Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Promenade Deck . .

by Ishbel Ross

SYNOPSIS

A luxurious five-month cruise all around the world aboard the "Marenia" brings together a group of passengers for adventures, romantic, entertaining and tragic — Like in "Grand Hotel" these passengers offer a study in human actions and reactions that unconsciously bare their souls — These characters are aboard the ship; Macduff, dour Scotchman, single, of middle age; Miss Mudge, school teacher, spending the savings of 20 years; Angela, faithful wife of Lovat, gigolo; Dick Charlton, first officer; Clare, a person of experience; Joan, a dissipated flapper; Jenny, run-away wife, and Peter; Captain Baring, master of the ship — and his soul — NOW, GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III

A slight girl strode past with a youth at her heels. She was all in yellow, and her pale gold hair burned in the day's afterglow. Dick's glance then swung from Clare's opulence to the figure in primrose, moving with the careless grace of inexperience.

"Ingenue!" commented the chief officer, his gaze settling again on the figure beside him.

"Yes" — she darted a fast look at him—" and how one has to protect oneself from the young!"

He looked at his watch. It was half-past five. "Sorry. Seamen must work. No time for dalliance now."

"But now is always a lovely time." Clare stretched languorously in the depths of her deck chair.

Dick swung along the deck, a tall, blue figure tacking against the wind.

Clare watched day melt into night. She could see Macduff roaming up and down, puffing at his pipe. "I wonder if I could make him talk," she speculated idly. But he looked so forbidding that she decided to leave him alone and go down to dress.

Their Histories

In three days Clare had begun to hear the histories of some of her fellow passengers. She knew that the woman with silver hair, sitting to her right, was taking her husband around the world for his health. Clare decided that her face suggested an interesting past, although gloom was blotting her out for the time being.

At the next table, like a modernist doll propped beside a dowager, sat Patty Arundel. Patty had summed up her fellow passengers with the hard disfavour of twenty. She thought them old and stuffy. Clare she regarded as a Victorian siren, a silly woman who did not know that love was never mentioned by name between two modern young people. "Sticky," thought Patty to herself.

"Johnny" — Patty raised her voice — "there goes Mrs. Langford."

She found that she was not drawing Johnny's attention to Clare — it was already there. He blushed slightly, surprised in his own thoughts. He had just arrived at the conclusion that he had never seen such lovely curves, and what was it that lurked in those yellowish eyes? Johnny was fresh from college, his father was sending him around the world before he settled down to being a broker. Patty was fresh from Vassar, and she did not fall in love with every youth who danced well or beat her at tennis. But Johnny was on probation, but, failing a greater excitement, he seemed to be a godsend on the Marenia.

"Johnny!" This time her voice was imperative. "You're mooning. Give me your attention, all of it, and another dry Martini."

"Forgive me, Patty. My wits are wandering. Here, steward, two dry Martinis."

"I was wondering what you thought about Mrs. Langford, but now I shall not ask you."

"If you really want to know, I do think she's a knock-out," said Johnny with surprising fervour.

Patty snuggled deep in her leather chair and looked a little moodily at the figure in gold. What a lovely gown it was! She wished that she knew what men could see in women who were as transparent as glass to their own sex.

His Good Luck

Patty's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden appearance of her aunt, who had walked over to their table to pick her up. She was small and very slight, faintly bored, carefully groomed, a woman who knew the worst and the best that were to be had from life.

"I shall want one, two, three, four, possibly even five dances tonight," said Johnny, jumping smartly to attention in deference to Patty's aunt.

"Try to get them," retorted Patty, as she slipped through the door.

Johnny lingered over his cocktail, reflecting that it was luck to have found a girl like Patty on a trip like this. Clare walked past his table on her way to the dining-room, leaving a trail of perfume that made Johnny's nostrils contract with excitement. Wonder what she was doing on this trip, and who her husband was. Probably a divorcee. He would soon know for it seemed that everything was getting about — too much for his taste. It rather sickened Johnny, the way people talked, the men in the smoking room, the women on deck. No one would have a scrap of privacy left by the time they had reached India.

Macduff was walking out and the bar was clearing. Johnny decided that it was time to go down to dinner. The orchestra was playing as he entered, and the boat was rolling so much that he staggered on the way to his table. He had drawn agreeable dining companions — a loose-boned Westerner, Bill Laird, with a charming wife whom he teased unmercifully. Bill was getting a reputation already for being the practical joker of the boat. Patsy waved blithely across the room.

"Not feeling well?" enquired Bill, solicitously.

Man of The World

"Never felt better," said Johnny. If you want to try a remedy on some one, you'd better watch out for Patty Arundel. She threatens to be sick whenever the boat rolls."

"Oh, Mrs. Langford!" Bill shouted, half an hour later seeing that Clare had finished dinner and was passing out at a leisurely gait. "Join us for coffee and liqueurs."

