

BITS OF BYPLAY

By Luke McLuke
Copyrighted, 1921, by
The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Variety Is Also The Spice Of Love.
Luke McLuke Says

Any time a man asks you for your Honest Opinion about himself, he means that he wants a mess of Salve. What has become of the old fossil who used to think that Tennis was a Lizzie like game?

About as fine an epitaph as a man could have is this one: "He was so busy practicing, he had no time for preaching."

It is hard to please a woman. If you are attentive to your wife and refuse to flirt with other dames, she'll claim that you slight her women friends.

One nice thing about the men folks is that if you would leave it to them there would be very little visiting done.

If a girl hasn't any pimples on her back, she'll wear a dress cut as far down the rear as it is in the front. The graveyards are filled with women who are not a bid susceptible to flattery.

Any maybe you have noticed that an old junk dealer usually has that kind of a horse.

Another Daml: Once upon a time

there was a narrow-minded man who admitted it

Some of these days the wives will organize and demand an 8-hour day. And then you'll see Hail Columbia for fair!

And what has become of the o. t. man who used to call a rattlesnake a Prairie Eel?

Mercy!

Tramp Starr informs us that you can call Kate "Katie," and you can call Maud "Maudie," and you can call Grace "Gracie." But when it comes to Belle, you'll have to stop right there.

The Wise Fool

"Money gets a man into a lot of trouble," observed the Sage.
"Yes," replied the Fool. "And it gets him out of a lot of trouble!"

FULL REHEARSAL OF PAGEANT

There will be a full rehearsal of the Pageant at 6 o'clock this afternoon at the Graded School.

FOR SALE—A FEW YOUNG BEL-

gian Hares. a few does, bred, \$5.00. Austin's Poultry Yard, Tarboro, N. C. 4-22-21-tf

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **IRWIN MYERS**

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

(Continued from yesterday)

"Cut it out," cried the leader, temptuously. "These guns are silent. If you utter—you die. Do you get me?"

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead, and he controlled himself with an immense effort.

"Are you aware that this man is a guest of mine, and sick?" he said, his voice shaking with rage.

"You don't say," remarked the leader, and one of the others laughed. "Rip the bed-clothes off, boys, and gag the young cock-sparrow."

Before he could resist, a gag was thrust in Drummond's mouth and his hands were tied behind his back. Then, helpless and impotent, he watched three of them lift up the man from the bed, and putting a gag in his mouth also, carry him out of the room.

"Move," said the fourth to Hugh. "You join the picnic."

A large car drove up as they reached the street, and in less time than it takes to tell, the two helpless men were pushed in, followed by the leader; the door was shut and the car drove off.

"Don't forget," he said to Drummond suavely, "this gun is silent. You had better be the same."

At one o'clock the car swung up to The Elms. For the last ten minutes Hugh had been watching the invalid in the corner, who was making frantic efforts to loosen his gag. His eyes were rolling horribly, and he swayed from side to side in his seat, but the bandages round his hands held firm and at last he gave it up.

Even when he was lifted out and carried indoors he did not struggle; he seemed to have sunk into a sort of apathy. Drummond followed with dignified calmness, and was led into a room off the hall.

In a moment or two Peterson entered, followed by his daughter. "Ah! my young friend," cried Peterson affably, "I hardly thought you'd give me such an easy run as this." He put his hand into Drummond's pockets, and pulled out his revolver and a bundle of letters. "To your bank," he murmured. "Oh! surely, surely not that as well. Not even stamped. Un-gag him, Irma—and untie his hands. My very dear young friend—you pain me."

"I wish to know, Mr. Peterson," said Hugh quietly, "by what right this dastardly outrage has been committed. A friend of mine, sick in bed—removed, abducted in the middle of the night: to say nothing of me."

With a gentle laugh Irma offered him a cigarette. "Mon Dieu!" she remarked, "but you are most gloriously ugly, my Hugh!"

Peterson, with a faint smile, opened the envelope in his hand. And, even as he pulled out the contents, he paused suddenly and the smile faded from his face. From the landing upstairs came a heavy crash, followed by a flood of the most appalling language.

"What the—h—l do you think you're doing, you flat-faced son of a Maltese goat? And where the h—l am I, anyway?"

"I must apologize for my friend's language," murmured Hugh gently, "but you must admit he has some justification. Besides, he was, I regret to state, quite wonderfully drunk earlier this evening, and just as he was sleeping it off these desperadoes abducted him."

The next moment the door burst open, and an infuriated object rushed in.

His face was wild, and his hand was bandaged, showing a great red stain on the thumb.

"What's this—jest?" he howled furiously. "And this d—d bandage all covered with red ink?"

"You must ask my friend here, Mullings," said Hugh. "He's got a peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, he's got the bill in his hand."

In silence they watched Peterson open the paper and read the contents, while the girl leaned over his shoulder.

To Mr. Peterson, Godalming.

	£	s.	d.
To hire of one demobilized soldier	5	0	0
To making him drunk (in this item present strength and cost of drink and soldier's capacity must be allowed for)	5	0	0
To bottle of red ink	0	0	1
To shock to system	10	0	0
Total	£20	0	1

CHAPTER IV.

In Which He Spends a Quiet Night at the Elms.

ONE.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do with you, young man," said Peterson gently, after a long silence. "I knew you had no tact."

