SUCH IS LIFE—The Rough Lil' Pup!

By CHARLES SUGHROE

Pursuit Planes for Army Given Official Approval

Success of Craft in Spain Convinces Officials.

San Diego, Calif.—Spain is a fiery laboratory in which modern military tactics—especially as regards aircraft—are being tested.

Army air corps officers stationed here have revealed that one of the first lessons learned from the Spanish revolution is the extreme value of pursuit planes.

"In the United States many strategists have been inclined for the last few years to discount the value of the pursuit type of fighting plane," one officer of the One Hundred Fifty-fourth observation squadron, who refused to permit his name to be used, told the United Press. "But the pursuit planes definitely have come into their own in Spain."

Reports on Air Strategy.

Officers stationed here said for months the War department has been compiling confidential reports evaluating certain types of strategy used by both insurgents and loyalists.

Among the findings based on those reports were said to be several of a startling nature insofar as aircraft is concerned.

It was said the Spanish war also has given military officials a chance to observe the performance of fighting aircraft designed and built by the great powers of the world, and to compare the efficiency of design, armament and speed with similar American craft.

The tiny, darting pursuit planes have demonstrated, in the Spanish civil war, time and time again, it was said, their ability to overcome the heavier, but potent bombing craft.

Carrying small sized bombs and machine guns the little ships are able to perform deceptive maneuvers around the more cumbersome "flying fortresses" and evade the heavier armament while disabling the larger craft with sprays of machine-gun fire and the small bombs.

Then, too, it was pointed out, the pursuit planes are particularly valuable in harassing concentrations of troops on the ground by demoralizing them with machine-gun fire.

Army Orders Fast Ships.

Army officers here said the lessons of the Spanish war already are being put to use in this country, with the army having placed orders for what were described here as the "fastest pursuit planes in the world."

Eighty-five of these little fighters already are under construction at the Seversky Aircraft corporation in the East, it was said.

Then, too, the army, according to officers here, has developed what is known in military circles as the XFM-1. This plane, the officers say, is capable of "overhauling any air target thus far constructed."

This new XFM-1 carries a crew of five men. Is operated by pusher rather than tractor propellors—a decided innovation in modern fighting planes. This plane, the top speed of which is a secret, is capable of fighting at an altitude of 30,000 feet or more. At least five, and possibly more, heavy-caliber machine-guns are mounted on this craft, it is said.

JOHNNY GOODMAN

Johnny Goodman of Omaha won the amateur golf championship at Portland, Ore., defeating Ray Billows of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 2 up.

My Neighbor Says:

To remove the odor of fish from a frying pan, fill pan with water, add a little vinegar and let water come to a boil.

* * *

Cake should be cold before boiling icing is put on. Uncooked icing may be spread on either a slightly warm or cold cake.

* * *

Before putting away screens for the winter, dust and paint. Paint will be thoroughly dried before screens are to be put in again.

* * *

One tablespoon of orange juice and one teaspoon of chopped Maraschino cherries added to boiled salad dressing makes a delicious dressing for fruit salads.

* * *

When groceries have been removed from paper bags, fold the bags neatly, place them inside a long-handled broiler and hang it on the wall in your pantry.

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

In an address at Middletown, Conn., Woodrow Wilson said, "It is a strenuous thing this, of living the life of a free people; and we cannot escape the burden of our inheritance." Our forefathers sacrificed life and material possessions for the preservation of our liberty, which is secure only in times of peace. To preserve peace is perhaps our most sacred obligation. It is for us to emphasize the grave importance of our fathers' vision of peace, remembering that without a vision the people perish. What is that vision?

We have had many panaceas offered for permanent peace, nationally and internationally, but all have failed. We thought that the last great war was fought to end wars and make the world safe for democracy. A cursory review of European conditions and those in the Orient today clearly convinces us that we have failed hopelessly. We have tried protocols, peace courts, signed agreements, and used many other devices which were scrapped in the hour of crisis. The world lacks confidence. Nations grow in accord with national spirit, and when that national spirit lacks confidence in the word and deeds of other nations, all is distrust and confusion.

To the vision of peace bequeathed to us by our fathers we must add a sincere element of loyalty to the sacredness of personality in every nation. Tyranny belongs not to one tyrant but to an anonymous mass of humanity we fail to identify as human personalities. In other words no man will respect the body of a man unless he believes that the body is the temple of an eternal spirit. We may cry, "Peace, peace," from now until the end of time, but wars will not cease until men everywhere acknowledge the eternal soul which has its abode in the body. We may handle tangible things roughly: but not intangible things.

We owe an international responsibility to the sacredness of personality. We need not "write our wills across the sky in stars" to earn our freedom from the curse of war, but we must leave the Christian principle: "I am my brother's keeper" deep in the heart of the world.

