

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

He was not certain what the last meant. In spite of her interest, he wondered, while he waited, what good it would do him to see her, to be with her for these coming days. For the present, it would quiet that aching, long-felt desire to meet her face to face. He began to remember the things that had been stowed away in the back of his mind, to tell her; and remembering them, there was a wistful sadness in the thought that he had not the right to voice them now, in spite of his gratitude.

No, he must confine himself to gratitude. After all, he was simply deep in her debt. Beyond that, he had never had reason or right to think. She was another's—his friend's.

The door opened slowly, after a hesitant touch that was so light Jimmy could not be sure if he heard or not. His pulses were pounding unaccountably, while he watched with the utmost fascination as the portal came slowly, deliberately inward, without a sound.

Then—it was open, and Natalie stood framed there against the amber light in the passage.

For a long moment neither spoke. The blood was racing through Jimmy's veins like liquid fire; his lips were trembling with the things that he kept telling himself over and over he must not utter.

"Natalie . . ."
It was scarcely a breath. She was a different woman now, though, from the one he remembered and the visions he had had of her. The cool confidence that he last remembered had faded before an almost demure shyness that made her, somehow, infinitely younger and more sweet. He would have thought it impossible.

In the shadows, the clear oval of her face was pale; the red of her chiselled lips more red than lips had any right to be, he thought. Her eyes were soft, resting on him hesitantly—the same eyes that had peered unflinchingly through the dangers of the night as she had rushed with him in the big CX-9 toward Chicago.

Her hands, slim and delicate—could they be the same hands, he wondered, that had held the stick of that mighty machine without a tremor? Jimmy lay still, his very breathing suspended, stunned with the marvel of her sudden beauty, and lost before the task of reconciling it with all he knew of her. Why hadn't he seen before, in those few moments when he had talked with her in her brother's house?

There was reason enough, though. Even now, it was all hard to believe. Before the marvel of it, the intense loveliness of her as she stood there, he was almost afraid to speak.

"So we're face to face at last," he breathed, unheeding of the banality of the words. They voiced his thoughts, that was all; they were the only words he dared trust himself to utter.

"She smiled, 'Captain Farquharson said you were awake, and—quite all right. I'm so glad, Mr. Brandon.'"

"Mr. Brandon?" he repeated, and smiled wistfully. "I suppose it's fair, though. . . Was I dreaming, Natalie, or did you call me something else a while back?"

A slight flush crept into the pallor of her cheeks.

"That was when I was—worried over you," she faltered. "I didn't think you heard."

"I did. I rather hoped you'd be worried enough to forget yourself again."

Imperial Washington.
From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Senator Barkley of Kentucky sees no occasion for alarm in the expansion of the federal government's powers. In his address to the local bar association he postulated that the people have the right to determine where government powers should be placed. There were gentlemen in his audience who, in a different forum, would have justly decried that point; certainly they would have challenged the implied conclusion that any allocation of government powers ordained by a majority is wise and

She laughed and came into the room. "You are recovered, aren't you?"

"Quite," Jimmy put out his hand. "At least," he said gravely, "I may shake hands for the first time, mayn't I—with a comrade to whom I shall never cease to be grateful!"

She hesitated, glanced at him with a quick question in her dark eyes; then he felt his hand clasped in her own cool slim one, with a quick, slightly nervous pressure.

Jimmy found himself bewildered. He could hardly believe it all, even in the face of her actual presence. Here she was, delicate and sweet, fragile and womanly, close enough for him to touch her, if he dared. Womanly, almost a child, slender and daintily clad in a mode that would be in place on the Bois, Rotten Row, or Fifth avenue—this woman who could be a Valkyrie of the skies when he needed her, whose nerves were steel, and whose courage had been proved equal to his own—for his sake.

"I knew it was you when I saw you take that leap from the Bleriot," she was saying, and Jimmy sensed that a certain embarrassment hastened her back to the safest subject. "It was splendid!"

"You thought so? Yet—it was no more daring than some of the things you've done." He hesitated. There was a firm barrier surrounding this girl which he felt distinctly, a wall beyond which he might not pass. It was as though she were trying to tell him that what she had done had been things one friend would do for another; that beyond that comradeship, he might not presume.

"I wonder—I've wanted for a long time," he went on, his voice low and earnest; "to thank you for everything. It seems rather futile now, unnecessary. But I am grateful. If there's been anything splendid or fine about this whole adventure, Natalie, it's been you—you and your sportsmanship!"

