

Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"PIRATES OF VENUS" By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Carson Napier, wealthy young aviator, erects out in a giant rocket-torpedo for Mars. Planetary attraction upsets his course. About to crash on Venus, he takes to a parachute and falls through clouds and darkness into a tree at least 2,000 feet high, which he descends.

CHAPTER VII A moment later I emerged entirely from the cloud bank, but though I searched in all directions, I saw nothing but foliage, above, around below me, yet I could see far down into that abyss of leaves. In the soft light I could not determine the color of the foliage, but I was sure that it was not green; it was some light delicate shade of another color.

I had descended another thousand feet since I had emerged from the clouds, and I was pretty well exhausted (the month of inactivity and overeating had softened me), when I saw just below me what appeared to be a causeway leading from the trees. I was descending to another adjacent. I also discovered that from just below where I clung the limbs had been cut away from the tree to a point below the causeway. Here were two startling and unequivocal evidences of the presence of intelligent beings.

At this juncture in my vain speculations I was startled by a noise above me. Something was moving in the branches overhead. The sound was coming nearer, and it seemed to me that it was being made by something of considerable size and weight, but was the echo of my imagination. However, I felt most uncomfortable, I was unarmed, I have never carried weapons. My friends had urged a perfect arsenal upon me before I embarked upon my adventure, but I had argued that if I arrived on Mars armed it would be a mere fact of arms, and even if my reception were war-like, I should be no worse off, since I could not hope, single-handed, to conquer a world, no matter how well armed I were.

Suddenly, above me, to the crashing of some heavy body through the foliage were added hideous screams and screeches, and in the terrifying confusion I recognized the presence of more than a single creature. Was I being pursued by all the fearsome denizens of this Venusian forest?

Perhaps my nerves were slightly unstrung, and who may blame them if they were, after what I had passed through so recently and during the long, preceding month? They were not entirely shattered, however, and I could still appreciate the fact that night noises often multiply themselves in a most grotesque way. I heard a yapping and screaming around my camp on Arizona nights when, but for the actual knowledge that there were but one or two of them, I could have sworn that there were a hundred, had I trusted only to my sense of hearing.

But in this instance I was quite positive that the voices of more than a single beast were mingling to produce the horrid din that, together with the sound of their passage, was definitely and unquestionably drawing rapidly nearer me. Of course I did not know that the growling and the awesome wailing, small voice within seemed to be assuring me that such was the fact.



"I snapped that rope as a ringmaster snaps a whip."

the world scene. Since the final scream of the hideous creature that had retreated into the foliage after this thing had leaped for me, there had been no sound. The creature that I had seen seemed slightly bewildered. I am positive now that it itself had been the object of pursuit by the other beast that had retreated.

In the dim half-light of the Venusian night I saw confronting me a creature that might be compared only to the half-dickium of some horrid nightmare. It was about as large as a full-grown puma, and stood upon four hind legs that suggested that it might be almost wholly arboreal. The front legs were much longer than the hind, suggesting, in this respect, the hyena; but here the similarity ceased, for the creature's furry pelt was striped longitudinally with alternate bands of red and yellow, and its hideous head bore no resemblance to any earthly animal. No external ears were visible, and in the low forehead was a single large, round eye at each end of a thick antenna about four inches long. The jaws were powerful and armed with long, sharp fangs, while from either side of the neck projected a powerful chela. Never have I seen a creature so fearfully armed for offense as was this nameless beast of another world. With those powerful grablike pincers it could easily have held an opponent far stronger than a man and dragged it to those terrible jaws.

For a time it eyed me with that single, terrifying eye that moved to and fro at the end of its antenna, and all the time its chelae were waving slowly, opening and closing. In that brief moment of delay I looked about me, and the first thing that I discerned was that I stood directly in front of an opening cut in the bole of the tree; an opening about three feet wide and over six feet high. But the most remarkable thing about it was that it was closed by a door; not a solid door, but one suggesting a massive wooden grill.

