

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Since taking him on at sea early the previous morning, the Tokitsu Maru had neatly navigated the Straits of Tsugaru, separating the islands of Honshu and Hokkaido, and was now wallowing its way across the Sea of Japan to Vladivostok.

It had been, in spite of the excitement attendant upon the approach of a storm which it seemed impossible that the little boat could ride out, a tedious day. In Jimmy's mind was the memory of the Adrienne's speed run across the Pacific and his flight across the American continent nine days before. These reflections contrasted agonizingly with the annoying 12 knots that were somehow got out of the leaky boilers of the little Japanese ship.

He was the only foreigner on board, too, and there was no one to whom he could talk. He wearied early of the pastime of improving the captain's atrocious English and was devoting himself now to planning ahead and checking up on all that had passed.

Hardmuth he had not seen before leaving. Thanking him could be left until later, when, it was possible, Hardmuth might acknowledge the whole affair. At any rate, he had been a good friend. But Rogers—Jimmy's fists clenched every time he thought of the man. He had been loath to suspect him; now he was certain that his rival was his enemy and that on him the responsibility for every obstacle in his path could be placed.

Olson had been wiser than he in his trust of men. He doubted no longer that there had been a real attempt to drug him in his cabin the night before. And the radio message—!

This reflection, as his mind turned to it, while the barometer fell rapidly and the Tokitsu Maru neared the protection of the peninsula, drove all else from his thoughts. Rogers knew of the message from Tokio. The plane was waiting for him at Yokohama. If Rogers had doped him—as the man no doubt believed he had—he still had a move.

What was to prevent his rival from posing as Jimmy Brandon and accepting the Japanese plane waiting at Yokohama—unless the pilot should happen to be an acquaintance, which was unlikely? There was nothing! No way of preventing it.

It was an ironic thought; Jimmy growled deep in his throat and then laughed at himself as a spurt of spray flew over the side of the ship and covered his oilskins. Whatever Roger's plan had been, it could not be prevented now. By the time he got to Vladivostok, his rival could be in Shimomoseki. It would mean, at worst, that each of them would arrive at Harbin ahead of time and have to wait for the same train.

His train for Harbin, he discovered, departed at 1 o'clock in the morning. If the present schedule were adhered to and he met with no adversity in between, he would arrive there with several hours to spare. Recalling an acquaintance there with this fact, he made a mental note to wire Saunders, one of the English residents of the place, that he was coming.

The Tokitsu Maru was wallowing heavily now, making scant headway before a storm that had at last come down from every side. Jimmy had to relinquish his post forward and retire to the comfort of his cabin before the mighty buffeting that set in. The seas crashed the decks from bow to

stern; the propeller quivered with its every revolution.

Jimmy lighted a cigarette with difficulty; and then, suddenly, as though the rain had changed to oil and smoothed the troubled waters, the storm had been passed and the ship sailed into the protection of the peninsula. With a breath of relief, he went on deck again.

It was 10 o'clock when the Japanese boat dropped anchor in the murky waters of the harbor. Jimmy shook hands with the captain before leaving, correcting his last two English words into a more or less comprehensible "Good luck!" and then, with a flip-pant wave of his hand toward Russian Island, disembarked and set out for the customs jetty. The trip across from Minato had cost him 1,250 good American dollars; but to his mind, the advantage gained more than compensated for the expenditure. Unless Rogers had discovered his plans in some way, the surprise to him would be worth it.

Soviet officialdom at Vladivostok, even at that hour, greeted him courteously. Jimmy's wide acquaintance, his popularity in odd corners of the world was beginning to make itself felt. One of his first acts, when he had been planning his routes, had been to communicate with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and his newspaper friends in Moscow, requesting that passport visas for him be forwarded to Tokio. The fact that there was no soviet representative in the United States made this necessary.

His radiogram, to have the same visas forwarded to Vladivostok, when he had changed his plans, had been received and acted upon, he found. They were waiting for him on arrival, and he found himself possessed of what the officials termed "every consideration."

