

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Rogers smiled faintly. "Of course I do! The little key was money. I think you've got a great idea, Brandon," he went on. "How much do you care to stake that you can beat me?"

"Beat you?" repeated Frances. "Austin, are you going to do it?"

Rogers shrugged. "If it would please you, of course," he drawled. "Why not? And why not make the race interesting, Frances, and promise the winner a greater reward than his fame?"

The girl flushed. Jimmy waited, and inside him something was crying out in protest. Her hand—to the winner! The very thought was revolting, yet it was patently what Rogers suggested. It was sacrilege to make love the stake of this mad gamble. Let her be thought—let the race go on; let him prove himself an adventurer superb or gambler unworthy. But not love—like a red, open heart thrown before a croupier on the green baize!

But Frances possessed more fact.

"I don't see," she faltered at last, "how I could fail to care a lot for the man who would break every record for me. It would be a—a proof of devotion too great to deny."

Rogers smiled with cool understanding. He turned back to his rival.

"Fair enough," he agreed. "Today is Monday. We'll start from our club—Brandon, right around the corner here on Fifth avenue, on whatever day you say."

"Wednesday suits me. At what hour?"

"Twelve noon, exactly. We travel by whatever route we choose, of course, completely independent of each other. And now," Rogers added smoothly, "the side bet, for the sake of interest?"

Jimmy hesitated, reflecting on his thinning bank account. He had been contemplating accepting a job as foreign correspondent only the day before. Of course, a rich aunt was expected to die within a few years, but that was a possibility which Jimmy never considered. He had never considered money, for that matter, except when he was without it.

At those times, more frequent than it was pleasant to remember often, he had discovered, however, that he could earn a great deal in any number of ways. But in making it, he had learned to spend it, too, which was chiefly the reason why a legend of his having made a strike had become circulated on his return to New York.

At the moment, however, he did not relish the wager with Rogers. How much did he dare to stake? he wondered.

At last, "How about \$15,000?" he ventured.

It was half of what he owned in the world, and the remainder would be barely sufficient for the coming venture, he reasoned.

Rogers smiled. "Haven't you more faith in yourself than that?" he asked languidly.

Jimmy flushed. "Double it then!" he exclaimed. "Is that better?"

Rogers bowed briefly. "Done!" he cried. "Noon Wednesday. Till that moment, Brandon good luck!"

Jimmy found himself outside the Lassiter house a few minutes later. Billy Crane had taken himself off with the last of the tea guests a few moments before he had emerged from the den, else he would have been with him.

He was broke! Rogers' taunt

had drawn from him almost the last penny he owned in the world. Two or three thousand would remain in the bank after he had posted the certified check as his share of the wager at the Hudson club the following morning.

In the meantime, where to get money to take him around the world in record time—money enough, added to his knowledge of the globe, to beat Austin Rogers' careless millions!

CHAPTER III

Jimmy Brandon spent most of the night that followed sitting on the edge of the bed in his rooms at the Hudson club, telephoning and wiring everywhere, but chiefly to Washington. By midnight, he had every passport visa promised to him; by 9 o'clock of the following day, he was in the capital, rushing from one embassy to another. Rogers, he discovered, was up to the same task—he had arrived the night before.

That afternoon he was on his way back to New York, ready for the journey, so far as customs and passport were concerned. A wide acquaintance in diplomatic circles and a certain familiarity with the countries for which he was bound had aided him.

But he needed greatly the time he had gained on Rogers. After the latter was ready for the trip he had no more to worry about. But Jimmy had the most important feature still staring him in the face. With his steamship reservations out of Seattle purchased and reserved, his airplane accommodations cared for, and his plans made as far west as Yokohama, he still had to obtain the money wherewith to make the long and hazardous journey.

There was only one place; he had known from the beginning. He had but one friend in New York on whom he could rely. Even him he had neglected; but Billy Crane never changed.

Years before, when the United States entered the World war, Billy Crane had left a prosperous brokerage business in New York to join the air service, and at Kelly Field he and Jimmy Brandon had met as pupil and instructor, respectively. Later they had been together over the lines in France; and a friendship had begun that had never faltered.

It was seldom that the wandering correspondent and erstwhile soldier of fortune got to New York, and when he did, his visits were short. Sometimes he failed even to see his friend; but theirs was an understanding that needed no explanation. Billy, with the armistice, had returned to his settled life and position; the war to him had been the great adventure of life. To his friend, it had been but an interlude—one campaign, slightly more serious than the rest, a part of an arduous and campaigning life.

