Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Promenade Deck . .

by Ishbel Ross

CHAPTER XX

The Marenia was steaming on across the Pacific with her homeward-bound pennant flying from the mast. Captain Baring was having a cocktail in his quarters.

Miss Mudge was talking to Dick Charlton. Her sparrow face was aglow, and she was drawing on a cigarette in the ridiculous, inadequate way she had. The chief officer semed to be rather embarrassed for once in his life. The Foster girl, who had been drinking cocktail after cocktail with her atention fastened on him, was reeling over in their direction now. Her expression was glassy and determined. Angela saw her step between them and catch Miss Mudge by the shoulder. Heavens! Was she going to make a scene? She was drunk enough for anything. Suddenly Joan's voice rose — strident and hysterical, over the babel of tongues, arresting the attention of everyone in the room. Miss Mudge was blinking at her, not knowing what it was all about. Joan, a blazing fury of red locks and dishevelment, was bending over her and shouting things that made Angela's heart stand still.

You're Mistaken

"You think Dick loves you, you poor little simp'" she cried. "Well you're mistaken. He loves me. Do you understand. He loves me. He is laughing at you. Yes, I saw him kiss you on the deck at Yokohama after you had thrown yourself into his arms. I saw you faint, you silly little crow. You did not see me on the beach chair, did you? Why did you ever leave Ohonto, or wherever you come from? Why did you ever think you could come around the world and behave like anyone else? Don't you know you are a sketch. Take a look at yourself?"

Joan threw back her head and laughed. Dick tried to intervene, but she pushed him off and took firmer hold of Miss Mudge, on whose face a slow realization was dawning.

Fury Unleashed

"You thing because Dick danced with you that he is in love with you and not with me. Well, he is laughing at you up his sleeve. For everybody knows he is making fun of you, but you are too simple to know it. He knows you're 43 and never had another man in your life." (Stop her, stop her someone,' Angela was murmuring through pale lips, but everyone semed to be rooted to the spot.) "He knows you say your prayers at night and help to support the missions. He knows you are a Dry who's cheating, a silly little school-teacher, trying to be a sport, smoking cigarettes, painting your face like a harlot, swigging at a drink — yes, and no doubt sleeping with him, too."

"Stop it, Joan. You are mad."

Dick was towering over her in ashen fury. He caught her by the arms. She pulled herself free and slapped his face.

"Don't speak to me! I haven't finished with her yet. She wears cotton nightgowns with necks like this. (Joan gestured from her shoulder to chin.) She sleeps with curlers in her hair. I've seen her, on her way to the bath. Won't wear her glasses, for fear they might spoil her appearance. She bumps into chairs. Falls over the tables. Chatters, chatters, chatters to everyone who will listen to her. All about Ohonto and the wonderful children she teaches. 'Swonderful! Thinks the world is full of glamour — Oh, I've heard her by the hour. Loses her money at Monte Carlo. Thinks Dick's Sir Galahad. Ha! Why is Dick good to her? Dick's good to her because everyone on the boat knows she's used up her savings and she can't go ashore. Dick's sorry for her. Dick's mad with me — Little school teachers should stay at home and keep their pennies in their cotton stockings — should not be a nuisance to grown-ups — shouldn't think that a Spanish shawl makes them fit to kiss — poor little Miss Mudge."

Everyone tried not to look at Miss Mudge? At first her cheeks had burned. Now they were a ghastly white, except for the dots of rouge high up on her cheeks, that made her look like a wax model. Once she had raised her little hand to protest. Then it had fallen limply. What was the use? Captain Baring stood as if he were carved in rock. He regarded a drunken woman as the final debasement of human nature. Hell of a mess for Charlton to get into — his favorite officer, and he was not a fool with women either. He would have to haul him over the coals, though it probably wasn't his fault at all. Dick had been cold to more attractive women than Miss Mudge. The captain knew all about him. But a scene like this — before passengers — it would not do.

The chief officer had turned his back and was hastily swallowing a drink. Angela and Macduff stood in appalled silence. No one knew what tack to take, but Miss Mudge herself took hold of the situation. Ignoring them all, she put her arm around Joan's drooping shoulders, and said in a clear, high voice: "Come on you foolish child. Come down with me."

