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 Mudge, school teacher, spending the savings of 20 years; Angela, faithful wife of Lovat, gigolo; Dick harlton, 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.

"Promise me you will for a week." His voice was urgent. Joan laughed in his face.

"All right; it's a go," she said, "beginning today. Watch me."

"Good girl!"

Funny, thought Dick, walking away from the dining-room, he was teaching one woman to drink and another to swear off. Undoubtedly it was the right prescription in both cases. He couldn't imagine that Miss Mudge was ever going to touch a drop when she returned to the States. Meanwhile, it would be a pity if she went home to Ohonto without a few memories of downright wickedness.

CHAPTER X

It was a great relief to have all these people off the boat. Three weeks of comparative freedom! His face was puckered with the sun as he moved away from the rail and passed a row of empty deck chairs. Hello! here was Miss Mudge, still on the boat for some mysterious reason, and under one's feet as usual. Today she was dressed in some sort of gingham thing—her tropical costume—with a hat like a coal scuttle upside down. Boy! how he hated white cotton stockings. He stopped at her side and greeted her.

"Hello! You here?"

Miss Mudge was blushing violently. She sat up straight, and the stockings disappeared from view over the side of her chair. Was he dreaming, or had she paint on her cheeks at broad noonday, and shockingly misapplied? Good for Miss Mudge? She was getting on. Lipstick and sheer stockings next.

"I'm surprised to see you still on the boat," he said. "I thought you'd be on your way across India by this time."

Miss Mudge's responsive face was suddenly lost in a cloud. She rustled her papers, then lifted her head with a perky air and answered him: "No, I'm not going across India. I'm staying right here on the boat."

He checked an exclamation of surprise.

Land of Glamor

"That's topping," he said. "We're going to have fun together. I always stay with the boat, so I shall show you Bombay. Shall we start tonight?"

Miss Mudge brightened, like a lamp that has just been lit. "That's very kind of you, Mr. Charlton. I'm sure India couldn't be any better than the Holy Land."

"Were you so impressed by that?"

"More than words can tell." Her voice sank to an awed whisper. "Jerusalem was just like the colored Bible scrolls we used to have in our Sunday school. It seemed so strange, after all these centuries, to see men walking the cobbled streets with their crooks and their beards, and looking the same as they did in our Lord's day. And I'll never forget the night we drove up from the Dead Sea and thought we saw the Star of Bethlehem. Agatha always wanted to see Gethsemane and the River Jordan, so I've brought her a bottle of water from the river. Agatha's never even been to New York."

Miss Mudge's voice trailed off in a diminuendo of feeling. Yes, the Holy Land had glamor.

The train whirled through the Indian night and dust poured in the windows like desert sand. Angela lay awake, staring at the shadows on the ceiling in the stuffy compartment she shared with Patty and Mrs. Minton. Pounding wheels beat on her brain, disturbingly different from the vibration of the boat. Patty tossed uneasily on her hard bed behind the green curtain that shut her off from Angela. Her aunt slept peacefully, with all her anxious nights behind her in the past.

"Patty," whispered Angela, "are you asleep, dear? I thought I heard you tossing."

"No, I'm wide awake and choking with dust."

"Isn't it frightful? It's right down to my lungs. Why aren't you sleeping?"

"Oh, I have a little demon at work. I can't close my eyes. Aunt Neil is sleeping like the dead. She always does. It's an easy conscience. Toss me a cigarette, Angela, please."

"Perhaps if we were to put out this beastly corridor light things would be better. It's just like a green eye winking in on us."

"Here's my scarf. Hang it over the transom."

"That's a bright idea. I don't suppose it will stock."

Patty's strong young arms manoeuvred a temporary screen and she lay quiet, in darkness that was now complete. "Angela," she said at last, "I'm going straight out to the Taj the minute we arrive at Agra, for the moonlight is perfect tonight and we mightn't catch it again. Tomorrow night it might rain."

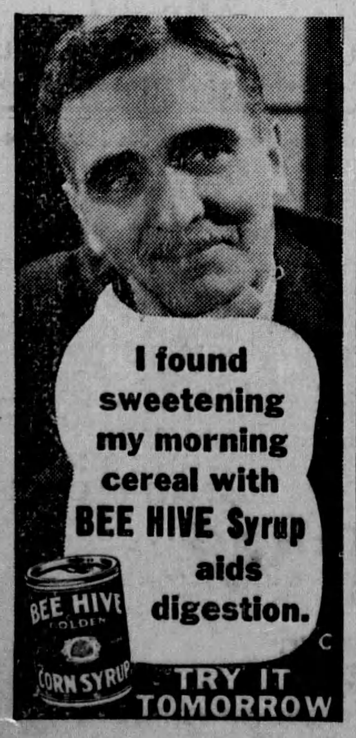
None of them felt like luncheon when they returned to their hotel from seeing the Taz and the Ganges at Agra, India.

