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 Scotchman, single, of middle age; Miss M dge, school teacher, spending the savings of 20 years; Angela, faithful fe 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. . . .

CHAPTER VII

The Red Sea stretched like a velvet carpet under a sky studded with stars. "Venus!" said Jenny, looking upwards. "I always know it because of its translucence, and it seems so much closer to the earth than the others. I used to watch it over the river at Little Oaks, and now I'm seeing it near Aden with you!"

She clung to the rail, her figure enveloped in a dim blue haze. She listened to the s ish of the boat through the water, and watched its trail of foam. The funnels rose like black towers, pouring a stream of smo e into the night. It was hot in a smooth l milky way. She threw off her wrap and clutched at her throat. Peter slid his hand along the rail and caught her fingers.

"Strange, isn't it?" Jenny whispered.

"Why strange?"

"I feel as if we're all alone in the night and very far from everyone. I'm rather afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

She shuddered and pressed close to his side. There were moments when one was alone in all the universe, when there was no aid, no communion, anywhere, but how could one convey this sense of isolation, even to the man one loved? She sank to a deck chair and lay looking up at the stars. For an hour they seemed to be racing through foam under a canopy that reached to infinity.

"What a fine sense of exhilaration one gets on the top deck!" said Peter turning from the rail to look at the silent Jenny. "But I wish we were having a roaring storm; this is so tame. I ilke the fury of the sea. You've never been in a real storm, have you, Jenny?"

"No, never. I wonder if I should mind."

"I think you wouldn't like it, for you're not attuned to wildness. Your mind and your body are passive."

He bent over her till her hair drifted across his mouth with a sharp fragrance. Her face was part of the night. For a moment he thought her a perfect stranger—so shadowy and remote! What did she dream of all the time? Why could he never reach the core of Jenny's thoughts? Why did she shut him out? He looked down the dim corridors of the future and wondered if he had made a mistake in taking her from her husband and home. Half of the time he was forced to comfort and reassure her, and she paid for a moment of rapture with hours of futile regret.

She turned to him suddenly, her voice edged with pain. "You're thinking of the future, aren't you, Peter?"

"I was thinking of you."

"I know—the two of us together. How do you think it will be—afterwards, when all this is over?"

"This won't come to a sudden stop, Jenny. Our happiness will continue."

"It's peaceful here tonight, but I'm afraid of what time will do to us, Peter."

Hypnotized By The Sea

"Rubbish! You're carrying your troubled self too far from home."

Clare and Johnny went pacing by. Peter turned his head to watch the sweep of the figure in violet chiffon. Her shoulders swayed as she moved; she held her chin like a bird in flight. He was now abstracted, puffing at his cigarette. Jenny's voice was crossing his thoughts.

"I'm hypnotized by the sea, Peter. It's like a song in my heart, rhythmic and never-ending. Look at the queer glow on the horizon!"

"You never know what you are going to encounter in this region. I've seen the Red Sea churned like a mass of foaming devils, and again as calm as a pane of glass. But it's not a patch on the China Sea, which is always an ugly sight."

They went down to their stateroom, and Jenny emerged slowly from her taffeta.

"You make me think of a white peony," said Peter, as her ruffled frock fell to her feet, "so pale, so dreamy, so fragile, as if each petal would drop off with a breath." He kissed her neck and behind her ears; he ran his fingers down to her slender wrists. "And your skin is as soft as a peony petal, and your eyes are as blue as the sea at noonday. and I love you very much!"

Off On A Mountain-top

He caught her in his arms and Jenny's head dropped against his chest with fluttering eagerness. He kissed her throat and the blue lids of her eyes and then her mouth. The colour stirred slowly in her creamy cheeks and her lips grew scarlet and full.

"Peter, I adore you," she whispered, dragging herself from a deep abyss to meet his love with her own pale ardour.

"But, my dear, you're so far away." Peter's lips were against her mouth. "It's like calling a ghost back to my embrace. I feel, when I possess you, that you're perched on a distant mountain, looking on. Darling, wake up! Love me as I love you."

Jenny heard his words in a dream. Why did he bother to talk? It was true what he was saying—she was remote, alone on a mountain-top. She could see the bluish line of his half-closed eyes, and his hair damp on his brow. Why did she feel so soothed instead of the stinging pain of love? She was drifting now on calm waters. It seemed as if she were back in the dhoby on the Nile, and she felt that she must be swooning. "Jenny! Jenny darling! Where are you? Oh, my love!" Peter was calling to her from a long distance, pain in his voice. She could hear the swish of the water outside the porthole. The light of the moon lay wan on the floor of their stateroom. Jenny's eyelids lifted. She was back from the distant places and was holding Peter in her arms. How she adored him! He was breathing gently and dropping off to sleep. She stroked his face like a mother with a child. "Jenny darling!" he murmured through sleepy lips. She lay in a trance, hour after hour, her eyes fixed on the pencil of moonlight that pierced the porthole.

