

# Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

## "PIRATES OF VENUS"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

### CHAPTER XIX

"A beast," whispered Kamlot, but from his previous description of the beast I had already guessed its identity.

It looked like a bear, only more so. From the eyes up its head resembled that of an American beaver, with the same short, powerful horns. The poll and forehead were covered with thick, curly hair. Its eyes were of a deep red-brown. Its ears were of the kind of about the same texture as that of an elephant, with spines growing from the base of the ear and at the tip of the tail. It stood highest at the shoulders and sloped rapidly to its rump. Its front legs were short and stout and ended in great, clawed feet. Its hind legs were longer and the hind feet smaller, a difference necessitated by the fact that the front feet were used for climbing the quarters of the beast's world. Its muscles were similar to that of a bear, except that it was thicker, and carried heavy, curved tusks.

"Where comes our next meal?" remarked Kamlot in an ordinary tone of voice. The beast stopped and looked about as he heard my companion's voice. "They are mighty good eaters," added Kamlot, "and we have not eaten for a long while. There is nothing like a bear steak fried over a wood fire."

My mouth commenced to water. "Come on," I said, and started to climb down from the tree, my spear ready in my hand.

"Come back!" called Kamlot. "You don't know what you are doing."

The beast had located us and was advancing, uttering a sound that would have been the same as the growl of a full-grown lion. I do not know whether to describe it as a howl or a roar. It started with a series of grunts and then rose in volume until it shook the ground.

"He seems to be angry," I remarked; "but if we are going to eat him, we must kill him first, and how are we to kill him if we remain in the tree?"

"I am not going to remain in the tree," replied Kamlot, "but you are. You know nothing about hunting these beasts, and you would probably not only get yourself killed but me into the bargain. You stay where you are. I will attend to the beast."

"This plan is not so bad at all, but I was forced to admit Kamlot's superior knowledge of things Amazonian and his greater experience and I held myself ready to go to his assistance should occasion require.

To my surprise, he dropped his spear to the ground and carried in instead a slender leafy branch which he cut from the tree before descending to engage the following beast. He did not come down to the floor of the forest; directly in front of the beast, but made his way part way around the tree before descending, after asking me to keep the beast's attention diverted, which I did by shouting and shaking a branch of the tree.

"Precisely to my horror, I saw Kamlot cut in the open a dozen pairs in rear of the animal, and only with his sword and the leafy branch which he carried in his left hand. His spear lay on the ground not far from the enraged beast and his position appeared utterly hopeless should the beast discover him before he could reach the safety of another tree. Realizing this, I redoubled my efforts to engage the creature's attention, until Kamlot shouted to me to desert.

I thought that he must have gone crazy and should not have heeded him had not his voice attracted the attention of the beast and made him to turn the beast's eyes upon me. The instant that Kamlot called to me the great head turned ponderously in his direction and the savage eyes discovered him. The creature wheeled and stood for a moment eyeing the rash but puny man-thing; then it trotted toward him but dropped to the ground with the intention of attacking the thing from the rear. What happened thereafter happened so quickly that it was over almost in the time it takes to tell it. As I started in pursuit, I saw the mighty beast lower its head and charge straight for my companion, who stood there motionless with his paws spread and the leafy branch grasped very tightly that I thought the creature was about to impale him on those mighty horns, he wared the leaf covered branch in its face and leaped lightly to one side, simultaneously driving the keen point of his blade downward from a point in front of the left shoulder until the steel was buried to the hilt in the great carcase.

The beast stopped, its four legs spread wide; for an instant it swayed, and then it crashed to the ground at the feet of Kamlot. A shout of admiration went on my mind and I rushed toward the slain beast. What attracted my attention I do not know, perhaps the warning of that inaudible voice which we sometimes call a sixth sense. What I saw drove the beast and the feat of Kamlot from my thoughts.

"My God!" I cried in English, and then in Amazonian, "Look, Kamlot! What are those?"

Howling just above us, I saw what at first appeared to be five enormous birds; but which I soon recognized, despite my incredulity, as winged men. They were armed with swords and daggers, and each carried a long rope at the end of which dangled a wire noose.

