

PROMENADE DECK

by Ishbel Ross

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Peter squeezed her arm, then wandered off to look at the carving in the temple. Jenny stood in contemplation before the Emerald Buddha. She stared at him until she was half-hypnotized. Angela came walking up to her.

"I think, in a way, that this is one of the best of the Buddhas," she remarked.

"It goes so well with the bright gimbickery of Bangkok," said Jenny. "Isn't it an amusing place?"

"I've always thought it the most exotic place on earth. Have you seen the white elephants?"

"My husband and I have just been looking at them."

"Oh, is he about?"

"He was, a minute ago."

Jenny looked round, but there was no sign of Peter. "He's always wandering off," she explained. "He's a born traveler, but he forgets that he has me on his hands at times."

They were walking through the courtyard now, Jenny turning her head from side to side. "I'm looking for Peter," she said. "It would be so easy to lose a husband among the ways of Bangkok."

"Father! All those winding stairways and giant devas. He's probably hidden behind a deva!"

"Should we leave the courtyard and look somewhere else. But he may come back, expecting to find me here."

"You stay where you are and I shall stroll outside. He may have gone toward the gate."

Jenny stood in the middle of the courtyard, leaning on her parasol. Everyone else was trooping out. They were all on their way to the Phya Thai Palace for luncheon. Peter could not fail to see her, standing there so conspicuously in the center of the courtyard. It must be fully half an hour since he had looked at his watch and said it was twelve o'clock. Had something happened to Peter? But how ridiculous to think that a competent person like Peter should come to harm.

"I shall go through these buildings, and you take the others, Angela, will you please?" said Jenny, indicating the two to the left. "I'm getting frightfully nervous."

"Don't, my dear. There's nothing to worry about at all. Your husband knows his way about. I think you should stay in the courtyard until he comes and finds you."

Jenny ignored her warning and hurried across the cobbles on feet that were now winged with alarm. It was most disquieting. She raced

from building to building. When she rejoined Angela she was panting, and her eyes were wide with fright.

"Jenny, my dear," said Angela, "the thing for you to do is to come back to the hotel with me. Nothing is to be gained by staying here."

Jenny was at last persuaded to leave the palace. She was drooping now. A thought flashed like a thunderbolt through Jenny's mind. The words sprang to her lips before she could check them: "Have you seen Mrs. Langford about?"

"No," said Angela. "I'm sure she didn't come with us today. Johnny was looking for her from end to end of the train, and is now in a huff because he couldn't find her."

Jenny's face grew smooth again and her spirits rose. Of course, Peter was sure to be somewhere about.

The hotel was really an old palace, with spacious salons like ballrooms, and bedrooms the size of halls. There was no sign of Peter in the lounge. He had not been heard of at the desk, nor was he in the bar, where Macduff was busy with the Phya Thai cocktail. Her dismay came back, swooping down on her with fresh certainty. Angela made some discreet enquiries, but none of the cruise men had caught a glimpse of Peter. Perhaps his launch was still on the river, or he had wandered off to explore another part of the town.

The afternoon wore on in a blaze of overpowering heat. Angela stayed with Jenny, who sat like a shadow in the great hall of the hotel. Nothing seemed to rouse her. At tea-time one of the cruise men came bustling up to tell her that Peter had taken a train back to the boat shortly after noon.

"I came up on a later train and happened to run into him at the station," he said. "When I got here they told me you were looking for him."

"Oh, yes. Thanks so much." Jenny's voice was automatic. "Clare of course!" she thought, and saw the same idea reflected on Angela's face. The older woman put out an arm and steadied her for a minute.

"Let's have our tea," she said. "What a relief to know that nothing has happened to him!"

"Yes, a relief," Jenny responded in the tones of a parrot.

"I wonder when the next train goes down," Jenny speculated, sipping her tea.

"There isn't another till we all leave at half-past ten tonight. I've enquired."

"Heavens!" said Jenny. "How gay I shall feel until then. Marooned in Bangkok. Peter on the Marenia. What does it all mean?"

"My dear, you're building a mountain out of a molehill." Angela's voice was soothing.

"Angela, you know better."

cried. Angela followed her patiently, ready to humor her whims. Jenny wanted to rest for a while. They took a room, and each in turn had a cooling bath. It was refreshing, and Jenny let her courage rise. Angela took a nap, but Jenny could not close her eyes.

It seemed as if Jenny had aged five years when Angela awakened. "Forgive me for dropping off when you were so miserable," she pleaded.

"Nonsense! I'm glad you did. There's nothing you can do."

