

# Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a  
Demobilized Officer Who  
Found Peace Dull

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"SAPPER"

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(Continued from last week.)  
**SYNOPSIS.**

**PROLOGUE**—In December, 1918, four men gathered in a hotel in Berlin and heard one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steinman and Von Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson.

**CHAPTER I**—Capt. Hugh (Bulldog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X10." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a hand headed by Carl Peterson and Henry Lakington of being the leaders.

**CHAPTER II**—Drummond decides to go to The Larches, Miss Benton's home. An attempt is made on the road to wreck his machine when another, occupied by Peterson, Lakington and a strange man, blocks the road. While dining with Phyllis Benton and her father Drummond hears a terrible shriek at The Elms. During the night Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on an American who signs a paper. Drummond rescues the American after a struggle and takes him to his home. The man is Hiram C. Potts.

**CHAPTER III**—Peterson visits Drummond the next day, departing with a threat to return later and recover Potts and also a torn paper which Drummond seized the night of the fight. With the aid of Peter Darrel, an old army friend, Drummond arranges to hide Potts, and substitute in his place one Mullings, a demobilized soldier, who is taken by Peterson and his gang and seized to The Elms, along with Drummond.

**CHAPTER IV**—When Peterson discovers the hoax Drummond is escorted by Irma to a room where he is to stay for the night. During the night Drummond is exploring the house when he gets in a strange room in which is a cobra. He escapes, but on the stairs has a fight in the dark.

His opponent was strong above the average, but after a minute he was like a child in Hugh's grasp. He choked once or twice and muttered something; then Hugh slipped his right hand gently onto the man's throat. His fingers moved slowly round, his thumb adjusted itself lovingly, and the man felt his head being forced back irresistibly. He gave one strangled cry, and then the pressure relaxed.

"One half-inch more, my gentle humorist," Hugh whispered in his ear, "and your neck would have been broken. As it is, it will be very stiff for some days. Another time—don't laugh. It's dangerous."

Then, like a ghost, he vanished along the passage in the direction of his own room.

### THREE.

At eight o'clock the next morning a burly looking ruffian brought in some hot water and a cup of tea. As he pulled up the blinds the light fell full on his battered, rugged face, and suddenly Hugh sat up in bed and stared at him.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "aren't you Jim Smith?"

The man swung round like a flash and glared at the bed.

"What the hell is that got to do with you?" he snarled, and then his face changed. "Why, strike me pink, if it isn't young Drummond."

Hugh grinned.

"Right is one, Jim. What in the name of fortune are you doing in this outfit? Given up the game?"

"I give me up, when that cross-eyed son of a gun Young Baxter fought that cross down at Oxtown. Gawd! if I could get the swine—just once again—swelp me, I'd—" Words failed the ex-bruiser; he could only mutter.

Hugh smiled. "By the way, has anyone got a stiff neck in the house this morning?"

"Stiff neck!" echoed the man. "Strike me pink if that ain't funny—your asking, I mean. The bloke's sitting up in 'is bed swearing awful. Can't move 'is 'ead at all."

"And who, might I ask, is the bloke?" said Drummond.

"Why, Peterson, o' course. 'Oo else? Breakfast at nine."

The door closed behind him, and Hugh lit a cigarette thoughtfully. Most assuredly he was starting in style: Lakington's jaw one night, Peterson's neck the second, seemed a sufficiently energetic opening to the game for the veriest glutton. Then that cheerful optimism which was the envy of his friends asserted itself.

"Supposin' I'd killed 'em," he murmured, agast. "Just supposin'." He, the bally shov would have been over, and I'd have had to advertise again."

Only Peterson was in the dining-room when Hugh came down. He had examined the stairs on his way, but he could see nothing unusual which would account for the thing which had whizzed past his head and clanged sullenly against the wall. Nor was there

any sign of the cobra by the curtained door; merely Peterson standing in a sunny room behind a bubbling coffee-machine.

He turned politely toward his host, and paused in dismay. "Good heavens, Mr. Peterson, is your neck hurting you?"

"It is," answered Peterson grimly. "A nuisance, having a stiff neck. Makes every one laugh, and one gets no sympathy. Bad thing—laughter. . . . At times, anyway."

