

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

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"SAPPER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

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(Conclusion.)

"The last straw," remarked Ted Jerburgham. "A more impossible man as a bridegroom would be hard to think of. But in the meantime I pinched half a dozen of the old man's Perrier Joutet 1911 and put 'em in the car. What say you?"

"Say!" snorted Hugh. "Idiot boy! Does one speak on such occasions?"

And it was so. . .

THREE.

"What's troubling me," remarked Hugh later, "is what to do with Carl and that sweet girl Irma."

The hour for the meeting was drawing near, and though no one had any idea as to what sort of a meeting it was going to be, it was obvious that Peterson would be one of the happy throng.

"I should say the police might now be allowed a look in," murmured Darrell mildly. "You can't have the man lying about the place after you're married."

"I suppose not," answered Drummond, regretfully. "And yet it's a dreadful thing to finish a little show like this with the police—if you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Green."

"Sure thing," drawled the American. "But we have our uses, Captain, and I'm inclined to agree with your friend's suggestion. Hand him over along with his book, and they'll sweep up the mess."

"It would be an outrage to let the scoundrel go," said the millionaire fiercely. "The man Lakington you say is dead; there's enough evidence to hang this brute as well. What about my secretary in Belfast?"

But Drummond shook his head. "I have my doubts, Mr. Potts, if you'd be able to bring that home to him. Still, I can quite understand your feeling rattled with the bird." He rose and stretched himself; then he glanced at his watch. "It's time you all retired, boys; the party ought to be starting soon. Drift in again with the lads, the instant I ring the bell."

Left alone Hugh made certain once again that he knew the right combination of studs on the wall to open the big door which concealed the stolen store of treasure—and other things as well; then, lighting a cigarette, he sat down and waited.

The end of the chase was in sight, and he had determined it should be a fitting end, worthy of the chase itself—theatrical, perhaps, but at the same time impressive. Something for the Ditchlings of the party to ponder on in the silent watches of the night. . . Then the police—it would have to be the police, he admitted sorrowfully—and after that, Phyllis.

And he was just on the point of ringing up his flat to tell her that he loved her, when the door opened and a man



Then, Lighting a Cigarette, He Sat Down and Waited.

came in. Hugh recognized him at once as Vallance Nestor, an author of great brilliance—in his own eyes—who had lately devoted himself to the advancement of revolutionary labor.

"Good afternoon," murmured Drummond, affably. "Mr. Peterson will be a little late. I am his private secretary."

The other nodded and sat down languidly.

"What did you think of my last little effort in the Midlands?" he asked, drawing off his gloves.

"Quite wonderful," said Hugh. "A marvelous help to the great cause."

Vallance Nestor yawned slightly and closed his eyes, only to open them again as Hugh turned the pages of the ledger on the table.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"This is the book," replied Drummond carelessly, "where Mr. Peterson records his opinions of the immense value of all his fellow-workers. Most interesting reading."

"Am I in it?" Vallance Nestor arose with alacrity.

"Why, of course," answered Drummond. "Are you not one of the leaders? Here you are." He pointed with his finger, and then drew back in dismay. "Dear, dear! There must be some mistake."

But Vallance Nestor, with a frozen and glassy eye, was staring fascinated at the following choice description of himself:

"Nestor, Vallance. Author—so-called. Hot-air factory, but useful up to a point. Inordinately conceited and a monumental ass. Not fit to be trusted far."

"What," he spluttered at length, "is the meaning of this abominable insult?"

But Hugh, his shoulders shaking slightly, was welcoming the next arrival—a rugged, beetle-browed man, whose face seemed vaguely familiar, but whose name he was unable to place.

"Crofter," shouted the infuriated author, "look at this as a description of me!"

And Hugh watched the man, whom he now knew to be one of the extremist members of parliament, walk over and glance at the book. He saw him conceal a smile, and then Vallance Nestor carried the good work on.

"We'll see what he says about you—impertinent blackguard."

Hugh glanced over Crofter's shoulder at the dossier.

He just had time to read: "Crofter, John. A consummate blackguard. Playing entirely for his own hand. Needs careful watching," when the subject of the remarks, his face convulsed with fury, spun round and faced him.

"Who wrote that?" he snarled.

"Must have been Mr. Peterson," answered Hugh placidly. "A wonderful judge of character, too," he murmured, turning away to meet Mr. Ditchling, who arrived somewhat opportunely, in company with a thin, pale man—little more than a youth—whose identity completely defeated Drummond.

"My God!" Crofter was livid with rage. "Me and Peterson will have words this afternoon. Look at this, Ditchling." On second thoughts he turned over some pages. "We'll see what this insolent devil has to say about you."

