Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

"Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER XXIX

The point of Kamlot's sword dropped slowly toward the floor. "I do not wish to kill you," he said rather sadly, all the nervous excitement gone from his manner. "You are my friend, you have saved my life—no, I would rather die myself than kill you, but the thing you have just said demands it."

I shrugged my shoulders; the thing was inexplicable to me. "What did I say that demands death?" I demanded.

"That you intend to marry Duare."

"In my world," I told him, "men are killed for saying that they do not intend marrying some girl." I had been sitting at the desk in my cabin at the time that Kamlot had threatened me, and I had not arisen; now I stood up and faced him. "You had better kill me, Kamlot," I said, "for I spoke the truth."

He hesitated for a moment, standing there looking at me, then he returned his sword to its scabbard. "I cannot!" he said huskily. "May my ancestors forgive me! I cannot kill my friend.

"Perhaps," he added, seeking some extenuating circumstance, "you should not be held accountable to customs of which you had no knowledge. I often forget that you are of another world than ours. But tell me, now that I have made myself a party to your crime by excusing it, what leads you to believe that you will marry Duare? I can incriminate myself no more by listening to you further."

"I intend to marry her, because I know that I love her and believe that she already half loves me."

At this Kamlot appeared shocked and horrified again. "That is impossible," he cried. "She never saw you before; she cannot dream what is in your heart or your mad brain."

"On the contrary, she has seen me before; and she knows quite well what is in my 'mad brain,'" I assured him. "I told her in Kooaad. I told her again today."

"And she listened?"

"She was shocked," I admitted, "but she listened, then she upbraided me and ordered me from her presence."

Kamlot breathed a sigh of relief. "At least she has not gone mad. I cannot understand on what you base your belief that she may return your love."

"Her eyes betrayed her and what may be more convincing, she did not expose my perfidy and thus send me to my death."

He pondered that and shook his head. "It is all madness," he said. "I can make nothing of it. You say that you talked with her in Kooaad, but that would have been impossible. But if you had ever seen her before, why did you show so little interest in her fate when you knew that she was a prisoner aboard the Sovong? Why did you say that you thought that she was my sweetheart?"

"I did not know until a few minutes ago," I explained, "that the girl I saw and talked with in the garden at Kooaad was Duare, the daughter of the jong."

A few days later I was again talking with Kamlot in my cabin when we were interrupted by a whistle at the door; and when I had bade him do so, one of the Vepajan prisoners that we had rescued from the Sovong entered. He was not from Kooaad but from another city of Vepaja, and therefore none of the other Vepajans aboard knew anything concerning him. His name was Vilor, and he appeared to be a decent sort of fellow, though rather inclined to taciturnity. He had manifested considerable interest in the klangans and was with them often, but had explained this discrepancy on the grounds that he was a scholar and wished to study the birdmen, specimens of which he had never before seen.

"I have come," he explained in response to my inquiry, "to ask you to appoint me an officer. I should like to join your company and share in the work and responsibilities of the expedition."

"We are all ... for ... now," I explained. "... the men we need. Furthermore," I added frankly, "I do not know ... enough to be sure of your qualifications. By the time we reach Vepaja we shall be better acquainted, and if I need you then, I shall tell you."

"Well, I should like to do something," he insisted. "... until we reach Vepaja."

He referred to Duare ... a title, compounded of the ... daughter and ... princess ... just a ... voice as he ...

"She is well guarded," I explained.

"But I should like ..." he insisted. "It would be ... love and loyalty ... I could stand the night ... take that detail ..."

"It will not be necessary," I said shortly. "She is guarded ... sufficient."

"She is ... found ... liked."

I told him that ...

"And she ..."

"A man ... at night," I assured him.

"Only one," he ... as though he thought the guard insufficient.

"In addition to the ... which we consider ... on the Sofal. There are no enemies aboard the Sofal ... people were ... of the welfare and safety of the ... I thought ... and it seemed to me unnecessarily ... I ... gave up and departed after bowing ... me to give his request further thought.

"He seems more concerned about the welfare of Duare than you," I remarked to Kamlot after Vilor had gone.

"Yes, I noticed that," replied my lieutenant thoughtfully.

