Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"PIRATES OF VENUS"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Carson Napier, wealthy young aviator, student of Hindu mysticism, tells Mr. Burroughs of his intended trip to Mars in a giant rocket-torpedo. As a test he projects his astral self into Mr. Burroughs' office. Hence Mr. Burroughs is the medium through which, by mental telepathy, Napier communicates this story of his adventures among other worlds.

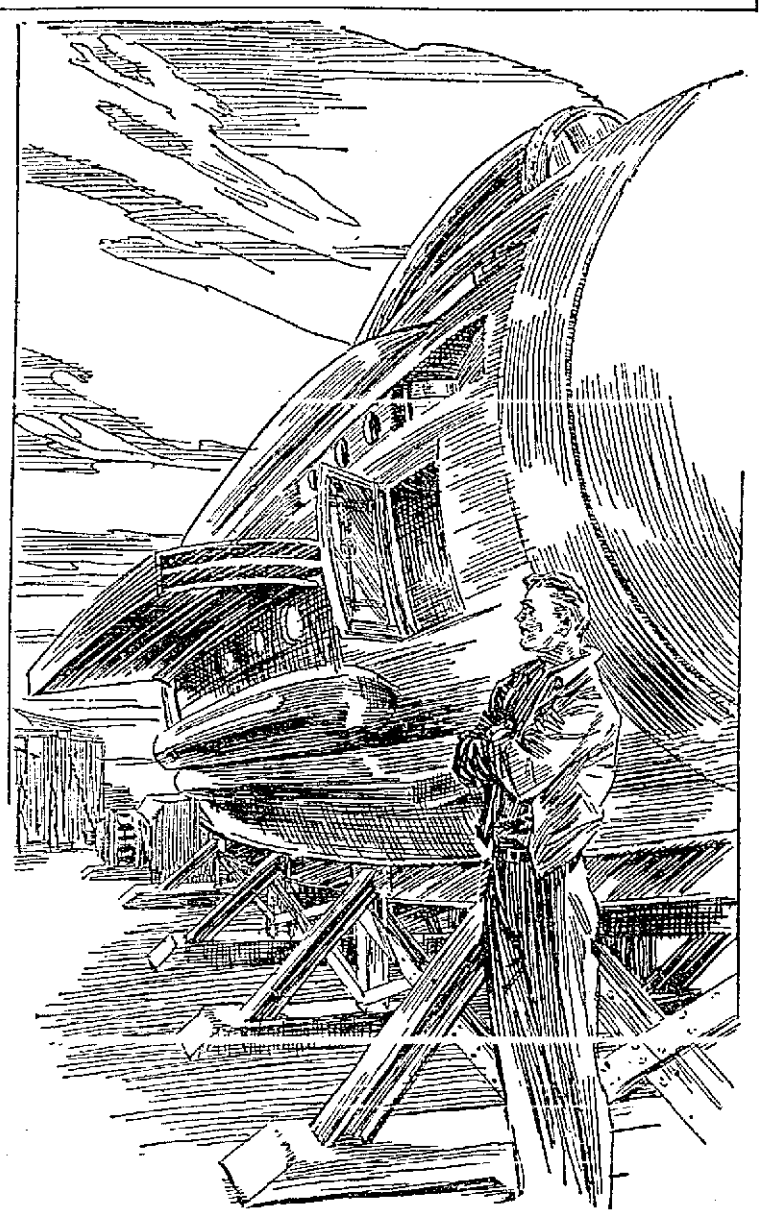
CHAPTER III

As I set my ship down in the sheltered cove along the shore of desolate Gaudalupe a trifle over four hours after I left Tarzana, the little Mexican steamer I had chartered to transport my men, materials, and supplies from the mainland rode peacefully at anchor in the tiny harbor, while on the shore, awaiting to welcome me, were grouped the laborers, mechanics, and assistants who had worked with such whole-hearted loyalty for long months in preparation for this day. Towering head and shoulders above the others loomed Jimmy Welsh, the only American among them.