Mary Pickford wrote a little book—"Why Not Try God?" The writer never read the book, but the title suggests the question—Why not try the Prince of Peace? Why not try the life-power of the Prince of Peace who brought light to life? It was of Him the last of the Roman emperors to persecute the Christians cried, when dying: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" We would have international peace if men everywhere tried to understand and use these words of the Galilean: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"Unless we realize the supremacy of spiritual forces, the pallbearers who have borne forth other dead civilizations wait at our door."

© Western Newspaper Union.

JAPS PICK RULER

Prince Teh, hereditary ruler of 2,500,000 descendants of Genghis Khan, will rule an independent Mongol state which Japan will establish as a "reward" for their support of the North China campaign. Prince Teh now heads the Japanese-dominated Chahar province. According to reports he led 20,000 Inner-Mongolian troops in co-operation with Nippon's soldiers in the victories at Nankow pass. The new state, according to authorities, would be called Mongokuo.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

GETTING ready for company usually means furniture moving. And that incurs a lot of remarks from the man of the family who is called upon to lend his strong arm.

Marietta J. got tired of getting ready for company herself. So when the question of remodeling came up, she talked her husband into building a guest house out in the garden; a very plain little room with a bath, but private and comfortable and completely equipped for a guest to move in and settle down without tearing the family asunder.

They spent a minimum on the guest house in the first place and expenditures for furniture had to be even less than minimum. Marietta's husband sealed up the inside himself with knotty pine boards which they finished with thin shellac. A maple chest and mirror and a maple spool bed were hand-me-downs but they did perfectly. Then they bought a little maple rocker, a small bedside table and a plain green summer rug. Marietta had some striped material—a ticking weave material with a wide brown stripe in it alternating with very narrow stripes in beige, orange and green. This she used for curtains made on rings to slide back and forth and take the place of both window shades and curtains. For the bedspread, she got unbleached domestic and dyed it orange. The same thing made a slip cover for a small settee that had been discarded from the front of the house but seemed a very pleasant place to sit here and added a lot of comfort to this small room. A built-in bookcase painted green held guest oddments and new magazines, good books and smoking things. A built-in closet was made to resemble a peasant cupboard with doors painted in bright designs of green, orange and brown against the thinly shellacked pine.

Getting Ready for Company Usually Means Furniture Moving.

* * *

All in a Heap.

We found Anna in tears the other morning when we stopped by to see her. All because her roast burned and the laundry man came and the phone rang and the sink got stopped up and the baby cut his finger—all at practically the same minute. Anna sailed through these emergencies on high but when all the ends were tucked in and life was tranquil again, she had to take time out for a tear or two. Which is all right. It gets things out of a lady's system and girds her for struggles to come.

But right in the midst of her weep, Anna looked up suddenly, "That reminds me, I wanted you to help me plan how to do over my kitchen."

If there's anything that brings a lady out of the dumps, it's planning some doing-over about the house.

Anna's ideas about her kitchen were excellent, we thought. To begin with, she had the usual white sink, refrigerator and stove, and her linoleum was in several shades of gray. And she wanted something different and cool in her redecorations. Here is what she had in mind and we approved! A bright grass green paint for table and chairs and the insides of the cupboards, white for walls, woodwork and outsides of the cupboards, green for ceiling, green and white checked gingham for curtains and chair seats, white and green kitchen pottery.

We wouldn't mind dish washing in a kitchen like that! And we think it sounds nice enough to get anybody out of the dumps.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

EVENING FROCK

The vogue for the short evening frock of the "ballerina" type with full, swinging skirt is shown in this creation of metallic-printed celanese taffeta and sheer ninon for the blouse and bolero. The red of the blouse and bolero matches the background color of the print.

Arrows From Yew Trees

Near Petworth, in Sussex, there survive yew trees from which arrows were made for the English bowmen in the French wars of the Fourteenth century. From this district 6,000 arrows went for that purpose in 1338.

Wanted— A Grandpa

By RAYNE WOODBURY

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

SHORT SHORT STORY

NANCY THORNE left the State road at the turn and gave the old truck all the gas it would take, for it was an uphill climb all the way home now, over a rough dirt road well strewn with projecting boulders.

The cold September night had brought a drizzling rain with it, and Nancy's thoughts were as dismal as the night; dismal in spite of thirty dollars tucked in a little wad in her jacket pocket, and the store of provisions that lay under a protective oilcloth in the back of the truck, together with the extra treat for the children—a cake of milk chocolate for each, a drawing pad that Nonnie had asked for wistfully, "when there's money enough, mother-r"; for Dick a miniature taxi, whose brave red color gave lie to the fact that it had cost but ten cents; a cuddly baby doll for Elsie, whose family of battered dolls were so dear to her three-year-old heart.

She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she nearly ran over something ahead of her in the road. Her brakes jammed with unmerciful haste and she jumped out to investigate. Her lights showed the huddled figure of a little old man in the blue suit of a Union soldier, asleep in the rain. Nancy shook him.

