

Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"PIRATES OF VENUS"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Carson Napier takes off for Mars in a giant rocket-ship. Planetary attraction deflects his course and he lands on Venus. Three heavily armed men, much like himself in stature, take him to a hall in an enormous tree trunk, give him food and escort him to a chamber to sleep.

CHAPTER IX

When I awoke, it was quite light in the room, and through a window I saw the foliage of trees, lavender and heliotrope and violet in the light of a new day. I arose and went to the window. I saw no sign of sunlight, yet a brightness equivalent to sunlight pervaded everything. The air was warm and sultry. Below me I could see sections of various causeways extending from tree to tree. On some of these I caught glimpses of people. All the men were naked, except for loin cloths, nor did I wonder at their scanty apparel in the temperature on Venus. There were both men and women; and all the men were armed with swords and daggers, while the women carried daggers only. All those whom I saw seemed to be of the same age; there were neither children nor old people among them. All appeared comely.

From my barred window I caught a glimpse of the ground, but as far as I could see there was only the amazing foliage of the trees, lavender, heliotrope, and violet. And what trees! From my window I could see several enormous boles fully 200 feet in diameter. I had thought the tree I descended a giant, but compared with these, it was only a sapling. As I stood contemplating the scene before me, there was a noise at the door behind me. Turning, I saw one of my captors entering the room. He greeted me with a few words, which I could not understand, and a pleasant smile, that I could. I returned his smile and said, "Good morning!"

He beckoned to me to follow him from the room, but I made signs indicating that I wished to see my clothes first. I knew I should be not and uncomfortable in them; I was aware that no one I had seen here wore any clothing, yet so powerful are the inhibitions of custom and habit that I shrink from doing the sensible thing and wearing only my undershorts.

At first, when he realized what I wanted to do, he seemed to want to leave me alone where they were and come with him as I was; but eventually he gave in with another of his pleasant smiles. He was a man of fine physique, a little shorter than I; by daylight, I could see that his skin was about that shade of brown that a heavy sun tan imparts to people of my own race; his eyes were dark, his hair black. His appearance formed a marked contrast to my light skin, blue eyes, and blond hair.

When I had dressed, I followed him downstairs to a room adjoining the one I had first entered the previous night. Here the man's two companions and two women were seated at a table of food. The women were dressed in the same manner as I. As I entered the room the women's eyes were turned upon me curiously; the men smiled, and one of them motioned me to a chair.

The women appraised me frankly but without boldness, and it was evident that they were discussing me freely between themselves and with the men. They were both uncommonly good-looking, their skin being a shade lighter than that of the men, while their eyes and hair were of about the same color as those of their male companions. Each wore a single garment of a silken material similar to that of which my bed cover had been made and in the form of a long sash, which was wrapped tightly around the body below the navel, confining the breasts. From this point it was carried half way around the body downward to the waist, where it circled the body again, the loose end then passing between the legs from behind and up through the sash in front, after the manner of a G string, the remainder falling in front to the knees.

In addition to these garments, which were beautifully embroidered in colors, the women wore girdles from which depended pocket pouches and sheathed daggers, and both were plentifully adorned with ornaments such as rings, bracelets, and hair ornaments. I could recognize gold and silver among the various materials of which these things were fabricated, and there were others that might have been ivory or coral, but what impressed me most was the exquisite workmanship they displayed, and I imagined that they were valued more for this than for the intrinsic worth of the materials that composed them. That this conjecture might be in accordance with fact was borne out by the presence among their ornaments of several of the finest diamonds I had ever seen, cut in the most ordinary manner, not as if they were to be worn, but as if they were to be used as ornaments.

On the table was bread different from that which I had had the night before, a dish that I thought might be eggs and meat baked together, several which I could not recognize either by appearance or taste, and the familiar milk and honey that I had encountered before. The foods varied widely in range of flavor, so that it would have been difficult to palate indeed that would not have found something to its liking.

During the meal they engaged in serious discussion, and I was certain from their glances and gestures that I was the subject of their debate. The two girls entwined the meal by attempting to carry on a conversation with me, which appeared to afford them a deal of amusement, nor could I help joining in their laughter, so infectious was it. Finally one of them hit upon the happy idea of teaching me their language. She pointed to herself and said, "Zura," and to the other girl and said, "Alzo," then the men became interested and I soon learned that the name of him who seemed to be the head of the house, the man who had first challenged me the preceding night, was Duran, the other two Othar and Kamlot.