"Drinks!" Ditchling thumped the table with a heavy fist. "What the h—l does he mean? Say, you, Mr. Secretary—what's the meaning of this?"

"They represent Mr. Peterson's considered opinions of you all," said Hugh genially. "Perhaps that other gentleman. . ."

He turned to the pale youth, who stepped forward with a surprised look. He seemed to be not quite clear what had upset the others, but already Nestor had turned up his nose.

"Terrance, Victor. A wonderful speaker. Appears really to believe that what he says will benefit the workingman. Consequently very valuable; but indubitably mad."

"Does he mean to insult us deliberately?" demanded Crofter, his voice still shaking with passion.

"But I don't understand," said Victor Terrance, dazedly. "Does Mr. Peterson not believe in our teachings, too?" He turned slowly and looked at Hugh, who shrugged his shoulders.

"He should be here at any moment," he answered, and as he spoke the door opened and Carl Peterson came in.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he began, and then he saw Hugh. With a look of speechless amazement he stared at the soldier, and for the first time since Hugh had known him his face blanched. Then his eyes fell on the open ledger, and with a dreadful curse he sprang forward. A glance at the faces of the men who stood watching him told him what he wanted to know, and with another oath his hand went to his pocket.

"Take your hand out, Carl Peterson," Drummond's voice rang through the room, and the arch-criminal, looking sullenly up, found himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver. "Now, sit down at the table—all of you. The meeting is about to commence."

"Look here," blustered Crofter, "I'll have the law on you. . ."

"By all manner of means, Mr. John Crofter, consummate blackguard," answered Hugh, calmly. "But that comes afterward. Just now—sit down."

"I'm d—d if I will," roared the other, springing at the soldier. And Peterson, sitting sullenly at the table trying to readjust his thoughts to the sudden blinding certainty that through some extraordinary accident everything had miscarried, never stirred as a half-stunned member of parliament crashed to the floor beside him.

"Sit down, I said," remarked Drummond, affably. "But if you prefer to lie down, it's all the same to me. Are there any more to come, Peterson?"

"No, d—n you. Get it over!"

"Right. Throw your gun on the floor." Drummond picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket; then he rang the bell. "I had hoped," he murmured, "for a larger gathering, but one cannot have everything."

Save to Peterson, who understood, if only dimly, what had happened, the thing had come as such a complete

surprise that even the sudden entrance of twenty masked men, who ranged themselves in single rank behind their chairs, failed to stir the meeting. It merely seemed in keeping with what had gone before.

"I shall not detain you long, gentlemen," began Hugh, suavely. "Your general appearance and the warmth of the weather have combined to produce in me a desire for sleep. But before I hand you over to the care of the sportsmen who stand so patiently behind you, there are one or two remarks I wish to make. Let me say at once that on the subject of Capital and Labor I am supremely ignorant. You will therefore be spared any dissertation on the subject. But from an exhaustive study of the ledger which now lies upon the table, and a fairly intimate knowledge of its author's movements, I and my friends have been put to the inconvenience of treading on you."

"There are many things, we know, which are wrong in this jolly old country of ours; but given time and the right methods I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that they could be put right. That, however, would not suit your book. You dislike the right method, because it leaves all of you much where you were before. Every single one of you—with the sole possible exception of you, Mr. Terrance, and you're mad—is playing with revolution for his own ends: to make money out of it—to gain power. . ."

"Let us start with Peterson—your leader. How much did you say he demanded, Mr. Potts, as the price of revolution?"

With a strangled cry Peterson sprang up as the American millionaire, removing his mask, stepped forward.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, you swine, was what you asked me." The millionaire stood confronting his tormentor, who dropped back in his chair with a groan. "And when I refused, you tortured me. Look at my thumb."

With a cry of horror the others sitting at the table looked at the mangled flesh, and then at the man who had done it. This, even to their mind, was going too far.

"Then there was the same sum," continued Drummond, "to come from Hocking, the American cotton manufacturer; Steinemann, the German coal man; Von Gratz, the German steel man. Is that not so, Peterson?" It was an arrow at a venture, but it hit the mark, and Peterson nodded.

"So one million pounds was the stake this benefactor of humanity was playing for," sneered Drummond. "One million pounds, as the mere price of a nation's life-blood. . ."

But at any rate he had the merit of playing big, whereas the rest of you scum, and the other beauties so ably catalogued in that book, messed about at his beck and call for packets of bull's eyes. Perhaps you labored under the delusion that you were fooling him, but the whole lot of you are so d—d crooked that you probably thought of nothing but your own filthy skins.

