

Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Carson Napier takes up for me in a great racket-terrace but a fine attraction. I am to Venus. There is a lady the free-flying people of Venus, from the hills still in slumber, and leaving their language. Danus, a scientist, tells him about a serum that makes old age.

CHAPTER XIII

"I am considered a very healthy man in my own world," I said.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-seven."

"You would not be healthy for years from now if all those bacteria were permitted to show their heads with you."

"How old might I be to be if they were eradicated?" I asked.

He shrugged. "We do not know. The serum was perfected a thousand years ago. There are people alive today who were of the first to receive injections. I am over 500 years old. Mind is 700. We believe that, barring accidents, we shall live forever, but, of course, we do not know. Theoretically, we should."

He was called away to the terrace, and I went out on the veranda to take my exercise, of which I have had a great deal since my arrival, having always been athletically inclined. Swimming, boxing, and wrestling had strengthened and developed my muscles since I had turned to America with my mother when I was 11, and I became interested in fencing while I was traveling in Europe after she died. During my college days I was amateur middle-weight boxer of California, and I captured several medals for distance swimming; so the infrequent activity of the last two months had galvanized my constitution. Towards the end of my college days I had grown into the heavy-weight class, but that had been due to an increase of healthy bone and sinew now I was at least 20 pounds heavier and 30 pounds was all fat.

On my 100 feet of veranda I did the best I could to relax. I sat in a shadow box, I smoked a pipe, and I spent the day with the old regulars—over a dozen of drill regulations. Today I was shadow boxing near the right end of my veranda. As I was in the garden observing me, as my eyes met I halted in my tracks and I smiled at her. A smile that she turned into a frown, and she turned and fled.

Puzzled, I walked slowly back to my apartment, my exercises over. This time I had seen the girl's full face, looked her squarely in the eyes, and I had been absolutely dumfounded by her beauty. Every man and woman had been beautiful, I had come to expect that. But I had not expected to see in this other world such indescribable perfection of coloring and features, combined with character and intelligence, as that which I had seen in the garden beyond my little fence. But why had she run away when I smiled?

Probably she had run away to get away from me. I had been discovered watching her for, after all, human nature is about the same everywhere. Even 25 million miles from earth there are human beings like human beings and a girl with human curiosity who runs away when she is discovered. I wondered if she had been caught in other respects, but she seemed too beautiful to be just like anything on earth or in heaven. Was she young or old? Suppose she were 700 years old?

I went to my apartment and prepared to bathe and change my linens. I had long since scooped the mirror of Amor. As I glanced in a mirror that hangs in my bathroom I suddenly understood why the girl may have looked frightened and run away—my beard! It was nearly a month old now and might easily have frightened anyone who had never before seen a beard.

When Danus returned I asked him what I could do about it. He stepped into another room and returned with a bottle of oil.

"Rub this into the roots of the hair on your head," he directed, "but be careful not to get it on your eyebrows, lashes, or the hair on your head. Leave it there a minute and then wash your face."

I stepped into my bathroom and opened the jar. Its contents looked like vaseline and smelled like the real oil, but I rubbed it into the roots of my beard as Danus had directed. When I washed my face a moment later my beard came off, leaving my face smooth and hairless. I hurried back to the room where I had left Danus.

"You are quite handsome after all," he remarked. "Do all the people of this fabulous world of which you have told me have hair growing on their faces?"

"Nearly all," I replied. "But in my country the majority of men keep it shaved."

"I should think the women would be the ones to shave," he commented. "A woman with hair on her face would be quite repulsive to an American."

"But our women do not have hair on their faces," I asserted him.

"And the man do! A fabulous world indeed."

"But if Amorians do not grow beards, what was the need of this oil that you gave me?" I asked.

"It was perfected as an aid to surgery," he explained. "In treating scalp wounds and in cranial operations it is necessary to remove the hair from about the wound. This urgent service serves the purpose better than shaving and also retards the growth of new hair for a longer time."

"But the hair will grow out again," I asked.

"Yes, if you do not apply the unguent too frequently," he replied.

"How frequently?" I demanded.

