

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

## "Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

### CHAPTER XXIV

On this day the soldiers of Liberty congregated during the military rest period, and, my mind being definitely determined on immediate action, I passed the word around that we would strike during the afternoon at the moment the trumpet sounded the seventh hour. As many of us as were working at the armory were to make a dash for it with Kiron, who would unlock it in the event that it were locked. The remainder were to attack the soldiers nearest them with anything that they could use as weapons, or with their bare hands if they had no weapons, and take the soldiers' rifles and swords from them. Plans of this nature are accounted for the capture. Half of our number was to constantly shout our battle cry, "For Liberty!" The other half was instructed to urge the remaining prisoners and the soldiers to join us.

It was a mad scheme and one in which only desperate men could have found hope.

The seventh hour was chosen because at that time the officers were nearly all congregated in the wardroom, where a light meal and wine were served them daily. We should have preferred launching our plan at night, but we feared a continuation of the practice of locking the below-deck would prevent, and our experience with Aross had taught us that we might expect the whole conspiracy to be divulged by another spy at any time; therefore we dared not wait.

I must confess to a feeling of increasing excitement as the hour approached. As from time to time I glanced at the other members of our little band, I thought that I could note signs of nervousness in some of them, while others worked on as placidly as though nothing unusual was about to occur. Zog was one of these. He was working near me. He never glanced toward the tower deck from which the trumpeter would presently sound the fateful notes, though it was with difficulty that I kept my eyes from it all. No one would have thought that Zog was planning to attack the soldier lying near him, nor had I imagined that the night before had murdered a man. He was humming a tune as he polished the barrel of the big gun on which he was working.

Gammer and, fortunately, Kiron were working aft, scrubbing the deck, and I saw that Kiron kept scrubbing closer and closer to the door of the armory. How I wished for Kamlot to be at that moment! I thought that he could have done so much to insure the success of our coup, and yet he did not even know that such a strike was so soon to be launched.

As I glanced about, I met Zog's gaze. Very solemnly he closed his lips, as if he had had given a secret that he was not to reveal. It was a little thing, but it put new heart into me. For some reason, during the past half hour I had felt very much alone.

The time was approaching the zero hour. I moved closer to my guard, so that I stood directly in front of him with my back toward him. I knew precisely what I was going to do, and I knew that it would be successful. Little did the man behind me dream that in a minute, or perhaps a few seconds, he would be lying senseless on the deck, or that the man he guarded would be carrying his sword, his dagger, and his pistol as the last notes of the seventh hour floated exactly out across the calm waters of this American bay.

My back was now toward the deck houses. I could not see the trumpeter when he emerged from the tower to sound the hour, but I knew that it would not be long now before he stepped out onto the tower deck. Yes, when the first note sounded, I was as startled as though I had expected it never to sound. I presume it was the reaction after the long period of nervous tension.

My nervousness, however, was all mental. It did not affect my physical reactions to the needs of the moment. As the first note came softly down to my awaiting ears, I sprang on a heel and swung my right for the chin of my unsuspecting guard. It was one of those blows that is often described as a haymaker, and it made him fall. The fellow dropped in his tracks. As I stooped to recover his arms, ammunition broke loose upon the deck. There came shrieks and groans and curses, and above all rose the war cry of the Soldiers of Liberty—my hand had struck, and it had struck hard.

For the first time since I heard the weird accents of the Arabian fire-arms, you have heard an X-ray machine in operation! It was like that, but louder and more sinister. I had wrenched the sword and pistol from the seaboard and holster of my fallen guard, not taking the time to remove his belt. Now I faced the scene for which I had so long waited. I saw the powerful Zog wrest the weapons from a soldier, and then hit the man's body above his head and cast it overboard. Evidently Zog had no time for proselitizing.

At the door to the armory a battle was being waged; men were trying to enter, and soldiers were shooting them

down. I ran in that direction. A soldier leaped in front of me. I heard the hiss of the death rays that must have passed close to my body, as he tried to stop me. He must have been either reckless or a very poor shot, for he missed me. I turned my own weapon upon him and pressed the lever. The man slumped to the deck with a hole in his chest, and I ran on.

