

Excitement swept the crowded decks of the big liner from steerage to promenade. The yacht was bearing on, under Mull speed, as though bent for destruction. The Faustania was slowing down perceptibly now, but it had not yet come to a full stop, and its tall dark sides towered high over the smaller bulk of the Vulture. Under its very stern the graceful little ship slid, maneuvered with breathtaking skill alongside the very Jacob's Ladder by which Jimmy was to descend.

Farguharson had refused to have any more to do with the contest than to stop his ship. Even the boats by which the racers were to be taken off, he had stiplated must be arranged for privately. Jimmy scanned the stretch of water ahead; there was only one boat in sight which could take a passenger from the Faustania. Was it his-or Rogers'

Still the Vulture came on; those on board the liner could hear the blated clang of a gong in her engine room as the Faustania's engines ceased turning. But the cries and shouts had died down now. It was a desperate moment. The yacht, under the very bulging sides of the big ship, seemed doomed.

Out of the water, Graham's pontoons had just touched, with gracaeful skill, and the seaplane settled. The steamer's speed had ended; she was practically still. But the yacht still slid along, its speed only slackened to a slight degree. From the bridge of the Faustania, while a sudden silence fell, there came a bull-throated roar:

"Stand off, you idiots!" Farquharson's order was sliding past the bigger ship with scant inches to spare, its deck just under the cargo port.

A second later, Rogers, a bag in his hand, had vaulted free. Those on deck held their breath as he skimmed the few feet of water-and in the next moment, the Vulture was swinging away from the liner like a long white bird over the water. Rogers drew erect, laughed, and turned to wave at the crowded rails. Jimmy saw two of the yacht's officers hurry to his side-saw someone point, and then they all ran forward.

In the next instant, stifling a cry of fear and chagrin, he realized that Graham's seaplane was directly in the path of the Vulture!

It was too late then to do anything but stand still and stare in petrified horror. Those on the deck of the Faustania saw what was coming, too, and there was a concerted cry. The yacht had swung wide of the ship as Rogers leapt aboard; the move had brought it almost on top of the plane.

Now it swerved. Jimmy knew that no one could ever swear as to whether its sudden move was accident or design-it was so natural, so sudden. There was apparently a frantic effort made to swing free of the motionless plane. He saw Graham stand up and shake his fist, unheeding of his own danger in his fury, and he knew that the naval officer was cursing.

Next there was a crash. Jimmy felt it in every muscle of his body as he stood tensed there; he had been awaiting it. His eyes half closed and his parted lips set free a groan of anguish as he watched the end of Graham's left wing ripped away, his struts and wires torn and twisted out of place as the bow of the Vulture struck sidewise. The flyer was still safe; the master of the yacht had apparently done all in his power to avoid the accident. But Graham could never fly now; his ship was as complete. ly wrecked as though it had been sent to the bottom of the sea. Jimmy's lips were white with impotent anger, and behind the agony in his eyes there was a desperate flame. Lost !-- On the very eve of

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fadder now, its engines purring, its pilot looking up questioningly, waiting. Graham was yelling something unintelligible across the strip of water. Up in the sky, Billy Crane was circling about in a big landplane. Everything was confused.

Jimmy tried desperately to regain a grip on himself, to readjust his mind to all that had happened and the problems to come. He was watching the Vulture, he realized, with a dull sort of surprise.

Rogers' yacht, after all, was not heading up the Narrows. Instead, it was putting straight in, with every ounce of its speed, for a cove half hidden by a growth of wild bushes half a mile or more away. Suddenly Jimmy brought up with a start. Rogers wasn't going in aboard his ship! Through the bushes, as the sun fell straight down from overhead. he caught it glinting unmistakably on the shining wings of an airplane!

Rogers was flying in-to the very field from which they had started!

He had had the yacht to meet him and serve two purposes: these summaries shot through Jimmy's brain faster than he could catalog them. The first had been to get him off the ship and thus gain a jump. The second purpose was only too evident in the sight of the crippled seaplane riding the quiet waves.

Only the funnels of the yacht were visible now, beyond the hump protecting the cove; but she was slowing down. Jimmy caught his breath. His figure tensed. There must be something to be done-it couldn't be over now!

