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"Going-Away" Time—

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If you will write to Miss Knight, telling her where you are planning to go—the mountains, the seashore, or touring by automobile through the country—she will be glad to help you plan your wardrobe for the occasion. Lingerie—petticoats, envelopes, corsets, stockings, outerwear—suits, dresses, coats, gloves—in short, Harriet Knight wants you to feel that she is at your service.

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Saving is a form of serving. It is one of the biggest forms of national service—service to your country. Our first president said, "Economy makes happy homes and sound nations."

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You'll Find Dr. Miles' Medicines at your Drug Store.

FINE JOB WORK AT THE AMERICAN UNION



BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by

CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"How long will it take to deliver in London?" he asked the girl.

The girl was not helpful. It depended, he gathered, on a variety of circumstances, of which not the least was the perfectly ordinary man who talked so charmingly.

"I don't think I'll bother, then," he said, thrusting the wire into his pocket. "Good morning. . . ."

He walked to the door, and shortly afterward his car rolled down the street.

With what the girl considered peculiar abruptness, the perfectly ordinary man concluded his conversation with her, and decided that he too would send a wire. And then, after a long and thoughtful pause at the writing-bench, she distinctly heard an unmistakable "D—n." Then he walked out, and she saw him no more.

Moreover, it is to be regretted that the perfectly ordinary man told a lie a little later in the day, when giving his report to some one whose neck apparently inconvenienced him greatly. But then a lie is frequently more tactful than the truth, and to have announced that the sole result of his morning's labors had been to decipher a wire addressed to The Elms, which contained the cryptic remark, "Stung again, stiff neck, stung again," would not have been tactful. So he lied, as has been stated, thereby showing his wisdom. . . .

But though Drummond chuckled to himself as the car rushed through the fresh morning air, once or twice a gleam that was not altogether amusement shone in his eyes. For four years he had played one game where no mistakes were allowed; the little incident of the postoffice had helped to bring to his mind the certainty that he had now embarked on another where the conditions were much the same. That he had scored up to date was luck rather than good management, and he was far too shrewd not to realize it. Now he was marked, and luck with a marked man cannot be tempted too far.

Alone and practically unguarded he had challenged a gang of international criminals; a gang not only utterly unscrupulous, but controlled by a master mind. Of its power as yet he had no clear idea; of its size and immediate object he had even less. Perhaps it was as well. Had he realized even dimly the immensity of the issues he was up against, had he had but an inkling of the magnitude of the plot conceived in the sinister brain of his host of the previous evening, then, cheery optimist though he was, even Hugh Drummond might have wavered. But he had no such inkling, and so the gleam in his eyes was but transitory, the chuckle that succeeded it more whole-hearted than before. Was it not sport in a land flowing with strikes and profiteers; sport such as his soul loved?

"I am afraid, Mullings," he said as his car stopped in front of his club, "that the kindly gentleman with whom we spent last night has repudiated his obligations. He refuses to meet the bill I gave him for your services. Just wait here a moment."

He went inside, returning in a few moments with a folded check.

"Round the corner, Mullings, and an obliging fellah in a black coat will shovel you out the necessary Bradburys."

The man glanced at the check.

"Fifty pounds, sir!" he gasped. "Why—it's too much, sir. . . . I . . ."

"The laborer, Mullings, is worthy of his hire. You have been of the very greatest assistance to me; and incidentally, it is more than likely that I may want you again. Now, where can I get hold of you?"

"13 Green Street, 'Oxton, sir, 'll always find me. And any time, sir, as you wants me, I'd like to come just for the sport of the thing."

Hugh grinned.

"Good lad. And it may be sooner than you think."

TWO.

Inside the Junior Sports club, Hugh Drummond was burying his nose in a large tankard of the ale for which that cheery pot-house was still famous. A waiter was arranging the first editions of the evening papers on a table, and Hugh beckoned to him to bring one. Cricket, racing, the latest divorce case, and the latest strike—all the usual headings were there. And he was just putting down the paper, to again concentrate on his problem, when a paragraph caught his eye.

"STRANGE MURDER IN BELFAST

"The man whose body was discovered in such peculiar circumstances near the docks has been identified as Mr. James Granger, the confidential secretary to Mr. Hiram Potts, the American multi-millionaire, at present in this country. The unfortunate victim of this dastardly outrage—his head, as we reported in our last night's issue, was nearly severed from his body—had apparently been sent over on business by Mr. Potts, and had arrived the preceding day. What he was doing in the locality in which he was found is a mystery.