"There is no one more concerned about her than I," I said, "but I cannot see that any further precautions are necessary."

"Nor I," agreed Kamlot. "She is quite well protected now."

We had dropped Vilor from our minds and were discussing other matters, when we heard the voice of the lookout in the crow's nest shouting "Voo notar!" ("a ship!") Running to the lower deck we got the bearings of the stranger as the lookout announced them the second time and, sure enough, almost directly abeam on the starboard side we discerned the superstructure of a ship on the horizon.

For some reason which I do not clearly understand, the visibility on Venus is usually exceptionally good. Low fogs and haze are rare, notwithstanding the humidity of the atmosphere. This condition may be due to the mysterious radiation from that strange element in the planet's structure which illuminates her moonless nights. I do not know.

At any rate, we could see a ship, and almost immediately all was excitement aboard the Sofal. Here was another prize, and the men were eager to be at her. As we changed our course and headed for our victim, a cheer rose from the men on deck. Weapons were issued, the bow gun and two tower guns were elevated to firing positions. The Sofal forged ahead at full speed.

As we approached our quarry, we saw that it was a ship of about the same size as the Sofal and bearing the insignia of Thoria. Closer inspection revealed it to be an armed merchantman.

I now ordered all but the gunners into the lower deck house as I planned on boarding this vessel as I had the Sovong and did not wish her to see our deck filled with armed men before we came alongside. As before, explicit orders were issued; every man knew what was expected of him, all were cautioned against needless killing. If I were to be a pirate, I was going to be as humane a pirate as possible. I would not spill blood needlessly.

I had questioned Kiron, Gamfor, and many another Thoran in my company relative to the customs and practices of Thoran ships of war until I felt reasonably familiar with them. I knew for instance that a warship might search a merchantman. It was upon this that I based my hope of getting our grappling hooks over the side of our victim before he could suspect our true design.

When we were within hailing distance of the ship, I directed Kiron to order her to shut down her engines, as we wished to board and search her, and right then we ran into our first obstacle. It came in the form of a pennant suddenly hoisted at the bow of our intended victim. It meant nothing to me, but it did to Kiron and the other Thorans aboard the Sofal.

"We'll not board her so easily after all," said Kiron. "She has an ongyan on board, and that exempts her from search. It probably also indicates that she carries a larger complement of soldiers than a merchantman ordinarily does."

"Whose friend?" I asked, "Yours?" for ongyan means great friend, in the sense of eminent or exalted.

Kiron smiled. "It is a title. There are a hundred klongyan in the oligarchy; one of them is aboard that ship. They are great friends unquestionably, great friends of themselves, they rule Thora more tyrannically than any jong and for themselves alone."

"How will the men feel about attacking a ship bearing so exalted a personage?" I inquired.

"The will fight among themselves to be the first aboard and to run a sword through him."

"They must not kill him," I replied. "I have a better plan."

"They will be hard to control once they are in the thick of a fight," Kiron assured me. "I have yet to see the officer who can do it. In the old days, in the days of the jongs, there were order and discipline; but not now."

"There will be aboard the Sofal," I averred. "Come with me. I am going to speak to the men."

Together we entered the lower deck house where the majority of the ship's company was massed, waiting for the command to attack. There were nearly a hundred rough and burly fighting men, nearly all of whom were ignorant and brutal. We had been together as commander and crew for too short a time for me to gauge their sentiments toward me, but I realized that there must be no question in any mind as to who was captain of the ship, no matter what they thought of me.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

(Copyright by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.)

Weddings

By EMILY POST

International Authority on Etiquet and Social Usage

DEAR MRS. POST: The bridegroom and his attendants are going to wear white flannels and blue coats at our wedding, and my father insists that he is too old to wear such youthful clothes. But is it right for him to wear a plain suit or cutaway and striped trousers?

Answer. Although it is never necessary—not even usual—that the father's clothes match those of the younger men, and cutaways with striped trousers are always considered with proper daytime wedding clothes, an ordinary blue or other dark sack suit might under the circumstances look better with the flannels of the others. As it happens, I answered this same question lately, for a country wedding, and in this case I was in favor of a sack suit because most formal clothes and extremely informal ones did not seem suitable together. But on second thoughts—especially if your wedding is to be in town and your dress a conventional bridal one—cutaway clothes would perhaps be the better choice. In other words, it does somewhat depend upon the other details of the wedding, even though it is permissible that he wear whichever clothes he prefers.

