

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Jimmy stared. Then, pantomiming, he repeated the motions, questioning with his eyes. Broadmoor nodded. It was more than apparent that the latter wanted to make him land, and at once.

Jimmy hesitated. Certainly Rogers could be in no way involved in this affair. For some reason Broadmoor knew he must come down. That he could discuss later. In any event, he had time for a landing and a few words with the Englishman. Nodding agreement, he turned to his pilot and, grasping the latter's arm, signalled him to land.

Gruger looked up, stared dully for a second, and then, without a change of countenance, shook his head.

"Land, I tell you!" Jimmy roared in his ear.

With a negative shake of his head, Gruger's fingers tightened on the wheel. Jimmy's eyes narrowed. He glanced back at Broadmoor and the latter nodded, pointing downward again. The American began to suspect for the first time that something was wrong. Gruger was in his employ. What, then, could be his reason for refusing to obey this command? He grabbed the wheel and shoved it slightly forward.

The plane began to nose down. Then, with a jerk, it pointed upward again, as the pilot drew the stick viciously toward him. Broadmoor, his features tense, drew off slightly. Jimmy glanced at him, saw his set, stern face, and in response, his own eyes hardened.

Something desperate was in store. All his first distrust of his pilot returned with a rush. Broadmoor, Jimmy realized, had not come out on a pleasure trip, and the moments ahead promised to be dangerous ones indeed. In any event, he was determined to land.

## CHAPTER XXII

Jimmy now turned his back on the Englishman; the situation existed now between himself and his pilot, and Broadmoor could not help. He gripped the wheel tensely, his hands over those of Gruger, and shoved it forward again. The pilot gave a guttural curse, and his black eyes flamed.

"Damn you!" Jimmy hissed, though his voice was drowned in the sound of the motor; "give me that wheel!"

Gruger understood. He growled again, swore, and shook his head like a stubborn bull. Jimmy's grasp on the stick tightened as he shoved it forward again. The big Fokker roared like a crazy ship at sea. The tussle that followed was a desperate one. The Fokker careened among the clouds much as a ship caught in a frothy current, up and down, swerving dangerously sidewise and lurching back, while the wheel, under the hands of the two men, seasawed backward and forward.

At last Jimmy loosed his hold. Gruger was up to something; what, he could not guess. It did not matter particularly, either; the man's bestial stubbornness had inflamed him. There was no reason in the world why he should not want to land, however, if his intentions were good; and here he was risking his life to remain in the air.

"Turn this ship over to me—or fight," the American yelled.

The Hollander turned upon him with dark, glowering eyes, and his thin lips drew back over yellow teeth that were like fangs. An ugly snarl transfixed his face.

"Take it!" he challenged.

Jimmy half turned. He knew that a hand-to-hand fight in

the air probably would mean nothing short of disaster. But he knew, too, that something dangerous was in the wind. His glance fell on the fire extinguisher in its brass clamps alongside him. Reaching over, he gripped it.

In the same instant, Gruger, catching his intention, moved. His dark eyes burned. With a curse, before Jimmy could turn back to him, his right hand left the wheel and his fist came up in a short, sharp blow straight from the shoulder.

The blow caught Jimmy under the jaw, dazing him. He dropped backward, momentarily stunned, his hand still gripping the weapon. Helplessly he put up his left arm to ward off a second blow that came on the heels of the first. It glanced off his shoulder and struck again. Another—and he felt his senses reeling, dimly aware that this was a life-and-death battle.

Gruger's dark eyes were flaming; at sight of his passenger's weakness, he even left the stick, bringing his right arm in front of him for another punch that caught Jimmy at the point of his jaw. Weakly, with the last of his strength, the American raised the fire extinguisher just as the Fokker gave an alarming slip sidewise and the Bleriot dropped out of its mad path.

The weapon came down wildly, with all of Jimmy's remaining strength, as Gruger sought to regain control of the plane. Sidewise it struck, across the Dutchman's temple.

Through a gray mist, Jimmy saw Gruger slump forward across the wheel; the Fokker plunged downward as the move sent the stick forward. He gave a little befogged cry, dashing a hand across his eyes to drive away the mists that threatened to enshroud him. Gruger was out; a tiny trickle of blood ran from his temple, and his face was pale as death.

Jimmy sat dizzy, weak, and helpless under the blows he had received. He saw, as he half turned, the English attacker's white, strained face in the cockpit of the Bleriot, his frantic gestures to him.

The Fokker was out of control, headed straight for the earth, toward which it was plunging in a mad tear at 100 miles an hour. His senses were numbed; his very nerves refused to react. With a groan of anguish, he threw himself sidewise, his hands groping for the stick. The pilot's body was in the way.

