

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

His final decision was that it was either Hardmuth or Crane; either was likely. At any rate, on the second day out, his plans were crystallized and he had decided to drop the mystery. It was over. Sooner or later it would come out, and in the meantime it did not matter particularly.

Olson's suggestion had been valuable. He had already planned to land at Yokohama and entrain there for Shimono-oseki, on the western tip of the island, from which point he could take ship for Pusan, Korea, and make a junction at Harbin for the long journey across the Russian and Siberian steppes.

He had almost forgotten his services to Japan in the earthquake; they had merely been episodes in a career filled with exciting episodes. Olson had reminded him, however, of the government's gratitude. Suppose he really did have influence enough to procure an army airplane, to meet him at Yokohama and fly him across the island to Shimono-oseki?

It would be a waste of time to charter a commercial plane in Japan. Those few available were slow and virtually obsolete—worthless for his purpose. But if he could get an army plane, he would have the next jump on Rogers. It was doubtful, of course, as Olson had reminded him, that he could get a train out of Harbin at once; trains from that point west left several days apart. But, at any rate, his arriving there ahead of time would shake Rogers' confidence severely. It would slow him, at the outset of the hardest part of the journey, what the knowledge and acquaintance of his rival really stood for.

He hurried to the radio cabin with his message to the war office. It was the middle of a sunny afternoon—even the ship seemed asleep as it drifted through the bluest of seas without a sail in sight, and there was only one operator in the room. Once inside, Jimmy threw across the message to the pale-faced youth who turned to him with scarcely a glance.

The operator, after glancing at the message, which was not in code, looked up with surprise and a hint of respect in his watery blue eyes. But once it was filed, Jimmy turned away.

It was not possible, he told himself, that the government would refuse him. It was a small request, after all; he doubted that they would forget he had risked his very life during the awful hours of the earthquake.

Swinging out of the door, he came face to face with Austin Rogers. The latter looked infinitely better than he had when he arrived on the ship, and it was the first time since then that they had met. Then Jimmy grinned.

"Cherio!" he cried. "Going to see if half a million or so can subsidize the Japanese government till you've erred? Or are you merely buying a controlling share in the Trans-Siberian?"

Rogers smiled coldly. "I could do either, my dear fellow, but I doubt the necessity." His glance flickered past Jimmy, through the half-open doorway of the radio room, where the single operator sat over Jimmy's message. His lips compressed.

"I fancy we shall be neck and neck until we get to civilization," he murmured. "Nothing counts in the wilds I've

heard, except a certain type of savagery."

Jimmy stepped away and, with his tantalizing grin, looked over his competitor from well-groomed head to well-groomed toes.

"I'm afraid that I'm beginning to get disgusted with civilization," he said, as he turned away. "It gets so awfully mixed up at times in the things it turns out."

But he remembered, when he reached his cabin again, a certain light in Rogers' eyes as the latter had glanced past him into the radio room. It disturbed him. He no longer trusted the man in the least degree. After all, he was powerful. But what could he do? No amount of money could get out of Japan what Japan preferred not to give. Even if money could get a copy of the message he had sent—rather doubtful, too—it could do no more than inform Rogers of his plans and make him worried.

He waited, however, through most of the next day, while the Adrienne bore on at a speedy clip westward, for the reply to his message; and was conscious that he was slightly disturbed in spite of himself. Over and over he figured the time necessary for a reply, until the message was delayed beyond even the outermost latitude he gave it.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when, as he sat in his stateroom, attempting vainly to interest himself in the pages of an illustrated magazine, a steward came in and handed him a radio message. He received it with a little sigh of gratification. But when he opened it, his pleased expression vanished. His jaws parted and his eyes widened with disbelief.

The message read: Request regretfully disapproved.

CHAPTER XI ... There was no doubt about what the message meant, he told himself grimly, after staring at it for several minutes. "Regretfully disapproved."

Jimmy had no thought of resentment; it never entered his mind. There was only a vague disappointment. Did service to governments and people mean no more than this, after all? Was Rogers right in the attitude he took toward life, and was he wrong? He had loved Japan; probably, he reflected, he would do what he could in another emergency, given the chance. But it was considerable of a blow—this reply.

Seldom had Jimmy Brandon asked a favor in his life of making friends and doing services. Often, though, favors had been given him without the asking; it was only infrequently that he found it necessary to demand them. And here, for once, he had asked—where he had every reason to expect the grant; and it had been refused.