Drummond leaned back in his chair and regarded his host with a faint smile. "I must come to you for lessons, Mr. Peterson. Though I frankly admit," he added genially, "that I have never been brought up to regard the forcible abduction of a harmless individual and a friend who is sleeping off the effects of what low people call a jag as being exactly typical of that admirable quality."

Peterson's glance rested on the disheveled man still standing by the door, and after a moment's thought he leaned forward and pressed a bell.

"Take that man away," he said abruptly to the servant who came into the room, "and put him to bed. I will consider what to do with him in the morning."

"Consider he d—d," howled Mullings, starting forward angrily. "You'll consider a thick ear, Mr. Blooming Know-all. What I want to know—"

The words died away in his mouth, and he gazed at Peterson like a bird looks at a snake. There was something so ruthlessly malignant in the

stare of the gray-blue eyes that the ex-soldier who had viewed going over the top with comparative equanimity as being part of his job quailed and looked apprehensively at Drummond.

"Do what the kind gentleman tells you, Mullings," said Hugh, "and go to bed." He lit a cigarette, and thoughtfully blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Stop this fooling," snarled Peterson. "Where have you hidden Potts?"

"Tush, tush," murmured Hugh. "You surprise me. I had formed such a charming mental picture of you, Mr. Peterson, as the strong, silent man who never lost his temper, and here you are, disappointing me at the beginning of our acquaintance."

For a moment he thought that Peterson was going to strike him, and his own fist clenched under the table.

"I wouldn't, my friend," he said quietly. "Indeed I wouldn't. Because if you hit me, I shall most certainly hit you. And it will not improve your beauty."

Slowly Peterson sank back in his chair, and the veins which had been standing out on his forehead became normal again. He even smiled; only the ceaseless tapping of his hand on his left knee betrayed his momentary loss of composure. Drummond's fist unclenched, and he stole a look at the girl. She was in her favorite attitude on the sofa, and had not even looked up.

"I suppose that it is quite useless for me to argue with you," said Peterson after a while.

"I was a member of my school debating society," remarked Hugh reminiscently. "But I was never much good. I'm too obvious for argument. I'm afraid."

"You probably realize from what has happened tonight," continued Peterson, "that I am in earnest."

"I should be sorry to think so," answered Hugh. "If that is the best you can do, I'd cut it right out and start a tomato farm."

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter and lit another cigarette.

"Will you come and do the dangerous part of the work for us, Monsieur Hugh?" she asked.

"If you promise to restrain the little fellows, I'll water them with pleasure," returned Hugh lightly.

Peterson rose and walked over to the window, where he stood motionless, staring out into the darkness. Hugh realized that the situation was what in military phraseology might be termed critical. There were in the house probably half a dozen men who, like their master, were absolutely unscrupulous. If it suited Peterson's book to kill him, he would not hesitate to do so for a single second.

For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would take no chances by remaining in the house; that he would rush Peterson from behind and escape into the darkness of the garden. But it was only momentary—gone almost before it had come. For Hugh Drummond was not that manner of man—gone even before he noticed that Peterson was standing in such a position that he could see every detail of the room behind him reflected in the glass through which he stared.

(To be continued tomorrow)

"Where Did You Get That Suit?"

"Didn't get it anywhere. Just had it cleaned and pressed at John Staton's Pressing Club."

Just ask Central to give you 1-3-9 and you can dress as good as anyone.

Please let me have your orders early in the week, so that I may do my very best for you.

John T. Staton

'Phone 1-3-9 Scotland Neck.

The Key to Prosperity Is Saving.

COMMENCE TODAY.

PLANTERS AND COMMERCIAL BANK

4% Compounded Quarterly
Allowed in Savings Department

AT IT AGAIN.

Brand New Machinery,

for all kinds

General Machine & Repair Work,

is now being installed in

My Large, New Brick Building.

This Building was Designed and Erected Especially for my

Machine and Repair Work.

For Auto Repair Department,

I have secured the services of Mr. Roy Edmonson, of Orlando, Fla., who comes highly recommended, with EIGHT YEARS' Practical Experience in High Class Automobile Work.

A Trial Will Convince You.

W. C. Dickinson, Jr.

"Dickinson Can Fix It" I make old parts new and new parts too.

Steady Growth

The Steady, Gradual Growth of My Business is Attributable to

the Quality of Edibles I Handle and

Prompt Execution of All Orders.

R. D. HARRELL

'Phone 8-1. Scotland Neck



Would you like to hear the phonograph Mr. Edison uses?

It's an Official Laboratory Model. We have its exact duplicate. Come in and hear how perfect are its RE-CREATIONS of music. Know what kind of instrument the greatest of phonograph experts has installed for his personal use.

Dixie Furniture Co.
SCOTLAND NECK.

EDISON REQUIRES NO BLANK
Name _____
Address _____
Bring this ad. with you to
see the Edison Phonograph
at Dixie Furniture Co.

Premium Buttons Given.

We give Premium Buttons with each purchase from our store. If you have not seen the premiums you get by trading with us, it would certainly pay you to come in and let us explain our plan to you.

It is all in your favor, for you have to buy Groceries. We sell the best to be had, and our price is as low as any. The Premiums are Extra. Can't you see that it will pay you to try us?

W. B. Strickland, Jr.

\$5.00—Reduced to \$2.49

Genuine Gillett Razors

Get one while they last.

Hardy Hardware Co.

"The Hardware Hustlers"