She was looking at him, a tender little smile just slightly curving the red contour of her firm lips. "It's good of you to be so grateful," she said quietly. "I've been rather impressed with your sportsmanship, thought—in the face of everything Austin Rogers has done. I think it was a knowledge of it that made me come."

His head jerked up. "Come to think of it, that is rather important, isn't it? I've been taking everything for granted; it's begun to seem as though I'd expected you all along the route. But I don't really know anything—why you followed, or how. There's a lot you've got to tell me."

"I'll tell you everything," she promised, "but not tonight. The doctor wants you to sleep and Captain Farquharson has limited my stay here. So you'll have to let it go for one more day."

"I'll see you tomorrow?" he demanded eagerly, as she started for the door.

She smiled. "We're fellow passengers, and there's no one else on the ship even remotely interesting. I'm afraid you have no rivals for the trip!"

"For the trip?"

She hesitated at the door. "At the end of the trip," she said slowly, "there are—other things, aren't there—for us both." A note of wistful softness had crept into her throaty voice. "Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, Natalie."

Natalie smiled. "Good-night, Jimmy!" Then she was gone.

He caught his breath. An instant later, he swore at the

just and thoroughly in accord with our constitutional doctrine. So, too, with some of the examples Mr. Barkley gave in support of his theorem. It will be granted, of course, that a continent made compact by transportation and communication facilities unknown in the 13th century is more adaptable to a centralized government than it was in the days of the stage coach and rivers. Nevertheless, the growth of federal power proceeds along the line of least resistance, under the spell of opportunity. Anyhow, plausible defender of the march of federal empire as he

four walls and the closed door.

"Damn—everything! I shouldn't have talked that way—shouldn't have made her say that, or let her know I even cared if she did. It's not fair, not to her or Cecil—or to myself!" After which explosion, he acknowledged himself slightly relieved but more uncertain than ever.

CHAPTER XXVI

At the end of the trip, Natalie had said, there were other things, for their both.

It was a difficult dictum to forget; it seemed to sum all up in one sentence and to place Jimmy for ever beyond the realm of the wild hopes that the past weeks had given birth to. What the "other thing" was to be for her, he understood: there was Cecil Broadmoor and the telegraph message. And for him, he could guess; it was Frances, if he won.

But he knew that much, at least, to be wrong. Frances was not—had never been—for him. He no longer wanted her; he could scarcely remember anything about her, except that she was radiantly beautiful, and that, in New York, she had seemed more exquisitely desirable than life.

But she had sent him out of New York; the wanderer had come into contact with his world again, and Frances was behind him. With her Rogers, perhaps, might find his place, but not Jimmy Brandon.

Jimmy recalled, in the hours that followed, while the Faustania ploughed her queenly way through the Atlantic, Crane's words—Captain Olson's deliberately slow admonition—Broadmoor's jesting laugh when he had told his friend that he would never find love. The ironical part of it all was that he had found it—and that it was now too late.

If he'd known in New York, before he had started, he might have won—even against Cecil. But now, the very knowledge chained his tongue; honor compelled that he dare not speak.

But he could not resist seeing her; it was a constant temptation to which he succumbed at last without fighting, promising himself that these few days with her would be the last that he deserved them. On the morning after he had boarded the steamer, he discovered her in the breakfast salon, and they shared the meal together. Across the room, Austin Rogers, seated alone, stared at them with dull surprise which he took small pains to conceal. Rogers, of course, had never met Natalie, and he had not seen her on the trip. He could not know of her.

Afterward, they sought the bridge, whither Farquharson had given them both permission to come. The quartermaster was hidden from sight by the side of the wheelhouse; alone, they stood in a corner behind the canvas and glass shelter, and stared out to sea. At last, Jimmy brought two deck chairs.

"I want to know now, everything," he said firmly. "How did you happen to come after us—and why?"

Smiling at the recollection of her own stunned surprise, Natalie told him first of how she had discovered that moth balls had been placed in his gasoline tank. She neglected to detail what she had heard outside the country club house on the night before the start of the race.

"I asked Billy what moth balls meant—it was just as you were taking off," she said. "When he told me, we both realized at once what was coming. I tried to stop you, but you thought I was only waving goodbye."

Jimmy nodded. "I did. I couldn't imagine anything else. I didn't know Rogers very well then." His eyes hardened; he recalled that he had promised himself a meet-

ing with his enemy before it became too late. "Billy couldn't go after you," Natalie went on. "He tried to see a way, but that very morning he had started action on the Exchange, and for him to leave would have meant ruin. His presence in New York was needed for three solid days, at least." She hesitated. "But he had that CX-9 ship at his disposal; he said he'd offered to take you to Chicago in it. At any rate, he got it for me—we figured out just how far your petrol would be likely to carry you, and I started off."

ing with his enemy before it became too late.

