

Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER XIV

Carsten Naper takes of the Mars in a great rocket-ship but plans very attractive dress for Venus. They he finds the rocket-ship people of Venus, a group of the trip the Mars, learns the language and receives a beautiful girl from captives. But he realizes he is a prisoner.

"I hope our friendly relations will never be changed, Danus," I told him. "But you may tell Mincep of me, and that I cannot accept his hospitality much longer if he does not sum for me soon. I shall have to go on my own."

"Do not attempt that, my friend," he warned me.

"You would not like to take a dozen steps from the door and have been assigned you," he assured me seriously.

"Who would stop me?"

"There are watchmen posted in the corridors," he explained. "They have their orders from the king."

"And yet I am not a prisoner," I exclaimed with a bitter laugh.

"I can easily see that from the question," he said. "Is it strange you might never have known?"

Here indeed was the iron hand in the velvet glove. I hoped it was not welded by a well-invented cunning. My position was not an enviable one. Even had I the means of escape, there was no place that I could go. But I did not want to leave Venus—I had seen the girl in the garden.

A week passed, a week during which I permanently discarded my redskin whiskers and received an injection of the longevity serum. The latter event suggested that possibly Mincep would eventually liberate me, for why bestow immortality upon a potential enemy who is one's prisoner, but then I knew that the serum did not confer absolute immortality—Mincep could have me destroyed if he wished, by which thought was suggested the possibility that the serum had been administered for the purpose of killing me into a state of security which I did not, in reality, enjoy. I was becoming suspicious.

While Danus was injecting the serum, I asked him if there were many doctors in Venus. "Not so many in proportion to the population as there were a thousand years ago," he replied. "All the people are now trained in the care of their bodies, and taught the essentials of health and longevity. Even without the serum we use to maintain resistance to disease constantly in the human body, our people would live to great ages. Sanitation, diet, and exercise can accomplish wonders by themselves."

But we must have some doctors. Their numbers are limited now to about one to each 5000 citizens, and in addition to the serum, the serum, the doctors attend those who are injured by the accidents of daily life, in the hunt, and in duels and war.

Formerly there were many more doctors than could care out an honest living, but now there are various agencies that restrict their numbers. Not only is there a limit to the number, but the 10 years of study required, the long apprenticeship thereafter, and the difficult examinations that must be passed have all tended to reduce the numbers who seek to follow this profession; but another factor probably achieved more than a single to rapidly reduce the great number of doctors that threatened the continuance of human life on Amtec in the past.

"This was a reputation that compelled every physician and surgeon to file a complete history of each of his cases with the chief medical officer of his district. From diagnosis to complete recovery or death, each detail of the handling of the case had to be recorded in plain language for the public to consult. When a citizen requires the services of a physician or surgeon now, he may easily determine those who have been successful and those who have not. Fortunately, today there are few of the latter. The law has provided a strict code of ethics."

"This was interesting, for I had had experience with physicians and surgeons on earth. 'How many survive the operation of this new law?'" I asked.

"About two per cent," he replied.

"There must have been a larger proportion of good doctors on Amtec than on earth," I commented.

"Time hung heavily upon my hands. I read a great deal, but an active young man cannot satisfy all his varied life interests with books alone. And then there was the matter of my right. I had been advised to avoid that end of my veranda, but I did not, at least not when Danus was absent. When he was away I painted the end of the veranda, but it seemed deserted. And then one day I caught a glimpse of her; she was watching me from behind a flowering shrub.

I was close to the fence that separated my runway from her garden. It was not a high fence, perhaps slightly under five feet. She did not run this time, but stood looking straight at me, possibly thinking that I could not see her because of the intervening foliage. I could see her plainly enough, that is true; and God, how I wanted to see her!

What is that inexplicable, subtle attraction that some women hold for every man? For some men there is only one woman in the world who exercises this influence upon him; or perhaps if there are more, the others do not cross his path; for other men there are several; for some none. For me there was this girl of an alien race, upon an alien planet. Perhaps there were others, but if there were, I had never met them. In all my life I had never before been moved by such an impulsive urge. What I did I did upon the strength of an impulse as uncontrollable as a law of nature; perhaps it was a law of nature that motivated me. I vaulted the fence.

Before the girl could escape me, I stood before her. There were consternation and horror in her eyes. I thought that she was afraid of me. "Do not be afraid," I said. "I have not come to harm you, only to speak to you."

She drew herself up proudly. "I am not afraid of you," she said. "I... she hesitated and then started over. "If you are here you will be destroyed. Go back to your quarters at once and never date such a rash act again."

I thought to the thought that the fear that I had seen so clearly in her eyes was for my safety. "How may I see you?" I asked.

"You may never see me," she replied.