"Curiosity is a great deal worse, Captain Drummond. It was touch and go whether I killed you last night."

"I think I might say the same," returned Drummond.

"Yes and no," said Peterson. "From the moment you left the bottom of the stairs, I had your life in the palm of my hand. Had I chosen to take it, my young friend, I should not have had this stiff neck."

Hugh returned to his breakfast unconcerned.

"Granted, laddie, granted. But had I not been of such a kindly and forbearing nature, you wouldn't have had it, either." He looked at Peterson critically. "I'm inclined to think it's a great pity I didn't break your neck while I was about it." Hugh sighed and drank some coffee. "I see that I shall have to do it some day, and probably Lakington's as well. . . . By the way, how is our Henry? I trust his jaw is not unduly inconveniencing him."

Peterson, with his coffee cup in his hand, was staring down the drive.

"Your car is a little early, Captain Drummond," he said at length. "However, perhaps it can wait two or three minutes while we get matters perfectly clear. I should dislike you not knowing where you stand." He turned round and faced the soldier. "You have deliberately, against my advice, elected to fight me and the interests I represent. So be it. From now on the gloves are off. You embarked on this course from a spirit of adventure, at the instigation of the girl next door. She, poor little fool, is concerned over that drunken waster—her father. She asked you to help her—you agreed, and, amazing though it may seem, up to now you have scored a certain measure of success. I admit it, and I admire you for it. I apologize now for having played the fool with you last night; you're the type of man whom one should kill outright—or leave alone."

He set down his coffee cup and carefully snipped the end off a cigar.

"You are also the type of man who will continue on the path he has started. You are completely in the dark; you have no idea whatever what you are up against." He smiled grimly, and turned abruptly on Hugh. "You fool—you stupid young fool. Do you really imagine that you can beat me?"

The soldier rose and stood in front of him.

"I have a few remarks of my own to make," he answered, "and then we might consider the interview closed. I ask nothing better than that the gloves should be off—though with your filthy methods of fighting, anything you touch will get very dirty. As you say, I am completely in the dark as to your plans; but I have a pretty shrewd idea what I'm up against. Men who can employ a thumbscrew on a poor defenseless brute seem to me to be several degrees worse than an aboriginal cannibal, and therefore if I put you down as one of the lowest types of degraded criminal I shall not be very wide of the mark. There's no good you snarling at me, you swine; it does everybody good to hear some home truths—and don't forget it was you who pulled off the gloves."

Drummond lit a cigarette; then his merciless eyes fixed themselves again on Peterson.

"There is only one thing more," he continued. "You have kindly warned me of my danger; let me give you a word of advice in my turn. I'm going to fight you; if I can, I'm going to beat you. Anything that may happen to me is part of the game. But if anything happens to Miss Benton during the course of operations, then, as surely as there is a God above, Peterson, I'll get at you somehow and murder you with my own hands."

For a few moments there was silence, and then with a short laugh Drummond turned away. "Shall we meet again soon?" He paused at the door and looked back.

Peterson was still standing by the table, his face expressionless. "Very soon, indeed, young man," he said quietly. "Very soon indeed. . . ."

Hugh stepped out into the warm sunshine and spoke to his chauffeur. "Take her out into the main road, Jenkins," he said, "and wait for me outside the entrance to the next house. I shan't be long."

Then he strolled through the garden toward the little wicket-gate that led to The Larches. Phyllis! The thought of her was singing in his heart to the exclusion of everything else. Just a few minutes with her; just the touch of her hand, the faint smell of the scent she used—and then back to the game.

He had almost reached the gate, when, with a sudden crashing in the undergrowth, Jim Smith blundered out into the path. His naturally ruddy face was white, and he stared round fearfully.

"Gawd! sir," he cried, "mind out. 'Ave yer seen it?"

"Seen what, Jim?" asked Drummond.

"That there brate. 'E's o'ceased; and I've meets a stranger—" He left the sentence unfinished, and stood listening. From somewhere behind the house came a deep-throated, sparring roar; then the clang of a padlock shooting home in metal, followed by a series of heavy thuds as if some big animal was hurl-

ing itself against the bars of a cage. "They've got it," muttered Jim. "You seem to have a nice little crowd of pets about the house," remarked Drummond, putting a hand on the man's arm as he was about to move off. "What was that docile creature we've just heard calling to its young?"

