

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Jimmy stood for a moment bewildered. The mysterious night flight was one of the oddest in his long list of odd experiences. He was desperately anxious to see his rescuer face to face and to know who it was. Why had the fellow—who obviously knew what he was about—thus chosen to disguise himself and hurry away without even receiving thanks for what he had done? He questioned a score of employes about the field, but none of them had seen his benefactor. At last, the field superintendent admitted some small knowledge.

"That CX? Yeah—I didn't see him myself, but somebody said he was looking for a pilot. That's all I know. He's not here now, anyhow."

Which Jimmy accepted as being fairly evident. So his rescuer was going on. He had asked for a relief pilot. In which direction would he fly now, he wondered?

At last he shrugged his shoulders, and digging out his bag from under the seat, turned back toward his own plane. In any event, he had been the recipient of a great service. He was here in Chicago ahead of his rival, taking off before the other landed, when, without the opportune rescue by the more powerful ship, he might still be groaning in the open Pennsylvania field. If his benefactor chose to remain anonymous—though Jimmy promised himself that he would check up on Crane and pin Hardmuth down if they both sailed on the Adrienne.

He jumped into the rear seat of the Homing Pigeon, and Lincoln, his relief pilot, slipped into place. The motor roared as the throttle was advanced. The blocks were kicked away. Jimmy found himself nodding slightly as the plane arose from the field in a graceful take-off and soared easily into the night sky.

At eight hundred feet, while his pilot was finding equilibrium, he turned to look back at the field, still illuminated by the white glow of the floodlights. His eyes narrowed swiftly.

The plane which had picked him up east of the Alleghenies and carried him into Chicago was roaring over the ground in its take-off. With a long rush of sparks from under its fuselage, it headed straight up into the sky and then bore on westward. For a moment the two ships were almost together.

Jimmy found himself leaning over the side in a mad endeavour to glimpse the occupants of the other plane. Gradually, however, it bore on ahead, until, a little later, even the red and green lights of its wing-tips had disappeared into the far darkness.

CHAPTER IX . . .

A mystery had entered into Jimmy's race around the world—a mystery which even the gruelling hardship of the hours following the take-off from the Chicago field could not dispell. His chief speculation was as to whether he would see his benefactor again. The CX-9 had disappeared over a route which was slightly different from his. Would it cross his trail again? he wondered.

After thirty hours in the air, Jimmy slumped low in the rear seat of the Homing Pigeon, worn and tired, while it tore its way over the state of Washington toward Seattle, with the pilot Lincoln at the stick. They had refueled last at Pasco and were nearing the end of the long flight.

He was going to make his ship, with time to spare. The realization brought on all the

weariness he felt. He was grateful for the approaching voyage across the Pacific and the opportunity for rest it would afford. The thought was comforting—almost an opiate, and he twisted about in the seat to stretch his cramped muscles.

Loafing there, his eyes open, he went over the weary hours that were ending. The helmeted head of his pilot stuck up stonily in front of him. He dismissed with a frown further speculation on the identity of the mysterious person who had rescued him when it seemed that his entire adventure was ignominiously lost—who had sped him through the night to Maywood at a hundred and seventy miles an hour; and who then, without waiting to be thanked, had disappeared.

The thought annoyed him. "Damn' good egg, anyhow, whoever he was," he agreed, and thus put the matter from his mind. It was ended.

He stared with unseeing eyes into the distant haze on the far horizon, warning of approaching darkness. The motor was droning with rhythmic regularity, and the speed indicator revealed that they were nearing their destination at better than one hundred and five miles an hour.

During the day and the night just passed, he and Lincoln had alternated at the stick, finding their path over the broad expanses of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming during the night—then on. Guided by the friendly beacons of the air mail service, they had pursued an unswerving course to Omaha in the dark, where the task of refuelling had gained them a few minutes' respite from the strain.

Cheyenne, another refuelling point, had come and gone in the early dawn; and a short time later they had crossed the "hump" at an altitude which caused a ringing in their almost deafened ears, and a quickening of the pulses. Following the tracks of the Union Pacific, they had come upon Rock Springs and again availed themselves of the hospitality arrived at the air mail field.

Then off to the westward again. But it had grown steadily warmer as they pursued their way; and before they landed on the outskirts of Salt Lake City they had been forced to seek a higher altitude to escape the heat waves arising from the desert. They had seen the mercury ascend until it passed the hundred mark, and it had gone even farther as the sun approached the zenith and they were far into the desert separating Salt Lake City from Elko, Nevada, the next landing place.

