Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER XXVIII

What a strange contretemps! Its suddenness left me temporarily speechless; the embarrassment of Duare was only too obvious. Yet it was that unusual paradox, a happy contretemps—for me at least.

I advanced toward her, and there must have been a great deal more in my eyes than I realized, for she shrank back, flushing even more deeply than before.

"Don't touch me!" she whispered. "Don't dare!"

"Have I ever harmed you?" I asked.

That question seemed to bring her confidence. She shook her head. "No," she admitted, "you never have—physically. I sent for you to thank you for the service you have already rendered me; but I did not know it was you. I did not know that the Carson they spoke of was the man who—" She stopped there and looked at me appealingly.

"The man who told you in the garden of the jong that he loved you," I prompted her.

"Don't!" she cried. "Can it be that you do not realize the offensiveness, the criminality of such a declaration?"

"Is it a crime to love you," I asked.

"It is a crime to tell me so," she replied with something of haughtiness.

"Then I am a confirmed criminal," I replied, "for I cannot help telling you that I love you, whenever I see you."

"If that is the case, you must not see me again, for you must never again speak those words to me," she said decisively. "Because of the service you have rendered me, I forgive you your past offenses; but do not repeat them."

"What if I can't help it?" I inquired.

"You must help it," she stated seriously; "it is a matter of life and death to you."

Her words puzzled me. "I do not understand what you mean," I admitted.

"Kamlot, Honan, any of the Vepajans aboard this ship would kill you if they knew," she replied. "The jong, my father, would have you destroyed upon our return to Vepajan—it would all depend upon whom I told first."

I came a little closer to her and looked straight into her eyes. "You would never tell," I whispered.

"Why not? What makes you think that?" she demanded, but her voice quavered a little.

"Because you want me to love you," I challenged her.

She stamped her foot angrily. "You are beyond reason or decency!" she exclaimed. "Leave my cabin at once; I do not wish ever to see you again."

Her bosom was heaving, her beautiful eyes were flashing, she was very close to me, and an impulse seized me to take her in my arms, I wanted to crush her body to mine. I wanted to cover her lips with kisses; but more than all else I wanted her love, and so I restrained myself, for fear that I might go too far and lose the chance to win the love that I felt was hovering just below the threshold of her consciousness. I do not know why I was so sure of that, but I was. I could not have brought myself to force my attentions upon a woman to whom they were repugnant, but from this first moment that I had seen this girl watching me from the garden in Vepaja, I had been impressed by an inner consciousness of her interest in me, her more than simple interest. It was just one of those things that are the children of old Chand Kabi's training, a training that has made me infinitely more intuitive than a woman.

"I am sorry that you are sending me away into virtual exile," I said. "I do not feel that I deserve that, but of course the standards of your world are not the standards of mine. There, a woman is not dishonored by the love of a man, or by its avowal, unless she is already married to another," and then of a sudden a thought occurred to me that should have occurred before. "Do you already belong to some man?" I demanded, chilled by the thought.

"Of course not!" she snapped. "I am not yet 19." I wondered that it had never occurred to me that the girl in the garden of the jong might be already married.

I did not know what that had to do with it, but I was glad to learn that she was not 700 years old. I had often wondered about her age, though after all it could made no difference, since on Venus, if anywhere in the universe, people are really no older than they look—I mean, as far as their attractiveness is concerned.

"Are you going?" she demanded, "or shall I have to call one of the Vepajans and tell them that you have affronted me?"

"And have me killed?" I asked. "No, you cannot make me believe that you would ever do that."

"Then I shall leave," she stated, "and remember that you are never to see me or speak to me again."

With that parting and far from cheering ultimatum she quit the room, going into another of her suite. That appeared to end the interview; I could not very well follow her, and so I turned and made my way disconsolately to the captain's cabin in the tower.

As I thought the matter over, it became obvious to me that I not only had not made much progress in my suit, but that there was little likelihood that I ever should. There seemed to be some insuperable barrier between us, though what it was I could not imagine. I could not believe that she was entirely indifferent to me; but perhaps that was just a reflection of my egotism, for I had to admit that she had certainly made it plain enough by words and acts that she wished to have nothing to do with me. I was unquestionably persona non grata.

Notwithstanding all this, or maybe because of it, I realized that this second and longer interview had but served to raise my love to still greater fervor, leaving me in a fine state of despair. Her near presence on board the Sofal was constantly provocative, while her interdiction of any relations between us only tended to make me more anxious to be with her.