At last he shrugged. It did not matter particularly. The air trip would be merely a gesture, anyway. He had consulted all his time tables and found that there was only one train he could possibly make out of Harbin, and Rogers would be able to get that, too. Possibly there was some good reason why Japan would not help him. He preferred to think that.

Looking up from his meditations, he was suddenly aware that the brilliant sunshine on the Pacific had gone, and that dark had come. But more, the wind had arisen rapidly in the last hour. A low moan

swept through all the rigging of the ship, and he could hear the waves aroused in a turbulent anger.

He got up quickly and went to the porthole. A sullen darkness had settled; from somewhere beyond the west a dull red glow like the reflection of a defeated sun streaked across an area of the inky sky. Jimmy gave a low whistle. He was accustomed to storms on the Pacific.

"And it looks like a real one!" he muttered.

He frowned. He had wanted to talk with Captain Olson about the latest development of the situation. Somehow, Olson generally managed to have a suggestion. But there would be little chance now. Nevertheless, he started for the bridge. Even before he reached there, however, the wind had risen to a howling fury, and at every pulse beat of the engines the liner quivered and dug her nose viciously into waves that were growing more furious by the minute.

Most of the night, Jimmy was on the bridge, but there was no opportunity for any conversation with the captain. Their dialogue consisted of shouts and clipped bits of grim humor, flung about by the racing wind on the bridge where Jimmy stood in oilskins and hung on to a banister, while Olson bellowed commands and guided the ship by a mixture of excellent seamanship and profane profanity.

He retired late, when Olson, worn but not weakened, dropped off in his bunk. All the following day the storm raged, to subside slightly with the coming of nightfall, and most of the passengers remained closeted in their staterooms. Of course, Rogers was a conspicuous member.

Jimmy was one of the few who got to the dining room that night. Smiling, after a strenuous afternoon on the bridge, he ordered a large dinner. But then, relaxing afterward, he thought again of the message from Tokyo, and listening, convinced himself that the fury of the storm was subsiding. He was grateful, for he wanted desperately to talk with Olson.

He fretted over the situation while he sat in the smoking cabin that night—the rendezvous for those who had not been incapacitated by the 24 hours of troubled weather. There were few enough of these but with none of them was he well enough acquainted to desire his company. With a brief nod at the questioning eyes which met his glance, from those who knew he had spent his time on the bridge, he announced brusquely that the weather was quieting.

This was proved when, at midnight, the door was flung open and Captain Olson roared in like a victorious viking. A cold breath and the sound of driving rain followed him; but even before the portal had closed, Jimmy had seen that outside it was calming considerably.

"Is it about through?" he muttered, as the skipper dropped on the lounge beside him.

"Just about," Olson was breathing deeply. "I thought we would have a real one, though, before it began to let down." The captain ordered his grog. "You're a good sailor, youngster. But you're a bad actor. What's on your mind? Anybody can see it's trouble on your face."

"Rather," Jimmy drew from him pocket the water stained replica of the reply to his radioed request. "Take a look at that. And then tell me you don't know what Sie transit gloria mundi" means."

Olson reread the three words several times, frowning more deeply with each reading. Then he shook his head.

"I cannot understand," he

said at last. "I cannot. There's something behind this."

"I haven't a doubt in the world of that," replied Jimmy, with clipped accents. "The question is—what?"

"Or maybe it's—who?" Olson added succinctly. "Has your friend Rogers, for instance, got any friends in Tokio?"

"Not that I know of—and certainly he knows no one in the government. Why?" Jimmy frowned.

"I don't know," Olson considered. "Except that it's just possible he might have discovered the messages you sent—and then it's just possible, too, that—money and friends in Tokio might have done the rest."

"All of which is—as you say agreed. "But, for one thing, I'm not ready yet to suspect Rogers of pulling any tricks, in spite of the fact that I've made him think I do, just so as to be on the safe side. Anyway, the message is fairly definite."

"That is just what I was about to observe," Olson remarked dryly. He considered a moment. "If you still want to get to Harbin ahead, there's one more chance, son."

"I knew, if there was, you'd think of it. What is it?"

"Have you ever been up around Minato?"

"Yes!" Jimmy was instantly alert. He perceived already a part of the idea that the captain was about to broach.

"Why don't you radio ahead and charter one of the smaller ships in the harbor there? You can drop off here at night time, get aboard, and go straight to Vladivostok. From there you can catch the Trans-Siberian to Harbin, as usual. You'll still be ahead!"