(To Be Continued)

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Issue No. 23—'38
C

Censorship Fools Common People

Muzzled Press In Dictator Countries Makes Them Believe All Wars Waged for Defense

In Italy and Germany the industrious and peace-loving citizen has no means of knowing just what is going on says Vincent Sheean, famous journalist, writing in Red Book Magazine. This is the constant factor which falsifies his judgment and makes him—whatever his hatred of war, and I believe it to be as strong as the French or English—a pliable instrument in the hands of those who govern him.

Italy's recent war, the conquest of Ethiopia and the intervention in Spain, are presented to this ordinary Italian citizen as fars of defense.

"China Attacked Japan"

Italy was forced to fight in Ethiopia because the Abyssians attacked her; she was forced to fight in Spain because the "Reds" attacked the Fascist principle and endangered the future of Italy's security. (This is exactly paralleled in Japan where even educated opinion holds that Japan was attacked by China and forced to fight the present war there.)

In the average Italian mind is the idea that Italy really is much more powerful than she really is. Non-Italians find this almost inconceivable, but it is the fact that many Italians believe they have intimidated England and France in a military sense, that the great powers are afraid of Italy.

Believe They're Tops

The hard facts of the Italian economy (no coal, no steel, no gold, no cotton, no rubber, nothing to make war with except what is bought from abroad) have been obscured by all this hubbub over Italian victories in Abyssinia and Spain, so that quite sensible Italians have now come to regard their country as the leading military empire of Europe, and their dictator as a man practically irresistible.

Decidedly a Joy to Tailor!

PATTERN 4740

By ANNE ADAMS

With this gem of a shirtwaist dress on hand, you'll feel, "Now I'm ready for summer." So don't delay in getting the pattern, with its prettily curved yoke at back, its long graceful front panels, its puff-top sleeves and neat collar. It suits almost all ages—and almost all daytime occasions. It is simple to cut and fit, and tailors to perfection in a crease-resist rayon, silk or cotton. Make it in a dark shade with stitching trim for city street wear—in a light shade for the boardwalk; both dresses in this appealing Anne Adams style will give good practical wear.

Pattern 4740 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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Coleman INSTANT GAS STOVES

Coaxing Children's Appetites

Summer appetites grow weary of meats, roasted, baked, stewed or grilled. Fresh fruits, green vegetables and salads will have more table appeal but by themselves will not provide the balanced nutrition for an active family. That is when the housewife will bless the fact that eggs cost less in the summer time. And early summer eggs are the best, from the standpoint of flavor, of the year.

A few eggs can add more assorted calories, vitamins, to say nothing of calcium and phosphorus to a meal with less appearance of extra bulk than almost any other food found on the pantry shelf. That is where the cook will find them invaluable, especially when preparing meals for children with fussy appetities, underweight youngsters or invalids of any age.

Eggs go into custards, puddings, sauces and salad dressings and a dozen other items where they will never be suspected, as well as served proudly by themselves or in some novel combination with other foods.

Two weeks ago we gave you some egg recipes which were suitable for the general family diet. Here are some that are adapted especially for use in feeding finickey children, adults or convalescents.

Boiled Custard

Slightly beat 2 eggs with 4 tablespoons sugar and pinch of salt. Gradually stir in 2 cups hot milk. Cook over boiling water until mixture coats a metal spoon, stirring continuously. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla or other desired seasoning. Pour into sherbet glasses and chill. For summer meals and those whose diets allow it, fresh or stewed fruit can be served with this custard.

Baked Custard

Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla to 4 slightly beaten eggs. Add 1 quart milk and mix well. Pour into custard cups or baking dish. Dust top with cinnamon or nutmeg. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven until firm, 25-30 minutes. If knife inserted in centre of custard comes out clean, it is cooked.

This gala Chocolate Bread Pudding should do wonders to restore the interest of the invalid to food.

Chocolate Bread Pudding

Cut crusts from 6 slices of bread. Butter bread liberally and cut into cubes. Mix with ½ cup broken nut meats. Put in baking dish. Add 2 squares chocolate, grated, to 4 cups milk and heat until chocolate is melted. Add to it ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour over 4 well-beaten eggs, stirring. Pour liquid into baking dish. Place dish in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven until firm. Place quarters of marshmallows on top and run under broiler until they brown.

