

Choice of Entertaining Current Features of Interest to the Home Circle

Snowden-Harvey Ceremony in New York City

Bride Is Granddaughter of Late Miles M. Harvey of Oneida County

Miss Margaret Pepper Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Harvey, of 103 East Eighty-second Street, New York City, was married to John W. Snowden, 34, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snowden, of 114 East Nineteenth Street, New York, Monday afternoon in the chapel of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church there.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. George A. Buttrick, minister in the presence of the immediate families and a few intimate friends.

The bride had her sister, Miss Elizabeth Harvey, as her only attendant. Mr. Snowden was best man for his son.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowden will go to Daville, N. H., on their wedding trip. On their return they will be at Sands Point, L. I., for the summer and later will reside in New York.

The bride attended the Marlborough School, in Los Angeles, and the Low-Herwood School in Stamford, Conn. On the paternal side she is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Miles M. Harvey of Oneida County, and is a descendant of Gen. William Bartlett of Revolutionary War fame.

On the side of her mother she is a granddaughter of Mrs. William Harvey, Reminister, now of New York City, and of the late Mr. Remington, who resided in San Francisco, and a great-granddaughter of the late John Pepper of Philadelphia.

Mr. Snowden, a grandson of the late Dr. John W. Snowden, is, through his mother, the former Miss Cecelia F. Bratton, descended from that branch of the Brice family that settled in Burlington, N. C., in the early part of the 17th century.

During the World War, Mr. Snowden served in the Naval Aviation. He was graduated from Cornell in 1920. He is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution and the Society of the War of 1812. His marriage to Miss Imogen Jewell Reeve of New York which took place in June, 1928, was terminated by divorce.

Hoar-Bailey

The wedding of Miss Wilda R. Bailey of Liverpool to Frank A. Hoar, also of Liverpool, was solemnized Saturday, June 1, at 6:30 o'clock, at St. Pauls Lutheran Church of Liverpool, the Rev. John H. Duce officiating.

The bride, who was given in marriage by Dr. Robert B. Hoar of Liverpool, had as her only attendant her sister, Mrs. Frederick Carroll, Norman J. Cyphers of Buffalo was best man, Rodney Ramsey of Syracuse and Lloyd Nauman and Robert Manner, both of Liverpool, were ushers. Miss Elsa Rauppach played the wedding march and accompanied Mrs. G. Melvin Pratt, who sang "O Promise Me."

The church was decorated with purple lilies and tulips. The bride wore a gown of embroidered lace and a tulle veil trimmed with lace. She carried a bouquet of white roses and sweet peas. Her attendants wore pink tulle shoes and carried pink roses.

Following a wedding supper at Tubbers, Mr. and Mrs. Hoar left for a motor trip. They will make their home at 340 Kensington Place, Syracuse.

Receipts B. S. Degree In Dramatic Art



Miss Martha Adelaide Litter, above, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Litter, 130 Academy Street, Manlius, who graduated from the Hiram College department of speech and drama the month previous. She is a member of the Theta Alpha Phi honorary dramatic fraternity, Omega Beta honorary society and the Hiram club.

Syracuse Girl to Live in Brooklyn



ESTHER AUBURN, above, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour J. Auburn, 1224 Bellevue Avenue, will leave with her mother and brothers, Richard and Lester Auburn, for Brooklyn to join Mr. Auburn and Seymour Auburn, oldest son in the family. The Auburn family will live at Route Place, Brooklyn. Esther Auburn is a member of the class of 1935 of Vassar College.

Diploma and Bridesmaid's Bouquet



MISS MARIE-LOUISE CHASE, above, home from Miss Madeira's School, Washington, where she was graduated, will be among the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Rozelia Dey and Robert P. McClure on Saturday. Miss Chase is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Chase of Highbridge Road.

"Pirates of Venus"

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER XXXVI

This time Duare, that at last she was going to talk to me revealed a new Duare, one in the presence of whom it was going to be most difficult to maintain an austere platonism; yet I continued to steel myself to the carrying out of my resolve.

"Why do you not talk to me?" she demanded when I made no immediate comment on her confession.

"I do not know what to talk about," I admitted, "unless I talk about the one thing that is uppermost in my mind."

She was silent for a moment, her brows knit in thought, and then she asked with seeming innocence, "What is that?"

"Love," I said, looking into her eyes.

Her lids drooped and her lips trembled. "No!" she exclaimed, "we must not talk of that; it is wrong; it is wicked."

"I have wicked on Amter?" I asked.

"No, no! I do not mean that," she hastened to deny, "but it is wrong to speak to me of love until after I am 20."