Dear Mrs. Post: Please suggest how we should go about preparing for a garden wedding including the arrangement of the altar, chairs, etc.

Answer. The first important consideration is the double one of making the arrangements, based on good weather, which can at the last minute be revised in case of rain! In *other words, you choose a background* in the garden that is attractive of itself, and then in front of it build an altar or perhaps only a *prie-dieu*, either of which can be moved into the house if necessary. The whole of the priedieu is covered with flowers, and then cushions are put on the kneeling part. If you want to have chairs they are placed exactly like pews in church. But usually guests stand and the aisle for the procession is formed by drawing a cord on each side into the ground ornamenting them with flowers and running ribbons from one to the other.

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Among the New Books

E. P. O'DONNEL — JENNY BALLON

WINNERS OF THE TWO Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships of $1,000 each, offered for the purpose of encouraging and financially assisting writers of promise.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce that their two Literary Fellowships, offered on Jan. 4, for the purpose of encouraging and financially assisting writers of promise, have been awarded to Jenny Ballou of New York City and E. P. O'Donnell of New Orleans, La.

The Fellowships were open to persons of creative ability and high intellectual and personal qualifications and the awards made on the ground both of the merit and general interest of the projected works. Each of the two winners in the competition receives $1,000 in addition to the usual royalties and advances.

The projects of both winners are in the field of fiction, but this is wholly fortuitous as no limitation was put on the type of literature for which the award was to be made.

Jenny Ballou was educated at Cornell, the College de France, and the University of Madrid. During the past five years she has done brilliant work as a reviewer of Spanish, French and Russian literature for the Herald-Tribune, the New York Sun, and the Saturday Review of Literature, and has published short stories, in this country in Story, and in England in Life and Letters. She plans a novel with the background of revolutionary Spain, a country with which she is intimately acquainted. Her summer will be passed at Yaddo, near Saratoga Springs.

E. P. O'Donnell is engaged on a novel of life in the Mississippi delta: the story of a girl of mixed Cajin and immigrant stock in the primitive Bayou country. In his short stories O'Donnell has already given evidence of unusual literary talent and knowledge of the people of this picturesque region. His work has been published in Harper's, Scribner's, Story, Collier's and the Yale Review.

"The Dark Glass," the new novel by March Cost, author of "A Man Named Luke," has been read in England by a famous Harley Street physician and a distinguished professor of philosophy, the first to check on Miss Cost's treatment of the action of the mind in certain moments of illness, and the latter to check on her treatment of the relativity of time. The physician says: "Miss Cost has not only the art of a fine writer, but the scientific analysis of a trained psychologist." The professor of philosophy writes: "I am impressed by all I have read. It must be about the best thing of the kind existing." "The Dark Glass" is being published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf on June 17.

A new work of fiction by Joseph C. Lincoln is an event, and his forthcoming novel for 1935 is "Storm Signals" (Appleton-Century). The setting is Cape Cod in Civil War days and much of the plot revolves around the factions created by the presence of many Southern sympathizers in a section that the average person would suppose to be an ardent Yankee hotbed. July 26 is announced as the day of publication.

Jesse Stuart, young Kentucky poet whose 703 sonnets in "Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow" celebrates Kentucky's mountain life, visited New York for the first time the last week in May, paid a brief visit to New England, looked over Boston, Mass., and Portland, Me., and returned to New York, June 5. Mr. Stuart expects to go back to Fullerton, Ky., at once. His publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company, report that they have in their hands a book of short stories by Mr. Stuart and the young man's autobiography, finished at 24. He will be 28 in August. Mr. Stuart will have a story in the July issue of Story Magazine.

These Dutton books have recently been put into Braille: "Mrs. Barry," by Frederick Niven, "Escape From the Soviets," by Tatiana Tchernavin, "Cries in the Night," by J. H. Wallis; "Gratitude," by Henry Van Dyke, "Happiness," and "Memory," by William Lyon Phelps.

