

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

To his demand that he be faced with some knowledge of his accuser, he was blandly informed that such a proceeding was impossible: Agents of the G. P. U.—that dread secret service which has replaced the old Tsarist Cheka—had been informed in some way of his arrival, and they had discovered enough to justify his seizure and a search of his effects.

As to the rest—Jimmy's hopes of communicating with Moscow were suddenly blasted. One of the soldiers straightened up from an examination of his bag and laid upon the commissar's desk a thin sheet of paper, carefully traced with indelible ink.

Jimmy gasped, wide-eyed with astonishment. The man returned, and he watched him slit open a pocket in the bag which Jimmy had scarcely noticed before. From it, he extricated several sheets of finely written script in a hand that was startlingly like his own—yet he had never seen either of the documents before.

The assistant commissar's suave coolness vanished.

"These things, monsieur, seem to justify investigation. I do not suppose you will read to me what is written in English here."

Jimmy bent down over the papers that were thrust across the desk toward him. The handwriting was baffling, but the content—!

The economic condition of the peasantry is outrageous. . . . Wives and babies are thrown into vile prisons when frost ruins their crops, left to rot in Siberia's cold, while husbands . . .

Jimmy read no more. Startled, he found himself looking up into the cold eyes of the officer. "I'll read it, if you wish—but I did not write those things!" he protested. "What is on the maps?"

The assistant commissar shrugged. "I do not know—yet." He stood up with a short, disbelieving nod. "I will have the papers read," he said briefly. "You need not add perjury to your other charms. In the meantime . . ."

With a brief gesture to the soldier in charge, he turned away. The latter nodded, gave a swift command in Russian; and a few minutes later, Jimmy Brandon found himself once more a prisoner in the orange-lighted room, with two guards pacing carefully outside the barred doors. This time, there would be no escape.

But what did it all mean? For a long time he remained stunned by the significance of his plight. Obviously, someone had planted those papers inside his bag. What was the map? He had no way of knowing; it would probably be unimportant, he guessed—merely enough to furnish a good reason for further search and an examination of the papers. As a newspaper man, for him to write the things which the assistant commissar would find on those thin sheets was considerable of a crime.

With a start Jimmy suddenly recalled the incident at Omsk, when he had returned from pacing the station platform to find that his compartment had been entered. He had almost forgotten that. Now—oh, it was suddenly all pitilessly clear! What a fool he had been! He had looked to see if anything were stolen. Instead, those damning documents had been secreted inside his bag, in the lining where he had never kept anything and where he had naturally not searched, there to rest until

they became his mute accusers!

He pulled back the portiers before his barred windows and commenced to pace the floor restlessly. It was difficult to light a cigaret, but a tiny alcohol lamp contained a small flame. At this, with his hands behind him, he was forced to light the tobacco.

The minutes ticked by. What were they waiting for? He wondered. Surely it was time for him to be in prison. Possibly it was the commissar himself whose presence was needed before they dealt with him finally. He dared not think of the trip, nor of all he had lost. When he did, he thought, too, of that elusive figure in black, and the haunting perfume that came with a vision of the woman who had helped him.

A far-away vision it was coming to be now; and yet—there was a certain hope in the thought of her. She had been so loyal, so good a comrade; he wished she were here. Surprisingly, his thoughts reverted not once to Frances. In this hour of need it was the mysterious lady of narcissé noir whom he wished for mutely.

Food was brought him but he ate with little relish. At last, he pushed the remainder of it away and permitted the guard to light his cigaret and replace the handcuffs. Then, slouching deep in a chair, he gave himself up to a passive brooding, his eyes roving unseeingly out through the barred windows over the low, silent roofs of Viatka, somnolent in the darkness.

The trip was lost—his gallant gesture a failure!

Jimmy Brandon's lips twisted into a bitter smile. When all this was over—what then? Frances was lost he knew. The thought did not hurt him so deeply as it might. He recalled Olson's words that night on the steamer; he could almost hear the big seaman as he had spoken then, hesitatingly, groping for his English, his voice rumbling with sincerity:

"And then . . . then, whether he wins or loses, she loves him for himself—just because he tried . . . for her."

That was not Frances. It never could be. He was beginning to understand that, and all its imputations. But the other; the woman he did not know, and who had helped him for his own sake—would it matter to her—failure? Or would she, as the master of the Adrienne had suggested, love him because he had tried?

With a start, he jerked himself loose from these reflections. He had lost, he accused himself, and because he had lost, he had already given up Frances, to whom his loyalty was pledged. This other woman, he had never even seen her face to face, and yet he had dared to think of her in this fashion.

"Fool!" he muttered through clenched teeth, and fell to pacing the floor again.