Angela studied her closely. "Let's have another bath, then we'll go down to dinner. King Prajadhipok's dancers are going to perform for us in the garden afterwards. You must come and watch them."

Jenny was listless. "If only we could get to the boat," she thought. Jenny went round in a trance, following her companion from place to place. She went into the diningroom and remembered nothing of how it had looked or what she had eaten. Night, star-flecked and warmly perfumed, came hurrying down as they dined. Afterwards they went out to the garden, which was magical in the silvery essence of the evening.

"What an idyllic spot!" Angela exclaimed, seating herself on a marble bench and regarding the Greek columns.

"I feel as if this day is everlasting," Jenny's voice broke in on Angela's thoughts.

"We'll soon be on our way now." She slipped her arm protectively through her friend's.

An hour later Jenny stood at the roadside like one in a dream, waiting for the train to take them back to Paknam. It was slow in coming, and her pulse raced in her fever to reach the boat. But what should she do when she confronted Peter?

At last they were off, and she watched the heads of the tired passengers nodding in the yellow bubbles of light.

When they reached Paknam they still had a long distance to travel by tender. Jenny felt ill with fatigue and worry. Her head was throbbing, and her fears were like thorns piercing her flesh. Angela was a comforting presence, although she did not attempt to talk to her. The tender rode smoothly, the water slapping her sides. A breeze came whipping in from the gulf. Angela took off her hat and her silver hair flew loosely over her ears. Jenny still clutched Peter's cigarette-case in her hand.

The boat drew nearer and nearer. They could now detect the outline of her funnels looming above the lifeboats. Jenny picked out a nautical cap. It must be Dick Charlton in his white uniform. The chasm of water narrowed till they touched the sides of the Marenia. She did not know if her feet would



NEW YORK . . . Miss Ruth Aarons (above), of Stamford, Conn., American women's table tennis champion, is now on the high seas enroute to Prague, Austria, where she will compete for the world championship.

skimmed milk, and she caught her round the waist. Jenny drew her hat down over her eyes and stepped up the ladder, her glance darting from side to side. Dick smiled at her in passing, although she scarcely saw him. There was no sign of Peter. Of course not. He would wait for her in their stateroom.

Angela took her part-way along to her door, for Jenny's legs were wavering. It was open and on the hook. She pulled the curtain aside and gripped it again to steady herself as she saw that the room was dark. Perhaps he was in bed and asleep. She switched on the lights. The room stared at her, empty and dead, and at the same moment she felt the engines throbbing their familiar tune. She got as far as Peter's bed, then fell in a dead faint on the untouched cover.

It was long before she opened her eyes, to find herself staring at the tinted lights and panelled walls. Her glance flew to the back of the door and she saw that Peter's dressing-gown was missing from its hook. "He's afraid to come near me tonight, he won't come near me tonight," she thought, and burst into storms of tears.

Burying her head in the pillow, she sobbed wildly and hysterically. At last, exhausted, she fell asleep and did not hear a knock on the door. Reassured by the quiet, Angela stole away, believing that it was no longer any of her concern. They were already pounding through the Gulf of Siam, the Marenia steering her course with midnight stealth on limpid waters.

Jenny slept late, a heavy, drugged slumber. When she awakened, the sun was pouring in through the open porthole, and the rose wall-lights were still on, like evening dress at breakfast-time. She looked across at the other bed and saw that it was empty. Then she remembered the events of the night before. Raising herself on her elbow, she held her head, which ached as if it had been hit with a hammer. Her glance swept around the stateroom for familiar objects, and in a second she sprang to her feet.

Where were Peter's things? All of his things? She dashed into the bathroom. His brushes, his hair tonic, his soap, his razor—everything was gone. Dared she open his wardrobe door? She sat down on a chair and waited for strength, but it did not come. At last she staggered across the cabin and looked inside the closet. It was empty. Peter must have moved entirely to another stateroom. He must be somewhere on the boat, but hiding from her. What should she do?

Coal produced in Great Britain in a recent week weighed nearly 5,000,000 tons.

Bringing HOME the FACTS

by BARBARA DALY

Contrary to general opinion furs do not improve with age. I took my Mother's fur stole and muff, 1914 vintage, to a furrier for appraisal.

"Won't you take off those elegant tassels and shorten the beast," I said. "And then make this set into a snappy little Russian cap and cape?"

He ripped pieces of the satin lining to expose the bare pelt.

"See this, Madame," and the authority on furs crumpled the pelt until it rattled like so much parchment.