Meet the Wife

MRS. HERVEY ALLEN

Annette Andrews Allen's romance began when she was a student at Vassar, and Hervey Allen was an instructor there . . . he wrote poems to Annette, and shortly they were married. . . . Mrs Allen is on the quiet side, a first-class hostess, an omnivorous reader, and a writer of book reviews . . . These last first appeared in a Bermuda newspaper when the Allens were there writing "Anthony Adverse" . . . "Allens" is correct, for although Hervey Allen did the composing, Mrs Allen typed the script four times, no less . . . The author still cannot use a typewriter . . . the Allens were married eight years ago . . . their two children, Marcia and Mary Ann, are with them at the Allen place in Oxford, on Maryland's eastern shore. . . . Mrs Allen's father is a lawyer . . . she was born in Syracuse . . . In spite of her literary surroundings, she likes the out of doors, especially motoring and tennis . . . she is almost 20 years younger than her husband.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI

"Give him at least two fresh vegetables a day and about a quart of milk. He can have the milk with his cereal, in puddings, drink it, any way he likes, but he must have it. His teeth show that he needs it badly. And I wouldn't let him have any more candy between meals. A piece now and then after his meals is all right, but not between meals."

"But he won't eat for me, doctor. And cries if he doesn't get lolli-pops every day. What can I do with him?"

"What can you do with him? Just make him do what you tell him. If you don't he won't have a decent tooth in his head, and he will have no resistance to disease. He will keep on crying and clinging to you. Make him. That's all."

That is plenty. It is not easy to change a child's routine once it has been set. It is easier to keep him on the schedule once it has been decided, but when mistakes have been made they must be corrected for the child's sake. There will be a struggle, but patience and persistence will win in the end.

Children will eat what they have been accustomed to eating. They will eat their cereal and toasted bread, eggs and vegetables, if they have been accustomed to eating them. They will eat their candy after meals if they have been trained that way. They don't crave sweets until they have acquired a taste for them. But after the damage has been done how can we set about beginning again in the best way?

A very important point is this: Start the new program as dramatically as possible so that it impresses the child and dwells in his memory a long time. If he can be taken away from home to make this beginning so that the old associations will not pull him, that is fine. It gives him a good start.

We rarely are able to do this so we do the next best thing—change his surroundings as completely as possible. Give him his breakfast in a new place. The new dishes—new to him. Put on a different dress. Make an occasion of it. Don't talk about the old way. Ignore it. Take for granted that he is to follow that new way. If he refuses his food, be cheerful about it, and remove it after a fair interval. Give him nothing between meals, say nothing about his eating, give him something interesting to do and make a show of being especially occupied with your own affairs to the exclusion of his. He will be watching for a sign of anxiety or fear, or interest in his predicament, and if he sees one, he is strengthened for the fight. Ignore him; take his going without food as a matter of fact and be very busy and most cheerful.

It takes self discipline to change a child's routine. We have more trouble with our fears than we have with the children's behavior. They will do as we say if we say it with conviction. For their sakes that is precisely what we must do.

Clique Club Special

Have you tried eating bananas and drinking milk? Here we combine them and in a few minutes have a refreshing and nourishing drink:

Mix 1 crushed ripe banana with 2 tablespoons of honey and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Add to a pint of milk. Shake well. Top with whipped cream and whole strawberry rolled in cinnamon.

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Centenary M. E. Social Union To Have Picnic

Note Other Events of Week in Connection With Church Groups

The Ladies Social Union of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church will have a picnic at Elmwood Park Thursday at 12:30 o'clock. If the weather is unfavorable the affair will be conducted at the Church House. A covered dish luncheon will be served, followed by a short business meeting. The meeting of Circle No. 4, will follow.

The Quest Class of Centenary Church will have a picnic Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock at Willow Bay. Members will meet at the Church House for transportation.

Members of the Young People's Department will be guests Friday, Saturday and Sunday at the cottage of S. B. Groner at Redwood.

Skaneateles Social Notes

Lieut. Com. J. C. Arnold, U. S. N., retired, Mrs. Arnold and their son, William Arnold, are at their home in State Street, Skaneateles, for the summer after passing the fall and winter months in Florida.