When the youngster who needs milk simply refuses to drink it, thereby upsetting an otherwise peaceful home, don't wear yourself out coaxing and scolding — try one of these delightful egg nogs which many adults will enjoy too.

Egg Nog No. 1

Beat 1 egg with 2 teaspoons sugar, and a dash of salt until thoroughly blended. Add ¾ cup milk and mix well. Strain. Flavor with grated nutmeg or cinnamon, or vanilla extract. Part cream may be used instead of all milk if desired.

Egg Nog No. 2

Beat yolk of egg with 2 teaspoons sugar and a speck of salt until creamy. Add ¾ cup milk and flavoring as suggested above. Mix well. Whip white until foamy but not dry and fold in lightly, saving a teaspoonful to make "puff" on top of drink. The extra frill on the top of the glass will make it doubly attractive to the younger generation.

Chocolate Egg Nog

Beat 1 egg with 1 teaspoon of sugar and speck of salt. Add 2/3 cup milk and 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup. Mix well and serve very cold.

Chocolate Syrup

4 or 5 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup sugar
2/3 cup hot water
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten.

Melt chocolate over hot water; cool to lukewarm. Add sugar to water, stirring until sugar is dissolved; then cool to lukewarm. Add this syrup to egg yolks, about one-fourth at a time, beating well after each addition; add chocolate in the same way. Then continue beating mixture 1 minute, or until slightly thickened. Turn into jar, cover tightly, and place in refrigerator. Syrup can be kept for several days. Use 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup to a cup of milk in making iced drinks. Makes 2 cups syrup.

Oatmeal Macaroons

1 tablespoon butter
1/3 cup Bee Hive Corn Syrup
2 tablespoons white sugar
1 egg
1½ cups oatmeal
1¼ teaspoons salt
1½ tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons almond extract
½ teaspoon baking powder

Mix butter, sugar and syrup. Add beaten egg and flavour, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add oatmeal Mix all thoroughly and drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheets. Bake in moderate oven 325 degrees for about 12 to 15 minutes.

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Open-Toe Shoe Here to Stay

Feet Get Better Care as They Come More Into View

NEW YORK — The advice is to put your best foot forward means something these days.

Time was when feet were scarcely mentioned in polite society, and they never appeared unclothed, even on the bathing beach. Ladies wore stockings even when they went swimming.

High shoes were the vogue, too, the shoes that laced or buttoned well up the leg, and slippers were worn only for evening wear or in the boudoir.

Conservative Women Adopt It

Feet have come a long way since then. Dancers dance in bare feet. and bathing beauties parade around in bare tootsies in the soft sand; and even the best dressed feet poke out at toes and heels and are well aired at the sides. For times have changed. Bedroom windows have been thrown open so that we may breathe fresh air while we sleep. And sun and air have been found to be beneficial for every part of the human body — and that includes the feet.

Open toed shoes were just a "crazy fad" of those people who go in for extremes in every kind of wear. But now the most conservative women are adopting the style, and toes are out in the world for certain.

This fad has called attention to the feet, so that our pedal extremities are given much better care than they ever before received, and they have benefited by it. Feet, after all, are important parts of our anatomies.

Fashions That Flatter Mother

More Attention In the Style World Is Being Paid to Costumes Suitable for the Older Woman.

Mother's clothes are getting more attention in the fashion world this year. New coats, fashioned especially for her of soft black and navy blue wool, are cut on loose boxed lines which slenderize a heavy figure, and are finished with simple necklines, softly framing the face.

Mother's frocks are made of new prints or sheer dark crepes lightened with a touch of white or color and are often topped by a cape or a short boxed coat to match.

Choose What Becomes You

As further help to mother's fashion problems a New York expert advises:

1. To begin with a good, carefully-fitted girdle.

2. Don't worry too much about the fashion trend. Choose what becomes you.

3. Wear clothes designed on soft, easy-fitting lines. Don't let your skirt be too short or too narrow or too tight at the hips.

4 Select dresses that conceal the under-arm bulge and soften a waistline no longer slender. Wear narrow belts.

5. Lighten black and navy blue with touches of white. Wine, grey, deep blues, greens, white and soft light hues are also good colors for you.

6. Key your make-up to the color of your frock and be sure it is applied lightly.

7. Don't wear dark gray-toned stockings. conform in this case to the mode.

London's international opera season this year will include works of Wagner, Beethoven, Richard Strauss, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo.

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