"You'll catch your death of cold here. Where are you going?"

Faded blue eyes peered sadly up at her from under mist, laden eyebrows.

"No place, ma'am."

"But where's your home?"

"Got no home, ma'am."

"Oh, nonsense," scolded Nancy. Her hand touched his forehead and found it unnaturally hot. "Get in beside me, here. I'll put you up for the night." She half shoved him into the spare seat and banged the door.

"Here we are," said Nancy, and genuine kindliness rang in her voice as she helped the tottering old figure down. "You stop the night here."

But she was not wholly right. Before morning a high fever had developed and for three nights she stood faithful watch over her unwanted guest, lest the little spark of life be extinguished forever. When the fight was over there was no need to ask him who he was and where he was going. In his delirium he had poured out his pitiful story: How, after he had deeded his home and savings to his married daughter, she had made him see too plainly that the proper thing for him to do was to die. Unwanted. Nancy marveled that with his feeble strength he had been able to wander so far.

It was an irony of fate, she mused, that he had been delivered into her hands. Maybe the Lord had sent him to take the place of Dick, the elder, whom she had married in spite of everybody's protests, and with whom she had gone into the hills of New England to overcome his lung weakness. Dick had been gassed in the World war. Peculiarly enough, it hadn't been his lungs, but his heart, that had taken him a year ago.

Casually she laid her plans before the old soldier the first day he sat up.

"If you want to stay with us," she smiled, "I guess we can find plenty for you to do. Harvesting time's coming on and I'll be busy. I won't have much time for indoors, and there should be someone indoors to keep an eye on the children. In fact," she lied (but the old soldier never suspected the lie), "I was thinking of advertising for a grandpa just like you."

In the rush of work that followed for the next few weeks, hard, body-wrenching work that left her fatigued beyond belief at the end of the long days, Nancy was conscious of one outstanding thing, the children loved "grandpa."

Dollars accumulated slowly but surely in the bank. She had wrested from the land the interest money and a little on the principal of the mortgage. After this was paid there would be but little left for the bare winter months, but Nancy was undaunted.

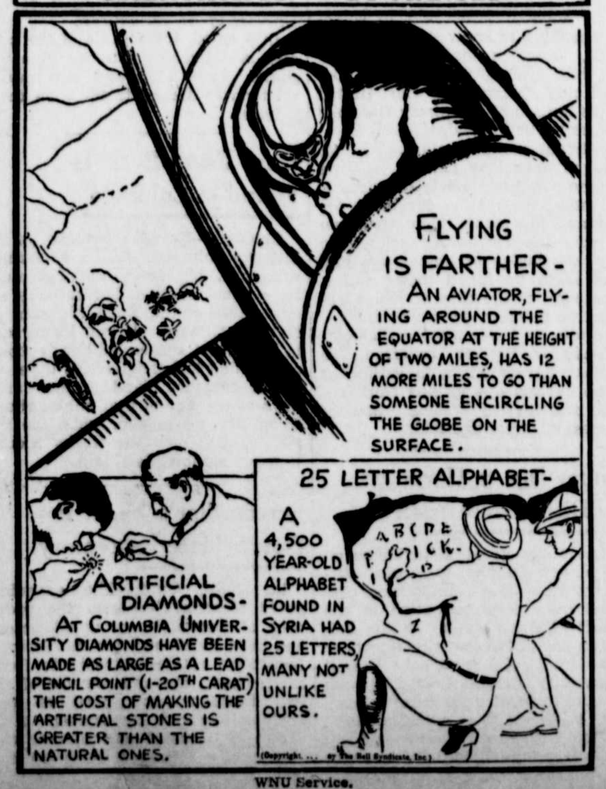
One night in early December she finished up her chores and dashed into the bright, warm kitchen. Nonnie and Dick were busy with their school books at the table, and Elsie was rapturously putting her babies to bed. Grandpa had just accepted a fat cigar from a stranger who sat beside him, his feet propped familiarly on the kitchen stove. He arose as she came in and she recognized him. It was Bestwick, who held the mortgage on the place. She started hurriedly for her check book and pen.

"Well, Mrs. Thorne," Bestwick said, and she could hardly believe her ears, "we're square now. Any other time you want to do business, I'll be happy to. I've given your grandpa the cancelled mortgage."

"Yep," grinned grandpa making a twisted taper of the paper he held in his hand, "I had some back pension money I didn't know what to do with, Nancy. And I figger the best use I can make o' this here paper is to light my seegar with it."

AMAZE A MINUTE

SCIENTIFACTS ~ BY ARNOLD



WNU Service.

Bull Gives French Crowd Big Laugh.

A bull gives the crowd a laugh at a bullfight at Saintes-Maries-de-la Mer, La Camargue, France, as he chases the razeteer over the barricade. The traditional Spanish sport is being carried on in parts of France while Spain is engaged in civil war.