BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE

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CHAPTER XII-Continued.

"Why," he spluttered after a mo ment, "a lot of these people's names are absolutely housewold words in the country. They may be swine-they probably are. Thank God! I've very rarely met any; but they ain't crimi-

"No more is Peterson," grinned the American; "at least not on that book. See here, Captain, it's pretty clear what's happening. In any country today you've got all sorts and conditions of people with more wind than brain. They just can't stop talking, and as yet it's not a criminal offense. Some of 'em believe what they say, like Spindie shanks upstairs; some of 'em don't. And if they don't, it makes 'em worse; they start writing as well. You've got clever men-intellectual men-look at some of those guys 'n the first-class general lecturers-and they're the worst of the lot. Then you've got another class—the men with the business brain, who think they're getting the sticky end of it, and use the talkers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. And the chestnuts, who are the poor blamed decent workingmen, are promptly dropped in the ashpit to keep 'em quiet. They all want something for nothing, and I guess it can't be done. They all think they're fooling one another, and what's really going at the moment is that Peterson is fooling the whole bunch. He wants all the strings in his hands, and it looks to me as if he'd got 'em there. He's got the money -and we know where he got it from he's got the organization-all either red-hot revolutionaries, or intellectual windstorms, or calculating knaves, He's amalgamated 'em, Captain; and the whole blamed lot, whatever they may think, are really working for him.

Drummond thoughtfully lit a cigarette.

"Working toward a revolution in this country," he remarked quietly.

"Sure thing," answered the American. "And when he brings it off, I guess you won't catch Peterson for dust. He'll pocket the boodle, and the boobs will stew in their own juice. I guessed it in Paris; that book makes it a certainty. But it ain't criminal. In a court of law be could swear it was an organization for selling bird-seed."

For a while Drummond smoked in silence, while the two sleepers shifted uneasily in their chairs. It all seemed so simple in spite of the immensity of the scheme. Like most normal Englishmen, politics and labor disputes had left him cold in the past; but no one who ever glanced at a newspaper could be ignorant of the volcano that had been simmering just beneath the surface for years past.

"Not one in a hundred"-the American's voice broke into his train of thought-"of the so-called revolutionary leaders in this country are disinterested, Captain. They're out for Number One, and when they've talked the boys into bloody murder, and your existing social system is down-and-out, they'll be the leaders in the new one. That's what they're playing forpower; and when they've got It, God help the men who gave it to 'em."

Drummond nodded, and lit another cigarette. Odd things he had read recurred to him; trade unions refusing to allow discharged soldiers to join them; the reiterated threats of direct action. And to what end?

A passage in a part of the ledger evidently devoted to extracts from the speeches of the first-class general lecturers caught his eye:

"To me, the big fact of modern life is the war between classes. . . . People declare that the method of direct action inside a country will produce a revolution. I agree . . . it involves the creation of an army. . . ."

And beside the cutting was a note by Peterson in red ink:

"An excellent man! Send for pro-

tracted tour." The note of exclamation appealed to Hugh; he could see the writer's tongue in his cheek as he put it in.

"It involves the creation of an army. ." The words of the intimidated rabbit came back to his mind, "The man of stupendous organizing power, who has brought together and welded into one the hundreds of societies sim-Par to mine, who before this have each, on their own, been feebly struggling toward the light. Now we are combined, and our strength is due to him."

