

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

CHAPTER XXI

Berlin! Jimmy had an old love for the capital of Germany which even the furious days of the war had not dispelled. It was with genuine regret that he realized, disembarking from a sleeper the following morning at 7, that he had no time to spend there. He was on the homeward stretch, and from this point on must crowd the utmost speed out of every engine that the inventiveness of man could offer.

His plane for Amsterdam was leaving at 8 o'clock. Making a mental compromise with himself, he chartered a taxicab, drove to Adlon, and checked up on the fact that the Faustania, speediest ship on the Atlantic, was due to sail from Cherbourg, bound for New York harbor, late that afternoon. He had long ago decided on this ship for his final dash; Rogers, he knew, must have set his heart on it, too. And if Rogers missed it, through his detention at Moscow, the trip was his own. By no other route could either of them get in ahead of the Faustania. This was particularly true in this sailing, since the ship was making a speed run.

Jimmy figured his route carefully. He had but an hour in Berlin, for the Amsterdam plane offered his only means of getting out on the next stretch. At Amsterdam, he reasoned, in order to get to Cherbourg in time, he would have to charter a special plane. That was not difficult. He had sufficient money left. Before he left the telegraph office, he had dispatched a wire to the K. L. M. offices asking that a plane and a pilot be awaiting the arrival of the passenger ship from Berlin. He would arrive in Amsterdam by this carrier at 1:10 in the afternoon on which the Faustania sailed.

There was just time—but, in spite of it, Jimmy made a concession. A little cafe off the Tiergarten. Before America had entered the war, he and a group of correspondents had been wont to gather there at odd hours. It was late spring; the sunshine flooded the plaza and peered in odd arabesques through the linden trees over the outdoor tables as of old.

Jimmy sat alone, his taxi purring at the curb. Moments like this, snatched in the face of an imperative need to do something else, had furnished most of his pleasure in life. It was seldom that Jimmy Brandon sat still for long.

Memories of other days flooded him; the watch on his wrist ticked on, but he had his eyes on it. The city was quiet with early morning. He wished he might stay. A delicious languor possessed him, all the more real and delightful in the face of the knowledge that in a moment he must be up and off, on the last leg of his race.

But after it was over—what? He found himself wondering about the outcome of his venture for the first time.

New York . . . enough money on which he could live comfortably for some time . . .

Francis. But then what? Somehow the circle was not complete. He had never considered any moment beyond the end of his trip. The thought was vaguely disquieting.

Somewhere in this mad whirl of life there must be room for another quality of more enduring permanence, he told himself. Some men called it work, but his work had always been struggle. Others—he hesitated over the word—others called it love. But if it was love he sought, the thing that would reward effort with the final

smile; but he trusted the report. "But we're going to do some fast trekking for Cherbourg, my friend," he added tersely, "and if you don't get the speed—I will!"

He was answered by a sullen, unsmiling grant as the man turned away. Watching him, before he picked up his bag to follow, Jimmy was conscious of a slight uneasiness. He did not trust Lieutenant Gruger in the least degree. But he shrugged. He was becoming unduly suspicious, he told himself sternly, after his experiences with Rogers' underhand work. His rival was safe in a Moscow jail; he was nowhere near here and had no opportunity to do any further damage. In any event, he was a good pilot himself, and if Gruger failed him, there was nothing to prevent his taking over the ship. The whole thing was nonsense and he accused himself of acquiring nerves.

Shaking hands briefly with the official who had greeted him, and paying out the cost of the airplane in new bills, he hurried across the field and took his place in the seat beside his pilot. Gruger did not look up as he climbed in; his eyes were set straight ahead and he was fingering with his controls. There was no word spoken. The Fokker taxied to the end of the field, swerved, and took to the air as gracefully as a seagull. Jimmy, after they had found equilibrium at 1500 feet, sat back in his seat with a little smile. Surly or unlikable or otherwise, nothing derogatory could be said about Lieutenant Gruger's piloting. He flew straight as an arrow; the flat city vanished into the clouds behind them; with his eyes directly ahead, he set his course, handling the big ship as easily as a child handles a toy.

