

FLOYD GIBBONS

Adventurers' Club

Hello, Everybody!



"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 cowpuncher 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 "whoopies" until the Londoners' ears rang. They lassooed 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 of it.

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 tell 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 McEvoy's 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 crowd.

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,



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

though. He kept 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—well—he just wasn't there.

Frightened, Winifred 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 taxiing 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 hysterical understanding. The voice said: 'Don't get excited, Ma'am,' 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 pulled to the ground and dragged to safety, out from under the whirling blades of the propeller.

A Life-Line Floats in From Heaven.

"It all happened so swiftly that the crowd (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 unharmed. 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 ever 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 son he saved for her."

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

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Magpie, Handsome Bird, Is Native of Mountains

The body of the magpie is about the size of that of a crow black-bird, but the long tail adds eight to ten inches, so that the total length is from 15 to 20 inches. Its colors present a strong contrast. The head, neck, breast, back and thighs are deep black, the top of the head green-glossed; wings and tail glossy, with violet and other metallic reflections; shoulders of the wings and under parts pure white.

is a writer in the Montreal Herald, is seen everywhere from the Plains to the Pacific coast, from the borders of Mexico to northern Alaska, and it breeds wherever it lives, not being migratory, though wandering about in winter in small troops, which keep in the shelter of timber for the most part. Its original and proper place is in the mountains, where it makes its home in wooded valleys. As the Plains became more settled and cultivated it wandered farther and farther from the hills and some years ago began to be seen in Manitoba.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Newspapers Are Useful
A Leisure Class, Also
A Real American
Offense and Defense

The Supreme court says: "The free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To let it be fettered is to fetter ourselves." Certainly; the newspaper is to the nation what speech is to an individual, and it is to the crowd what a looking glass is to the individual. History will judge a people by its newspapers, its laws, its theaters, and it will have reason to criticize us.



Arthur Brisbane by its newspapers, its laws, its theaters, and it will have reason to criticize us.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, repeating what Aristotle said before him, said civilization needs a leisure class, and defined as the "leisure class" those that keep a hired girl. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, thoughtfully and wisely, improves that definition; a leisure class for her is made up of individuals that "have sufficient economic security and sufficient leisure to find opportunity for a variety of satisfactions in life."

Charles Fourier, French philosopher, said it long ago, and elaborately. Henry Ford said it well, advocating a short work week, with two days off, that men might have time to spend pleasantly the earnings of five days.

All that will come, and more. In the past men worked too hard, while paid and fed too little, and never dreamed of Mrs. Roosevelt's "varied satisfactions," while the prosperous, as a rule, concentrated too much on foolish satisfactions.

All that knew him learn with sorrow of the sudden death of Charles Curtis, former Vice President of the United States. He was an American, a real one, proud of the red Indian blood in his veins. As a boy he rode horse races well and honestly; as a man, he rode the political race fairly. As Vice President he was content with the position that the American people and Constitution gave him. He would have made a good and loyal President had destiny so willed it.

The newspaper heading, "Britain is redoubling her defense plans to offset Germany," should interest somebody in America. This country is not planning to "offset Germany," but it has all Europe, including Russia and all Asia, to think about in these flying days. We should perfect our "defense plans" and particularly our attack plans.

Senator Pittman of Nevada sees Japan shutting us out of China, "even at the risk of war"; says our business men "have been run out of Manchuria already." Japan might reply that her workmen have been run out of the United States. The map will comfort Senator Pittman. Gigantic Manchukuo, bigger than all of old Japan, leans up against Outer Mongolia and Soviet Russia. Japan will not invite trouble with those countries, and war with the United States would invite it.

If you wonder "where all the tax money goes," read this: "In six months the state of New York paid \$801,612 for official automobile expense." And that does not include automobiles for the department of mental hygiene. One official discharged his chauffeur, paid by taxpayers, accusing him of cheating the state out of \$2,000 in one year through dishonest gasoline and repair vouchers. That is almost "a business."