It was 11 o'clock when this infuriated, agonized pacing was interrupted by quick footsteps which halted outside his door, the sentry's short challenge, and the clash of the bolt as it was drawn back. He stood very still in the center of the room and waited.

Were they coming for him at last? Was the final act of the comedy to be completed?

It was the same soldier who had arrested him late that afternoon who appeared on the threshold when the doors swung open. Jimmy decided that he was officer of the day. He waited.

The man's manner, which had been the reverse of polite-

ness following Jimmy's escape, was subtly altered. He stood very straight when he said in his faultless French, "Will monsieur be so kind as to accompany me?"

Jimmy decided that he could afford to be that kind. "To the jail?" he murmured. "Mais oui!"

The two sentries fell in behind them when the lieutenant went out by his prisoner's side. They marched in silence down the long corridor which Jimmy had traversed three times before, turned at the point where he had collided with the commissar's secretary, and entered the latter's office. The young-old man was seated behind his desk, waiting impatiently, and even as he crossed the threshold, Jimmy's sharp eyes had fallen upon the three newly opened telegrams spread before him. He smiled.

The assistant commissar got to his feet. "This is most distressing, Monsieur Brandon," he said. "It seems you are not a spy at all, but a gentleman of whom our comrades in Moscow speak in the highest terms. I am at a loss to discover how they knew you were here."

Jimmy was equally at a loss, for that matter; but he did not choose to reveal the fact.

"I was expected," he replied briefly. "And I could have told you all you know now some hours ago. What does all this mean?"

It was not exactly a peremptory manner that he took; but all his dignity and annoyance came to the surface with a realization that he held the upper hand at the moment, and that, if he could play this thing through, a chance still remained to him.

"It is distressing, monsieur," the commissar's subordinate repeated. "You are an American journalist, I understand; your detention here . . ."

"Was most unfortunate," Jimmy put in. "Especially in view of the fact that I'm in a hurry, and this delay has cost a great deal of money. Those papers you found in my bag were forged, but they're mild compared to what I'm going to write—for publication in American and Russia—about this treatment!"

"But, monsieur—"

Jimmy shook his head impatiently. "Have somebody remove these handcuffs," he ordered; and then: "Do I understand that I've got a clean ticket?"

The assistant commissar looked pained, at a complete loss. In his chief's absence he had used highlanded measures which were proved distinctly out of place. Jimmy knew his predicament, but he was in no mood to sympathize. He must keep control of the situation in order to put through the plan which was formulating in his mind even as he spoke.

"Ah, oui, monsieur—you are at complete liberty. But I—I have detained you. I am desolate—"

"So was our friend here!" Jimmy interrupted cryptically. "You're desolate and I'm in a merry hole. Also, you're going to help me to get out of it."

He was beginning to understand the situation. Wisely, he had refrained from demanding to know the authors of the telegrams; he had acted as though they were to be expected from the highest sources, as, no doubt, they were, from the officer's apparatus. But the top one, it was easy to see, was from Wallace Harvey—"Chuck" Harvey, who had come from New York two years back to take Jimmy's place as Eastern European and Russian correspondent for the newspaper syndicate to which both owed allegiance.

In some way, Harvey had been advised, and he had acted as promptly as only he could. How or by what manner news of the Viatka incident had reached him, Jimmy

could not guess. But he knew his own acquaintance in Moscow, and he knew it to be powerful. That was enough. There was time later for checking up.

He took a quick, nervous step forward, and his manner was brusque. He spoke rapidly in French.

"If you want me to forget the injustice of my reception here, and also to file a commendation in your favor with the Narkomindel, Monsieur le Commissar," he said distinctly, "then see that I get out of this town tonight—by airplane!"

CHAPTER XIX

The assistant commissar stared blankly for a moment, and his lieutenant joined him. Jimmy stood quietly, awaiting the reaction he anticipated. He had asked for an airplane, and he had every reason to believe that there was only one in Viatka, and that a government plane.

"But, monsieur—what you ask is impossible!" the official gasped at last.

"Not at all," Jimmy returned smoothly. "You've got me into this—now get me out. I've got to have a plane for a flight to Moscow tonight."

"But there is only one airplane in the city," the assistant commissar protested. "It is an army plane from Moscow and it could not possibly leave before morning."

"Whether I leave with one plane or a whole Escadrille," the American reiterated, "I'm getting out of here tonight."

"But the pilots, monsieur . . ."

"I'll pilot it myself!" Jimmy was firm, but he had lost none of his calm. It was this confident, cool firmness which was making an impression on his hearers. "The regular pilot can go with me and sleep till I hit Moscow. Then he can bring it back tomorrow if that's necessary."