As I stood contemplating it and wondering what to do, I thought that I saw something moving behind it. Then a voice spoke to me out of the darkness behind the door. It sounded like a human voice, though it spoke in a language that I could not understand. The tones were premonitory, I could almost imagine that it said, "Who are you, and what do you want here in the middle of the night?" "I am a stranger," I said. "I come in peace and friendship."

Of course I knew that whatever it was behind that door, it could not understand me; but I hoped that my tone would assure it of my peaceful designs. There was a moment's silence, and then I heard other voices. Evidently the situation was being discussed; then I saw that the creature facing me upon the causeway was creeping toward me, and I turned my attention from the doorway to the beast.

I had no weapons, nothing but a length of futile rope; but I knew that I must do something. I could not stand there supinely and let the creature seize and devour me without striking a blow in my own defense. I uncoiled a portion of the rope and, more in despair than with any hope that I could accomplish anything of a defensive nature, flicked the end of it in the face of the advancing beast.

But I did expect to accomplish. Perhaps I just felt that I must do something, and this was the only thing that occurred to me. The result merely demonstrated the efficiency of that single eye and the quickness of the chela. I snapped that rope as a ringmaster snaps a whip; but though the rope end traveled with great speed and the net must have been uncoiled in one of its chela before it reached its face, then it hung on and sought to drag me toward those frightful jaws.

(To Be Continued)

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1/4 cup warm (not boiling) water, 1 cup pastry flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons hot melted butter, 1 teaspoon extract, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat the eggs and sugar until creamy, (do not separate yolk and white), add warm water. Add sifted flour, baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat very hard with egg beater, then pour in melted butter, which should be sizzling hot. Add flavoring and put immediately into a 350-degree oven for 35 minutes.

Today's Patterns



The cute dress and hat (542) is a really perky outfit for warm days. It should be made in printed percale, lawn, dotted swiss or silk. Patterns are sized 1 to 6 years, size 3 requiring 2 yards of 35-inch fabric, 1-4 yard contrasting and 1 3/4 yards ribbon for belt and hat. The Princess Frock (468) should be made in printed dimity, percale, lawn or silk. Patterns are sized 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 5/8 yards of 39-inch fabric with 1-2 yard contrast and 2 2-3 yards of ruffling.

Farm Women Now Articulate On Conditions

New York, May 15.—No longer are immediate home interests the main topic of discussion when farm women get together. Now, they talk about taxes, markets, better rural housing and the adoption of labor saving devices.

Farm women have been the last group to become articulate on the subject of their economic condition, mostly because they have worked too hard to think about larger problems and because their husbands have always been the spokesmen. This speaking up on the part of women in the agricultural areas has been noted by Miss Elizabeth Herring, who through the national organization of the Y. W. C. A. has been in close communication with the 100,000 women and girls from farms and small villages who belong to clubs affiliated with the association.

The Home Demonstration work of the Department of Agriculture and the woman movement at large reaching the highways and byways have in general prepared the feminist farm population for their new point of view, Miss Herring says, but the depression has given the immediate impetus.

Never Before

By EMILY POST International Authority on Etiquette and Social Usage

Do I forced to blow one's nose at table? I was dining with rather formal friends the other day and was very much embarrassed in having to blow my nose during dinner because I know how repulsive this habit is to other people is to me?

Answer: The real answer to your question is not to dine out while you still have a cold. But if you have to sit at table with friends or family, when you are likely to have to blow your nose, before you go to the table and try your best not to have to do more than "breathe gently into your handkerchief." But if it becomes absolutely necessary to blow your nose, then there is nothing to do but to put your head down and muffle the sound in your handkerchief. Do not separate yolk and white, add warm water. Add sifted flour, baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Dear Mrs. Post: Our doctor's wife went to an end of trouble to locate her husband when our son was injured on the street the other day. I feel that I should like to show her some appreciation for this but what could I do since I don't know her at all? Might she consider anything presumptuous?