"May I then, Duare?" I asked.

She shook her head. A little sadly I thought, "No, not even then," she asserted. "You may never speak to me of love, without my consent. I have without sinning, for I am the daughter of a king."

"Perhaps I would be safer were we not to talk at all," I said glumly.

"Oh, yes, let us talk," she begged. "Tell me about the strange world you first stepped to some form."

"To answer her, I did as she requested, and walking beside her I recounted her with my eyes until at last we came to the ocean. Far out I saw the Sofal, and now came the necessity of devising a scheme by which we might signal her.

On either side of the canyon, through which the river emptied into the ocean, were lofty cliffs. That on the west side, and nearer us, was the higher, and to this I made my way, accompanied by Duare and the ankan. The ascent was steep, and most of the way I found it, or made it, necessary to assist Duare, so that when I had my arm about her as I half carried her upward.

At first I feared that she might object to this close contact; but she did not, and in some places where it was quite level and she needed no help, though I still kept my arm about her, she did not draw away from me to resent the familiarity.

As the summit of the cliff I finally reached, I was positive that it would be seen above the Sofal, but whether it would be correctly interpreted, I could not know.

A high sea was still running that would have precluded the landing of a small boat, but we had the ankan, and if the Sofal were to draw in more closely to shore, he could easily transport us to her deck, one at a time. However, I intended to wait

Duare in the attempt while the ship was at its present considerable distance from shore, as what wind there was would have been directly in the face of the ankan.

From the summit of this cliff we could overlook the cliff on the east side of the canyon, and presently the ankan called my attention to something in that direction. "Men are coming," he said.

I saw them immediately, but they were still too far away for me to be able to identify them, though even at a distance I was sure that they were not of the same race as the Sofal, which had attacked Duare and the kangan.

Now indeed it became imperative that we attract the attention of the Sofal immediately, and to that end I built two more fires at intervals from the first, so that it might be obvious to anyone aboard the ship that this was in fact a signal rather than an accidental fire or a camp fire.

Whether or not the Sofal had seen our light, it was evident that the party of men approaching must have, and I could not but believe that, attracted by it, they were coming to investigate. Constantly they were drawing nearer, and as the minutes passed we saw that they were armed men of the same race as the Vepanians.

They were still some distance away when we saw the Sofal change her course and point her bow toward the shore. Our signal had been seen and our comrades are coming to investigate; but would I be in time? For us it was a thrill. The wind had sprung up a fit and the sea was rising once more. I asked the ankan if he could be at the rate, for I had determined to send Duare off at once if I received a favorable reply.

"I could alone," he said, "but I doubt that I could if I were carrying a load."

We watched the Sofal plunging and wallowing in the rising sea as it leaped steadily closer, and we watched the men drawing near with equal certainty. There was no doubt in my mind as to which would reach us first, my only hope now was that the Sofal could lessen the distance in the meantime sufficiently so that it would be safe for the ankan to attempt to carry Duare to her.

Now the men had reached the summit of the cliff on the opposite side of the canyon, and here they halted and observed us while carrying a discussion of some nature.

"Vitor is with them!" exclaimed Duare suddenly.

"And Mowko," I added, "I see them both now."

"What shall we do?" cried Duare. "Oh, they must not get me again!" "They shall not," I promised her.

"Down the canyon side they came now. We watched them swim the river and cross to the foot of the cliff where we were standing.

We watched the Sofal creeping slowly shoreward. I went to the edge of the cliff and looked down upon the ascending men. They were half way up now. Then I returned to Duare and the ankan.

"The sea will be longer," I said,

stant. The enemy, if such it were, must by now be almost to the summit of the cliff, in a moment they would be upon us, and even as the thought touched my mind, I saw the first of them running toward us.

"Take her!" I cried to the ankan. "There is no time to waste now."

He reached for her, but she attempted to slide him, and then I caught her, and as I touched her, all my good resolutions were swept away, as I felt her in my arms, I pressed her to me for an instant; I kissed her, and then I gave her over to the bird-men.

"Hurry!" I cried. "This come!" "Showing his powerful wings he rose from the ground, while Duare proceeded her hands toward me. "Do not send me away from you, Carmen! Do not send me away! I love you!"

But it was too late; I would not have called her back could I have done so, for the armed men were upon me.

Thus I went into captivity in the hand of Noobol, an adventure that is no part of this story; but I went with the knowledge that the woman I loved, loved me, and I was happy.