Dr. Henry A. Grubbs, professor of French at Princeton University, will arrive in Skaneateles shortly to visit his cousin, Miss Mary F. Bench of State Street, for several days. Dr. Grubbs will leave for Paris to pass the remainder of the summer with his wife and daughter, Jaqueline Grubbs. A brother of Dr. Grubbs, Prof. Francis Grubbs, who teaches French at the Loomis School in Windsor, Conn., will also pass the summer in Europe.

North Cape Cruise

Mrs. Frederick Staunton Wicks of Brattle Road, Mrs. Wilbur Van Duyn of James Street, with her three daughters, the Misses Dorothea, Sally and Anne Van Duyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Andrews of Highland Avenue and their sons, Donald and Charles Andrews, will take a six weeks North Cape cruise to Iceland, Norway, Sweden, England and Russia. They will sail on June 28, from New York City.

Smart for Summer

WASHABLE SILK SHEERS are the purse-saving favorites of smart women for this summer. This tailored sports dress is made of dotted brown silk georgette on a blue ground. It has a simple pleated front and is trimmed with a light silk grosgrain belt and collar bow.

LET CANDLES AGE

Candles burn better and more steadily if they are aged for months. Buy several pairs at a time and keep them in a cool place, wrapped in their original wax or cellophane coverings.

Bid Only One, and Set!

There Is Just As Much Fun in Defeating a Low Contract as in Preventing Game or Slam

By WILLIAM E. McKENNEY
Secretary, American Bridge League

Contract bridge isn't just a game of slam and game bids. Part scores are just as important. The thing that makes bridge interesting is the peculiar situations that develop at the bridge table. Even defeating a one contract, doubled, sometimes presents a greater problem than defeating a slam hand.

Here's a fine defensive play that Irving Epstein of New York City made in a recent rubber game. The bidding might be termed odd. North was justified in opening with one club, third position. East cannot be criticized for his overcall of one heart, which South properly doubled. East's redouble is an S O S, asking his partner to bid his best suit. West

North: ♠ A 5 2 ♥ K ♦ Q 8 7 5 ♣ K Q J 9 7
West: ♠ J 10 8 4 ♥ 7 3 ♦ K 9 ♣ A 8 5 4 2
East: ♠ K 6 ♥ A 8 5 4 2 ♦ A 10 3 ♣ 10 6 3
South (Dealer): ♠ Q 9 7 3 ♥ Q J 10 9 6 ♦ J 6 4 2 ♣ Void

Rubber—E. and W. vul.

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	1 ♣	1 ♥
Double	Pass	Pass	Red'ble
Pass	1 ♠	Pass	Pass
Double	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♣ K 11

naturally does not want to bid clubs, as that has been bid by North. He hates to bid one no trump, which might force his partner to bid two in one of the suits in which he holds a doubleton; so he bids one spade.

The Play

Mr. Epstein sat in the North and this is how he defeated the contract. The king of clubs was opened. South refused to trump, discarding a diamond, and West won with the ace. West could see a club, two diamonds, a diamond ruff, the ace of hearts and now, if he could manage to get in two spade tricks, his contract would be made. So, working along this plan, he proceeded as follows:

The king of diamonds was cashed, followed by the nine, which was won in dummy with the ace. A small diamond was returned and ruffed with the four of spades.

The three of hearts was led, dummy winning with the ace. Now a small heart was played, South winning with the nine. North discarding the seven of clubs. South returned the three of spades and West played the eight.

What would you play if you were in North position? Doesn't it look as if the natural play is to win the trick with the ace and then return a small spade? However, this play allows the contract to be made, as then declarer would make the king of spades and the jack of spades by ruffing a heart.

The nice defensive play is to refuse to win this trick, and now it is immaterial whether declarer wins the trick with the eight spot or overtakes with the king.

This is the last trick he will take, because, if dummy holds the trick with the king, returns a heart, and West ruffs with the 10 of spades, North will over-ruff with the ace, lead back the five of spades, which South will win with the queen and South will take the rest of the tricks.

