

## Chinese Train Here to Crack Japs

Chinese air students are now given the same flight training that is given to American aviation cadets, at Phoenix, Ariz. The only phase of training which differs from the 35-week American course is the instruction in military drill. Upon completion of their course, the fliers will be commissioned as lieutenants in the Chinese air forces and assigned to service in the Far East. Special Chinese officers have been assigned to accompany the students.



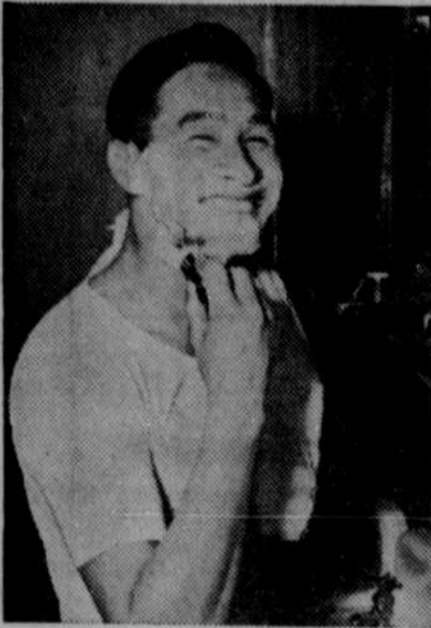
Picture Parade



In photo at top a group of Chinese cadets are singing the Chinese national anthem which is being recorded so it may be played in China. In the center of the group is Major C. J. Kanaga, U. S. A., and Capt. Tseng Ching Lan. In the bottom picture the Chinese cadets are flying in formation.



Chinese cadets wearing full equipment march to their training planes.



This Chinese cadet, Chou Li Sung, lathers his face as he prepares to shave.



Chanz Ya Kan is shown in the link trainer. He has an exceptional aptitude for flying.



CHOW . . . a la mode. These good-looking Chinese cadets take time out for a little gathering at the festive board with wives and sweethearts. (U. S. Army Signal Corps photos).



## Anniversary Party

By STANLEY CORDELL  
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

WHEN you stopped to analyze the situation, you really couldn't blame Elisabeth McCall for entering into the social whirl of Havens so wholeheartedly after she and Alden had returned from a six-weeks' honeymoon. Before marrying Alden, Elisabeth hadn't had the opportunity to become a society hostess. Parties and dances and theaters and all that sort of thing was what she had longed for but never had been able to have.

But Alden had money and position. And because Elisabeth was so bright and possessed such a charming personality, it didn't take her long to acquire the rudiments necessary to become a social hostess.

She had the good sense to go about the thing with not too much of a rush. At first she was content to attend bridge parties and give teas; in short, to learn all there was to learn about such things.

Gradually she acquired poise and personality and ease. She became a figure in social circles. The par-



"I think a husband has a right to at least an hour or two of his wife's time once a day."

ties she gave became more frequent and more largely attended.

By the end of three months, Elisabeth felt she could cut loose and do some real entertaining. And she did. First, there was a dinner for Rance Hanlon, the celebrated author, who was spending a few days in town. And then there was a party in honor of Hilary Eysen, the brilliant young architect, who, at the moment was working on plans for the new community house. These were followed by more dinners and parties. The days and weeks became one round of gay social functions.

Elisabeth reveled in it. She loved it. She felt that she could never have enough. And it never occurred to her that she might overdo, that there is a limit to such things.

At first Alden didn't seem to mind. It amused him immensely to see his charming young wife so gay and happy, so active in Havens' social circles. But as the parties and dinners became more frequent—in fact, began to overlap one another—Alden was moved to offer a suggestion or two.

"I hardly see you at all, Elisabeth," he remarked, striving not to be too severe. "You're out all the time, or there's someone in. I'd like to be alone with you once in a while."

Elisabeth smiled and ruffled his hair. "Oh, but I'm so happy, Alden, dear. Besides, it can't last much longer. I'm sure to tire of it all sooner or later."

But Alden wasn't so sure. He went on gently: First it's a dinner for Hanlon, then a party for Eysen. These chaps are all right in their way. But, after all, you're married to me."

"Not jealous, are you, Alden?" "Not the way most men get jealous. Not jealous of your affections. But decidedly jealous of your attentions. I think a husband has a right to at least an hour or two of his wife's time once a day."

Alden was frowning a little as he spoke, as though his thoughts were not entirely on the matter under discussion. And because Elisabeth really loved her husband, she sensed that something was wrong and was eager to help.

"Something else is bothering you, Alden. I wish you'd tell what it is. I'd like to help."

Alden looked into his wife's eyes and saw something there that provoked an unburdening flow of speech. Things weren't going so well at the office. Ready cash wasn't so plentiful as it might be. And these parties cost a lot of money. If Elisabeth could only ease up for a while—

Elisabeth felt hurt and utterly selfish; hurt because Alden had waited until now to come to her with his trouble; selfish because she had been too busy with her social activities to perceive the change in him brought about by worry and concern.