The faint at the door of the armory was hand to hand with swords and fists, for by now the members of the two factions were so intermingled that none dared use a firearm for fear of injuring a comrade. Into this mêlée I leaped. Tucking the pistol into the band of my G string, I ran my sword through a great brute who was about to knife Honan; then I dragged him from the door, shouting, "Honan! Honan!" Honan took me long to run a sword into a man and then pull it out again. What I wanted was to get into the armory to Kiron's side and help him.

All the time I could hear my men shouting. For liberty! We urged the soldiers to join us as far as I had been able to judge, all the prisoners had already done so. Now another soldier barred my way. His back was toward me, and I was about to strike him and haul him back to Honan and the others who were fighting at his side, when I saw him slip his dagger into the hand of a soldier in front of him and, as he did so, cry, "Liberty!" Here was one comrade at least. I did not know it then, but at that time there were already many such.

When I finally got into the armory, I found Kiron issuing arms as fast as he could pass them out. Many of the mutineers were crawling through the windows of the room to get weapons, and to each of these Kiron passed several saws and pistols, directing the men to distribute them on deck.

Seeing that all was right here, I gathered a handful of men and started up the companionway to the upper decks, from which the officers were firing upon the mutineers and, I may say, upon their own men as well. In fact, it was this heartless and stupid procedure that swung many of the soldiers to our side. Almost the first man I saw as I leaped to the level of the second deck was Kamlot. He had a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, and he was firing rapidly at a group of officers who were evidently attempting to reach the main deck to take command of the loyal soldiers there.

Three of the five officers opposing us had fallen, and the remainder were being driven toward the main deck. Behind us were 20 or more mutineers eager to reach the highest deck, where all the surviving officers had now taken refuge, and I could see more mutineers crowding up the companionway from the main deck to join their fellows. Kamlot and I led the way to the next deck, but at the head of the companionway the surging mob of hooping, cursing mutineers brushed past us to hurl themselves upon the officers.

The men were absolutely out of control, and as there were but few of my original band of Soldiers of Liberty among them, the majority of them knew no leader, with the result that it was every man for himself. I wished to protect the officers, and I had been my intention to do so; but I was helpless to avert the bloody orgy that ensued with a resulting loss of life entirely disproportionate to the needs of the occasion.

The officers, fighting for their lives with their backs against a wall, took heavy toll of the mutineers, but they were eventually overwhelmed by superior numbers. Each of the common soldiers and sailors appeared to have a special grudge to settle either with some individual officer or with them all as a class and for the time being they were transformed into homicidal furies, as time and again they charged the last fortress of authority, the oval tower on the upper deck.

Each officer that fell, either killed or wounded, was hurled over the rail to the deck below, where willing hands cast the body to the main deck from which, in turn, it was thrown into the sea. And then, at last, the mutineers gained access to the tower, from which they dragged the remaining officers, butchering them on the upper deck or hurling them to their shrieking fellows below.