She had already had some deck-chair conversation with the Lairds and liked them both. Drawling in his lazy way Bill introduced Johnny, who had jumped to his feet and stood staring down at her in a tongue-tied manner. They all went upstairs to the salon and settled down to fines and cigarettes. Clare chatted idly and Bill baited her, but grew bored when he failed to find resistance in her shallow retorts. She had no repartee, but her voice had a husky note that Johnny found alluring. He talked to Mrs. Laird, but kept his eyes glued on Clare. She ignored him most of the time, but when the dancing began she slid into his arms, and he suddenly knew that she had been thinking of him all the time. She danced divinely. Her hand felt alive in his clasp.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this trip," murmured Clare. I've been seeing you about the boat. You're very strenuous aren't you? Tennis, swimming, games."

Clare smiled and her hair brushed his chin. He had never held a woman in his arms who magnetized him like this. It was not like dancing with the girls he knew at home. Johnny began to feel like a man of the world.

At last he gave her up reluctantly, for the music had come to an end. It was hard to wait for his next dance with her to begin. Patty had come into the room with her aunt, but he had forgotten that she existed. She had found other partners and was dancing now with Dick, the chief officer.

(To be continued)

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FRUIT-A-TIVES LIVER TABLETS

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Queen Mary Doesn't Like Modern Music

Queen Mary does not like modern dance music.

Shortly before she laid the foundation stone of the new St. Helien hospital at Surrey, a program of music for the ceremony was sent for her approval. She intimated that she did not like modern music, and particularly jazz. She said she preferred light opera and Viennese waltzes. She approved a program which included waltzes and a gavotte.

When the Lusitania sank, 1,198 persons lost their lives.

Hired Girl Drops Out Of Existence

At Least the Old-Fashioned Kind Is Disappearing From The Land

Another institution has joined the ranks of memories. The hired girl is found no more in the homes of today, says Anne Rutherford, writing in the Stratford Beacon-Herald. Her place has been taken in prosperous homes by "the maid," while the middle class folk who once enjoyed her ministrations get along as best they can under their own power.

In most small towns and villages, the money paid out for household help is meagre. It permits at most the hiring of assistance at such times as housecleaning, or when there is sickness in the family. The hired girl is gone.

In an endeavor to find out if there was a reason for her disappearance the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States did a bit of research work. It discovered that "The importance of 'our hired girl' in the living patterns of village families has decreased as services of commercial bakeries and laundries have increased, as canneries and garment factories have grown, and as labor-saving devices have come into the home.

"Then too, many a homemaker would rather spend for a car and widen her social contacts than to spend money for a maid if it only means leasure to sit on the front porch and watch the neighbors ride by."

The next generation, then, will scarcely know anything about the "family factotum who lived in the household, cooked such good things to eat that the children hung about her kitchen table until she chased them away with some such refrain as: 'Clear out of my way. There's time for work and time for play! So take your dough and run, child, run, or I can't get no cooking done'!" When that time comes, even James Whitcomb Riley and his homely verses of childhood will be forgotten, and the term "hired girl" will be something to be looked up in dictionaries. It seems a pity!

Beautiful Spy Queen Arrested

In Paris — Suspected of Passing Vital Information Out of The Country

Paris was excited by news of the arrest of the beautiful young "queen" of an alleged spy ring which has jeopardized the safety of the Southern frontier.

Idol of the dance halls and bars of the Riviera, "La Belle Tatiana," as she was known, is said to have organized a chain of spies whose activities may have the gravest repercussions.

Her real name is Tataina Vassilew. She is the wife of a soldier in the French army, but she is said to be friendly with a young Persian.

Suspecting leakage of vital information, French Secret Service agents, after weeks of intensive inquiry, arrested a young soldier who had just completed his military service in the little town of Graulmet.

Documents Found

They had learned that a foreign agent had made him an offer for a document concerning the defence of the south-eastern region and a plan of mobilization.

The accused man declared that a former secretary of the War Ministry, Marcel Oustric, had the decuments.

Search of Oustric's home revealed 143 documents, including fortification plans and charts, says B.U.P.

Then the police turned their attention to Toulouse, where the beautiful 23-year-old brunette was reported to be staying with Amumirian, the Persian, but the "birds" had flown.

They were later arrested in the Latin quarter of Paris, and it is reported that more vital documents were found in their possession.

Duck Eggs Must Be Boiled Well

Don't fry duck eggs. Boil them — and be sure them well.

That is the warning given to purchasers of duck eggs in France and Germany. In Germany shopkeepers are compelled by law to tell every customer to give duck eggs a long boiling, to stamp on each shell the instruction "To be boiled," and to display a poster on the subject for the information of customers.

Reason is that French and German medical men take a more serious view of the dangers of duck eggs than do our own, because of a dangerous bacillus which they say lurks in even the cleanest looking egg. Periodically one reads of inquests on people who have fallen victims to the bacillus.