"Going ashore, Mr. Brandon ?''

Jimmy heard the "Stand by !'' signal clang in the engine room in the utter silence that followed. He swept the sea of faces with a stare into which there had suddenly returned some of his old audacity.

pointed his ship shoreward and circled tentatively over the landing place.

Passing the seaplane, Jimmy heard the motors sputter. Grahim, his features set, stood up as he approached.

"Keep going!" he cried, "I'll get ashore."

Jimmy nodded. There was no doubt that, within a few seconds, Graham could manage enough power to taxi to the beach unaided. His motors had not been damaged. The speedboat tore on.

Jimmy, crouching in the stern with every muscle in his body strained toward their goal, glanced aside toward the promontory behind which the Vulture was hidden. In that very moment there was a violent roar from an airplane's motors; a second later, his fists clenched as he watched a big ship heave itself out of the growth atop the promontory and point its nose into the sky. "A good eight minute start !'' groaned Jimmy. Eight minutes! Eight minutes were as good as a day now, where the race had resolved itself into a thing of split seconds!

He couldn't win-not now. he told himself over and over again. He could only keep on trying until it was overfighting to the finish merely because it was not in him to surrender. But unless Rogers' plane met with an accident, with Roosevelt field only a few minutes away, how could he overcome his rival's lead at this stage?

He shook his head sternly. It did not matter . He must keep on-on and on, until there was no more to be done and defeat came in spite of him. That was what Natalie would wish-the rule by which he had lived.

Billy Crane was gliding down, his wheels only a few yards above the earth now. He had found his landing place. Jimmy watched him critically with mute approval of his pupil. For a second, he almost forgot everything but Crane's dexterous landing. when he was suddenly recalled to himself by a shout from his pilat. The latter was pointing to the promontory behind which the Vulture was hidden.

Facts and Experting Often Do Not Jibe in Strictly Scientific Lines

From Washington NEA Service.

'The "Spirit of St. Louis" carried Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh safely across the Atlantic two years ago this month, but it would never have been granted a commercial license to carry any passengers.

The department of commerce would have considered it too risky for that and would adopt the same attitude today toward a plane similarly constructed.

Lindbergh's gross weights as he took off for the famous flight was far beyond the gross weight permissible under the regulations, and he depended entirely for visibility forward on a periscope and on occasionally sticking his head outside.

In normal position a pilot sits forward with windows on all sides, but Lindbergh had gasoline tanks arranged in a way which prevented him from looking ahead and used his periscope to take off, fix on a given object and fly in a straight line.

The "Spirit of St. Louis," however, was given an experimental license , which is often issued for the development of an experimental type of ship. It had been especially designed as a plane for long distance flight and its useful load was principally fuel, which made up most of the gross weight. Naturally the load factor was in excess of the wing and power loading that would normally be used in a commercial plane of similar type.

Hence, it is pointed out by Major Clarence M. Young, director of aeronautics in the department of commerce, no one is in any position to criticise what Lindbergh apparently felt was the most practical method of design for his purpose.

The same general type of plane, with forward visibility, has been subsequently approved for commercial use and in the absence of large extra tanks and various special instruments the additional space has been converted into passenger space to the extent of the approved gross weight.

The other trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific fliers, with planes all filled up with gas, have similarly been given experimental licenses, though such licenses have been withheld from ships which obviously hadn't enough fuel to get across, or were without proper navigating instruments or good navigators.

Nearly all planes are licensed now. It's compulsory when they are going to fly across state lines that they couldn't sell planes unless they were officially approved.

"Generally," explains Major Young, "there are three essentials for an approved type certificate permitting unlimited manufacture of a plane.

"First, we must be satisfied with the complete engineering data, showing specifications for structural design, load factors, dimension of pieces used, kind of materials, type of construction, power plant and so on.

"Then comes a flight test of the ship. We see whether it meets the department's minimum requirements for maneuverability, stability, taking off and landing.

"The third point is the manufacturer's ability to produce, which concerns the adequacy of his equipment, personnel and financier. We don't want anyone to capitalize on a mere certificate of approval.

"The standards are rigid and have to be met. They are determined by our engineers here in the department."

The department's branch of aeronautics has about 70 men in the field, including about 10 engineers who are engaged in checking engineering data.

