BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

***By* CYRIL McNEILE**
"SAPPER"

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

—13—

At first he had expected some trick, being a person of tortuous brain; but as time went on, and nothing unexpected happened, he became assured. His orders were to follow the millionaire, and inform headquarters where he was taken to. And assuredly at the moment it seemed easy money. Then, quite suddenly, the humming stopped and he frowned. The car in front had swung off the road, and turned through the entrance of a small airdrome. What the devil was he to do now? Most assuredly he could not pursue an airplane on a motor—even a racer. Blindly, without thinking, he did the first thing that came into his head. He left his car standing where it was, and followed the others into the airdrome on foot. Perhaps he could find out something from one of the mechanics; someone might be able to tell him where the plane was going.

There she was with the car beside her, and already the millionaire was being strapped into his seat. Drummond was talking to the pilot, and the sleuth, full of eagerness, accosted a passing mechanic.

"Can you tell me where that airplane is going to?" he asked ingratiatingly.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the said mechanic had just had a large spanner dropped on his toe, and his answer was not helpful. It was an education in one way, and at any other time the pursuer would have treated it with the respect it deserved. But, as it was, it was unfortunate that Peter Darrell should have chosen

"He Must Be a Popular Sort of Cove."

that moment to look round. And all he saw was the mechanic talking earnestly to the sleuth. . . . Whereupon he talked earnestly to Drummond. . . .

In thinking it over after, that unhappy sleuth whose job had seemed so easy, found it difficult to say exactly what happened. All of a sudden he found himself surrounded by people—all very affable and most conversational. It took him quite five minutes to get back to his car, and by that time the plane was a speck in the west. Drummond was standing by the gates when he got there, with a look of profound surprise on his face.

"One I have seen often," remarked the soldier; "two sometimes; three rarely; four never. Fancy four punctures—all at the same time! Dear, dear! I positively insist on giving you a lift."

He felt himself irresistibly propelled toward Drummond's car, with only time for a fleeting glimpse at his own four flat tires, and almost before he realized it they were away. And it was then that the man he had thought mad laughed gently.

"Is it all right, Peter?" Hugh asked.

"All safe," came a voice from behind.

"Then dot him one!"

The sleuth had a fleeting vision of stars of all colors which danced before his eyes, coupled with a stunning blow on the back of the head. Vaguely he realized the car was pulling up—then blackness.

FOUR.

"My dear fellow, I told you we'd get here somehow." Hugh Drummond stretched his legs luxuriously. "The fact that it was necessary to crash your blinking bus in a stray field in order to avoid their footling passport regulations is absolutely immaterial. The only damage is a dent in Ted's dicky, but all the best waiters have that. They smear it with soup to show their energy. . . . My God! Here's another of them."

A Frenchman was advancing toward them down the stately vestibule of the Ritz waving protesting hands. He addressed himself in a voluble crescendo to Drummond, who rose and bowed deeply. His knowledge of French was microscopic, but such trifles had to be overcome.

The suffering Frenchman produced a note-book. It is nom, M'sieur, s'il vous plaît, if you [illegible] ness."

Once again [illegible] pleased a while, mon Colonel," said [illegible] Once again [illegible] mysteriously. "Now the [illegible]

"As I stepped [illegible] like this, you [illegible] . . . ."

The intimidated rabbit, breathing heavily, was staring at Hugh fascinated; and after a moment Hugh turned to him with a courteous bow.

"Laddie," he remarked, "you've been the gendarme. "You priceless little bird! My name is Captain Hugh Drummond."

And as he spoke, a man sitting close by, who had been an amused onlooker of the whole scene, stiffened suddenly in his chair and stared hard at Hugh. It was only for a second, and then he was once more merely the politely interested spectator. But Hugh had seen that quick look, though he gave no sign; and when at last the Frenchman departed, apparently satisfied, he leaned over and spoke to Jerry.

"See that man with the suit of hand-me-downs and the cigar?" he remarked. "He's in the game; I'm just wondering on which side."

He was not left long in doubt, for barely had the swing doors closed behind the gendarme, when the man in question rose and came over to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in a pronounced nasal twang, "but I heard you say you were Captain Hugh Drummond. I guess you're one of the men I've come across the water to see. My card."