"But I have seen you, and I intend to see you again. I am going to see a lot of you, or die in the attempt."

"Whether you do not know what you are doing or you are mad," she said and turned her back on me as she started to walk away.

I seized her arm. "Wait!" I begged, and clapped my face and then she stopped for a moment from the scolding at her side. "How dared you, the great, 'I have seen you'! I should kill you!"

"Why don't you?" I asked.

"I should like to," she said, and it sounded as though she meant it. "I love you," I replied, and I knew that I spoke the truth.

FURRY FAMILY'S CIRCUS

—By Harry W. Frees



A Friendly Bridge

Now, what on earth's the matter here? Why do they stop and stare? Why can't they cross the little bridge instead of standing there? I know. They've seen the large black bull who's near the meadow brook. "Oh, let's turn back!" sneez Tabitha, "he has a horrid look! I hate the way he paws the ground. I hate his little eyes. . . . "We won't go on," the Furrises say. I think that's very wise.

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

Too Strict Parent Throws Children Into Very Dangers He's Trying to Avoid, Writer Warns

Most Young People Can Be Ruled by Appeal to Reason Plus Square Deal Tactics

BY DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am the father of several children whom I am bringing up most strictly. My problem is my oldest daughter. She is not yet 17 nor out of high school. She has always been a good girl, honest and conscientious, taking no interest in dancing and movies, which I have forbidden and against which my other children have rebelled.

However, of late she has become interested in a young man who comes to see her. I do not approve of this friendship, although she claims she is not serious, and I have refused to let him come into my home. I have not forbidden her to see him, though I am on the point of doing so. All the schoolgirls in our community have boy friends and dates, but I want her to be different and have a career first. Do you think I am right?

ONE OF THE OLD STOCK.

Answer: No, I think you are just as wrong as wrong can be in your attitude toward your children, and that if you persist in it you will drive them into doing the very things that you are trying to guard against.

I believe absolutely in parents exercising authority over their children and that children should be taught obedience. I think it is a terrible thing for fathers and mothers to let their children run wild, to come and go as they please, to have no restrictions whatever put upon their liberties and to be subject to no discipline. It makes for anarchy in the individual, just as the lack of all law and order would in a nation.

Children lack the knowledge and the experience to decide many questions for themselves and it is their parents' duty to guide and protect them.

But this does not give the parents the right to tyrannize over their children and to deprive them of all personal liberty, nor does it give the parents the right to decide every question in the child's life, nor to shut it off from the joys of youth.

It seems to me that this is the mistake you are making. Like so many other parents, you have listened to such lurid stories about the orgies of modern youth that you have got panicky on the subject and you are trying to protect your youngsters against the dangers of the world by keeping them under lock and key. Believe me, the boys and girls of today are not half as bad as they are painted. In fact, I doubt if there are any worse than they were in your day and my day.

They ride 50 miles an hour in automobiles and we drove four miles an hour behind old Dobbin. They go to dances and we played kiting games at church societies. But one is no worse than the other. Besides, these modern girls and boys are going to be the men and women with whom your children will have to associate, with whom they will marry. The world as it is, is the world they are going to live in. So it seems to me that the sooner our children get adjusted to it, the better.

And, anyway, as Mr. Cleveland remarked: "It is a constant and not a theory that confronts us." The world has changed, and especially has the status of children changed, and you simply cannot dominate them now as you father probably dominated you. You have to use tact and diplomacy now instead of the rod, after they are babies and have ceased to be when you refuse to let your daughter over their children's heads the threat that they would turn them out of doors if they didn't do exactly as they were told, but that has lost its terror over the youngster who can hustle out and get himself a job, and would rather be on his own, anyway.

Children can still be ruled by an appeal to their reason, but you have got to give them a square deal and recognize their side of the question, too. And you are not doing that when you refuse to let your daughter have a nice boy friend and go to decent parties and clean movies with him. You are cutting her off from association with the boys and girls of her own age and isolating her when you don't let her go about as the other youngsters do. A few years of that and you will doom her to be an old maid, because it is the easiest thing in the world for a girl to get stranded. Get her out of her set and she is done for socially.

Don't deceive yourself into thinking that when you forbid your children to do things that they are not doing them. They are. On the sly. Refuse to let your daughter have boy friends and she will meet them on the street.

Which would you rather, have your children confide in you, tell you their plans, tell you about where they are going and what they do, or have them deceive you and do things behind your back? You can take your choice, for youth is going to be served. It is going to take its pleasure.

DOROTHY DIX.

(Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.)

Organized Interests

Plymouth Dramatic Club will present "The Impulse of Job," a comedy, in Kirilind Hall, Plymouth Church, Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Members of the cast: Grace Nilsen, Dorothy Larson, Anita Rusk, Verne Abel, William Abel, Lewellyn Schaffrath, Barton Stevens, Donald Stevens, Richard Stimson. The play is coached by Mrs. Edwin C. Scott.