He headed southwest, flying high over the lowlands. Below them, windmills and long, irrigated stretches clicked by like the squares and pieces on a chessboard. Jimmy sat watching the country below with a casual interest.

He was headed for Cherbourg, with a good pilot. Nothing that he could anticipate could come up between now and the time he was safely landed inside the suite he had reserved aboard the Faustania. After that, there was nothing between him and New York—the end of the trip and the end of the flight.

He had a strange feeling, however, that Rogers would not stay incarcerated at Moscow. The man's ability to pave his way with money was coming to be something uncanny. But Jimmy at length dismissed this thought. There was little chance of Rogers eluding the authorities in Moscow; and even if he did, there was only a slender chance of his making the Faustania. Even in that event, they would only be neck and neck again—and Jimmy had already made tentative plans for a last dash from the deck of the ship to the finish line of their race.

Village after village flickered into view beneath the widespread wings of the big ship, slipped by, and disappeared. Jimmy judged presently that the frontier had passed and that they were now on their way over Belgium. A few minutes later this surmise was verified by a glimpse of Ostend, looming over the horizon.

With this city behind them, they bore on. They were about an hour and a half out of Amsterdam when Jimmy caught sight of another speck in the almost cloudless blue of the sky—a speck that, as they sped on, seemed to grow larger and larger. A moment later, he became certain that it was another airplane. Plainer and plainer it grew, coming toward them now at distinctly a right angle and bearing from the general direction of Paris. He watched its approach with mild interest, aware, presently, that his companion had seen it, too.

Which he has not been able to speak so that the sudden dark room is full of terrors for him. Perhaps he has some unhappy thought on his conscience. In such situations it helps to see to it that the child has so much love and interest shown him during the day that the doings of the grown ups hold no promise of giving him something he craves and would otherwise miss.

He would probably be less unwilling to say good night if his mother would make going to bed a happy process enlivened by a

soing or a story or a confidential chat. Her friendly manner should invite him to unburden himself of any troubles of the day. When the parent maintains an attitude which inspires trust, the child can speak frankly of his fears and humiliations and wrong doings, and gain from the talk the relief which always follows confession.

AUSTRIA LIKES AUTOS
Auto registration increased 80 per cent in 1928 in Austria and motoring is becoming so popular that the new figure is expected to be doubled in 1929.

Good enough," Jimmy did not like the way the man had

his exile from the family living room.

It does not generally improve the situation to enforce the bed time rule by main strength, but it often does help to try to see the situation through the eyes of the child, and handle it accordingly.

Perhaps he senses the fact that his parents are eager to be rid of his presence in the living room. Perhaps he doesn't like the way he is hustled into his night clothes and unceremoniously popped into bed. Perhaps he has recently had some frightening experience of

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He frowned. Undoubtedly, now, the stranger plane was making directly for them. For a second, he wondered if Rogers had made his escape, if they were on the verge of some startling drama set high in the clouds. As the strange ship came on, it seemed bent on plunging straight into the Fokker, so unerringly did it hold its course.

Jimmy noted instinctively that it was a Bleriot, and he wondered how much nerve Gruger would have in the face of a sudden emergency. A multitude of surmises flashed through his mind. He recalled the days of the war, when to let a ship gain the strategic position for which this one was maneuvering, would have been suicide. But Gruger flew on, careless of the Bleriot's approach.

Austin Rogers might have accomplished a great deal by wire, Jimmy told himself. His rival had numerous friends in this part of Europe. Could the Bleriot be up to something ominous? Would a crash come at any minute, or would the flash from a pistol out of the other cockpit mark the beginning of a duel among the clouds?

The Bleriot's movements, however, were baffling. Even Jimmy, wary as he was for treachery, could divine nothing hostile in the way it circled overhead several times, then settled slightly, and, after a few minutes, dove until it had reached an altitude equal to that of the Fokker's. Slowly, with rare grace, the helmeted and goggled figure in the cockpit maneuvered to close the distance that separated the two planes.