THE END

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Emma G. Perkins Will Present Piano Pupils June 20 at 8

A piano recital will be given by pupils of Miss Emma G. Perkins Thursday night at 8 o'clock at 273 Genesee Park Drive. The program:

Happy Farmer Schumann
Ghost Story A Study
Holiday Kanyler
Betrothal Ceremony Weissmeyer
Sur Le Glacier Crawford
Barbara Kyle
Spring Song Mendelssohn
Innocent Franks Brett
Butterfly Nancy Aibel
Solfezzo Lucia Warwick
Narcissus Doris Kelly
Fliatterer Richard Kyle
Study Charmacoe
Minuet Paderewski
Gavotte Gluck-Brhams
To a Water-Lily McDowell
Jimmy Warwick

Organized Interests

Members of Circle D of the Rector's Aid Society of All-Saints Episcopal Church had a picnic on Monday at the summer home of Mrs. Walter Hardacre, Otisco Lake.

Those present: Mrs. Henry Tennant, Mrs. Frank Fisher, Mrs. Alexander McDonough, Mrs. George Hill, Mrs. Arthur Nicholson, Mrs. H. B. Tremble, Mrs. William Brennan, Mrs. Mabel Brinkerhoff, Mrs. William Hillery, Mrs. George Cady, Mrs. Earl Holcomb and Mrs. William J. Lewis.

Root Relief Corps 20 will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Larned Building. Memorial services will be conducted during the meeting for deceased members. Mrs. Nellie Yenkel will preside.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Spiritual Science Church will have a social at the home of Mrs. Richard Sage, 651 Madison Street, Friday night.

The Scott Brotherhood Class of the Woodlawn Methodist Episcopal Church will serve a fish fry supper in the church parlors Friday from 5:30 to 8 o'clock.

The young women of the Asbury M. E. Church will conduct a lawn social at the home of Mrs. Louise Sidman, corner of Center and Second Streets, Solway, Friday night. The Boys Band will play ice cream and homemade cake will be served.

The Helping Hand Society of Eastwood will meet Thursday night at the home of Mrs. Vernie Hartman, 528 South Miller Avenue. This will be the last meeting until fall.

The Women's Missionary Society of St. Pauls Lutheran Church will conduct its last meeting of the season Thursday night at the Parish House. Business sessions will be resumed in September.

The Women's Society of Rockefeller Church will serve supper in the church parlors Thursday from 6 to 8 o'clock. Mrs. Harold Cross is chairman of the committee in charge.

U. S. Daughters of 1812 Have Luncheon



MRS. BENNETT L. WILSON, LEFT, OF BUFFALO, first vice-president of the New York State, U. S. Daughters of 1812, with Mrs. Charles A. Lux of Syracuse, third vice-president national. The occasion is a luncheon program of Onondaga Chapter at the Green Gate.



MRS. W. J. DAVISON, left, is president of the hostess chapter. At the right is Miss Minnie B. Wade, New York State Daughters.

June Bride at St. Pauls, Liverpool



MRS. FRANK A. HOAR, 240 Kensington Place, Syracuse, before her recent marriage at St. Pauls Lutheran Church, Liverpool, was Miss Wilda R. Bailey of Liverpool.

Brother, Sister in Moyer Home Have Birthday Party

Mrs. Wendell Moyer entertains Wednesday afternoon at her home, 320 Wellisle Road, for her children, Shirley Ann Moyer, who celebrates her sixth birthday, and Wendell Moyer, Jr., who will be four years old next Wednesday.

The guests include Sally Fairbanks, Joyce Nicoll, Shirley Rich, Barbara Almer, J. Dorothy Stone, Leone Cornell, Barbara Eager, Leatrice Johnson, Suzanne Auer, Nancy Auer, Brent Wood, Edward Eager, Edward Curtin, Richard Roberts, William Entwistle, Jr., and James Entwistle.

Going and Coming

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Leslie Smith of Auburn, Me., are the guests of Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Borgeson of Teal Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clarence Lewis of San Francisco, formerly residents of Syracuse, have been spending a few days as guests of Mr. Lewis' sister, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, 737 Allen Street.

ANNUAL PICNIC

The Ladies Aid Society of the Onondaga Valley Presbyterian Church will have its annual picnic at the summer home of Mrs. Willard Seymour on Tully Lake on Thursday. Members and friends are invited to a covered dish luncheon. Each should bring table service. Transportation is in charge of Mrs. Bert Wilbur. The company will meet at Wright's Valley Drug store at 11 A.M.

Syracuse's Newest Beauty Salon

Ado and Ginette, "The French Hairdresser," formerly of Utica, is now operating his fine, new salon at 120 E. Salina St. (4th floor of Putzger's). Here you may have the benefit of 32 years of experience as a beauty specialist.

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