The assistant commissar stared; stared, apparently, because he could not find words with which to express himself. These mad Americans!

"It's got to be fast work, too," Jimmy mused coolly. "Time is running right along." He looked at the watch on his wrist and then lighted a cigaret, standing there as though waiting for the other to make up his mind.

At last the assistant commissar, with a despairing look at his lieutenant, shrugged his shoulders and surrendered. "I will do my best," he agreed. Dawidoff, go to the field and bring back a pilot."

The lieutenant dashed off. A moment later, Jimmy heard a loud, protesting Ford get underway and go rattling off across the cobblestones of the courtyard at a pace such as had never been intended for it. He dropped uninvited into a chair and waited, while the official stared at him.

A little later, the car drew up again under the windows, and the officer of the day rushed in, a man at his heels. The situation was explained—several times.

Jimmy listened. Finally, they all turned to him, and the conversation became a thing impossible to understand. Everyone gesticulated wildly and shouted rapidly in several different brands of French intermixed with Russian; and in the intervals, Jimmy's close-clipped syllables reiterated to the assistant commissar the narrow choice he had.

These syllables made themselves felt after several minutes. The pilot agreed after only a slight hesitancy to the American's plan. The assistant commissar finally turned to Jimmy and declared himself in agreement with conditions.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LEAF TUCKS

One of the loveliest decorative touches this spring are the tucks girdle portion tucked in oak leaf pattern and the edges of the top flounce repeat the design. called "nervures" by the French that outline a pattern. A rose chiffon afternoon dress has its entire

that they are inevitable. The only way of reforming war is to stop it.

JUST LIKE A KID

Youngtown, Ohio.—When a stranger told Patsy Cinquegrano that he'd surely get rich and have a lot of diamonds when he grew up, Patsy wanted to show off. "I got diamonds," Patsy said, and ran into the house and got his sister's. It was a good diamond, and the stranger thought it so good that he put on his running shoes and beat it—with the diamond.

Electric Cable Will Guide Ship in Fog

A device that would enable a blindfolded helmsman to steer a ship safely into harbor was described at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers by Robert H. Marriott, consulting engineer of the federal radio commission.

An electric cable lying on the sea bottom is the guide. Two coils of wire are hung over each side of the vessel. They pick up electric impulses in the cable by induction and transmit them as sounds through headphones worn by the helmsman.

When the keel is over the cable, the intensity of sound is equal in each ear. But when the sound volume begins to diminish in one ear it is an indication that the ship is slipping off its course in the direction of the faint sound side. Fog does not affect the operation of the cable.



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who need it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

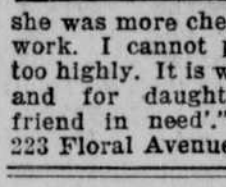
Robinson Crusoe Et Al

At a recent showing of "Robinson Hood" at an East side moving picture show, a five-year-old boy who was unable to read, kept asking questions of his older brother. He evidently could not follow the theme of the story or the activities of the various characters. At a tense moment the little fellow was heard to exclaim, "Oh, look! There's Robinson Crusoe with a goof-er feather in his hat."

FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y.—"My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need."—Mrs. L. E. HALL, 223 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.



Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blue with Red Cross Ball Blue. —Adv.