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Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the contract at three no trump. West opens the eight of diamonds in response to his partner's bid. In which hand should this trick be won?

North: ♠ A Q 10 4 ♥ Q 2 ♦ A 6 3 ♣ J 6 5 3
West: (Blind)
East: (Blind)
South (Dealer): ♠ J 7 ♥ A J 10 9 5 ♦ K 7 2 ♣ A 9 4

Solution in next issue 11

No Sense in Entire Family Having to Conform to Fancies Of Old Woman, Dorothy Dix

While Most Mothers Are Sacrificing Where Their Children Are Concerned, There Are Those Who Demand a Great Deal

By DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—How much does a married daughter owe to her mother? Should she have to consult her mother about everything she does and get Mother's O. K. on it before she goes ahead with her plans? Should the daughter put her mother's wishes before her husband's and her family's? Should the daughter put her mother's authority above her husband's? Is the daughter unfaithful and unappreciative if she does not do all her demanding mother wants? Why can't mothers let their daughters, who are trying to be good wives and mothers themselves, alone and permit them to live their own lives and love their husbands as much as they want to, instead of sneering at them about their affection for their husbands? MRS. J. C.

Answer: It is the custom to picture mothers as self-abnegating angels whose only thought and desire in life is for the good and happiness of their children.

It generally happens that way. Most mothers are self-sacrificing where their children are concerned, but not all. There are plenty of mothers who are monsters of selfishness, who ruthlessly offer up their children's happiness and well-being to their own comfort and pleasure. There are plenty of mothers who keep their children from marrying because they cannot bear to give them up, and many other mothers who deliberately break up their children's homes if they do marry, because they cannot endure the thought that their sons and daughters love any one else better than they do them.

I once heard a mother say: "Talk about jealousy! I tell you there is no other jealousy in the world that can so tear the heart to tatters as that of a mother who sees her child put a husband or wife before her. The jealousy of a woman for a man is nothing compared to that."

It is that sort of morbid, unnatural, unwholesome jealousy that makes a mother sneer at her daughter's love for her husband, that makes a mother always "pick on" her son-in-law and call her daughter's attention to all of her husband's faults and peculiarities, that makes a mother sow the seeds of suspicion of her husband in her daughter's mind.

For a mother to torture her daughter or even to murder her would not be a crueler act nor a greater crime, yet so consuming a passion is mother jealousy that many women are guilty of it.

As to what duty a married daughter owes her mother, that depends on circumstances. She owes her a home if the mother is poor. She owes her patience and consideration. She owes her respect and deference. But she only owes this debt if her mother has earned it.

Just because a woman has borne a child does not make it her slave, nor does it give her the right to dispose of its life or wreck its happiness for her own behoof and benefit. Parents have to win their children's love and respect by their conduct toward them just as much as any stranger does.

After a woman is married her duty is to her husband and her children before her mother, and if she finds that her mother disrupts all the peace and happiness of her home by her querulousness, by her fault-finding and petty tyrannies she should, if possible, arrange for Mother to live somewhere else than under her own roof. Nor is it any middle-aged woman's duty to obey her mother as if she were a child. Times have changed. The customs that Mother thinks should be religiously followed have become obsolete. Mother's ideas and tastes have been superseded by modern and better ones. And there is no sense in a whole family having to conform to the fancies of an old woman.

It is a pity that mothers do not realize that they write their own price tag with their children and that when they are good mothers, when they are unselfish and wise and tender, the question of their children's duty to them is never raised. Their children's devotion is a spontaneous tribute to them.

DOROTHY DIX.

(Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.)

ONIONS WITHOUT TEARS

Onions most certainly add in flavoring. They're good as vegetables. But if you do not wish to cry while preparing one hold it under the running water tap while cutting.

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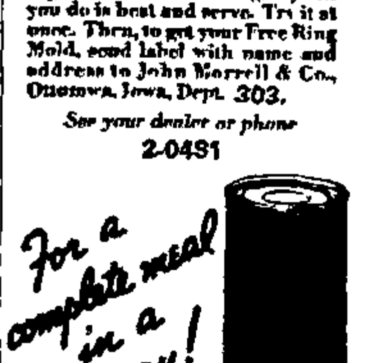

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