Into Idaho they had forced their way across the Oregon boundary, and thence into Washington, skimming over mountains where a forced landing would have spelled disaster. Now with the close of the day and a cooler atmosphere, the fresh tang of salt water was like perfume to the dust-clogged nostrils of the two flyers.

A hundred miles more. Another hour and they would be safe on the Seattle landing field. Still another hour, and Jimmy Brandon would be safely aboard the Adrienne, with three hours to spare before the ship sailed. The hour of departure was midnight.

He mused on Rogers' whereabouts. The latter had not arrived at the air mail field, certainly, prior to the Homing Pigeon's departure. Jimmy had not seen his rival, in fact, since the afternoon previous when the millionaire's plane had

taken the lead shortly after crossing into New Jersey.

Had he suffered an accident, or was he somewhere in the haze to the eastward, speeding with every ounce of mechanical energy to reach Seattle by sailing time?

One thing was certain, Jimmy reflected comfortably: Rogers was not ahead. The time he had gained through the assistance of the mysterious flyer had made it possible for him to gain a lead which he knew he had maintained.

A slight signal, when his pilot turned, made Jimmy lean over the side. He gave a smile of relief when he saw, through the haze ahead, the glimmering early lights at the edge of Seattle, twinkling through the rapidly growing dusk. It was a pretty sight. Seattle! The first hop of the long journey was finished. In a few minutes more, the landing field was in sight and the plane was circling over it.

Banking twice, they came down at last on the field in a graceful, circling glide. Night had set in by the time the wheels bumped just lightly in the dust and the Homing Pigeon rolled easily to a stop. The motor of the plane snapped off, and Lincoln dropped back in his seat with a sigh. Jimmy grabbed his bag and leapt lightly from the cockpit.

"Good work, old man," he told his companion. "Here's to another flight together."

Lincoln scanned the skies behind them. "We did it, all right. It's certain they're not here. And here's to many flights together!" He grinned as he shook his passenger's hand. "I'll be following your course. If you can go like you can fly a plane, there's no need of what I'm wishing you—good luck!"

With a swift pressure of his hand, Jimmy turned away smiling. He had taken two quick steps across the field when he brought up with a gasp of amazement on his lips. The smile vanished; incredulity stamped his features as he stared.

There, not twenty yards away from where he stood, at rest with covers over its propellers and engine cowlings, stood the CX-9—the mysterious plane which had picked him up and carried him into Chicago the night before.

For a moment he stood utterly still with astonishment. Then he collected himself and his eyes narrowed. Jimmy did not like mysteries. And this particular mystery was getting to be almost uncomfortable. The very fact that someone knew him and his business without being known in turn, was disconcerting.

He turned back to Lincoln. "See it?"

The pilot, sleepy though he was, had already discovered the cause of his passenger's abrupt halt. He nodded slowly. "Couldn't be your rival could it?"

"Not in a million years. Not Rogers—he never had stopped ped." Jimmy hesitated. "Lincoln, that bird picked up a relief pilot from Maywood Field and hopped here. There's no doubt now that it's Hardmuth. He's heading for the Orient, and I'll bet he's on the Adrienne."

The airman nodded. During the halt at Omaha he had heard the story of the crash in Pennsylvania, and its denouement.

"He's a friend of yours, whoever he is. If it were I, I don't think I'd get peeved. There's just one more guess," he added slowly. "It might be some horse who's heard about what you're doing and has entered the race on his own account. Some fellow who's real sportsman."

"He'd have to be a real sportsman, to do this much," Jimmy grunted. "Nevertheless, I'm going to find out!" The theory was plausible, he recognized. A few moments later, he repeated his good-bye to his pilot and walked across

the field. A quick survey of the men on duty revealed nothing. It was the superintendent who summed it up:

"She just came here, that ship, and that's all," he declared. "The pilot's from Chicago, and he's got orders to take her back in the morning. The passenger—whoever he was, hopped right out of the cockpit and beat it."

Jimmy frowned with perplexity. The mystery was deepening. Of course, the passenger might be simply a man who had business in Seattle; but he could not accept that theory. Why, if it were the case, all this mystery? Unless—there were many reasons why men under certain circumstances might want to avoid recognition. It would be like Billy, too, to remain incognito, might be any one of a number of people and for a number of reasons.