Jimmy's weak muscles responded only slowly to his demands. The ground had been 1,000 feet below when he had struck. Now it was approaching at a dizzy rate, tearing up toward him through the clouds. His head was clearing only gradually; it was with a terrific effort of the will that he retained a grip on his senses.

With agonizing slowness, his weakened muscles forced the Dutchman away from the wheel. He pushed the man away dully; time had stopped. There was only the ground, careering toward him, and a recollection of Broadmoor's frightened face. These things helped him to gain a hold on himself.

His fingers found the wheel—it was free. The ground was scarcely 200 feet below him. With a last jerk that took all of his remaining strength, he drew the stick sharply toward him.

The plane's mad dash toward the earth suddenly ceased. With his eyes still glazed, his muscles gradually recovering, breathing with the knowledge that the ship was coming under control, Jimmy

sought to focus on the ground below for a landing place.

It was a nondescript field that he discovered—clear enough and free for a landing, with grass that grew more than six inches long and rippled joyfully under a slight breeze. A little dike ran alongside of it, curving southward and disappearing in a clump of trees and growth half a mile away.

Ignoring the slightly stirring figure beside him, Jimmy got himself somehow behind the controls. Gruger was shoved into a corner of the narrow cockpit, lifeless. Jimmy shot forward on an even keel, circled, and then, banking, slipped sidewise to the field. At last his wheels touched and his taut muscles loosened. With a sigh of relief and gratitude he shut off his controls and let the big Fokker come slowly to a full stop.

A few minutes later, after circling carefully overhead, the wheels of the Bleriot touched the ground with all the ease of professional landing, and Jimmy's eyes lighted with admiration as his friend's ship rolled to a stop and the motor was silenced. Stiffly he managed to crawl out of the cockpit, steadying himself for a moment by gripping the lower wing, before he hurried forward to greet the English ace as the latter jumped to the ground and ran toward him.

"Thought you and your friend were finished for a few seconds," admitted Broadmoor with all the casualness of a man who has seen and faced death so often that it has become merely an occurrence.

"Very neat bit of work you did—congratulations!"

Jimmy stared at the bronzed, handsome features of the Englishman while the latter lighted a cigarette with meticulous care, his gray eyes full of interest, it seemed, in just that one operation. The grin on his lips became an ironic smile.

"Say, Broadmoor, did you fly out from Paris today just in order to get a thrill out of me? Don't you know that I've got to be aboard the Faustania in less than two hours—at Cherbourg?"

"Correct, according to advices," Broadmoor admitted. "That's exactly why I'm here. If you'd kept on with that blighter, you'd never have made it—my word on it. You are jolly well lucky to have friends scattered about here and there, old son."

Jimmy's right eyebrow came down and he smiled. "No doubt, he agreed. "I don't suppose, either, there's any way of hurrying you. But when you're ready, Cecil, let me know what this is all about."

"Of course!" Broadmoor smiled the slow, lazy smile which had made him so popular all his life. He gestured toward the Fokker, where the Dutch pilot still reclined in the cockpit. "It would appear that your hated rival, in true penny-thriller fashion, managed to secure the services of that Johnny with you—"

"My rival!" Jimmy interrupted. "You mean—"

"Rogers. But it's all rather penny-thriller, Jimmy. What on earth are you making this mad dash for?"

"Money. That, and—" He hesitated.

Broadmoor cocked an amused eyebrow. "Don't say love. You couldn't. That's something you're going to chase all your life—and when it's too late, you're going to realize you passed it by several times in your hurry. Anyhow—"

"Anyhow," Jimmy cut in again, impatiently, "I want to know what you mean. My rival—Rogers—is in jail in Moscow right now. How on earth could he—"

"Forgive me—he was in a Moscow jail," Broadmoor interpolated. "Rogers left Paris at least 30 minutes ago by airplane, and he should be some-

where in the general vicinity of Cherbourg right now!"

"Of Cherbourg?" Jimmy repeated, dazed. It was all completely beyond him—Roger's movements—the perfidy of the pilot—Broadmoor's appearance like a god from the machine. And he knew that the Englishman would take his own time about letting out the story, as much as he knew of it. That was characteristic.

"Before I tell you what little I know," Broadmoor suggested, in his slow drawl, "do you mind if we take a look at this blighter who took you up? I'm rather interested in discovering just what he intended to do with you—without harming himself."

"Whatever it was," Jimmy retorted, "it wouldn't have been necessary for him to harm anyone. It was merely a case of making me miss my boat. What I want to know is, what made you think that was his intention?"

"I should think that fight up there would have been enough to convince you of some ulterior motive," the Englishman retorted. "Ah, here he is! What a charming face! Jimmy, you made a mistake when you struck—you should have tried to alter those lines somewhat. Anything'd be an improvement, 'pon my word!"

