

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Had Rogers come aboard; he wondered. And the pilot of the mystery plane? He speculated on the possibility of there being a dark horse in this race—some sportsman, as Lincoln had suggested, who, seeing his plight, had given him a chance and then rushed on ahead. It was, he acknowledged, a thing which he might do himself.

He shook his head, baffled, and then jerked up with quick surprise. A lone taxicab had just dashed up to the pier, and from it there emerged a disheveled, rather heavy individual whose clothing and general appearance gave every indication of a long and arduous journey. After a quick, fearful glance around, he tore wildly for the ship's gangplank just as the dock hands laid hold of it.

"Rogers!" gasped Jimmy aloud, and found himself laughing.

The laugh turned into a grim smile as Rogers puffed wearily up the gangplank and it was thrown free of the ship with a resounding crash. He felt suddenly all the coolness and superiority of his bath and shave. Turning, he hurried from the promenade to the deck below.

Rogers looked extremely in need of grooming and considerably out of countenance.

He turned, his face red from exhaustion, blinking at the lights—and halted before his rival with a choking gasp of surprise.

Jimmy flicked an ash from his cigaret. He smiled again, and then, quite languidly, murmured:

"My dear Rogers! What detained you?"

The Adrienne was pushing out into the stream that led to the straits. Jimmy was faintly aware of the clanging of bells from the bridge as they echoed in the engine room. But his smile was freezing before the look of intense, unutterable hatred deep in Rogers' dark eyes.

"So . . .?" Jimmy murmured. "You really didn't expect me. It's the very devil to disappoint you, my friend."

For a moment, his rival seemed unable to speak; it was as though his very wrath and stupefaction strangled the words in his throat.

"You're a man of parts, my dear Brandon," he murmured at last surrendering his bag to a man who came up. "Suppose, however, we reserve comments until this little jaunt is over. I should hate to have to have to repeat your own question in New York. There are lots of chances between here and there of being—detained."

"It will be painful for me," grinned Jimmy, an icy light in his grey eyes, "to have to deprive you of the pleasure." He took a step closer to his enemy. "Rogers, we're getting into a territory where the man counts much more than his pocketbook. I almost lost this first jump—I don't know but what you're well aware of it!—but on the rest of 'em, I have a few friends—friends who'd get mighty sore at anybody's crooked work."

"Is that a—?"

"Threat?" No, but it's distinctly a warning. Run on, old thing," Jimmy had recovered his grin: "You haven't had time for a shave and you need one. In fact," he added grimly, "you look disreputable enough to put moth balls into the gas tank of an airplane!"

Rogers stared for a long moment, his eyes wild. Then with a quick shrug, he recovered his reserve. Without another word, he turned on his heel and stalked off down the pas-

sageway toward the office of the purser. Jimmy watched him go; and then, returning to the rail of the promenade, watched the waters, inky black and smooth, pushing away from the side of the Adrienne as the ship made its way out toward the sea.

## CHAPTER X

A sort of quiet had settled over the vessel as she pulsed smoothly along, feeling her way out. The engines were turning smoothly; most of the passengers had sought out their berths at once. Back of the stern, yellow lights blinked good bye from the piers, and behind them, the city slept.

Jimmy stood motionless. The real adventures, he knew, lay ahead. Here was where money no longer counted as it had in the States, but where bribery, on the other hand, flourished. He and Rogers were still on an even basis. He knew he would have to use every bit of his knowledge and every grain of influence for that part of the journey which was just ahead. His years of adventuring, of wanderings as a free-lance correspondent, of making friends in odd corners—these would help now, and they were all he had.

He decided to try the bridge of the Adrienne first, to discover the present master of the ship.

Just as he reached it, walking forward of the companionway by which he had ascended, the pilot turned a frosty eye.

"Don't you know, mister, that passengers aren't allowed on—"

He stopped short as Jimmy's face fell into the light from the chart house and a bellow of welcome came from within.

"Jimmy—Brandon! By every horned toad in Davy's locker! Come here, you young tramp!"

With the latter epithet, Jimmy bounded forward. He knew it for the private and personal property of Captain Olson, and he remembered, too, that Olson had been commander of the Adrienne on earlier passages. In the next instant, he was having his hand wrung by a powerful hairy paw, and for a moment, the air was redolent with names and "reminders" to do with half a dozen ports where they had met.