I taxied in close to shore and moored the ship to a buoy, while the men launched a dory and rowed out to get me. I had been absent less than a week, most of which had been spent in Guaymas awaiting the expected letter from Tarzana, but so exuberantly did they greet me, one might have thought me a long-lost brother returned from the dead, so dreary and desolate and isolated is Gaudalupe to those who must remain upon her lonely shores for even a brief interval between contacts with the mainland.

Perhaps the warmth of their greeting may have been enhanced by a desire to conceal their true feelings. We had been together constantly for months, warm friendships had sprung up between us, and tonight we were to separate with little likelihood that they and I should ever meet again. This was to be my last day on earth; after today I should be as dead to them as though three feet of earth covered my inanimate corpse.

It is possible that my own sentiments colored my interpretation of theirs, for I am frank to confess that I had been apprehending this last moment as the most difficult of the whole adventure. I have come in contact with the peoples of many countries, but I recall none with more lovable qualities than Mexicans who have not been contaminated by too close contact with the intolerance and



"The enormous torpedo loomed above me."

then there was Jimmy Welsh! It was going to be like parting with a brother when I said goodbye to him. For months he had been begging to go with me; and I knew that he would continue to beg up to the last minute, but I could not risk a single life unnecessarily.

We all piled into the trucks that we had used to transport supplies and materials from the shore to the camp, which lay inland a few miles, and bumped over our makeshift road to the little tableland where the giant torpedo lay upon its mile long track.

"Everything is ready," said Jimmy. "We polished off the last details this morning. Every roller on the track has been inspected by at least a dozen men, we towed the old crate back and forth over the full length of the track three times with the truck, and then repacked all the rollers with grease. Three of us have checked over every item of equipment and supplies individually; we've done about everything but fire the rockets; and now we're ready to go—You are going to take me along, aren't you, Carl?"

I shook my head. "Please don't, Jimmy," I begged; "I have a perfect right to gamble with my own life, but not with yours; so forget it. But I am going to do something for you," I added, "just as a token of my appreciation of the help you've given me and all that sort of rot. I'm going to give you my ship to remember me by."

He was grateful, of course, but still he could not hide his disappointment in not being allowed to accompany me, which was evidenced by an invidious comparison he drew between the ceiling of the Sicorsky and that of the old crate, as he affectionately dubbed the great torpedolike rocket that was to bear me out into space in a few hours.

"A thirty-five million mile ceiling," he mourned dolefully; "think of it! Mars for a ceiling!"

"And I may hit the ceiling!" I exclaimed fervently.

The laying of the track upon which the torpedo was to take off had been the subject of a year of calculation and consultation. The day of departure had been planned far ahead and the exact point at which Mars would rise above the eastern horizon on that night calculated as well as the time; then it was necessary to make allowances for rotation of the earth and the attraction of the nearer heavenly bodies. The track was then laid in accordance with these calculations. It was constructed with a very slight drop in the first three quarters of a mile and then rose gradually at an angle of two and one-half degrees from horizontal.

A speed of four and one-half miles per second at the take-off would be sufficient to neutralize gravity; to overcome it, I must attain a speed of 6.93 miles per second. To allow a sufficient factor of safety I had powered the torpedo to attain a speed of seven miles per second at the end of the runway, which I purposed stepping up to 10 miles per second while passing through the earth's atmosphere. What my speed would be through space was problematical, but I based all my calculations on the theory that it would not deviate much from the speed at which I left the earth's atmosphere, until I came within the influence of the gravitational pull of Mars.

The exact instant at which to make the start had also caused me considerable anxiety. I had calculated it again and again, but there were so many factors to be taken into consideration that I had found it expedient to have my figures checked and rechecked by a well-known physicist and an equally prominent astronomer. Their deductions tallied perfectly with mine—the torpedo must start upon its journey toward Mars some time before the red planet rose above the eastern horizon. The trajectory would be along a constantly flattening arc, influenced considerably at first by the earth's gravitational pull, which would decrease inversely as the square of the distance attained. As the torpedo left the earth's surface on a curved tangent, its departure must be so nicely timed that when it eventually escaped the pull of the earth its nose would be directed toward Mars.