Hugh glanced at the pasteboard languidly.

"Mr. Jerome K. Green," he murmured. "What a jolly sort of name."

"See here, Captain," went on the other, suddenly displaying a badge hidden under his coat. "That'll put you wise. That badge is the badge of the police force of the United States of America; and that same force is humming some at the moment." He sat down beside Hugh, and bent forward confidently. "There's a prominent citizen of New York city been mislaid, Captain; and, from information we've got, we reckon you know quite a lot about his whereabouts. What about Hiram C. Potts?"

"What, indeed?" remarked Hugh. "Sounds like a riddle, don't it?"

"You've heard of him, Captain?"

"Few people have not."

"Yes—but you've met him recently," said the detective, leaning forward. "You know where he is, and"—he tapped Hugh on the knee impressively—"I want him. I want to take him back in cottonwool to his wife and daughters. That's why I'm over on this side, Captain, just for that one purpose."

"There seem to me to be a considerable number of people wandering around who share your opinion about Mr. Potts," drawled Hugh. "He must be a popular sort of cove."

"Popular ain't the word for it, Captain," said the other. "Have you got him now?"

"In a matter of speaking, yes," answered Hugh, beckoning to a passing waiter. "Three Martinis."

"Where is he?" snapped the detective eagerly.

Hugh laughed.

"Being wrapped up in cotton-wool by somebody else's wife and daughters. You were a little too quick, Mr. Green; you may be all you say—on the other hand, you may not. And these days I trust no one."

The American nodded his head in approval.

"Quite right," he remarked. "My motto—and yet I'm going to trust you. Weeks ago we heard things on the other side, through certain channels, as to a show which was on the rails overe here."

Hugh nodded.

"Then Hiram Potts got mixed up in it; exactly how, we weren't wise to. But it was enough to bring me over here. Two days ago I got this cable." He produced a bundle of papers, and handed one to Drummond. "It's in cipher, as you see; I've put the translation underneath."

Hugh took the cablegram and glanced at it. It was short and to the point:

"Captain Hugh Drummond, of Half Moon street, London, is your man."

He glanced up at the American, who drained his cocktail with the air of a man who is satisfied with life.

"Captain Hugh Drummond of Half Moon street, London, is my man," he chuckled. "Well, Captain, what about it now? Will you tell me why you've come to Paris? I guess it's something to do with the business I'm on."

For a few moments Hugh did not reply, and the American seemed in no hurry for an answer. Some early arrivals for dinner sauntered through the lounge and Drummond watched them idly as they passed. The American detective certainly seemed all right, but. . . . Casually, his glance rested on a man sitting just opposite, reading the paper. He took in the short, dark beard—the immaculate, though slightly foreign evening clothes; evidently a wealthy Frenchman giving a dinner party in the restaurant by the way the head waiter was hovering around. And then suddenly his eyes narrowed, and he sat motionless.

"Are you interested in the psychology of gambling, Mr. Green?" he remarked, turning to the somewhat astonished American. "Some people cannot control their eyes or their mouth if the stakes are big; others cannot control their hands. For instance, the gentleman opposite. Does anything strike you particularly with regard to him?"

The detective glanced across the lounge.

"He seems to like hitting his knee with his left hand," he said, after a short inspection.

"Precisely," murmured Hugh. "That is why I came to Paris."

CHAPTER IX.

Near Shave.

[illegible] roared at the top [illegible] erful voice and all the [illegible] went out. [illegible] with [illegible] s two [illegible] the [illegible] guessing." [illegible] and off another [illegible]

The darkness by [illegible] his chair. [illegible] darkness inside [illegible] be felt. Not [illegible] even of grayness [illegible]

[illegible] away," said [illegible] and Hugh struck [illegible]

"You say that swell Frenchman with the waiters hovering about like fleas round a dog's tail is the reason you came to Paris. Is he kind of friendly with Hiram C. Potts?"

Drummond laughed.

"The first time I met Mr. Potts," he remarked, "that swell Frenchman was just preparing to put a thumbscrew on his second thumb."

"Second?" The detective looked up quickly.

"The first had been treated earlier in the evening," answered Drummond quietly. "It was then that I removed your millionaire pal."

The other lit his cigar deliberately.

"Say, Captain," he murmured, "you ain't pulling my leg by any chance, are you?"

