cream and cantaloupe for a porch supper during hot weather? Make it something special — cantaloupe à la mode, garnished with fresh peaches and blackberries for good measure.

The vanilla ice cream for which we are giving you the recipe is going to be one of the easiest, nicest and most economical you have ever made. Not too rich, but smooth and full-bodied. Made with only one part cream to three parts milk, which is one-third to one-sixth as much as most recipes call for — a feature that will delight your household budget and prove a boon to those of your family who love ice cream but find it too fattening. And using no eggs, so you can guess how simple it is. All this because it is a rennet-custard ice cream, and rennet has a way with milk, as you rennet-custard fans already know. But why should we tell you about it, when it's so easy to try it for yourselves?

Vanilla Ice Cream in Cantaloupe

2 rennet tablets
2 tablespoons cold water
3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla

Dissolve rennet tablets in cold water. Warm the milk, cream, sugar and flavoring to LUKEWARM — not hot, stirring constantly. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablets, stir a few seconds; pour immediately into freezer can and let set at room temperature until firm and cool. Freeze in ice and salt mixture, 4 parts ice to 1 part ice cream salt. Turn freezer about 10 minutes. Remove dasher. Repack with ice and salt and let set until ready to serve.

Serve in halves of thoroughly chilled cantaloupes, with a garnish of sugared sliced peaches and fresh blackberries. Serves 2.

EXCLUSIVE LAURA WHEELER FILET CROCHET DESIGN



COPY. 1940, NEEDLECRAFT SERVICE, INC.

"Home Sweet Home" can be made more attractive with this appropriate filet crochet chair set. Different in design, it works up quickly following easy charts. Pattern 2598 contains charts and directions for making set; an illustration of it and stitches; materials required.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.



By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

WAR-TIME FOODS (Continued)

Last week I discussed the book "Food for Health" published by the Canadian Medical Association as a guide for all homemakers to prepare for their families meals having the necessary requirements for the body's needs but at a minimum cost.

Last week I gave you an outline suggesting menus for Breakfast and luncheon or supper and this week I should like to continue with the outline for dinner menus and then give you a few comments on the rest of the book's suggestions.

Dinner Menus

Soup (if desired) Clear, with or without vegetables.

Meat or fish-meat loaf, shepherd's pie, Irish stew, pot roast or scalloped pink salmon.

Potatoes, mashed, scalloped or baked.

A second vegetable, cabbage, carrots, turnips, canned tomatoes or fresh fruit in season.

Bread. Whole wheat or white with butter.

Dessert. Apple pie, baked rice pudding, tapioca custard, blanc mange or fruit in season, fresh or cooked.

Tea for adults, small glass of milk for children.

Change your meals from day to day, but make sure that during the week your family uses the amounts of the various foods in your list.

Food Costs: The food lists in this book are based on the following prices:

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Food	Price	Unit
Milk	.12	Qt.
Cheese	.23	lb.
Butter	.29	lb.
Potatoes	.29	pk.
Green vegetables	.07	lb.
Root vegetables	.03	lb.
Tomatoes	.10	lb.
Dried vegetables	.09	lb.
Dried fruit	.11	lb.
Fresh fruit	.06	lb.
Meat or Fish	.16	lb.
Eggs "A" med.	.26	doz.
Bread	.09	loaf
Cereals	.05	lb.
Fats	.10	lb.
Sugar and Sweets	.08	lb.
Quart — 40 ounces		
Bread — 24 ounces		
Peck of Potatoes — 15 lbs.		

As we told you last week the daily cost per adult was 26 cents a person; 24 cts. for 1 child. Below is the diet for one adult. I have just one criticism of the outline: I have been taught 1 pint of milk per day per adult and 1 qt. for each child was the minimum. "Food For Health" specifies a little less, but if your family is one which does not have tea and coffee regularly you perhaps could cut down and save on the miscellaneous list, which we outlined last week for you:

Food	Amt. per wk.
Milk	4 pts.
Cheese	3/4 lb.
Butter	3/4 lb.
Potatoes	.50 per week
Fresh vegetables	4 lbs.
Dried vegetables	5 lbs.
Fresh Fruit	1/2 lb.
Dried Fruit	3/4 lb.
Meat or fish	.50 per week
Eggs	3
Bread	.30 per week
	2 loaves

Fashion Flashes

Soldier's blue woollen is featured for a one-piece dress with narrow waistband, which adds gold buttons. The buttons are worked in double file in the skirt — a treatment that is being much used for fall.

A three-piece suit, features the long-fitted jacket that buttons up to high club collar and has four patch pockets. The topcoat is a boxy one, the tweed fabric a blend of wools, said to feature camel hair.

As a college girl feature, the long Bahama shirt is much favored. It is a man's type of shirt-jacket of about knuckle-length, boxy and casual. It comes in flannel with contrasting flannel skirt. Simply tailored flannel jacket suits are highlighted too.

Pleats are nicely worked in groups to give fullness without much flare. A shirred tunnel for the belt is smartly used on one casual jersey dress with big pockets. Plain wool jerseys, corduroy with jersey, cashmere blend jersey, herringbone tweed and plaid wool mixtures are accented.

One-piece dresses form a group all their own, ranging from a simple shirtwaist style that buttons all the way down one side to a spectator dress in jersey with high collarless neckline, back buttons and below-elbow sleeves.

Off-centre closings lead fashion news in slim autumn dress coats.

Barbering Wife Saves Thousands

H. M. (Uncle Marion) Holland, 96 on July 27, and his 88-year-old wife, Pamela (Aunt Meel), of Marion, Ky., have celebrated 73 wedding anniversaries and figure they have saved \$2,700 because Uncle Marion didn't need to go to a barber shop.

Aunt Meel believes she's one of the best barbers of her age. "All through the years we had 'barbering day' and I could cut Mr. Holland's hair and shave him too," she said.

READERS WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN

MINARD'S

35 LINIMENT

ISSUE 31-'40