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.

For some one who never spoke to a soul, Macduff had extensive knowledge of his fellow passengers. He spotted many things they did not know about one another—that was one of the advantages of sitting back and holding one's tongue. Life would be simple for a great many people if only there were less talk.

Macduff downed his fourth and rose in a mellow mood to eat his luncheon. As chance would have it, there wasn't a vacant chair in the place, except across from Mrs. Wynant. Well, he could stand looking at her. He sat down and reached for the menu.

Luncheon Encounter

"Good-morning, Mr. Macduff. Have you been on the river?" Angela enquired, turning her dark eyes full on his face. Macduff had never had any trouble in being rude, and had cut more cordial advances than this, but the four Union Jacks were behind him, the sun was bright, and he liked the way that Angela did her hair. He thought he would unbend.

"No," he said.

"I suppose you've seen it before and then it doesn't matter. I took Patty Arundel with me, and it made her ill. Hygiene, you know. They teach the American young that cleanliness is far ahead of godliness."

Macduff looked suspiciously at Angela. Was she, by any chance, making fun of him? But no, her face was kind and open.

"It's a pity your husband couldn't make the entire trip."

"Heavens!" thought Angela, "the man's a boor!" A shadow darkened her face. "Yes, I'm very sorry," she said. "He couldn't get away for so long. Of course, when one is a writer it doesn't matter where one is—work can go on. Are you writing, Mr. Macduff?"

"No," said Macduff, shortly. "I never combine my business with pleasure."

CHAPTER XI

"Well, I'm doing it, I'm painting a little, because I like to pass the time that way."

Macduff was charmed with Angela's way of tossing off her words. Here was a woman who might be worth her salt. She chatted about the Ganges, and gave him a lively picture of her own impressions that morning. Yes, she was an artist. He could tell that from her choice of words.

When Macduff was writing, he bothered little with externals, going in for sombre, philosophical stuff that some people seemed to like. It surprised him to see India through the sapient eyes of an intelligent woman. Soon he was talking himself, and marvelling at his own fluency. For half an hour his companion sat back, entranced and amused, while he unbent. She lit a cigarette and watched him from under the brim of her hat. It must be the cocktails. He was off like an orator. There was nothing to do but listen, now that the floodgates were open. But would he ever come to the end of his soliloquy? Was he talking sense or nonsense? Angela realized that the man was simply unused to voicing his thoughts, although verbose, no doubt, on paper. She had heard vaguely of his books, but had never read anything that he had written. After this, she would try to get hold of them and see what they were like.

It's A Miracle

The other people in the room who knew them were watching their table with surprise.

"Ye gods!" said Johnny to Clare. "Watch Macduff talking to Mrs. Wynant."

"It's a miracle. I'd like to know what he's saying. It would be Mrs. Wynant who would get him to talk."

"Won't you come with me to the river, Mr. Macduff?" Angela was saying, at the first break in their conversation. "I can't keep away. It's the most animated canvas I've ever seen in my life and I'm rather keen about masses of people."

"That's just where you're different from me," said Macduff, weighing his decision on whether to go with Angela or stay for a liqueur. "No, I won't. There's nothing I dislike so much as human beings, and I find it depressing to look at such thousands mucking about together."

They went out to the veranda and he ordered liqueurs. Angela watched him, wondering if perfect frankness were not the cue in handling Macduff. She leaned towards him. "You're rather a myth on the boat," she laughed, "the man who must not be spoken to."

A deep roll of laughter shot surprisingly from his throat. "It's not on the boat alone—it's the way I live. I find that human contacts interfere with one's work and one's life."

"Then I can't understand why you travel around the world on a cruising boat. To escape from people on the Marenia is like trying to dodge bees in a hive."

"I came on a cruising boat because it takes me to out-of-the-way ports I'd never have been able to get to by any other means. Moreover, I've found all the isolation that I would get at home—at the least possible expense," Macduff finished, cannily.

Angela sighed and swung her parasol. "Sometimes I think one would be happier alone, in a world of one's own. The constant give and take of social relations wear one down."

Macduff's face was loosening in amiable lines, and she thought she detected a twinkle through his rimless spectacles. Or was it just the sun on the lens?

"I'm thinking that you're not very happy," he told her, surprisingly.

"Happy enough, Mr. Macduff, but wandering in my thoughts. To tell you the truth, they're in England with my husband and my home."