"I am not," said Drummond shortly. "I was told, before I met him, that the gentleman over there was one of the boys. . . . He is, most distinctly. In fact, though up to date such matters have not been much in my line, I should put him down as a sort of super-criminal. I wonder what name he is passing under here?"

The American ceased pulling at his cigar.

"Do they vary?"

"In England he is clean-shaven, possesses a daughter, and answers to Carl Peterson. As he is at present I should never have known him, but for that little trick of his."

"Possesses a daughter!" For the first time the detective displayed traces of excitement. "Holy Smoke! It can't be him!"

"Who?" demanded Drummond.

But the other did not answer. Out of the corner of his eye he was watching three men who had just joined the subject of their talk, and on his face was a dawning amazement. He waited till the whole party had gone into the restaurant, then, throwing aside his caution, he turned excitedly on Drummond.

"Are you certain," he cried, "that that's the man who has been monkeying with Potts?"

"Absolutely," said Hugh. "He recognized me; whether he thinks I recognized him or not, I don't know."

"Then what," remarked the detective, "is he doing here dining with Hocking, our cotton trust man; with Steinemann, the German coal man; and with that other guy whose face is familiar, but whose name I can't place? Two of 'em at any rate, Captain, have got more millions than we're ever likely to have thousands."

Hugh stared at the American.

"Last night," he said slowly, "he was foregathering with a crowd of the most atrocious ragged-trousered revolutionaries it's ever been my luck to run up against."

"We're in it, Captain, right in the middle of it," cried the detective, slapping his leg. "I'll eat my hat if that Frenchman isn't Franklyn—or Libstein—or Baron Darott—or any other of the blamed names he calls himself. He's a genius; he's the goods. Gee!" he whistled gently under his breath. "If we could only lay him by the heels."

For a while he stared in front of him, lost in his dream of pleasant anticipation; then, with a short laugh, he pulled himself together.

"Quite a few people have thought the same, Captain," he remarked, "and there he is—still drinking highballs.

"You say he was with a crowd of revolutionaries last night. What do you mean exactly?"

"Bolshevists, Anarchists, members of the Do-no-work-and-have-all-the-

"Righto, Old Bean!" Returned the Waiter, "but Don't Hope for Too Much."

money brigade," answered Hugh. "But excuse me a moment. Waiter."

A man who had been hovering round came up promptly.

"Four of 'em, Ted," said Hugh in a rapid undertone. "Frenchman with a beard, a Yank, and two Boches. Do your best."

"Right-o, old bean!" returned the waiter, "but don't hope for too much."

He disappeared unobtrusively into the restaurant, and Hugh turned with a laugh to the American, who was staring at him in amazement.

"What the devil is that guy?" asked the detective.

"Ted Jerningham—son of Sir Patrick Jerningham, Bart., and Lady Jerningham, of Jerningham hall, Rutland, England," answered Hugh, still grinning. "We may be crude in our methods, Mr. Green, but you must admit we do our best. Incidentally, if you want to know, your friend Mr. Potts is at present tucked between the sheets at that very house. He went there by airplane this morning." He waved a hand toward Jerry. "He was the pilot."

The American was shaking his head a little dazedly. "We've got to get busy on what your friend Peterson's little worry is; we've then got to stop it— some old how. Now, does nothing sort of strike you?" He looked keenly at the soldier. "Revolutionaries, Bolshevists, paid agitators last night; international financiers this evening. Why, the broad outline of the plan is as plain as the nose on your face; and it's just the sort of game that man would love. . . ." The detective stared thoughtfully at the end of his cigar, and a look of comprehension began to dawn on Hugh's face.

"Great Scott! Mr. Green," he said, "I'm beginning to get you. What was defeating me was, why two men like Peterson and Lakington should be mixed up with last night's crowd."

"Lakington! Who's Lakington?" asked the other quickly.

"Number Two in the combine," said Hugh, "and a nasty man."