On paper, these figures appeared most convincing; but, as the moment approached for my departure, I must confess to a sudden realization that they were based wholly upon theory, and I was struck with the utter folly of my mad venture.

For a moment I was ashast. The enormous torpedo, with its 60 tons, lying there at the end of its mile long track, loomed above me, the semblance of a gargantuan coffin—my coffin, in which I was presently to be dashed to earth, or to the bottom of the Pacific, or cast out into space to wander there to the end of time. I was afraid. I admit it, but it was not so much the fear of death as the effect of the sudden realization of the stupendousness of the cosmic forces against which I had pitted my puny powers that temporarily unnerved me.

Then Jimmy spoke to me. "Let's have a last look at things inside the old crate before you shove off," he suggested, and my nervousness and my apprehensions vanished beneath the spell of his quiet tones and his matter-of-fact manner. I was myself again.

Together we inspected the cabin, where are located the controls, a wide and comfortable berth, a table, a chair, writing materials, and a well-stocked bookshelf. Behind the cabin is a small galley and just behind the galley a storeroom containing canned and dehydrated foods sufficient to last me a year. Back of this is a small battery room containing storage batteries for lighting, heating and cooking, a dynamo, and a gas engine. The extreme stern compartment is filled with rockets and the intricate mechanical device by which they are fed to the firing chambers by means of the controls in the cabin. Forward of the main cabin is a large compartment in which are located the water and oxygen tanks, as well as a quantity of odds and ends necessary either to my safety or comfort.

Everything, it is needless to say, is fastened securely against the sudden and terrific stress that must accompany the take-off. Once out in space, I anticipate no sense of motion, but the start is going to be rather jarring. To absorb, as much as possible, the shock of the take-off, the rocket consists of two torpedoes, a smaller torpedo within a larger one, the former considerably shorter than the latter and consisting of several sections, each one comprising one of the compartments I have described. Between the inner and outer shells and between each two compartments is installed a system of ingenious hydraulic shock absorbers designed to more or less gradually overcome the inertia of the inner torpedo during the take-off. I trust that it functions properly.

In addition to these precautions against disaster at the start, the chair in which I shall sit before the controls is not only heavily over-stuffed but is secured to a track of framework that is equipped with shock absorbers. Furthermore, there are means whereby I may strap myself securely into the chair before taking off.

I have neglected nothing essential to my safety, upon which depends the success of my project.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

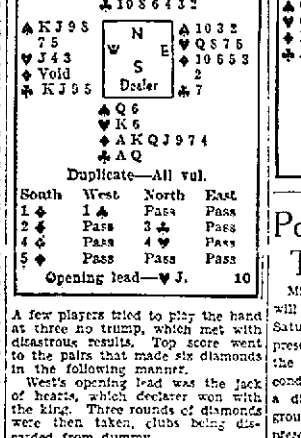
Triple Play in Bridge!

By WILLIAM E. McKENNEY

Occasionally we find a hand where there are a lot of different difficult things to do, all of which must be done at exactly the right time.

Such is the case in today's hand, played in one of the qualifying rounds of the recent eastern pair championship match. The hand combines the establishing of a suit for a discard, a double coup, and an end play.

Most pairs arrived at five diamonds.



Duplicate—All vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	1 ♠	Pass	Pass
2 ♦	Pass	3 ♣	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	4 ♥	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♥ J. 10

A few players tried to play the hand at three no trump, which met with disastrous results. Top score went to the pairs that made six diamonds in the following manner.

West's opening lead was the jack of hearts, which declarer won with the king. Three rounds of diamonds were then taken, clubs being discarded from dummy.

Now a small heart was won in dummy with the ace, and the ten of hearts returned. East refused to cover, so declarer discarded the six of spades. The nine of hearts was ruffed with the four of diamonds.