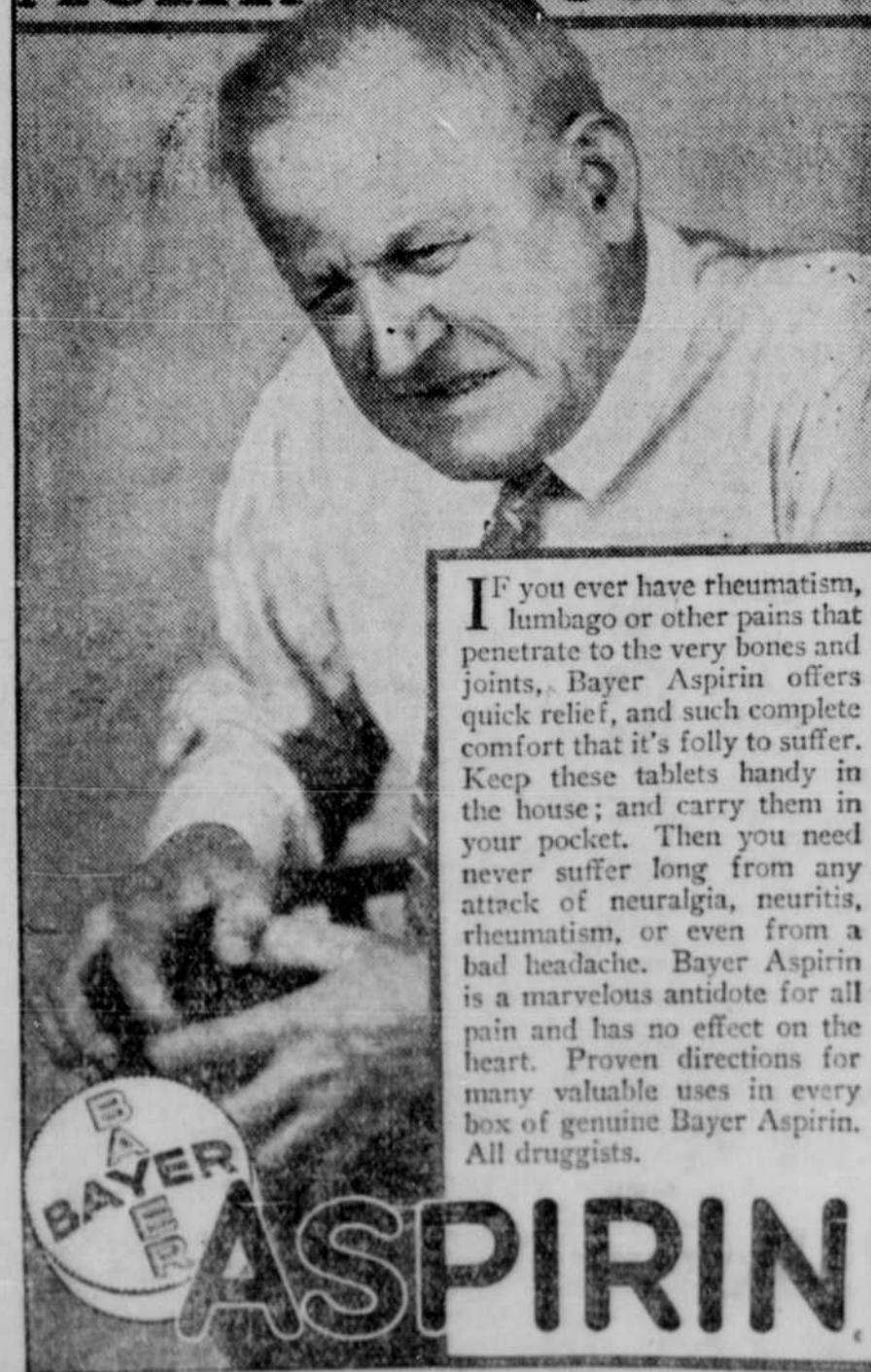
Conditional

Woman (on train with well-grown boy)—Do I have to pay for the child? Conductor—Well, you needn't, ma'am, if you don't mind some passengers sitting on him.

Cheaper

Highbrow—Does a certain sublimated and objective altruism ever move you? Lowbrow—No, I usually hire a truck.—Pathfinder.

ACHING JOINTS



If you ever have rheumatism, lumbago or other pains that penetrate to the very bones and joints, Bayer Aspirin offers quick relief, and such complete comfort that it's folly to suffer. Keep these tablets handy in the house; and carry them in your pocket. Then you need never suffer long from any attack of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, or even from a bad headache. Bayer Aspirin is a marvelous antidote for all pain and has no effect on the heart. Proven directions for many valuable uses in every box of genuine Bayer Aspirin. All druggists.



ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacetate of Salicylic Acid

Wars Caused by Lies
From Santa Barbara News
No one whose memory runs back to the World War will question the accuracy of the statements made by Arthur Ponsonby a member of the British House of Commons in his book, "Falsehood in Writing" that lies are the stuff of which war is largely made.
At least they are an important element in fanning the flames and keeping popular sentiment at fever heat. Possibly it is not too much to say that if all the facts had been told frankly there would not have been a World War.
This author, whose experience runs back far beyond the World

war knows well that falsehood was no accidental or incidental element of the war. It was a part of the organized propaganda, elaborately prepared and carried out in remarkable detail.
Books were prepared with elaborate pictures showing alleged atrocities. Horrible details were given in affidavit form in which the names of distinguished men were used.
These books were prepared to arouse the spirit of hate in France, England and the United States. They were used to stir the people to save food and to buy bonds.
And yet when the war was over

and the investigation of the war crimes began, it was demonstrated that most of these tales were the work of the too setive imaginations of the authors. The books were monumental fakes.
Of course there were inhuman crimes during the war but they were not confined to one nation and they were largely the work of individuals.
But the lies were a deliberate part of the war making and promotion machinery.
Mr. Ponsonby does not expect to see the elimination of lies as an element of war. In fact, he thinks

that they are inevitable. The only way of reforming war is to stop it.