"Great!" Jimmy enthused. Then he sobered. "But Minato's off your course. If you're heading straight for Yokohama—Minato's north—"

"It won't matter," Olson interrupted. "No matter what you say, I think there's some crooked work here, somewhere. I've lived longer than you, youngster, and I'm not so trustful any longer. I put the Adrienne ahead of schedule on your account, and now we can use the time. I can pull off my course and go up near the northern tip of Japan, then run along the coast—and I'll still be in Yokohama ahead of time."

He grinned ingenuously. "What do you say?"

"Say?" Jimmy repeated, getting to his feet and thrusting out his hand. "All I can say is, you're a prince. Wait here till I file the message to Minato and we'll have a night-cap."

He hurried out. There was a strange operator in the radio room, and he dashed off Jimmy's message at once. Minato was a small port on the northern tip of the island of Japan, directly across the Sea of Japan from Vladivostok, on the mainland. Jimmy, once he had heard his message off, returned to the smoking cabin.

"They can't intercept that—or do anything about it," he said. "I doubt if even Rogers will attempt to blow up the schooner they send."

The captain considered the drink he held, thoughtfully.

"I don't know," he mused. "I have seen that man Rogers. He is used to getting the things he wants. For the first time, he sees he cannot have everything with his money—fairly. So he is the type who will get it some way." He looked up. "He wants to win, Jimmy. You haven't told me why. But I will tell you something. I saw in his eyes—he is going to win, one way or another!"

"It's a woman," Jimmy acknowledged reluctantly. "She sent us out to break records for her."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The average life of each has been two years. During 24 of the past 49 years the trend of the market has been upward, and during the rest of the period the market has been declining or irregular.

What gives this exhibit especial interest at the moment is Colonel Ayres' conclusion that the present bull movement has been under way for approximately two years. The sharp reaction in 1926 he regards as marking the end of the upturn which began in the autumn of 1924. That is a matter on which the experts differ. Some regard the present bull market as nothing more than a continuation and an accentuation of the rise which began as far back as 1922.

Such a view is incompatible with Colonel Ayres' theory of two-year bull movements. Instead of one prolonged movement since 1922 he sees three separate and distinct upturns in this period. If he is right and his theory still works, the present upward swing should be near its end. But the one sure thing about the market just now is its consistent method of refuting all theories and prophecies.

Q. How many rivers are there in this country? H. T.

A. There are 295 navigable streams in the United States.

ISLES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Their Beauty Justifies Stevenson's Lyricism, Writer Says

Sydney Walter Powell in "Roving Years; Adventures of a Wanderer." The boat was an inter-island trader, carrying a few passengers, saloon and steerage. Most of my fellows in the steerage were Chinese, who were on their way from their native land to Tahiti, where were many of their brethren. They were orderly, unobtrusive, and mused by themselves.

Our first port was Raratonga, in the Cook group, a high-peaked island, the sight of which from the sea answered perfectly to the descriptions of South Sea writers. I felt that Stevenson's lyricism was justified, and I thought of his first landfall, so like this. On shore, where we went in launches, I was slightly disappointed. The iron-roofed settlement was so prim. . . True, there were natives and native huts, but they seemed to have been dispossessed, to have lost their significance. I found the Raratongans a more affable than the Maoris, though indistinguishable from them in appearance. They are indeed of the same race, and speak a Maori dialect. Orange and banana groves covered the lower slopes of the hills, and their fruits, not the coconut, were the principal export.

We came at length to Ralatea, the first of the Society group. We moored beside a rickety wharf which was dignified by a port captain in white and gold, two mustachioed gendarmes and a customs officer. All wore tall white helmets and made a brave appearance. The village, a higgledy-piggledy place of Chinamen's stores, native huts and white washed French cottages, was even smaller than the Raratongan capital.

We reached Tahiti so early that I was not out of my berth until we had anchored. I was roused by a warning for . . . inspection, and going on deck, saw that we were lying in a large bay. We had entered it by a gateway in a wall of reef, which disappeared round two low palm covered points.

There was now a good number of persons, chiefly women, assembled, and their many colored frocks gave the wharf the appearance of a mixed flower bed. Most of the Europeans were dressed in white drill; the native men in cotton shirts and trousers. The contrast which this crowd made with any crowd I had seen in the brightness, lightness and cleanliness of its apparel. There were no gray or somber patches. That was my first impression. My second was of a pervasive perfume, not strong but rather heady, which I could not name, but which reminded me of something. It was the perfume of coconut oil, scented with the tiare flower which purges it of its grossness. It was symbolic of Tahiti, as I now know.