I was most unhappy, and the monotony of the now uneventful voyage back toward Vepaja offered no means of distraction. I wished that we might sight another vessel, for any ship that we sighted would be an enemy ship. We were outlaws, we of the Sofal—pirates, buccaneers, privateers. I rather leaned toward the last and most polite definition of our status. Of course we had not as yet been commissioned by Mintep to raid shipping for Vepaja, but we were striking at Vepaja's enemies, and so I felt that we had some claim upon the dubious respectability of privateerism. However, either of the two titles would not have greatly impressed me. Buccaneer has a devil-may-care ring to it that appeals to my fancy; it has a trifle more hauteur than pirate.

There is much in a name. I had liked the name of the Sofal from the first. Perhaps it was the psychology of that name that suggested the career upon which I was now launched. It means killer. The verb meaning kill is fal. The prefix so has the same value as the suffix er in English; so sofal means killer. Vong is the Amtorian word for defend; therefore, Sovong, the name of our first prize, means defender; but the Sovong had not lived up to her name.

I was still meditating on names in an effort to forget Duare, when Kamlot joined me, and I decided to take the opportunity to ask him some questions concerning certain Ametorian customs that regulated the social intercourse between men and maids. He opened a way to the subject by asking me if I had seen Duare since she sent for me.

"I saw her," I replied, "but I do not understand her attitude, which suggested that it was almost a crime for me to look at her."

"It would be under ordinary circumstances," he told me, "but of course, as I explained to you before, what she and we have passed through has temporarily at least minimized the importance of certain time-honored Vepaja laws and customs.

"Vepajan girls attain their majority at the age of 20; prior to that they may not form a union with a man. The custom, which has almost the force of a law, places even greater restrictions upon the daughters of a jong. They may not even see or speak to any man other than their blood relatives and a few well-chosen retainers until after they have reached their twentieth birthday. Should they transgress it would mean disgrace for them and death for the man."

"What a fool law!" I ejaculated, but I realized at last how heinous my transgression must have appeared in in the eyes of Duare.

Kamlot shrugged. "It may be a fool law," he said, "but it is still the law; and in the case of Duare its enforcement means much to Vepaja, for she is the hope of Vepaja."

[illegible] upon her before, but it was meaningless to me. "Just what do you mean by saying that she is the hope of Vepaja?" I asked.

"She is Mintep's only child. He has never had a son, though a hundred women have sought to bear him one. The life of the dynasty ends if Duare bears no son, then it is essential that the father of that son be one fitted to be the father of a jong."

"Have they selected the father of her children yet?" I asked.

"Of course not," replied Kamlot. "The matter will not even be broached until after Duare has passed her twentieth birthday."

"And she is not even 19 yet," I remarked with a sigh.

"No," agreed Kamlot, eyeing me closely, "but you act as though that fact were of importance to you."

"It is," I admitted.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I intend to marry Duare!"

Kamlot leaped to his feet and whipped out his sword. It was the first time that I had ever seen him show such marked excitement. I thought he was going to kill me on the spot.

"Defend yourself!" he cried. "I cannot kill you until you draw."

"Just why do you wish to kill me at all?" I demanded. "Have you gone crazy?"