Two hours later, Jimmy had been safely and expeditiously passed into Siberia, had partaken of vodka and tea with the customs officer, and was comfortably sandwiched between clean white sheets in his berth in the wagon-lit, prepared, if necessary, to sleep until its arrival at Harbin, Manchuria, 40 hours later. At that point, direct communications with Moscow could be made.

He was well on his way and still ahead of schedule, but with the most difficult part of his journey yet to come.

CHAPTER XIII

At the Harbin station, Jimmy Brandon was one of two white men to alight from the train from Vladivostok. The second was patently a commercial traveller from the States who just as patently detested being in this particular place. Jimmy had avoided him on the train deliberately, for fear of having to listen to reminiscences of "Dear old Broadway—if I ever get back there again . . ."

He had heard them frequently in the past, in many places—some of which he himself thought infinitely preferable to Broadway; but he had learned now to anticipate and avoid them.

He looked eagerly for a sign of Saunders, to whom he had wired news of his arrival, fearful that his fellow countryman might spot him and suggest that they go to the hotel together, as exiles should. But Saunders was not in sight, unless . . .

But Jimmy remembered the Englishman as tall and broad shouldered, fair and light

haired, with a brisk little moustache, and the well dressed young man advancing toward him, however, pleasant of appearance in his dark, rather careless way, could not be he. The individual walked directly up to him, however, and smiled.

"You're Brandon, aren't you? No need to say yes; the other chap couldn't be. My name's Welker—Tommy Saunders asked me to meet you."

Jimmy accepted his outstretched hand gratefully. He found the younger Englishman a rather talkative sort for his race, but it was good to listen to him. It had been some time since he'd heard good English.

"I'm taking you up to Tommy's house," he explained. "You've got several hours before your Moscow train's due, and you might just as well be comfortable. Supper, and all that."

"Excellent!" Jimmy agreed. "Where is Saunders, though?"

"Oh, I forgot." Welker smiled blandly. "He's having dinner with the railway chief. Absolutely unbreakable engagement, you know—sort of like a royal command when he invites one to dine, y'know. You'll have to sit and listen to me for a bit. He's going to try to get away before you leave, if he can."

Jimmy nodded acceptance. He had never been to Saunders' home before. He and the Englishman had met first in Peking, at a pistol tournament which had ended in a poker session; and later, several times in other cities of the East, since his business kept Saunders travelling through the Orient.

He found the latter's permanent home charmingly comfortable and admirably adapted to a bachelor's wants. For a moment, as he came inside, Jimmy almost envied the man. He dropped with a sigh of relief into a deep club chair and relaxed.

Welker chattered on. "Nice place, this, for the part of the earth it's in. I stay with Tommy when I'm here; I knew him at school. I get around once every so often. Doing engineering work occasionally for the railroad."

Jimmy nodded drowsily. A little later, he bathed in the utmost luxury, which he had not been able to do since leaving the Adrienne off Minato; and then he ate with all the relish of an epicure. He was enjoying the hours of relaxation, while Welker's pleasant voice chattered on, to the very utmost. They came so seldom in his life, and he knew there were to be few on this trip.

"I suppose you know of my trip?" he asked Welker, after a heavy dinner had driven the other to what was, for him, almost muteness.

"Oh, yes, read all about it. Tommy and I are keen for it. Your competitor, by the way, got in before you did. He's at the hotel."

"I was wondering," Jimmy nodded. "So he did!"

"Did what?" Welker blinked.

"Use my airplane to cross Japan. There's no doubt about it, is there? The Fusan train isn't in yet?"

"It gets in just in time to catch the one out for Moscow," Welker informed him. "Not due for an hour."

Jimmy nodded. It meant that Rogers had taken off in a hurry from Yokohama in the plane sent there from Tokio. In other words, Rogers must still believe him to have been left behind, drugged, in his cabin on the Adrienne. Did he expect him to cross Japan by train, he wondered?

