There's A Reason For Most Styles

Many of Our Everyday Garments Have a Romantic Origin — Physical Failings Often Responsible for Certain Fashions

Some of our everyday garments have had romantic stories.

Because a wealthy Parisian of the eleventh century had a painful corn, he ordered his shoemaker to make him a pair of extremely long shoes. The fashion caught on and remained in style for quite a long time.

Physical failings have often ruled fashions. Long skirts came in when the daughter of Louis XI wished to hide her feet, which she regarded as outsize. The ladies of the Court followed the fashion, even if the cause was missing.

ORIGIN OF CRINOLINE

Crinolines, arose from the fact that the hips of a Spanish Infanta didn't match. To hide this, she ordered a hooped skirt — and all the other ladies wanted one! Fichus grew out of the lace scarf which a lady friend of Frances I draped round her neck to disguise its thinness. The fashion was so becoming that it speedily swept the French Court.

Manicure At Home

Ann Morriss demonstrates how she gives herself a home manicure and keeps her nails and hands in good condition. In applying polish, Miss Morriss makes one short even stroke across nail, outlining the half moon, then three even strokes from moon to tip across nail.

Your Mouth Tells Plenty About You

Open or Closed—Its Size and Shape Reveal All Manner of Secrets

In many different ways your mouth tells things about you. To begin with, its shape and size, the kind of lips it has, betray all manners of secrets.

Everyone knows, for instance, that a mouth which turns up at the corners belongs to a cheery, laughing soul, while one which droops denotes a pessimistic nature. If the lips just curve down slightly—not enough to be called a droop or sag—they indicate an earnest, serious and rather sad person.

Are your lips thin or full? If thin and pressed together, you have good business abilities and can make money but might be more affectionate. With full lips, you are going to be fond of comfort, easy-going, loving pleasure love intensely. Lips of medium thickness belong to a level-headed person who can be devoted to one or two people only, and somewhat cold towards the rest of the world.

The size of the mouth is important. If small, it shows refinement, a good memory, attention to detail but some fussiness and discontent. A medium size mouth indicates a good amount of energy and generosity—on occasion. She with the large mouth will always be generous and extravagant, full of activity and tolerance.

Consider the color of the mouth when it is clear of lipstick. Are your lips pale compared with the rest of your coloring? If so, you are rather calm, quiet and unemotional, steady and a bit of a plodder. Pink lips are nice to have, showing a symphathetic, pleasant and affectionate personality. Children and some older people have attractive, definitely red mouths, betraying that they are excitable, enthusiastic and fond of change. They have plenty of energy but not quite enough staying power.

The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"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 win her, 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: Corey plans to take Sally to a Lake Placid ski jump and Sally faces the ordeal thinking it may put Dan out of her heart forever.

CHAPTER XXII

If there was a more beautiful world than that of snow-bound Lake Placid, Sally had never seen it. Great blue-white mountain peaks pierced with the deep azure of the sky, pine trees formed tall black regiments, frosted fields shimmered like miles and miles of silvered gauze; the lake itself wore a dull glazed sheen.

The crowd was exceedingly gay and smart, lovely girls in all manner of sport outfits; rugged, handsome men in ski sweaters and knickers. None handsomer, or more attentive than Corey; no girl more strikingly beautiful than Sally Blair. Again heads turned as they passed by, skating arm in arm, or carrying skis and poles; again people remarked what a fine-looking couple they made. "That's Sally Blair," someone would say. "Remember, she was Queen of the Dartmouth Carnival last year!" Or, "That's Corey Porter with her. His father is the millionaire. He and Sally are engaged, you know."

Looking at them anyone might be envious. They had everything, this young couple, good looks, and health, and money to burn — and love. The world was all theirs. Or so it seemed. No one could guess that this particular world, in Sally's thoughts, belonged just to one person. A boy who this time last year had been king of them all in this world of his. A boy whose memory was stingingly potent, achingly ever-present as Sally skated and skied, flirted and laughed, pretending to be as gay, as happy as the old Sally Blair.