There is an engineering field section for field approvals, a factory inspection corps and a field inspection force which passes on the pilots and mechanics. The branch has rapidly become one of the largest divisions in the department.

Graft Exposure Respectable. From Minneapolis Journal.

Minneapolis lately has been finding out there were corrupt Aldermen in its council. Several other cities scattered over the country, tome much larger than Minneapolis, pave also found, in the last few months, that boodling was going on in their municipal governments. And avory mess has been uncov ered in the Ramsey county board of control. Citizens who take the shorter view shudder at the thought of the black eye that a city suffers, or is sup-posed to suffer, as a result of disclosures of corruption in its government. Such timidity is akin to that of the cancer patient whose fear of in operation leads to his premature Exposure of graft does, to some extent. bring a city unfavorable no-toriety. But permitting it to continue anexposed and unpunished does a tity far more harm in the long run. It is better to suffer the temporary discomforts of a black eye than to iose the sight of that eye. Apparently, it requires a house-eleaning once in a blue moon to arouse the voters of any large city to the need of vigilance in selecting the men who are to govern them The tendency of the average citizen is to follow the line of least resistance. Voting, and especially discriminating voting, is something of an effort. So long as everything seems to be going well, he does not care much who is sent to the city hall He hears rumors of boodle. But, unless there is an explosion, the average citizen is all too likely to find himself leaning toward a "what of it?" attitude. The civic conscience in time becomes to be accepted as normal. It is when graft and rumors of graft do come to be accepted as the normal city hall situation, that a town gets a real black eye, as Chi-cago bears witness. Far better for any community's reputation to have it known that there was graft and that the graft was extirpated, than to have it suspected that there is graft and that nobody wants it extirpated.

in every seat of government, state and national.

The invasion of the newspaper field by the power trusts is a most vital question. On that point there can be no issue as to the right of the people to protest. Newspapers represent something more than com-

answered by a jeering laugh from the bridge of the Vulture. A score of hardened, tough faces were lining its rails-a fender was thrown out hastily -another, as it seemed that the two vessels must collide. The laugh from the bridge was echoed by the crew-a contemptuous laugh. One of the sailors pointed at Jimmy Brandon, where he stood at the rail, and made a jeering remark which was lost in the general confusion and the laughter which followed it.

But Jimmy's face was set. He cast a swift glance at the seaplane and saw Graham standing up in the cockpit. Between the ship and the shore the white speedboat bore on steadily, riding the slight waves.

The Faustania had stopped. Everything began to happen then-incidents too numerous to be catalogued crowded into the following few seconds. The seaplane was scarcely 300 yards from the big ship and Jimmy smile appreciably at at his friend's skill in maneuvering. It would take very little time for the boat from shore to put him aboard.

High in the clouds, behind them all, Natalie, with a sharp exclamation, suddenly pointed to a big landplane bearing toward them.

In the same instant, there was a concerted shout of surprise-a grop from someone at the rail, and a woman's startled scream. The Vulture swept on, unheeding the shouts from the bridge or its own danger. Jimmy leaned over the Faustania's side when someone pointed and held his breath in sheer amazement at his rival's audacity.

A cargo port below him swung open without warning and Rogers perched in the opening. The yacht swept on,

Pygmy Nations Stirred. From L'Europe Nouvelle, Paris. (Translated for the Star.)

Is it generally realized that the recent political agitation in the little principality of Monaco might have caused serious international complications, if it had lasted much longer?

A number of Italian newspapers insinuated that France was tempted to intervene to re-establish order, and the Giornale d'Italia, taking the and the Glornate d Italia, taking the crisis very seriously, took the op-portunity to protest against the Franco-Monacan treaty of 1918, in-ternationally recognized, said that journal, by virtue of an addendum o the treaty of Versaille; "inserted his success, Rogers had pulled his final coup.

The little flying boat seemed completely intact as the Vulture, after a momentary slackening of speed, sped on-that was the most agonizing part of it all. But Jimmy, even from where he stood, could see that every strut, wire and brace on its port side had been ripped free; the plane was as helpless as if its motor had been taken out, so far as air travel was concerned.