"Charlie" Schwab may be seventy years old, but he still "knows his way around." The government tried to get \$19,054,856 from Schwab's Bethlehem Steel company, alleging profiteering. Instead of giving the government \$19,000,000, the "special master," hearing evidence, says the government must pay \$5,006,154 to Schwab and Bethlehem Steel. No wonder Carnegie, who was Scotch, thought a good deal of Schwab.

Dr. G. A. Stevenson, "fellow" in the University college of Oxford, suggests to the London Times that the pax Romana ("Roman peace") of ancient times, when Rome ruled the world and would allow no fighting, should be followed now by a pax Britannica ("British peace"), England ruling the world, telling everybody what to do.

American Olympic athletes appearing on the field in Germany met with gloomy silence, contrasting with applause for European and Oriental Olympic squads. The Americans, who defeated Germany at hockey, score 1 to 0, will survive the silence.

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Ideas From Knit-Crochet Realm

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN is the psychological moment to "tend to your knitting"? Right now, between seasons. The peaceful aftermath of a maddening, whirling, swirling, dizzying, hectic holiday rush, the blissful, mid-season lull betwixt the lingering farewell of winter and the none-too-hurried advent of spring—"tis "opportunity knocking at the door" of eager knitters and crocheters.

Yes, indeed, it's full time to begin to purr one, knit one, chain-stitch here and chain-stitch there, if you would be having in readiness a collection of pretty wearables to enhance the forthcoming spring and summer wardrobe. If you are needing fresh ideas to whet your enthusiasm, the illustration offers several of the very newest in the realm of things knitted and crocheted.

A stunning blouse! We agree with you. What with its high rolled collar which chucks under the chin with unmistakable chic, its unique yoke, its novel bib front, and its crocheted-cord-edged short sleeves the ever-covered "something different" is achieved with emphasis. It is knitted of a very likable knitting-and-crochet cotton which comes in heavenly colors. Yes (reading the query on the tip of your tongue) the answer is in the affirmative, it washes to perfection.

Just what you'll be wanting—a frilled jabot to go gracefully cascading down the front of your dark daytime dresses. The one pictured is easy to make, easy to wear and a gladsome sight to appreciative

CHIC BIRD PRINT
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The new prints are a revelation in the way of original and most out-of-the-ordinary patternings. Imagine bars of music notes printed all over your first spring silk, or a design using postage stamp motif and there are any number of ideas that could be cited just as unique. There are the flying-bird prints as they are called, for example, such as pictured here. The bodice is of white silk matching the lining of the jacket.

SANDALS WITH SILK GOWNS FOR TRAVEL

Silk dresses in white, in pastels, or in gay prints are tops for luncheons, cocktails or for wear at special stop-offs on cruises—a fashion that definitely calls for sandals. Whether in white linen, white patent leather (a very smart and different note), or in white suede, the sandal shown in the photo has a place in every traveler's wardrobe. It is extremely graceful on the foot, fits beautifully and should be regarded as a "must" in cruise shoes.

For snooty shindigs, where the gala dress of black or white chiffon is correct, and for the more formal cruise occasions, a smart shoe store has created the "corsage" kid sandals in delicately flowered design.

Slender Effect Achieved
by Stem-Like Silhouette

A stemlike silhouette making mannequins look slim as a reed, mark the new fashions launched by Roger Worth, new president of the famous old dressmaking house of that name and great-grandson of its founder.

Both day frocks and coats are built on slender lines, their only variation being occasional big sleeves which balance the straight narrow skirt.

Black, violet, wine red and navy afternoon frocks of satin, crepe or faconne silk are generally designed with high necklines and finished with a variety of gold touches. Gold embroidery or gold tipped tassels marks belts, which are sometimes slightly lowered, while necklines are draped into gold metal loops or accented by a cluster of gold coins swinging from silk cords.

Hello to Love

By HAL G. VERMES
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WNU Service.

"WE SAIL in just ten minutes, sir," the steward said in reply to Lee's question.