"Listen to me," Hugh Drummond's voice took on a deep, commanding ring, and against their will the four men looked at the broad, powerful soldier, whose sincerity shone clear in his face. "Not by revolutions and direct action will you make this island of ours right—though I am fully aware that that is the last thing you would wish to see happen. But with your brains, and for your own unscrupulous ends, you gull the workingman into believing it. And he, because you can talk with your tongues in your cheeks, is led away. He believes you will give him Utopia; whereas, in reality, you are leading him to h—l. And you know it. Revolution is our only chance—not rebellion; but you, and others like you, stand to gain more by the latter. . ."

His hand dropped to his side, and he grinned.

"Quite a break for me," he remarked. "I'm getting hoarse. I'm now going to hand you four over to the boys. There's an admirable, but somewhat muddy pond outside, and I'm sure you'd like to look for newts. If any of you want to summon me for assault and battery, my name is Drummond—Captain Drummond of Half Moon street. But I warn you that that book will be handed into Scotland Yard tonight. Out with 'em, boys, and give 'em h—l. . ."

"And now, Carl Peterson," he remarked, as the door closed behind the last of the struggling prophets of a new world, "it is time that you and I settled our little account, isn't it?"

The master-criminal rose and stood facing him. Apparently he had completely recovered himself; the hand with which he lit his cigar was as steady as a rock.

"I congratulate you, Captain Drummond," he remarked suavely. "I confess I have no idea how you managed to escape from the somewhat cramped position I left you in last night, or how you have managed to install your own men in this house. But I have even less idea how you discovered about Hocking and the other two."

Hugh laughed shortly.

"Another time, when you disguise yourself as the Comte de Guy, remember one thing, Carl. For effective concealment it is necessary to change other things besides your face and figure. You must change your mannerisms and unconscious little tricks. No—I won't tell you what it is that gave you away. You can ponder over it in prison."

"So you mean to hand me over to the police, do you?" said Peterson slowly.

"I see no other course open to me," replied Drummond.

The sudden opening of the door made both men look round. Then Drummond bowed, to conceal a smile.

"Just in time, Miss Irma."

The girl swept past him and confronted Peterson.

"What has happened?" she panted.

"The garden is full of people whom I've never seen. And there were two men running down the drive covered with weeds and dripping with water."

Peterson smiled grimly.

"A slight setback has occurred, my dear. I have made a big mistake—a mistake which has proved fatal. I have underestimated the ability of Captain Drummond; and as long as I live I shall always regret that I did not kill him the night he went exploring in this house."

Fearfully the girl faced Drummond; then she turned again to Peterson.

"Where's Henry?" she demanded.

"That again is a point on which I am profoundly ignorant," answered Peterson. "Perhaps Captain Drummond can enlighten us on that also?"

"Yes," remarked Drummond, "I can. Henry has had an accident. After I drove him back from the duchess's last night—the girl gave a cry, and Peterson steadied her with his arm—we had words—dreadful words. And for a long time, Carl, I thought it would be better if you and I had similar words. In fact, I'm not sure even

now that it wouldn't be safer in the long run. . ."

"But where is he?" said the girl, through dry lips.

"Where you ought to be, Carl," answered Hugh grimly. "Where, sooner or later, you will be."

He pressed the studs in the niche of the wall, and the door of the big safe swung open slowly. With a scream of terror the girl sank fainting on the floor, and even Peterson's cigar dropped on the floor from his nervous lips. For, hung from the ceiling by two ropes attached to his wrists, was the dead body of Henry Lakington. And even as they watched it, it sagged lower, and one of the feet hit sullenly against a beautiful old gold vase. . .

"My God!" muttered Peterson. "Did you murder him?"

"Oh, no!" answered Drummond. "He inadvertently fell in the bath he got ready for me, and then when he got up the stairs in considerable pain, that interesting mechanical device broke his neck."

"Shut the door," screamed the girl; "I can't stand it."

She covered her face with her hands, shuddering, while the door slowly swung to again.

"Yes," remarked Drummond thoughtfully, "it should be an interesting trial. I shall have a lot to tell them about the little entertainments here, and all your endeavoring ways."

With the big ledger under his arm he crossed the room and called to some men who were standing outside in the hall; and as the detectives, thoughtfully supplied by Mr. Green, entered the central room, he glanced for the last time at Carl Peterson and his daughter. Never had the cigar gloved more evenly between the master-criminal's lips; never had the girl Irma selected a cigarette from her gold and tortoise-shell case with more supreme indifference.

"Good-by, my ugly one!" she cried, with a charming smile, as two of the men stepped up to her.