She put her cheek against his and whispered things that made Alden feel 100 per cent better; made him feel almost like a brute for having

spoiled her fun. There'll be no more parties, Elisabeth told him, or theaters or dinners or anything. Nothing at all until things at the office picked up and there was no more worry.

But things at the office didn't pick up. They became worse. If Alden had been worried before, he was now seriously concerned. Moreover, the future didn't look very bright.

More than ever Alden wanted the comforting companionship of his wife. He needed her. And yet he was reluctant to bother her further with his troubles. He refrained from even hinting that things were growing worse instead of better. His finances were in no condition to urge Elisabeth to plunge once more into the hectic social whirl she loved.

So Alden remained silent, trying to convince himself that Elisabeth was happy, willing to go without the things she most desired. But through it all there was a burning suspicion that she was miserable and dissatisfied. This suspicion was realized when, one evening not long after their first conversation, Alden arrived home, tired and discouraged, to find Elisabeth awaiting him in a party dress. His spirits sank.

"Alden, darling, I've arranged for a dinner party tonight. You don't mind? It's really going to be quite an affair. We haven't had anything like it for some time."

Alden tried to smile and not look too disheartening. Inwardly, thoughts of a dinner party, with dozens of jabbering people around made him miserable. He had been looking forward to a quiet evening at home with Elisabeth. Those quiet evenings, it seemed, were all that was keeping him on his feet.

"All right, Elisabeth," he agreed. "It's all right, if you say so. I was hoping—but, never mind. We haven't had a party for quite a time. I suppose you deserve some reward."

"I knew you'd let me, darling. I knew you would. You've always been so nice about such things."

"Who's it for this time?" Alden asked. "Whom are you honoring tonight?"

There was a merry twinkle in Elisabeth's eyes as she put her arms about her husband's neck. "Tonight's dinner," she said, "is for the most wonderful man in all the world. And there's going to be no one present but him and his wife. Tonight we are honoring the marriage of Mr. Alden McCall!"

Alden's heart began to pound. He saw the dancing light in Elisabeth's eyes and could have cried for joy. She was thinking of him after all. She had known all along things were getting worse. And she wanted to help him, wanted to lessen the worry.

Alden saw it all in a flash. Then he took Elisabeth in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Already things were beginning to look brighter.

"Darling," said Alden, "you couldn't have thought of anything to make me happier."

"Darling," said Elisabeth, "I haven't been so happy since we were married, four months ago today. And I've got a bigger kick out of planning this party than any on record."

## Infants' Eyes Should Be Carefully Protected

For several weeks after birth the immature eyes of babies should be shaded carefully from strong light sources. Infants' eyes should not be unduly fatigued by hand and other maneuvers of neighbors and relatives to attract attention.

Mothers should not expose their young infants to dust in a room when cleaning the house, or to other conditions where irritant particles may lurk in the atmosphere.

Muscles of young eyes need time and practice before they can function easily, just as the muscles of the arms and legs require long exercise and development before they can carry on their work. For this reason objects should not be held too near the eyes of infants, otherwise the muscles of accommodation may be strained in attempting to focus closely.

For several weeks the eyes of most infants are of an indifferent grayish blue before taking on their permanent hue of pigmentation. Also, at first an infant sees everything in an indistinct monotone of gray. The ability to distinguish colors develops slowly.

### Excellent Use for Tears.

Nature has provided the eyes with an excellent antiseptic wash in the form of tears, and usually eyes of infants take care of themselves in respect to infections. However, there is one important exception. Thousands of children have been blinded from infections arising from social diseases in their parents. Sometimes a child is born with good eyes and not until several years later do evidences of the infection appear in the eyes, or elsewhere. Fortunately, a preventive against such infection of infants' eyes has been found by science in silver nitrate. Now laws of most states require doctors to drop a small amount of silver nitrate solution in the eyes of newly born infants. This practice has saved the eyes of countless children.

### Plumbing Fixtures

The merits of plumbing fixtures made of porcelain enamel applied on rigid, non-flexing cast iron have been proved in millions of homes. Today more plumbing fixtures of this material are made and sold than all other kinds combined.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

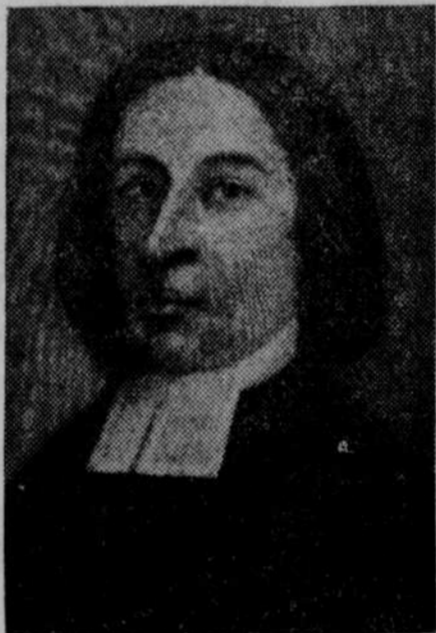
## A Pioneer Soil-Builder

AGRICULTURAL leaders who preach the gospel of soil improvement as a weapon for winning the war might profitably read some of the sermons delivered more than two centuries ago by Dr. Jared Eliot, farmer-minister-doctor of Killingsworth, Conn. The contributions of this pioneer soil scientist to the cause of conservation and improved farming methods are described in a brochure issued recently by the United States department of agriculture, entitled: "Early American Soil Conservationists."

