

# INDISPOSED



**THERE** are certain times when nearly every woman should accept the aid and comfort of Bayer Aspirin. Not just for the unexpected headache these tablets relieve so readily. Not just for colds which they check so quickly. Bayer Aspirin brings ease on the days too many women still submit to pain that is not natural, not necessary. This relief is perfectly harmless, as in all uses. Remember this! Look for Bayer on the box and follow proven directions found inside.



## ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetylester of Salicylic acid

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

"And execute 'em," Harvey grinned. He looked at his watch. "Come on—you look like a groundhog just emerged. It'll be an hour before your plane starts and I've already secured your transportation. Your rival hasn't come in yet. That Trans-Siberian train just connects nicely with the passenger plane route."

Jimmy and the Russian pilot who had accompanied him on the night flight bade each other a quick farewell—a farewell which neither understood, since the man spoke nothing but Russian. Then he hurried off with Harvey to the latter's hotel.

"Tell me what it all means," he demanded of his friend, while he lathered his face and revelled in the luxury of a careful shave. "How did you know I was stuck there in Viatka, and what happened then? I want to know everything."

The correspondent looked up at him blankly. "I'd rather expected, Jimmy, that you'd be able to tell me something when you had the chance. I know nothing more than this."

He brought out a crumpled telegram which had been stuffed in his pocket and spread it out. Jimmy scanned the brief lines with interest. It was addressed to Harvey, and read:

"Jimmy Brandon racing around world. Held up by authorities. Viatka. Frame-up. Effect his release immediately."

The message was unsigned. "I got to work right away," Harvey explained, while his friend stared into the mirror. "I knew you were on the way, of course, and had planned to meet the Trans-Siberian when it got in this morning, just to wish you luck. But after this, I hurried over to the English charge, and from there, armed with all sorts of papers, to the Narkomindel. It took me about an hour to learn about a suspicious message from Omsk!"

"From Omsk!" The breath hissed between Jimmy's teeth. "Chuck, one of these days I'm due for a half hour session with that little playmate of mine. I haven't the slightest doubt that it was Austin Rogers who framed this."

"Nor I," agreed Harvey promptly. "Nor has the Narkomindel. But who the deuce—"

"That message?" Jimmy smiled. "I wish I knew, Chuck." He drew a deep sigh. "I sure wish I knew. She's the sort you dream about and write about, but never see. I haven't seen her yet, really, but—"

"She?" Harvey interrupted. "Is the girl friend in on all this, too?"

"I don't know." Slowly, enjoying his friend's surprise and getting a certain enjoyment out of the recital, Jimmy went over the situation and the part the mysterious lady had played in this strange race around the globe.

"She's everything," he finished. "Aviatrice, adventurer, sportswoman. Everything I've ever thought was barred to a woman!"

"Is this all straight?" Harvey gasped.

"Positive." Jimmy squashed his cigarette and put away the shaving things. His features had undergone a change while he sat staring at the carpet. "Chuck, when does that Trans-Siberian get in?"

"In a few minutes. Why?"

Jimmy stood up. "I've decided to have a little talk with my friend Rogers. I never knew how crooked a man could be till I knew him. It's time this business stopped, and I'm

going to put him in such a condition that it will!"

But Harvey caught his arm as he was reaching for his hat. "No, you don't!" the correspondent exclaimed. "You'll mess everything. If you want Rogers where he'll behave, leave him to me. I've already taken care of him, and I've got to leave in a second to finish the job."

"What do you mean?" Jimmy halted.

"I mean that if I have my way—and the Narkomindel theirs, you'll be able to loaf right into New York with Rogers sittin' pretty in the Moscow bastille!"

"Wait a minute!" Jimmy commanded. "Nothing crooked here, Chuck. You haven't got anything on Rogers."

"Neither have you," Harvey retorted, "but I notice you're aching for a punch at him. But we've got enough on him to hold him until you get a nice start."

"It won't do," Jimmy averred, cooling. "I won't use his methods under any circumstances. He's got to have the breaks."

"He's had 'em all!" scoffed the correspondent. "Look here, Jimmy, you've got nothing to do with this—nothing whatever. If Rogers has been spoofing the foreign office, it's an offense against the government, and there's every reason to suspect that he has. Now—try and stop the F. O. when it gets started. Even you can't do that, old thing."

Jimmy accepted this news with a frown. He was unwilling to win by a default; yet this race was already a thing of catch-as-catch-can. He had played fairly. If Austin Rogers, in attempting to ruin him, had only become hoist with his own petard, there was no slightest element of unfairness in it. Besides, the thing had gone too far now. It was a matter between Rogers and the soviet government.