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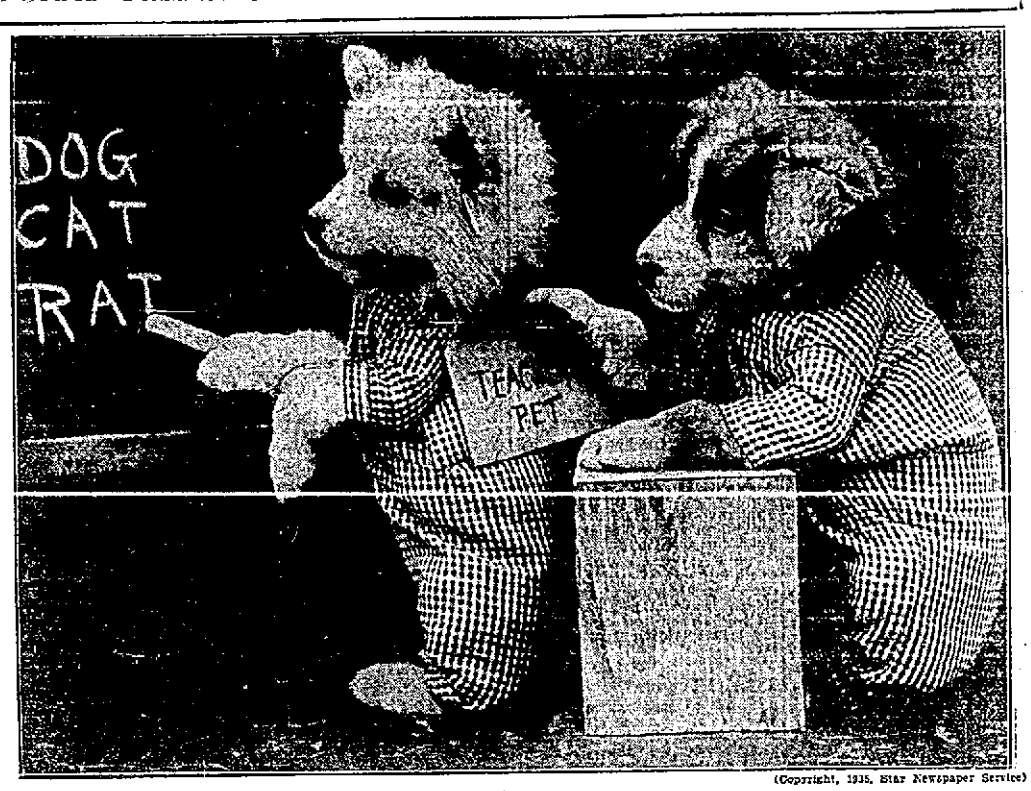
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

FURRY FAMILY'S CIRCUS - - - - —By Harry W. Frees



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Teacher's Pet

This is really a naughty trick. And yet I must admit
The Willie-know-all at the board has rather asked for it.
He's always right. He's always good. He's such a priggish pup.
At any question in the class his paw is always up.
His copybooks are always neat. He never makes a blot.
"Ho! Teacher's pet!" the Furries snort, "he's Teacher's White-Haired Swot!"

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

Lafayette Ave. M.E. Church Has Varied Program

Home Missionary Society Will Elect June 13; Picnics, Sale, Penny Supper

The Immanuel Class of the Lafayette Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church will have a covered dish picnic at Elmwood Park on Tuesday at 1 o'clock. Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock the December Circle will have its monthly meeting and a white elephant sale at the home of Mrs. George Rowe, 211 Primrose Avenue.

The official board will meet Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock at the church.

Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the Woman's Home Missionary Society will meet at the church for election of officers. Mrs. C. E. Torrance, wife of the minister, will speak on "Bennett College." Mrs. Howard L. Mosher's class will meet at her home, 406 Valley Drive, Thursday night at 7:45 o'clock for a weiner roast.

The January Circle will meet Saturday at 1 o'clock at the church for a covered dish picnic to take place at Skaneateles Lake.

The Junior Queen Esther Standard Bearers of the Lafayette Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church will serve a penny supper Friday night at 6:30 o'clock in the church dining room. The proceeds will be added to the fund to send delegates to Keuka.

Among Organized Interests

The Auxiliary to the Temple Adath Yeshurun will have its final meeting of the season Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the social hall of the Temple. Mrs. Benjamin Kline, president, will preside. Hostesses at the tea to follow will be Mrs. Max H. Spilka and Mrs. David L. Warren.

The first picnic meeting of the season of the Business Girls' League of the Y. W. C. A. will be conducted Tuesday night at Elmwood Park. In case of rain the picnic will be an indoor one at the home of Mrs. Mina B. Killeen, 127 Marvin Road. Mrs. Grace Russell is chairman of the committee in charge.

The Dramatic Club of Nottingham High School had its semi-annual initiation at the home of Miss Betty Jane Paull, 400 Nottingham Road, recently. Following initiation, refreshments were served. Officers for the new term were elected: Edward Bryant, president; Betty Blanchard, vice-president and critic; Priscilla Spald, recording secretary; Bernadine Frank, treasurer; Shirley Miller, corresponding secretary.

House of Providence Junior Auxiliary will conduct its annual dinner dance at the Bellevue Country Club, June 29. Miss Rae Hueber is general chairman assisted by Margaret Kanar.

The Association of Alpha Chi Omega of Syracuse, Inc., at its annual meeting at the chapter house, elected for the coming year: Mrs. James L. Hastie, president; Mrs. Andrew Stohrer, vice-president; Mrs. Martin Schlecht, secretary; Mrs. George Crouse, treasurer; Mrs. Walter McIntosh, auditor; and Mrs. Leland Robinson and Mrs. Everett Quick.

