

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

They climbed into the cockpit. "Get out!" Broadmoor ordered the pilot bluntly.

Gruger hesitated. Jimmy, his fingers twitching, grasped the fellow by the shoulders. Gruger, with a curse, reached up his fist; but Broadmoor swung over without comment or apology. His fist came down in a short-arm job, and the Dutchman fell back.

"Heave 'im over!" drawled the Englishman coolly. "He's in the way."

Without ceremony, the two lifted Gruger clear and tossed him over the edge of the cowling. He tumbled to the ground and lay still. The English ace without another thought for him, turned to his inspection. After five minutes, he yelled that he had discovered the leak.

"There's about 20 minutes' worth of petrol left!" he cried. Jimmy stood erect. With the final confirmation of the plot, anger flooded his veins. He recalled the scene high up in the clouds, when he and Gruger were battling for control of the ship—the man's stubborn, maddening silences and his refusal to land—the straight-arm punch that had come without warning and that had nearly caused the death of them both.

Gruger had planned, evidently, on a forced landing—perfectly safe, but far enough off the beaten track so that no aid could reach his passenger in time.

Something lighted deep in the American's eyes; they fell on the Dutch pilot, who was just getting to his feet and whispering curses between cracked lips. Wordlessly, Jimmy climbed over the side, his fists clenched, and moved toward him. Gruger paled and straightened.

"Put up your hands, you rat!" Jimmy ordered, between his teeth. "You're due for some boxing instruction."

"Cut it, Jim!" Broadmoor cried out a jerky protest and leapt free of the cockpit. In the next second, his hands were on Jimmy's tight muscles as the latter drew back to swing.

"Don't be an ass!" he exclaimed. "We've got to get underway if you're going to catch the Faustania. Settle this account with Rogers—it's his who's responsible."

Jimmy hesitated, breathing deeply. He nodded. "I'll settle with Rogers, all right. And I suppose you're right." He turned. "But—but not just one swat, Cecil?"

"Not even a little one," Broadmoor laughed.

"I'll take care of this cove through the regular channels, and that'll hurt more. We've got our evidence now. Come on!" He pushed Jimmy toward where the Bleriot waited.

Reluctantly the American acceded. Scarcely five minutes later, Broadmoor's ship was taxiing to a position at the farther end of the open field. Gruger stood there watching them, a lone and forlorn figure, as they recrossed the field and took lightly to the air.

## CHAPTER XXIII

For 15 minutes, the British ace drew out every bit of powder that his airplane possessed.

They were still flying over the lowlands, headed direct for the French seaport, when he leaned forward with a sudden start, and then jerked quickly back, his eyes on Jimmy's face. The motor gave a cough. Another sputter followed, and then, even as they stared at each other—another!

Cherbourg was still an hour distant. Broadmoor held on, his hands gripping the wheel tightly, his face tense, forcing

the ship forward, it seemed, by his sheer power of will.

But the coughing persisted, disturbing every few seconds now the regular rhythm of the motor. A rapid succession of sharp explosions came, and the forward motion hesitated—picked up—dropped again. Jimmy's face was drawn when he at last nodded into Broadmoor's anxious eyes and the Bleriot circled over a favorable landing place which presented itself.

"Ignition!" the Englishman shouted, as he throttled down the motor and went into a long glide toward the earth.

This guess was substantiated a few minutes later. The wheels of the Bleriot touched and the motor gave a last gasp before it expired. Even before the forward motion had quite ceased, Broadmoor had leapt clear of the cockpit, Jimmy behind him. They made a rapid inspection of all the ignition parts.

"Here it is!" Broadmoor shouted, a moment later, and he followed the words with a long groan. Three wires leading to the distributor were completely eaten away. Jimmy stared at them dully; this second blow had come too swiftly for him to have quite assimilated its meaning.

"A good hour's work!" the Englishman swore. "This isn't my plane, you know; I was in such a rush that I took the first one offered." His handsome features were white. "We can't make the boat, Jimmy," he said, softly; but there was more emotion under the toneless quiet of his voice than Jimmy ever remembered in him.

He nodded quietly. An hour's delay—in an hour the Faustania would be out to sea, moving through the English channel. Again Rogers had won, and this time, not entirely through his own maneuvering. The American's eyes narrowed purposefully.

"Let's do our best, anyway," he said, tight-lipped, and threw off his coat. "I've been beaten before on this trip, and I shan't quit till I see Rogers waiting at the finish line."