"Good-by," Hugh bowed, and a tinge of regret showed for a moment in his eyes.

"Not good-by, Irma." Carl Peterson removed his cigar, and stared at Drummond steadily. "Only au revoir, my friend; only au revoir."

PIEPOQUE.

"I simply can't believe it, Hugh," in the lengthening shadows Phyllis moved a little nearer to her husband, who, quite regardless of the publicity of their position, slipped an arm around her waist.

"Can't believe what, darling?" he demanded lazily.

"Why, that all that awful nightmare is over. Lakington dead, and the other two in prison, and us married."

"They're not actually in jail yet, old

thing," said Hugh. "And somehow. . ." he broke off and stared thoughtfully at a man sauntering past them. To all appearances he was a casual visitor taking his evening walk along the front of the well-known seaside resort so largely addicted to honeymoon couples. And yet. . . was he? Hugh laughed softly; he'd got suspicion on the brain.

"Don't you think they'll be sent to prison?" cried the girl.

"They may be sent right enough, but whether they arrive or not is a different matter. I don't somehow see Carl picking oakum. It's not his form."

For a while they were silent, occupied with matters quite foreign to such trifles as Peterson and his daughter.

"Are you glad I answered your advertisement?" inquired Phyllis at length.

"The question is too frivolous to deserve an answer," remarked her husband severely.

"But you aren't sorry it's over?" she demanded.

"It isn't over, kid; it's just begun." He smiled at her tenderly. "Your life and mine. . . isn't it just wonderful?"

And once again the man sauntered past them. But this time he dropped a piece of paper on the path, just at Hugh's feet, and the soldier, with a quick movement which he hardly stopped to analyze, covered it with his shoe. The girl hadn't seen the action; but then, as girls will do after such remarks, she was thinking of other things. Idly Hugh watched the saunterer disappear in the more crowded part of the esplanade, and for a moment there came onto his face a look which, happily for his wife's peace of mind, she failed to notice.

"Let's go and eat, and after dinner I'll run you up to the top of the headland. . ."

Together they strolled back to their hotel. In his pocket was the piece of paper; and who could be sending him messages in such a manner save one man—a man now awaiting his trial?

In the hall he stayed behind to inquire for letters, and a man nodded to him.

"Heard the news?" he inquired.

"No," said Hugh. "What's happened?"

"That man Peterson and the girl have got away. No trace of 'em." Then he looked at Drummond curiously. "By the way, you had something to do with that show, didn't you?"

"A little," smiled Hugh. "Just a little."

"Police bound to catch 'em again," continued the other. "Can't hide yourself these days."

And once again Hugh smiled, as he drew from his pocket the piece of paper:

"Only au revoir, my friend; only au revoir."

He glanced at the words written in Peterson's neat writing, and the smile broadened. Assuredly life was still good; assuredly. . .

And into an ash tray nearby he dropped a piece of paper torn into a hundred tiny fragments.

"Was that a love-letter?" she demanded with assumed jealousy.

"Not exactly, sweetheart," he laughed back. "Not exactly." And over the glasses their eyes met.

"Here's to hoping, kid; here's to hoping."

[THE END.]

EDUCATORS BAN SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Simplified spelling is dead as far as the National Education Association is concerned. At its Des Moines convention the organization decided to adhere to the standard form. This action was taken despite the protests of E. O. Vail, of Oak Park, Illinois, who had championed simplified spelling before the association for nineteen years.

The educators took action looking to the holding of an international congress on education in this country in the future. The ultimate object is to form an international education body. Plans will be drawn up and submitted at the national session next year.

The 75,000 members were urged to work for universal good citizenship and Americanization through employ teachers, elimination of illiteracy and a like peril. The association favors the establishment of a bureau of economies to disseminate information on school matters.

College graduates are practicing race suicide by bringing up too small families, said Maurice Riker, assistant director of the U. S. public health service, in addressing the convention. Federal records show that the progeny of 1000 college graduates will not exceed 50 in 100 years, whereas in a like peril 1000 illiterate foreigners will be multiplied at least 100 times. He advocated the teaching of sex matters openly in public schools but some of the other delegates—including Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver—questioned whether this would not increase immorality.

The morals of high school students came in for considerable discussion. C. E. Barker, of Chicago, charged grave conditions in high schools today. Dr. W. A. Howe, N. Y., state medical inspector, answered him by saying that the morals of the children are just as good as the morals of the community.

Advertising is even more important to business than labor, raw material, production, marketing and organization, said John J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education. This fact is recognized by the rapidity with which courses in advertising are being established in schools generally.—Ex.