"Use it every day for six days and the hair will never again grow on your face. We used to use it on the heads of condemned criminals whenever one saw a wild-headed man or a man wearing a wig be watched by a woman."

"In my country when one sees a wild-headed man," I said, "he watches this girl. And that reminds me: I have seen a beautiful girl in a garden just to the right of us here. Who is she?"

"She is one whom you are not supposed to see," he replied. "Were I

Furry Family's Circus

—By HARRY W. FREES



Swing Your Partner!

Now here's the famous Orchestra that plays at Furry Balls. A Dance is not a Dance at all without the Caterwauls. They'll play you every kind of tune from Blues or Minuets. And you should hear their Pussytrots upon the clarinets. They're on their annual outing now, this justly famous Band. They'll spend their day beside the sea and play upon the sand.

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

Hazard Library Group Reelects Mrs. W.E. Truex

W. J. Wainwright is First Vice President of Club

Mrs. William E. Truex was reelected president of the Hazard Library Club at its annual meeting Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Walter Papworth was elected first vice-president; Mrs. James O'Neill, second vice-president; Mrs. Porter Miller, recording secretary; Mrs. M. J. Omsland, treasurer; Mrs. R. W. Graham, director.

Following the meeting, a program was presented by four pupils of Mrs. W. A. Sleight, director of dramatics at St. Vincent de Paul's High School. Taking part were Rosemary Arnold, Mattie Falcone, Joan Shea and Eleanor Flood. Tea followed the program.

ALLOW FOR SHRINKING

Curtains made of material that is too pre-shrunk can be let out to the right length after washing and ironing. If a generous tuck is tacked in at the back of the hem, this will allow for shrinkage and the sewn hem will not have to be ripped out and re-sewn.

Jewish Women Reelect Mrs. Greenberg President of Syracuse Section at Supper

Mrs. George Greenberg was reelected president of the Syracuse section, Council of Jewish Women at the annual dinner meeting Tuesday night at the Temple Society of Syracuse. Mrs. Benjamin Friedman read the report of the executive committee. Mrs. George Greenberg presided at the dinner. The guest speaker was Mrs. Abraham H. Aarons of New York City, former state president, Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. Aaron's topic was "Meeting the Challenge." Mrs. Benjamin Friedman read the report of the executive committee. Mrs. George Greenberg presided at the dinner. The guest speaker was Mrs. Abraham H. Aarons of New York City, former state president, Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. Aaron's topic was "Meeting the Challenge." Mrs. Benjamin Friedman read the report of the executive committee.

Most Holy Rosary School Group Plans Benefit

Dessert Bridge May 24 to Help Build on Convent Building

To help swell the fund to erect a porch on the convent occupied by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, teachers in the Most Holy Rosary Church School, a dessert bridge will be given Friday at 1:30 o'clock in the school gymnasium. Mrs. Arthur G. Lyons is general chairman. Friends are invited. Hostesses will be Mrs. Francis D. McCann, Mrs. James Tormey, Mrs. Leo Abbott and Mrs. Gregory Mahar. Decorations are in charge of Mrs. John P. Byrne, Mrs. George Langgan and Mrs. Harold Martineau.

Presiding at the refreshment tables will be Mrs. Bert Hopkins, president of Holy Rosary School Mothers Club; Miss Sarah Gallagher, president of the Altar and Rosary Society; Mrs. Clinton Carr and Mrs. George J. Gannon. Prizes are in charge of Mrs. J. J. Dunningan and Mrs. J. Edmund Kelly.

Other members of the general committee: Mrs. M. J. Froehlich, Mrs. Arthur W. Oley, Mrs. Roy Anderson, Mrs. Edward J. Coleman, Mrs. Gordon Switzer, Mrs. John Carrigan, Mrs. G. S. Roth, Mrs. A. S. Mosher, Mrs. Joseph Longman, Mrs. Leo Reid, Mrs. Harry Tucker, Mrs. John H. Kernan, Mrs. Fred Smith, Mrs. Frank Terry, Mrs. Eugene Mack, Mrs. C. E. Alberts, Mrs. L. J. Edwards, Mrs. Edward Ostrom and Mrs. Thomas Lynch.

