

















"The Man From the West" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, somewhere in these United States there's a big, soft voiced Texas cowboy, and if you know anybody like that, tell him that Winifred McEvoy is looking for him.

No-don't get me wrong now. Winifred isn't looking for that guy to collect a bill, or to bawl him out for that tough cut of Texas beef she got from the butcher shop last week. She wants to thank that scher for a little favor he did her once—a little favor that she will never forget as long as she lives.

And back of that favor lies a story—an adventure story of the first water.

This yarn goes back to 1924, when Winifred, with her husband and her three-year-old baby boy, was living in England. At that time, a bunch of American cowboys were staging a rodeo at the Crystal Palace in London, and they had the whole doggone conservative town talking about the capers they cut up and the monkeyshining they did, at hours when the show was all over and they were supposed to be in bed for the night.

Those cowpunchers rode down the busiest streets in London, on horseback, at full gallop, letting out "yips" and "whoopees" until the Londoners' ears rang. They lassed the hats off of London cops, and dropped their lariats on the necks of London gentlemen, wrinkling their immaculate collars, and discomposing them most horribly, bah Jove! Winifred McEvoy thought they were a bunch of roughnecks-and so they were. I mean, it takes a roughneck to reason with a regiment of cows. Few college professors have ever made a success

Cowboys Were Wild and Fearful Creatures to Her.

Winifred never expected to meet one of these cowboys face to face. If one of them had come up and rung her front door bell, she'd have run screaming for the police. That's how scared she was of those wild and woolly westerners. But one day she did meet one-and she has never had any cause to regret it.

Now it so happened that the whole McEvoy family were pretty keen on aviation. Winifred's husband had been an officer in the Royal Air Force and had flown a sky buggy all through the World war. And after this thing I'm going to teil you about had happened, he said that he'd often been scared during the war, but he'd never run across anything in the line of fright like the terror he felt just a second or two before that big Texas cowboy went into action.

There was a big aeronautical exhibition staged at Hendon, in July, 1924, and

the McEvoys went up to see it. At that time, Hendon was just a big field, with no modern facilities for safeguarding the crowds that came to see the exhibition. Nothing but a rope separated the spectators from the field, and Winifred and her husband were standing at that rope, well up in the front of the

Interestin' Doin's Take Their Minds From Baby.

They had their little boy with them, too-Winifred's husband was holding him in his arms. The little fellow didn't like that very much, though. He kep



"I Saw a Rope Settle Down Around That Baby Form."

saying: "Want to sit down," and after a while, Winifred's husband set him on the ground between him and his wife. Then he became absorbed in the exhibition again.

Winifred was absorbed in that exhibition, too. She, herself, had been attached to a flying unit during the war, and she was as interested in aviation as her husband. Planes were zooming and stunting all over the field, landing and taking off so fast you could hardly keep count of them. And the next thing Winifred knew, she looked down to where her baby should have been-where she could have sworn he was-and -he just wasn't there.

Frightened, Whilfred cast a quick glance out across the field. And there she saw something that fairly made her heart stop beating. A plane had just landed and was taxing to a stop fifteen or twenty feet away from the ropes behind which she was standing. And toddling across the field right into the path of the plane was-her little boy.

Youngster Wanders Into Jaws of Sudden Death.

Says Winifred: "I was terrified. In one horrible second, I could see that tiny, beloved figure cut to pieces by the whirling propeller blades. I knew I couldn't get to my baby in time to do any good-and the roar of the plane would prevent even my voice from reaching him.

"Crying my husband's name, I attempted to clamber under the ropes, when I heard a quietly compelling voice that even reached my

and then I saw something happen that I didn't think possible.

"I felt a jerking movement beside me, heard a swishing sound and saw a rope settle down around that baby form. In a fraction of a second, he was niled to the ground and dragged to safety, out from under the whirling blades

A Life-Line Floats in From Heaven.

"It all happened so swiftly that the crow (who were craning their necks at a particularly daring exhibition up above) didn't realize what had occurred. As I reached for my baby, the rope was deftly flicked from around his body. He was slightly disheveled, but quite unhurt. And by the time my husband and I realized that we really had a son, our cowboy friend was gone.

"I had a hazy recollection of a very large Stetson, strong hands on a rope, and a wonderful voice—but we were never able to find our baby's rescuer. I hope—if this story is every published—that that quiet voiced man will see it, and I know that he has the constant prayers and gratitude of a widowed mother, who has now only the

So, boys and girls, if you run across that Texas cowpuncher, just give him that message from Winifred.

C-WNU Service

Michigan Jack Pine Does

Not Mature for 80 Years Considerable has been said in the past regarding the large amount of mature jack pine that may be found on state-owned lands, particularly in state forests. Most of these reports emanate from those who would like to see this timber harvested for commercial purposes, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News.

A careful check of the state holdings would reveal that there is very little, if any, so-called mature jack pine on these holdings. What undoubtedly is meant is the merchantable jack pine. Under the most favorable growing conditions jack pine matures in Michigan at about eighty to ninety years of age. It is conceded, however, that before this period much of this forest growth becomes merchantable for pulpwood, box wood railroad ties and the like

but it is by no means mature. Even after reaching maturity, if fire and disease are eliminated from these stands the trees may persist for many years longer without showing signs of deteriorating.

Reforestation in Michigan did not begin until 1904, and even the oldest of our jack pine plantations are far from being mature today. It is quite true that some of the land which re-verted to the state did contain a fair stand of natural jack pine which is approaching close to maturity, but-there is so little of this that the state would be unwarranted in attempting to harvest it.

The jack pine tree of northern Michigan, while not as valuable commercially as other species of pines, or hardwood, has gone far in covering the lumbering and fire scars of the past generation and has a distinct rec-

Universe Is Pouring Out Its

Wealth to Lover of Nature Daily the lover of nature gathers the fruits of seed sown in the beginning of the world. For him no season is dull, for each is successively absorbing. In spring he is entranced by the awakening of myriad forms of life; summer reveals the maturity of all creation; autumn brings the fulfilment of earlier promises; winter lulls life to sleep. with its assurance of the resurrection. All weathers are one: The rains of spring nourish all nature; the heats of summer mature and ripen its fruits; the frosts of winter give rest and peace; in all he rejoices. Each day is good. In the morning life awakens with him; through the noon it works; the peace and quiet of evening shed their bene-

diction upon him.

He knows no dull moment; he seeks not to hurry time. If he be delayed he may discover something never before seen by man and his impatience is forgotten. His youth is filled with the joys of discovery; in middle age the marvels about him hold his interest undimmed; he awaits old age with calmness, for he is one with the universe and is con-tent.—Edward A. Preble.

A man who paddles his own canoe soon wants a larger craft.

Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

> Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well - Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

He will tell you that before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

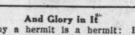
Scientists rate Bayer Aspiring

seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate Bayer Aspirin among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this.

You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store — simply by asking for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN. Make it a point to do this — and see that you get what you want.

Bayer Aspirin



Why a hermit is a hermit: Be-cause he can have his own way.



Here's a baking powder, tried, tested and used exclu-



Your : **Advertising Dollar**

Buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let Us Tell You More About It