Speculation availed nothing. He had gone over the matter too many times before. He tried in vain to discover the whereabouts of the relief pilot; but he, too, had disappeared and was not due to be at the field until noon of the following day. He might be anywhere in the city of Seattle, either enjoying a well earned rest or an equally well earned moment of recreation. Jimmy turned away at last in disgust, and finding a taxi, headed for the Adrienne's pier.

A little later, after a bath and a shave, and all the other details which contribute to a yrev tired man's peace of mind, Jimmy was looking upon the world with new eyes. He appeared on deck in fresh clothing and stood leaning against the rail to watch the oncoming passengers.

The Adrienne was not sailing with an extremely large passenger list, he found. The ship, one of the speediest on the Pacific, was making a run to Yokohama with very little schedule, but bound to pick up a full load for the regular trip.

"The Adrienne!" Jimmy smiled. Of course, it would have been strange had he not travelled on this boat before. Who was the master? he wondered. There were few Pacific skippers whom he did not know and he resolved to settle the question later.

It was nearing midnight. From overhead came the first pipe of the warning whistle. Bells had been ringing for half an hour previous. The last of the passengers' friends were leaving.

"All ashore that's going ashore!" piped from aft. Jimmy mused languidly, relaxed, his eyes on the excited faces of passengers and friends. Bon voyage! How often had he sailed, and how seldom he had been bidden good-bye. To these people, most of them, the coming venture was to be one of the biggest in life. To him it was an occurrence of the moment. He envied the thrill they were getting out of it. He even wished for a second, that something might thrill him that way.

What was it—what had he lost in the life he led? Were his friends right, he wondered? He had seen too much and done too much! But there was one thing he had never learned—women. He thought of Frances, and with the thought came a recurrence of Billy Crane's words. He had circled the far corners of the earth for years, questing—he knew he had been questing, but for what?

Love, he knew that now. And Billy had told him that he would find that, when it was ready to come, without seeking.

He shook his head and frowned. He didn't know; that was all, and Billy's words would probably remain meaningless until he did.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ancients Got Copper From Arabian Mines

Detective work by chemists recently traced the copper used in ancient Mesopotamian weapons to the mines where it was obtained. Archeologists wanted to know where the men of Sumer, oldest of Mesopotamian kingdoms, got their copper. Inscriptions on bricks failed to tell them. So they sought help from metallurgical chemists. These men examined the copper of the old weapons, comparing it with specimens from Persia, the Black Sea region, Cyprus, Egypt and other neighboring countries to see if they could find the same impurities. At last in copper from mines on the Arabian peninsula, near the Persian gulf, a similar amount of nickel in the metal was discovered, indicating that these were the mines from which the metal for the ancient weapons had come.—Popular Science Monthly.

Drug of Great Power

A drug obtained from an East Indian plant called the gasbasu which has been used as a remedy for toothache for many years, has now been examined by a London pharmacologist, Dr. E. Hesse, who has found that it is one of the most powerful surface anesthetics known, about 30 times stronger than cocaine. It has a most violent action on the heart, and strongly resembles the African arrow poison. Doctor Hesse regards such a powerful poison as probably much too dangerous to be used generally as a local anesthetic.

Artificial Silk Tests

The immense increase in the artificial silk trade has led to the use of many new methods in the process of manufacture. Two Japanese workers, Y. Kami and S. Nakashima, have introduced the use of micro-photographs (that is, photographs taken through the microscope) for observing the minute structure of the filament in artificial silk. In this way they can quickly discover whether alterations in the conditions of spinning have any effect on the texture.

Automatically

"Do you always think before you speak?" "No, answered Senator Sorghum. "By the time I have delivered an opinion two or three times I can turn it into the microphone automatically."

Sad

"Tommy, why did you stay away from school yesterday?" "I wuz sick." "Too bad. I wanted to let you out for football practice." Then he was sick.

Somewhere the Sun Shines

Cannibals in the Island of Paqua at the Dutch tax collectors. There seems to be some justice in the world after all.—Springfield Sun.

Nowhere Far From Sea

In the Shetland Islands, the most northerly British possession in Europe, no spot is more than three miles from the sea.

At Palm Beach

"You live-savers have a good time here, don't you?" "Oh, yes, we go in for anything."—Florida Times-Union.

Thoughts on Other Things

He (enthusiastically)—Some score -36 to nothing! She—What's par for this stadium?—Stray Stories.