Jimmy was a part of the colorful world. From his Wall Street office, Billy Crane followed his adventurings, smiling generally—but sometimes the smile was a trifle wistful. For Crane, Jimmy Brandon was living the life that life had not given him to lead.

It was early in the evening when Jimmy reached his friend's home, a dignified, narrow building of brownstone, with brass fittings adorning the doors shining from a daily polishing covering many years. He was admitted, and a servant took his hat and stick but informed him that the master of the house was not at home.

"You expect him, I sup-

pose," Jimmy frowned, recalling all that he had before him that evening. "How soon?"

"Almost any time, sir. Miss Natalie is here—"

He broke off, as one of the high doors opening off the wide hallway was flung open, and framed there, behind her the dull bronze glow of library lights—stood a girl.

"Natalie!" Jimmy flushed. He had never met Billy's sister, but he had heard her spoken of so often that the fact was almost forgotten. So this was she.

Preoccupied though he was, and disinterested in the sight or conversation of any woman at the moment, Jimmy found himself staring. Natalie was everything that in his mind he had catalogued her as not being.

Billy's sister, who had returned only a few days before from Europe, to care for her brother at his home, he had expected to find a capable, motherly sort, possibly a bit pedantic after a long period of schools and travels—at least, not a woman in the sense that women are beautiful creatures.

"Yes—Natalie. Good of you to recognize me, Mr. Brandon."

She came forward with a slow smile for his discomfort. He noticed in a flash the white of her even teeth, her very red, young lips—her cool, slightly amused eyes—strangely understanding and calm brown eyes for one so young, he thought.

"I—I didn't recognize you, I don't think," he confessed. "It was just a slip. Billy's spoken of you so often. I hope you'll forgive me."

"I was rather flattered," she replied. "Won't you come in and wait for my brother? He's inevitably late, but I expect him at any minute."

"You're sure—sure he'll be in soon? You see, I'm—"

"And now I'm not a bit flattered!" she laughed, and the laugh deepened with his discomfort. "However, he will be in almost any time."

"I'm sorry!" Jimmy exclaimed. There was something of a ready camaraderie about this girl that he found disconcerting at the same time that it was oddly pleasant. Other women he had known had such different attitudes; men were to them enemies, he had sensed, to be held off—charmed—denied.

"Horribly sorry," he added, turning over his gloves to the waiting servant, who made exit with them down the hall, and following the girl into the big, high-ceilinged room. Across from the door, before a cold fireplace, a huge divan was drawn up. She had been reading. Into a corner of it she drew herself.

"The fact is," Jimmy explained as he dropped into a chair near her, "I'm in rather bad shape. You'll have to forgive me if I go off on tangents. I'm starting tomorrow on a race around the world."

"A race around the world!" she exclaimed delightedly. "But—why?"

He smiled ruefully. "I'm not certain why, come to think of it, except that it seems my particular forte to do something like it."

"That's enough," she said quickly, seriously. "It's the sort of thing one comes to expect of you, I find. Tell me about it."

In the next moment, Jimmy found himself leaning forward and explaining with a certain amount of eagerness the whole affair, avoiding, for some reason, mention of its inception. It was pleasant, he realized in a vague way, to sit and talk to Natalie like this. He hadn't thought it possible to talk at such length about himself or his plans.

"And you made the bet only yesterday?" she exclaimed. "At the club, I suppose?"

He hesitated. "No—o," he admitted. "At Miss Lassiter's home. We were there for tea, you know—I met Billy there."

"Oh yes." Her voice was

noncommittal. "Billy told me I didn't go. I haven't yet met Miss Lassiter. You see, I'd been a schoolgirl and away, up till the time I went abroad."

She stood up as the outer door closed heavily and a voice was heard in the hall. "Bill's home," she announced.

Crane's face, when he flung open the doors and entered the room, was tired and slightly strained. He was growing older, Jimmy thought, and was vaguely glad that he had never gone into business. But his smile was as cheery and sure as usual when he glanced from his sister to his friend.

"So you've met—at last," he said. "I warned you, you'd be disappointed, Nat. As a ladies' man, Jimmy's flat." He turned abruptly to the other and his features sobered. "Did you come to give us the pleasure of your company at tea, or is there something on your mind?"

"The last," grunted Jimmy. "I've got to see you at once, old man. There's a lot up, and I need some help."

Crane nodded, smiled wryly at his sister, and then turned away, opening the door into his study beyond. Jimmy, with a brief bow to the girl, preceded him inside. When the door was closed, Crane chuckled.