They found Macduff at work on a new kind of cocktail. He was getting on with his list. He had crossed off the Blue Blazer in Jerusalem, the Sidecar at Shepheard's, the Jaberwock at the Mena House, the Bombay Special at Bombay, the Thunderclap at Agra, and was now due to try the Union Jack at Benares.

He had decided not to go out on the Ganges, for he had been there before and knew the worst. In any event, he had a poor opinion of a race that did not drink. He was enjoying himself considerably and had no desire to look at the spindly legs of so many miserable men. It pleased him to sit on a wide and shady verandah with a glass in front of him, and a fakir trying to screw a penny out of his pocket. Macduff chuckled to himself at the mere idea of anyone getting a farthing for nothing from him. He was really enjoying the voyage more than he would admit. The roisterers were settling down, and nobody bothered him now. Miss Mudge was a bore—too skitterish. He had avoided her ever since Monte Calro. Mrs. Wynant seemed like a sensible person, but he thought it dangerous to pass the time of day to any woman on a boat; she might turn out to be another Mrs. Langford.

His place in the bar was sacred now. He had glared every intruder out of his corner seat, and it was just as much boycotted as if a placard were up: "Reserved for Macduff. The dog will bite."

(To Be Continued)



Issue No. 26—'38

Lindberghs On Channel Isle

Famous Family of Four Is Settling Down Off Coast Of Brittany

Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindberg have left Long Barn, in Kent, their English home for two and a half years.

Friends said they had gone to lonely Illiec Island, off the coast of France's Brittany, which the flier bought last April.

Give Up Kentish Home

A reliable source said the Lindberghs had given up their farmhouse for good and, with their two sons, Jon and Land, left the country.

Up to a month ago, when they began appearing in parties at the home of American-born Lady Astor, they kept almost entirely to themselves while in England.

Made Flying Trip

However, during the past year they have been to the United States and have made frequent flying trips to St. Gilda's Island, near Illiec, to visit Dr. Alexis Carrel, with whom Col. Lindbergh in 1935 developed the "artificial heart."

Their youngest son, Land, was born May 12, 1937, shortly after the Lindberghs returned from a trip to India. Their older son, Jon, who will be six on August 16, came with them to Kent two years ago last Christmas.

The Lindberghs left the United States to live in England after Bruno Richard Hauptman had been convicted of the kidnap-murder of their first child, Charles A., Jr.

Hatless Mode Is Injurious

Going Without A Hat Is Not Conducive to Lovely Locks, Says Beauty Expert.

Wear a hat outdoors if you want to keep your hair.

The "hatless fad" which upcrops every spring because of the notion that lots of sunshine will stop hair from falling and make it grow faster is in reality a major cause of baldness.

"Going bareheaded outdoors is especially harmful in spring and summer," according to a scalp specialist. "While it is true that the hair, like vegetation, grows faster in summer, both the scalp and hair often become seared and bleached by too much sun.

"Harmful effects inevitably result from steady exposure of the bare head to the two kinds of rays, ultra-violet and infra-red in direct sunlight, although both rays are beneficial in moderate 'doses'.

"Sparingly, infra-red rays are a stimulant, especially to the scalp's blood system, while the ultra-violet expertly applied, have a tonic and chemical effect on the scalp tissues.

"An excess of ultra-violet rays, however, dries the scalp and fades the hair. The hair becomes lustreless and brittle, breaking off or splitting at the ends."

They're Not Colors

Neither black nor white are colors, and it is wrong to describe them as such. If you examine a spectrum, such as a rainbow, you will not find black or white among the colors. White is only found in pure light, and is a combination of all the colors; thus, when it is refracted, it breaks up into the well-known spectrum. In itself it is not a color. Black, on the other hand, is a total absence of all color, and it absorbs all hues that shine upon it, giving off none itself.

25-Pound Trout Goes Into Records

ORILLIA, Ont.—William Weismantel, of Springfield, N.Y., went a-fishing near here last week and caught a 25-pound trout, believed one of the largest on record. Weismantel sped to the nearest telephone and put in a rush call for an Orillia photographer.

He said he didn't want to take chances on anyone back home disbelieving his story.

Ianthe

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up against as blithe as ever.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

« Drinks to take Picnicking »

When you start out on a picnic, be sure to include some drink especially for the children. People usually take along tea or coffee for the adults and the youngsters have to drink water, if it is available. Providing a special and delicious drink for them makes the picnic much happier and healthier for everyone.