In other words, the army was on the road to completion, an army where ninety per cent of the fighters-duped by the remaining ten-would struggle blindly towards a dim, half-understood goal, only to find out too late that the whip of Solomon had been exchanged

for the scorpion of his son. . . . "Why can't they be made to understand, Mr. Green?" he cried bitterly. "The working man-the decent fel-

"Has anyone tried to make 'em understand, Captain? I guess I'm no inbellectual guy, but there was a French writer fellow-Victor Hugo-who wrote something that sure hit the nail on the head. I copied it out, for it seemed good to me." From his pocketbook he produced a slip of paper. "The

the weak, the indigent and the ignorant are the faults of husbands, fathers, masters, the strong, the rich, and the learned.' Wall!" he leaned back in his chair, "there you are. Their proper leaders have sure failed them, so they're running after that bunch of cross-eyed skaters. And sitting here, watching 'em run, and laughing fit to

beat the band, is your pal Peterson!" It was at that moment that the telephone bell rang, and after a slight hesitation Hugh picked up the receiver. "Very well," he grunted, after listen-

ing for a while, "I will tell him." He replaced the receiver and turned to the American

"Mr. Ditchling will be here for the meeting at two, and Peterson will be late." he announced slowly.

"What's Ditchling when he's home?" asked the other. "One of the so-called leaders," an-

swered Hugh briefly, turning over the pages of the ledger. 'Here's his dossier, according to Peterson. 'Ditchling, Charles. Good speaker; clever; unscrupulous. Requires big money; worth it. Drinks."

For a while they stared at the brief summary, and then the American burst into a guffaw of laughter.

"The mistake you've made, Captain, in this country, is not giving Peterson a seat in your cabinet. He'd have the whole caboose eating out of his hand; and if you paid him a few hundred thousand a year, he might run straight and grow pigs as a hobby. . . ."

It was a couple of hours later that Hugh rang up his rooms in Haif Moon street. From Algy, who spoke to him, he gathered that Phyllis and her father were quite safe. He also found out another thing-that Ted Jerningham had just arrived with the hapless Potts in tow, who was apparently sufficiently recovered to talk sense. He was weak still and dazed, but no longer imbecile.

"Tell Ted to bring him down to The Elms at once," ordered Hugh, "There's a compatriot of his here, waiting to welcome him with open arms,"

"Potts is coming, Mr. Green," he said, putting down the receiver. "Our Hiram C. And he's talking sense. It

The American nodded slowly,

"Von Gratz," he said. "I remember his name now. Steel man. Maybe in it. . . you're right, Captain, and that he knows something; anyway, I guess Hiram C. Potts and I stick closer than brothers till I restore him to the bosom of his family."

But Mr. Potts, when he did arrive, exhibited no great inclination to stick close to the detective; in fact, he showed the greatest reluctance to en-



The Millionaire Stared in Silence at the Detective.

ter the house at all. As Algy had sald, he was still weak and dazed, and the sight of the place where he had suffered so much produced such an effect on him that for a while Hugh feared he was going to have a relapse. At length, however, he seemed to get back his confidence, and was persuad-

ed to come into the central room. "It's all right, Mr. Potts." Drummond assured him over and over again. "Their gang is dispersed, and Lakington is dead. We're all friends here now. You're quite safe. This is Mr. Green, who has come over from New York especially to find you and take

you back to your family.' The millionaire stared in silence at the detective, who rolled his cigar

round in his mouth. "That's right, Mr. Potts. There's the coat, showing the police badge, and | found you weren't for it."

faults of women, children, servants. | the millionaire nodded, "I guess you've had things humming on the other side, and if it hadn't been for the Captain here and his friends, they'd be humming still.'

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said the American, speaking for the first time to Hugh. The words were slow and hesitating, as if he was not quite sure of his voice, "I seem to remember your face," he continued, "as part of the awful nightmure I've suffered the last few days-or is it weeks? I seem to remember having seen you, and you were always kind."

"That's all over now, Mr. Potts," said Hugh gently. "You got into the clutches of the most infernal gang of swine, and we've been trying to get you out again." He looked at him quietly, "Do you think you can remember enough to tell us what happened at the beginning? Take your time," he urged. "There's no hurry." The millionaire passed his band daz-

edly over his forehead. "I was stopping at the Carlton," he began, "with Granger, my secretary. sent him over to Belfast on a shipping deal and-" He paused and looked round the group. "Where is Granger?" he asked.