"You've got yourself in wrong with Nat, old son," he said. "Do you realize that she's been waiting to lay eyes on the gallant Jimmy Brandon for the last five or six years? Gallant—ye gods! And here, on first sight, you walk off and leave her flat."

"I can't imagine," Jimmy returned, wondering, "why she should want to set eyes on me. I had enough time, though, to discover that your sister was wonderfully charming. What does she do?"

"Chiefly," Crane smiled, "she emulates a certain hero whom she took to her heart back in the war days, when you were teaching me how to fly down in San Antonio and she was at boarding school in Boston. I took her up in a plane three times after she came out of school—I've taken a reserve commission, you know, so I still rate a ship occasionally—and then she wanted to become an aviatrix. I wouldn't teach her. So what do you suppose she did?"

Jimmy shook his head. "Went to France and took lessons. She came back here two days ago with a pilot's license from the International Federation!"

Jimmy laughed. "I've missed something. I wish I'd known when I was talking to her."

"She'd never tell you," murmured Crane hastily. "But enough of this." His features took on a serious look. "What's up? What can I do?"

Jimmy hesitated. "It was that business yesterday. After I left you, I undertook to break the record for getting around the world. I start tomorrow."

"Great! You're the man who can do it. There've been too many talking about it and mapping it out on paper. Is that all?"

"That's only the beginning. It's to be a race—not only against time—but against Austin Rogers!"

"Rogers!" Billy Crane sat back and whistled, and his eyes narrowed. "Rogers, eh? I begin to understand. Might label it 'For Fame and Love' or something like that. Go on."

"And Rogers trapped me into a bet—\$30,000. It's all the money I own, Billy, and I posted the check this morning. Now do you see what I need? I start tomorrow—and I'm broke!"

Crane whistled. "Thirty thousand! You've got to win, Jim—you'll be rich!"

"I shall win."

"How much do you need, then?" briefly.

"Twenty thousand, to make the trip."

"No more?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

like him. The very quality that gives this immediate response also works for accuracy.

Most people have at one time or another submitted to tests to learn how quickly they can act after an impulse goes from the brain. With untrained people, the response is very slow, and with most people it is not quick. And yet the quickness with which we can act after we decide what to do is generally the measure of efficiency.

Of course there is the old fable about the tortoise. But all that comes to is that there are being quick of response frequently gets

too confident and goes to sleep on the job.

The point with Babe Ruth is that having the advantage of quickness he trains himself to use it. That has made him the greatest hitter in the whole history of baseball.

Q. How many shots are used in 12, 16, and 20 gauge shells? M. R. H.

A. There are two kinds of shots used in shells, the chilled and the drop. The number of shots used depends upon the weight of the shots. In a 12 gauge gun from 223 to 279 chilled shots are used, the weight of chilled shots varying from 1 to 1 1/4 ounces. There are from

218 to 268 drop shots used. The weight of drop shots for this shell varying from 1 to 1 1/4 ounces. In the 16 gauge gun, 165 to 223 chilled shots are used, the weight of such shots varying from 3/4 to 1 ounce. There are 192,218 drop shots used, the weight of drop shots being 3/4 to 1 ounce. In the 20 gauge gun 167 to 195 chilled shots are used, the weight of such shots varying from 3/4 to 1 ounce. There are 163 to 196 drop shots used, the weight of such shots varying from 3/4 to 1 ounce.

Fur farming is now one of the most important industries of Canada.

SPOTTING A GOOD IDEA

From the Rochester Times-Union.

Can you spot a good idea when you see one?

A biographer of Henry Ford writes of him: "His business judgment is unerring. With him a sensible idea needs neither elucidation nor argument."

The phrase is neatly turned and the characterization is complete. The man is portrayed not as a great thinker or a deep thinker, but as a sound thinker. Such are they who require neither explanation nor bully-ragging when an idea is sensible on its face.

Compare with this type of mind the loose-leaf mind, the waste-basket-bureau-drawer mind in which ideas are simply lost in the void. Such minds are powerful less to invoke and use the mental law of association. And what use is a good idea if you do not perceive where it fits in? Like the unskilled worker in the great industrial plant, the idea goes to the bottom of the payroll, producing little and earning less.

As we look over the day's record of the methods by which people are fooled, we judge a large portion of the public feeds on elucidation and argument, but cannot distinguish between a sound idea and a fake. Here, then, is a standard whereby one may test his own intelligence: Is it your experience that the several brilliant ideas which come to you have been tried and discarded by hundreds of others before your time? If so, you would do well not to trust your mental machinery too far afield. You will be the victim of your own muddy thinking. You will be fleeced and fooled by sharpers against whom there is no law save the law of straight thinking.