But before I had mastered more than these few words and the names of some of the foods on the table, breakfast was over and the three men had conducted me from the house. As we proceeded along the causeway that passed in front of the house of Duran, the interest and curiosity of those we passed were instantly challenged as their eyes fell upon me; and it was at once evident to me that I was a type either entirely unknown on Venus or at least rare, for my blue eyes and blond hair caused quite as much comment as my clothing, as I could tell by their gestures and the direction of their gaze.

We were often stopped by curious friends of my captors, or hosts (I was not sure yet in which category they fell); but none offered me either harm or insult, and if I were the object of their curious scrutiny, so were they of mine. While no two of them were identical in appearance, they were all handsome and all apparently of about the same age. I saw no old people and no children.

Presently we approached a tree of such enormous diameter that I could scarcely believe the testimony of my eyes when I saw it. It was fully 500 feet in diameter. Stripped of branches for 100 feet above and below the causeway, its surface was dotted with windows and doors and encircled by wide balconies of wood, and a large and elaborately carved doorway was a group of armed men before whom we halted while Duran addressed one of their number.

I thought at the time that he called this man Tofar, and such I learned later was his name. He wore a necklace from which depended a metal disc bearing a hieroglyphic in relief; otherwise he was not accented differently from his companions. As he and Duran conversed, he appraised me carefully from head to foot. Presently he and Duran passed through the doorway into the interior of the tree, while the others continued to examine me and question Kamlot and Othar.

While I waited there, I embraced the opportunity to study the elaborate carvings that surrounded the portal, forming a frame fully five feet wide. The motif appeared historical, and I could easily imagine that the various scenes depicted important events in the life of a dynasty or a nation. The workmanship was exquisite, and it required no

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stretch of the imagination to believe that each delicately carved face was the portrait of some dead or living celebrity. There was nothing grotesque in the delineation of the various figures, as is so often the case in work of a similar character on earth, and only the borders that framed the whole and separated contiguous plaques were conventional.

I was still engrossed by these beautiful examples of the wood carver's art when Duran and Tofar returned and motioned Othar and Kamlot and me to follow them into the interior of the great tree. We passed through several large chambers and along wide corridors, all carved from the wood of the living tree, to the head of a splendid staircase, which we descended to another level. The chambers near the periphery of the tree received their light through windows, while the interior chambers and corridors were illuminated by lamps similar to those I had already seen in the house of Duran.

Near the foot of the staircase we had descended we entered a spacious chamber, before the doorway to which stood two men armed with spears and swords, and before us, across the chamber, we saw a man seated at a table near a large window. Just inside the doorway we halted, my companions standing in respectful silence until the man at the table looked up and spoke to them; then they crossed the room, talking me with them, and halted before the table, upon the opposite side of which the man sat facing us.

He spoke pleasantly to my companions, calling each by name, and when they replied they addressed him as Yong. He was a fine-looking man with a strong face and a commanding presence. His attire was similar to that worn by all the other male Venusians I had seen, differing only in that he wore about his head a silver disc that supported a circular metal disc in the center of his forehead. He appeared much interested in me and watched me intently while listening to Duran, who, I had no doubt, was narrating the story of my strange and sudden appearance the night before.

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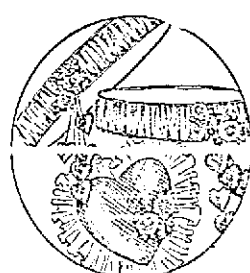
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June Bride Has Wide Choice in Lingerie



A HANDSOME TAILORED NIGHTGOWN, shown above at the right, is made from satin-back, oyster-white crepe. The dull side is used for the gown itself and the satin side for the delicate sprays of flowers at waistline, around the square neckline and across the elbow seams in the sleeves of the matching jacket. The skirt molds the hips and ends in a short train. The other nightgown, left, is part of a set as glamorous as the wedding procession. Trimmed generously with Alençon lace in white to match the gleaming white satin, this has an extremely long, pleated fan-like front godet of white chiffon. For the bride, too, are heartshaped sachets to put between layers of underwear, linens and the like. One nice little sachet, of blue satin with pleated frill of chiffon, looks like a tiny pillow and smells like June roses. It matches the blue satin garters that satisfy the bride's demand for "something blue" to bring her luck. They're trimmed with padded hearts of blue satin that dangle from pink sweetheart roses.



Going and Coming

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore L. Rogers of Little Falls will pass next week in Syracuse. They will be the guests over the week-end of May 24 of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Geyer, 227 Shotwell Park.

Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Bump, 1210 Euclid Avenue have left for Brookline, Mass., to visit a brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Bump, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bump. Mrs. B. N. Bump will attend the annual May conference of the Unitarian Association in Boston from May 19 to May 24. On their return trip they will be guests of another brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Bump, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bump, of their farm near Brattleboro, Vt. In Amherst, Mass., they will visit the Misses Beside and Resa Dickenson.

The Rev. Dr. John H. Appleber of 933 Maryland Avenue will go to Boston next week to attend the annual May conference of the Unitarian Association.

Dear Mrs. Post: I was separated from my husband for several months before he died, but we had no divorce. Ought I to write my name as his widow or as a divorcee?

Answer: Since you weren't divorced actually, you would probably continue to use his name. On the other hand, if you prefer to use your own name instead of his, you are (so far as I know) free to do so.

Dear Mrs. Post: Please tell me what is considered proper when I happen to be dining in a restaurant with a lady and an acquaintance of mine stops for a minute or two in passing by. Should they be introduced?

Answer: If he stands at your table for an appreciable length of time, you should introduce him to the lady, unless you have reason to believe that the introduction might not be agreeable to her. But if he is merely an acquaintance, he ought not to stop at your table when you are with a lady whom he does not know.

Birthday Dinner Mrs. John Pratt, 215 Scott Avenue, asked a few friends to dinner and bridge on Wednesday in honor of Mr. Pratt's birthday. Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wecker and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Longley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Dale, Salt Springs Road, will motor to White Plains Friday to be the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Connolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow E. Thomson of Euclid Avenue, are passing the week-end in Maplewood, N. J., as guests of Mr. Thomson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Thomson.

In New York

By PAUL HARRISON

NEW YORK, May 17.—Among the more virulent pests that bloom in the spring are practical jokes. Either from mischievous, restlessness or general carelessness, the "Broadway boys" turn to mischief in the silly season. "Anything for a girl?" is one of the articles of their code, and there are few lengths of time, trouble or expense to which a trickster won't go. He may take years. Hugh Troy took four years. On the morning after Herbert Hoover was elected president, Troy went out and bought 200 copies of the morning newspapers carrying the largest headlines. Then he carefully stored those papers and bided his time.

During the Roosevelt-Hoover campaign, Troy went around among his friends making predictions, and bets, that Hoover would win. He got some fancy odds. On election night he arranged a big party, which lasted all into the morning. At just the right moment, a gang of hired newspapers burst into the hotel with Troy's four-year-old newspapers bearing screaming headlines: "Hoover elected!" Troy scurried through the lobby and into the small apartment he had planned.

At that hour most of Troy's guests had had a little too much party, so they didn't notice the Gates on the newspapers. He kept them waiting until most of them had paid their bets and the jokes had vanished.

The telephone is one of the favorite instruments for playing these practical jokes. One day a young man, Mr. Leachman, took up people's minds for a while, and made them so glibly that they were almost convinced that he would win. "Hop into your clothes and grab a cab. But stop on your way and buy half a dozen cherry pies; everybody over here is insisting on cherry pies." Then he'd give the address of some acquaintance who has been selected as the chief guest of the party. New Yorkers are always ready to believe that they will be busy turning away expectant merry-makers bearing stacks of cherry pies.

When Eddie Carter lived in Great Neck, N. Y., he sometimes reported the automobile accidents which Mr. Carter was planning to buy a new car. Just about all the accidents in Manhattan and on Long Island received this "confidential tip." It was rumored that Mr. Carter would be at home the following afternoon. Mr. Carter was as a matter of fact, entertaining friends that day, or going to. But the roads to Great Neck were choked with shiny new automobiles, and the Carter estate was overrun with insistent salesmen.

A vicious pest that has been perpetuated several times now like this: The joker stams the last-and-found columns of the newspapers, and tells the friends of the joker that they will be busy turning away expectant merry-makers bearing stacks of cherry pies.

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Among Organized Interests

Theta Phi Alpha Alumnae, met recently at the home of Mrs. Louis Kourier, 605 Wood Avenue, for election of officers. Miss Margaret DeWitt, president; Mrs. William N. Hanley, treasurer; Mrs. Francis A. Kenny, secretary; Miss Elizabeth Gregg, corresponding secretary; Miss Katherine Sheehan, active chairman; Mrs. Charles Lane, social chairman; and Mrs. George Engren, delegate to the board of directors.