Strawberry Jam

For this you need four and one-half cups, or two pounds of prepared strawberries, seven cups or three pounds of granulated sugar, one-half bottle of liquid fruit pectin.

To prepare fruit, cut about two quarts fully ripe berries in halves lengthwise; large berries in quarters. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, packing fruit into cup when measuring; mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over full heat. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Roll hard three minutes. Remove from heat and stir in liquid pectin. Then stir and skim

Salad Season Is Here

In early days salads were made of herbs and leafy vegetables. Now we make salads from almost any appetizing combination of foods and serve them as a first course, as a main course at luncheon or supper, following the main course, or frequently as a dessert.

Many fruits, vegetables, and meats are improved, when using them for salads, if they are mixed lightly or marinated with a little French dressing for half an hour before arranging them on the salad greens.

The salad bowl is a delightful way of serving salads and a welcome change from the individual service. You may toss into the bowl any foods that will produce a symphony of flavors.

Select your salad greens for variety, too. There's a lot, list — endive, chicory, escarole, romaine, lettuce and cabbage of several kinds, dandelion, and watercress — Good Housekeeping Institute.

Paris Says Checks and Double Checks



TWO OF THE EXTREMES IN THE TAILLEUR MODE are shown in these models created by Henry Creed. At left, the chamois yellow jacket and black skirt follow the man-tailored lines. The other ensemble shows the use of black and white checks in contrasting fabrics. Its cape and matching jacket worn over the frock are snug protection against unexpected chill.

Life Is Hard on Women, Perhaps That Is Why They Often See Children in Haze of Optimism

Rose-Colored Glasses May Distort Reality of Themselves, Their Families and Their Prospects

By DOROTHY DIX

WHEN God created woman He laid upon her many and grievous handicaps, but in compensation He gave her as a consolation prize one supreme and priceless gift, and that is the ability to believe anything she wants to believe.

Women are the great optimists of the world. Hope springs eternal in the feminine breast, and no amount of facts or logic or previous experience ever dries it up at the source. A thousand disappointments have no power to discourage a woman. She is positively certain that the miracle she desires will happen on the thousand and one.

As a proof of this that we have ever before our eyes consider the beauty shops where, day after day and year after year, women pursue their unending quest for pulchritude, happy in the belief that no matter how old and homely they are when they go in, they are bound to come out young and beautiful. The fat expect to be made thin and willow, and the grizzled-headed to have their hair restored to its natural color, the stiff-necked to skip like a young gazelle, so they endure sufferings in the way of being parboiled and pounded to a pulp and scalded that entitle them to places among the martyrs. And no matter how often they fail to achieve the desired results they are still confident it will happen.

Nor does woman's optimism as regards her looks stop here. She believes that she looks to other people as she desires to look, and that if she says she is 35, even if her face is as crisp-crisp with lines as a road map and her teeth are hers only by right of purchase, when grandma dolls herself up in flapper clothes and plasters herself up with cosmetics in the belief that she looks about 16, she fools nobody but herself, but she fools herself completely. She never doubts that she is registering as the flimsy yet glamorous girlhood.

Then there is love and marriage. No matter how old and ugly and unattractive a woman is she believes that she is a swan and can marry the prince of her dreams, and the fact that she has never had a date, and less a proposal, doesn't shake this belief a particle. Girls who have physical afflictions that would keep any man from wanting to marry them, still dream of being brides and work on things for their hope chests. And I get hundreds of letters from middle-aged women who consult me as to the children who get divorces from their husbands so that they may marry young, handsome, rich and romantic men. They just take it for granted that Prince Charming will snap them up as soon as they are free.

And it is women's optimism that makes countless wives endure the in-fidelities of their roaming husbands. Their husbands may have told them a thousand times that they were tired of them and had ceased to love them. Their husbands may have neglected and mistreated them mercilessly, and abused them with all the vilest and basest language that the tongue can utter, and yet the wives hang on, hoping against hope that somehow they are going to be able to sparkle into flame again the dead ashes of their husbands' affections; that some magic will happen that will bring their husbands back to them again.