There were so many possibilities, so many things to think of, that Jimmy at last put them all from his mind. He had ahead of him a long journey, and, for the moment, there was certain peace. For an hour, he allowed himself to enjoy the inside of a home,

with all its quiet and rest; and then he was off for the station. There he left Welker, who was returning to his club.

The station he found was practically deserted, and there was a lost, lonely atmosphere about it which struck him forcibly in contrast with the home he had just left. Rogers, he concluded, must already be aboard the Moscow train. He was nowhere in sight on the dimly lighted platform when the Fusan train pulled to a stop and discharged its passengers. He watched idly the sleepy and disgruntled people emerging from the long line of coaches which stretched far back into the dark at the end of the platform.

Not a white face in the lot. Chinese, Russians, Japanese—even Koreans. It was a lonely sight. For the briefest second, Jimmy had thought of home—wherever that might be, and for the same second he had a keen desire to see a white face. Cold and chilly, dark and gloomy, the station was.

"And not a white face," he told himself again. "Lord, I've half a mind to go up and chin with Rogers. Why didn't Welker stay—or why can't Tommy Saunders make time for a cheerio?"

It was the first time he ever remembered experiencing loneliness or the faintest touch of homesickness. Yet it was neither of these he recognized. There was no place to be homesick for, but that matter. Somehow, of late, there had been born the desire to have one hearth at which he might warm himself—one person who cared, even if it were only for the most fleeting instant, whether he was in Zanibar or Sarawak.

The wanderer, in passing, had glimpsed a fireside. . . .

He thought of Frances. If he won, she was his. She had said practically that. Yet the thought of claiming her, even now, lacked its wonted thrill. Was that what he wanted, after all?—home and peace? There was always beauty—he had found it everywhere—and wealth he despised. Could Frances give him the rest—that mate-of-the-eagle love which his wanderer's soul was beginning to crave, now at last?

She could! Of course, she could, he told himself hurriedly and then cursed himself for his disloyalty. Here he was chasing around the world, just for her, risking life and fame and fortune—and wondering on this poorly lighted, lonely platform, if he cared enough to do it.

Not a white face. . . . Pre-occupied with the thought, he suddenly broke off. From the farther end of the Fusan train, down at that end of the platform where the dim lights scarcely reached, a figure caught his eye—a figure trim and exotic in this place, like a vision conjured out of his own imaginings. It was a woman, heavily veiled, and she was walking toward him.

She was alone, too. That, in itself, was not so curious. But in the same instant he realized that she was a white woman. Something about her bearing told him that—a certain poised assurance and a manner of carriage that betrayed his own race and left no doubt.

A white woman—alone—here!

It was astonishing. Harbin, with its mixture of types and classes, was none too safe at night for any woman; but this lonely station—for her to be traveling here alone and unprotected, unwarned of the dangers. . . . For she was manifestly making for the Moscow train.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Thank Goodness
From Judge.
"Hullo Bill! How's your wife this evening?"
"She's sinking."
"What is she ill?"
"No. Just washing dishes."

SIDESTEPPE
From Pathfinder.
"I asked you if you would loan me \$50, but you didn't answer."
"No, I thought it would be better for me to owe you the answer than for you to owe me the \$50."

Kind Old Gentleman—What do you call those two kittens, Johnny?
Small Boy—I call 'em Tom and Harry.
K. O. G.—Why don't you name them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?
S. B.—Aw, gnaw, mister; these ain't polecats.—Black & Blue Jay.

Cure for Propaganda
From Milwaukee Journal
Senator Walsh of Montana proposes two bills for the protection of education and public opinion that need, and deserve, careful consideration. One bill would make it unlawful for any person, firm or corporation doing an interstate business to pay a teacher or school official to write or revise a textbook. Any act intended to influence the use of a particular text or the teaching of a doctrine, dogma or theory with intent to influence public opinion in favor of any particular governmental action or public policy would also be prohibited. The other bill would deny second class mailing privileges to any newspaper or magazine knowingly printing "any reading matter furnished in substance" by a display advertiser, without disclosing its origin.