The ex-pugilist looked at him sullenly.

"Never you mind, sir; it ain't no business of yours. An' if I was you, I wouldn't make it your business to find out."

A moment later he had disappeared into the bushes, and Drummond was left alone. Assuredly a cheerful household, he reflected; just the spot for a rest-cure. Then he saw a figure on the lawn of the next house which banished everything else from his mind; and opening the gate, he walked eagerly toward Phyllis Benton.

### FOUR.

"I heard you were down here," she said gravely, holding out her hand to him. "I've been sick with anxiety ever since father told me he'd seen you."

Hugh imprisoned the little hand in his own huge ones, and smiled reassuringly.

"Don't worry, little girl," he said. "Years ago I was told by an old gypsy that I should die in my bed of old age and excessive consumption of invalid port. . . . As a matter of fact, the cause of my visit was rather humorous. They abducted me in the middle of the night, with an ex-soldier of my old battalion, who was, I regret to state, sleeping off the effects of much indifferent liquor, in my rooms. They thought he was your American millionaire cove, and the wretched Mullings was too drunk to deny it. In fact, I don't think they ever asked his opinion at all." Hugh grinned reminiscently. "A pathetic spectacle."

"Oh! but splendid," cried the girl a little breathlessly. "Tell me, where is the American now?"

"Many miles out of London," answered Hugh. "I think we'll leave it at that. The less you know, Miss Benton, at the moment—the better."

"Have you found out anything?" she demanded eagerly.

Hugh shook his head.

"Not a thing. Except that your neighbors are as pretty a bunch of

scoundrels as I ever want to meet."

"But you'll let me know if you do." She laid a hand beseechingly on his arm. "You know what's at stake for me, don't you? Father, and—oh! but you know."

"I know," he answered gravely. "I know, old thing. I promise I'll let you know anything I find out. And in the meantime I want you to keep an eye fixed on what goes on next door, and let me know anything of importance by letter to the Junior Sports club." He lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "I have an idea that they feel so absolutely confident in their own power that they are going to make the fatal mistake of underrating their opponents. We shall see." He turned to her with a twinkle in his eye. "Anyway, our Mr. Lakington will see that you don't come to any harm."

"The brute!" she cried, very low. "How I hate him!" Then with a sudden change of tone she looked up at Drummond. "I don't know whether it's worth mentioning," she said slowly, "but yesterday afternoon four men came at different times to The Elms. They were the sort of type one sees tub-thumping in Hyde Park, all except one, who looked like a respectable workman."

Hugh shook his head.

"Don't seem to help much, does it? Still, one never knows. Let me know anything like that in future at the club."

"Good morning, Miss Benton." Peterson's voice behind them made Drummond swing round with a smothered curse. "Our inestimable friend, Captain Drummond, brought such a nice young fellow to see me last night, and then left him lying about the house this morning. I have sent him along to your car," continued Peterson suavely, "which I trust was the correct procedure. Or did you want to give him to me as a pet?"

"From a rapid survey, Mr. Peterson,

I should think you have quite enough already," said Hugh. "I trust you paid him the money you owe him."

"I will allot it to him in my will," remarked Peterson. "If you do the same in yours, doubtless he will get it from one of us sooner or later. In the meantime, Miss Benton, is your father up?"

"No—not yet."

"Then I will go and see him in bed. For the present, au revoir." He walked toward the house, and they watched him go in silence. And it was as he opened the drawing-room window that Hugh called after him: "Do you like the horse Elliman or the ordinary brand?" he asked.

"I'll send you a bottle for that stiff neck of yours."

Very deliberately Peterson turned round.

"Don't trouble, thank you, Captain Drummond. I have my own remedies, which are far more efficacious."

### CHAPTER FIVE.

In Which There Is Trouble at Goring.