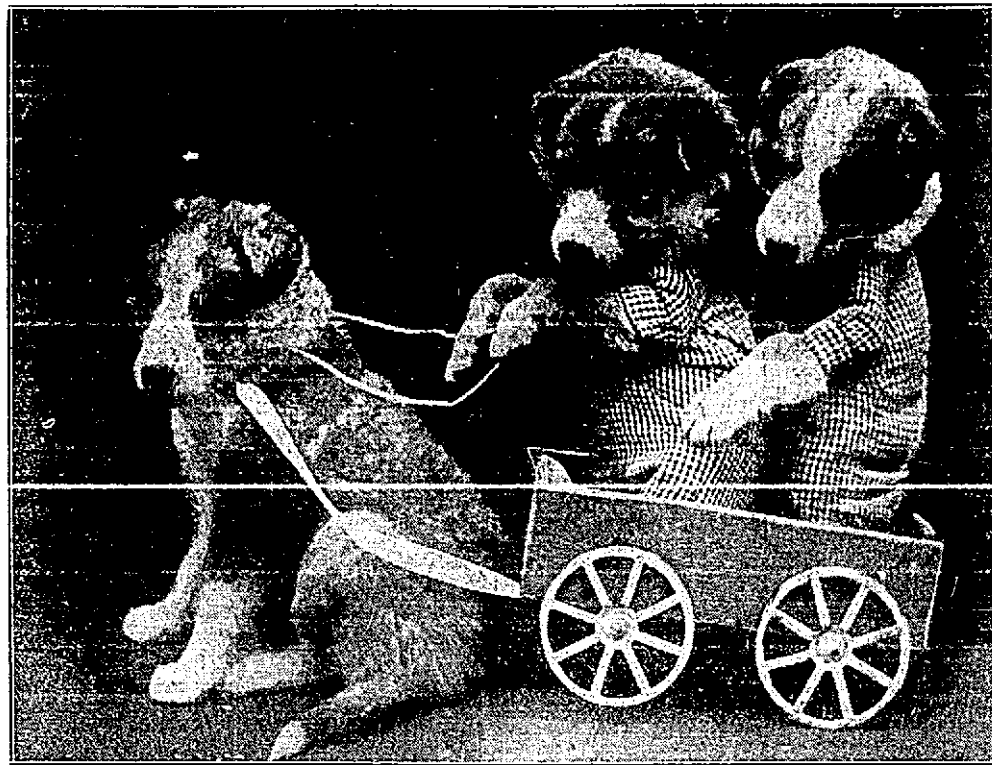
The captain was the last to be dragged out. They had found him lying in a cupboard in his cabin. At this point I have a special word to say to you. Kamlot and I were standing on one side, helpless witnesses of this holocaust of hate. We saw them literally tear the captain to pieces and cast him into the sea.

With the death of the captain the battle was over, the ship was ours. My plan had succeeded, but the thought suddenly assailed me that I had created a terrible power that it might be beyond me to control. I touched Kamlot on the arm. "Follow me." I directed and started for the main deck.

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## FURRY FAMILY'S CIRCUS

—By Harry W. Frees



Off for a Drive?

"Gee-up! the little Puppies cry to Elder Brother John, "Please, Dobbin, don't sit down-like that! Get up and canter on. We want to drive you round the house and through the kitchen door, And in and out the furniture upon the parlor floor." "Well, wait a bit," laughs Brother John, "and then I'll do my best, But now I am a weary horse that has to have a rest."

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

## Organized Interests

The Ladies' Union of Danforth United Church will have a regular meeting in the church parlors at 3:30 P.M. Thursday. Plans will be made for the society's picnic. Mrs. George Wilkie will give a report on the Central Association of Congregational Churches meeting at Jamestown. Mrs. Leo Sandefur will tell of the Disciples convention at Endicott.

The Home Interest Club of Taunton will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Community House. Mrs. Mildred Magin and Mrs. Hazel Hyatt will be hostesses.

Syracuse Division, 292, Auxiliary to the B. of L. E., will have a regular meeting June 6 with a covered dish luncheon at 12:30 o'clock in Greyhound Hall. Mrs. Barbara Bretzer is in charge. There will be a grab bag.

The board of the Syracuse Visiting Nurse Association will meet at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart P. Hancock in Cazenovia on Friday for luncheon. Mrs. Hancock is president of the board. Mrs. Thomas Wheatley is making arrangements for the luncheon, assisted by Mrs. Cornelia K. Hancock, Miss Martha McMillan, Mrs. Glenn W. Wolcott, Mrs. James D. Taylor, Mrs. J. Herbert Dwyer, Mrs. Charles S. Estabrook and Mrs. Frederick W. Barker.

Mrs. Michael M. Lutzel, grand regent of Court Grimes and State vice-regent of the Catholic Daughters of America, announced that the pilgrimage to Antwerp on Sunday, June 9, will leave Syracuse at 8:40 A.M. instead of 7:30 A.M., as previously scheduled. Friends of members of Court Grimes are invited to accompany the party. Reservations may be made with Mrs. David or with Mrs. Agnes Coughlin, chairman of the pilgrimage committee.

Mrs. George Hayward, 102 Milford Court, will entertain the Women's Missionary Society of St. Paul Lutheran Church at her home on Thursday night. Assisting hostesses: Mrs. Louis Klein, Mrs. Carl Lieb, Mrs. George Johnson, Mrs. Carl Weller.