The intent of Senator Walsh is clear, and laudable. He is trying to turn back this flood of propaganda that has been let loose on America, as disclosed in the federal trade commission's inquiry into public utility activities and through other sources. He is trying to keep the sources of education and public opinion free from contamination. But the particular method he proposes may be open to question. At least it should be examined carefully to ascertain its wisdom and practical application.

We should not want to discourage the production of textbooks when the purpose of the author is to add to knowledge. Often when an author is entering a new field, he needs assistance. Perhaps, instead of barring him altogether from seeking financial aid, the law should more wisely provide that where he does accept such help the name of his sponsor must appear on the title page of the book along with his own. That would have a salutary effect and at the same time would inform those who make a choice of textbooks.

As for the limitations placed on newspapers, the foolishness, or the outright cupidity of some editors, as revealed in these same hearings, has invited action. Anything to prevent the contamination of news is for the protection of the public. But again we run into practical considerations. Legitimate news, honestly set forth, ought not to be placed in the same class as "press agent stuff." If Senator Walsh can relieve the newspaper profession of the persistent press agent and at the same time not hamstring it in the collection of fair and interesting news, his contribution ought to be welcome.

When Sun Snuffs Out.
From Literary Digest.

We have accustomed ourselves to the idea of a slowly dying sun, growing less and less brilliant and less warm through countless ages to come. But if Charles Nordmann's interpretation of some recent physical theories are correct, the sun is already old.

Like a hale old man, it retains much of its vitality, but when it does die, it will go all at once, just as the man does. Its light and heat will vanish like those of a bulb when the switch is pressed, and the world will be left in cold and darkness.

This prospect, which may be realized tomorrow, so far as Nordmann knows, he sets before us in an article entitled "The Sun Will End Suddenly," contributed to Le Matin (Paris).

English astronomer Jeans has shown by calculations that quite convincing, that the fate, the life, the evolutions of a star of a certain age, must undergo as a whole the experience of its own atoms," says M. Nordmann. "At a given moment when the temperature and pressure in the interior of the star reach certain values, almost all its atoms will suddenly lose a certain number of electrons.

"At this moment the radiating power, the heat and light emitted by the star, will suddenly lessen in a very great degree. The life of an aging star, such as our sun, will thus be made up of a series of sudden catastrophes, separated by periods of calm.

Perhaps this is the explanation of our geological periods, which have been so different and so suddenly subject to successive alteration.

"But there is something still more serious. The atoms of our sun, which is a decrepit star, have few more electrons. Next time they will lose all, or nearly all, of the rest. When this occurs, the sun, suddenly cooled, will no longer give us heat and light, and humanity will be snuffed out. This may happen this year, perhaps next month, possibly tomorrow."

Fake Sob Story
The person who sent a little Kentucky girl to her bed, ill, by telling her there is no Santa Claus, had a mean conception of the world, we said. But he—or she—is now overwhelmed in meanness, by the person who "faked" the story.
There is no Tillie Oakley, 9-year-old mountain girl, according to a special report made by an Associated Press investigator. Meanwhile, letters and packages continue to pile up for "Tillie" in the Paris, Kentucky, postoffice, sent by people in the United States and Canada who were moved by the false account of her illness. They wanted to prove to Tillie that there is a Santa, so they did up nice things in bundles and sent them to the address indicated in the story.
The incident, besides showing the strong human sympathy people have, especially for a child, discloses one other thing. The "faking" of a news story, once a not uncommon practice when a press correspondent needed cash, is a good deal more hazardous today. The Associated Press, as soon as it had reason to doubt the genuineness of this item, sent a special man who spent days investigating, to the end that trustworthiness and correctness of news might be promoted. He didn't find Tillie, he hasn't settled the question of the elusive Santa, but he did run a canard to earth and thereby makes canards less likely in the future.