Declarer's next play was the queen of spades. West covered, and dummy won the trick with the ace. A small spade was returned and ruffed with the seven of diamonds.

Declarer then led the ace of clubs and followed with the queen of clubs. West won the trick and now, regardless of what he returned, the declarer held the jack-nine of diamonds over East's ten-six.

So you see, the hearts had to be established for a discard, the declarer had to trump twice to get his trump down to the same number as East's, and then he had to make an end play with the queen of clubs so he could have the tenace position in trump.

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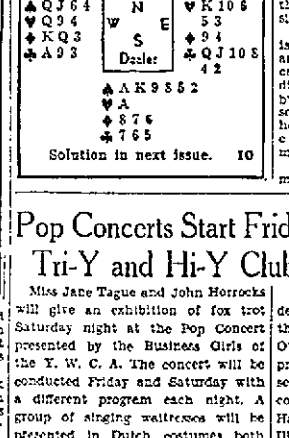
Today's Contract Problem

South arrives at a four spade contract and West doubles. East had bid hearts and West supported hearts. Should East take out with five clubs, not vulnerable? Can South make four spades?



Solution in next issue. 10

Vocational Alumni Will Dance at Auburn; Honor George Moore

The Vocational Alumni Association will have its annual spring dance at the Club Dickman, Auburn, Saturday night. The party will be arranged in honor of George Moore, past president of the club, a senior at Syracuse University, who leaves this month to take a position in New York City with the American Cyanamic Company.

Miss Mary Cahill is chairman of arrangements, assisted by Norman Bell, Verne Bettinger, Miss Melita Goal, Miss Nellie Mae Buckley, Miss Kay Halligan.

Good Shepherd Flower Guild To Have Benefit

Mrs. Arthur Cahill Will Open Home for Cards on June 10

The Good Shepherd Flower Guild will have a card party at the home of Mrs. Arthur Cahill, 2013 East Genesee Street, Monday, June 10.

The last meeting of the Flower Guild took place at the home of Mrs. Floyd E. Courson, 353 Crawford Avenue. Assisting hostesses were Mrs. Alfred Nichols and Mrs. Charles Miller.

Guests were Mrs. Martin Grossman, Miss Virginia Grubb, Miss Ruth Burhans, Miss Sarah Hunt, Miss Mildred Brastow, Mrs. John Harney, Mrs. Harold Coon, Mrs. Arthur Cahill, Miss Sarah Hunt, Mrs. Donald Thue, Mrs. H. Arnold Burhans, Mrs. Hansom Marscher and Mrs. William Jordan.

Glorify Yourself

By ALICIA HART

In addition to new skin preparations, compacts, lipsticks and gadgets that make cosmetic counters so alluring these days, there are plenty of items which are invaluable to the woman who places a premium on daintiness. After all, summer days call for particularly fastidious grooming habits.

Deodorants seem to be more effective and less difficult to use than ever. Some of your old favorites—they're dressed up in new bottles by the way—need be used only once or twice a week really to prevent not only body odors, but perspiration itself. The types as strong as this never should be applied within 48 hours after using depilatory or razor, and they ought to be allowed to dry before you put on your clothes or get into bed. Going to sleep with a strong deodorant still moist under your arms may cause minor irritation.

The milder deodorants have to be used daily. A lilac scented one—brought out recently—smells as nice as a toilet water and can be used as often as you like. Furthermore, you don't have to wait for it to dry before you can get dressed. For anyone who perspires just a little, this is perfect.

Then, too, there are depilatories that remove every trace of superfluous hair on arms and legs, are perfectly harmless and leave no dark stubble. With days on the beach and week-ends when you'll wear shorts ahead, one of these is a necessity on your summer beauty list.

Furry Family's Circus —By Harry W. Frees

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AND SO TO BED!

Oh, Furries, hush! Don't mew or purr. And sparrows, do not cheep.
For little Baby Tabitha has fallen fast asleep.
She danced and played all afternoon with falling leaves and sticks,
And how the Furries laughed to see her baby kitten tricks.
Then all at once the Furries saw a little nodding head
And sleeping Baby Tabitha was carried off to bed.