"Tell me about your home."

"I've never been able to conjure it up for anyone else, although it's so vivid in my own mind. It's a rambling house with gables, frightfully ancient, with bits that have been added on from time to time. The ceilings are low and beamed, and the dormer windows are tucked in odd places under the eaves. It's filled with pictures, ancient and modern, and my dog Jock patters all over it like a presiding Turk."

Angela stopped abruptly, thinking that she had been lacking in tact and reserve.

"Do you live in New York, Mr. Macduff?"

"Yes. Have you ever been there?"

"Five years ago I visited it for a few weeks. I love it, the excitement, the tearing hurry, the air—such air! But to live in it—how does one manage that?"

"I don't see how you can dwell among such glorious skyscrapers and feel that life is quiet and slow. Life can't be slow in a soaring city. I think I should live on wings if New York were my home."

"It's all tosh, the things people think of New York. It's the best possible city for work, because it's one of the few places in the world where you are let alone if you want to be. I can work better there than anywhere under the sun."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Slumber Clears Up Complexion

There Is No Better Beauty Treatment for Tired Skin Than Deep, Restful Sleep

If your face lacks that alive, rested look and your skin seems to have aged ten years in two or three weeks, try the simple sleep treatment before any other.

Resolve to go to bed every night at least half an hour before the time that you know you must fall asleep if you are to get your nine hours. If you are even faintly given to insomnia, better not read anything that makes you think or worry. Save your serious reading matter for later. This is your week to sleep soundly and long, and consequently to lift about five years from your face.

Do a few limbering and stretching exercises to take the kinks out of your neck and then take a bath in water at body temperature before you go to bed. Clean face and throat carefully (incidentally, unless your skin is ultra sensitive, scrub with a complexion brush) and smooth on your richest night cream.

Your bed should be neither too hard nor too soft. The bottom sheet ought to be perfectly smooth. If you sleep on your back, try to get along without a pillow. Otherwise, use a small one. And two light blankets are much better than one fairly heavy quilt.

So Comfortable — Divided Skirts

PATTERN 4647

Sample the ease of movement you get with a divided skirt, and you'll always have one in your wardrobe! As for the making — it's easy as A B C, with Anne Adams' pattern 4647 giving easy-to-follow directions. A few seams —that's all! And the pleats will fall into place like a charm — even if you are a beginner at dressmaking. Be sure to choose a heavy drill or linen, best of all, a wrinkle-resistant type. You'll feel sleek as a seal, as correctly and smartly attired as a fashion plate, when you step out for golf, tennis, hiking, or a sail on the lake.

Pattern 4647 is available in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34. Size 26 takes 3¼ yards of 36-inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. Patterns 20c each. Write Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

CASA LOMA

Sir Henry Pellatt million dollar Castle-on-the-Hill, Spadina Road, Toronto. Hour's tour thro' Castle, tower, tunnel, stables, art galleries, and coronation room special exhibits and souvenirs. See "The Fall of Nineveh," (the king and his wives), painted by order of late Emperor Joseph of Austria—has 29 life size figures. Open 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. Adults, 25c—Children 15c, Sundays, 25 cents.

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« Cherry Time Is Coming »

The old song about "Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy," has lost some of its significance these days. She can buy a cherry pie around the corner and it will be so good that even Billy Boy wouldn't know she hadn't made it. But there is one thing she must be able to make and that is cherry jelly. There is no substitute for home-made jelly and Billy Boys all over the country will be disappointed if winter comes and there is no cherry jelly sitting among the other jams and jellies in the cupboard.

Of course in the days when the song was first sung, it would have been almost impossible for her to make cherry jelly because that was a good many years ago and bottled fruit pectin had not been invented. Modern housekeepers have the advantage of this jellying substance which makes it possible to convert any fresh fruit into delicious jelly of the right texture.

Half an hour is all the time that is needed to make the fresh red fruit into jelly ready for bottling. The short boil method which we give you here, helps to preserve all the flavour which belong to fresh cherries. You've tasted canned cherries and realized that something was missing but that never happens with cherry jelly made this way.

Any kind of cherries can be used in this recipe with the exception of wild and chokecherries.

Cherry Jelly

3½ cups (1¾ lbs.) juice
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin.