Answer: If you haven't done so, you might tell her husband how grateful you are and ask him to thank her for you. If you are afraid to trust your message to a busy man's memory, by all means write her a note of thanks, yourself.

Glorify Yourself

By ALICIA HART "I dread to see my daughter start on her vacation," writes a woman in Ohio. "She spends it each year at her aunt's summer home, but she always comes back more tired than when she left. Won't you advise the girls how to get some physical benefit as well as mental relaxation from their summer holidays?"

Furry Family's Circus

By Harry W. Fries



(Copyright, 1935, Star Newspaper Service)

A VERY BAD DREAM! Camilla Cur woke up one night with such an awful start, Her little paws were damp with fear and bump-bump! went her heart. She'd left her doll, Priscilla May, upon a nursery chair. And then she dreamt that nibbling mice had come and found her there! "Suppose it's true!" Camilla cried with apprehensive dread. . . . But, joy! She's found her doll unharmed and off they go to bed.

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

Women Are Responsible When Homes Are Broken, Because They Toss Marriage Away at First Rift

BY DOROTHY DIX

"IT'S the women who are responsible for most of the broken homes and half-orphaned children," said a man the other day. "The fact that women are the petitioners in three-fourths of the divorce cases isn't just a gallant gesture on the part of men to give ladies what they want, no matter whether it is coming to them or not; neither does it mean that men are less satisfactory as husbands than women are as wives. It simply means that a woman will throw a marriage into the junk pile just as she would a piece of china that was nicked or that she had got tired of, while a man will go on making it serve even if it has got a little cracked and he has sort of lost his taste for it."

Perhaps the reason for this is that women have a more romantic ideal of husbands than husbands have of wives. Or it may be that women expect more of marriage than men do. Most likely it is because women have less idea of the binding nature of a contract than men have, so they have no compunctions about wringing one if it doesn't come up to all their fondest fancy painted. It is women who return things to the bargain counter if they decide that, after all, they don't want it when they get it home and give it the once over. But a man feels that he has to keep a thing that he has bought unless he has been cheated in the transaction. "At any rate, wives won't stand for the things in their husbands that husbands meekly endure in their wives. Thousands of women, for instance, get divorces from their husbands because they are not good providers, but you never hear of a man getting a divorce from his wife because she isn't a good housekeeper."

"Women broadcast to the world what brutes their husbands are if they are surly and abusive, but you never hear the henpecked and nagged husbands telling their woes. Women consider themselves martyrs if they are married to men who take them for granted and never show them any affection or tenderness, but the men who are married to human refrigerators, and who spend their lives telling to support women who never give them even a pat on the head, just charge it off to the profit and loss of matrimony, and say to themselves that if Maria's kisses are cold her coffee is always hot, and let it go at that."

"So, if the matter were left to men, there would not be many broken homes. Having made their matrimonial bargains, they would stick to them. Marriage might not be all they expected of it; well, neither did that last batch of socks they bought go on the way they thought it would. Suttle hasn't turned out to be the pin-feathered angel she looked to be during the days of courtship. Well, that's life. The show is never as good as the posters. Besides, everyone has faults and we have to learn not to let other people's peculiarities get on our nerves."

"But women are not so philosophical in dealing with their husbands. They make mountains out of every molehill in marriage. They magnify every fault of their husbands and let their every peculiarity estrange them. They're incapable of striking a balance and saying to themselves that while John isn't the hero of their girl's dreams, he is a mighty good provider, and that a wife can afford to overlook many minor defects in a husband who says it with limousines and charge accounts at the best shops."

"And it is women who break up the homes when their husbands do a little philanthropy, which generally is the last thing in the world the men intended to happen. Of course, you can't blame the wife for being jealous and feeling outraged and disgusted at seeing her husband falling

TO PREVENT CRACKED GLASSES

When making jelly and it is all in readiness to be poured into the glasses, put the glasses in a pan of hot water to keep them from cracking. The pan should be a shallow one and the water should be sufficient to cover the lower third of the glass.

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