Alpha Gamma Delta Alumnae Chapter entertained the graduates at dinner at the Colonial Inn in Skaneateles recently. Out-of-town alumnae attended, including the entire class of 1930 and two of the founders of the sorority, Miss Georgia Dickover and Miss Gertrude Dickover.

A picnic at the summer home of Mrs. George R. Fearon on Oneida Lake late in June will close the year's activities for the alumnae chapter.

Syracuse W. C. T. U. No. 2 will have its annual meeting and election of officers at the home of Mrs. C. A. Higby, 107 Montrose Avenue, Thursday afternoon.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Calvary Baptist Church will conduct a county fair Tuesday night at 8 o'clock at the church. The committee in charge includes Helen Todd, Dorris Gyatt, Herbert Worden, Kenneth Greene, Thelma Hammond, Louise Ives, George Cook, William Marsden and Constance Arnold.

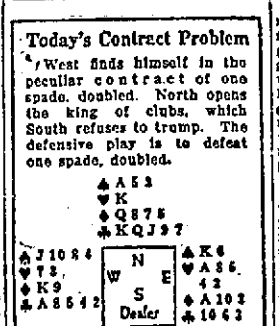
The Liverpool Presbyterian Church will serve a roast beef supper Wednesday from 5:30 to 8 o'clock at the church parlors. Mrs. E. C. Houik is chairman of arrangements, assisted by Mrs. Ruth Schell, Mrs. J. A. Elsey and Mrs. C. M. Pratt.

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

To two-thirds cup well seasoned French dressing add 1 minced, hard cooked egg, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon minced chives or ½ teaspoon onion juice and 1 tablespoon minced pimiento.

Today's Contract Problem

West finds himself in the peculiar contract of one spade, doubled. North opens the king of clubs, which South refuses to trump. The defensive play is to defeat one spade, doubled.



Solution in next issue.

Dorothy Dix Suggests Means Of Self-Measurement to See If You Are Good Husband

Some Think They Have Fulfilled Duties By Providing Food and Clothing; Something About Fault-Finding

By Dorothy Dix

MR. MAN, do you ever check up on yourself to see whether or not you are a good husband? Do you try to make your wife happy and keep her on her knees thanking God she married you, or do you treat her as if getting you for a husband was all the good luck she could possibly desire, and that just being married is picnic enough for any woman?

Do you consider that a man has done his full duty toward his wife when he provides her with food and shelter, and that she has no right to expect anything more from him?

Are you a lover as well as a husband, or did you drop all courtship at the altar? Do you regard your wife as a sweetheart or as a household convenience?

Do you ever show her any affection or tenderness, or do you take it for granted that she is a mind-reader who will know that you still think her the only woman, even if you are as cold to her as a tombstone and as dumb as a stuffed shirt and never give her a kiss that isn't an insult, it is such a peck of duty on the cheek or the rim of her ear?

Do you ever tell your wife you think she is the most wonderful woman in the world and that in your eyes she has all the flappers backed out of the beauty show?

Do you ever tell her that you think she is about the best sport that ever lived, and how much you appreciate the sacrifices she has made for you, the labor she has done for you, the courage and the grit that have upheld you when your own morale went down to zero and you would have thrown up your hands and quit if it hadn't been for the "little woman" behind you cheering you on?

Do you go fifty-fifty with your wife on the money proposition, or are you one of the husbands who think that a wife is a slave who should work for whatever her lord and master sees fit to give her, and be grateful if he hands her out a quarter now and then?

Are you one of the men who begrudge the cost of a family and who rises such rows over the bills that they make the first of the month as much of a horror to their wives as the Judgment Day? Do you blame your wife for the expense of running a household and make her feel as if she had monopolized all of the light and heat, and eaten all of the food, and worn out all the shoes, and been generally an unnatural monster who had kept her poor unfortunate husband from having more money to spend on himself?

Are you one of the husbands who never speak to their wives except to find fault; who are as silent as the grave when the wife is prettily gowned and has a fresh wave, but who burn her up with criticism if her new hat isn't becoming; who gobble down ninety-nine perfect dinners without apparently noticing how well everything is cooked, but who raise ructions if the hundredth has a grain too much salt in the soup or the steak is a minute overdone?