"Mr. Granger was murdered in Belfast, Mr. Potts," said Drummond quietly, "by a member of the gang that kidnaped you."

"Murdered! Jimmy Granger murdered!" He almost cried in his weakness. "What did the swine want to murder him for?"

"Because they wanted you alone," explained Hugh. "Private secretaries ask awkward questions."

After a while the millionaire recov ered his composure, and with many breaks and pauses the slow, disjointed story continued:

"Lakington! That was the name of the man I met at the Carlton. And then there was another . . . Peter . . . Peter . . . Peterson. That's it. We all dined together, I remember, and it was after dinner, in my private sitting room, that Peterson put up his proposition to me. . . . It was a suggestion that he thought would appeal to me as a business man. He sald-what was it?-that he could produce a gigantic syndicalist strike in Englandrevolution, in fact; and that as one of the biggest shipowners-the biggest, seems to me that we may get a little in fact-outside this country, I should light thrown on the activities of Mr. be able to capture a lot of the British Hocking and Herr Steinemann, and carrying trade. He wanted two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to do it, paid one month after the result was obtained. . . . Said there were others

> "On that valuation," interrupted the detective, thoughtfully, "it makes one million pounds sterling," and Drummond nodded, "Yes, Mr. Potts; and

"I told him," said the millionaire, that he was an infernal scoundrel, and that I'd have nothing whatever to do with such a villainous scheme. And then-almost the last thing I can remember-I saw Peterson look at Laklngton. Then they both sprang on me, and I felt something prick my arm. And after that I can't remember anything clearly. Your face, sir"-he turned to Drummond-"comes to me out of a kind of dream; and yours, too," he added to Darrell. "But it was like a long, dreadful nightmare, in which vague things, over which I had no power, kept happening, until I woke up last night in this gentleman's house." He bowed to Ted Jerningham, who grinned cheerfully.

"And mighty glad I was to hear you talking sense again, sir," he remarked. "Do you mean to say you have no recollection of how you got there?" "None, sir; none," answered the mil-

lionaire, "It was just part of the

"It shows the strength of the drug those swine used on you," said Drummond grimly. "You went there in an airplane, Mr. Potts."

"An nirplane!" cried the other in amazement, "I don't remember it. I've got no recollection of it whatever, There's only one other thing that I can lay hold of, and that's all dim and muzzy. . . . Pearls. . . . A great rope of pearls. . . I was to sign a paper; and I wouldn't. . . . I did once, and then there was a shot and the light went out, and the paper disappeared.

"It's at my bank at this moment, Mr. Potts," said Hugh; "I took that paper, or part of it, that night."

"Did you?" The millionaire looked at him vaguely. "I was to promise them a million dollars when they had done what they said. . . . I remember that. . . . And the pearl necklace. , the duchess of . . ." He paused

and shook his head wearily. "The duchess of Lampshire's?" prompted Hugh,

"That's it," said the other. "The duchess of Lampshire's. It was saying that I wanted her pearls, I think, and would ask no questions as to how they were got." The detective grunted.

"Wanted to incriminate you proper ly, did they? Though it seems to me that it was a blamed risky game. There should have been enough money from the other three to run the show little old sign." He threw back his without worrying you, when they

"Walt," said the millionaire, "that reminds me. Before they assaulted me at the Carlton they told me the others wouldn't come in unless I did."

For a while there was silence,

broken at length by Hugh. "Well, Mr. Potts, you've had a moldy time, and I'm very glad it's over. But the person you've got to thank for putting us fellows on your track is a girl. If it hadn't been for her I'm afraid you'd still be having nightmares.'

"I would like to see her and thank her," said the millionaire quickly.

"You shall," grinned Hugh, "Come to the wedding; it will be in a fortnight or thereabouts.' "Wedding!" Mr. Potts looked a lit-

tle vague. "Yes! Mine and hers, Ghastly

proposition, isn't it?" "The last straw," remarked Ted Jerningham. "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 Jouet 1911 and put 'em in the car. What say you?"