SKI CONTEST

The day after the arrival of Corey and his party there was to be a contest. "It's a sort of unofficial try-out for the Olympics, I understand," Corey said. "I believe there will be contestants from everywhere. It ought to prove interesting. We ought to go and watch it."

The Olympics that Dan, this time last year, had hoped to make. That he would have achieved, surely, had it not been for Sally. That he had said, one day beside a brook in the spring, he would one day try out for again.

But of course Dan would not be trying out here. Sally did not even know where he was. What had become of him. She told herself she did not care. "Of course we'll go," she said to Corey. "I wouldn't miss it for anything." No matter how much it might make her remember. She had asked for it, hadn't she? She wanted to be thoroughly cured of all memories forever.

That next day could not have been more perfect. Not a cloud in the sky, the scene like a carnival with its hundreds of rainbow-hued spectators at the foot of the mountain where the contest would ake place. The dazzling sweep of white snow, the high, winding, smooth down-trail.

There were several events scheduled, langlauf, or cross-country, jumping and down-hill, a slalom course with its flags forming gates and zigzag flushes for an obstacle race.

If she closed her eyes Sally almost could have imagined that someone of the contestants might have been Dan. But none of them, she told herself, sizing up their performances, could equal him. Besides, she would not close her eyes. She would not think of Dan. Not any more. Not here where it seemed as though she could not keep from thinking of him every minute. Where, in spite of all stern resolutions, all laughter and pretense, that old familiar ache weighed down on her again.

"Why, look . . . who's that?" someone in Corey's party asked, even as Sally Blair had voiced just the same question over a year ago. Everyone was looking up at the fig-edge of the steep drop, making ready for the jump, the swift, downward flight. A figure that made it so gracefully, so effortlessly, that it was sheer joy to watch the symmetrical beauty of movement.

Sally had no need to ask who it had been. She knew before she heard the answer. There was only one person who could ski as that boy had, commanding such tribute. But it could not — it simply could not be Dan! She dared not believe her eyes, though she had not closed them. She dared not believe the hammering of her heart that yet could not be denied.

"That's Dan Reynolds," someone else in the crowd said. To which another made response. "Yes; he's the most promising runner-up for the Olympic choice. There's no one who can match him."

"Did you know Dan would be here?" Sally asked Corey in a low tone. Her eyes wore a dangerous bright look; the warm color flooded her lovely face, as she turned to him.

"I did not," Corey said. That was a bad break for him. If he had dreamed Reynolds would enter this meet he never would have planned this party or brought Sally here. Though maybe it was just as well, at that. "Does it make any difference if he is here, my sweet?" Corey asked lightly.

"None whatever!" Sally said. The Sally who wore Corey's ring underneath her fur-lined mitten; who claimed she no longer believed in the existence of a person named Dan. But that other Sally, whose heart pounded so madly now, said it made all the difference in the world, in all of the worlds in the universe, in fact.

HE HAD WON

Yes, even if that Sally was dead. If the new-old Sally never saw him again. Dan had won; he had licked the things that had tried to best him. Dan was King of the skis as he always had been.

Oh, it was very difficult not to believe in a boy who had done what this boy had!

Just as it proved impossible not to believe in what he did that day. As had been said of him, no one could begin to match him in any event. Dan carried off honors in all of them, jumping, down-trail, and last of all — and as Sally had thought before, that other time when she had watched him — most beautiful of all, too, the slalom race.

TO CONGRATULATE THE CHAMP

"I want to congratulate him," Sally said atfer it was all over and Dan was the center of an admiring group. "I want to go over and say 'hello' to Dan, Corey." She had to do that; just as she had had to meet Dan after she first had seen him that long ago day. Nothing on earth could have kept Sally from meeting Dan then. Nothing could keep her from going to him oow.