Chuck Harvey stood at the door. "This is in my hands now—don't forget that," he said. "You've had nothing to do with it from the beginning, except to be somewhat the victim. Smoke that for a while. I'll be at the field to wish you bon voyage!"

With that, he was gone. Jimmy stared at the closed door for a moment, and then shrugged. Half hour later, after a quick breakfast, he grabbed his bag, and set out for the field in a car furnished by the news syndicate, which Harvey had sent there. He was fresh and eager, ready for the arduous last lap of the journey ahead of him. Concerning Rogers' fate, he refused to allow himself to become interested.

ly and uttered a sharp ejaculation of utter amazement. It was all that Jimmy needed to prove that the other expedition anything but his presence here. Rogers thought him safe under custody in Viatka.

Gradually, the stupefaction that had flooded the millionaire's features cleared. It was replaced by a glint of hatred buried deep in his dark eyes.

"You—!" Jimmy waited, his features expressionless, while Rogers recovered a grip on himself. "You're clever, at that, Brandon," he managed to smile. "Damned clever. But we're not yet in New York!"

"And you're not yet out of Moscow," put in Jimmy. "One of these days, Rogers, you're going to overstep yourself in your crookedness."

Rogers shrugged and half turned toward the customs officials who were waiting. Jimmy watched him speculatively. It had been quite an effort for him to refrain from a physical attack upon his enemy. The other's brazen disregard of his own blackguardism infuriated him. It was actually as though he felt that his wealth gave him the right to do completely as he chose.

But as Jimmy was turning away, warned by the roar of the Junker's motor, his attention was arrested by the sight of another motor car dashing across the field. It flew up with screaming, smoking brakes a few yards from the customs officers, to let Chuck Harvey leap free, two Moscow militiamen at his heels.

Rogers looked up with surprise as the correspondent laid a hand on his shoulder. The customs men glanced at the police, at Harvey, and then drew back.

"What the devil do you want?" Rogers exclaimed.

"You, mostly," murmured the correspondent.

"I'm in a hurry, young man," retorted the millionaire. "Also, I don't know you. And I'm not particularly certain that I like you." He turned throwing off the detaining hand on his shoulder.

"I'm afraid you don't understand, my friend," Harvey drawled. "The fact is—you're under arrest. I simply came along to translate the fact into your language."

"Arrest?" Roger's swarthy features turned pallid.

"Right the first time," the correspondent agreed. "I'm glad I shan't have to translate. And to end the suspense, the charge against you is—conspiracy and the giving of false and libellous information to the Russian foreign office."

As though to settle the matter, the two militiamen ranged on either side of Rogers. The latter's pallor deepened. He glanced fearfully toward the waiting plane on the field; at that moment, the deep-throated motors roared a final warning.

Jimmy was just entering. He turned, smiling, and saw his rival take an involuntary step forward. Jimmy tossed a cheery adieu.

"Good luck, old son!" called Harvey, after him. "I'll see that your little playmate gets entertainment."

As the door swung shut behind him, Jimmy looked up with surprise at the mechanic on the step. A rather grimy sheet of paper, folded twice, was slipped into his hand.

"What—?"

The mechanic shrugged imperturbably. "From a lady, m'sieu. That is all."

The Junker was already roaring off over the field. Jimmy hesitated, before seeking his seat, sweeping the passengers with practiced eyes. No, his lady of the narcissus was not present. Why had he not thought of her before? he demanded of himself. She had been on Rogers' train; he might, had he gauged his time well, have met her face to face when she alighted.

But she was not bound for Berlin via Konigsberg. Did it

mean that her share in the dash ended here, in Moscow?

He knew in advance that the soiled sheet of paper which the mechanic had handed him was from her. When he found his seat, it was with a thrill of anticipation that he caught the scent on the sheet, which even the mechanic's grease and handling had not entirely destroyed. Opening the paper he read:

"I'll stay behind and keep an eye on Rogers. Luck!"

Another unsigned message, to go beside the others, over his heart. But now that their paths seemed to diverge, Jimmy found himself more puzzled than formerly. Evidently she was not making the complete circuit that he was. And more—this meant that her presence there was solely in his interests, if she would drop out now and wait behind in Moscow just to be certain of his rival.

Who could it be? Jimmy racked his tired, sleep-starved brain in quest of one acquaintance he might have made in all his years of wandering—one woman who could have cared enough to do this. There was no answer.

Slowly, in spite of his efforts to concentrate on the mystery, which seemed deepening as each new meridian was left behind, Jimmy fell into a slumber, the throb of the motors in his ears and the rush of wind against the body of the plane like a far-off, remembered lullaby. For three and a half hours he rested, during the flight to Smolensk, where he was handed a message from Chuck Harvey. It read:

"Playmate safely incarcerated under serious charges pending investigation. Our charming millionaire is now more definitely opposed to socialism than ever before. I suggested he leave in will an endowment to Rand institute and only iron bars saved my life. Cheerio and luck. Chuck."