Perhaps, however, the most marvellous example of women's deathless optimism is shown in the way they treat their children. Millions of mothers do everything in their power to ruin their children and still believe that they will turn out all right when they are grown. They pamper and spoil them; they let them be impudent to them; they meter teach them to control their temper; they treat their appetites; they do not teach them any manners or consideration of the rights of other people, and they are perfectly astounded when they grow up into hoodlums.

The world is full of the lamentations of parents over ungrateful children and wild, headstrong girls and boys that they cannot control. Mothers shed enough tears over drunken and wayward sons and daughters to float a battleship. For, alas, women's optimistic belief that their children are bound to develop into fine men and women, no matter how they are brought up, is seldom realized.

Life is hard on women and perhaps they cannot bear it if nature had not provided them with rose-colored glasses through which to look upon

Mrs. Jerome Brandt Is President of Schola Cantorum

Mrs. Jerome Brandt was elected president of the Schola Cantorum of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at the recent election. Miss Blanche Carrier was elected vice-president; Miss Melita Gool, treasurer; Lawrence Leise, recording secretary; Flower Albine, financial secretary; the Rev. Charles Deibel, chaplain. The nominating committee was headed by Miss Helene McCall, assisted by John Gool, Miss Anna Kasell, John West and Theresa Van Ornam.

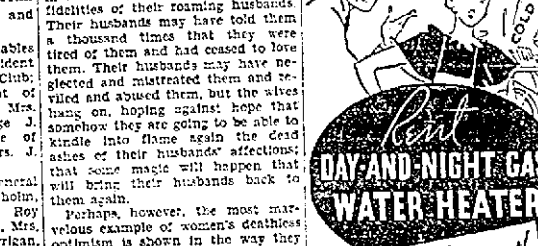
Plans were made for the annual outing June 1. Mrs. Michael Brandt, Lawrence Leise, Prof. Joseph J. McGrath and Miss Anna Kasell are the committee on arrangements.

Members of the group presented musical numbers at the graduation exercises of the St. Joseph Hospital Training School.

INSULATING ASH TRAYS

If your favorite metal ash tray is so thin that a smoldering cigarette in it scorches your table, give a small circle of cork or pastboard, to the bottom of the tray.

Movies won't wait for hot water!



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Drops Loser on Trump

Opponent Takes Trick, Enables Declarer to Make Contract That Looks Impossible

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY Secretary, American Bridge League

It is hard to lay out any definite rules for the play of the hand at bridge. Each hand presents a problem in itself. I think that the beginner at contract loses a number of hands because he tries to adhere to some set rule previously learned. The fun of contract is figuring each hand out for itself.

Irving Rosenman of the Morrisania Bridge Club in the Bronx, presents a hand today with a playing problem, not complicated, but one easily overlooked.

West has opened a heart. We know that we have two losing clubs and the ace of spades is in the East hand, we may have but one losing spade.

But West, the player who has made a vulnerable overcall and is undoubtedly the one who holds the

♠ 9 7 4 3 2	♥ A 6 4	♦ 7 3	♣ 9 5
♠ A 3	♥ K 10 8	♦ 6	♣ A Q 4
♠ K 10 6 5	♥ K 3	♦ A K Q 5	♣ 8 6 3
♠ R 10 6 5	♥ K 3	♦ A K Q 5	♣ 8 6 3

Robber—E. and W. vul.
South West North East
1♠ 2♥ 2♠ Pass
2N.T. Pass 4♥ Pass
Opening lead—4♥

Today's Contract Problem

♠ A 5 4 3	♥ A J	♦ A Q 5	♣ A K 4 3
♠ K J 7	♥ N	♦ S	♣ Q 10 8 7
♠ S 6	♥ K 5 4 3	♦ Q 9 5 2	♣ J 10 8 7
♠ 9 7 6 5 4 3 2	♥ 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♦ 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♣ 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

Solution in next issue 22

Housewives Agree

Strawberry Shortcake

Needs

BLUE RIBBON SPONGE CAKE

Nine Styles and Sizes
10c to 25c

BLUE RIBBON CAKE

FRESH AT YOUR GROCER'S