He stood frozen where he had halted. He was aware, many seconds later, that a silence had fallen upon the curious passengers all about him; that every eye was turned upon him, wondering as to his next move.

His next move! He gave a short, bitter laugh. There was no next move. Through a fog of blinding anger and impotence, he realized vaguely that the Faustania was very stillhad been still for many seconds, and that the scene which had just passed had taken place very quickly. He heard Captain Farquharson's voice, emotionless and official, from forward:

"Are you going off, Mr. Brandon ?'' He hesitated. Off-on Montauk Point? The little white boat was at the foot of the

by surprise at the Qual d'Orsay on the occasion of the famous absence of Orlando and Sonnino from the

peace conference. Calm, however, has followed the storm, and Prince Louis is main-taining the constitution. On his return from Paris, where he had attended the funeral ceremonies of Marshal Foch, he announced that elections would be held before June

Did the players thronging the casino realize that a dictatorship had almost been established in Monaco? Probably not. It mattered very little to them whether an absolute or constitutional sovereign was seated on the rock near Monte Carlo, since for

Natalie's hand was pressing his arm fiercely. She was pointing to her brother's ship, circling overhead, and then she gestured to the shore opposite them.

"Get into your boat, Jim!" she cried frantically. Before she had finished, the idea had crystallized in his own mindthe barest straw of hope; yet it was something to do that would keep him from surrender in idleness. "Get in-go ashore. Billy can land there and pick you up!"

He nodded quickly, glancing at the smooth sand of the land which stretched back beyond a hump of ground above the beach. There was a possible landing place! Gratefully, quickly, Jimmy pressed the girl's hand.

"See you at the finiish !" he said. "Mr. Brandon !" came Far-

quharson's stern voice. "Right now, Skipper!" Jim-

my yelled. "Thanks!" "Good luck - Jim!" He scarcely heard, as he hurried down the Jacob's Ladder into

the waiting speedboat.

CHAPTER XXX.

A broken cheer echoed behind Jimmy Brandon when he tumbled into the boat; but he paid it scant heed. The moment of doubt and uncertainty had passed; he realized with a laugh that it must have all been within 60 seconds. He was shooting across the water now, with every ounce of power that the small launch possessed, and behind him, with a great churning of the water at her stern, the Faustania was resuming her way.

Wildly he signalled to Billy Crane, who was circling overhad in bewilderment. At last he made himself understood. Scarcely 100 feet overhead, Billy leaned over, nodded and waved agreement; then he

them there was but one reigning queen-roulette.

From Monaco to Adorra. The citizens of that tiny republic in the Pyrenees have also had their excitement. It appears that they are much dissatisfied with Primo de Rivera, who apparently made an attemp to draft them for service in the Spanish army.

So here were the makings of a Franco-Spanisk incident. In 1914 many young men from the little republic, consisting of a dozen villages and between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants enlisted in the French army, although no one seems to know def-

Jimmy first sought the plane which was carrying his rival to victory; but it was already far off, winging its way toward the field. He looked down and gave a little gasp.

The bushes had parted and three men had suddenly appeared, hurrying down the sandy slope of the hill toward the plane that Billy Crane had just brought to the ground. Jimmy paid no heed to the wild sputter of Graham's engines now, as he raced toward the beach. The men were members of Rogers' roughlooking crew and their purpose was only too apparent.

Two of them had long. wicked boathooks. They were laughing and had broken into a run now. Crane, Jimmy saw as he neared the beach. had seen them, too. His eyes narrowed fiercely. These men, who probably

loved a fight and were getting a bonus from their employer on the one side, had apparently deserted from the yacht and gone off on their own particular brand of deviltry. They were going to wreck Billy's landplane and spike the last of Jimmy Brandon's guns!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

True to Form.

From Lustige Blaetter. Wife of Professor: What is the matter-are you drenched? Professor: I had a bath and forgot to take off my clothes.

Q. Why does Venice have streets of water? T. T.

Venice is built upon islands which served as refuge for inhab-itants of neighboring cities during attacks by barbarians. Its lagoons which separated the islands were the natural streets. These islands were formed from the silt and debris brought down by rivers, and the soil is an oozy mud that makes building difficult. Roadbeds would extremely difficult to make, while canals are obviously easy to construct and maintain.

initely whether Andorra officially declared war against Germany.