Phi Gamma Chi sorority will sponsor a benefit dance at the Polish Community Home, Park Avenue, Saturday night.

The Circle of Mercy will meet to sew at St. Mary's Infant and Maternity Hospital Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the hospital. Mrs. James P. Morgan, Mrs. Mae Koppenhauer, Mrs. Ambrose Burke, Mrs. William Mara and Mrs. Fred Pie and Miss May Wendt will be hostesses. A business meeting will follow.

A regular meeting of the Delta Phi Sigma Sorority was conducted at the home of Miss Helen Dobie, 2322 James Street. Members attending were: Helen Gleason, Kate Fehr, Frances Callahan, Inez Wurzbarger.

Gladya Paice, Marlon Zahn, Rae Huber, Anne Schott, Bertha Barusch, Anna Christ, Marguerite Quinn, Ida Rosok.

The Women's Home Missionary Society of Solway Methodist Episcopal Church, Solway, will have a food sale at Sherrwood's Drug Store, 2301 Millton Avenue, Solway, on Saturday.

Women's Council Meets The Women's Council of the First Reformed Church had its May meeting recently at the home of Mrs. Marcus Jones, 555 Allen Street. Mrs. Allen J. Barker, president, will preside. Members present: Mrs. George Gilger, Jr., Mrs. Anna Farrell, Mrs. Charles Parmelee, Mrs. Frederick H. Singer, Mrs. Kathryn S. Vroman, Mrs. Segur Dellinger, Mrs. Chauncey Allen, Mrs. E. Leonie Vroman.

Mrs. Frank G. Trapp read a group of original poems in honor of Mothers Day. Mrs. Charles J. Welch was chairman of hostesses. Mrs. Norman Stafford and Mrs. Robert Burns presided at the tea table. Miss Sarah Hunt and Mrs. Peter Everett were pages.

A gold medal was presented by the chapter to the Syracuse University R. O. T. C. recently. Mrs. Melvin made the presentation. Mrs. Melvin has been appointed State chairman of the Sons and Daughters of U. S. A. committee.

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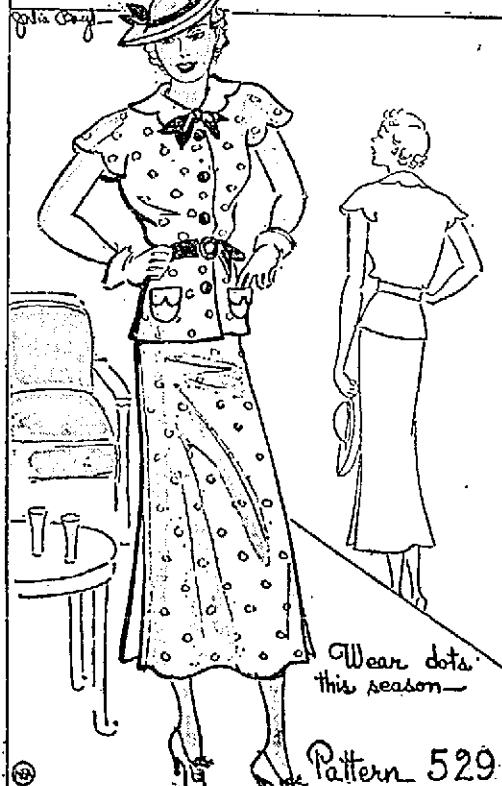
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Today's Pattern



This smart two-piece frock will make you feel cool on a warm day and its clever sleeves, caps, collar and pockets, scalloped for decoration, will give you that smart assurance of being stylishly dressed. Make it in plaid or checked gingham, seersucker, linen or crinkled silk crepe. Patterns are sized 14 to 20 and 22 to 42. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric with 1-2 yard contrast and 1 1/2 yards ribbon for bow and belt. To secure a pattern and simple sewing chart of this model clip this sketch and mail it to Julia Boyd, Syracuse Herald Fashion Bureau, 103 Park Avenue, New York City, together with 15 cents in coin. Be sure to enclose, on a separate sheet of paper, your name, full address, your size, the number of this pattern (No. 529), and mention the name of The Herald. Address four envelopes to Julia Boyd, Syracuse Herald Fashion Bureau, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Finer---and Reasonably Priced "SALADA" TEA. Includes logo and promotional text.

WHY HUSBANDS BRAG about wives' salads! Includes advertisement for Hellmann's Mayonnaise with a cartoon illustration of a man bragging about his wife's salad.