At sight of his pilot, Jimmy Brandon's first anger returned. The latter lay back, staring vacuously over the cowl of the fuselage; but when they appeared he turned smouldering, hate-filled eyes upon them both. Still he only stared—a fierce, burning stare.

"I'll finish the job in a minute," the American said, between tight lips, "unless he tells me what was up."

But nothing—threats or suggestions, could move the Dutchman. To every question, every demand, he maintained his stubborn, unspoken silence, staring.

"The idea was, Jimmy," Broadmoor decided at last, "to get you down here along the coast, somewhere off the beaten track, and leave you there. Somehow, this egg was going to make what appeared to be a perfectly natural forced landing, and—"

"But why?"

"Ask your friend Rogers, you trusting little babe!" retorted the Englishman scornfully. "I'll go into details later; but it's known that Rogers wired a friend at The Hague to see that you didn't reach Cherbourg. He also telegraphed a large sum of money—that was from Moscow. It seems obvious that this fellow was the one chosen to carry out the plans. He's clever enough, and from the amount of money that passed over the wire, it's been made worth his while." He hesitated. "What puzzles me," he mused, "is the method he was going to use."

His keen eyes roved over the graceful lines of the ship from rudder to prop. "Was it hitting all right?" he asked.

"Never a miss," returned the other wonderingly, with another glance at the staring features of the Dutch pilot.

Broadmoor continued his inspection. A moment later, he gave vent to a soft exclamation which brought the American hurrying to his side. He had dropped to his knees on the farther side of the plane and was crawling under the fuselage. Jimmy, as he bent down, caught a glimpse of a rapidly widening circle of moist earth, where drop after drop of liquid fell with a steady insistence.

Broadmoor caught one of the drops in the palm of his hand and carried it to his lips.

"Petrol!" he shouted. "That was the stunt, Jim. Don't you see now?—This bird must've opened a seam in his gas tank, and for the last two hours you've been losing petrol by the pint. Let's take a look."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Tons of Plant Food Extracted from Air

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—(AP)—In 1928 scientists captured nearly 1,000,000 tons of nitrogen out of thin air—a source that is inexhaustible.

The process is known as "fixing" air nitrogen, and is the basis of an industry that rapidly is developing in this country.

Dr. Fernald E. Bear, of the soils department of Ohio State university, says the amount is equivalent to more than 4,000,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia, or more than 5,000,000 tons of nitrate of soda.

## Hints for the Farm

Early hatching of chicks pays in dollars and cents. One hundred early hatched pullets will produce approximately 15,000 eggs in a year at a profit of about \$488. The same number of late hatched pullets will produce only about 11,000 eggs at perhaps half the profit.

Farmers' taxes have increased nearly 100 per cent in the last 15 years, and the land values are about 20 per cent higher than in 1913, says a report from the United States Department of Agriculture.

The best time to dehorn a calf is when he is from 4 to 10 days old. Apply vasoline around, but not on, the horn buttons and then rub caustic soda or caustic potash on the horns, making a spot about the size of a nickel. Discontinue rubbing before bleeding starts.

Grade beef cattle before shipment and load them of uniform size and finish in the same car, as far as possible. A few steers that lack finish or quality, unless cut out and sold separately, will lower the price of the entire lot.

The channel of the ancient Hudson river runs under the sea for many miles, showing that the land was once above the sea.

## Lowell on Prohibition.

From The Detroit News. That President Lowell of Harvard university calmly discusses when we ought to try to stick to prohibition as it is, or give it up, is well nigh sensational. For Dr. Lowell, unlike Dr. Butler of Columbia, is anything but a wet, and like Dr. Butler has the responsibility of knowing that thousands of young men are tremendously influenced by what "Proxy" says. Dr. Lowell might be described as conservative but not reactionary, yet so good a party man that he yielded on the League of Nations, advocacy of which was the most important thing in his public leadership, and urged in his public leadership, and

It is this kind of university head who now says that if the prohibition law as it stands cannot be enforced, it should be modified to permit communities which desire and can carry out absolute exclusion of liquor to enjoy that privilege. By inference other communities would not be so bound. Dr. Lowell, in his articles in the current Atlantic, does not attack prohibition. But he does not flinch in admitting that it has done harm as well as good. "It has turned many respectable people who ought to be patterns of law and order into lawbreakers. It is responsible for no small amount of violence and crime." In short, "the country is at odds with itself," he says, and "this is not a healthy condition, or one that ought to continue."

Even more daring is Dr. Lowell's comparison of the effects of prohibition with the effects of prohibition in the south after the Civil war. He declares that President Hayes "made up his mind that to fulfill a clear constitutional obligation would be both futile and demoralizing, and posterity has been convinced that he was right." This is a pretty clear suggestion that not to enforce the letter of the eighteenth amendment may be more right than to enforce it.