"Billy couldn't go after you," Natalie went on. "He tried to see a way, but that very morning he had started action on the Exchange, and for him to leave would have meant ruin. His presence in New York was needed for three solid days, at least."

"Just simply started off!" laughed Jimmy. How revealing the few words had been! "But your passport—and I couldn't find you on the Adrienne, either. You must have been there."

"I had a passport," she said quietly. "I had visas, too, for I was planning another trip. Some of my old ones were still valid, as well. I was safe in any place but Russia, and Billy set about having visas made out for me, which I could pick up in Yokohama—the same as you. They were waiting when I landed."

"Then you were on the Adrienne! It was you who sent that note."

She agreed. "Of course. But the mystery on the Adrienne was all owing to Captain Olsen. When I boarded, I told him everything—everything; made a clean breast and said I didn't want you to know I was following to help you. I told him he could check up on my story when you came aboard, and he'd discover I had picked you up in Pennsylvania. He did, I suppose, and seeing my point, he managed not to let you see my name on the passenger list."

"But why?" Jimmy persisted. "Why didn't you want me to know?"

"Because you'd have tried to send me back!" she retorted. "I knew you wouldn't accept help from me. You didn't know me, either, and you would have been afraid. You'd have thought yourself responsible to Billy and tried to send me back home!"

Jimmy groaned. "Good Lord! I suppose I would, at that," he acknowledged. "What infernal egotistical asses some men are in their masculine superiority!"

She smiled. "But you're not, Jimmy. You haven't that kind of superiority, and you don't know women well enough. You'd only have begged me to go back, and I'd have handled you. But I thought it best to keep it a mystery, anyhow."

He sat quiet, staring at her averted profile, clear-cut as a cameo, and he found his thoughts again devoted to a marvellous wonder at her depth and the unseen, unbelievable steel of her under the surface of her manner and poise. She could have handled him, she said. Yes—or any other man. Men loved to be handled by a woman like Natalie, he realized with a start. Even Captain Olson of the steamship Adrienne!

Jimmy smiled softly to himself. It was good to be here, just sitting quietly beside her, good to know of the comradeship that was an unspoken bond between them. Good, even in the face of the fact that it could not be for long—that, when the Faustania came to dock at New York, they would be in another world, and intimacy of this sort could never exist. In that world, she was the affianced of one of his friends, and he was the itinerant wanderer again. But it was all quite precious so long as it endured.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. How much money has been put into drilling for oil which has resulted in dry holes? A. B.

A. It is estimated that during the past 18 years, the percentage of dry holes for the whole country east of California has been 23 per cent. The average cost of a dry hole is over \$9,000 and over \$1,000,000,000 have been spent for dry holes alone.

in the constitution—lawyers like Elihu Root, for example—look upon with dismay.

It was written of old that "they that keep Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." We are forgetting that injunction in a civic sense we have become indolent. Our watchwords are "Let Washington do it." We are quitters. We shirk our duties as citizens. Many of us don't even exercise the right to vote. Between elections the affairs of government, or the acts of our officials, excepting spectacular instances, interest us hardly at all. Thus under our very eyes the character of our government is changing.

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISSEANE

The most important news for the world in general and for future generations is Lloyd George's promise to diminish unemployment in Britain by putting 600,000 men to work at once.

Even the most stodgy Tories no longer laugh at statements by Lloyd George. He arranged their finances before the war, financed the war, built ammunition factories and supplied ammunition when ran the war.

He says he will employ the idle "without costing the taxpayers a penny, putting them at useful work which will more than pay what it costs to hire them."

The W. C. T. U. wishes at least 1,000,000 persons between 14 and 30 years old, to sign a pledge to obey the Eighteenth amendment.

It's a good idea to select Americans from 14 to 30 years old. They seem to do most of the drinking now.

If high school girls and other young ladies continue at the present rate we shall have fathers and mothers outside the night club at 4 o'clock in the morning. "Daughter, dear daughter, come home with me now."

Miss Texas Gunnan, who greets her night club customers appropriately with "Hello, sucker," is alleged by prohibition agents to sell them champagne for \$2 a bottle, is on trial before 12 good men and true, middle-aged.

Covered with diamonds, the "little girl" says she cannot understand why a great big country like this should want to keep her from making a living.

The prosecuting attorney said, "This lady's business is to make whoopee."

Can anybody hope that 12 gentlemen, even middle-aged, will object to that, in these days?

