

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

"I met her at Paris," the flyer said, "as she instructed me, and I had her plane ready. Gave her mine, in fact, which is why I had to shoot out in this thing. I had no time to learn much, but she told me as much as she could."

Jimmy nodded without looking up, aware that his hands were not quite steady as he fumbled with his end of the distributor wires.

"She beat Rogers out of Paris by 10 minutes," Broadmoor said. "His plane was just leaving as I taxied off." Learning of Rogers' release at Moscow, Natalie had bribed her way into the engine cab of the special train which he had chartered to Warsaw. At the latter city, she had got off ahead of him in a flying machine. "Barring accidents, she's aboard the Faustania right now," the Englishman said.

"But her knowledge of what was to happen to me? Did she tell you anything of that?"

"Very little," Broadmoor made a deft splicing before he looked up. "When Rogers was released your friend Harvey got the news at once, and they two shadowed him. They saw him charter the train and then he went to the State bank, transferring a large sum by wire to The Hague. When he'd left, Natalie went down to D'Rutra for her transportation and Harvey, through an order he managed to get from the Narkomindel, procured a copy of a telegram Rogers sent. From that they must have got the information, and Natalie telegraphed to me before she left. That's all."

Jimmy's nod, hidden under the hood, was his only comment. The last piece of wire had been taped. He straightened and watched Broadmoor make the final connection with the distributor.

"Finis!" breathed the latter, and then glanced quickly at his wrist watch. "Just a little under an hour. Ready?"

"We may as well make a run for it," Jimmy agreed. "It's some satisfaction to know you're going, anyhow."

"Possibly," Broadmoor suggested hopefully, as he leapt into his seat, "the resourceful Natalie may have been able to hold up the sailing."

But Jimmy shook his head. "Not a chance. The ship is making a speed run this trip—nothing on earth could hold her. And I know the skipper, too—he's a friend of mine, but he'd shoot himself and me, too, rather than play favorites!"

He leapt into the rear seat of the Bleriot, nevertheless, and less than two minutes afterward they had taken off. Under the cool hands of the British ace, the plane took its steady way toward Cherbourg. Every ounce of its smooth power was loosed now, and the ground unrolled beneath them like a long, unending, varicolored tapestry.

Jimmy's mind worked ahead rapidly, while he crouched low under the cowl. When they reached Cherbourg, it would be to find the ship had gone, he knew. There was no doubt of that, no matter how much power the Bleriot held. What next, then? The Faustania was the speediest boat on the Atlantic, and in addition, she was making a speed run. It was hopeless even to consider the possibility of flying to another port and getting a ship out that night—even if that were possible.

No boat could leave Europe from that moment on and arrive in New York within 20 hours of the Faustania!

There was only one way. Jimmy's face was grim. He

dared not even consider it too carefully; it was too hazardous—too mad. Even for the greatest stakes in the world. But he watched, peering over the edge of the cowl, as the Bleriot tore on and the old-world towers of Cherbourg, remote and gray, reared themselves into the gray haze hanging low over the horizon.

They were nearing the city—rapidly now with each whirl of the propeller. When Broadmoor turned questioning in the seat, Jimmy motioned him on, his features strained and set—on over the slate roofs and gray stone towers and cornices of the old city, toward the harbor. Leaning far forward, he strained his eyes to see through the haze. Knowing the futility of even that gesture, he nevertheless could not repress it. Approaching the waterfront, he attempted to pick out the Faustania from among the ships behind the breakwater.

She was not there. Broadmoor, catching his idea, maneuvered the Bleriot out over the harbor.

Jimmy's exclamation of chagrin was torn from his lips by the rush of wind; and Broadmoor turned to him in the same instant, behind the goggles, his gray eyes concerned and stricken. They both knew the Faustania—knew too well to be mistaken, knew her graceful lines as she rode through the choppy waves like the mistress of them—and there she was, far out in the channel, with no stop before New York harbor!

CHAPTER XXIV

Jimmy's eyes, rheumy with the rush of wind against them, seemed hypnotized by the receding bulk of the steamer. It's that, or the worst kind of defeat. Can you imagine me sitting here and accepting a licking when there's still a chance?"

"I wouldn't even call it a chance," his companion retorted. "It's just a shade this side of suicide—but I might know you'd take it. Have you ever thought, though, of the possibility that the Faustania may not stop for you?"