Together they set to work. Broadmoor had no more to say; even his grief at the circumstance seemed to be spent. Through the swift, hurrying minutes that followed, Jimmy felt intensely grateful for his friend's cool calm.

Wires had to be spliced and taped carefully, for there were no extra parts. Connections had to be made with hair-breadth precision. During the hour, bent over his tasks, Broadmoor managed to breathe a jerky account of all he knew connected with the race.

Rogers, it seemed, had managed to get in touch with friends in various European capitals, and eventually these had secured his release—a circumstance for which his competitor had not been entirely unprepared.

"Your friend Harvey wired you about it, I understand," said the Englishman; "but apparently you were moving too fast for the wire to catch up with you."

Immediately upon his release—which had been supposedly temporary, under the promise that he would return to answer the charges against him—The New York millionaire had chartered a special train to Warsaw. Jimmy nodded at this news; it had been a strategic move. Early that morning he had arrived, it seemed, and immediately boarded an airplane which brought him into Paris early in the afternoon. Another plane, specially chartered, was carrying him on to Cherbourg for

court. This began to appear proofs of the soundness of the predictions already commented on here to the effect that this law will throw the enforcement of prohibition squarely into the courts themselves. Previously this has not been the case, at least to any preponderant extent. The courts, it is true, have ratified the bargains made by district attorneys; they have collected the stipulated fines from bootleggers who formed before them in column of platoons; they have even held actual trials, with judges, juries and prosecutors all complete, in a few sensational cases. But the real work, even though it has been ineffective, has been done by the police, the

connections with the Faustania.

"Barring air accidents—and he had a good pilot, I think—he must be boarding the ship about now," Broadmoor added.

"But how did you know all this?" Jimmy demanded, raising a puzzled face from under the cowling.

Broadmoor raised a grimy head and grinned. "Don't you know?"

"You know I don't! There's been a— Jimmy hesitated. "Go on — tell me what you know."

"Well, we have a certain mutual friend, it appears," drawled the Englishman.

"We have a number of 'em," Jimmy retorted. "But I can't place any one of them who'd know enough to send you out after me, and know Rogers' moves in Moscow and Warsaw — except —" He stopped, flushing despite himself.

Of course, it was she—his lady of the black narcissus—but who was she, and how did Broadmoor know her? Interest in the mystery for the moment drove his mind even from the thought of the disaster to his plans which was confronting him. It was of chief importance, suddenly, after all. More important than the trip, it had come to be—the mystery of who this elusive figure could be, this woman who seemed so close to him, so utter, in accord, in spite of the fact that he had never seen her face to face.

"Exactly," Broadmoor was smiling, his eyes on the American's flushed features. "She certainly seemed anxious to help a young man to get along in the world."

So it was she! Jimmy dropped the wrench in his hand and forgot it. He knew, suddenly, that nothing else mattered greatly beside this revelation which seemed almost due. This woman who occupied so much of his thoughts—even the prospect of fame was fading before her mysterious identity. Broadmoor knew her—Chuck Harvey must have met her—everyone knew her, it seemed, but he. She had stayed behind in Moscow, as she had promised, to watch Rogers; when Rogers had escaped she had done the one thing she knew to do—the best: She had secured Broadmoor's services.

"This isn't the first time she's helped me out, Cecil—though possibly you already know that," he said quietly. "If you know who she is, you're going to tell me, at last—whether I catch the Faustania or not! Do you know her name?"

"I have the honor," the Englishman admitted.

"Well, suppose you let me in on it—right now!"

"Why not?" Broadmoor, after a moeking glance at his friend's features, gave a little laugh. "Pon my word, you are getting worked up about it, aren't you?" He stood up and let fall the roll of tape twisted about his fingers. "I think this is the best way to tell you," he said quietly.

Reaching a grimy hand into the pocket of his unionalls, with tantalizing deliberation, Broadmoor drew out and scrutinized a greasy sheet of paper which he at last handed to his friend. Glancing at the sheet, Jimmy recognized it as a French telegraph message.

Without a word, he unfolded and stared at it. It was addressed to Broadmoor, in care of His Majesty's Paris Embassy. A gulp of surprise came from between his lips as he read:

"Have discovered that Jim Brandon is to be held up on speed trip somewhere between Amsterdam and Cherbourg. Cover him by plane to see that he reaches Cherbourg in time to catch Faustania. Have plane ready for him at noon also, at Paris, for flight to Cherbourg.

agents and the district attorneys. It is these who have discovered violations of the law, found the degree of guilt and persuaded defendants to accept their findings. Only through them and their simplified method of doing business have the thousands of prohibition cases been handed at all.