The Clarence Thompson Bible Class of the Good Will Congregational Church will have its annual meeting and picnic on Saturday at the cottage of Mrs. Frederick C. King, at Onisco Lake.

Central City W. C. T. U. will meet Friday at the home of Mrs. E. L. Torbert, 317 Clarendon Street. Devotions will be led by Mrs. R. A. McAlister. Norman J. Whitney will speak, and Mrs. Marjory Almy Carlton will sing. Miss Grace Clark will speak on "Flower Mission." Members will bring flowers for the shut-in members.

## Sets Up Smother Play Even When Opponent Takes Best Way to Beat Hand, He Is Pinched

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY  
Secretary, American Bridge League

This is the fourth of a series of articles by Sam Nalman, eastern tournament director of the American Bridge League, explaining the "smother play."

I showed you, in my previous article on this play, that East could defeat the contract by returning a diamond, because there were not enough entry cards in dummy to permit him to do all the things necessary to make the hand. Today's hand really incorporates a very peculiar strategy. It is deliberately to create a smother play. I doubt if there

AKQ10	AS3
8732	AK4
1063	AK52
953	AK65
AKQJ	AK74
Void	AK83
KQJ5	AK98
KQJ7	AK108
42	AKJ4
	AK2
	AK3
	AK4
	AK5
	AK6
	AK7
	AK8
	AK9
	AK10
	AKJ
	AKQ
	AKK

are more than a handful of bridge players in the United States who have ever recognized this particular play.

As in the other hands, West opens the king of clubs and continues with the queen. South ruffing with the nine of hearts. A small spade is played to dummy's ten. East winning the trick with the ace.

In my previous articles I showed how the hand could be made if the third club were returned, by employing a diamond return, how the hand could be defeated. However, the diamond return today will not defeat the hand, if the declarer is keen enough deliberately to establish his own smother play position.

When East returns the nine of diamonds, declarer will win with the

## Today's Contract Problem

In this, fifth of a series of articles on the "smother play," South has the contract at four spades. West opens at the queen of hearts. The third heart is ruffed by South. When spades are led from dummy, East does not cover. Can you see the development of the smother play?

AKQ109	AK653
872	AK4
K965	AK1082
K5	AK3
AKQJ10	AK74
65	AK2
3	AK3
KQJ107	AK4
64	AK5

ace, lead another spade, and win in dummy with the queen. A heart is led from dummy and the ten spot finessed. West showing out. Now the jack of spades is played and won in dummy with the king.

At this point declarer must not take another heart finesse, but should lead the nine of clubs and ruff with the jack of hearts. The king of diamonds is cashed and a small diamond played, forcing West to win with the queen.

We find the declarer down to the ace-queen of hearts and the eight of diamonds. West has three black cards, dummy has the eight, seven and nine of hearts, and East the king, six and five of hearts. A black card is led by West and trumped in dummy with the seven of hearts.

If East undertrumps with the five, declarer will discard the diamond, while, if East overtrumps with the king, South will win the trick with the ace of hearts, and ruff the diamond with the eight of hearts, declarer's queen of hearts winning the last trick.

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## CHINTZ BAGS TO MATCH

Paris, June 5 (AP)—Carry a chintz bag with your chintz summer frock. One designer shows them in a big pouch design to match frocks made of the same colorful chintz. They fit well into the country club scene.

## Jeanette Moon Is Wed to John DeBarr In Rev. Carl's Study

The wedding of Miss Jeanette Moon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Moon, 232 Hill Avenue, and Andrew John DeBarr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward DeBarr, 414 Thurber Street, was solemnized on April 27, at the study of the Rev. Frank Carl of the First Free Spiritualist Church, 462 Shonnard Street. The Rev. Carl assisted.

The bride wore a traveling suit of powder blue with matching hat. Her attendant, Mrs. Bertha Geisen, a sister of the bridegroom, wore maroon crepe. Both carried bouquets of white roses. Waldron Geisen was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. DeBarr have returned from a moon trip and are making their home at 232 Hill Avenue.

## First Spiritualist Auxiliary Supper; Other Church Events

The Ladies Auxiliary of the First Spiritualist Church will meet to sew Wednesday afternoon at 535 Oakwood Avenue. Supper will be served at 6:30 P.M. in honor of Miss Alice Wicker, who is a guest of the Rev. Lella E. Williams, 543 Oakwood Avenue.

