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 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. No, go on with the story.

CHAPTER XIII

Clare was ducking through the curtain into her stateroom, her dark head turned over her shoulder, invitation on her lips. Peter was at her heels. Jenny could see his back as he bent his head to go under the curtain. His hand shot out and caught at his companion's upper arm as he disappeared from view. Jenny closed her eyes and clutched at her heart. She had not believed it possible, in spite of Peter's recent coolness. Her face went white as she stood in the corridor, weakly clutching the hand-rail. The boat lurched and her feet moved mechanically along the linoleum-covered corridor. She knew that she must be walking like an absurd marionette. Now she had arrived at her own stateroom. She walked under the curtain and hooked the door.

Jenny lay down on her bed and covered her eyes with fingers that fluttered nervously. Her throat was swelling till she thought she would choke. It couldn't be possible—not now, so soon. They had been together only two months. She had run away for a lifetime, believing that Peter loved her enough to spare her all regret, and now it was like this, with a cheap woman on the boat. "What a blind fool I've been!" she thought. "He can't have loved me at all, not for a minute. But it isn't his fault. I brought it on myself."

Under the Lanterns

Dick was dancing with Patty under pleated lanterns that swayed like drunken sailors. She looked like a puff-ball in a cascade of white chiffon. Hard to believe that she was the thin young thing who had slipped through the water that afternoon like a sharp blade.

"Patty, you're looking very sweet tonight," he told her, humming the waltz as he swung her around.

"And I could dance forever with you, Dick."

"It's the sky and lanterns you like, silly infant."

"Now you're teasing."

"Honour bright, I'm not." The waltz came to an end and they sat down.

"I think the boat's getting a little dull," said Patty suddenly.

Dick laughed.

"I wish it were," he said.

"Why, what's going on?"

"Plenty, Patty. You don't suppose that everything's as smooth as it looks on the promenade deck, do you? You can't believe that the men down below go calmly along, week after week, in this infernal heat without disturbance? We had one man try to stab another today, and the chef threw a carving-knife at a pantry boy last Wednesday, and men fall sick and in love and behave like a lot of puppies generally."

"Really, I'm amazed," said Patty. "Everything seems so orderly and serene."

Anything But Peaceful

Dick laughed. "Well, I'm glad that it looks that way. Did you notice the boat slow down in the middle of the night on Friday?"

"No, I was probably sound asleep."

"That was to bury a member of the crew who died of malaria. And when we leave Ceylon we must slow down again to toss a wreath out at the spot where one of the cruise men was buried last year. He ate some bad food in India."

Patty shuddered. It had not occurred to her that the Marenia was anything but a peaceful pleasure boat.

But Dick was going on: "Don't forget that this is a village afloat, and not nearly so peaceful as the anchored variety. Do you want to know what's really going on around you among the passengers? In one stateroom a husband comes in late from a poker game each night and threatens to kill his wife. They're a blowzy pair from Cleveland who curse and swear at each other, and are always drunk. We've had to go in and still them a few times. I think he'll murder her yet, when he gets drunk enough," continued Dick.

"And there's the little teacher who has been saving her pennies for twenty years to go around the world and now that she's on the boat, she's afraid she hasn't money enough to take her safely home. She daren't go ashore by herself, because of the constant demand for tips and fees."

"It's Miss Mudge, isn't it?" interrupted Patty.

"Yes, since you've guessed it, and a very good sport, too."

"Then there's the man who's running away from his wife and is deluged with frantic radios every day. And the American whose fortune has shrunk from seven millions to blue ruin since he sailed. Haven't you seen him hanging around the stock-board? He faces bankruptcy and endless troubles when he gets back. And there's the spinster who filled her pockets with pebbles by the Sea of Galilee, and has fallen madly in love with the captain, who has never spoken a word to her."

"Oh, how thrilling!" cried Patty. "I never thought of it in that light. Do you always have things like this happen on a cruise?"

Ocean Madness

"Of course we do. This is a comparatively dull one so far. I've given you only the sketchiest idea of what takes place on a cruising boat. I call it ocean madness. Roll a score of Atlantic crossings into one; add moonlight on Waikiki Beach, sunset on the Indian Ocean, night in Peking, cherry blossoms in Japan; fling together men and women away from their homes, their friends, the forces that impose restraint—and what have you?"