But now, with a central bureau of legal advice already available, and avowedly bent on fighting each case to the end, the old method will not work. The bootleggers, or at least a large number of them, will no longer form in column of platoons to plead guilty and accept their fines but will fight their cases, one at a time, in the courts themselves. And when

Flying through from Warsaw Love."

Jimmy stood stunned for a moment, his eyes on the signature below the message. "Flying through from Warsaw—Love!" And it was signed by Natalie Crane!

Natalie Crane! . . . The repairing was forgotten. No wonder he had never been able to guess. "It's been Natalie who followed me," he demanded dully, "all through?"

Broadmoor nodded. "Nobody else! What's your fatal power, Jim?" He returned to his work.

But Jimmy did not move. Natalie, whom he had seen but twice, the second time merely to wave goodbye . . . Natalie, to whom he had spoken for those few brief moments in Billy's home on the day the bet had been made. And she had been that slim, confident figure in black silk on the platform at Harbin; it had been her voice that he heard, her delicate perfume which had clouded his brain for days.

But it had been no other. He knew, now. Natalie, slim and dainty and alluringly feminine—so feminine that, in New York, he would never have believed this wild actuality possible—it was the same girl who had picked him up without a word and charged with him through the night skies to Chicago, at the stick of the huge plane!

A sudden wild thrill shot through him. He could find her now; the mystery was ended. It was Billy's sister who had helped him—at the end of this trip, he could go to her. Possibly he could even tell her of all the things that had gone through his mind during the days just passed; he would find that ready understanding, that comradeship, that he had promised himself. He remembered that Billy had told him of her admiration for him and his exploits, of her schoolgirl adoration when he had been more or less of an heroic figure. And she had followed him around the whole world—to help him!

Then, with a curious feeling of depression, his eyes returned again to the printed sheet. "Flying through from Warsaw. Love." Love!

He looked at Broadmoor, half hidden by the cowling. "Love," he repeated, and gave a short laugh. "You're a lucky devil, Cecil, to—to—know someone like Natalie. She's—she's quite wonderful."

"Rather!" the Englishman drawled, glancing up for a moment from his task. "That, and more. It was I, you know, who taught her how to fly, when she came over here last year. You ought to be grateful to me. But it was you," he added, "who made her want to fly. I think we're both rather lucky, Jimmy."

"Of course."

Nodding dully, Jimmy returned to his task. He was unable to account clearly to himself for the feeling of depression that had suddenly taken hold of him. It was not supposed to matter to him, he told himself, if Natalie Crane chose to be in love with his friend. He'd only seen her once, to talk to—and also, he was supposed to be fighting for Frances.

And yet . . . yet there had been something of a more subtle, enduring intimacy, in these days in all she had done. Even before he knew her name he had been aware that, when he met her, they would understand each other without speaking. If all this were not so, why had she done so much for him? Could it have been for her brother's sake, because of the friendship between them?

Broadmoor was explaining, he realized, all that he knew of the girl's movements. The finishing touches were being put on the wires.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# KAISER CALLED 'GOOD CITIZEN'

## Burgomaster of Doorn Says Wilhelm Has Done Much for Village

Doorn, Holland. (UP)—Doorn regards the ex-kaiser as a good citizen.

During a conversation with the United Press correspondent, Dr. A. Barcon Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, burgomaster of Doorn, also well known as president of the Netherland Olympic committee, said:

"Judging the ex-kaiser as one of Doorn's citizens I can say that Wilhelm is a very good citizen who has done a lot for our village by his mere presence. He is always ready to remember the poor and the community benefits by the taxes he pays. Considerable money changes hands on account of the large staff that lives and works at 'Huis Doorn.' The grounds are naturally well kept and the place has been much beautified since the ex-kaiser came to live there. Only this year he presented the community with the new Rosarium, which is an attraction for the citizens, as well as for tourists and visitors. We have not had the slightest difficulty because Wilhelm is a resident."

In a conversation in the Home with Jonkheer F. Beelaerts van Blokland, foreign minister of Holland, I was assured that there is no no difficulty with any foreign government regarding Wilhelm's presence in Holland.

**Extradition Matter Dropped**  
"It is true," Jonkheer Beelaerts said, "that the old demand for extradition by allied powers still stands, but after Holland refused to comply with this demand the matter was dropped. As far as we are concerned everything is so quiet that usually we forget the ex-kaiser is in our country. It is the foreign press that reminds us occasionally that the ex-kaiser is in Holland, but otherwise we really forget the fact."