The girl had passed from frenzy to maudlin collapse. She was shivering as her protector dragged her firmly through the door. Down the companionway and along the corridors they staggered, the older woman moving with intent and decisive steps. At last they reached Joan's cabin and the girl flopped on her bed. Miss Mudge bent down and drew off her slippers and stockings. She made her sit up while she pulled her flowered chiffon frock over her head. Blushing vaguely when she saw how little she wore, she gingerly drew off the scrap of lace that seemed to be all of her under-clothing. How lovely she was! Miss Mudge went into her wardrobe and found a nightdress—of silk so soft that she could crush it in one hand. It was fragrant and sweet as acacia blossom.

"Comfy now?" she asked.

Joan's reply was an incoherent whisper.

Stripped To Shreds

Miss Mudge kissed her and tucked her up, dimly touched by her helpless state. Then she found her way to her own bed in the darkness, for she could not bear the light just then. Her numbness was slowly passing and she was coming out of a fog, aware at last that something terrible had happened to her in the captain's quarters. In a full blaze of consciousness, she burled her face in her hands and sobbed. Miss Foster, wild and drunk and beautiful, had told the truth and stripped her to shreds, right down to the awful foundation of her cotton nightgown and her crimped fringe.

To Be Continued)

Issue No. 35—'38

Golden Wicket

A cricket match was once scratched in Australia because the ground was the scene of a gold rush. Claims were pegged out on the pitch.

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Women Urged To Use Their Great Power

Their Inaction In This Time Of Human Need Will Puzzle Historians, Hugh Walpole Says

That the world is in a mess and they who have the power do nothing about it, is the claim of Hugh Walpole, well-known British writer, who in a recent article in the London Daily Sketch, accuses the women of the world of indifference and of neglecting to use the vast power which is theirs. Women readers will doubtless take exception to some of Sir Hugh's sweeping statements, but there is much food for thought in his comments, which follow in part:

"Made No Use Of Power"

"I am sure that some historian of 1980 or 1990 will say 'Why was it that the women of that time, in the very centre of that world's crisis, when they had everything in their hands, made no use of their power?'

"It sounds, of course, nonsense to say that they have everything in their hands when Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, and the Japanese Officers are in command of nearly half the world."

"Nevertheless, it is true that they have arrived, although nobody seems to have noticed it, at the first stopping place in the long evolution of women when men can say to them:

With Equal Status

"For the last fifty years you have been struggling to secure certain independencies. You have said very stoutly that domesticity and motherhood are not enough for you and that if you are given, among other things, an equal status with men, you will be able, by your influence, to help the whole of the present progress of man."

New Zealand's Women Police

AUCKLAND, New Zealand. — This Dominion is to have women police. The intention of the government to install them was announced by the Minister of Health, Peter Fraser, in reply to a deputation from the Wellington Women's Branch of the Labor Party.

The Minister said that women police should be recognized as part of the police system of the country, but he refused to say that they would be appointed immediately. Policemen, he said, build their standard of usefulness to society through a long process of training and care would have to be taken to select the right women police.

Sew a Pair of Gay Aprons

By ANNE ADAMS

Aprons as much at home at the tea table as in the kitchen—that's because they're as dressy as jumper frocks! Anne Adams is extra proud of Pattern 4862, which makes it possible for you to stitch up two superlatively becoming styles at a fast clip. See how few the pattern pieces and seams, and how face-flattering both of the new neckline treatments! As in all other Anne Adams apron creations, the shoulder straps are designed so that they can't slip down. And don't overlook the fact that you have choice of two back treatments. Choose for a "dress-up" apron, sprigged voile or pastel organdy—and for busy mornings, sturdy printed cottons.

Pattern 4862 is available in sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, takes 1⅝ yds. 36 inch fabric, and 4¼ yards ric-rac; B, 1⅞ yards 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.

Draped Tables For Bedrooms

Replacing Wooden Ones; Fit Into Any Odd Space

Draped dressing tables are about to put the wooden ones out of business. Here one reason is the vogue for less of a "woody" effect. Another reason is the fact that a draped dressing table can fit in any odd space. But triple wing mirrors for draped dressing tables aren't nearly so chic as oval mirrors or round ones. For a modern room a round mirror without a frame is the thing. For many traditional rooms, an easel-back oval mirror with a wide gold frame is the nicest. For an early American or Victorian room, you'll find mirrors with little drawer bases that are attractive—in either maple or mahogany.

