

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Billy Crane was staring at him curiously. "You really feel that way, Jimmy? Doesn't your victory mean more?"

"It means a lot," Jimmy shrugged. "It means a little money, for one thing, and a certain fame. But—this is today, Billy. Tomorrow—next year—in five years, perhaps, someone's coming along and drop this record down a few days. Just the same as I cut down Jules Verne's and that of the chap who made it in 35 days. I'm just coming to realize, I suppose, that the things of really lasting value are more difficult to get."

Billy Crane held his breath. From his friend, his gaze turned slowly to his sister's white face, a certain lurking pain in the depths of her eyes. His own eyes lighted with a sudden understanding and he got hastily to his feet.

"I think we need a cocktail—couple of 'em, in fact," he decided. "Amuse Jimmy, won't you, Nat?—while I make them."

Natalie nodded. When her brother went out, she crossed quietly to the big window, staring out through the filmy lace upon the late afternoon traffic of Fifth avenue. For a long time there was silence in the big, deep-set library.

It was she who broke it, at last.

"So you have chosen, Jimmy?"

He looked up. The deep hunger in his eyes burned out like a living flame as they rested on the intense, poignant beauty of her. Never to be his—another's. His friend's! What did the race mean, after all, since it hadn't led to her? He knew—too late. How ironical it was that it had taken Broadmoor to prophesy that!

"I don't know that I've had any particular choice," he said quietly. Looking at her, he found the desire to be near her grow to an overwhelming power. He got up, standing just behind her. She did not move or turn from her absorbed interest in the avenue.

"I can thank you now, I suppose, for all you've done," he said. "You've been very kind."

She turned slowly, wonderingly. "Why do you say that, Jimmy?" she asked; and then, before he could answer, hurried on, "And that other? The thing I heard when I came into this room? 'Races have nothing to do with love?' You were bitter."

"At Frances, you mean?"

She shook his head.

"At—any one. 'What were you thinking of?'"

Jimmy caught his breath. It had to come out. In spite of all his vows, she must understand. She must know why he had caught her to him that last night aboard the ship; she must know that he loved her, in spite of everything. Then he could go away.

"I was thinking of a lot of things, Natalie," he said softly. "Of you, mostly, I suppose. Of you and—Major Broadmoor, my friend. That, and the word with which you ended his telegram. 'Love.' You see, I'd almost forgotten that. I did forget it last night—when you were so close. You'll have to forgive me, Natalie. I'll always be a fool where women are concerned, I suppose."

Natalie turned, a slow smile lighting her features until they were radiant. The odor of narcissus, intoxicating with poignant memories, reached Jimmy's nostrils, and he had to clench his hands till the nails bit into his palms.

"And if I told you," she was saying—so very softly! "If I told you, Jimmy, that you

were foolish—more foolish than even most men are—?"

Jimmy drew a quick breath, his eyes wide. "Tell me!"

She shook her head. "Didn't you hear what I said last night—before you went away? I wanted you to wait, until you could choose, until you had won and everything was yours." She hesitated; he felt his pulse pounding riotously. "You've won." Her long lashes drooped. "I think—you can choose now, Jimmy."

"But you haven't told me," he managed to say. "Why I've been so foolish. Cecil—"

She looked away, a quiet little enigmatic smile on her red lips. "I always send love to Cecil. To his wife, too—she's there with him in Paris. I was her bridesmaid. Didn't you know he had got married six months ago, while he was teaching me to fly?"

"Natalie!"

The cry was a torn sob of glorious realization. In it was all the joy of a complete victory and the stunned wonder of Jimmy's every sense before a sudden beauty that he seemed not to have believed real.

"Oh, Jim—Jimmy darling, were you blind, that you couldn't see—always?" she was sobbing happily against his breast. "I could never have told you, but I loved you so that I had to follow around the whole world—hoping that some day you'd turn back and find—just find that I was there!"

Jimmy shook his head. He could not reply; he was too happy. He could only hold her tightly in his arm, with his lips buried against her dark hair, his being drunk with its faint perfume.

The traffic on the avenue swept on unheeded, merging with the fast falling dark. The world that Jimmy Brandon had just encircled whirled on its way unheeded. He was back at his starting point; and love was, as Billy Crane had promised him, where he found it.

A delicious silence fell. . . .

And when Billy Crane returned a moment later with the cocktails, carrying them on a silver tray, he swung about, gasped, and finished the three pink goblets unaided, reiterating what he had first said—that they were greatly needed.

THE END.

Also An Issue of Profits.

From Des Moines Tribune.

Three things are to be noted in connection with the athletic upset at Iowa City:

1. The games at Iowa City were not money making for the big schools like Chicago and the rest.

2. That is at the bottom of the trouble, for with all the talk about the amateur spirit among players the managers look to the gate receipts.