"Who are they?" shouted Kamlot. (The Amazonian)

Even as he spoke a couple of wire nooses settled around each of us. We struggled to free ourselves, striking at the anaes with our swords, but our blades made no impression upon the wire, and the ropes to which they were attached were beyond our reach. As we battled furiously to disengage ourselves, the klangan settled to the ground, each pair upon opposite sides of the victim they had snared. Thus they held us so that we were helpless, as two cowboys hold a roped steer, while the fifth anaes approached us with drawn sword and dismissed us.

(Perhaps I should explain that klangan is singularly Amazonian plural of Amazonian words being formed by adding klang to words commencing with a consonant and ki to those commencing with a vowel.)

Our captives had been accomplished



"The voices of the klangan were soft and mellow"

so quickly and so deftly that it was over with little or no effort on the part of the birdmen, before I had time to recover from the astonishment that their weird appearance induced. I now recalled having heard Dunaes speak of two klangan upon one of two occasions, but I had thought that he referred to poultry breeders or something of that sort. How little could I have dreamed of the truth!

"I guess we are in for it," remarked Kamlot gloomily.

"What will they do with us?" I inquired.

"Ass them," he replied.

"Who are you?" demanded one of our captors.

For some reason I was astonished to hear him speak, although I do not know why anything should have astonished me now. "I am a stranger from another world," I told him, "my friend and I have no quarrel with you. Let us go."

"You are wasting your breath," Kamlot advised me.

"Yes, he is wasting his breath," sneered the anaes. "You are Vepajans, and we have orders to bring Vepajans to the ship. You do not look like a Vepajan," he added, surveying me from head to foot, "but the other does."

"Anyhow, you are not a Thorist, and therefore you must be an anaes!" I retorted angrily.

They removed the nooses from about us and tied ropes around our necks and other ropes about our bodies beneath our arms; then two klangan seized the ropes attached to Kamlot and two more those attached to me, and spread their wings, tossing the air, carrying us with them. Our weight was supported by the ropes beneath our arms, but the other ropes were a constant suggestion to us of what might happen if we did not behave ourselves.

As they flew, winding their way among the trees, our bodies were suspended but a few feet above the

ground, for the forest lanes were often low celled by overhanging branches. The klangan talked a great deal among themselves, shouting to one another and laughing and singing, seemingly well satisfied with themselves and their exploit. Their voices were soft and mellow, and their songs were vaguely reminiscent of Negro spirituals, a similarity which may have been enhanced by the color of their skin, which were very dark.

As Kamlot was carried in front of me, I had an opportunity to observe the physical characteristics of these strange creatures into whose hands we had fallen. They had low, receding foreheads, huge, beaklike noses, and undershot jaws; their eyes were small and close set, their ears flat and slightly pointed. Their chests were large and shaped like those of birds, and their arms were very long, ending in long-fingered, heavy-mailed hands. The lower part of the torso was small, ending in three-toed feet equipped with long, curved talons. Feathers grew upon their heads instead of hair. When they were excited, as when they attacked us, these feather spines erect, but ordinarily they lie flat. They are all alike, commencing near the root they are marked with a band of white, next comes a band of black, then another of white, and the tip is red. Similar feathers also grow at the lower extremity of the torso in front, and there is another, quite large bunch just above the buttocks—a gorgeous tail which they open into a large pom-pom when they wish to show off.

Their wings, which consist of a very thin membrane supported on a light framework, are similar in shape to those of a bat and do not appear adequate to the support of the apparent weight of the creatures' bodies, but I was to learn later that this apparent weight is deceptive, since their bones, like the bones of true birds, are hollow.

(To Be Continued Friday)

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## Leona Jecker, Howard Avery, To Marry Soon

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jecker of Jordan Road, Skaneateles Falls, announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Leona Matthilda Jecker, to Howard William Avery, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Avery of Onondaga Road, Skaneateles. The wedding will be solemnized early in June.

Miss Jecker and Mr. Avery were graduated from Skaneateles High School. Mr. Avery also was graduated from the College of Applied Science, Syracuse University. He is associated with the engineering department of the McIntosh and Seymour Corporation at Auburn.

## Our Children

Dear boys and girls: Learn to speak softly, to say the gentle word, some of you seem to think that rudeness, loudness, main strength and the polke are the means of showing strength. Speaking the truth out boldly is an ideal or a nuisance. Some of you seem to think that because a fact is a fact it behooves you to hit your friends over the head with it. Some others among you think that the right way to win recognition is by dominating the scene of action, shouting louder than anyone else, pushing harder, snatching quicker. These are mistaken views of inexperience. The right way to win power and place is the way of gentleness. Speak softly. Go gently and you carry in the softness the big stick of power that Theodore Roosevelt used.