### ONE.

The car slowed up before the post-office and Hugh got out. There were one or two things he proposed to do in London before going to Goring, and it struck him that a wire to Peter Darrel might allay that gentleman's uneasiness if he was late in getting down. So new was he to the tortuous ways of crime, that the foolishness of the proceeding never entered his head; up to date in his life, if he had wished to send a wire he had sent one. And so it may be deemed a sheer fluke on his part, that a man dawdling by the counter aroused his suspicions. He was a perfectly ordinary man, chatting casually with the girl on the other side; but it chanced that, just as Hugh was holding the postoffice pencil up, and gazing at the so-called point with an air of resigned anguish, the perfectly ordinary man ceased chatting and looked at him. Hugh caught his eye for a fleeting second; then the conversation continued. And as he turned to pull out the pad of forms, it struck him that the man had looked away just a trifle too quickly. . . .

A grin spread slowly over his face, and after a moment's hesitation he proceeded to compose a short wire. He wrote it in black letters for additional clearness; he also pressed his hardest, as befitting a blunt pencil. Then with the form in his hand he advanced to the counter.

"How long will it take to deliver in London?" he asked the girl.

The girl was not helpful. It depended, he gathered, on a variety of circumstances, of which not the least was the perfectly ordinary man who talked so charmingly.

"I don't think I'll bother, then," he said, thrusting the wire into his pocket. "Good morning. . . ."

He walked to the door, and shortly afterward his car rolled down the street.

With what the girl considered peculiar abruptness, the perfectly ordinary man concluded his conversation with her, and decided that he too would send a wire. And then, after a long and thoughtful pause at the writing-bench, she distinctly heard an unmistakable "D—n." Then he walked out, and she saw him no more.

Moreover, it is to be regretted that the perfectly ordinary man told a lie a little later in the day, when giving his report to some one whose neck apparently inconvenienced him greatly. But then a lie is frequently more tactful than the truth, and to have announced that the sole result of his morning's labors had been to decipher a wire addressed to The Elms, which contained the cryptic remark, "Stung again, stiff neck, stung again," would not have been tactful. So he lied, as has been stated, thereby showing his wisdom.

But though Drummond chuckled to himself as the car rushed through the fresh morning air, once or twice a gleam that was not altogether amusement shone in his eyes. For four years he had played one game where no mistakes were allowed; the little incident of the postoffice had helped to bring to his mind the certainty that he had now embarked on another where the conditions were much the same. That he had scored up to date was luck rather than good management, and he was far too shrewd not to realize it. Now he was marked, and luck with a marked man cannot be tempted to far.

Alone and practically unguarded he had challenged a gang of international criminals; a gang not only utterly unscrupulous, but controlled by a master mind. Of its power as yet he had no clear idea; of its size and immediate object he had even less. Perhaps it was as well. Had he realized even dimly the immensity of the issues he was up against, had he had but an inkling of the magnitude of the plot conceived in the sinister brain of his host of the previous evening, then, cheery optimist though he was, even Hugh Drummond might have wavered. But he had no such inkling, and so the gleam in his eyes was but transitory, the chuckle that succeeded it more whole-hearted than before. Was it not sport in a land flowing with strikes and profiteers; sport such as his soul loved?

"I am afraid, Mullings," he said as his car stopped in front of his club, "that the kindly gentleman with whom we spent last night has renegeed his obligations. He refuses to meet the bill I gave him for your services. Just wait here a moment."

He went inside, returning in a few moments with a folded check.

"Round the corner, Mullings, and an obliging fellow in a black coat will

shovel you out the necessary Bradburys."

The man glanced at the check. "Fifty pounds, sir!" he gasped. "Why—it's too much, sir. . . ."

"The laborer, Mullings, is worthy of his hire. You have been of the very greatest assistance to me; and incidentally, it is more than likely that I may want you again. Now, where can I get hold of you?"

"13 Green Street, Oxtown, sir, 'I always find me. And any time, sir, as you wants me, I'd like to come just for the sport of the thing."

Hugh grinned.

"Good lad. And it may be sooner than you think."

### TWO.

Inside the Junior Sports club, Hugh Drummond was burying his nose in a large tankard of the ale for which that cheery pot-house was still famous. A waiter was arranging the first editions of the evening papers on a table, and Hugh beckoned to him to bring one. Cricket, racing, the latest divorce case, and the latest strike—all the usual headings were there. And he was just putting down the paper, to again concentrate on his problem, when a paragraph caught his eye.