Evidently

"Aw, he's not such a good catch." "Dropped you, did he, girlie?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Sense to This

"Dad, I can get my tan removed for \$20 a treatment." "Huh? It cost you \$600 to get that tan."

Anyone who does not enjoy seeing how far a dollar will go gets no satisfaction out of economy.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30. Clark's 25th 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, 1929; \$600 up. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

For Piles, Corns Bunions, Chilblains, etc. Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

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

Past Fly Time

Buddy, age five, and his mother were on a street car recently when a woman with a veil on her hat sat down opposite them. Buddy looked at the veil intently for a short time and then asked:

"Mother, why doesn't she take that off? The flies are almost gone, now."

There You Are!

Teacher—Who can tell me the meaning of the word "transparent"?

Johnny—Something you can see through.

Teacher—Well, can you give me an example?

Johnny—A doughnut.

The Caller

Wife—Dear, please take off that shabby suit. You don't know who may call.

Hubby—Who's likely to call this morning, anyway?

Wife—Well—er—the truth is, there's a man calling who offered me \$3 for it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some Use

Visitor—And do you find pen-and-ink sketching a profitable occupation?

Comic Artist—Oh, it keeps the pot boiling.

Visitor—Ah, I see; you light the fire with them, eh?—Pearson's.

Turned the Tables

Friend—How did you come to marry your employer?

Ex-Stenog—My dear, I couldn't stand his dictatorial manner any longer.

Measuring Starlight

Dr. L. R. Koller of Schenectady has developed a new daylight recorder. It is so sensitive that it can record the light intensities in the entire range between starlight and direct sunlight.

One Thing Needful

"I suppose White is what you would call a 'bright young man.'"

"Yes, but he could do with a little polish."

Human Weakness

There are times when most of us feel like consigning our good intentions to the place that is already paved with them.

Amenities of War

"Sir, the enemy are as thick as peas." "Then shell them, idiot!"—Aussie Sydney.

That's the Point

Magnate—Every shilling I have wuz made honestly.

Friend—By whom?

Life becomes almost automatic if you tap the source of strength, of love, of happiness upon which life depends.—American Magazine.

How can you say that you have great will power if you have never had occasion to test it?

The sick don't half believe you when you tell them they are looking well.

The man who itches for fame is usually kept scratching.

You can say this for flaming youth: It does not weep much.

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN
SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for
Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonacetic Acid of Salzig, Germany.

KREMOLA SKIN BEACH
Water Ice Molds. Write for Free booklet "How to Make Ice on the Farm." 10¢ per booklet. Warren Lathrop, Mfr., Water Ice Molds, 1826 N. Monroe St., Spokane, Wash.

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 51-1928.

"The Marrying Parson"

From the Hastings Democrat.

There is in Omaha a minister of the gospel, without any particular church affiliations although formerly a Methodist preacher, who is known as "the marrying parson." He manages to get his name into the papers with great regularity. He marries couples at any old hour of the day or night, and presumably under any conditions. A properly attested marriage license is seemingly all that he needs. He boasts that he has married more than 6,000 couples. His claim may be well founded. As to that we shall not

argue, but merely admit it. What we do know is that he has on numerous occasions made a mockery of that sacred institution. He has performed marriage ceremonies on the stage of burlesque theaters in the presence of wildly hilarious crowds. He has performed marriage ceremonies that were staged as street carnival attractions. Doubtless he has performed the marriage ceremony when one or both of the contracting parties were tanked up to the Pilsnoll line with nouth. Recently he was advertised to officiate at the marriage of a couple of "marathon dancers" on the floor of a dance hall in Omaha, the prin-

cipals to keep up their dancing while this professed minister pronounced the words that united them.

The form of the ceremony was carried out, and the next day this "marrying parson" admitted that it was a fake; that he deceived the spectators who had paid to witness the ceremony by purposely so wording the ceremony that it was not a marriage. He explained by saying that the girl's father objected because she was under age, but it was agreed that the hoax should be perpetrated in order to prevent trouble with the spectators. And this is the sort of thing that a professed minister of the gospel

does or going; making a mockery of one of the most sacred rites known to church or state. Making a burlesque show of marriage. Marrying a boy and girl while they are sleepily jiggling on the floor of a dance hall. Is it any wonder that the divorce evil is growing? Is it any wonder that there is a growing disrespect for the church and for the sacred calling of the ministry? It is the opinion of this newspaper that the "marrying parson's" stunts should be banned by public opinion. They may make good reading for sensation seekers, but they have become a stench in the nostrils of clean-minded people.