(Watch for another Circus scene in tomorrow's Herald)

In New York

By PAUL HARRISON

NEW YORK, May 10.—On a balmy afternoon some of the busier sidewalks are dotted with young men manipulating complicated cameras and passing out coupons to the passersby. The coupons inform the pedestrians that they have been snapped in three natural poses, and that for 25 cents they can get prints at a certain address.

It's a new business that has come upon the town, and is significant mostly for the insight it affords into human pride and prejudice. One of the companies employes 18 photographers who snap about 25,000 pictures a day. Most of them have become shrewd judges of ego. Of 100 pictures taken by a novice at the game, only 10 are likely to be sold. Experienced men, however, usually guess right in about 20 cases in 100—a very profitable average.

Out-of-town visitors strolling on Broadway are considered the best prospects. Nearly all of them write in for their pictures. The trick here, of course, is to recognize strangers from the midlands... Spruce young couples, walking slowly, are almost sure-fire... Middle-aged women are the only ones who are photographed singly. They usually seem flattered.

Some people are openly antagonistic, especially men with rubbers and umbrellas, and men who use canes... Chinese and Japanese are distrustful, often angry. They never buy the finished pictures... No person is snapped while walking rapidly; he usually refuses even to accept the coupon... A pretty-girl-and-older-man couple makes a bad risk.

The scheme was started in Germany years ago by a man named Robert Winkler. He'd snap a pedestrian, follow him to his home or office and obtain his name and address from the door plate. Then proofs would be sent to him, with directions to how to order pictures. Winkler now heads the largest of the concerns operating in New York.

* * *

Things are so dull around the Stock Exchange that the men there have perfected a game which very closely corresponds to actual stock trading. As a matter of fact, it was invented by the floor clerks a couple of years ago (you can imagine how little work the floor clerks had to do a couple of years ago), but since then has been taken up by the brokers themselves.

All that it amounts to is private trading in some hypothetical stock, and the closing price is determined by chance. Nobody knows, though, until trading is ended, what the price is.

Nineteen slips of paper are numbered from zero to 18, and eight slips are picked from a hat by eight players. The sum of the numbers picked will determine the stock's price, but during the buying and selling each player can only guess from his own slip whether the price will be high or low. Lowest possible total of eight slips would be 28; highest possible, 116. Average is 72. In the final reckoning, 1,000 shares are worth one cent a point.

If a player has drawn number 18, he feels that such a high number likely will push the total above par, or 72. So he goes bullish and tries to buy stock that is offered at a lower figure. Player B, on the other hand, may have drawn a very low number on his slip, and has a hunch that the total will be below 72. He becomes a bear and begins to sell stock at the best price any players will offer.

Trading is stopped by general agreement, and the trading slips, made out just as they are on the Exchange floor, are turned over to a volunteer Clearing House. Also the numbered slips drawn from the hat are handed in and totaled. Let's say, for an example, that the stock turned out at 84, also that player A has an order on B for 100,000 shares at 70. At a cent a point per 1,000 shares, the bear owes the bull $14.

For lesser stakes, this makes a fairly good parlor game. All right for the kiddies, too, since, according to many eminent financiers, market speculation isn't gambling.

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BUFFET SUPPER

Alumnae members of Kappa Delta sorority will entertain the senior class of the active class at a buffet supper at 6:15 o'clock Friday at the home of Miss Emily Redington, 265 Kirk Avenue.

Pop Concerts Start Friday at YWCA; Tri-Y and Hi-Y Clubs to Sponsor Social

Miss Jane Tague and John Horrocks will give an exhibition of fox trot Saturday night at the Pop Concert presented by the Business Girls of the Y. W. C. A. The concert will be conducted Friday and Saturday with a different program each night. A group of singing waitresses will be presented in Dutch costumes both nights.