Jimmy, as the distance narrowed, wondered if Rogers himself might not be in the strange plane; but that thought was instantly banished. There was but one occupant of the Bleriot, and Rogers could not fly. The tips of the wings were very close now. Gruger seemed not to notice. He held to his course, unswerving, apparently oblivious of any danger or element of strangeness in the other ship's movements.

The Bleriot's pilot began to signal with his arm. Jimmy stared in bewilderment. What did it all mean? The fellow raised his arm up and down, and then pointed insistently to the ground below.

"Does he want us to land?" Jimmy looked dubiously at the ground and then back to the pilot. He waved his hand uncertainly, feeling rather absurd as he did so. The two planes were separated by scarcely 100 feet, when he saw the stranger sweep off his helmet and goggles with one swift motion. His face was clear. The wind tore through his hair and his eyes were closed before the rush of it; yet Jimmy, as he caught sight of his face, swore softly with utter amazement.

"Ceel Broadmoor!" he cried aloud. His next thought followed instantly. "He's heard about my dash and he's come to escort me into Cherbourg!"

The thought gave him a momentary glow of satisfaction and appreciation for the flyer's thoughtfulness. Broadmoor he knew of old; the Englishman was one of the finest of Britain's aces and air attaché at the Paris embassy. Often they had vied with each other in the clouds over the allied lines, discovering a mutual respect and liking.

But Jimmy was disillusioned of his first surmise an instant later. The Englishman's face was set and stern; beyond a wave of recognition, there was little of friendliness in his manner. He continued to motion toward the ground, his actions growing more vehement as they sped on side by side.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The cost of constructing all the highways in the world during 1928 cost more than \$2,600,000,000. Of this amount, \$1,380,023,776 was spent in the United States.

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Burros Out of Business

The burro was once one of the institutions of the West, but now in many sections, particularly in the Southwest, the animal has been thrown into the discard. Once they were valued burden bearers, but now they have been abandoned, as their work is done by the automobile. They have been set at large in many instances by their one-time owners, and roaming in small bands they have become a nuisance. They enter the smaller towns at night and, besides annoying the residents with their noise, they do considerable damage to crops and other property in their search for food. The town of Santa Fe in New Mexico for a while employed a man to kill wandering burros.

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are a tired-out or "run-down" woman, by taking Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Women by the thousands write letters like this:

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The use of "Favorite Prescription" has made many women happy by making them healthy. Get it from your druggist, liquid or tablets. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice. Send 10c if you want a trial package of tablets.

Paris Bars Policewomen

The Paris police authorities, who recently sent a commission to London to study the potentialities of women police, strongly recommended against their introduction in Paris on the ground that there is "no analogy between English and French manners and morals."

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One Way

Bobby and Billy were playing with the new kitten. Their mother heard the poor little thing mewling pitifully so she investigated. She found Bobby holding the front paws and Billy the back paws, each pulling as hard as he could. Mother stopped this and questioned the boys.

"Well, mother, we were just trying to make a cat out of it," said Bobby.

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World's Dark Ages

Historians differ as to the exact period known as the Dark ages. It is generally believed to comprise the earlier centuries of the Middle ages, a period of probably about 700 years. Hallam regards the Dark ages as beginning with the Sixth century and ending with the Fifteenth.

One bachelor says that a woman is a labor-saving device that helps a man make a fool of himself.



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Talks to Parents

By ALICE JUDSON BEALE

GOING TO BED

In many homes the children's bed time is an hour of friction and unhappiness. Even when the routine is carefully planned and faithfully followed it happens occasionally that a hitherto sweetly obedient child will suddenly refuse to go to bed at the usual time or will invent any number of ingenious excuses for holding off the hour of

room.

It does not generally improve the situation to enforce the bed time rule by main strength, but it often does help to try to see the situation through the eyes of the child, and handle it accordingly.

Perhaps he senses the fact that his parents are eager to be rid of his presence in the living room. Perhaps he doesn't like the way he is hustled into his night clothes and unceremoniously popped into bed. Perhaps he has recently had some frightening experience of