"We understand that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton, and is greatly upset at the sudden tragedy.

"The police are confident that they will shortly obtain a clue, though the rough element in the locality where the murder was committed presents great difficulties. It seems clear that the motive was robbery, as all the murdered man's pockets were rifled. But the most peculiar thing about the case is the extraordinary care taken by the murderer to prevent the identification of the body. Every article of clothing, even down to the murdered man's socks, had had the name torn out, and it was only through the criminal overlooking the tailor's tab inside the inner breast-pocket of Mr. Granger's coat that the police were enabled to identify the body."

Drummond slid down the paper on his knees, and stared a little dazedly at the club's immortal founder.

"Holy smoke! laddie," he murmured, "that man Peterson ought to be on the committee here. Verily, I believe, he could galvanize the staff into some semblance of activity."

"Did you order anything, sir?" A waiter paused beside him.

"No," murmured Drummond, "but I will rectify the omission. Another large tankard of ale."

The waiter departed, and Hugh picked up the paper again.

"We understand," he murmured gently to himself, "that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton. . . . Now that's very interesting. . . ." He lit a cigarette and lay back in his chair. "I was under the impression that Mr. Potts was safely tucked up in bed, consuming semolina pudding, at Goring. It requires elucidation."

"I beg your pardon, sir," remarked the waiter, placing the beer on the table beside him.

"You needn't," returned Hugh. "Up to date you have justified my fondest expectations. And as a further proof of my good will, I would like you to get me a trunk call—2 X Goring."

A few minutes later he was in the telephone box.

"Peter, I have seldom been so glad to hear your voice. Is all well? Good. Don't mention any names. Our guest is there, is he? Gone on strike against more milk puddings, you say. Coax him, Peter. Make a noise like a sturgeon, and he'll think it's caviare. Have you seen the papers? There are interesting doings in Belfast, which concern us rather intimately. I'll be down later, and we'll have a pow-wow."

He hung up the receiver and stepped out of the box.

"If, Algy," he remarked to a man who was looking at the tape machine outside, "the paper says a blighter's somewhere and you know he's somewhere else—what would you do?"

"Up to date in such cases I have always shot the editor," murmured Algy Longworth. "Come and feed."

"You're so helpful, Algy. A perfect rock of strength. Do you want a job?"

"What sort of a job?" demanded the other suspiciously.

"Oh! not work, dear old boy. D—n it, man—you know me better than that, surely!"

"People are so funny nowadays," returned Longworth gloomily. "What is this job?"

Together the two men strolled into the luncheon-room, and long after the cheese had been finished, Algy Longworth was still listening in silence to his companion.

"My dear old bean," he murmured ecstatically as Hugh finished, "my very dear old bean. I think it's the most priceless thing I ever heard. Enroll me as a member of the band. And, incidentally, Toby Sinclair is running round in circles asking for trouble. Let's rope him in."

"Go and find him this afternoon, Algy," said Hugh rising. "And tell him to keep his mouth shut. I'd come with you, but it occurs to me that the wretched Potts, bathed in tears at the Carlton, is in need of sympathy. So long, old dear. You'll hear from me in a day or two."

Drummond sauntered along Pall-Mall. He had told Longworth more or less on the spur of the moment, knowing that gentleman's capabilities to a nicety. Under a cloak of assumed flippancy he concealed an iron nerve which had never yet failed him; and, in spite of the fact that he wore an entirely unnecessary eyeglass, he could see further into a brick wall than most of the people who called him a fool.

It was his suggestion of telling Toby Sinclair that caused the smile. For it had started a train of thought in Drummond's mind which seemed to him to be good. If Sinclair—why not two or three more equally trusty sportsmen? Why not a gang of the boys?

Toby possessed a V. C., and a good one—for there are grades of the V. C., and those grades are appreciated to a nicety by the recipient's brother officers if not by the general public. The show would fit Toby like a glove. . . . Then there was Ted Jerningham, who combined the roles of an amateur actor of more than average merit with an ability to hit anything at any range with every conceivable type of firearm. And Jerry Seymour in the Flying corps. . . . Not a bad thing to have a flying man—up one's sleeve. . . . And possibly some one versed in the ways of tanks might come in handy. . . .