At all events it is clear that the sympathies of the country and its senate are decidedly on the side

Q. Did Bellini paint the "Portrait of Sultan Mahomet" at court? A. B. S.

A. Gentile Bellini visited Con-stantinople. It is however, improb-able that he painted this portrait at court, because of Mohammedan prejudice against the representation of living things. The portrait was probably executed from memory.

Menace to Free Press. From Kansas City Star. The people have a right to be conerned at all times over the ques-tion of the ownership and control of newspapers. That concern is aggra-vated just at this time by the announcement that the International Paper and Power company has purchased a 50 per cent interest in the Boston Herald and Traveler, and that it also has helped to finance a minor Chicago paper.

The International Paper and Power company is a manufacturer of white paper. It may avow, as it does, that its purchase of interests in newspapers is for the purpose of getting a market for its output. But back of the white paper industry is the power connection, and in this instance one of the very biggest in all New England.

In this age of power absorption the people of the country have a right to be on guard. The ramifications of the great power trusts are reaching out into every phase of our national life—in industry, politics and government. The question of proper control of the power interests is one that causes uneasiness

Central Heating.

From New Orleans Times-Picayune. Just one stove for the entire city and that raised 1,000 feet in the air. That is the possibility announced by Paris, France. The scheme entails the establishment of wireless energy to be sent out from the top of the Eiffel towner. In each house there would be set up a machine, like, yet unike, a radio, that woud intercept the waves, transform them into heat and become a radiator to warm the The proposed waves would rooms. be of 400 to 500 volts in waves of two to three meters' length. All that is needed is to place on the receiving posts a filament that the wireless flow will raise to incandescence, and

mercial enterprises. They stand in the breach for public welfare as against the encroachment of every interest that would prey upon the people. Since newspapers have come to occupy the position of watchmen for the public, the fight has been to keep them free from the taint of special interest domination. In that fight the public bas a right to demand that the utility interest keep its hands off the press. However the public may regard the matter of absentee ownership of newspapers the chain newspaper-there can be no disagreement as to the absolute menace of the public utility ownership of the press. It is repugnant to every theory of a free press and decidedly out of the way for any newspaper to sell itself to a power trust. It is even more repugnant that such an influence should dare to enter the newspaper field.

Reviving the Mustache. From Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Reports from New York, London and Paris of the returning popularity of the mustache confirm the impression that has been gained recently by even the most superficial observers of their fellow men.

For not only in Park avenue, Pic-cadilly and the Place de l'Opera but in Chestnut street this former almost universal masculine adornment is again becoming a noticeable feature of the urban landscape.

Only the ultra-poetic mind will seek to trace a practical analogy between this hirsute burgeoning in its various forms and the seasonal

budding of fruit and flower. An illustrated joke in the cur-rent London Punch might seeem, at first glance, to provide the possible answer.

One elderly gentleman remarks to another: "Hullo, I see you've been growing one of those miniature mustaches

To which the other replies: "Yes, I'm growing one so as to look like those young fellows who grow 'em to look older."

Doubtless there are individual instances where youths enlist the mustache's artful aid in order to give the appearance of maturity and some old fellows may affect the ornamentation for the topsy-turvy reason suggested by the humorist.

Not only in ancient but in modern times and by many peoples the mustacie has been regarded as the badge of the soldier. In the mid-dle of the last century an English civilian who sported a mustache of impressive proportions was looked upon as a "bounder."

So far as observed, there are no ominous signs of the impending re-turn of the oldtime "fireman's" or "bartender's" mustache, which lent an air of bristling belligerency frequently foreign to his true nature. Nor have any of the samples thus far exhibited to the public gaze sugof the long obsolete "mustache cup" because of their embarrassingly insanitary luxuriance.

you will have your stove unit. Given enough such filament units and you have your heating or cooking stove minus coal, oil, gas or wired electricity.

We are not claiming that this un-dertaking is beyond the mere sug-gestion stage, but there is no telling what the next wonder will be in radio performance, and it may as well be centralized stoves as any-thing else. The thought is no more remarkable than sending music half around the world without any visible means of support.

Q. What is the other name for the palm of the hand? N. E. S. A. It is called the thenar.



of France.