"Ceil!" Jimmy retorted earnestly, "if I stopped to think of the chances against me, I'd quit right now. At that, I'll have this jacket life belt on. I won't be done in, quite."

Broadmoor shook his head. "That means very little. Of course, I'll stay in sight, but this is a land plane and I can't come down into the water to pick you up, you know. By the time I could get help, after all you'll have gone through by that time—Jimmy, I hate to take you into what looks like plain suicide to me!"

Jimmy gripped hard the arm which rested on the edge of the cockpit and turned away. "Forget it!" he said. "I've calculated what I stand to gain or lose, and sooner than lose this thing now, I'll take my Now do you understand?"

Broadmoor shrugged, his native impassivity returning to cover his actual concern. "At that, it's your funeral—which is more fact than figures. Let's get one of these chaps to fill up my tank with petrol. I'd hate to run out of gas out there and have to join you."

The American smiled. Well he understood his friend's mask of unconcern. But he dared not think of what lay ahead. For the fraction of a second he recalled the immutable law of physics—that an object cast from a moving body achieves the speed of the body—and he wondered how long the English ace could safely throttle his speed over the waters of the channel.

He turned away from the

used as an emergency field, circled once above it to get his bearing, and then dove downward to a swift, dexterous landing.

Jimmy Brandon had leapt clear of the cockpit and was running across the field before the wheels had come to a full stop. The motor idled, while several men placed blocks underneath the plane, and Broadmoor's eyes followed the re-with something like admiration something like admiration in their impassive depths. He saw the latter stop before a taxicab which was drawn up, and bills were passed.

Jimmy pointed and shouted rapid commands in French. A second later, there was a puff of smoke from the taxicab's exhaust—the machine gave a leap and tore off as though dynamite had been exploded under it. Jimmy re-crossed the field toward where Broadmoor waited at the stick of his plane for the next move.

"Now what?" the latter demanded.

Jimmy hesitated, in his eyes the slightest suggestion of a frown.

"I've just sent that chap into town to buy me a jacket life preserver," he announced; and Broadmoor's right eyebrow cocked in surprise. "A little sea flying," Jimmy added. "Are you game?"

"Do you mean—?" Broadmoor began, startled out of his usual phlegm, when Jimmy interrupted.

"Exactly!" he said. "Sea flying and a Brodie. Ever hear of Steve?"

"The gentleman who jumped off your Brooklyn bridge? Yes," Broadmoor hesitated, thoughtfully. "If I get you, Jimmy, mayn't I ask whether even the name of Brodie hasn't come to be a synonym for a reckless fool?"

"Does it matter? Jimmy asked, facing the Englishman squarely. "There's just one thing left for me to do—take a jump off this crate and land in the path of the Faustania. It's that, or the worst kind of defeat. Can you imagine me sitting here and accepting a licking when there's still a chance?"

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plane, from his own thoughts. However much he had dared thus far on this dash, the next hour promised to outdo it all.

It took only a few minutes for the Bleriot's tanks to be refilled with petrol. Broadmoor returned to his place in the cockpit, waiting. There was no more to be said. The propellers were turning over idly, ready for the start. Jimmy waited in fruitless impatience until the taxi which he had dispatched came tearing on to the field half an hour later, bringing up with screaming brakes amid a swirl of dust.

A package passed hurriedly between the driver and the American. Tearing loose the strings that bound it, with a reckless laugh in the direction of the curious crowd of lookers-on who were speculating on his movements, Jimmy hurried to the waiting airplane. Throwing himself into the cockpit with a long leap from the ground:

"Let's go!" he cried. "And start praying for me now!"

Thirty seconds later, the graceful ship was roaring down the field in its takeoff.

The city of Cherbourg passed underneath them again as they skimmed it a bare few hundred feet, gaining altitude slowly, over its reeling succession of roofs, spires and dark caverns—then it was behind and the plane was speeding with all its motive power out to sea in the wake of the fastest boat on the Atlantic. Broadmoor leaned over his controls, his face tense as he gripped the stick. Jimmy was jockeying himself into his clumsy life jacket in the confined space of the after cockpit.

Twenty minutes later they were overtaking the giant liner—bearing seaward. Broadmoor looked back at his companion and grinned cheerfully as they approached it. People were blackening the decks, cheering with surprise and excitement at sight of a land plane so far out over the water. The Bleriot circled slowly in long, graceful glides that ended with its nose pointed upward, about the masts—again; and the cheers from the deck reached the two in the plane even above the roar of the motor.