Boston Disowns Its Cream Pies

In the cookery department of The New York Herald-Tribune the "Boston Cream Pie," has been causing heartburn — mental, not stomachic — according to the editor. "Cross my heart and hope to die if I ever heard of Boston cream pie — before I came to New York," Miss Hurd, born in the shadow of Bunker Hill (Boston) and living there 25 years, never heard of "B. C. P." until she saw it on a menu.

Nor did she ever hear of creaming the poor defenseless spinach. "The idea! Or putting tomatoes and carrots into clam chowder. The very idea! Why, that is vegetable soup. And what New Yorkers called baked beans. Ye gods! Pale, white-livered things that were swimming in grease, ugh! For years I have let all this pass, but to have my favorite food column talking about Boston cream pie, I could not resist the impulse to write."

Showing Him

When a Montenegrin girl sticks her toes out of her shoes it's a sign that she's prepared to receive proposals of marriage.

Extreme cold is capable of causing tin to crumble to dust.

Sew Sportster In a Jiffy

PATTERN 4798

By Anne Adams

Looking for a really smart sports frock? Then make up this dashing style—a jaunty model that is just begging to be taken to the golf links, tennis courts, or for a stroll downtown! You can bet that Anne Adams knows "what's what" when it comes to placing saucy touches on a frock that makes it "specially yours"! Look at the youthful pointed revers, brief sleeves, panel-front, and three bright buttons that serve as accents—smart, aren't they? You'll find Pattern 4798 so simple to follow that you can have several versions run up in no time. Ideal in pique, crash, or linen.

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Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams patterns. Write plainly Size Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

WEAK AND NERVOUS?

MOST women at some period of their lives need a tonic like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The young woman who suffers from monthly pains, the expectant mother who has no appetite, and the middle-aged woman who experiences "heat flashes" and nervousness, should try this "Prescription." Mrs. L. Teal, 482 Bridge St., Niagara Falls, Ont., said: "During motherhood Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gave me a fine appetite, helped to relieve me of upset stomach, and strengthened me wonderfully. Before I used the 'Prescription' I was quite weak and nervous. Prospective mothers who are weak and in need of a tonic will find it a great friend." Buy now of your druggist.

"Making Breakfast Attractive"

The housewife who can prepare a breakfast that pleases her family and at the same time nourishes them, is to be envied. Most women find breakfast a problem. It comes at a time when appetities are temperamental and digestion sluggish.

Breakfast can start the day right or wrong, it all depends on the planning. It should be a fairly light meal —one that is easy and quick to eat, yet tasty, and contains plenty of healthful nourishment. It should not require any elaborate preparation. A sense of being at peace with the world when everything runs smoothly and easily should be inspired and this cannot be if there is a clatter of pots and pans.

Packaged cereals are a big help. They can be served in hot or cold weather and with fresh or canned fruit. Bran muffins are a delightful addition to the breakfast table. They can be made days ahead of time and heated in a double boiler over hot water or toasted just before serving. For the adults, be particular about the coffee you serve. It should be fresh, properly ground for the type of coffee-maker you use and of the right strength and don't skimp on the cream. Hot chocolate is a good starter for the youngsters who go to school.

Vary breakfast by starting off with pineapple juice, orange juice, tomato juice or grapefruit juice, stewed or fresh fruits when they are in season. This can be followed with cereal or eggs, sausages, fish cakes or cream chipped beef on toast. Toast, or French toast can be served some mornings and bran muffins on others.

Fluffy Omelet

2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-coloured
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine quick-cooking tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes) and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add butter. Remove from boiling water; let cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold in egg whites. Pour into hot, buttered 10-inch frying pan. Cook over low flame 3 minutes. Then bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 15 minutes. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Fold carefully and serve on a hot platter. Serves 6.

Bran Muffins

1 cup sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg well beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup bran flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg and sugar. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add butter and bran flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium sized muffins.

French Toast

1 egg slightly beaten
½ cup milk
3 slices bread (¾ inch thick) cut in triangles
¼ teaspoon salt

Combine egg, milk, and salt. Dip slices of bread in mixture and fry in deep fat (390 deg. F.) 2 minutes, or until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. (Slices may also be sauteed in hot fat on griddle). Serve with maple syrup or jam. Makes 6 triangles.

Police Dogs In Australia

For two days 20 police and 100 civilians searched Sydney (Australia) for a child, which was missing, but their search was fruitless. As a last hope a police Alsatian, Tess, was put on the trail. In less than an hour Tess had found the child.

Because of this the New South Wales Police Department is forming a special State "police dog force" to track missing persons and assist in solving crime mysteries. The dogs will be trained in all phases of police work: tracking, saving persons from drowning, dispersing mobs and protecting police from attacks.

Founded in 1623, Gloucester, Mass., is the site of one of the largest summer art colonies in the United States, as well as being a famous fishing and seafaring port.

Your Child

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