3. The athletic director had just been dismissed at Iowa City and the disclosures evidently came from him.

The charge against Iowa City is made by Stagg, Yost and Huff, three of the big men in college athletics, and cannot be minimized or ignored.

At bottom the trouble arises from a perfectly impossible adaptation of English amateurism to American Standards. In England nobody who earns his living can be an amateur no matter what he earns it at. A carpenter cannot be an amateur golfer, for instance. We have made it so a man must not earn his living out of his sport and be an amateur.

But we have gone to all sorts of makeshifts to draw the line. For our big amateurs do make their living out of their sports and everybody knows it. How many men in golf and tennis have been shifted back and forth from amateur to professional in recent years according to the way the line was drawn?

There will be time enough for Iowa to decide on what to do when the smoke has cleared. But Iowa is out of the "Big Ten" because Iowa was not a money making football center for the "Big Ten" elevens.

HOW SHOCKING

LONDON—A man walking in Leicester Square saw what he thought was a human figure, lying nude in a passage. Police were rushed to the scene, but found that the lady was of the wax variety, and used as a clothing model. Madam Wax had been bedecked with furs valued at \$1,000, which thieves had stripped from her and fled.

Hoover's mother was a member of the Iowa W. C. T. U. and in conversation with members of the organization, Mr. Hoover recalled going to the polls with his mother who stood all of one election day electioneering for a vote on a prohibition question.

The W. C. T. U. campaign to list youthful abstainers from alcohol commenced on the day Hoover was inaugurated and was directed by Miss Winona R. Jewell. On March 4, 1933, the list of signers will be presented to President Hoover.

Five Texas Lawmakers Still in University

AUSTIN, TEX.—(AP)—It remained for five University of Texas students to inject a new angle in the plan of earning while you learn. They are members of the Texas house of representatives.

To four of them the rap of a speaker's gavel is something new, but not to Representative Dewey Young, a senior law student. He is finishing his eighth year in the house. For two years Young has al-

ternately answered rollcall in classrooms and capitol building. Representative J. R. Long of Wichita Falls, a sophomore in the university, uses his \$5-a-day pay from the state to help him through school. He was selected last year on a "collegiate" platform of "no qualifications."

The other three youthful solons, Thurman Adkins, Roger H. Thurman and H. C. Mosely, are low school students.

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THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORON!"

"He looks weak," remarked the baron, throwing the photograph on one side. "It should not be difficult to—persuade him. Were you able to make any overtures to him?"

"No, he is not to be got at in that way; he is an honest revolutionary."

The baron laughed a little. "Honest? A dangerous attribute in these days of war! Where is he now?"

"As soon as Bernard Jenin and I arrived at Stockholm this morning, Rastakov took charge. Jenin believes that I am associated with his friends; I have no idea who his friends are, I never saw him speak to anybody or write a letter, but I persuaded him to engage a room in this hotel, and to await a visit from a common acquaintance, who will give him some important news."

"In this very hotel?" asked the baron sharply.

"Yes, he is at the present minute in room No. 23."

"Ah, in 23, that's better. Have you arranged that our friends should keep on the adjoining rooms?"

"Yes, all is in order."

Baron Fayerling nodded approvingly, and the man began to twirl his hat a little faster. His employer, who could read the signs of the times, smiled contemptuously, took out some banknotes and threw them down on the table.

"There you are!" said he. "One thing more: you have been in Finland since the beginning of January; what is your number there?"

"B.22," replied the man, gathering the notes together with a sort of enveloping maneuver.

"That is all right; in other words, we shall not require you here any longer."

B.22 rose obediently and went towards the door.

"Send Rastakov here!" was the baron's parting salutation.

The man disappeared, and two minutes later another person entered, closing the door quietly after him. He was a tall, dark, taciturn fellow, a regular Slav in appearance, about 30 years of age, with bold, resolute eyes, and a touch of self-satisfied impudence in his look.

The baron's expression had altered, and he now spoke in a frank, friendly tone.

"Good morning, Rastakov, did you meet B.22?"

"Yes."

"Did you verify his reports?"

"Yes, they are correct."

"Good; I don't trust the fellow any longer, and for the future he must be under supervision. Bernard Jenin is installed in room 23—with the most important paper in Europe in his possession, and now, Rastakov, the great thing is to get hold of it. If you are prepared to risk something for our cause, that paper should be in our hands in an hour's time."

Rastakov made no reply, but he tightened his thin lips with a look of determination.

"Have you warned all our friends?" inquired the baron.

"Yes, they will keep out of the way till it is done."

"And you have nothing about you which would compromise us, should you fail?"

"I am not a child!"

