Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Promenade Deck . . .

by Ishbel Ross

Synopsis

A luxurious five-month cruise 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 which unconsciously bare their souls . . . These characters are aboard the ship: Macduff, dour Scotsman, 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, runaway wife, and Peter; Captain Baring, master of the ship . . . and his soul. . . NOW, GO ON WITH THE STORY.

His attention wandered over the dancing couples. He wasn't interested in pretty girls at the moment, but he supposed he had to dance with someone. Men were so scarce. His glance came to rest on the little teacher from Cabin 454. She was sitting by herself in a corner, enveloped in a Spanish shawl, with poppies too large for her size.

The handsome officer she had seen about the boat was moving in her direction.

"Won't you dance with me?" asked Dick, bowing formally over her.

She snatched at the fringe of her shawl and looked at him in confusion. She was much too nervous to rise to her feet.

"Oh, do come on," he urged her. "This is a good tune."

A flock of nervous fears went chasing one another across Miss Mudge's sensitive face; then something propelled her to her feet.

Miraculously Miss Mudge's step was suddenly in tune with the chief officer's, and he had her firmly clasped by the Spanish shawl, whirling her around with such speed that she soon forgot about her feet. Her head swam with excitement and she caught a whiff of tobacco that made her faint. She had never been clutched to a man's chest like this before. Her head brushed his sleeve and she shivered with joy.

Really Unique

When the music ended, he led her back to a little table. She looked about with an elated air.

"What will you have to drink?" asked Dick, disentangling himself from the fringes of her shawl and spying her pink chiffon dress.

Miss Mudge blushed. "Thank you," she said, "but I never drink. You see, I'm a White Ribboner."

"A what?" echoed Dick.

"A White Ribboner— teetotaller, you know."

"Oh, I see. Band of Hope."

He looked at her with a rising gleam of interest. She was really unique—her spirit twinkled brightly through the faded shell of her flesh. It would be fun to tease her a little.

"But you can't possibly go round the world without having a drink," he protested. "It wouldn't be decent. Let me order you something gentle that won't bite."

Miss Mudge was half-persuaded. Lights leaped in her eyes; she nodded her head. Dick decided to get her a creme de menthe. She sat very straight in her chair, with her hands folded nervously under her shawl. At times she shot timid glances at her companion, not quite sure what he might be going to do next. The drinks came, and Dick toasted her.

"Happy day on the Marenia!" he said.

Miss Mudge had never been toasted before, but she smiled, said thank you, and took a swallow. There wasn't very much of it—such a little glass. It surely couldn't go to her head. Suddenly she giggled and set down her drink.

"What's up?" Dick enquired.

"Oh, I was just thinking of Ohonto."

"What's Ohonto?"

"Ohonto, Wisconsin— the place I come from." She seemed to be saying. "It isn't possible that you haven't heard of Ohonto."

"Nice place?"

"Very. I teach there, but I'm having a sabbatical year to see the world."

"I hope you won't be disappointed."

"Oh, no!" Miss Mudge's voice was fervent. "It's wonderful!"

Now It's a Waltz

The music had started again, and his companion's face waved eager signals across the table. He swung her to her feet and they danced again—a waltz this time. She clung to him more confidently now, and he smiled down at her as if she were the only woman in the glittering salon. He took her back to her seat and made his adieux, covering her embarrassment with his protective air. Should she go on sitting where he had left her, or should she slip back to her quiet place by the wall? The chief officer was dancing now with Miss Foster. Her lovely arms were twined around his neck. Nevertheless, he remembered Miss Mudge, sitting alone in her corner, and tossed her a scarlet balloon. She held it aloft for a moment and smiled at him. Then she let out the air and put the deflated bauble in the black satin bag that Agatha had given her for evening wear. Her first souvenir!

Clare, an enticing Cleopatra, was still dancing with Lovat, a Spanish grandee. Angela watched them over her creme de menthe frappe. She could see that her husband's fingers were deeply sunk in an exquisite back. At last he relinquished his partner and moved smoothly towards her.

"How about turning in, Angela? You're looking tired." His voice was solicitous. She was suddenly ravaged under her make-up.

"I am, rather. Dancing at sea makes one very tired—the strong air, I think, and the bumpy deck."

"But you've scarcely danced at all, Angela," said Lovat, a little crossly.

Age Goes to Sleep

"Yes, but I feel those things, Lovat darling."

She went below and unhooked her period costume. She took off her powdered wig, but it was scarcely whiter than the smooth hair beneath it. Turning her back on Lovat, she slipped into the loveliest of her negligees, black lace over apricot chiffon.

"You'll be gone from me in five days," she told him. "I wonder if you will miss me when you are back in England."

"I shall simply be lost without you," he assured her.

"Ah, Lovat," Angela's voice was a sigh. "How I shall miss you! Besides, I shall be five months older when I come back."

"You'll always be the same to me," he said, and stooped to kiss her hand. She leaned over his head and her lips brushed the dark lacquer of his hair. The mirror revealed the widening path that stretched between them. Angela turned from the sight of his youth. "Whatever happens, I shall still adore you," she said.

Lovat studied her as she lay on the pillow—the tenderness of her mouth, her sensitive nose, the way her hair swept back from her ears; but the mask of age was set as she lay in the semblance of sleep.

He slipped into his dressing-gown and sat with a book under the shaded light. Half an hour passed and he scarcely moved. At last he was sure of her regular breathing and the relaxed look of her face. She must be asleep.

He put down his book, snapped off the light, stole to the door and through the curtain that flapped as the ship rode noisily on her way.