"Well, we'll leave him out for the moment," said the American. "Doesn't it strike you that there are quite a number of people in this world who would benefit if England became a sort of second Russia? That such a thing would be worth money—big money? That such a thing would be worth paying through the nose for? It would have to be done properly; your small strike here, and your small strike there, ain't no manner of use. One gigantic syndicalist strike all over your country—that's what Peterson's playing for, I'll stake my bottom dollar. How he's doing it is another matter. But he's in with the big financiers: and he's using the tub-thumping Bolshies as tools. Gad! It's a big scheme"— he puffed twice at his cigar—"a durned big scheme. Your little old country, captain, is, saving one, the finest on God's earth; but she's in a funny mood. She's sick, like most of us are; maybe she's a little bit sicker than a good many people think. But I reckon Peterson's cure won't do any manner of good, excepting to himself and those blamed capitalists who are putting up the dollars."

"Then where the devil does Potts come in," said Hugh, who had listened intently to every word the American had said. "And the duchess of Lampshire's pearls?"

"Pearls!" began the American, when the restaurant door opened suddenly and Ted Jerningham emerged. He seemed to be in a hurry, and Hugh half rose in his chair. Then he sat back again, as with miraculous rapidity a crowd of infuriated head waiters and other great ones appeared from nowhere and surrounded Jerningham.

Undoubtedly this was not the way for a waiter to leave the hotel—even if he had just been discovered as an impostor and sacked on the spot. And undoubtedly if he had been a waiter, this large body of scandalized beings would have removed him expeditiously through some secret buttery-hatch, and dropped him on the pavement out of a back entrance.

Just opposite Hugh he halted, and in a clear voice addressed no one in particular:

"You're spotted. Look out. Legder at Godalming."

Then, engulfed once more in the crowd, he continued his majestic progress, and finally disappeared a little abruptly from view.

"Cryptic," murmured the American, "but some lad. Gee! He had that bunch guessing."

"The ledger at Godalming," said Hugh thoughtfully. "I watched Peterson, through the skylight last night, getting gay with that ledger. I'm thinking we'll have to look inside it, Mr. Green. What about a little dinner at Maxim's? I'm thinking we've found out all we're likely to find, until we can get to that ledger. And thanks to your knowing those birds, Mr. Green, our trip to Paris has been of considerable value."

The American nodded.

"I guess I'm on," he remarked slowly; "but, if you take my advice, captain, you'll look nippy tonight. I wouldn't linger around corners admiring the mud. Things kind o' happen at corners."

TWO.

But on this particular evening the detective proved wrong. They reached Maxim's without mishap, they enjoyed an excellent dinner, during which the American showed himself to be a born conversationalist, as well as a shrewd man of the world. And over the coffee and liquors Hugh gave him a brief outline of what had taken place since he first got mixed up in the affair. The American listened in silence, though amazement shone on his face as the story proceeded. Only when Hugh had finished, and early arrivals for supper were beginning to fill the restaurant, did he sum up the matter as he saw it.

"A tough proposition, captain—d—d tough. Potts is our biggest shipping man, but where he comes on the picture at that moment has me beat. As for the old girl's jewels, they don't seem to fit in at all. All we can do is to put our noses inside that ledger, and see the book of the words. It'll sure help some."

And as Hugh switched off the electric light in his bedroom, having first seen that his torch was ready to hand in case of emergency, he was thinking of the detective's words. Getting hold of the ledger was not going to be easy—far from it; but the excitement of the chase had fairly obsessed him by now. He lay in bed, turning over in his mind every possible and impossible scheme by which he could get into the secret center room at The Elms. He knew the safe the ledger was kept in; but safes are awkward propositions for the ordinary mortal to tackle. Anyway, it wasn't a thing

"A Tough Proposition, Captain—D—d Tough."

which could be done in a minute's visit; he would have to manage at least a quarter or half an hour's undisturbed search, the thought of which, with his knowledge of the habits of the household, almost made him laugh out loud. And, at that moment, a fly pinged past his head. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIANT TREES OF AUSTRALIA

Exceed in Height, Though Not in Circumference, the Famous Grand Conifers of California.

In the book, "Under the Southern Cross," written by Maturin M. Ballou, an American traveler, in the '80s of the last century, we read of his estimate of the great trees of Australia, according to the Christian Science Monitor.