"Go in five minutes' time to Jenin's room, introduce yourself as the friend of whom B.22 spoke to him, and talk to him for a bit in such a way as not to arouse his suspicions, though he may feel a little puzzled. Then act as swiftly and silently as circumstances permit. I will give you a quarter of an hour. When you come out of the room, I shall be sit-

ting in one of the wicker chairs near the staircase; you must pass me, and if you have the paper, bow slightly, and walk slowly out towards the park, where I will join you in an hour's time."

The baron walked up to Rastakov, and looked meaningfully at him. "If anything goes wrong, you must look out for yourself," he added. "You know our rules?"

"Yes," replied the other without flinching, "you need not remind me of them." And without another word, he left the room. The baron looked after him; his face resumed its usual cynical expression, and he laughed. "Poor fool!" he said half aloud.

He looked at the clock: it was 12:30. He yawned, examined his finger nails, and lighted a cigar. Then he took his coat, gloves and Panama hat, and went towards the door, which burst open as he approached it, and a short, stout, and vary fashionably-dressed man came in. The two men stood staring at one another, without a word of greeting.

"Marcus Tassler," exclaimed the baron, impatiently, "what are you doing here? Be quick, I am in a hurry."

"Two minutes, only two minutes, baron," replied the newcomer, in an oily, business-like voice. His flaccid, sallow face, with its thick red lips, was as Jewish as his voice, but his hair was fair and close-cropped.

"I met Rastakov, and I know everything. But let me just warn you. . . ."

"Warn me!" interrupted the baron, "it is too late for warnings. Our preparations are made, and must come to a head shortly; the Tarraschin memorandum will be the cornerstone of the edifice, and then the storm may break! If you are afraid, you had better be silent."

"No, I am not afraid."

"Well, what is it then?"

Marcus Tassler drew an opened telegram from an inner pocket and struck it with the palm of his hand. "I warn you," he said again emphatically. "This bomb business in Christiania has compromised our position, and there is danger in the air. Though no one may have discovered our plans, the press are on the alert, and sniffing suspiciously in every direction. . . ."

"Much too aertms!" said the baron, coolly. "The fools believe that we are working for one of the belligerent powers, as spies and dynamiters; let them think so. The explosions in Christiania were a blunder, but nothing worse; the idiot who managed the affair acted on his own initiative; I have isolated the consequences, and directed suspicion towards a quarter which will make the whole of Scandinavia gasp." The baron laughed contentedly. "We are stronger than any of the Great Powers, and our plan is the most colossal ever conceived by the brain of one man. So why need you worry?"

Marcus Tassler nodded, rubbed his hands, and burst out with a sort of enthusiastic eagerness: "Yes, I admit that Gabriel Ortiz. . . ."

The baron shot a threatening glance at him. "Hush! Never that name, except in a whisper, or when you are alone."

"All right, our chief, then. I admit that his genius seems able to surmount any obstacle; but, baron, his genius has not yet been put to positive proof. I am of opinion that what is just beginning. . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Romance on French Tennis Courts



The name of Alain C. Gerbault, left, famous tennis player, who disappeared from courts five years ago, in which time he has remained away from France, has often been linked with that of Suzanne Lenglen's, right, and rumors have it that the self-imposed exile was on account of some disturbing element in his relationship with her. Now that he has reappeared, friends of both are eagerly watching developments of the alleged romance.

Film Hero Eulogizes New-Wed Wife



"She is the most wonderful girl in the world," says John Gilbert, handsome film Romeo, referring to his bride, Ina Claire, of stage fame, whom he got to sign on the dotted line after a whirlwind courtship of three weeks. And that seems to be that, for there is really nothing left that anybody can add in the way of encomiums. They are pictured here honeymooning at Gilbert's Beverly Hills home. (International Newsreel)

King Goes Home Entirely Recovered



King George of England bids good-bye to members of the City Council of Bognor when he and Queen Mary left that place for Buckingham Palace. The monarch is evidently in excellent health after his long period of convalescence at Bognor, having made a really phenomenal recovery from the illness which threatened his life. (International Newsreel)

The Springer of the News



Arthur Springer, left, secretary to Ambassador Dwight Morrow, sprang the news of the quiet marriage of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to Anne Morrow at the Englewood, N. J., home of the Ambassador soon after his arrival here from Mexico, to the surprise and bitter disappointment of innumerable newspapers and photographers, who have surrounded the place as uninvited guests for several weeks past. (International Newsreel)

Abstinence Campaign For American Youth

EVANSTON, ILL.—(AP)—The Women's Christian Temperance union is outlining a national abstinence campaign among American youth, declared President Hoover, as a child, was a member of the Loyal Temperance legion, or Band of Hope, a juvenile temperance organization, sponsored by the W. C. T. U.

"It should be recalled," the announcement read, "that Herbert