Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Promenade Deck

by Ishbel Ross

CHAPTER VIII

Five days later the Marenia had steamed into the wide, flat harbour of Bombay. The Apollo Bunder, the gateway to India, rose magnificent against a fleckless stretch of blue. A heat haze shimmered over the waters, and small craft sped like white-winged birds to their destinations. Angela stood on the top deck and watched the city taking shape at the water's edge. Far to the left she could see a fringe of green — Malabar Hill, overhanging Bombay.

The ship heaved and turned to a peaceful anchorage. A tender came puffing importantly to her side. And when the boat ceased throbbing at last, Angela's ears continued to drum, a faint echo that would not leave her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wynant."

"Good-morning, Mr. Charlton."

"Well, it's India at last. I must confess I like it as little as any of the countries I know."

"I like it, nevertheless."

"You should see it in a typhoon, with the water breaking against the Bunder."

"Perhaps we shall."

"Not a chance at this time of the year. Well, I've got to be going on about my business."

The Old Game

Dick swung off, and Angela went down to the lower deck to get on the tender. Her fellow passengers were tired and sulky today. There had been a dance the night before.

She stepped ashore, and the first of the fakirs crossed her path, with his snake and mongoose already in action. It amused her to watch him, though she saw at once that it was the old game. The snake was not killed, but popped surreptitiously into the sack for further use.

Angela sauntered under her parasol, alive to the drama around her. When she had had enough, she took a car and drove to the Towers of Silence. There, from the Hanging Gardens, she could see the roofs of Bombay, flat and white, stretching along the ocean front. The Marenia was a dot in the distance.

Angela thought of Lovat. What could she get him that would interest him at all? Something for his own adornment would please him most, although it was difficult to pick up suitable gifts for a smart-young-man-about-town. She sighed and noticed that Peter had walked into the lounge with Clare. He looked more bronzed than ever in his rajah suit. She was radiant in a suit of cream-coloured silk, a few shades lighter than her tanned skin. There was no sign of Jenny. They found a quiet corner under the palms and ordered drinks. Peter leaned over the table and talked hard to Clare, whose lashes fluttered as she listened to what he said. He was so absorbed that he had no eyes for anyone else in the lounge.

Excursion Ashore

Johnny walked into the lounge and glanced in the direction of Peter and Clare. He seemed to be aggrieved, and Angela, watching him, felt a little sympathetic as he stood uncertainly at the door. At last he came over to her table and drowned his pique in one cocktail after another. A flush crept up on his face as he kept his gaze on Clare, who was chatting in the most intimate way with Peter.

"Where's the lovely Mrs. Rumford today?" he enquired, like one who must torment himself.

"I haven't seen her at all," Angela told him. "I was the only one of our lot to come ashore on the tender."

"Perhaps she overslept — like me."

"Oh, cheer up, Johnny! Things are not so bad," Angela remarked, staring at his clouded face. Her attention wandered around the room. There was Macduff, staring into space, and high-hatting the world with the aid of stiff drink. And here came Jenny, straying into the room with her usual lost air. Her expression in a mirror as her glance rested on Peter and Clare, was tinged with a flush of surprise, and she looked like a bird that has been winged. She moved straight over to the table, dragging a long white scarf behind her.

"Peter, I overslept. I'm sorry you didn't waken me."

He sprang to his feet. "You looked so exhausted, Jenny, so I just let you sleep. You didn't mind my coming on without you, did you? I was going back to get you for luncheon."

"Not a scrap, Peter. Good-morning, Mrs. Langford."

The Personal Note

"Hello, Mrs. Rumford! What a gorgeous shade of green you are wearing! It's just like turf, and it suggests a lawn in this dusty part of the world."

Clare's voice was flattering, but Jenny shrank from the personal note. She regarded her as an absolute stranger.

"Well, I'm lunching with Johnny," said Clare, lightly. "I must be getting along." Then, turning to Peter, "You win."

"We'll have to discuss it again," he said, freezing his voice, but Jenny was inattentive.

Clare strolled over to the other table. "I'm famished for lunch," she announced. "I want some curry, Johnny. We're entering the area of starvation now."

"Sorry, I'm lunching here with others."