"Young tramp!" Olson repeated, only the faintest trace of a Danish slur in his clipped voice. "Why didn't you tell me you were to make this ship?"

"I didn't know whether you were still master, and also—I left in considerable hurry," Jimmy explained.

"I've been reading about your intentions," the captain offered. "You're forgiven—it was sudden. Let me hear the story."

Briefly, the one time correspondent related the details of his flight across the continent, mentioning none of his suspicions as to the origin of the moth balls in his gasoline. He told, however, of his bet with Rogers and of the mystery flyer who had rescued him from disaster.

"I've got a strong idea he's on this ship, Skipper," he declared. "If it was Billy Crane, he's probably going back. But any one else . . ."

Olson shook his hairy mop of yellow hair in perplexity. "Nobody I can place," he confessed. "It might be, as you say, some sportsman who entered the race as a dark horse. That sounds nice, anyway. But tomorrow you can go over the passenger list and see who looks suspicious."

Of us felt that it was peculiar to ourselves, and were even a little ashamed of it. But it has been recognized as quite common by no less an authority than the American Medical association. As discussed in the Journal of the association the fatigue is admittedly mysterious, though the symptoms are well defined. The eyes, brains, spinal chord and even the stomach are involved. The visitor gets "all in" while gazing at the things calculated to give pleasure—and which do give pleasure. Those who get no pleasure out of the display of paintings, statuary, armor and ancient articles of

I'll introduce you to the purser."

For a moment they talked of the changes that had taken place in the Orient since Jimmy Brandon had last seen it.

"Japan," muttered the skipper, shaking his head. "A lovely little island, son, and—game." He looked up. "You stand pretty well in that island, too, eh? I been hearing the government presented you with a decoration for your services in the earthquake."

Jimmy nodded. "They handed it to me after I'd left. Got it in Washington. Appreciative lot." He looked away.

Olson studied his averted profile, his shrewd blue eyes narrowed. "Stand in pretty well," he mused. "Yes—and standing in good on that island is worth more than all of your friend Rogers's money!"

Jimmy looked up swiftly. "What do you mean?" Suddenly his eyes lighted with a smile. "Say Skipper, are you thinking of what has just occurred to me?"

"I think so," grinned Olson. "You land at Yokohama, eh? And from there, you'll go across to Shimonoseki, on the other side. Then you'll take a boat to Fusan, Korea, and connect there with a train that meets the Trans-Siberian at Harbin. Is that it?"

"That's as nearly as I've mapped my plans."

"And you're thinking now of getting a plane from the government to cross Japan, eh?"

"Exactly! It's your idea, Skipper; I'd hardly thought of the rest of the trip, beyond a general idea. It was hard enough getting here. But if Japan will give me a plane and a pilot to cross the island, I'll have the jump on Rogers."

"Possibly," Olson debated. "I doubt if there's a train out of Harbin before the one you planned on, anyway. But you'll be away ahead for that distance, and the big thing is—it'll hit his nerve. It's good to give your enemies an idea of how much power you have, Jimmy—always, even if you gain nothing tangible by it."

"You sound like a prof," Jimmy smiled. "I'll radio ahead and see how they feel. I'm almost certain they won't refuse me. What time do we make Yokohama?"

"You're in a hurry, aren't you?" mused Olson. "Well, I'll see if we can lop off a few hours from the regular run. The engines'll stand it, and I don't think the company's liable to kick. Of course," he smiled, too—but who'llSHRDL smiled, "It will help your friend, too—but you'll win, and whatever time you make will be all any one will ever remember."

Jimmy expressed his thanks; and then, according to a custom the yhad established on their second voyage together, four and a half years before, he repaired with the master of the Adrienne to the latter's cabin for a nightcap of Jamaica rum toddy.

In the morning they went over the list of passengers with the purser. The result, however, was disappointing. There was no one on the ship who could be suspected of being the unknown flyer; only three late reservations had been that of Rogers, and of these, made besides Jimmy's and two were women. The third was a Chicago business man whom the purser crossed off as being known to him and quite removed from suspicion.