"It is in this colony of Australia that the traveler finds the giant trees, considered to be one of the great wonders of our times, and which exceed in dimensions those grand conifers of California in which Americans feel such pride. These big trees of Victoria are called the mountain ash, though why so named we do not understand, as they are not of that family. But they are certainly the tallest trees in the known world, often measuring 400 feet and more in height, and from fifty to sixty feet in girth a couple of yards from the ground. When we say that these trees exceed in dimensions those of California we refer especially to their height inasmuch as the American trees equal them, if they do not in some instances surpass them in circumference. The Australian trees rise a hundred feet more or less from the roots without putting forth a lateral branch. On beholding them one is not at first impressed by their exceptional size or monarchlike appearance, but they grow upon one by further observation. A trip of a hundred miles from Melbourne due east to Sale—a remarkably pleasant town, of between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, situated on the Gippsland railroad—takes one to the region where these immense forest giants are to be seen, and at the same time introduces the traveler to some of the finest scenery in the mountain range of this district."

Cancer on Scar of a Burn.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine in London, Dr. W. G. Spencer showed a case of skin cancer on the site of the scar of an X-ray burn. The woman had had a hairy mole on her left temple destroyed by monthly exposures to X-rays for two years. The scar had remained sound for eight years, but three months ago an epithelioma had appeared and had infiltrated the eyelids. Doctor Spencer condemned a treatment which left a burnlike scar in a case which could just as easily have been treated by the knife.

France's First "Zoo."

The "Menagerie du Parc" at Versailles, founded by Louis XIV, received many animals from Cairo. It was maintained for over a century, during that time furnishing valuable material to French anatomists and naturalists. Gradually it decayed and in 1789 was almost extinguished by the mob. The Paris museum of natural history was re-established by law in 1793 and Buffon's idea of attaching a menagerie was carried out. The latter still survives as the collection in the Jardin des Plantes.

First President to Wear a Beard.

Lincoln was the first president to wear a beard and Grant was the first one to wear a mustache.

We forget the sunlight when we ne[illegible] shadows.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Uncle Sam's Sword Hand Made Stronger

WASHINGTON.—The establishment of a war plans division in the general staff of the army and creation of a war council have been announced by Secretary of War Weeks, through publication of an order by Gen. John J. Pershing, the chief of staff, directing reorganization of the general staff.

General Pershing's order is the consummation of a plan originated by Secretary Weeks whereby there would be organized within the general staff a special war staff ready for the call to war at a moment's notice, with its organization perfected to the point of functioning as it should in time of war.

"Through the plan worked out by General Pershing and General Harbord, the assistant chief of staff," said Secretary Weeks, "we will have a well organized war staff, which can function for war at a moment's notice without crippling any branch of this general staff at home.

General Pershing, as chief of staff of the armies, is the head of the war plans division created in the general staff, which will counsel from time to time with the war council, consisting of the secretary of war, the assistant secretary of war, and the chief of staff.

The order reorganizes the general staff into the five following divisions, each under immediate control of an assistant chief of staff. Personnel division (first division). Military intelligence division (second division). Operations and training division (third division). Supply division (fourth division). War plans division.

The war plans division is to be so organized as to enable it, in the event of mobilization, to furnish the nucleus of the general staff personnel for each of the general staff divisions required at the general headquarters in the field."

Views of Sawyer on Rehabilitation

THE question of hospitalization of the World war veterans is one embracing many important features which have heretofore been unnecessary in the construction of proper hospitals for the care of civilian sick, according to Brig. Gen. Charles E. Sawyer, the President's physician and military aid.

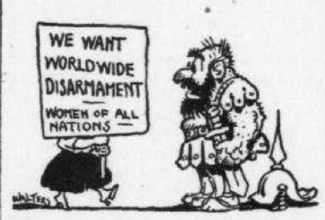
"There is nothing too good for the World war veteran who is trying to regain his health and re-establish himself in civilian activities," he says. "A vocational training program which is carried out on the basis of entertainment and hospital occupation is unfair, both to the World war veteran and to those who have the responsibility of operating such an institution.

"Sensible engagement such as will improve both mind and body should be the policy of the rehabilitation forces. To make such a plan workable it is quite important that every institution giving hospital care to the ex-soldiers should have a well-equipped and per-

fectly arranged special apartment in which vocational training can be carried on. There should be an industrial branch of the educational system. There should be an agricultural course.