Smiling to himself over Harvey's terse commentary, Jimmy fell asleep again, until he was aroused by the tearing of the Junker's wheels and tailskid into the dust of the landing field at Kovno. An hour and a half later he found himself walking stiffly across the field at Konigsberg, with two and a half hours to spare before his train departed for Berlin.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## GROUND DEEDED FOR U. S. GRAVE

Washington, (AP)—Through the gift of the French village of Moyennoutier of the ground occupied by the grave of Lieut. Thomas R. Plummer of New Bedford, Mass., a controversy of 10 years comes to an end.

Unlike most American families whose sons fell in France the Plummers strongly desired that Lieutenant Plummer's body be left in the little French cemetery where it was buried two days before the Armistice was signed and a few days before the croix de guerre awarded him by the French government was received.

This caused the unwinding of much red tape. Lieutenant Plummer, although 50 years of age when the war broke out, enlisted in the American Red Cross and was assigned to the French village of Moyennoutier just behind the French lines. There he did such valiant work that he was beloved by the entire population of the village. They buried him with highest honors in their own village cemetery. His death was the result of unselfish devotion to sick and wounded French soldiers.

When the work of removing American soldiers' bodies to government cemeteries in this country and France began Lieutenant Plummer's grave was one of the few isolated ones marked "Do not disturb."

The government could not leave soldiers' bodies without definite title to the land or without assurance that graves would be properly cared for, however. After much interchange of correspondence between the town council of Moyennoutier, the cemetery division of the quartermaster corps of the U. S. Army and the family of Lieutenant Plummer, the problem was solved with receipt of the title to the ground occupied by the grave.

into this elusive thing called personality, but you don't know the powers of man, or the weakness of a man, until he is tried in the white heat of some great undertaking. Choosing a leader is more or less of a gamble.

**Lucky Guy.**  
From Passing Show.  
"So you have broken off your engagement to Mr. de Vere?"  
"Yes. I found his love was not strong enough to stand all the little troubles of everyday life."  
"What made you think that?"  
"He was quite angry every time darling little Fifi bit his legs."

### John's Mother Praises Doctor

Men may suffer untold privations but women always tell them.

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.



Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

Costly pastime—high jinks.

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### Choosing Leaders For War a Gamble

War is a gamble, as much in the quality of military leaders as in anything else. And if a war is prolonged, few are the instances in which a man who leads a nation into battle remains to lead it to victory. Usually a country enters with some mad heroic propositions in the popular mind to head its armies. But in the stress of conflict his peace time reputation fades and some comparatively unknown leader comes up to take command. In other words, the war produces its own leaders.

It was so in our own Civil war, with the failure of such a man as McClellan and the final arrival of Grant and Sherman. At the beginning of the World war, England entered with a legend of greatness to the British empire. But Kitchener was a failure, as French was more or less a failure, and at the end the previously unknown leader of cavalry, Haig, was commanding the millions of England.

And so in the case of Italy, whose leader of reputed military genius is near death, Field Marshal Cadorna was to the Italians what Kitchener

### Help Kidneys After Grip

Don't Neglect Kidney and Bladder Irregularities.

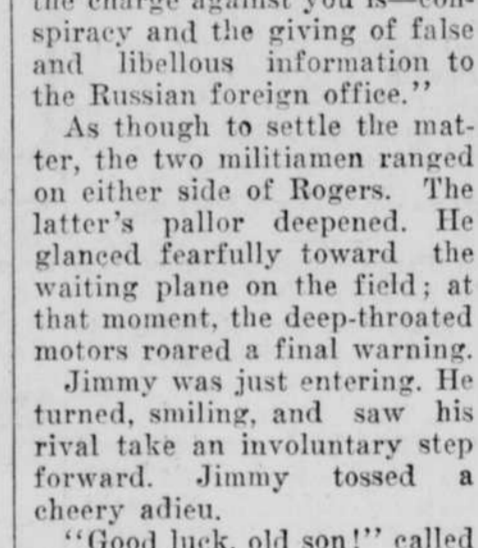
**HAS** grip or flu left you stiff, achy—all worn out? Feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning? Too often this indicates sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.

Thousands rely on Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the activity of the kidneys and assist in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

## Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 75c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.



Station C-O-O-K  
"So you have engaged our former look?"  
"Yes, but don't worry—we don't believe a tenth of what she says about you."—Passing Show.

Mr. Weisenheimer  
April—is your husband clever?  
June—Yes, very. He remembers my birthdays and forgets my age.—Answers.

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