Two dark eyes caught his jubilant small-boy air as he slipped past the shaft of light. Angela turned to the wall and burning tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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Sir Henry Pellatt million dollar Castle-on-the-Hill, Spadina Road, Toronto, now open to the public. Hour's tour with guide, through Castle, tower, tunnel, stables, art galleries, and coronation room special exhibits and souvenirs. Open 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. Adults, 25c—Children 15c, except Sundays.

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Issue No. 22—'38

Straps That Stay In Place!

PATTERN 4591

By ANNE ADAMS

You know how disturbing it is to have shoulder straps that slide down just when you're busiest. If you make yourself aprons from this Anne Adams pattern you will have no further trouble, for the back is built up to prevent slipping. Now, before the preserving season begins, is a good time to whip up a couple of these aprons on your sewing machine. Make one with ruffles and one with ric-rac braid. Each of these smooth-fitting styles has big handy pockets, and will give your dresses fine protection.

Pattern 4591 is available in sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, takes 2¼ yards 36 inch fabric, and 2 7/8 yards ric-rac; B, 2¼ yards 36 inch fabric and 1¾ yards ruffling. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions are included to simplify the task of making these aprons.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

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

Cross CORN SALVE BUNION SALVE FOOT POWDER

Recommended by your local druggist 50¢ EACH

For the Out-of-Doors Meal

Hundred and thousands of Canadian families will be taking to the road on the 24th of May. Some may be just going for a drive, others visiting. Thousands will be bound towards a grassy slope or a shady grove where they can spread out their picnic food and lie in the sun and enjoy the weather.

This will probably be the first picnic of the season for most of us so let's make it one of the best. The out-of-doors seems to whet appetites and picnickers are ready to eat anything by the time the food is served. Don't let that be a reason, however, for not preparing the most attractive and appetizing lunch possible. And another thought, if you happen to be thinking of driving into the country to visit relatives or friends, it's a good idea to take along something to supplement the hostess' menu. Not a whole meal perhaps, but a meat loaf, a salad or a delicious cake. It saves your prospective hostess a lot of work and makes you doubly welcome for your thoughtfulness. Here are various recipes which can be worked into your picnic menu or taken along on your visit.

Bolivia Potato Salad

2 cups cold boiled potatoes, cut in ½-inch cubes
2 tablespoons pimiento, chopped
½ tablespoon onion or chives, finely chopped
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
5 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of white pepper

Rub bowl in which salad is to be mixed with cut-side of clove of garlic, if desired. Add potatoes, pimientos, onion, and eggs. Combine 1 tablespoon mayonnaise with vinegar, salt, and pepper, and add to potato mixture. Toss together lightly and chill 1 hour or longer. Add remaining mayonnaise and blend. Arrange in crisp lettuce cups and sprinkle with chopped chives. Serves 6.

Filled Jam Cookies

3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2/3 cup butter or other shortening
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/3 cup milk
Any kind tart jam (apricot, etc.)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; then add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 2½-inch cooky cutter. Place 1 teaspoon jam on a circle, and place another circle on top, pressing edges together. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (425 deg. F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 2 dozen cookies.

Gingerbread Cup Cakes

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
1/3 cup butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
2/3 cup molasses
¾ cup sour milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, spices, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and molasses; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased cupcake pans in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Makes 2 dozen.

Savory Meat Loaf

2 thick 2-inch slices of salt pork, diced
2 pounds round beef, ground
½ cup quick-cooking tapioca
½ small onion, finely chopped
2 cups canned tomatoes
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Fry out salt pork until golden brown. Add pork and drippings to other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf pan in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 15 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until done. This loaf will slice nicely when cold. Serves 10.

Oatmeal Drop Cookies

¾ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup raisins, chopped
1 cup oatmeal
1/3 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, nutmeg, and salt, and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and raisins. Add oatmeal. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 15 minutes. Makes 2 dozen cookies.

Live Garter

Mrs. Hopkin Lewis, of River St., Ogmore Vale, S. Wales, got out of bed and reached for what she thought was her garter. It was a 20-in. adder coiled up.

Pin Worms

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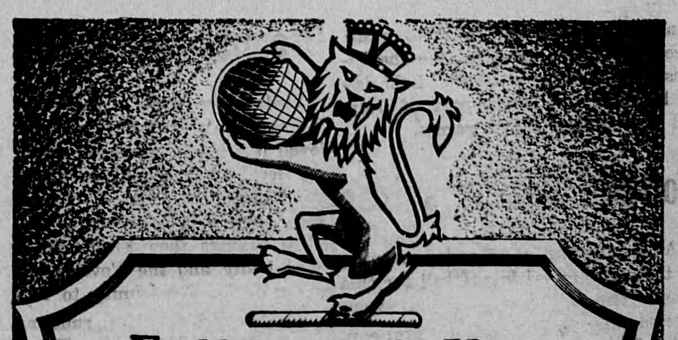
"If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him."—Bacon.

Travel Made Him Constipated

Salesman Says Kruschen Keeps Him "On His Toes"

"I am a commercial traveller," writes a correspondent, "and due to endless travelling by train and automobile I find that I become constipated if I do not keep myself internally clean. Kruschen Salts is the only thing that will do this effectively and not interfere with my work. I take a large dose of Kruschen every Saturday night and on Sunday, when I have no work to do, the Salts act on me. On week-days I take a small dose on rising. It is necessary that I be 'on my toes' all through the day, and this is the only way that it possibly can be done."—V.L.

Kruschen Salts is an excellent recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The numerous salts in Kruschen stimulate your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, when allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.



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