Corey glanced at her, his blue eyes narrowed. "It won't do any good," he said, even as he had said that other time. "Dan proved he didn't want anything to do with us, Sally. He took himself out of our world. Why go back into his?"

"That has nothing to do with it," Sally said. "You're not afraid to go, are you, Corey?"

This brought an angry flush to Corey's fair cheeks, a quick denial that was almost too ready. He was afraid. But not for the reasons that Sally thought.

"Come on, then," Sally said. Her reasons were different from what Corey might have supposed, too. If she met Dan again, talked with him, looked into his eyes, then maybe at long last she really could forget him.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 33—'40

Speech Can Be Charming And Remain Simple

Fancy Words Show Poor Taste in Your Speech

As soon as she has eliminated hard tones from her voice—simply by learning to keep her tongue, throat and jaw relaxed and to pause for breath between sentences—the woman who is determined to speak charmingly resolves to improve her diction.

Voice teachers agree that perfect speech is not marred by colloquialisms, and is simple and unaffected, of course.

Fancy speech is never pleasant. Don't say "'I retired" instead of "I went to bed." "Or I desire to purchase" when you mean "I want to buy." Or "I attended the theatre" instead of "I went to the theatre" or "I went to a show."

THE BROAD "A" IS A STICKER

If you are a broad "A" addict, do be consistent. If you say "can't" with a broad "A" other times, you'll be laughed at. Unless you were brought up in a broad-A-speaking family or have been using the broad "A" since you were no more than ten, better forget about it. Because naturalness is the keynote of effective speech.

Something Rarer

There's a note in every song
That's sweeter than the rest,
There's a moment in each day
That is divinely blest.
There's a hope in every heart
That's bound to bloom in glory,
There's a phrase in every book
Far wiser than its story.

There's a perfume in a flower
That's sweeter than its beauty
There's a standard gleaming white
Shining high above plain duty
There's a prayer in every pain
That illuminates the bearer,
There's always in our lives
The touch of something rarer.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Some New Desserts

For a few weeks we will leave the war time menus and take on what might seem a very frivolous mood. But upon close analysis these recipes will be found very economical.

COFFEE CREAM PIE

1 package orange jelly powder
1½ cups hot coffee
4 eggs
½ cup cream
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Dissslve the jelly powder in the hot coffee. Beat the egg yolks slightly. Add ½ cup sugar, salt and ½ cup cream. (Cook in double boiler until a rich thick custard consistency. Combine with jelly mixture and cool. When mixture begins to thicken, beat with rotary egg beater and fold in stiffly beaten whites to which ¼ cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell with mixture and chill. Garnish with whipped cream sprinkled with chopped pecans.

Some requested my pineapple cake so here it is:

SUMMER SPICE CAKE

2 cups cake flour
1 cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Two-thirds cup strong cold coffee
¼ cup soft butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Make hollow in centre and pour in all remaining ingredients, except vanilla. Beat all together 2 minutes. Bake in layer pans in a moderately hot oven 25 minutes. Ice with brown sugar icing.

Brown Sugar Icing

2½ cups brown sugar
⅓ cup strong coffee
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar and coffee in saucepan. Stir until sugar dissolves, then boil without stirring to soft-ball stage. Whip egg whites to which salt has been added. Pour syrup over egg whites in bowl in a thin stream, beating constantly. Add flavorings. Place bowl over boiling water and whip until icing will hold a point. Spread. Enough for two layers.

PINEAPPLE DREAM CAKE

Butter an inch pan (diameter). In it melt 1 cup brown sugar and 2½ tablespoons butter. On the sugar after melting lay as many slices of canned pineapple as pan will hold. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Then cover with this batter:

½ cup butter
Two-thirds cup sugar
3 well beaten eggs
3 teaspoons baking powder
2¼ cups cake flour
Two-thirds cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon flavoring

Mix as any light cake. Bake moderate oven for 45 minutes. Turn at once on a round plate. Serve with whipped cream or custard sauce.

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.