"STRANGE MURDER IN BELFAST" "The man whose body was discovered in such peculiar circumstances near the docks has been identified as Mr. James Granger, the confidential secretary to Mr. Hiram Potts, the American multi-millionaire, at present in this country. The unfortunate victim of this dastardly outrage—his head, as we reported in our last night's issue, was nearly severed from his body—had apparently been sent over on business by Mr. Potts, and had arrived the preceding day. What he was doing in the locality in which he was found is a mystery."

"We understand that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton, and is greatly upset at the sudden tragedy."

"The police are confident that they will shortly obtain a clue, though the rough element in the locality where the murder was committed presents great difficulties. It seems clear that the motive was robbery, as all the murdered man's pockets were rifled. But the most peculiar thing about the case is the extraordinary care taken by the murderer to prevent the identification of the body. Every article of clothing, even down to the murdered man's socks, had had the name torn out, and it was only through the criminal overlooking the tailor's tab inside the inner breast-pocket of Mr. Granger's coat that the police were enabled to identify the body."

Drummond slid down the paper on his knees, and stared a little dazedly at the club's immortal founder.

"Holy smoke! laddie," he murmured, "that man Peterson ought to be on the committee here. Verily, I believe, he could galvanize the staff into some semblance of activity."

"Did you order anything, sir?" A waiter paused beside him.

"No," murmured Drummond, "but I will rectify the omission. Another large tankard of ale."

The waiter departed, and Hugh picked up the paper again.

"We understand," he murmured gently to himself, "that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton. . . ."

Now that's very interesting. . . . He lit a cigarette and lay back in his chair. "I was under the impression that Mr. Potts was safely tucked up in bed, consuming semolina pudding, at Goring. It requires elucidation."

"I beg your pardon, sir," remarked the waiter, placing the beer on the table beside him.

"You needn't," returned Hugh. "Up to date you have justified my fondest expectations. And as a further proof of my good will, I would like you to get me a trunk call—2 X Goring."

A few minutes later he was in the telephone box.

"Peter, I have seldom been so glad to hear your voice. Is all well? Good. Don't mention any names. Our guest is there, is he? Gone on strike against more milk puddings, you say. Coax him, Peter. Make a noise like a surgeon, and he'll think it's caviare. Have you seen the papers? There are interesting doings in Belfast, which concern us rather intimately. I'll be down later, and we'll have a pow-wow."

He hung up the receiver and stepped out of the box.

"If, Algy," he remarked to a man who was looking at the tape machine outside, "the paper says a blighter's somewhere and you know he's somewhere else—what would you do?"

"Up to date in such cases I have always shot the editor," murmured Algy Longworth. "Come and feed."

"You're so helpful, Algy. A perfect rock of strength. Do you want a job?"

"What sort of a job?" demanded the other suspiciously.

"Oh! not work, dear old boy. D—n, man—you know me better than that, surely!"

"People are so funny nowadays," returned Longworth gloomily. "What is this job?"

(To be Continued.)

### Fifteen Millions for Roads.

The State of Pennsylvania will borrow \$15,000,000 under the \$50,000,000 road loan this summer, asking bids about July 1, and borrow \$11,200,000 in 1922, according to a letter sent to the Legislature by Governor Sprull.

The communication was under requirement of the bond act of 1919, which calls for a report to the General Assembly. The State has already issued \$23,800,000 in two series, one at 4 1/2 and the other at 4 3/4 per cent. interest.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.  
The present is the living sum-total of the past.—Carlyle.

The Well Dressed Man.—True fashion came in when the fop went out, and took his washbasin waist and mincing ways with him. The gilded idler who has nothing particularly to do, except particularly nothing, is a rare type in this country. Clothes are not the most important thing in life. Due attention to them refine a man and his manners, but to make a mountain out of the curve of a coat or the swerve of a lapel is witless. The old-time "beau," if there be one left, is merely a minor person with a major opinion of himself. All that the average man needs is a sensible attitude toward dress—that it should be extreme only in its extremely good quality and its extremely good fit. So-called "extreme fashions" are usually no fashions at all, but merely fads, which appear only to disappear.