"Here's what would happen if I attempted to rip and stitch these skins. The pelts would give and tear under the strain of the needle. I can't put back into the skins the natural oils which have dried out with age. You'd be wasting my time and your money to have the skins made over."

That was that. The furs still nestle in a moth-proof bag in my attic.

Fur facts worth remembering: The most durable furs include muskrat, beaver, racoon, Alaska seal, Hair seal (from the Labrador coasts) and the regal mink. Next in longevity come rabbit which masquerades under fancy names like lapin, nutriette, French seal, northern seal and just plain bunny. The curly heads, gray and black Persian lamb, Japanese marten, the fox family, and nutria that smart looking fur for sports which has been dedicated to the ways of fashion by a prolific little South American water rodent. Not so durable, but good for nine lives under careful usage, are the tender pelts, caracul, gray squirrel, shaved rabbit, broadtail, galac, kidskin, leopard, mole and the fragile ermine. You pay your money and takes your choice.

You may have better luck with your hair-loom furs if you live in a part of the country where the climate is relatively humid. Furs, given proper protection from moths, with frequent brushings and exposure to air, have a better chance of withstanding the ravages of time than those stored where the summers are hot and dry. Here's a caution. Do not expose furs to the direct rays of sunlight

or the effect on the natural oils will be devastating. Better still, put your furs in cold storage where temperature and humidity are controlled and where the world air is sure death to militant moths.

The Dionne Quins, now husky infants, are thriving mightily on a varied diet. They like pea soup. They look forward to their five little bowls of warm cereal. And their nurse says they adore mashed ripe bananas. Next to tomatoes, bananas have the highest content of Vitamin A of any of the fruits in common use. In combination with milk, bananas have the peculiar ability to make milk more easily digested. They are well supplied with the tooth protector, Vitamin C, and the equally important vitamins, B and G. Who says the quintuplets don't know their A B C's?

A quart of milk a day for each child is all right in theory, but try—just try—to get Johnnie to drink it. Nutritionists claim that milk taken between meals, or at the end of a meal, is more pleasing to the child than when taken with other foods. For at these periods the sense of fullness which often prevents a child wanting other foods after drinking milk, will not interfere with his intake of solid foods. Sounds complicated but it is a simple mechanical fact with X-ray pictures to prove it. Many of the nursery schools give the children their milk, between meals and at the end of a meal.

Rags, bottles and old silk stockings is the cry of the modern rag picker. For old silk stockings have their uses: to polish faucets and places hard to get at, to serve as dust mops, shoe polishers, linings for knitted caps and of course, in rug making.

I pressed a cotton blouse last week and scorched the collar. My kitchen hand-book said to cover the spot with a paste of starch and cold water, leave in the sun to dry and then brush. I tried it. It worked.

Someone said: "Everyone is a failure at some time in his life. The thing is to see that it isn't chronic."

Buy in "Greater Salisbury".

U. S. Financing Put At 1,809 Millions

Washington—Secretary Morgenthau announced the Treasury's March 15 financing will aggregate 1,809 million dollars, of which 800 million dollars will be new borrowing.

In cash, the Treasury will ask 1,250 million dollars. This will supply the 800 million dollars of new borrowing and 450 million dollars to pay off in cash that amount of bills maturing March 15.

The remainder of the financing will represent refunding operations involving 559 million dollars of notes which mature April 15.

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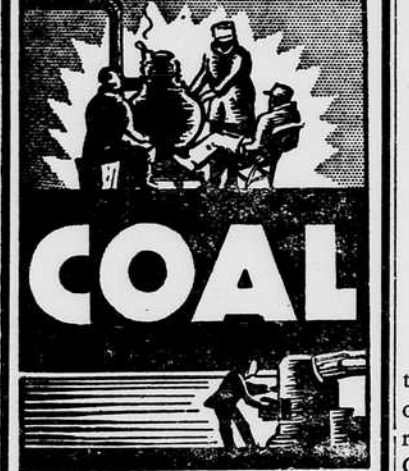
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When she rejoined Angela her eyes were wide with fright.

Of course she did. Angela thought with a sudden rush of pain of Lovat stealing out of their stateroom after he had danced with Clare, Lovat kissing his hand and waving to Clare at Cairo. She knew that Jenny had good grounds for her fears.

Let's walk about," Jenny suggested, restless and brooding.

"We'll walk in the gardens."

Round and round they went, past Greek statues, terraces and hedges, their feet crunching on the gravel paths. The Marenia passengers were dozing on the shutters of the hotel.

"What time is it now, Angela?"

"Five o'clock."

"Let's go back to the hotel," she

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