He was staring at her with a tragic air. Secretly Clare hoped that he wouldn't cut his throat or jump into the ocean. Stupid infant, she'd teach him a lesson. She leaned over and purred: "All right, Johnny, it doesn't matter a bit. I want to go back to the boat in any event and look up Mr. Charlton. So long. Hope you enjoy your curry."

"Damn!" muttered Johnny, and let her go.

All afternoon, the Marenia lay at anchor, peacefully, with most of her passengers ashore. They were shopping and seeing the sights.

Joan had slept all day, and wakened just in time to have her cocktails before dinner. She was going to remain behind because she had known that Dick would not be leaving the boat.

Three hours later she was coming out of the bar when she saw him making for his stateroom. She knew that she was not supposed to go near his quarters; that nothing would offend him more. It was hard to forget the sizzling words he had tossed at her for breaking in on him the night she had been so very drunk and she had tried to rip off her frock in the bar-room.

(To Be Continued)

Dentists recommend Wrigley's Gum as an aid to strong, healthy teeth, cleanses them of food particles, massages the gums. Aids digestion, relieves stuffy feeling after meals. *Helps keep you healthy!* Take some home for the children too — they will love it! CS-35

Issue No. 24—'38

Quintuplets Use Two Languages

Speak French Mostly but Have Grasp of English

The Dionne Quintuplets speak both French, their native tongue, and English. Not much English, it is true, but plenty of French if one could understand it all.

Marie's title as the diminutive quint remains unchallenged. Detailed measurement of the famous Dionne children who were four years old May 28, disclosed Marie is smaller in all respects than her sisters.

In glove size, she takes 2½ while the remaining quartet wear threes. For shoes, her fitting is 9A. Cecile and Annette require 9½B, Emilie 9½A and Yvonne, 10B.

Ready For Movie Wardrobe

The measuring was undertaken to aid in the planning of the youngsters' motion picture wardrobe. About to begin work on their third feature length film, the quints' place among the best dressed children in the world will be strengthened by togs designed for them by Hollywood experts.

From underarm to wrist the typical quint measures 10½ inches. Circumference of ankle is 6½ inches; neck to shoulder, three inches; circumference of neck, 9¾ inches; of waist, 21 inches; of thighs 12¾ inches; of chest 22 inches.

Knees Went Stiff In His Sleep

Agony to Move Them When He Awoke

"For three years," writes this City man, "I suffered with pains across the lower part of my back. In the morning, I awoke with knees so stiff that it was agony to move them. Special treatment would make the pain a little easier —but that was all. Then a friend recommended Kruschen, which my doctor said I might take. I began with about a coffee-spoonful first thing in the morning. To my surprise I found my rheumatic aches and pains disappearing. I kept on with Kruschen, and although I am more than middle-aged, I have been free from pain for two years, and able to go to my office every day."—A.W.

Rheumatic conditions are often the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

Price of Obedience

A wife, asked in the police court why her husband overtook another car, said, "I told him to." As a result of obeying his wife the husband collided with another car, was fined $20.

In Oregon, Crater Lake, is so deep it never freezes over, although it lies in a cold, high part of the Cascade Mountains.

Make a Slip-and-Pantie Set

PATTERN 4822

By ANNE ADAMS

You know as well as Anne Adams does, that lingerie should fit almost like a "second skin" under summer's molding dresses. Well, if you shape your new slips and panties with care, according to this simple Anne Adams patterns—you need no longer worry about wrinkles marring the smoothness of your frocks! Do you want your slip high or low-cut? Pattern 4822 allows for both ways. Take special note of the flattering bustline—with the new "separation" effect and soft gathers. And the pantie design ensures such a snug, graceful fit that you'll want to make several.

Pattern 4822 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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.

FEET HURT?

Cress

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CORN SALVE
BUNION SALVE
FOOT POWDER

« New Ideas in Salads »

Here are two food questions which many women have asked themselves and their neighbors again and again, sometimes finding the right answers and more often not.

"Can you suggest something new for me to serve my bridge club? I'm so tired of the same old refreshments, but I haven't a new idea to my name."

"Can I get some help in getting my family to eat the variety of fresh vegetables they need?"

