

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE



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ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

S. S. Columbus.

Dear W—:

It is hard to believe that the reports we get by radio of your weather are not fictitious. Whoever heard of snow and sleet? Already we have put even the memory of them behind us! True, it was cold on the Atlantic—not bitter but damply cold and disagreeable. So we all took the opportunity to stay inside and get acquainted. There was a get-together dinner, you know, like the Captain's dinner on any ship, with balloons and champagne and everything, only here it was the beginning instead of the end. There was a reception after it, and we began to feel then that we knew some of this large and bewildering crowd. There were movies; sometimes, too, and every afternoon tea in the lounge with nice music from our German orchestra. For dancing in the evening we have a true American orchestra, from the Copley Plaza—our Germans would never master the intricacies of jazz.

But now we have traversed the Atlantic and spent an enchanting day at Madeira. It's a fascinating place—much more than just the name for embroideries, which are nice, too. The most exciting thing about our day was the mad descent from the lovely hotel where we had our lunch, down the mountain on sledges. It is very exciting—though privately not as "mad" as you like to tell the next person. Like initiations, it's proper to make it out as bad as possible to the next victim. But you do go quite fast down these little cobbled streets, the stones worn to a fine polish by the sledge runners. Two men run ahead and pull, or lag behind and drag, or flip on the runners and ride, according to whether your pace is too slow, fast, or just right. We learned the words "faster" and "slower" in Portuguese, then got so excited and laughing so hard that we gasped out the wrong one every time.

The afternoon we spent poking into shops and a cafe or two, going to a wine-cellar and solemnly tasting a dozen different vintages of rare wine before we made our purchase of one bottle. We loved the town—the cuteness of it straggling off up the hill.

We left at sunset and neglected to dress for dinner so that we could stand on the aft bridge saying farewell to its lights like a fairy city shimmering behind us in the dusk. Our searchlights as we sailed along beside the island were trained on it and stuck out stiffly like long white arms holding off the land. They illuminated the trees and occasionally a tiny, lonely little house.

Well, our first port is passed. Extraordinary how well we know each other now; parting and coming together again has made us into old friends.

SAD, BUT TRUE

"A Note in Music." by Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

I don't believe that admirers of "Dusty Answer" will be disappointed

by this second book of Rosamond Lehmann's, "A Note in Music." This is a book by a more mature writer, a sad book, rather disillusioned. In "Dusty Answer" the disillusion of youth which enjoyed, wide-eyed, its disillusion and its suffering, because this, after all, was life, and just ahead was a shining promise. But in "A Note in Music" there is a much sadder, more final tone. Here Miss Lehmann has the courage to admit that perhaps there is no such shining promise after all.

Technically Miss Lehmann has taken a more difficult problem in this book than in her earlier one, and has perhaps lost a little by that fact. She has taken a fairly large group of characters and told the story from the subjective point of view of each in turn. She has lost in continuity by this method, and made her story at times confusing, for the period with each character is short. She has gained, however, in a steady onward flowing of the current of collective life in her story, like a stream which carries its bits of driftwood and leaves onward at an equal pace.

There are two beginning-to-be-middle-aged women into whose lives the appearance of a comely, delightful young man brings a gleam of romance, of returned youth, and hope. He comes and goes, and their lives go on outwardly as before. No miracles happen; they are left faced with the same difficult problems of their married lives. But you feel that this is what would have happened in life; there is an integrity in the book which is essential to good art; you say as you close it with a sigh, "Yes, it would have happened like that."

Thoughts Neath Autumn Skies

Wondrous skies of Autumn; iridescent,
opal; blue;
Seems I can see heaven's glory
sweetly glimmer through.
Upward, curved and gleaming;—
The inside of a bowl;—
God's bright case for holding every
human soul.

What if life seems bitter? What if
hope seems dead?
Still the leaves of Autumn are
painted gold and red.
Seasons, gliding ever;
Each is true, so true;—
It's the law of Nature;—and so, my
dear, are you.

What if hearts are aching? Hearts
have ached before;
Same old stars are gleaming that
shone in days of yore;
Same old skies are shining;
Same moon rides above;—
All, all down the ages, men know
that God Is Love.

Peace for those who suffer; no
matter what you say
We shall all be resting ere a Century
pass away;
Gone our best accomplishment;
Crumbled into dust;
King or pope or pauper; for Nature
says we must.

Things to Cook

There seems to be quite a general impression that broccoli is a new vegetable, but it is one of the old vegetables and for some time was not as generally used as it is now.

As we are able to find an excellent quality of this vegetable in market now, I am giving a recipe for Broccoli Au Gratin. It is similar in flavor to cauliflower and cabbage and may be prepared in a number of ways.

Broccoli Au Gratin

2 pounds broccoli
Cheese sauce
Buttered crumbs

Wash the broccoli well, trim off any imperfect outside leaves, paring off from the large stalks the tough outside part. Place head down in cold, salted water and let stand about one hour, then drain, cut in sections and cook until tender in enough boiling water to cover, adding a little salt to water while cooking.

Drain, place half in a greased baking dish, cover with half of the cheese sauce, then the other half of the broccoli, with cheese sauce over the top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a 400 degree oven until nicely browned, 30 to 35 minutes.

Cheese Sauce

3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons butter
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ American cheese cut up.

Then smile while skies are smiling;
let not your soul despair;
Look for God; you'll find him; for
God is everywhere.
All, all down the ages,
Suffering, peace or strife;
God smiles for all creation; for God
is Love—is Life.

And when life's span is finished, like
all who lived and died;
In humbleness or grandure; humility
or pride;
Our dust looks like their dust
As it floats beneath the trees;
Neath Autumn sky that's smiling,
tossed by the age old breeze.

—Lillian Larke.

Highland Park, Illinois.

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