While the strawberries are in season, this drink can be made and kept on hand for later occasions. It is grand for outings or just anytime on warm days when the urge is for something cool and tangy to drink.

Strawberry Shrub

Select sound fruit, wash, measure and place in a stone jar. For every four quarts of berries use one quart of vinegar. Cover the jar by tying a cheesecloth over it. Stir the berries daily for three or four days. Strain without squeezing and put into kettle, allowing one pound of sugar to each pint of liquid. Boil slowly for five minutes, bottle, cork and seal. Dilute with cold water for serving. For picnic use, fill quart bottle with diluted strawberry shrub, cork tightly and pack in the hamper.

Nova Scotian Punch

1 quart water
2 cups sugar
2 cups chopped pineapple
1 cup orange juice
½ cup lemon juice

Boil water, sugar and pineapple 20 minutes. Add fruit juices, cool, strain and dilute with iced water if necessary. Either fresh or canned pineapple may be used.

For more substantial drinks, using milk as a basis, try these. Make up plenty of chocolate syrup and keep it on hand. You can use it to serve at home, professional looking drinks which children find the chief lure of the soda fountain.

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 the 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 it 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 chocolate drinks. Makes 2 cups of syrup.

Chocolate Milk Shake

For each serving, add 1 cup of chilled milk slowly to 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Beat or shake well. Serve at once in tall glass. To make Chocolate Iceberg, top with 3 tablespoons vanilla ice cream just before serving.

Frosted Chocolate

For each serving, add 1 cup of chilled milk slowly to 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Then add about 3 tablespoons chocolate ice cream and beat or shake until ice cream and chocolate mixtures are blended. Serve at once in tall glasses.

Chocolate Malted Milk

For each serving, blend 2 tablespoons malted milk powder with 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup. Add 1 cup chilled milk slowly, stirring constantly. Beat or shake well. Then serve at once in tall glass. This is very nourishing.

Chocolate Float

For each serving, add 1 cup of chilled milk slowly to 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Beat or shake well. Serve in tall glass with chocolate ice cream. To make chocolate pineapple float, use ¾ cup milk and ¼ cup crushed pineapple for 1 cup of milk.

Minted Chocolate

For each serving, add 1 cup of chilled milk slowly to 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Add 2 or 3 drops peppermint extract and beat or shake it well. Pour into tall glass. Top with whipped cream and a sprig of fresh mint. Serve at once.

Chocolate Highball

For each serving, add ½ cup of chilled milk slowly to 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Pour into tall glass. Add ½ cup ginger ale and stir enough to mix. Top with vanilla ice cream. Serve at once.

Jabots Are Kind to Curves

By ANNE ADAMS

Here's a passport to summer smartness with many slenderizing features to help it become your most becoming frock! It's extra easy to cut and sew — which shows what a difference a good pattern makes! Anne Adams gives such helpful directions — how to get an easy, flowing effect in the sleeves and the jabot — how to soften the bodice below the yoke — how to assemble the gores of the skirt with a minimum of effort. Pattern 4833 will be equally at home in the town or the country — when you choose suitable fabric and colors — so naturally you'll make more than one.

Patern 4833 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3 5-8 yards of 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.

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Little Girls Give Hints To Teacher

Ten Pupils Come Across With Constructive Schoolroom Suggestions

Teachers in London, England, city schools were given a few hints about improving their work in an essay, "What I Would Do If I Were a Teacher," handed in by one little girl. The youngster expects to be a teacher about 1948 and in her day things will be modern.

She won't permit any talking in the room. "Every teacher would like to keep nearly absolute order when necessary," she writes, "and if the teacher would show them he or she meant it, they would get order. I would warn pupils politely but firmly and if they didn't heed warning I would use some other method."

"Be Modern"

Then she discovers another fact. "Ever since I have been going to school you usually hear from the teacher if you are chewing gum. I suppose it takes the child's mind off his work and also isn't very polite. But I would let my pupils chew it because I believe it would help some of them to concentrate. I would be as modern as I could for I think the pupils will take more interest in you."

Condemned to Church

The local mayor of New Castle, Indiana, has sentenced a man charged with drunkenness to "serve" eleven Sundays in church.

Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay and Peru have not a single motorcycle.

Cress
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BUNION SALVE
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Recommended by your local druggist
50¢ EACH

Roll a better Cigarette!

. . . with this much better cigarette tobacco produced by Canada's oldest tobacco manufacturer. It's good—try it!

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TF-38