Miss Grace Forter, president of the auxiliary, announces a business session. Midweek message service at 7:45 o'clock will follow supper.

The Friday dance will take place in the church 8 to 12 P.M. Refreshments will be served. These Friday dances are under the auspices of the young men of the church. Funds will be used to meet the building payment or for the building fund of the First Spiritualist Church.

## Outdoor Fashions Show Fewer 'Suntan' Outfits

London, June 5 (AP)—Sports jackets are smartly cut in coarse linen. "Coat-hearer" hats to protect the back of the neck from sunburn are worn with them. There is a noticeable absence of shorts in beach outfits now on display.

Outdoor fashions indicate a departure from the sunburn vogue of the past few seasons. A beauty specialist prophesied:

"I think it highly probable that the suntan craze will die out this summer. Many women find that a deep tan does not suit them, and I can predict a return to the traditional English complexion quite soon."

## GREENS AND GRAYS

London, June 5 (AP)—Dresses of cool greens and grays are being planned for the warm days ahead.

## Men Make Mistake When They Refuse to Discuss Business With Wives, Dorothy Dix Avers

### Husbands Who Protect Mates in Life Often Leave Them to Ruthless Sharers in Their Widowhood

BY DOROTHY DIX

THE bitter complaint of many wives is that their husbands never tell them anything about their business affairs. They do not know how much money their husbands make, nor how much they are worth. Their husbands never speak to them of their hopes and plans and ambitions. They are shut completely out of what is really the very core of their husband's lives.

Naturally, wives resent this. No woman wants to feel that her husband thinks her such a fool that she can't understand a few simple details of the grocery trade, or so ignorant that she doesn't know the difference between a bull and a bear in the Wall Street zoo.

Still less does she desire him to consider her so untrustworthy that he dare not confide a business secret to her. Besides, she rightfully holds that a wife is just as vitally interested in her husband's affairs as he is. Her prosperity, her safety and that of her children are involved in his every act and she has a right to know what he is doing and thinking of doing.

She feels that his silence is a bar between them, that he regards her as a stranger and an alien, and that if he really loved her and they were truly one, as husband and wife should be, he would want to talk things over with her.

Speaking by and large, the women are right in this matter and a man does work a grievous wrong on his wife who never tells her anything about his business. For one thing, he keeps her from being a real helpmeet to him, because if she does not know his income, she necessarily cannot gauge her expenditures. Many women are extravagant and live beyond their means merely because they do not know what their means are. They think that a man just naturally grumbles over the bills whether they are large or small, and so they spend where they would save if they had any idea that their husbands were torn with anxiety over keeping the home going, and that the dollars

wet with their husbands' blood and sweat.

Another wrong that a man does his wife in not talking over his business affairs with her is that he leaves her absolutely helpless if he dies before she does. It is a curious thing that a man can love a woman so much that he has protected her from every rough wind that blows as long as he was alive and then at his death ruthlessly throws her to the wolves who fatten on middle-aged widows, but it happens every day.

Business has been a taboo subject that was never mentioned by the husband. He never told his wife a thing about his business or his investments. He never tried to teach her to handle money. He never taught her the difference between a Government bond and Wild Cat Preferred. And so it is no wonder that when he dies she becomes the victim of every gib swindler, or is chiseled out of her insurance money by dear Mr. Jones, who prays so beautifully in church.

The men who never tell their wives about their business do themselves an injury, also, because they throw away the one thing that would do more than anything else to bind them together and make real pals of them, and that is a mutual interest.

A man's chief interest is his occupation, whether it be art or literature, selling cheese or painting pictures, or what not? Men like to talk shop, as it is proved by the fact that when two or three of them are gathered together they never grow weary of discussing what they are doing and hope to do and by this token there would be no dull evening at home if husbands and wives could spend them in planning new selling campaigns or devising new plots for stories. Nor would there be so many husbands and wives who drift apart until they are scarcely on speaking terms with each other. If husbands took their wives along into their worlds instead of excluding them from it.