"Say!" snorted Hugh. "Idlot 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 mar-

"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

"It would be an outrage to let the scoundrel go," said the millionaire flercely. "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 set 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 itselftheatrical, 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 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 lan-

"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

the meaning of this abominable in-

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 au- Clerk Rescued in Unconscious thor, "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 Valance Nestor carried the good work on.

"We'll see what he says about youimpertment blackgoard."

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

"Who wrote that?" he snarled.

"Must have been Mr. Peterson," an swered Hugh placidly. "A wonderful judge of character, too," he murmured. turning away to greet 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,



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

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-1 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 this other gentle-

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 name.

"Terrance, Victor, A wenderful 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?"

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

He turned slowly and looked at Hugh,

"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," an-

swered 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

"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?"

crashed to the floor beside him,

"No, d-n you. Get it over!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some men find it easier to acquire "What," he spluttered at length, "is a reputation than to earn a living.

LOCKED HOURS IN BANK VAULT

Condition Is Revived by Pulmotor.

GOES TO THE MOVIES

When Questioned by His Parents Denies Thrilling Experience in Which He Was Near Death From Asphyxiation.

New York,-Locked in an air-tight steel vault far below the street level in the Metropolitan building, Twentythird street and Fourth avenue, for nearly two hours, Frederick J. Schweer, Jr., a clerk in the Metropolitan bank, was rescued just in time to save his life. The boy was unconscious when lifted out. Au ambulance surgeon from Bellevue hospital, who had been walting more than an hour

with a pulmotor, began work on him. The lad, suffering when he first revived, from shock and hysteria, made such a rapid recovery that after he reached his home at 109 Chestnut avenue, Jersey City, he ate a belated supper and hurried out to the movies without telling his parents of his thrilling experience. And when he came back he stubbornly denied that he had been in the vault at all.

Watchman Hears Tapping.

It was just before seven o'clock that John Connolly, the bank watchman, making his rounds on the subway level, heard a steady tap, tap, tap at the door of a big vault used for the safekeeping of books and records. At first Connolly thought some one was trying to break in. Then he became sure it was some one trying to break out and dashed for a telephone.

August C. Corby, second vice president and cashler of the bank, was just entering his home, 215 West One Hundred and First street, when he got the watchman's hurry call. Corby was the nearest official who knew the combination. His automobile was outside and he broke all traffic regulations get-

ting to the bank. Connolly meantime had notified Patrolman Darcy of the East Twentysecond street station, on nearby post, and Darcy had summoned Doctor Mac-

Manus with the pulmotor. There was some delay in getting the vault open, which was not explained,



The Huddled Form of the Boy.

and long before the huge doors swung outward all sounds had ceased within. The huddled form of the boy, his face pressed close against the doors, was dragged out by the policemen and the ambulance surgeon.

Near Danger Point, Doctor MacManus administered restoratives and applied the pulmotor as Schweer was suffering from asphyxiation and his respiration had diminished to the danger point. In a few minutes his breathing became normal. The deep shock of his experience became apparent the moment he regained consciousness, but once he was convinced that nothing more than a hideous dream remained of his harrowing experience he soon got hold of

himself. Because of efforts made to prevent the occurrence from becoming public, it was not learned just how Schweer became imprisoned. It was said that while he was putting some books away the door was shut "In some manner." Nor could it be learned precisely how long the boy had been there. Those who participated in his rescue and revival were certain it was two hours, if not longer,

Tortured Girl Wife to Death.

Crookston, Minn.-That Carl Knutson tortured his twenty-two-year-old wife to death with daily beatings in order to punish her for an indiscretion before her marriage was charged by James E. Montague, county attorney, when Knutson, who is charged with murder, was arraigned. Knutson notifled police that his wife's death was due to injuries received in a fall downstairs. An investigation, according to the police, showed the woman's body covered with bruises,