It may be a bit of a contradiction to show an over garment for summer, yet the long, loose coat of camel's hair or polo cloth has become the accepted wrap for traveling for chilly nights and for wear at many sports, particularly tennis, while resting and when one wishes to cool off without catching cold. This coat is often called a "wait coat." It is of a soft, deep-pile tan material with great patch pockets, smoked pearl buttons, an all-round belt, wide lapels and a low collar-gorge. The special advantage of such a coat is that it is astonishingly light, yet gives abundant warmth when needed.

Nowadays, a man's belt is much more than just a circlet of leather. It is both practical and prepossessing. The sport belt is narrower than the ordinary affair, measuring five-eighths of an inch as against the usual one inch.

The sport belt is the preference of athletic and university men. Leathers out of which belts are made are limited to these five—sheepskin, cowhide, goatskin, hogskin, calfskin and sealskin, plain or embossed.

Some tennis and golf players do not fancy the leather belt because it is not elastic and whipsaws the waist. They choose the brightly striped belt. This belt, two and one-half inches wide and of English insipid, hooks in front with a buckle molded in the semblance of a snake; hence its name—the snake belt. It is an uncommon and picturesque article of which more should be worn, particularly since it is procurable, upon special order, in club or "blazer" colors—vivid reds, blues, oranges, purples and the like.

There are so many fashions in sport shoes that no one fashion may be termed the thing. It is a matter of preference, rather than propriety.

For "yo guid auld game" one sees chamois gloves with leather-taped wrists with golf sticks embroidered on the backs. Sometimes they have perforated knuckles and the palm of the left glove is re-enforced with cape-skin. Other golf gloves are fingerless and buttonless and have soft, creased wrists. Angora wool and leather are smartly combined in a new golf waist-coat.

It is curious that few really new things are woven into the tapestry of fashion. One of the oldest patterns in men's scarfs is the polka-dot. Like good breeding, it survives every seasaw and somersault of style and denotes an understanding of what is sound and worth while in dress. Polka-dot scarves are notably at a high price this summer; they were last summer—they will be next summer.

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States year before last he frequently wore a very low starched collar. Youngsters, quick to discern this trend, adopted the style here and there, until it has now become quite general among collegians. The extremely narrow, four-in-hand, which accompanied this type of collar is drawn up right-and-tight against the neckband. Such a cravat may be of flat silk or it may be knitted in patterns like cross or bias stripes, heather mixtures and so on.

To be sure, a line of demarcation must be drawn between fashions confessedly for men in their teens and twenties, and those for the staidier thirties, forties and fifties.

A Hobby Party for Dad.—Many women forget that their fathers, brother's or husband's friends should be entertained once in a while, just as well as their own. So instead of forcing him to entertain expensively at a hotel or his club, plan a stag supper or dinner party for him. You are sure to make it a success if you provide plenty and good food, and hubby brings out his best smokes.

To give it a partyish touch, and help these big boys to start their fun, play up the hobby idea, for every man has one, no matter how he may try to hide it. For the centre of the table you could have a small hobby horse standing on a bed of ferns and those rich, red carnations that men like so much. On his back could be strapped the boxes of smokes, with reins of leather colored ribbon or tape extending to each place and attached to a package of three cigars or cigarettes for each man.

The fun will come in making the hobby place cards in which the man of the house will have to help. For the golf fiend a real golf ball on a tee of putty will mark the card. The fisherman will have a toy fish, and written under it: "The one that got away." The autoist's place can be marked by a license number, or a sign "Trap ahead." The man with the camera will find his place designated by a snapshot of himself, and the slogan, "I develop anything." There will be a movie maniac among them, and for him you might have a card with just Charlie Chaplin's feet drawn on it. The man with a talking machine might have a small record of black cardboard with "I Hear You Calling Me" on it, and slipped in a brown paper case. The man with a dog might be given a dog's biscuit, the walker a pedometer, and so on.

Serve the best dinner menu on your list. A planked steak, and homemade cake or pie, with the ice cream. Or, if it is supper, arrange two platters with cold cuts of meat, potato salad, celery stuffed with pimento cheese, mixed with cream or butter; rings of peppers stuffed with cream cheese, hot biscuit, coffee, doughnuts and ice cream.