Patty lay awake for hours that night, thinking of the Marenia as a vast building with dozens of separate apartments, and a little drama going on in each.

CHAPTER XIV

Down in 454 Miss Mudge was reading Conrad's "Typhoon", given her by the chief officer. She was elated at the end of another gala night. He had danced with her three times and sat out a tango. Every night was gala night on the Marenia, particularly since she had met Mr. Charlton, the first officer.

She lowered her book and delivered herself to the full enchantment of her thoughts of Mr. Charlton. Heavens! Miss Foster was making whoopee again. She had learned "making whoopee" from some of her gay companions, and she liked the sound of it now. It was so unlike Ohonto. Mr. Charlton roared with laughter every time she said it. Some nights, things were rather quiet next door, with only one man in the room and nothing much in the way of noise, except a clinking of glasses and an occasional burst of laughter. There must be a party going on tonight. She could hear the voices of at least four different men, and their hostess seemed to be feeling gay.

Miss Mudge wondered what it would be like to be surrounded by four different men, all of whom probably wanted to kiss one. The idea did not appeal to her so much as having one man in that mood. There must surely be very little point to public lovemaking. Things were quiet next door for a minute or two, and her thoughts flowed back to Mr. Charlton. She imagined herself in his arms, dancing with him, while he leaned down to kiss her cheek.

A Song Breaks Off

Miss Mudge sat up straight in bed as she heard Joan Foster's laughter come splintering through the partition.

"Let's throw him out," one of the men exclaimed. "It's time to break up, anyway. One more song and we'll leave little Joan to her beauty sleep."

Miss Mudge was sure that it was the voice of the man whose wife was ill.

They had all gone now, except the man who usually stayed the longest. The conversation was pitched on a lower note, and there were long pauses when nothing was said at all.

At last she fell asleep, but not for long. Wakening with a sense of disturbance, she switched on the light over her bed to look at her watch. Half-past three and a commotion next door! Miss Foster and her friend were singing at the pitch of their voices. A glass went smash and the song broke off.

Miss Mudge disappeared beneath the clothes until only her hairpinned fringe showed. Miss Foster started the victrola, choosing the song, "I wanna be loved." As soon as it was finished, she put it on again. By the tenth time it was getting a little boring. An hour later the man stumbled out of the cabin. Still the victrola went on.

Miss Mudge was desperately tired. The girl must be mad. Sitting up in bed, she knocked hesitantly on the wall, but there was no reply, except the clinking of ice in a glass. Seven o'clock and the music still went on, like a tireless hurdy-gurdy.

Worn out, Miss Mudge fell asleep at last. A noise wakened her at ten. The victrola was grinding the same refrain. At last she was angry; she would stand no more. She thumped loudly on the wall. The music whirred to a slow stop. Miss Foster flopped noisily on her bed.

Absurd Happiness

Jenny was in a light-hearted mood when the Marenia anchored off Paknam in a thick heat haze. Her mind was no longer locked in high tension, and she talked with delicate animation. For three days Peter had been his old tender self. So far as she knew, he had seen nothing of Clare. Going ashore, she wore a gay flowered frock of poppy silk and a wide straw hat.

"I'm happy today, Peter," she announced.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Frock and Bolero Twosome

PATTERN 4839

By Anne Adams

The very spirit of summer—in this new little frock with its own bolero! Mothers can make it up swiftly in a few short mornings—and they won't stop at one outfit either, because Pattern 4839 is just as appropriate for a Back-to-school outfit as it is for summer wear. The bolero may match or contrast, and top other outfits too— and how the children will adore it, since it's cut just like a grown-up's style. The sprightly dress will make the kiddies forget the heat. Look how the cap sleeves are cut in one with the bodice to simplify stitching — how few are the seams in that love of a high-waisted skirt — how little trimming is needed. Step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Pattern 4839 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, dress and pantie, takes 2 yards 36 inch fabric, and 1⅝ yards ruffling; bolero, ⅝ yard 36-inch fabric.