The Godee Players will present a three-act play, "Here Comes Charlie," at the Godee Congregational Church parlors Friday night at 8 o'clock. The cast includes Miss Dorothy Cheney, Miss Myra Wrench, Miss Marion Wrench, Miss Wilma McLaughlin, Miss Muriel Wood, Walter Page, Edward Tomney, Bart Long, Lowell Sage and Walter Wood.

The Junta Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Edward Benjamin, 447 Stafford Avenue, Wednesday night.

Kappa Zeta of Delta Gamma Delta, national sorority, will have a white elephant sale at the home of Miss Ariene Toner, West Colrin Street, Thursday night. Each member will bring a gift to be auctioned. Decorations will be carried out in gold and white, the sorority colors. Refreshments will be served. The committee in charge includes Miss Tomer, Miss Jeanne Merriot and Miss Frances Nolan.

The Syracuse Museum Women's Auxiliary, Inc., will have its annual meeting Tuesday afternoon, May 23, at 2:30 o'clock at the Syracuse Museum.

The Missionary Societies of Erwin Methodist Episcopal Church will have a rummage sale at 419 North Salina Street Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Lena D. Pomeroy of 111 Hastings Place, has been appointed delegate-at-large to attend the national convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Detroit, Mich., next month. Her appointment was made by the president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Almeron W. Smith, Flannegan, L. I. Mrs. Pomeroy is a member of Kanastota Club.

The Mothers Club of St. Andrews Church will sponsor a "penny circus" at Reed Memorial Hall, corner of South Salina Street and Cheltenham Road, Friday night from 6 to 10 o'clock. Moving pictures, slide shows including the "quin tupelets" raucous with star performers, a magician, Walter J. Hayes, with tricks, a novelty booth and dash pond will be featured. Cakes, popcorn, peanuts, homemade candy and pink lemonade will be sold. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Howard Cooper of these committee chairman: Mrs. Robert Gering, Mrs. Earl Hammond, Mrs. Frank Wildridge, Mrs. George Finkler, Mrs. Arthur Irvine, Mrs. Ralph Skinner, Mrs. Kenneth Groce, Mrs. Guy Jackson, Mrs. Charles Peck, Mrs. Anna Ruston, Mrs. J. Wright, Mrs. Lyle Ludington, Mrs. Harold Jenkins, Mrs. H. Coleman, Mrs. R. Clayton, Mrs. E. M. Tasker, Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. Earl G. Hammond.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Emma L. Briggs, who has been passing the winter with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Briggs, 107 Victoria Place, has returned to her home at Lima.

Mrs. John H. Cox, 332 Onondaga Avenue, has gone to her summer home at Point Peninsula, Lake Ontario, for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ames, 217 Cross-street, are passing a fortnight in Hartford, Conn., and New York City.

Mrs. Thomas L. Britton, 328 Roberta Avenue is passing several days in New York City, visiting her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Winkelstein, 314 Cambridge Street are in Rochester for a short stay.

In New York

By PAUL HARRISON

NEW YORK, May 23.—A young man I know—the 3-year-old son of a magazine editor—is demonstrating an astonishing penchant for money-

He works for money by straightening things up around the house. He trades things for money, and has to be watched lest he drag all the clothes out of the closets and into the street to sell to peddlers. He even offers to entertain visitors, for a consideration. He entertains with nursery rhymes and songs, but they all have the same significant ending. Like this:

"Farmer in the dell,
"Farmer in the dell,
"High-ho the dairy-oh—
"Money in the bank!"

His parents are a little worried about this acquisitive instinct, but the father says Bruce apparently already knows as much about money as do certain gray-haired legislators.

Another child—this one the five-year-old daughter of another magazine editor—threw a household of company into turmoil recently when the cat caught one of the tropical fish. She saw the deed just as it was consummated, and went into action. A medley of growls, yowls and screams brought parents and guests on the run. The little girl hid the cat on the floor choking the life out of it and yelling in hysterical tones: "Gimme that fish, you— I GIMME THAT FISH!"

Dr. Albert Einstein, as nearly everybody knows, is extremely fond of music, and likes to play a violin that he made himself. Takes it wherever he goes. Brought it to New York when he came here for a week-end business visit. The next afternoon, a Sunday, some people called on the Einsteins at their hotel and couldn't help noticing that the learned man seemed pretty restless. Finally he left, saying they'd have to excuse him because he had another appointment.

The scientist's wife explained that he had promised to play with the

hotel's strangled quartet in the lounge that afternoon. When the guests left they scouted around the mezzanine, and there, sure enough, was Einstein, sitting on a chair, his hands on the pot-petted piano.