However, Wilhelm's presence in Holland is primarily a matter concerning the Home Minister, Doctor J. E. Kan. The home minister cannot be expected to discuss publicly the little difficulties he had had from time to time when Wilhelm sent telegrams to Germany concerning the internal affairs of that country as happened a couple of months ago. It is an open secret that the Dutch government at that time reminded Wilhelm of the pledge he had taken to refrain from such actions.

Dr. Kan in refusing to discuss the matter referred to the official statement the Dutch government issued in March, 1920, and indicated that since there have been no alterations in Wilhelm's position. This statement says: "It is necessary to give a more decided character to the policy the government follows regarding the ex-kaiser's presence in Holland, since the government could not comply with the demand for extradition."

The ex-kaiser has given assurance to the Dutch government that he will refrain from all political action and consequently will not cause Holland political difficulties.

Such is the official position. And such is the position the ex-kaiser has more than accepted—especially since three years ago when the German government definitely refused to allow Wilhelm's return to the Fatherland.

**Entertains But Little**  
The ex-kaiser has hoped and planned and protested and explained, but could not evade Holland's invisible grip which held him, tighter year after year. He lives the life of the country squire, has his quiet social circle, receives visits of the Dutch nobility living near him and pays visits to some of them. Once in a while there is a little party, an official dinner but on less extensive scale and less showy than a few years ago.

Twice a year the queen dowager of Holland visits the ex-kaiser and Wilhelm and Hermine go to see the "queen mother," as she is called, now and again at her palace at Soestdijk.

There is one thing to be noticed in Wilhelm's social position. His life is becoming more simple year after year and especially during the last three years, since he finally realized that hope to "escape" from Holland had to be abandoned.

The plans, once prepared to the smallest details, to surprise Germany overnight by an "escape" from Holland in motor cars are nearly forgotten. Wilhelm refuses for the moment at least, to listen seriously to Hermine's pleadings. She has given years of her life in vain to work for Wilhelm's return to Germany. This would have meant her own "coming into glory" as wife of the ex-kaiser, not in democratic Holland, but in Germany, worshiped by those who have unshaken faith in the Hohenzollerns. One by one those dreams had to be abandoned and Wilhelm and Hermine live a peaceful life amidst the Dutch nobility on their large, beautiful but dull estate.

Outnumbered.

From Answers.

He: Have you ever kissed a man before?

She: Yes.

He: Tell me his name so that I may thrash him.

She: But he might be too many for you.

Q. What causes teeth to get on edge? J. D. L.  
A. The public health service says that an excess of the amount of acid in the mouth produces the sensation of feeling that the teeth are on edge.



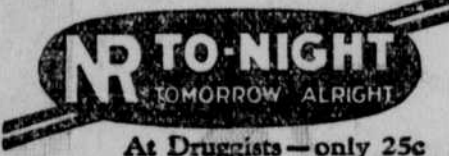
WHEN damp days, sudden changes in weather, or exposure to a draft makes joints ache, there is always quick relief in Bayer Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Bayer Aspirin to relieve, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists, with proven directions for various uses which many people have found invaluable in the relief of pain.



# Ugly Pimples

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, yellow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take NR—Nature's Remedy—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try NR instead of mere laxatives.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—



At Druggists—only 25c

# For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

The Road to Success

Senator Shortridge said at a dinner in San Francisco:

"Millionaires and multimillionaires never run for President. They know they'd be defeated."

"Why is it," a lady asked, "that the people wouldn't accept a millionaire President?"

"Because, madam," said Senator Shortridge, "on the road to success few keep to the right."

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Adv.

**Calls for Good Memory**  
A system has been evolved which makes it possible for Chinese to read their own language after becoming familiar with only 1,000 characters. Formerly, for any degree of literacy, a knowledge of the 40,000 characters of the Chinese language was necessary.



# Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

# PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

# PISO'S Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And eventually, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

**Fighting Jones Law.**  
From New York World.  
Within two weeks of the passage of the Jones law a voluntary committee of lawyers has been formed in New York to nullify it—lawyers who know their business, as a number of them were formerly Assistant United States District Attorneys, and who speak ominously of "the trouble of a legal drum" and of "fighting this measure with the same vigor as the New York bar displayed in the case of the Enforcement Act known as the Fugitive Slave Law." Their plan is simple. They will offer their services as counsel to persons indicted under this law and fight their cases in