Try A Taller Lamp

And this is the moment to protest at the smallness of so many of the lamps that go in bedrooms. For dressing tables, watch out for those little shepherdesses. . . . they're too small for much real use. Try those tall pedestal dressing table lamps instead; they'll really give you a good light. For reading, too, consider the height of the base as well as the spread of the shade —no use to get a crick in your neck every time you read in bed.

Skirts Stay Short For Daytime Wear

Either Very Tight or Gored In Widely Flaring Lines

PARIS.—For daytime skirts remain short. They are either very tight or are gored in widely flaring lines. Whatever the hem, hips and waist are always trim and narrow. Shoulders are either wide or high. The majority of waistlines are tight and normal, a few are slightly lower and a few raised a bit. The top of the silhouette is often emphasized by bloused effects or with drapery over the chest and bosom. Numerous crossed fichu and belt drapes are noted even in velvets or in fur trimmings on coats. Bodices and jackets are made with yokes. Sleeves are supremely important; often they are the basis of the whole silhouette. Most conspicuous are huge high-draped mutton sleeves; dolman or batwing types; ruffled cape sleeves. Long tight sleeves with wrinkled forearms and Louis XIV double or triple puffs. Stiff, high-shouldered Italian muttons lend interest to many an otherwise simple silhouette. All houses show sleeves in a contrasting fabric or color, or both.

More than two-thirds of the motion pictures shown in Rumania in the last year were American.

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You'll Find Belts On Winter Coats

Except Boxy Types; May Be Of Fabric or Leather

NEW YORK.—What goes with what for autumn? In other words what accessories are being worn with the new dresses, coats and suits?

Coats for winter are pretty generally belted, at least those that are being shown for August sales are, except, of course, the boxy types. Sometimes the belts are of the coat fabric, and sometimes they are leather.

In Unique Design

Dresses, too, show both unbelted and belted waistlines. And then again some are belted with the material of which the dress is made and sometimes with leather or other contrasting fabric.

New belts that contrast with the dress are original in styling and very attractive.

Belts and suspenders designed by one firm include such unique things as turquoise studded copper plaques combined with leather thongs. Some of them have etched Indian designs on them. One of these depicts the "thunderbird."

An invalid 11 years ago, grandmother Mrs. Kitty O'Sullivan walked 881 miles from Land's End to John o' Groats, in England, in 34 days, and at 61 has decided to take up flying.

IT'S ALL AROUND TOWN!

—So why not get your copy of this week's Toronto Star Weekly while in town.

« Grape Jelly and Jam »

By KATHARINE BAKER

The arrival of grapes heralds the end of summer and the end too of the jam and jelly making season. By now the wise and thrifty housewives have their cupboards filled with something more than good intentions and have just enough space left to add the necessary number of bottles of grape preserves.

A good supply of grape jelly is almost essential in every household. There is nothing the family will like better and it is delicious with meat dishes, on toast, on blanc mange and other puddings.

By making grape jelly and using the pulp to make grape butter, you can get two kinds of conserves which anyone will admit is very practical and thrifty. And it's not a long messy job either. A few minutes is all the boiling time needed when bottled fruit pectin is used and besides saving time, it saves juice, flavour and colour. Ripe grape jelly and ripe grape butter are a grand duo, economically as well as dietetically.

RIPE GRAPE JELLY

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice.
7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add 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 11 eight-ounce glasses.

COMBINATION RIPE GRAPE JELLY AND BUTTER

To prepare fruit, stem about 5 pounds fully ripe Concord grapes and crush thoroughly. Add ½ cup water, cover, and simmer 5 minutes. Separate juice from pulp by placing hot fruit in 2-quart sieve. FOR JELLY: Run enough juice through a double layer of cheesecloth held in a small sieve to obtain 4 cups of strained juice. FOR BUTTER: Rub through sieve grapes from which juice has drained to obtain 4½ cups pulp. Use the excess juice or water if necessary to fill up last ½ cup.

RIPE GRAPE BUTTER

4½ cups (2¼ lbs.) pulp.
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin.

Measure sugar and pulp into large kettle, 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. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot butter at once. Makes about 11 eight-ounce glasses.

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