FARM NOTES.

—If farmers distributed their sales evenly through the year, one-twelfth, or eight and one-half per cent. of their sales would be made each month.

—In any flock some hens will be found to be much better producers than others. Often there are few hens that are such poor layers that it doesn't pay to keep them. Where the flock is small the owner can determine by observation which hens are merely boarders; and these are the ones to eat.

—A gratifying report telling of an increase in American agrets noted on a plantation on the Cooper River in South Carolina has been received by the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, from a correspondent there. Two years ago, the writer said, he saw on his plantation two birds of this variety; last season he counted ten; and this year he found twenty-nine on two different occasions. Officials express themselves as much pleased with such results of the protection afforded migratory birds under the Federal bird treaty act.

—The one kind of poultry of questionable economic status on the farms is the pigeon. The specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say in Secretary's Circular 107. Almost exclusively a grain eater, the pigeon renders no notable service as a conservator of waste, unless it is shattered grain in the fields, and that in large measure would be taken up by other poultry and by pigs. The pigeon has a place in the scheme of urban poultry production, but, except in isolated instances where conditions are peculiarly favorable, its production on farms may not be desirable.

—An orange box makes a good nest for hens. Remove the top, put the box on its side, and nail a strip about 3 inches wide along the bottom in front. It is preferable to fasten this box to the wall, as it takes too much room on the floor. Each box, the middle piece being left intact, makes a nest for four or five hens, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Straw or other material used for nests should be kept clean and fresh. Be sure to keep enough straw in the box to prevent eggs striking the floor. If an egg breaks, the hen may learn to eat it, and this is a difficult habit to break.

—I have seen scores of farmers who complain of their grapes rotting on the vines, pass under their grape arbors a dozen times a day with spray materials and spraying apparatus for use on potatoes, but never thinking to use them on the grapes to prevent rotting," says Professor E. L. Nixon, extension plant disease specialist of The Pennsylvania State College. "It would be a matter of only a few minutes' time and little expense to turn that spray on the grapes right now and repeat the operation in two weeks, if the farmer would only think to do it. The grape mildews will get in their work now on, and applications of 4-3-50 Bordeaux mixture will do a great deal to cut down losses from rot. All clusters should be well drained."

—Any leather article is almost certain to mildew if kept in a warm, damp, dark place, such as a closet, cellar, or stable. This mildew probably will not seriously reduce the serviceability of the leather, unless allowed to remain on it too long. It may, however, change the color appreciably, thus injuring the appearance.

The simplest way to prevent mildewing, says the United States Department of Agriculture, is to keep the leather in a well-ventilated, dry, well-lighted place, preferably one exposed to the sunlight. Mildew can not make much headway on leather, when mildew develops, it should be washed off with soap and warm water, or simply wiped off with a moist cloth, drying the leather well afterwards. These simple measures are better than the use of preparations to prevent the growth of mildew.

—Poorly nourished cows give birth to weak, puny calves which are hard to raise. The feeding of the calf, therefore, begins before it is born. The food elements necessary for the development of the calf are taken into the stomach of the calf as it is digested, assimilated, and transmitted to the calf through the umbilical cord, the connection between the mother and the calf. It is evident that if the cow does not receive food enough to keep herself in thrifty condition and at the same time develop her calf, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, both she and the calf must suffer.

In endeavoring to raise good, thrifty calves many dairymen handicap themselves at the start by not properly feeding the pregnant cows. Such cows should have an abundance of palatable and succulent or juicy feed in order to insure good body flesh and healthy, thrifty condition at calving time. The calves will then be well developed, strong, and sturdy, and ready to respond normally to proper feed and care.

—Guinea fowl are growing in favor as a substitute for game birds, with the result that guinea raising is becoming more profitable. Guinea fowl are raised, usually, in small flocks on general farms, and need a large range for best results.

Domesticated guinea fowl are of three varieties, Pearl, White and Lavender. The Pearl is by far the most popular, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Guinea fowl have a tendency to mate in pairs, but one male may be mated successfully with three or four females. The hens begin to lay, usually, in April or May, and will lay 20 to 30 eggs before becoming broody. If not allowed to sit they will continue to lay throughout the summer, laying from 40 to 60 or more eggs.

Eggs may be removed from the nest when the guinea hen is not sitting, but two or more eggs should be left in the nest.

Ordinary hens are used commonly to hatch and rear guinea chicks, but guinea hens and turkey hens are used successfully, although they are more difficult to manage. Guineas are marketed late in the summer, when they weigh from 1 to 1½ pounds, at about 2½ months old, and also through the fall when the demand is for heavier birds.