Do you try to be companionable to your wife and talk to her about your hopes and plans and show an interest in hers, or do you bury yourself in a newspaper of an evening and only grunt when she asks you what you have done, whom you have seen, and tries to tell you about the baby's new tooth?

Do you consider that a wife's place is in the home, especially of an evening, while you step out to places of amusement, and that she can get all the pleasure she wants out of watching little Johnny sleep while you dance with a platinum blonde?

Or do you realize that housework is dull and monotonous labor and that the woman who has cooked and scrubbed and baby-tended all day needs to be popped up by having her husband take her out and give her a good time and look as if he enjoyed it, instead of assuming the pose of an early Christian martyr at being dragged away from his radio.

Are you one of the husbands who are a little ray of sunshine around the house, or are you one of those who visit on their families all of the temper and nerves and irritability that they dare not show their bosses or their customers?

Are you as polite and courteous to your wife as you are to other women?

Check up on these points, Mr. Husband, and see how you stand with your wife.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Younger People

By EMILY POST

DEAR MRS. POST: My employer dictates many letters to his children at college and now he feel that they have gotten too old for me to send his letters to them with "Lovingly yours" or "Affectionately yours?" Can it be possible that children are ever too old to receive the devotion of their parents?

Answer: There is no personal signature less demonstrative than "Affectionately yours," which is even more formal than "Affectionately" without the yours—possibly shortened to "Affectly." Certainly it is unthinkable that a normal father would sign letters to his children "Sincerely yours" or "Yours truly!" On the other hand "Lovingly" is rather feminine and more suitable as the signature of their mother. Their father might very well write "Much love" or "With love."

Dear Mrs. Post: When a middle-aged man writes to his young niece, how should he sign his letter? The niece always calls him "Uncle John."

Answer: He should sign his letter "Uncle John." Fifty years ago he would probably have written "Your affectionate uncle, John Simson Smith," but not today.

Dear Mrs. Post: My daughter, aged two, calls me "Mammy," and a friend thinks that I should correct her since this sobriquet is for negro mothers. I was so thrilled that the child's first recognizable word was for me and now I'm a little sentimental about teaching her another. But I don't want to permit the habit to become too deeply rooted if you think it wrong. Also, when she can be expected to address our friends, ought she be taught to say Mr. and Mrs. or Uncle and Aunt?

Answer: While it is true that "Mammy" is typical of a Negro mother, I can't see that this makes any difference if you find it sweet. On the other hand, you could very easily change it to "Mummy" if you like an English name better than a native American one. As to your friends, she must be taught to say Mr. and Mrs. to all except perhaps the few who are nearest to you. Even those few might not choose to be "Aunt" or "Uncle" to any others than their own nieces and nephews. But this is something that only you and they together can decide when the time comes.

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June Festival, Strawberry Sale, On Church Lawn

Note Committees For Event Sponsored By Calvary Episcopal Rector's Aid

The Rector's Aid Society of the Calvary Episcopal Church will sponsor the first lawn social and strawberry festival of the season on the rectory grounds Tuesday afternoon and night. A program of music will be presented by the Empire Conservatory under the direction of Owen D. Forrest. Felix Mozo, 9-year-old accordionist, will give solos.

Mrs. George Masters and Mrs. George Atkinson, Jr., will be in charge of the fortune telling booth, and the fish pond will be in charge of Mrs. Paul Halbig and Joseph Osborne. Fred Nottley, president of the Rector's Aid Society, and Burt Arnold will have charge of the grounds.

Mrs. Fred Nottley and Mrs. James Kieth Ross, who are co-chairmen of general arrangements, are being assisted by these committees: Tickets, Mrs. Christian Martin, Mrs. Albert Arnold, Mrs. Henry Ticehurst, Mrs. Charles Unz, Mrs. Carl Atkinson, Jr.; candy and pop, Mrs. Jefferson Getman, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Mrs. John H. Walrath, Mrs. Frank Storms, Harold Finney, Edward Kirchner, Jefferson Getman, Carl Atkinson and Henry Korb; ice cream and fresh strawberries, Paul Halbig, Mrs. Fred Nottley, Mrs. Joseph Osborne, Cyril Tuck, Mrs. Edward Kirchner and Mrs. Jesse Sharpe.

Jesse Sharpe is in charge of the lighting. The tables will be set up by Edward Kirchner, Henry Ticehurst, Ray Hickman, James Kieth Ross, Norman Birchler, Jefferson Getman, Paul Halbig and Carl Atkinson.