I'm told of a lady and dog who went into one of the large avenue stores and asked to see books on dogs. Books with plenty of pictures, and the woman got out a lot of them and invited the lady to look. She, however, wasn't making the selection. Instead, she took each book in turn and held it for the dog's inspection, thinking the dog's name. The pup, named Gabby or something like that, sniffed indifferently at most of them, but seemed fascinated by the scent of one—a rather expensive book of etchings of dogs.

The mistress bought the book, then borrowed a pen and wrote an inscription in it: "From Gabby to Fritzie, with best wishes."

"It's for his little friend," she matter-of-factly explained to the salesman.

Practically all banks and branch banks around New York have slide-walk night depositories. These are bronze contraptions set into a wall and connected inside with a chute leading to a strong room in the basement. Restaurants and theaters having keys to the depositories must be able to put their cash into the banks at night. Also wealthy suburban people can store their jewels safely after coming home from parties.

Wedding Questions

By EMILY POST International Authority on Etiquette and Social Usage

DEAR Mrs. Post: I am to have a very simple wedding in church, after which my family is giving a supper for just the immediate families and half a dozen closest friends. Must we invite the clergyman to the house afterwards? What about inviting his wife whom we hardly know?

Answer: You should not include the clergyman unless he is one of the half-dozen dearest friends you mention. But you would invite him and his wife also—should you decide after all to invite many more people.

Dear Mrs. Post: Our daughter is to be married on our 25th wedding anniversary. How can a fact be included in any of the wedding details since she really chose this day because of its significance to us?

Answer: Mention it in any accounts of the wedding, which you give to the newspapers. You might have two bridal tables, your own decorated, of course, in white and a white lord wedding cake. Your parents' table, decorated in silver, would also have a silver-trimmed wedding cake, smaller than yours.

Dear Mrs. Post: My father is dead and my uncle is giving me away. After he leaves me at the church to take his place in the pew, should he sit with my mother in the front pew, or in the second pew with his wife?

Answer: If other children or nearer relatives sit with your mother, he would take his place with his own wife. However, if your mother has no one nearer to her, your aunt would sit beside her on the inside, and after he gives you away, your uncle would take the aisle seat next to your mother.

Dear Mrs. Post: I am wearing a finger-tip length veil, which also hangs over my face to just a little below my chin. Who puts this back and when? Couldn't I do this myself?

Answer: You, maid of honor does this at the end of the ceremony, before the recessional, and as soon as she has handed you back your bouquet. Or if you choose, you could probably turn up such a fragment of a veil yourself just before you take back your bouquet.

TO MARRY JUNE 1
Mrs. Frederick Gerroll of 103 Wolf Street announces the approaching marriage of her sister, Miss Wilda Bailey, to Frank Hoar of 503 Cypress Street, Liverpool, on June 1, at 6 o'clock at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Liverpool, the Rev. John H. Dudde officiating.

Has Second Birthday



MARLENE STINNER, above, celebrated her second birthday this month. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Stinner, 306 Shonnard Street.

THE DARLING DRESS SHOP

Present—STUNNING NEW FASHIONS FOR DECORATION DAY
SIZES 12 to 14
Including Half Size
OPEN EVERY EVE. TILL 9
2859 South Salina St.

A Program You'll Like

THE SINGING MILKMAN

Tomorrow at 11 A.M. and every Friday and Wednesday

Sponsored by Netherlands Dairy



"I LOVE DANCING WITH YOU"



...she's using the new Evening in Paris summer bath ensemble

A \$1.50 VALUE FOR \$1.10
Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne—Evening in Paris Bath Powder with New Handy Velour Puff.

Evening in Paris Face Powder—3 times sifted—makes your face look softer and younger!

IT'S BEEN TOO HOT OR TOO COLD ALL AFTERNOON

YES, AND ALICE SPENDS ALL HER TIME STOKING THE FURNACE

Get AN AUTOMATIC GAS BURNER

No rent during July and August

Drive off Spring chills and dampness with steady, clean automatic gas heat! Rent a Crouse-Hinds gas burner for less than 7¢ a day. No equipment to buy. Installed FREE. Try it! If not satisfied, outfit comes, rental stop. Phone today for details. Ask for free estimate on cost of heating your own home with gas.

SYRACUSE LIGHTING COMPANY
NIAGARA HUDSON
PHONE 2-0111 FOR FREE THERMOMETER

St. Andrews Mothers Club Benefit



DANCERS IN A PENNY CIRCUS at Reed Memorial Hall Friday night are Marion, 8, Betty Jane, 11, and Martina Ferrer, 9, 315 East Florence Avenue. The event is arranged by the Mothers Club of St. Andrews Church.