What counts most is that a man of President Lowell's standing, with his known devotion to law, lends his weight to the opinion that if prohibition cannot be enforced better than it is now, it ought to be changed. He is against the swing position of drowsy who, though they know the law is violated at every turn, still insist that nothing shall be changed in the law.

It is pretty strong medicine for the conservative head of our oldest university to say "If the prohibitionists insist that their principle unabated shall remain the formal law, they will probably make enforcement impossible, hamper the growth of temperance, and perpetuate violation of the law and good order." That strikes a heavy blow at the argument that because all the black angels are against the zealous drys all the white angels are on their side.

## MAY SHORTEN LIFE

NEW YORK.—(AP)—A report that some fat reducers also are "youth destroyers" is issued by the American Chemical society's official journal. It comes from Prof. L. Kofler, of Innsbruck, Austria.

He finds that some fat reducers contain iodine, and says: "It is precisely the chief consumers of fat reducing preparations, the no longer youthful women, who are especially sensitive to iodine." Iodine in some forms speeds up the rate of bodily energy consumption, a condition that may be compared to using up youthful energy too rapidly.

## PAINTED CLOCK

Spring is a good time to color up the kitchen. An old aluminum clock can be painted to look pristine new and decidedly like spring. Hung by a colored cord it will be a new asset to kitchen beauty.

Q. What is the difference between a tool and an instrument? L. D. V.

A. An instrument is an implement or mechanism for scientific or professional purposes, as distinguished from a device, tool, or machine for industrial use.

## If Back Hurts Flush Kidneys

Drink Plenty of Water and Take Glass of Salts Before Breakfast Occasionally.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulate them to their normal activity.

The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

## GREAT DISCOVERY KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE

Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks. K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) is a new exterminator that can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the original Squill exterminator. All druggists 75c, or direct if not yet stocked. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

## For Poisoned Wounds As Rusty Nail Wounds Ivy Poisoning, etc.

Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

## Unethical

Friend—Why are you so annoyed with your son, the artist?

Newrich—Well, he goes off somewhere into the country and paints a dirty old hayrack when we have a fine new Rolls-Royce in our own garage.—Faun, Vienna.

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it.—Adv.

## At Least That

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer. Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say.—Boston Transcript.

The fewer words the better the prayer.—Luther.

Integrity gains strength by use.—Tillotson.

## Denver Mother Tells Story

Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.

See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation give them a little California Fig Syrup. It regulates the bowels and stomach and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act as Nature intends them to. It helps build up and strengthen pale, listless, underweight children. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it's purely vegetable, so you can give it as often as your child's appetite lags or he seems feverish, cross or fretful.

Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it. A Western mother, Mrs. R. W. Stewart, 4112 Ravitan St., Denver, Colorado, says: "Raymond was terribly pulled down by constipation. He got weak, fretful and cross, had no appetite or energy and food seemed to sour in his stomach. California Fig Syrup had him romping and playing again in just a few days, and soon he was back to normal weight looking better than he had looked in months."

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.



## THE MOVIE INFLUENCE.

From Life. School Teacher—Johnnie Wilson, haven't you written your composition yet? Johnnie—No, teacher, but I can whistle you the theme song.

The Spending Orgy. From St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The 70th congress, which has just ended appropriated a total of \$9,281,599,377. The 69th congress appropriated \$8,620,000,000 and the 68th congress \$7,935,000,000.

Twenty years ago the country marveled at a \$1,000,000,000 congress. That was before its wealth

had been so greatly increased from within and without that single departments required almost \$500,000,000 every two years. For example, the army, though on a peace-time footing, received \$453,789,632 from the last congress.

The United States has become a big country and as its wealth has increased its activities and aspirations have grown. The interior department was given \$285,585,663 for the last biennium. It finances the government's share in road-building. It is possible that in time to come the system of good roads which the government is helping to

build all over the country will be regarded as the outstanding evidence of the wealth and spirit of our time. It proved so with Rome. In her almost 1,000 years of grandeur she left her greatest material monument in a system of roads which is standing up under traffic in many places even now.

How some of the federal departments have grown is best illustrated by the department of agriculture. It employs 40,000 people, and the last congress gave it \$144,511,554. The navy received \$390,236,697. Is it any wonder that we have probably stretched a constitutional

point to collect an income tax? No country such as the United States can vote hundreds of millions for flood control, authorize 15 cruisers to be built at once, scatter gold all up and down the highways of 48 states, contemplate a \$1,000,000,000 canal in Nicaragua etc., etc., could be run without it.

Q. How many tons of rock are there in Stone Mountain? F. P. K. A. The estimated volume of Stone Mountain is seven and a half billion cubic feet. Since granite weighs from 160 to 170 pounds per cubic foot, this would be approximately equivalent to 600,000,000 short tons.