The Tri-Y and Hi-Y Clubs of Central High School will have a social get-together in the recreation room of the Y. W. C. A., Saturday night from 8 to 12 o'clock.

Miss Louise Schug was elected president of the Business Girls League at the annual meeting Tuesday night. Other officers: Miss Opal Clay, vice-president; Mrs. Eva Howard, recording secretary; Miss Genevieve White, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Marion Harcourt, treasurer and Miss Ruth Ullmen, assistant treasurer. Miss Mildred Hatch and Miss Genevieve White will represent the club at the Eastern Region Business Girls' Conference at Summit Lake Camp, Central Valley, June 29 to July 6.

Drive Safely—Observe Onondaga County Safely Week

Why build a fire with every cold snap?

Rent AUTOMATIC GAS BURNER for only 7¢ a day

INSTALLED FREE *in your present furnace*

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• STRAWS!
• FELTS IN
• PASTELS!
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• PEDALINES!
• NEW TYPES!

Catholic Women Give Card Party, Tea on Saturday

Mrs. John B. Murphy Is Chairman for Spring Event

Arrangements are completed for the annual spring bridge tea of the Catholic Women's Club on Saturday afternoon at the Hotel Syracuse. Mrs. John B. Murphy is general chairman.

The committees: Arrangements, Rose Haley, Margaret M. Murphy and Mrs. Edward Weinheimer; reception, Mrs. Thomas Sheedy, Mary Fitzgerald, Jeanette Lanigan, Frances Doscort, Mrs. L. P. Crowe, Mrs. L. J. Bowes, Katherine Shattuck, Kate Hearn, Helen McCarthy, Elaine Marshall, Dorothy Shane, Agnes Rogers, Elizabeth Delaney, Jane Wellington, Grace Hogan, Julia Tansey, Lita May Burke, Mrs. Harold J. Brennan, Katherine Kehoe, Grace Talbot, Catherine Purcell, Marion Hanley, Florence Ward, Mary Barrett, Julia Heenan, Alice Oliver, Ruth Tucker, Mrs. John C. Clark, Anne McMahon, Marie Farrell, Mrs. H. T. O'Brien, May R. Sloan, Alice Mullane, Helen Connors.

Prizes, Anita Callahan, Katherine Murphy, Marion Rafferty and Marie Quinn; tickets, Bessie A. Meagher, Helena McCall, Ruth Welch, Mary Lawlor; publicity, Onna Maloney, Alice Doran and Mary V. Mulherin.

Mrs. Spencer Hostess

Mr. and Mrs. George Spencer of Euclid Avenue were hosts at a covered dish supper to the members of their club recently. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Haswell, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Gove, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Studor, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Fancher, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hutchins of Geneva.

I Know How the Water Looks

By HELEN WELSHIMER

I know how the water looks
From tall ships at night;
How a city's windows shine
From a mountain height.
I know how bewildered trails
Ramble through the south;
And the jumbled ecstasy
Of a gipsy mouth.

I know motifs of new lore
Practicing its scales;
I know all the ways to end
Modern fairy tales.

But this thing I do not know:
Just how long it takes
Till a heart stops being brave,
Trembles once, and breaks.

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CORNELL WOMEN'S CLUB

The final dinner meeting of the Cornell Women's Club will be conducted at the home of Miss Ethel Fancher, 302 Bradford Boulevard, Monday night at 6:30 o'clock. Mrs. Marjorie Lore will be hostess, assisted by Mrs. Charles Connors and Miss Frances Meisse. Miss Leah Bladen, secretary, will be in charge of reservations, assisted by the membership committee, including Mrs. Lester Klenzle, Mrs. Edgar White, Mrs. Leonard Tiffany and Mrs. Ralph Waring.

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HOFMANN'S PEERLESS Frankfurts and Snappys Are More Than Just "Something Good" They're Healthful, Nourishing, Economical

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To Mother, on Her Day

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Finest quality service weight of beautiful flawless texture. Reinforced heel and toe, cradle soles. Newest Spring shades.

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