The Ways of Spanish Trains

J. T. Trend, in "Spain from the South."

was standing in the queue, studying the railroads act and various orders upon the walls, when a disturbance behind me made me turn round. A market woman, with a bundle of rugs and a stone water pot, had taken her place in front of a man who had been waiting there for some considerable time. He had called one of the C.V.I. guard, and they were now endeavoring to explain to her the mechanism of a queue. When she had been removed, protesting, to the end of the tail, the man asked an inspector when the train started.

"The 6:30?"

"Yes."

"Today it will start at 8:30."

"I'm round with an exclamation. Such an early start, and all to no purpose!"

"They are always like that on this line," the man said to me. "The time-table doesn't give the hour at which the train leaves, but the time before which they will not start."

"But is there always so much difference between them?"

"From three-quarters of an hour to two hours and a half, generally."

"Then," I said, "why don't people come here three-quarters of an hour late?"

"They would not be able to take tickets. You can board the train afterwards even after it has started but the fare costs you more. The other day the train had gone more than kilometer down the line when I got to the station; but the station-master whistled and stopped it, and I ran down the line with my bag, Phew!"

"They have their advantages, after all," he continued. "When the train comes to a gradient, it stops, and you can get out and stretch your legs. Sometimes the train sticks half-way."

"And what happens then?" I was becoming interested in the proceedings.

"What generally happens is that they uncouple one or two trucks or carriages at the end of the train, and let them run down to the last station. The rest of the train goes on."

I laughed; it was a very Andalusian story. The man smiled faintly. . . . Then he began again.

"The queerest thing that ever happened to me on this line was the other day, at the junction. The train came in, and I was just getting into it when an inspector asked for my ticket. 'This isn't your train,' he said. 'Not my train?' I asked. 'Why haven't I been waiting here since last night for it?'"

"Look at the date of your ticket," he insisted. "This isn't yesterday's train. It is the one of the day before yesterday which was delayed in the mountains. Your train won't be here till tomorrow morning." But surely, I said to him, I can go by this one? "No," he replied, "it is impossible. I'm afraid. It is laid down in the regulations that passengers must travel by the train which corresponds with their ticket, and yours isn't due now till tomorrow morning."

A newly elected sheriff in one of the border counties of Texas recently advertised thus:

"While I am not a believer in the punitive law the fact remains it is a law and it is my duty to enforce it. I will pay \$25 reward for information leading to the whereabouts of any bootlegger in this county."

Early the next day the sheriff received a telephone message from a citizen.

"Is it a fact you will give \$25 reward for the location of a bootlegger?" was asked.

"That is a fact," replied the sheriff.

"Well I just called to say I will double the reward," suggested the dry citizen. "I am clear out and would like to find one."—Dallas Times.

That Comes Later.

From Life.

Mrs. Jones. Do your daughters live at home?

Mrs. Smith: Oh, no! They aren't married yet.

Q. What is meant by restricted Indians? S. A. W.

A. When Indians were allotted lands, they had trust or restricted patents given them, saying that they could not alienate for a period of years. This called the restricted period—hence, the term restricted Indians. Some of these trust periods have not expired.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner does Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot put away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise \$600 up as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30 Clark's 26th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc. Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1925; \$600 up FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

REDUCE

in a safe, pleasant, easy and harmless way by drinking Germania Herb Tea. Send 10c for trial package, together with full information about the wonderful results being obtained and why it is natural and harmless. Write Germania Tea Company, 608 First Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minn.

For Old Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Inquisitiveness

Mrs. Teller—"Mrs. Watts always asks the price of everything." Mrs. Asker—"And what's she been trying to find out now?" Mrs. Teller—"She wanted to know how much I paid for this dress." Mrs. Asker—"Such inquisitiveness! How much did you tell her?"—Pathfinder Magazine.

Grandfather's pipe can well be a family souvenir. After fifty years it is comparatively inodorous.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

KREMOLA SKIN BLEACH

Whiter and more. Make your skin beautiful. Use Kremola. Price 50c. Free booklet. Write to the manufacturer, 1110 and 1112. Ask your dealer or write to Dr. W. B. Perry Co., 277 Madison Ave., Chicago.

BABE RUTH'S BATTING

At one time Babe Ruth submitted to tests to determine quickness of his responses to impulses from the brain to the hand and was found to be perceptibly quicker than anybody else tested.

A ball from the pitcher can come six feet nearer to Ruth before he has to decide what to do than any other player. The moment he decides his bat is already almost to the ball.

The almost instantaneous response of his hands makes him so outstanding that there is nobody