It requires more intelligence to use one's head than to use one's physical strength. It takes a practiced mind and tongue to say the right word at the right time. Some children are born with the gift. Most of us have to acquire it as best we can. The little chap, walking with his father, who was striding along in forgetfulness, had this gift. After panting along for a time he said between puffs: "If I'm walking too fast for you, Daddy, just tell me and I'll slow up a bit."

Daddy immediately got the point and slowed down his long legs to the short ones twiddling along beside him. Most children would have begun to howl and fall back and complain. The diplomat made no complaint but won instant recognition and a smile.

Winning a smiling recognition is the height of skill in human associations. We must have the cooperation of others to get anywhere. If father and mother will not go along with you, what then? If the boys on the team will not fall in behind you and work like an oiled machine to carry through your plan, what happens? If the girls in class shrug their shoulders and go off in another direction when you make a suggestion where do you come in? You don't act in at all.

Without friendly cooperation in this life one is bound to fall for the law of nature has ordained just that. Nobody can work alone, or play alone, or live successfully all by himself. When it you would be popular and successful and happy, learn first to cooperate with those about you, and then how to win their cooperation in return.

Don't wait for the other person to speak first, or move first. Speak the gentle word; do the kindly helpful thing for him before he knows he needs it. Learn to listen to what other people say and whenever possible offer their schemes before you present your own. Have no fear of being left out if you do this. If your idea is the best one it will win and there is always plenty of time for a tryout. Trust time more. You are in too much of a hurry to fix things yourself. Give time a chance. The slow gentle power of time is overwhelming and conquers all things. Don't try to hurry life with sharp words and pushing manners and rudeness.

Cordially yours, A. P.

## FURRY FAMILY'S CIRCUS

—By Harry W. Fries



## FOURPAWS CAFE

### "Fanny Butter-Paws"

It's not! It is, it really is! As grown up as can be, There's Fanny Furry waiting in a cafe for her tea! I hope she will behave herself and hold her cup with care, It would be awful if it fell—and with the waiter there! Oh, Fanny, Fanny Butter-paws! I fear that I must tell She had to pay a bill for tea—and breakfast as well!

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

## Quick Thinking Wins

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY  
Secretary, American Bridge League

Ranking the experts among the 20,000,000 bridge players in the United States through the master point system of the American Bridge League has proved very popular. The latest masters' list shows only 121 qualified in the United States.

However, some new names may appear on this list very shortly, for Philadelphia holds its first master point tournament at the Warwick Hotel May 30 to June 2. Many of the stars from the eastern states participate in this event in an endeavor either to qualify or to improve their position on the masters' list. However, they are going to find the Philadelphians a hard group to defeat. They play real championship bridge in Philadelphia.

In the recent city team of four

### Today's Contract Problem

How would you bid this hand? At what suit do you think the small slam contract should be played? Can six diamonds be made, assuming that declarer doesn't take a double dummy finesse?

▲ AK 10 8 5 2  
♥ A 10 9  
♦ K 10 5  
♣ K

W S E W  
A 7 8 6 5 4 3  
J 3 2  
10 8 7 5  
3 2

♠ Q  
♥ K Q J 10  
♦ A Q 9 8  
♣ A 9 6

Solution in Friday's issue 80

## Bonita G. Keim, George Tickner, To Wed June 29

Miss Helene Callahan entertained Tuesday night at her home in Rich Street at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss Bonita G. Keim, daughter of Mrs. George William Keim, 824 South Avenue. Miss Keim's marriage to George Edward Tickner, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Tickner, 306 East Corbin Street, will be solemnized on June 29.

Mrs. Robert Davis was a recent hostess at a linen shower at her home in East Seneca Turnpike in honor of Miss Keim.

Mrs. E. B. Hall and Miss Isabel Manning were hostesses at a miscellaneous shower at their home in Hudson Street in compliment to the prospective bride.

## Going and Coming

Mrs. Frederick F. Mosser and her daughter, Miss Frederica Mosser, 122 Victoria Place, have returned from a motor trip to New York City and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McCutchen, 101 Dunham Road, have gone to Buffalo for a few days.