"Some have an idea that there is such a difference between the various classes of patients that each must have a separate institution in which to be treated. With that view I am not in accord. I know after a third of a century contact with all classes of patients that it is perfectly possible for all classes of cases to be treated in the same institution. It is unjust to stamp any as defectives."

Disarmament Demonstration by Women



MOVEMENT for a world-wide demonstration for disarmament participated in the women of all nations, to be held on Armistice day when the international conference convenes in Washington, has been initiated by organized American working women through the National Women's Trade Union league. Telegrams inviting participation of a score of women's organizations of the United States and the organized women in 48 nations which sent delegates to the Second International Congress of Working Women in Geneva have been sent out on behalf of the National Women's Trade Union league by Mrs. Raymond Robins of Chicago, its national president.

"To strengthen the governments in their desire to disarm by giving unequivocal expression of the women of the world," is the purpose of the demonstration.

The text of the message of the National Women's Trade Union league to the women of 49 nations, signed by Mrs. Robins, contains the following:

"President Harding has set Armistice day for the opening of the momentous disarmament conference at Washington. When we remember the joy that went up from the people of all nations in thanksgiving that peace would once more dwell on earth, no other day would lend the same significance throughout the entire world as this anniversary of November 11, 1918.

"Since that day the aftermath of the war, with its hunger, suffering and misery, has appalled the conscience and paralyzed the spirit of mankind.

"The governments will be strengthened in their desire to disarm if the women of the nations will give unequivocal expression to their will."

Farmers Plan to Burn Corn in Winter

IOWA farmers are attempting to mature the largest corn crop in the history of the state, with no prospect of a market, and Minnesota farmers are preparing to burn their corn this winter instead of buying coal, farmers told the interstate commerce commission in its investigation of freight rates on grain and hay.

By maintaining abnormally high freight rates the railroads will lose the traffic on the coal which the farmers would use if they could sell their corn, as well as that on the unsold grain, T. E. Cashman, a Minnesota farmer, told the commission. Lower freight rates on grain and hay, he said, in reply to questions by members of the commission, would increase the volume of traffic in a number of ways.

E. H. Cunningham, secretary of the American farm bureau federation of Iowa, and a practical farmer, said that while the railroads probably were suffering as the result of the present readjustment, he believed the situation as regards a basic industry like agriculture should be given prec-

edence in consideration over the carriers, a "commercial" industry.

Dr. E. G. Mourse of the Iowa State Agricultural college was put on the stand by the grain men to establish that costs of producing, transporting and marketing the grain were more than the prices received by the farmer.

All witnesses agreed that the market price of grain included transportation costs and that the price paid the farmer was in every case the market price less the cost of handling and freight. Decreased rates on grain would not reduce the market price of grain.

I. W. W. Poet in Jail Yearns to Be Free

YEARNING for liberty, Charles Ashleigh, poet and a "follower of the road" by inclination, languishes today a prisoner in Leavenworth, buoyed only by the hope of pardon from President Harding. Through the intercession of Vachel Lindsay, Harriet Monroe, Hudson Maxim, Charles Rann Kennedy, Judge Anderson of Boston, Mary Heaton Vorse and others who believe in his innocence, Ashleigh hopes that Attorney General Daugherty will recommend his pardon to the President. He went to the federal penitentiary on April 28, 1921, to serve a sentence [illegible] ten years' imprisonment passed on him in Chicago by Judge Landis for violation of the espionage act, the selective service act, and a number of other statutes, as a member of the I. W. W. He was also fined $10,000.

Ashleigh is thirty-three years old. He was born in London, and has worked in South America on newspapers. His longing for the beauties of nature finds expression in poetry. One of his poems, entitled "When I Go Out," contains these lines:

O be to me tender, leaves that wait [illegible] side
This sullen wall, and keep inviolate
Until I come to you with love-dumb lips
From out this dull tenement of hate;
Out of the fresh breathing of the earth
To draw allayment of my rasping fear,
My woundings and my frettings, till my mind
Is soothed by winds that draw like nurses near,
When I go out. . . . O roads of all the world!
O beauty, fields and cities, do not fail!
Wait, strong friends, my coming—let my heart
Once more drink glory on a careless trail.

[illegible] thousa[illegible] are be[illegible] hospitalized at the present time. The magnitude of the work of the veterans' bureau is plainly seen."