Well, here are the answers. Tea Room Salad, so named because it had its first success in an exclusive Ontario tea room, is the kind of a recipe you simply love to get hold of because it's so different, both in taste and appearance. You'll see what we mean when you read the list of ingredients and realize just how different and delicious it is when you actually try it out. When you serve this the bridge club meeting is bound to be a success. It's a trick that will be a prize for the winner, a solace for the loser and, no matter what the talley says, will add points to the hostess' score.

Tea Room Salad

1 package lemon jelly powder
1 cup warm water
1 can (1¼ cups) tomato soup
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
1½ cups celery, finely diced
¾ cup mayonnaise

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water. Add tomato soup and vinegar. Chill. Cream cheese until soft. Add celery and mayonnaise. When jelly is cold and syrupy, fold in cheese mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 8.

In case you are faced with two entertaining problems within a short time, we are including another delicious salad. It suggests all the splendor and magnificence of the days in which the Cardinal for whom it is named, lived.

Richelieu Salad

1 package cherry jelly powder
1½ cups warm cherry juice
½ cup olive liquor
1½ cups canned sweet red cherries, quartered
½ cup stuffed olives, sliced
1/3 cup blanched almonds, if desired.

Dissolve jelly powder in warm cherry juice. Add olive liquor. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cherries and olives. Pour small amount of jelly in mold; arrange almonds on it. Chill until firm. Pour on remaining jelly. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

And now for that ever-present problem, the family's diet. This Year Round jelly salad is guaranteed to overcome the resistance of the most anti-vegetable youngster. Bits of gayly colored vegetables show temptingly through the clear green. There's celery, and shredded cabbage; deep green pepper; and red pimento. It takes only a few minutes longer to prepare than a plain salad made of the same familiar vegetables but what a difference between the two! This glorified salad will catch the eye and make young rebels forget that they are not supposed to like the things they see there.

Year Round Salad

1 package lime jelly powder
1 pint warm water
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shredded cabbage
1 cup chopped celery
1 pimento chopped
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper.

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water, add vinegar and salt. Chill until thick and syrupy. Fold in vegetables. Turn into molds and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Chocolate Sauce

2 squares cooking chocolate
1 cup Bee Hive Corn Syrup
1 cup white sugar
2 tbsp. corn starch
1 cup light cream or milk
¼ cup clear coffee
2 tbsps. butter
½ tsp. vanilla
⅛ tsp. salt.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Dissolve corn starch in milk and add all but vanilla to double boiler. Mix thoroughly and cook 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Take from heat and add vanilla. Keep in refrigerator or cool place. Use over ice cream or any plain pudding. Makes three cups. Thin with milk if necessary.

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Coleman INSTANT GAS STOVES

Bad Disposition Shows In Face

A thoughtful look around at the faces of mature women should convince anyone that grandmother's quip about handsome is as handsome does was a profound remark indeed.

Lines are inevitable, of course. But there are lines and lines. The ones which laughter and sympathetic dismay, even tears, put in her face never make any woman unattractive. But lines caused by a sulky disposition, temper tantrums, envy, greed, hate and self-pity certainly do.

Right to Nag

If a husband comes home late his wife has an inherent right to "nag" him, said Judge Cox in court at Indianapolis, U.S.A. He gave the ruling when a young husband admitted that he beat his wife because of her nagging.

Throat Microphone

In most air services pilots communicate with their home stations by means of microphones, and to use them the hands come into play, which means that they are off the controls for a few seconds. This involves a slight risk, and to obviate this a small throat mike has been invented. It is about as thick as the middle of an ordinary necktie, and the microphone, which is the size of a coat button, is fastened to it, pressing against the neck.

When speaking, vocal sound waves are picked up through the neck tissues and much of the present interference, such as engine roar, is cut out. This leaves the hands absolutely free. In more than one disaster hand microphones have fallen among the controls, causing the crash.

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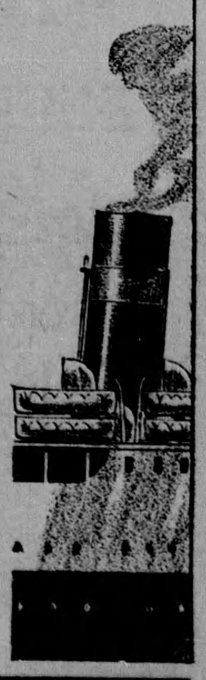

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