Miss Harriet Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Williams of Oak Street, will return from her studies at Mount Holyoke College next week to pass the summer with her parents.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Rowe of the Gamma Phi Beta House will have her mother and aunt of Baltimore as her guests this week-end.

Mrs. F. Franklin Moon of Ostrom Avenue will go to Amherst, Mass., June 14, for commencement of Amherst College. Her son, F. Franklin Moon, will be graduated.

Mrs. Henry W. Cook, 915 James Street, is visiting in Boston for a week.

Mrs. William A. Groat of 105 Rugby Road and Mrs. Minna Butler of Utica are on a motor trip of several days through Massachusetts. Dr. and Mrs. Groat will go to their summer home in the Thousand Islands the latter part of June, when their son, Robert Groat, returns from his studies at Cornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton H. Northrup of 210 Sedgwick Street will go to Pelham Manor next week to be the guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. William Davis. They will attend the commencement exercises at Vassar, June 10, with their daughter, Miss Barbara Northrup, who will be graduated. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Myron Letter of 700-5 Avenue have returned from a week's stay in New York City.

## There Are So Many Years Between...

### Memorial Day Cryst

By Helen Welshimer

GREY rain, Memorial Day again! ... There are so many years Between the night you watched a day And my quick-springing rain!

Sometimes it seems like yesterday Tab laid went down the street, Beyond the throb of vanished drums I hear their marching feet.

WHEN I come back from France, you said, We'll celebrate the day, You'll wear a pink dress, won't you, Gem, Your hair my favorite wisp?

And lay a fire upon the beach, For maybe I'll be cold; Let's dine, beloved, by candlelight, Eat like the candle gold!

YOU made a toast you couldn't keep, As other men did too, Not only laid in khaki suits, But some in green and blue.

And other women keep this day? As I guard it for you, I always curl my hair and wear The frock you asked me to.

▲ J 8 5 3  
▲ A Q 1 7 2  
▲ 10 8 3  
▲ 9

♠	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
♥	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
♦	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
♣	10	9	8	7	6	5	4

Dealer

♠ K 5  
♥ K 10 8 5 4 3  
♦ A K 7  
♣ J 6

Duplicate—E. and W. vul.

South	West	North	East
1♥	Pass	3♥	3♠
4♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♠ 7 20

championship there, E. B. Kaplan shows you what quick thinkers the Quaker City players are. Four hearts is a natural contract for North and South to arrive at, but, due to West's singleton spade, it looks as if the declarer must go down one, as apparently with the seven spades opening a spade, a ruff, a diamond, and a club must be lost.

When the seven of spades was played, East went right up with his ace, and Kaplan, without a moment's hesitation, quickly played his king. Now you can see the spot that East is in. He does not know who has the five of spades.

If South had hesitated for a moment, East could quickly have reasoned out the trickiness of the declarer. However, due to the quick thinking on the part of South, East could not be criticized for figuring his partner for the other spade.

Naturally, he is afraid to return the queen and have it ruffed, which will establish the jack in dummy, and he is afraid to lead a small spade, for fear the declarer will get a discard on dummy's jack. So he switches, and returns a small club.

This, of course, West wins with the queen, but now the hand cannot be defeated because declarer is able to establish a spade in dummy for a diamond discard, thereby losing only two spades and a club and making his contract.

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**STRAWBERRY TARTS**

One quart strawberries, tart shells, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 heaping spoon cornstarch. Clean and hull the berries. Remove six strawberries and divide the rest among the tart shells. Add the six berries, cut into quarters, with the water, sugar and cornstarch and bring to a boil. Roll three diamonds and then pour this syrup over the berries in the tart shells. Cut and serve.

## Today's Pattern

Smart, cool and comfortable are these pajamas.

Pattern 509

Here are pajamas so simple to cut and make that they give you an entirely new idea about making these comfortable garments at home. The blouse is a front and back with pockets, the pyjamas fitting snugly. Make in silk or cotton. Patterns are sized 14 to 20 and 22 to 42. Size 16 requires 3-4 yards of 36-inch fabric, plus 1-2 yard contrast.

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. 509), and mention the name of the Herald.

Address your envelope to Julia Boyd, Syracuse Herald Fashion Bureau, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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