Mrs. Harold Finney will serve, assisted by Mrs. Edgar Dona, Mrs. Norman Birchler, Mrs. Charles Phillips, Mrs. Howard Korb, Mrs. Ralph Dodge, Mrs. Ray Hickman, Mrs. Irving Gates, Mrs. Edward Barr, Miss Phyllis Ticehurst and Miss Edith Lee Unz.

COTTON DRESS FOR CITY WEAR

For the first time in years, cotton dresses, provided they are dark, will be correct attire for city wear. Dark crashes, dark sheers and dark piques have been used to make charming three-piece suits that carry with them quite a little air of formality.

Asparagus au Gratin

Asparagus is in season and here is a tempting and nutritious way to serve it:

One bunch asparagus.
Six tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons grated cheese.
Salt and pepper.

Put cooked asparagus in baking dish, keeping tips [illegible]. Pour half the melted butter over them. Sprinkle with cheese, season, and pour over with the rest of the butter. Cover with brown paper, leaving tips exposed. Place under broiler just long enough for cheese and butter to brown.

Recipe prepared by Consumers' Information Service, Department of Agriculture and Markets, Albany, New York.

Central H. S. Philomatheans Elect Officers at Larson Home

Mary Gilkison Is Named President, Arlene Woodward, Critic, at Final Meeting

The Philomathean Society of Central High School had its final meeting of the year at the home of Miss Dorothy Larson, 110 Hancock Drive, Friday afternoon.

Newly elected officers are: President, Mary Gilkison; vice-president, Anne Daly; corresponding secretary, Kathryn Murphy; treasurer, Barbara Stone; society editors, Betty Nolan and Shirley Gilkison; critic, Arlene Woodward; property manager, Jean Hathaway.

Others present were: Jane Andrews, Barbara Copeland, Jean Crennan, Janet Fehr, Lillian Gergle, Marjorie Geyer, Shirley Gilkison, Alice Hansen, Jean Hathaway, Marion Higgins, Helen Judson, Florence Kelley, Flora Kirley, Ruth Knowlton.

Helen Love, Kathryn Murphy, Rita Murphy, Ellen Norton, Alyce O'Brien, Marie Page, Dorothy Palmer, Theresa Perkins, Mary Saunders, Barbara Stone, Betty Stone, André Wiggins, Arlene Woodland, Eleanor Calvert. Alumnae attending were: Kathryn Fehr, Lucille Ryan, Helen Louise Miller and Louise Morison.

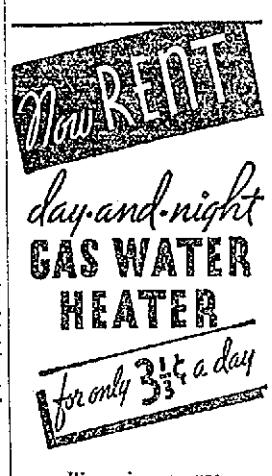
Alpha Phi Reunion

Alpha Chapter of Alpha Phi conducted its 62nd-reunion dinner recently at the chapter house, 208 Walnut Place. At the business meeting in the afternoon, Mrs. Marguerite Henry was elected president; Mrs. Harold Haefer, vice-president; Mrs. Winslow Thompson, recording secretary; Mrs. Robert Seastrom, corresponding secretary.

Mrs. Henry Phillips was toastmistress. Among the out-of-town alumnae attending the dinner were Mrs. Mary Louise Rautenberg Conner of Bellingham, Wash.; Miss Zoralda Weeks, Oneida; Mrs. Charlotte Barnard Sewell, Austin, Tex.; Mrs. Helen Barnard McGinnis, Buffalo; Mrs. Miriam Breeze Velasko, Philadelphia; Mrs. Betty Jay Knight, Hartsdale; Miss Grace Sawyer, New York City, and Miss Mary Lewis, Binghamton.

Hostess

MISS DOROTHY LARSON



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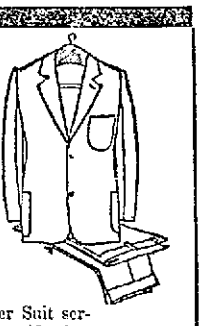

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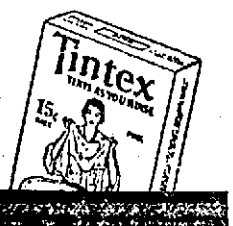

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