Most of the names of the other passengers were known to the purser, and most of them were business men or residents of Seattle or other cities on the coast. Jimmy drew a line through the names of two newspapermen, three congressmen on their way to investigate that vague thing called "conditions," and a number of families. When Captain Olson appeared the

great value and interest leave the museum before they get tired. The mysterious fatigue has been recognized and analyzed, but not solved. Some of the more progressive museums have made new dispositions of their exhibits in an attempt to spare the visitor; still others have increased the number of chairs and benches available.

It is very strange that looking at beautiful pictures should make us tired, but it is the case, and the best thing is to recognize the weakness and make allowance for it. The visitor to a picture gallery should take his own time, and when he feels like resting he should sit

down and rest. Instead of trying to see how much he can "do" in a given time, he should rather admit his limitations and content himself with seeing a part, or taking more time to see it all.

Which seems to indicate, he decided, "that my fairy godfather has left me flat to pursue my journey unaided. Or rather," he added, "it practically clinches the fact that it was Hardmuth. I'm going to find out."

Hardmuth, he discovered, occupied half of a suite in the forward position of the ship in company with the second newspaper man, whom Jimmy knew slightly. They were both evidently, bound for China via Japan, and though rivals, members of competitor syndicate, they naturally dropped their rivalry when not in action.

Before noon, Jimmy had found them on deck. Hardmuth denied any knowledge of the rescue at once, and his companion—Vail—announced that he had come direct to Seattle from Hollywood in response to a telegraph order from his office. Jimmy swung back upon the man he knew best.

"It was you, Hardmuth—it must have been!" he exclaimed and tried to plumb the perennially laughing light in the depths of his one time rival's brown eyes. "Come on—fess up. This thing is getting me dotty."

Hardmuth, a younger man than Jimmy but trained in the same school, and possessed of a delightful sense of humor which never failed him, shook his head again.

"It wasn't, I tell you, Jim," he repeated. "But here's a suggestion. If you don't believe me when I'm sober, why not take me down to the bar and see if you can loosen my tongue with a drink."

"I've seen you drink," retorted Jimmy disgustedly. "You shut up like a clam. I want the truth out of you, you young cub, or I'll have to go into China and scoop you."

"I'd love it," grinned the correspondent. "Fact is, Jimmy, I wish you meant it, because I happen to have the inside track on this China thing, and I'm going to scoop everyone. That's a warning for you, Vail."

Jimmy bit his lip. Underneath Hardmuth's levity, he suspected the truth lay hidden. It would be like the man—entirely like him, he knew. Hardmuth, like Billy Crane, would do the thing but never admit it. Only his reasons for not admitting it would be other than Crane's. He would enjoy immensely his former rival's perplexity.

"You're sure you didn't come across the country in a plane?" Jimmy demanded.

"Hold on—I didn't say that!" Hardmuth put in. "I did come across in a plane—this was a rush assignment. But, Jimmy on the level, I'd seen you down there, I'd have tossed you a merry good-bye, though I've made a bet on you since. You've beat me to scoops so often, when I was a youngster at the game, that if I ever got ahead of you on anything, I'd chuckle to myself for a year!"

"And now," he added, moistening his lips meaningly "you've made me talk so much I'm thirsty again. If you won't buy a drink, you're a piker."

Jimmy nodded dubiously and shrugged. There remained nothing for it but to suspect Hardmuth of having helped him and of choosing to remain incognito out of his curious sense of humor. He bought the drinks.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

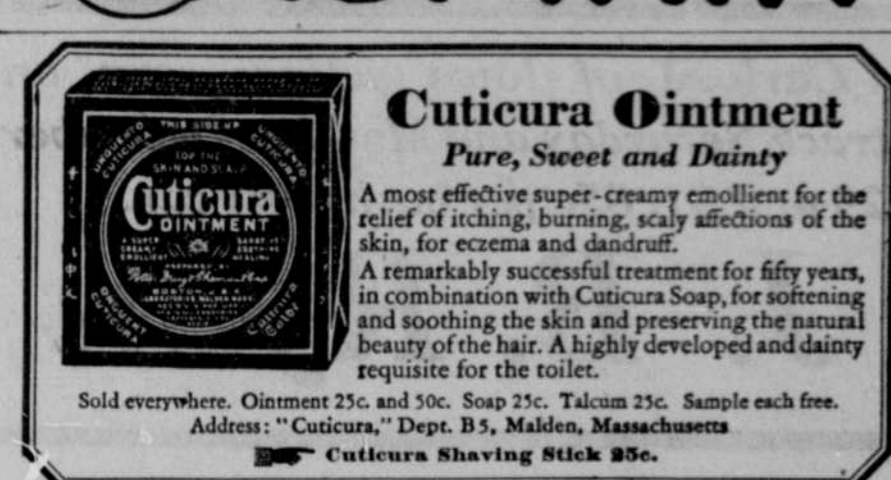
down and rest. Instead of trying to see how much he can "do" in a given time, he should rather admit his limitations and content himself with seeing a part, or taking more time to see it all.