The smile broadened to a grin; surely life was very good. And then the grin faded, and something suspiciously like a frown took its place. For he had arrived at the Carlton, and reality had come back to him.

"Mr. Potts will see no one, sir," remarked the man to whom he addressed his question. "You are about the twentieth gentleman who has been here already today."

Hugh had expected this, and smiled genially.

"Precisely, my stout fellow," he remarked, "but I'll lay a small amount of money that they were newspaper men. Now, I'm not. And I think that if you will have this note delivered to Mr. Potts, he will see me."

He sat down at a table, and drew a sheet of paper toward him. Two facts were certain: First, that the man upstairs was not the real Potts; second, that he was one of Peterson's gang. The difficulty was to know exactly how to word the note. There might be some mystic pass-word, the omission of which would prove him an impostor at once. At length he took a pen and wrote rapidly; he would have to chance it.

"Urgent. A message from headquarters."

He sealed the envelope and handed it with the necessary five shillings for postage to the man. Then he sat down to wait. After what seemed an interminable delay he saw the messenger crossing the lounge.

"Mr. Potts will see you, sir."

Hugh followed his guide along a corridor, and paused outside a door while he went into a room. He heard a murmur of voices, and then the man reappeared.



"My Dear Old Bean," He Murmured Ecstatically as Hugh Finished, "My Very Dear Old Bean."

"This way, sir," he said, and Hugh stepped inside, to stop with an involuntary gasp of surprise. The man seated in the chair was Potts, to all intents and purposes. The likeness was extraordinary, and had he not known that the real article was at Goring he would have been completely deceived himself.

The man waited till the door was closed: then he rose and stepped forward suspiciously.

"I don't know you," he said. "Who are you?"

"Since when has every one employed at headquarters known one another?" Drummond returned guardedly. "And, incidentally, your likeness to our lamented friend is wonderful. It very nearly deceived even me."

The man, not ill-pleased, gave a short laugh.

"It'll pass, I think. But it's risky. These cursed reporters have been badgering the whole morning. . . . And if his wife or somebody comes over, what then? It wasn't like Rosca to bungle in Belfast. He's never left a clue before, and he had plenty of time to do the job properly."

"A name inside a breast-pocket might easily be overlooked," remarked Hugh, seizing the obvious clue.

"Are you making excuses for him?" snarled the other. "He's failed, and failure is death. Such is our rule. Would you have it altered?"

"Most certainly not. The issues are far too great for any weakness. . . ."

"You're right, my friend—you're right. Long live the Brotherhood." He stared out of the window with smouldering eyes, and Hugh preserved a discreet silence. Then suddenly the other broke out again. . . . "Have they killed that insolent puppy of a soldier yet?"

"Er—not yet." murmured Hugh mildly.

"They must find the American at once." The man thumped the table emphatically. "It was important before—at least his money was. Now with this blunder—it's vital."

"Precisely," said Hugh. "Precisely."

"I've already interviewed one man from Scotland Yard, but every hour increases the danger. However, you have a message for me. What is it?"

Hugh rose and casually picked up his hat. He had got more out of the interview than he had hoped for, and there was nothing to be gained by prolonging it. But it struck him that Mr. Potts' impersonator was a man of unpleasant disposition, and that tactically a flanking movement to the door was indicated. And, being of an open nature himself, it is possible that the real state of affairs showed for a moment on his face. Be that as it may, something suddenly aroused the other's suspicions, and with a snarl of fury he sprang past Hugh to the door.

(To Be Continued)

BERRY CHECKS

The American Union is prepared to print Berry Checks on short notice.

J. RICHARD JONES
Attorney for Trustees

TRUSTEES' SALE
of
Eastern Shore Trust Company Stock
and
Half Interest in Canning House

The undersigned, Trustees of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, in pursuance of the power vested in them as such trustees, and by virtue of an order of sale passed by the United States District Court for the Djstrict of Maryland, in the matter of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, the same being No. 3375 "M" in the records of said Court, will offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921
at 1 o'clock P. M.

in front of the banking house of The Eastern Shore Trust Company, in the town of Federalsburg, Maryland.

First: An undivided one-half interest in and to all that lot or parcel of land containing three acres, more or less, situated, lying and being at Finchville, Maryland, about 3 miles from Federalsburg, improved by a canning house, warehouse and garage, together with the machinery therein, (excepting scalder, filler and crimper, which belong to L. K. Hackett & Co.), which canning plant was lately conducted by L. K. Hackett & Co. The other undivided one-half interest in said property belongs to L. K. Hackett.