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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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 on a canvas, 28 feet x 13 feet, and the Vimy Memorial. Open 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. Adults, 25c—Children 15c. Sundays, 25 cents.

Help improve your personality with Wrigley's Gum. Keep your teeth white, breath sweet, by using healthful Wrigley's Gum daily—*as millions do.* The children also love the delicious refreshing flavor of Wrigley's Double Mint. Take some home today. CS-38

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Household Hints

To keep a hairbrush clean between washings, brush the bristles with a cleansing tissue or clean soft cloth after about every ten strokes.

To soften and clean leather on furniture use a mixture of one part hot vinegar to two parts linseed oil. Apply with a cloth. Rub the leather dry and polish it with another clean, soft cloth.

Washable garments stained with grease (not machine grease) should be rubbed in warm water apart from rest of the laundry.

Before using a new kettle, place a clean piece of calico inside to prevent furring.

Got a pair of brown shoes that are looking a bit sad? Give them a dose of castor oil, rubbing it well into the leather and then polishing in the usual way with shoe polish. Castor oil gives brown shoes their color back again, and preserves the leather too.

Lemon juice will remove a red ink stain. A paraffin stain should be covered with oatmeal, then brushed after twenty-four hours. Soot marks should be covered with coarse salt.

Paste your knitting pattern on cardboard and give it a thin coat of varnish. Its life will be endless!

Your tea towels have become thin and old. Try this. Lay two worn towels on top of each other and machine them together all round the edge. Then machine from corner to corner, making a Maltese Cross in the centre, and the one resulting towel will be as good as a new one.

If you've a medium sized attache case not in use, put all household polishes in it with polishing cloths and brushes too. Then when you clean a room, take case in and open it on the floor. It saves legs, time and temper.

« Currant Jellies and Jams »

Catching time by the forelock is an important thing to accomplish in every housekeeper's life. And catching the summer fruits as they come on the market and putting them away for winter use is a very good illustration of this famous phrase.

Currants make grand jelly and jam when made with the short boil method. Made this way, it takes just 15 minutes to complete the job after the fruit is prepared and because there is no long boiling time, the lovely color and flavor of the fresh, fully ripe fruit is sealed into your jars. Of course there is a secret. It's bottled fruit pectin. By adding just the right amount of bottled pectin (which has been extracted from fruits which abound in it, refined and bottled) you get jam and jelly of the right consistency without having to boil away all the goodness of the fruit to make it jell. None of that tangy, tart flavor which you expect of currants is evaporated.

The short boil method not only saves the color and flavor of the fruit, it actually gives you more jars of jam and jelly per quart of fruit because none of it is boiled away. It has been estimated that the yield from this method gives you approximately half as much again as that from the same amount of fruit when long boil methods are used.

Currant jelly is simply delicious with cold roast lamb, chicken or duck and currant jam has always been popular with toast.

CURRANT JELLY

(Red or Black Currants)

5 cups (2½ lbs.) juice
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin.

With black currants, crush about 3 pounds fully ripe fruit; add 3 cups water. With red currants, crush about 4 pounds fully ripe fruit; add 1 cup water. To prepare juice, bring mixture 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 pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RED OR BLACK CURRANT JAM

4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit
7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar
½ cup water
½ cup (½ bottle) fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about 2 pounds fully ripe fruit; measure into large kettle. With red currants, add ½ cup water; stir until mixture boils. (With black currants, use ¾ cup water). Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Add sugar, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CANDIED COTTAGE ROLL

4 lbs. cottage roll
Boiling water
1 tbsp. mustard
Vinegar
Sifted cracker crumbs
Whole cloves
½ to 1-3 cup Bee Hive Golden Corn Syrup.

Simmer cottage roll in gently boiling water until tender. Cool in liquid in which it was cooked, then drain. Remove strings. Place cooked cottage roll on rack in roasting pan. Smooth mustard to a paste with vinegar, and spread over fat surface of roll. Cover with sifted cracker crumbs, score in diamonds and centre each diamond with a clove. Pour corn syrup carefully over surface. Place in a hot oven, 400 degrees F. to re-heat meat and to glaze surface. Baste carefully once or twice during cooking with liquid in pan.

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