WAS HIS TIME  
Marion, Ind.—Apoplexy was given as the cause of H. C. Clayton's death, but perhaps the poem he was reading to a friend had something to do with it. He was reading, "Forty Years Ago," and when he reached the word "go," in the line, "And when our time shall come, Tom, we are called to go," he dropped dead.

## For Colds—



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**Good Story Told by Cleveland on Himself**

For some unknown reason, it appears that a Presidential candidate must prove his prowess as a fisherman or he doesn't stand a chance to be elected. Hence the pathetic attempts of both Coolidge and Hoover to appear at home in trout outfits.

As a matter of fact, the only genuine fisherman-President was Grover Cleveland. And of all the fish yarns, those he told on himself were the best.

Once, on a foggy Massachusetts morning he slipped out of his bed, bright and early, groped around until he found his boat and rowed out to sea.

"I rowed and rowed and rowed," he confessed to his host, later, "and presently the sun began to shine through the fog. And there, right in front of my face was the shore. I had forgotten to untie the boat."—Los Angeles Times.

**Up-to-Date City Built on Old Refuse Dump**

Part of Ottaking, the sixteenth district of Vienna, known under the name of "Sandteiten," writes a correspondent of the London Sunday Observer, was used for years as a refuse dump. But the municipality resolved to transform the place into a kind of garden city, and after four years' labor has now finished the construction of a new town which will house some 7,000 persons.

The place, which is to be opened for use in a short time, will have 1,600 flats, a large number of shops and storehouses, library, theater and cinema, kindergarten, public bath, post office, cafe, restaurant and park. Its architecture is modern town style, with a smack of the rustic. Round its center, the Matteotti square, the streets are grouped. Some streets and squares are called after Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Nietzsche, and others.

**Braking Time**  
Pearl White, the former movie star, was about to sail for her Paris home after a visit to America, and in answer to a reporter's questions she said:

"It's safety first with the movie stars nowadays. Why, if they have to skip a rope they hire a double. It wasn't so in my time.

"Yes," Miss White ended, "our movie stars aren't what they were ten or fifteen years ago. Some of them, in fact, are quite two years older."

**Half the Battle**  
"I see Madge is going in for aviation."

"Madge who?"

"Madge Bahr. You know, that girl who wears such skimpy clothes."

"Oh, Well, she ought to make a good aviatrix; she's had lots of practice in taking off."—Boston Transcript.

**Inferior Workmanship**  
Brown—I'm a self-made man. Jones—That's what comes of employing cheap labor.—Life.

Should Sunday clothes make you feel more religious, by all means wear them.

## Why Do We Get So Tired in a Museum?

From the Pathfinder.  
Something privately known, felt and suffered from for a long time has just come to public attention—i. e., the fact that a person visiting great museums and picture galleries usually almost drops from fatigue. The same time spent walking rapidly in a rural road or on city pavements would not tire one tenth as much.

Little was said about this mysterious fatigue, probably because most

## Tonsorial Mockery

They are telling at the Century club a joke on the English writer, D. H. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence, on his recent lecture tour, arrived in a smallish Ohio town and went to the barber's for a hair cut.

"Anything going on tonight?" he asked the barber.

"Lecture," said the barber. "Englishman named Lawrence."

The Englishman named Lawrence smiled. "I'm him," he said.

The barber started back in a theatrical way. Then he said to a man who was sharpening razors on a stone:

"Here, Bill, sweep up all this red hair. I want to preserve it."—New York Times.

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## Eligibility

The wise professor was correcting examination papers. He came to one that had "William Jones, English '4" in the upper left-hand corner and just below, "I'm the captain of the football team." The rest of the paper was blank. The wise professor marked it A-plus and went on with his work.—Life.

## First Texan Town

The first town in the country that is now the state of Texas was called "Taleta," founded in 1632.

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