Second: Ten shares of the capital stock of The Eastern Shore Trust Company, each of the par value of fifty dollars. These shares will first be offered in blocks of five shares each, and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid.

Terms of Sale: On parcel "First": 20 per cent. cash on day of sale and balance in nine months from day of sale, or upon confirmation of sale, or all cash on day of sale, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers; the deferred payments to be secured by the interest bearing notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees.

On parcel "Second": 20 per cent. cash on day of sale and balance upon confirmation of sale.

HARVEY L. COOPER
T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
FREDERICK H. FLETCHER
FRANK P. COVEY, Trustees
Auctioneer.

J. RICHARD JONES
Attorney for Trustees

TRUSTEES' SALE
of
Provident State Bank Stock
and
Town Lots in Preston, Maryland

The undersigned, trustees of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, in pursuance of the power vested in them as such trustees, and by virtue of an order of sale passed by the United States District Court for the District of Maryland, in the matter of John W. Payne, Bankrupt, the same being No. 3375 "M" in the records of said Court, will offer for sale, at public auction, to the hgihest bidder, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921
at 2:30 o'clock P. M.,

in front of the Banking House of the Provident State Bank, in the town of Preston, Maryland.

First: All those two building lots, situated on Noble avenue, in the town of Preston, Maryland, conveyed unto the said John W. Payne by Alexander Noble and wife, by deed dated the 20th day of March, 1917, and now of record among the Land Records of Caroline County, in Liber L. B. T. No. 78, at folio 539, etc. and therein described as Lots Nos. 2 and 3, each fronting 50 ft on Noble avenue with a depth of 150 feet. These lots will first be offered separately and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid. These lots can never be granted or devised except to persons of the Caucasian Race.

Second: Five shares of the capital stock of the Provident State Bank, each of the par value of fifty dollars.

Third: Twenty-five shares of the capital stock of Easton Shore Brokerage and Commission Company, each of the par value of $100. This stock will be offered in blocks of five each and then as a whole, the trustees reserving the right to accept the higher bid.

Terms of Sale: On parcel "First" 20 per cent cash on day of sale and balance in nine months from day of sale or upon confirmation of sale, or all cash on day of sale, at option of the purchasers. The deferred payments to be secured by the interest bearing notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustees. On parcels "Second" and "Third" 20 per cent cash on day of sale and the balance on confirmation of sale.

HARVEY L. COOPER
T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
FREDERICK H. FLETCHER
Trustees
FRANK P. COVEY, Trustees
Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

REBECCA A. GIBSON

late of Caroline County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 2d day of December, 1921, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of May, 1921.

FRED R. OWENS, Adm'r.
Rebecca A. Gibson, Deceased. 3-3t

DR. W. A. SMITH

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NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS
In Caroline County

Under and by virtue of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, pointed Owen N. Dulin, Esq., Sheriff the County Commissioners have apof Caroline County, Maryland, a Special Officer to issue Dog Licenses and Tags and to enforce the payment therefor. The new law requires every person who has possession of a dog over six months old to take out a license on or before July 1st, 1921, and the penalty for failure to do so is a fine or imprisonment in jail. This law will be rigidly and strictly enforced, and all persons not complying with the same will be prosecuted.

SHERIFF OWEN N. DULIN

will sit in the following districts at the hour, date and place hereinafter set forth to issue the said license and tags:

Marydel, June 6th, Heather's Store
Goldsboro, June 8th, Frank Lane's Store.
Henderson, June 17th, Walls' Store
Greensboro, June11-20, Clark's Store
Ridgely, June 10-22, Temple's Store
Denton, June 9th, Sheriff's residence
Hillsboro, June 13-23, Thompson's Hardware Store
American Corner, June 15-24, Lord's store
Federalsburg, June 18-27, Clellie E. Turner's Office.
Preston, June 16-25, Gallagher's Office

Between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. On all other days application from any of the above districts can be made at the Sheriff's residence, in the town of Denton.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Of Caroline County.
M. M. Luzader, Clerk.

The fixed fees by law are as follows: $1 for each male or female spayed dog; $2 for each female unspayed dog; $10 for kennel license, not exceeding 25 dogs; $20 for kennel license for more than 25 dogs.

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