

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By Cyril McNeile
"Sapper"

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"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 German by birth; 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 workman 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 hell. And you know it. Evolution is our only chance—not revolution; 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 b—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



"But Where is He?" Said the Girl, Through Dry Lips.

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 staidied her with his arms—"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 clear dropped on the floor from his nervous lips. For, hung from the ceiling by two ropes attached to his arms, 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 ran 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," returned Drummond thought-

fully, "it should be an interesting trial. I shall have such a lot to tell them about the little entertainments here, and all your endearing 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 glowed 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."

EPILOGUE.

"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 staidied 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.

"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.]

Falsehood, like the dry rot, flourishes the more in proportion as air and light are excluded.—Whately.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. Walker

WORD "GENTLEMAN."

A FRENCH critic, discussing the recent famous battle for the boxing championship of the world, expressed surprise that so many Americans should have favored the challenger from abroad.

Perhaps if he had stopped to think for a moment he would have realized that, after all, this is in the true sporting spirit.

That spirit is at times hard to cultivate. It is natural for a city to want its home team to win in baseball, and for a college to wish to see its young giants sweep all before them on the diamond, the links and the gridiron.

"To have and to hold" is the motto of national or international sport from yachting to polo.

It is reasonable for a nation not to wish to lose any championship once it has obtained it.

Various explanations have been given of the popularity of Carpentier, the best small man who stood up to the best big man in their business in the world today.

A ray of light is thrown on the matter by a word that was used by several experts in describing the affair. They said that the Frenchman fought like a gentleman and lost like one.

This involved no reflection on the champion, because nothing of an "ungentlemanly" nature was done by anybody on the memorable occasion in question.

The interesting thing is the use of the word "gentleman."

It is an expression that Americans have been shy of from the earliest days, partly because it conveyed a suggestion of class distinction in a country that has no "classes" and partly because the word was hard to define even in countries where it was in common use.

There is no doubt that in the strictest sense of the expression, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were "gentlemen."

Yet there can be equally little doubt

that the first would have corrected anybody who defined him in that way by saying that he was a soldier, while the other illustrious two would have preferred to be called statesmen.

As for Benjamin Franklin, if anybody had called him a gentleman, he would have remarked probably that he preferred to be a printer.

Daniel Webster was entertained at the Jockey club in Richmond on a famous occasion. He surprised his hosts by saying that, though born in New Hampshire and a senator from Massachusetts, he could give three good reasons why he could claim to be a "Southern Gentleman." And he gave these amid a storm of laughter.

In fact, it is only in the army and the navy that the word "gentleman" survives in a technical sense. For "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" is the ground for one of the most serious charges that can be brought against anybody who holds a commission.

The great John Henry Newman, afterwards cardinal, in discussing "the idea of a university" gave a considerable part of his time to the effort to define a "gentleman."

He, of course, had no more sympathy than any American would have with the view, not uncommon in parts of Europe, that a "gentleman" is a man who has no profession or business; who has nothing to do but nothing.

In olden days a "gentleman" was supposed to be like Bayard, "without fear and without reproach; gentle in peace and careless of his own safety when duty called him."

It is an interesting thing to find the word used in the case of a professional boxer.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Heaven's gate

Trifles.

Break one egg into a bowl, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Add flour, stirring until the mixture will take no more. Turn on to a floured board, divide into three parts and roll as thin as possible. Cut into narrow strips or squares and fry in deep hot fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar mixed with cinnamon.

Fritter Batter.

Mix and sift together one cupful of flour and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add two-thirds of a cupful of milk gradually, and two eggs beaten thick, one tablespoonful of olive oil and the whites of the eggs folded in after being beaten stiff. Bananas cut in quarters, sprinkled with lemon and sugar, let stand half an hour, then dipped in the batter and cooked as the apple fritters, are delicious. In fact any fruit may be used for fritters.

Nellie Maxwell
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MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

by Nellie Maxwell

The glory of our life below Comes not from what we do or what we know, But dwells forevermore in what we are.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE FAMILY.

FOR those who enjoy hot cakes and gems for breakfast, the following recipe will be one to try:

Popovers.

Mix and sift one cupful of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, seven-eighths of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of butter, and two eggs. Beat the batter with a Dover egg beater until light. Pour into deep

hissing-hot iron gem pans well greased and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. If baked in buttered earthen cups the popovers will have a glazed appearance.

Apple Fritters.

Sift one cupful of flour with one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add two-thirds of a cupful of water, beating constantly. Add one-half tablespoonful of olive oil and the white of one egg beaten stiff. Core and pare tart apples, sprinkle with lemon juice, dredge with sugar and let stand half an hour. Dip in fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Serve with lemon sauce.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"TARTAR."

"TARTAR," as applied to the wild tribes which inhabit middle and central Asia, is one of those words in which a wrongly assumed derivation has modified the spelling and the very shape in which we now have it, for the people usually designated by this name are not "Tartars," but "Tatars."

The interpolation of the "r" in the first syllable came about when these hordes burst into Europe during the Thirteenth century and swept everything before them. Many persons claimed that the ravages of the invading cavalry constituted a fulfillment of the prophecy in the ninth chapter of Revelation concerning the opening of the bottomless pit and the loosing of the inhabitants of the infernal regions. From this belief ensued the change of their name from "Tatars" to "Tartars," the latter being an outgrowth of Tartarus, or hell, whence these implacable hordes were supposed to have come.

The bravery of the invaders, together with their staid disregard for pain and the manner in which they turned upon their guards when captured, also gave rise to the expression "catch a Tartar" or "he caught a Tartar," which is in use to this day as a synonym for being taken by surprise, particularly when a person thinks that he has made an easy conquest.

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THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead
How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

FARM OPPORTUNITIES

I AM constantly in receipt of letters from women tired of office work who ask what chance they would have in investing their savings in a small farm. They want a home, they want to be their own masters, they long for the country after years of confining labor at a desk.

Success in farming requires training and experience as well as a wish for that type of work. A good business training and initiative are excellent as stock in trade, but there should be more than that. Farming is no easy job.

Two young women tell me that they are making money with a small sheep farm. There is plenty of demand both for the wool and the meat. But these two women also run an apinary, marketing their honey, in a distinctive package. It is the finest honey, and they charge a high price for it. They have worked up a trade with a list of private purchasers, and sell through the mail.

The thing is to have only the very highest class of produce, to charge high for it, to put it into attractive and striking packages that are an advertisement in themselves, and to sell direct to the consumer. With the parcel post this is possible. We find it better to specialize in several things rather than in one. Establish a market for one of your items and you establish it for all.

This sounds like good talk, and I

recommend it to my readers who may be thinking of turning to the farm as a source of income.

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Shrewd Traveler.

An Englishman traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than an English tailor's receipted bill. This document of identification had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage stamps attached and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British embassy.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm wholly satisfied with life, I feel so wise and nice — I've just been giving everyone A lot of good advice.