Jimmy strained his eyes to see the deck as Broadmoor, throttling his motor, swept low over it before he headed out once more into the waters of the channel.

Every muscle in his body was tense and tightly strung. He had faced death often, but never had it seemed closer than every second seemed to be bringing it now.

Obedying his companion's signals, Broadmoor waited until he was no more than two ship-lengths ahead of the Faustania before he cut his motor and commenced to stall. The Bleriot hesitated, lost speed. Looking back over his shoulder, Jimmy saw that the rails of the big ship were crowded with interested spectators marveling at their strange maneuvers.

The speed of the Bleriot slackened more perceptibly, barely able to keep in the air now at its 40 miles an hour. Jimmy stood up; his palms were dry now that the moment was approaching. He worked along the footgrips at the side of the plane until he was along then that the latter looked up, and behind the mask of his goggles, Jimmy could see the deep concern in his eyes.

He put out his hand and it was gripped hard. "Good luck, old man—and cheerio!" The Englishman's lips formed the words.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. Where does the heaviest rainfall in the world occur? J. D.

A. So far as known at the present time, the heaviest precipitation occurs on the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains in northern India. Here during the monsoon period, usually from May to September, inclusive, the heaviest rainfall has been recorded. At Charapuni in this region, the average annual precipitation is about 40 feet or slightly less than 500 inches.

ment to go about the undertaking and put it through.

Q. Please explain how advertising copy can be estimated for space. C. S.

A. Advertising is estimated by the column inch, that is, a space one column wide and one inch deep. In standard newspapers a column inch would be 13 picas wide; in magazines, 16 picas. A line is equivalent to a space 1 1/4 inch deep and one column wide. This is derived from the old agate type which sets 14 lines to an inch. Nearly all large newspapers sell space by the agate line.

Premier Baldwin's Pipe

From the Brooklyn Eagle. Other men have waked to find themselves famous, but to Premier Baldwin falls the peculiar fate of walking into the London museum and discovering his mysteriously missing and dearly beloved pipe in a glass case displayed to an admiring world. Mr. Baldwin, a pattern of discreet reticence, limited himself, according to the news account, to looking long and hard at his old friend. His sentiments remain unexpressed, a matter for the imagination.

Those who cherish their pipes will both imagine and sympathize. The common impression has prevailed that a husband's pipe was safe from confiscation for the simple reason that his wife would not be tempted to send it either to the heathen or to the missionaries. Like his favorite old suit, or yet to the bank cashier, like his ancient easy chair. Probably most pipes are protected from mishap by the fact that their owners' wives feel a distaste to handling them at all.

In the present instance an unusual temptation to ship the pipe away arose in the demand from the museum for characteristic objects with which to furnish forth a parliament and premier's exhibition. Vice President Daw's pipe will be safe unless someone starts a similar enterprise on this side of the water. And most men's pipes will be safe in any case. Probably one of the unconsidered reasons for the confidence of the habit of pipe-smoking lies in the fact that wives, however jealous of pipe, commonly let them alone and confine the business of search and seizure to other possessions.

As to Premier Baldwin, much depends on whether he is pipe-wise a monarchist or a polygamist. Those who make an art of pipe-smoking laugh at the crude sentimentalist who lavishes his attentions on a single briar root. The maximum of delight they find lies in having a whole seraglio of pipes, each smoked but seldom and for a while. Not all men are capable of such fickleness. If Premier Baldwin is a one-pipe man he deserves the sympathy of all who hold with the ideal of constancy and who know what it means to lose an only pipe, the faithful if sometimes arid companion of years.

World-Wide Weather.

From New York Herald. The plan urged by Sir George Gilbert Wilkins for chains of weather stations in the Arctic and Antarctic is one often suggested and enjoying, if we mistake not, the hearty support of virtually every scientific man capable of an opinion. It is only a question of time, we may be sure, until some equivalent of the scheme's put to work, for certainly few conceivable services of science to business and industry would be more valuable than accurate and reasonably long-range forecasts of wind, snow or warmth or cold. As yet the day of such better forecasts has not dawned, however, by reason that the Arctic and Antarctic are the only parts, although considerable, of the most immediately productive part of a wider plan for studying the earth's weather. The most interesting features of our terrestrial home?