To prepare juice, stem and crush about 3 pounds fully ripe sour cherries. Do not pit. Add ½ cup water, bring to a boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 10 eight-ounce glasses.

Cherry Fruit Pudding

While cherries are in season, try this delicious cherry fruit pudding.

1 package cherry jelly powder
1½ cups warm water
½ cup grapefruit juice
½ cup grapefruit pulp, diced
½ cup fresh cherries, seeded and halved

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water. Add grapefruit juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in grapefruit and cherries. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with sauce made from sweetened fresh cherries. Serves 8.

Butterscotch Sauce

1 cup Bee Hive Golden or White Corn Syrup
1 cup white sugar
1 cup cream
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon vanilla
1/8 teaspoon salt

Put all ingredients in top of double boiler and cook 45 minutes over hot water, stirring occasionally. This is very smooth and delicious over corn starch or other puddings, ice cream, etc. Keeps well in cool place. Makes three cups.

Techniques Of Stain Removal

Careful Handling Banishes Disfiguring Marks; Look Over Clothes Before They Are Washed

"It will all come out in the wash."

Everyone knows the old, old saying, but mothers of lively families know they can't depend on it —not 100 per cent. — when it comes to grass stains, fruit juice stains and similar laundry ills. Most of these disfiguring marks can be removed if the right process is followed. It should be done, though, before the clothes go into the regular wash.

If you set to work to remove a grass stain while it's fresh it may usually be done with soap and water. If it is a day or more old, sponging with denatured alcohol usually is effective. Unwashable materials, of course, should be given the alcohol treatment.

Ice Cream on Clothes

Ice cream and frosted drink stains are common in the summer months. These need two treatments before they will disappear. They are usually caused by a combination of sugar, cream and fruit juice coloring. First of all, the cream must be treated with a grease solvent, such as carbon tetrachloride. Then, if the fruit juice is deepseated, pour boiling water through the spot. If the color left is very faint, washing in soap and warm water will remove it.

Tea and coffee stains, as well as fruit stains, may be removed before laundering by pouring boiling water through the spot. After laundering these stains, too, must be given the bleaching treatment. Of course if you attempt to remove stains from colored fabrics with a bleach the color will come out also. Lipstick comes out with ordinary laundering.

Buy Best Quality For Good Service

Since towels are required to stand much hard wear and frequent launderings, it's real economy to buy best quality. When purchasing Turkish towels, look for merchandise that has a firm, tightly woven selvage and smooth, well-finished hems; the basic weave should be close and firm; the pile soft, thick and even.

Never iron Turkish towels; wrinkles will shake out. Loose ends or uneven threads should be clipped off evenly, never pulled.

Hundreds of thousands of people follow the big races over the radio in the British Isles, preferring to sit home in comfort by their radios rather than be jostled about by an excited crowd.

Woman Spends Year Looking Into Mirror

During Her Lifetime, Expert Figures—Average Girl Uses Up 45 Minutes A Day.

The average woman spends a year of her life in front of the mirror, an expert employed by a British cosmetic firm estimates.

In the morning, he explains, the average girl spends at least a quarter of an hour in front of her mirror, combing her hair, creaming and powdering her face.

Before she gets into bed she usually spends longer, creaming her face again and brushing her hair, say 20 minutes.

To this he adds another 10 minutes for the constant glances girls make at a mirror in the daytime.

That totals up to three-quarters of an hour a day, or about 12 days a year.

Formulate New Table Manners

Chicago Chefs Get Together And Draw up A New Code of Etiquette

Chicago, which gave the world "gangsters," is out to make further contributions to civilization. For instance, table manners, Chicago has decided, need bringing up to date. And so we learn that a group of Chicago chefs, who call themselves "Les amis d'Escoffier," issued a "book of rules" when they gave a banquet in honour of the late Auguste Escoffier, the famous chef.

One of these rules stated that table napkins should be tucked under the chin. But that was all the tucking allowed, for another rule decreed that any guest who "tucked in" too much food must leave the table. Here are the rest of the rules:

Dinner to start promptly at 9 p.m., late guests to be served with the course being eaten at their arrival;

No place of honour;

No name cards;

No shop talk and no discussion of politics or religion;

No "nursing" of wines, but each to be removed after its appropriate course;

No cocktails containing spirits before dinner;

No speeches;

Diners must strive for "witty repartee."