Generations before the menace of soil erosion was generally understood, Eliot was devising methods of combating it. He conducted experiments with primitive fertilizers, advocated legumes as soil-building crops, recommended the better use of manures and invented improved farm implements.

Born in 1685, Eliot was the father of American agricultural literature. He early realized that the farming methods of his day meant ultimate disaster unless corrected.

"Year after year," says the brochure, "settlers grew the same kind of crops. . . . In the sections heavily populated before the Revolution, crops became poorer, until farmers abandoned much of the land. . . . Settlers acted as if vegetation was an enemy of man and removed it



DR. JARED ELIOT  
(Copy of portrait from Eliot's "Essay Upon Field Husbandry," courtesy Columbia University Press.)

ruthlessly with fire and ax. They pushed farther and farther west, burning and chopping as they went. What does it matter, they thought, if we wear out a field in a few years. No matter how much land we spoil, there will always be plenty more."

Riding horseback over the countryside, ministering to his parishioners and caring for the sick, Eliot observed the way other farmers tilled their land. At a time when practically nobody was interested in conserving the soil, he resolved to improve the crops and build up fast-declining fertility.

The results of his study and experimentation were embodied into a series of essays, the first of which was published in 1748. These essays were powerful sermons on the necessity of redeeming the soil's fertility.

The importance of such a crusade may be appreciated when it is considered that there were practically no books or bulletins available at the time. Unlike farmers of today, Colonial land-tillers could not turn for assistance and advice to the agronomists of state agricultural colleges or experiment stations. Commercial fertilizers, as we know them today, were not in existence. There were no departments of agriculture, no organized crop improvement experiments, no county agents, no soil conservation service.

In his soil-building program, Eliot recommended drainage wherever necessary. He realized that, as a result of erosion, heavy soils were concentrated in some places and sandy soils in others. So he considered the problem of restoring the original texture of the soil so that eroded lands might once again become productive. In addition to mixing soils of different textures, he also favored burning clay and peat together and using the ashes to enrich the soil. He recognized the value of limestone and shell sand and also subscribed to the principle of building fertility by means of plowing under legumes.

By constantly talking and writing about the importance of soil conservation up to the time of his death in 1763, Eliot began a movement that has grown until today practically everyone in America knows that the soil must be conserved.

An advocate of deep plowing, Eliot invented a drill which would open a furrow, plant seed and drop manure in a single operation. He obtained the co-operation of President Clap of Harvard college and of Benonal Hylliard, a village blacksmith, in designing the tool.

Eliot's essays preached that a prosperous agriculture is dependent upon good pastures. Thus many of the soil conservation measures he advocated were designed for pasture improvement. Besides manures and lime, he employed red clover, timothy and various wild grasses.

# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



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## Coming to Truth

The best way to come to truth (is) to examine things as really they are, and not to conclude they are, as we fancy of ourselves, or have been taught by others to imagine.—Locke.

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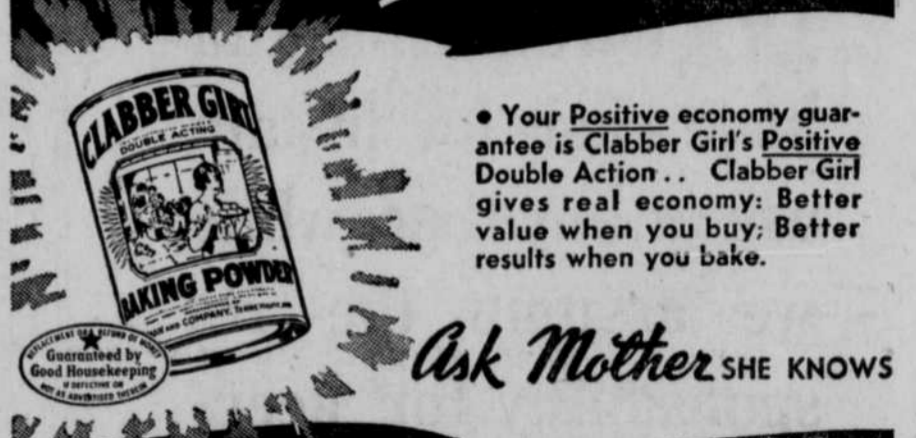
# Sunkist California Oranges

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### Hope With Life

All things, said an ancient saw, may be hoped for by a man as long as he lives.—Montaigne.

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## THE POWER OF THE PRESS

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