Plenty of Business.

From Detroit News. A shipment of 150 tractors, routed from Chicago to Minneapolis on the upper Mississippi barge line, was unable the other day to find cargo space on the upbound barges. At the same time a consignment of implements in farm implements, referred for shipment was unable to find room on the government's carriers. The line to Minneapolis is a new extension of the government's original service lower on the Mississippi, from St. Louis south, and on the Warrior in Alabama.

Only a few weeks ago the head of the corporation in charge of the service, Major General Ashburn is sued a warning to the Twin Cities and the upper valley that if the line was to be a going concern it would have to be a two-way service, with freight for its upbound barges as well as grain on downstream runs. The warning was hardly necessary since the upper river is already complaining of insufficiency of equipment and service, and many of the barges in Minneapolis are a doubling of the size of the barge terminal there. Downstream freight is offered far in excess of the barges' capacity, and, as we have seen, upstream shipments are already unable to find cargo room.

Yet it is only a little while since officials, speculating on the proposition of a nine-foot channel into Minneapolis, announced that there was hardly enough business available to keep the line alive. Here history repeated itself. The St. Louis-New Orleans line was launched with misgivings in many quarters, and now has many times as much cargo awaiting its service as it can possibly handle.

It is a curious thing, this timorousness over the ability of water transportation to make good, particularly in these midland states, which have pleaded, clamored, argued and cajoled for years for a transport service as quick, economical and convenient as the government's barges are offering today the length of the Mississippi.

Q. Please describe the early colonial bed that was fastened up against the wall in the daytime. H. N.

A. The turn-up bedstead was popular in New England. "This," writes Alice Morse Earle, "was a strong frame filled with a network of rope which was fastened at the head by hinges to the wall. By night the foot of the bed rested on two heavy legs; by day the frame with its bed furnishings was hooked up to the wall, and covered with homespun curtains and doors. These beds were in the kitchen, the place chosen because the room was the warmest in the house."

Good Enough.

From Enough. Winifred: How's the Esprit de Corps at your college?

Winifred: Not so good, but the Cognac we get from a Boston bootlegger is prime.

Q. What acids are used in the treasury to clean money? W. F. C.

A. The cleaning of money, both paper and coins, in the United States treasury has been discontinued. When money has become too soiled and disreputable for circulation, it is destroyed and replaced with new.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



To Cool a Burn
Use HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Literary Lights Find Fame Not Widespread

Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, had proved to be quite unknown in a Middle Western town, and he said rather bitterly to a reporter afterward: "Fame nowadays is confined to the movies and politics. Speak of Cautious Cal and the people will know what you mean, but speak of vers libre or super-realism and they'll think you are referring to a stove polish or a mouth wash."

"Fame, literary fame, is nothing nowadays. Once I was motoring in Devon. I passed through Ilfracombe, and then I came to Watermouth castle. There, as I found out afterward, Marie Corelli had lived while she wrote 'The Sorrows of Satan.'"

"But a native put it differently. "There, sir," he said, "used to live the great Mary Gorilla, the devil's disciple."

Take Heed and Run
Pedestrians are officially warned against heedlessly running into the roadway. The thing to do is to take heed, and then run for life.—Boston Transcript.

Right!
"If we let bygones be bygones, there would be less unhappiness in the world."
"Yes, but no hash."



OLD FOLKS SAY
DR. CALDWELL
WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination ofenna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Cited a Precedent

Macready, eminent tragedian, was once waiting to "go on" in a dark corner behind the scenes and overheard the stage carpenter telling two scene shifters of a conversation he had had with Macready that morning, relates Coulson Kernahan in "Celebrities."

"I says to Macready, I says, that won't do for me, and Macready he says to me," and so on and so on, pratled the carpenter.

Then Macready stepped from the corner and said sharply: "That will do! You have no right to be gossiping here at all, but if

you have occasion to mention me again, I will trouble you, my man, to speak of me as 'Mr. Macready.'"

"I dunno about that," said the unabashed carpenter. "You talk about Napoleon, and who's good enough for a h'emperor ought to be good enough for a h'actor."

"By gad, the rascal had me there," admitted Macready.

Life of a "Bull" Market.
From New York World.
Col. Leonard P. Ayres finds that since the resumption of specie payments by the United States in 1879 there have been 12 clearly defined bull movements in the stock market.