Wall street was "unsettled," didn't know what to think about anything. From Cleveland, Harry W. Hosford writes: "Please get the federal reserve board to attach to their next warning a list of the stocks they consider good short sales, and at what prices they think the same should be covered."

The federal reserve, no doubt, sincerely desires to protect the public against itself, but seems not to know how to go about it. Part of the amusing situation is this: Corporations that don't need money have been borrowing from the federal reserve on commercial paper, then sending that money into Wall street to be lent at 15 and 20 per cent as call money.

It might be well for the federal reserve to let the banks borrow direct on collateral loans. The bank of England devotes 20 per cent of its resources to such loans, protecting security buyers from usurious rates.

Britons apparently can be trusted to use sound, unerring judgment. Americans can't. British won't stand hassling, Americans, as Northcliffe said, are "docile."

Cardinal O'Connell, chief of the Catholic hierarchy in America, refers to Professor Einstein's "relativity and utterly befogged notions about space and time" as having a basis "to produce a universal doubt about God and His creation."

The cardinal said he did not wish "at this time" to accuse Professor Einstein of "deliberately wishing to destroy the Christian faith," but the cardinal described the Einstein theory as a "cloak beneath which lies the ghastly apparition of atheism."

Einstein, in Germany, said he did not wish to enter into any discussion and that Cardinal O'Connell's statement "left him cold."

It would not have left him cold had it been made in the days of Galileo or Giordano Bruno.

Seating Mrs. Gann From Chicago Tribune

Mr. Curtis, who is not only vice president of the United States, but who is also a proud Osage, has asked Mr. Stimson, secretary of state, to revise the Washington protocol and put his sister, Mrs. Gann, where she belongs, up above the salt and next to the purple. Mrs. Gann is the official hostess of the vice president. Mr. Edward E. Gann is her husband, but he rates a miss on everything. He has no existence that the White House or any embassy is required to perceive or acknowledge. The protocol which is the official formula of ceremonies, does not declare him legally dead nor does it recognize him as socially alive. He goes by favor and circumstance. If a hostess likes him he will be invited to her caviar and onions. If she doesn't he may stop in at the corner grocery on the way home. A happy man; the only person in Washington who will get an invitation on personal attractiveness.

Mr. Jefferson when president had a question of precedence on his hands, but he, a true democrat, would have none of it. Mr. Merry, the British minister, was sore nearly unto war, but Mr. Jefferson stood by his point that the "palemele" system should prevail, and he would have no other. When the dining-room doors were open and the bell invited the guests to come and see it, they went for it on their own. It was the system which prevailed for years on the American river steamboats. The ablest citizen got most of the butter and the largest part of the chicken.

Q. Where is Emma Goldman living? M. W.

A. She has a villa at St. Tropez on the French Riviera and has lived there for some time.

Q. How are radio waves classified as long and short waves? G. M.

A. Radio waves 200 meters or less are called short waves. Those above 200 meters are long waves.

Q. What proportion of the Jews in Germany live in Berlin? R. B.

A. The American Hebrew says that one-third of the German Jews live in Berlin.

Q. Why are some federal prisoners sent to state penitentiaries? R. A.

A. They are sometimes sent to state penitentiaries due to the fact that federal prisons are overcrowded.

Q. Did women smoke in the Colonial era? D. R.

A. Women of all classes are known to have smoked.

Are you Ready



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Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner does than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.



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Don't take our word for it—don't even take the word of those who have been benefited by JUDY'S STOMACH TABLETS—TRY THEM YOURSELF. If you have ulcers, heartburn, gas, nausea, palpitation, dizziness or indigestion of any kind, send 50c for special trial package. Let them prove their worth. Large 100 tablet package, \$3. Either package sent C. O. D.

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It Seemed So
Daddy was having a round of golf with a friend, and little Joan came along with mamma to look on. After watching the game for some time, Joan asked:

"Mustn't the ball go into that little hole, mamma?"—Pearson's.

Impoverished Tenant
The doctor says he has given you a new lease of life. Husband—Well, he hasn't left me much with which to pay the rent.—Montreal Star.

No ugly, grimy streaks on the clothes when Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Good bluing gets good results. All grocers carry it—Adv.

Mistletoe Over You
She—Do you like my scheme of decoration—holly leaves over laurel? He—If I may be allowed to say so, I'd rather see mistletoe over yew!

Two of a Kind
"May I call on you?" "I'm sorry, but I'm married." "Well, I'm married, too, and just as sorry."—Tit-Bits.



A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.