A Clever Thought.
From Tit-Bits.

Old Sinner: If you will answer me one question, I will come to church.
Minister: What is the question?
Old Sinner: Who was Cain's wife?
Minister: My friend, you will never be able to embrace religion until you stop bothering yourself about other men's wives.

Q. What became of the Monitor?
E. L. T.
A. She sank off Cape Hatteras on December 31, 1862, during a stiff gale.

Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys if Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh
Since 1846 has healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

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Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views—The wonderful desert resort of the West
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CALIFORNIA

Animals Can Foresee Changes in Weather

If you see a bull leading the herd like a colonel at the head of a battalion, you may be sure that rain is on the way. The bull leads the herd like that when he is angry, because his temper has been ruffled by the prospect of rain. To see a bull licking his hoofs is also a sure indication of rain.

In fact, some animals make very reliable guides to impending weather changes. When a dog seems sleepy, disinterested, and evinces a sudden loss of appetite, it is a sure sign of a heavy fall of rain. The continual cackling and quacking of ducks and geese and other poultry is said to indicate rain.

Blind Golfer

Barton Cooper, thirteen-year-old blind boy, took up golf a little more than a year ago and lately played nine holes on the municipal courts at San Diego, Calif., in 43 strokes. He plays with a caddy and gets his sense of direction from him. Ten-foot putts are not at all unusual after the caddy rattles the pins in the cups.

Troublesome Spider

The name "tarantula" is generally applied in the United States to a certain species of large bird spider. It has a bite which is painful but not dangerous, and very seldom fatal, so far as accurate records show.

And Just as Good

Uncle Wesley—I'm glad to hear that you don't read dime novels.
Wesley—Not me. I know where I can get them three for a dime.

Help is Offered

and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N.Y., for confidential medical advice. No charge for this service. Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablets, from your druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce at above address, for trial package of tablets. One woman writes:

"About two years ago I suffered with very severe pains in my right side, had functional disturbances, was weak, nervous and run-down. Doctors said I could never be a mother. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—took eight bottles in all—and today I have a fine healthy boy, and enjoy better health. I cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—Mrs. Maude Bailey, Edgar, Neb.

Have you ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pellets for the stomach and bowels?

INDIGESTION

If you are peevish, cross, grouchy or have a tired feeling with headaches after meals it is usually because your stomach is not able to handle the food you have eaten and needs help. Do not be a grouch but write Watkins, Box 298, Scranton, Pa. for information about a formula worked out by a chemist and used for 17 years in such cases with amazing success.

SOUTH SEA GAMBLING

From London Daily Mail.
Gambling was unknown in the South Seas before the advent of the white man, but nowadays it has taken such hold of the natives that the governments of New Guinea and other islands have had to pass prohibitory laws.

A pack of cards is regarded by the natives as a very valuable possession. I know a young native who, after months of gathering the articles wherewith to buy in marriage, according to custom, a girl he was keen on, suddenly squandered the lot on a pack of cards. The articles

which included a quantity of native ornaments and weapons, a fishing canoe and a number of fine floor mats—were worth at least 20 pounds.

The young man regretted it later, and was glad, in due course, to sell the cards for approximately what he gave for them.

With their limited knowledge of arithmetic, games like bridge, whist and poker are too complicated for the natives. They play only very simple games, such as "banker." Usually they play for tobacco—a jet black "trade" tobacco made up in sticks of 24 to the pound.

Sometimes, however, when the

play runs high, strings of tiny cowrie shells are wagered. These shells are worth about 1 pound a hundred, and are a kind of ornament and money combined. Actual money is seldom used, for natives have a penchant to convert what cash they get into goods immediately.

Young Lady (in shoe store)—I want a pair of squeaky slippers, size 10.
Shoe Clerk—Squeaky slippers? Who for?

Young Lady—For father, so my George can tell when he's coming down the hall—Pathfinder.