Furthermore, men lose a lot of help in not telling their wives about their business, because under many a finger-wave there is a shrewd financial brain that some hard-headed old father has handed down to his daughter. "She took the risks I wouldn't and I followed her mother blind," says the old millionaire in Kipling's poem, and many another successful business man will tell you that he owes more to his wife's financial sagacity than he does to his own.

Men's excuse for never telling their wives anything about their business is that women talk too much, and

tell business secrets, or that when the day's work is over they want to forget it. Both of which are good alibis, but just the same a man makes a mistake who shuts his wife out of his confidence.

DOROTHY DIX.

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## Weddings

By EMILY POST

International Authority on Etiquette and Social Usage

DEAR MRS. POST: One of our friends asked me, "Are you invited to the wedding reception?" and I answered that I was not but to the wedding breakfast. This friend claimed that one is the same as the other, and then the dispute started as to what the breakfast meant and why it is that a wedding invitation never reads afternoon tea or dinner, but it does invite to breakfast at a morning hour? It is all so confusing.

Answer: Your friend was right. There is seldom a breakfast and a reception. If there is, the reception would be general and the breakfast small so that those asked to breakfast would certainly be at the reception. In the fashionable world invitations to the reception at the house are always called breakfast if they are held in the afternoon. After 1 o'clock the gathering at the house is called a reception. Whether in communities where evening weddings are fashionable the reception is called a dinner or supper, I don't know. Perhaps some of my readers will tell me. The only evening invitations I have ever seen were worded "wedding reception."

DEAR MRS. POST: I wish I lived a mile from the church because my problem would be simpler to solve. As it is, we don't know whether it would be proper for us to walk to the church, which is across the street, and then walk back home afterwards for the reception. It seems very silly to me to ride across the street?

Answer: Unless you live in a street that is very busy thoroughfare, it would be very simple to ask that a policeman or village constable hold up the traffic so that you and your bridesmaids can walk across to the church. Otherwise you ought to drive around the block, or down the street, and come up on the opposite side in front of the church, since it would be very unbecoming for you to wait on the sidewalk for a full in traffic.

DEAR MRS. POST: Are muffs or flowers proper only for winter and fall weddings or could this idea be carried out in summer when flowers are more plentiful? And what can the bridesmaids do with these at the reception?

Answer: Although muffs do suggest winter, they are suitable at all seasons, and their arrangement is certainly not limited to bouquets or sheaves. Merely as a suggestion, you might have deep cuffs of flowers on the bridesmaids' wide sleeves, which would, when they clasp their hands, give the effect of muffs and yet leave their hands free. I am afraid that in most instances it would be more practical for this idea, so perhaps it is not such a good one after all.

(Copyright, 1935, by Emily Post)

## FOUR CREAM DRESSING

To 1 cup whipped sour cream add 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons syrup from canned fruit (or granadine or marshmallow syrup, or orange juice in which 1 tablespoon sugar has been dissolved). Chill before using.

(Copyright, 1935, by Emily Post)

## a hot bath ANYTIME

Furthermore, men lose a lot of help in not telling their wives about their business, because under many a finger-wave there is a shrewd financial brain that some hard-headed old father has handed down to his daughter. "She took the risks I wouldn't and I followed her mother blind," says the old millionaire in Kipling's poem, and many another successful business man will tell you that he owes more to his wife's financial sagacity than he does to his own.

Men's excuse for never telling their wives anything about their business is that women talk too much, and

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## Syracuse Girls Have Picnic Luncheon at Skaneateles



MRS. WALTER M. ROOKS, 910 Ackerman Avenue, gave a party, with boating, swimming and tennis, recently at Skaneateles Lake for her daughter, Miss Carroll Rooks. Photograph shows the company. Those bidden: The Misses Anita Rusk, Katherine Hookway, Lois Jenney, Mary Putnam, Nancy Boggs, Nona and Rhoda Hinson, Jane Tiff, Betty Collins, Aaltje Vandenberg, Lucille Stiglitz, Ethel and Katherine Ford, Virginia Benn, Betty Lawrence, Lucia Mason, Winifred Pearce, Helen Sutton, Marion Botzger, Anne Harrington, Helen Sears, Jackie Badger and Betty Redmond.

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