Running down the gangway, Lee sprinted through the dimly lit cavernous interior of the pier, missing destruction by the speeding trucks piled high with baggage only through the prompt intervention of Providence. He rushed breathlessly to the waiting room and dashed into a telephone booth.

Fortunately he found a nickel at once. "Operator! Operator!" he cried. "Get me Starwell one-nine-three-five. And hurry!"

"Angel!" he shouted as soon as he heard a soft feminine "hello." "This is Lee. Can you forgive me, darling? I know I'm rushing you; but my boat sails in a few minutes and I can't miss it, as I've got to be at a conference in London on Friday. I've been a fool, Rhoda. But after that terrible misunderstanding we had two weeks ago I thought I never wanted to see you again. Oh, I love you, Rhoda. And dear, you must marry me. I know this a devil of a way to make a proposal, but it can't be helped. I've got to know before I sail for I'm not coming back, you know."

Stopping only for a short sharp breath, he went on, yelling into the telephone in his excitement: "Please do this, dear. Catch the Greyhound which sails in five days and get to Southampton on the sixteenth. I'll meet you there. Everything will be arranged and we can get married immediately. Oh, you must say, yes. Because we love each other. You know we do!"

It wasn't until then that his listener was able to squeeze in a word. When she spoke her voice was prim and precise. "What number are you calling?" she asked.

"Isn't this Rhoda?" Lee shouted.

"Rhoda Perry?"

"I'm really very sorry," the voice replied. "But it is not. Evidently you have—"

But at a deep bass warning from the ship's whistle, Lee dropped the telephone receiver and ran wildly back up the now deserted pier. He jumped for the gangway, which was being lifted into the air.

"Good-by to love!" Lee said the words aloud in the teeth of the wind as he paced the shadows of the observation bridge and scowled at the shore lights.

The heels of another passenger clicking across the deck invaded his thoughts. What was a girl doing up here? Staring intently inland, she looked as lonesome as he felt. Perhaps she, too, had left some one behind. Wanting to share his sorrow, Lee took advantage of the informal camaraderie which prevails on board ship. "May I offer you a cigarette?" he said, taking out a case and snapping it open.

But it was as if he hadn't spoken. "Oh, I say now," he protested, waving a nonchalant hand at the cold shoulder which held him off, "there's no use brooding. After all, life—as the Americans say—is just a bowl of berries, and all that sort of thing."

It was then that she replied, confirming his wild guess and dashing his hopes with the same words. "Please do not speak to me," she said, without turning.

"It is you!" he exclaimed. "Rhoda—darling, this means that you do love me!"

"No," she said firmly.

"Then why are you here?"

"I must insist that you do not speak to me again. Because—"

And then without warning she whirled about so quickly that he had barely time to lift his arms and catch her.

"Darling!" she cried. "Hold me tight!"

Lee promptly did as he was told. As she rested her head against his breast and sobbed he wondered at what curious creatures women are. A man never knew where he stood, he thought. Though matters seemed to have ended quite well for him—quite. Still, he would very much like to know how it all came about.

"Won't you explain, dear?" he said. "So that I can be sure I shan't ever have to let you go?"

Let Princes Rule the World, While We Mend Ourselves

If you were one of the people who forgot to register, or if you are worried because you don't know about the debts and the Polish Corridor this extract from the Golden Book Magazine will ease your mind: In short, it is left only to princes to mend the world, whose commands find general obedience, and examples imitation. For all other men, they must take it as they find it; and good men enter into commerce with it, rather upon cautions of not being spoiled themselves, than upon hopes of mending the world. The bent of my thoughts shall be rather to mend myself than the world, which I reckon upon leaving much what I found it.—Sir William Temple.

Yet We Go to War
Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—Cicero.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES; HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND... SHE EATS WHAT SHE DARN WELL PLEASURES!

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to dredge their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you resolve too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.



There We Differ
Men are "created equal" in rights; not in ability or opportunity.



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