EXCLUSIVE LAURA WHEELER DESIGN

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KNITTED BOLERO PATTERN 2437

Jiffy knit this charming and useful bolero in heavy yarn. Pattern 2437 contains directions for bolero in sizes 12-14 and 16-18; illustrations of it and stitches; materials required; photograph of pattern stitch.

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.

Little Pointers In Decorating

When buying materials for curtains, if you are not sure of the proper length for your windows, there are three lengths most generally accepted as correct. Curtains should be long enough to touch the sill, to come to the bottom of the apron, or to reach the floor. When measuring, be sure to allow amply for a generous bottom hem, top hem for the curtain rod, and heading, if you wish one.

An opulent effect can be given the simplest studio by a unique window treatment. Extend the cornice beyond the outer corners of the wide window across the entire width of the room. Then hang in full folds from the cornice to the floor yards of sheer lace net. This will prove to be a lot less expensive than it looks and will give your studio a fresh, airy atmosphere during hot weather.

To make narrow windows appear wider, buy curtain rods some inches longer than the actual window width so that the curtains will fall over the wall as well as over the window. And don't skimp on curtain material. Full, ample folds of the right length for your window, give a luxurious effect.

A summer touch can be added to the dining room, without detracting too much from its dignity, by making curtains and chair seat covers of lightweight materials. Some of this season's handsome cotton or silk plaids or candy stripes would be an excellent choice. On these, of course, a tailored corded finish would be most satisfactory.

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Add Color To Your Life

Your Home is Your Castle So Make It Cheery With Colors of the Rainbow

A tonic for a house that's dull and uninteresting, is a flash of bright color. And an inexpensive one, for, of course, color is the cheapest ingredient.

One decorator feels that every room should have a touch of red somewhere in it—just as every lady should have her lipstick. Turquoise pottery also has a way of perking a room up effectively. Copper trays and jugs can make a mighty big splash for small expense; so can brass and pewter.

A TIP TO THE AMATEUR

Actually most home-makers are scared to death of bright colors, but here is a tip on how to get away with bright colors in decorations. The amateur is safer to try just one really scintillating color in a room—such as brilliant cerise in a room that's otherwise mostly in shades of greys. Or emerald green to counter-balance the deadening effect of the all-taupe room, or with gradations of beige to brown. Lapis Lazuli blue is lovely with dusty pinks and rose-beiges.

INEXPERIENCE CHANGES

If you can't afford to work out these ideas in any really momentous changes, you can create quite a change of scene by making fresh lamp shades and cushions, adding new curtains even if they're made of inexpensive materials framing a few bright prints, buying some new pieces of pottery.

Babies Have Fun In Unique Way

When a doctor asked through the American Medical Association's journal, for advice on how to stop a baby from getting on his hands and knees and rocking in his cradle "with such force that the bed made a great deal of noise," he was told, in effect, to skip it. This baby also had a habit of bumping his head on the head board, without injuring himself, until he fell asleep.

"There seems to be no good reason why an effort should be made to break the habit of bed rocking or head banging," the Journal advised. "Just why these habits develop is not known. Ignoring them usually causes their disappearancees."

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GET SOME TODAY

More Colors Seen In New Fashions

Bloused Backs and Slim Skirts Emphasize Youthful Look

With increased emphasis on youthful detail and silhouette, women's dresses stress the importance of the one-piece type as well as jacket and bolero suits and redingote costumes in crepe and wool White, black dresses outnumber colors in crepe, satin, tissue faille and velvet colors lead in wool dresses as well as in crepe costumes; and in crepes, great variety is shown in the blue and green families, in red especially the rich dark reds like raisin, in the grays with the accent on the taupe shades, and some browns and cocoas.

High necklines, draped and shirred detail at shoulder and waist subtly bloused backs and the long fitted sleeve or the shirred bracelet sleeve work wonders for more.

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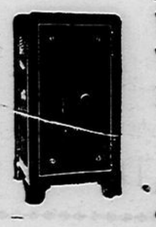

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