One of the most interesting of weather maps is a map of weather records, one showing the countries in which such records are kept regularly and adequately, as other maps show the distribution over the earth of electric light plants or motion picture theaters or churches. Such a map would be exceedingly spotty. North America and Europe are adequately saturated, indicating that there the weather records are full and good. Here and there in other continents there are black dots where small groups of weather recorders are at work. But over most of the southern half of the earth's land surface there would be the white of the unknown, for the southern hemisphere has a negligible number of weather observers a square mile. Only in Australia are the records of notable adequacy.

Worst of all the blanks are the oceans, for almost no regular records, either by ships or by island stations, are available from these vast expanses, which enjoy just as much weather as the land, if not even more of it. The map of weather stations is, of course, a mark of civilization. Prof. Esworth Huntington considers this also a map of storminess, for storms, he believes, stimulate civilization. If this is true, we gather weather records chiefly from one kind of climate. Quite obviously this may be disturbing altogether our ideas of what world weather really is like.

The question, of course, is how to organize this any better. It is probable that plenty of volunteer observers would be available everywhere, even on ships and on isolated islands. Governmental organization has its obvious difficulties. One need is quick communication so that records can be gathered promptly, and this suggests, perhaps, a suitable agency for organization as well. This is radio. Might not the world's radio companies, already not too far apart in aims and business policies, serve the public not only by organizing such a world-wide weather-record network?

Q. Is a clerk instructed to ask the contents of parcel post packages for insurance? M. F. S.

A. Postal employees receiving domestic mail matter for insurance are required to make inquiry as to what articles the parcels contain, in order to determine whether the contents are insurable property, and whether the parcels should bear any special endorsement, such as fragile or perishable. General statements such as merchandise, etc., do not convey the necessary information and are not acceptable. However, postal employees are expected to exercise good judgment in the acceptance of parcels for insurance and if parcels contain clothing exclusively it is not necessary to have each article of clothing described.

Agreed!

From Tit-Bits.

"That last note, was D flat?"

"That's what I thought, but I didn't like to say anything."

Q. How does the width of territory covered by a tornado compare with that of a cyclone? K. M. P.

A. A tornado is cyclonic in its movement but instead of being as much as 1,000 miles in diameter like the continental cyclone or about 100 miles in diameter like the tropical hurricane, it usually has a diameter of gyration of only 100 to 300 yards. The speed of rotation is terrific.



MOST people depend on Bayer Aspirin to make short work of headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Bayer Aspirin can bring complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin are proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.



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

Headache. An NR-NATURE'S REMEDY. Tablet—will promptly start the needed bowel action, clear waste and poison from your system, and bring welcome relief at once. The mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. Try it—see. For Sale at All Druggists.

Those Who Dance. MUST pay the piper—and all who suffer the misery of dancing in new or tight shoes know it. Why not shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes? It takes the friction from the shoes, and makes dancing or walking a real joy. Use Allen's Foot-Ease. For Free Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

No map can tell all he knows; people walk away.

There is nothing more satisfactory after a day of hard work than a line full of snowy-white clothes. For such results use Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adv.

War always means more taxes—and for the rest of your lifetime.



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



For Highway Beauty. From Kansas City Star.

Some day the millions of motorists who use the highways for recreation, change, pleasure, even where business is the ultimate aim, will find themselves in a transformed world. Instead of the litter, debris and ugliness that once were crowded upon these thoroughfares will be vistas of trees and shrubs, level or rolling fields with hills perhaps rising in the distance, with here and there an attractive shop or other roadside establishment that virtually compels a halt; inviting homes and well kept yards—all along decency, order and beauty. It isn't an exaggerated, highly imaginative or visionary picture, but a plain, common sense proposition. Half the enterprise and the merest fraction of the expense that have gone into the roads already in use would make it a reality.

How soon all of it may come depends upon the readiness with which such moves as that started at Highville, Mo., are followed up and pushed through to completion. The people of that enterprising little city, and of Lafayette county as a whole, are out with the ambitious purpose of making "U. S. Highway No. 40 a cross-state boulevard of unsurpassed Missouri nat-

ural beauty." They would include other main highways of the county as well. They would have other parts of Missouri unite in the undertaking, to the end that highways of the entire state might serve something more than the drab utilitarian purpose of helping a person move swiftly from one place to another, leaving him to thread a maze of ugliness while he was about it. But let it be understood there is more than the esthetic appeal in the project. To get the thing on a strictly practical basis, there's money in it; unquestioned profit for every individual, community, county or state that has the good judic-