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BULL-DOG DRUMMOND



The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER"

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"Probably," remarked Peter Darrall. "What's the program now?"

Hugh examined the bead on his glass with a professional eye before replying.

"Two things," he murmured at length, "fairly leap to the eye. The first is to get Potts away to a place of safety; the second is to get over to Paris."

"Well, let's get gay over the first, as a kick-off," said Jerningham, rising. "There's a car outside the door; there is England at our disposal. We'll take him away; you pad the hoof to Victoria and catch the boat-train."

"It sounds too easy," remarked Hugh. "Have a look out of the window, Ted, and you'll see a man frightfully busy doing nothing not far from the door. You will also see a racing car just across the street. Put a wet compress on your head, and connect the two."

A gloomy silence settled on the assembly, to be broken by Jerry Seymour suddenly waking up with a start.

"I've got the 'stomach-ache,'" he announced proudly.

His listeners gazed at him unmoved.

"You shouldn't eat so fast," remarked Algy severely. "And you certainly oughtn't to drink that beer."

To avert the disaster he immediately consumed it himself, but Jerry was too engrossed with his brainstorm to notice.

"I've got the 'stomach-ache,'" he repeated, "and she ought to be ready by now. In fact I know she is. My last crash wasn't a bad one. What about it?"

"You mean . . . ?" said Hugh, staring at him.

"I mean," answered Jerry, "that I'll go off to the airdrome now, and get her ready. Bring Potts along in half an hour, and I'll take him to the governor's place in Norfolk. Then I'll take you over to Paris."

"Great!—simply great!" With a report like a gun Hugh hit the speaker on the back, inadvertently knocking him down. "Off you get, Jerry. By the way, how many will she hold?"

"Two beside me," spluttered the proud proprietor of the Stomach-ache. "And I wish you'd reserve your endearments for people of your own size, you great, fat, hulking monstrosity."

He reached the door with a moment to spare, and Hugh came back laughing.

"Verily—an upheaval in the grey matter," he cried, carefully refilling his glass. "Now, boys, what about Paris?"

"Is it necessary to go at all?" asked Peter.

"It wouldn't have been if the Yank had been sane," answered Drummond. "As it is, I guess I've got to. Now listen—all of you. Ted—off you go, and raise a complete waiter's outfit, dicky and all complete. Peter—you come with me to the airdrome, and afterward look up Mullings, at 13 Green street, Hoxton, and tell him to get in touch with at least fifty demobilized soldiers who are on for a scrap. Algy—you hold the fort here, and don't get drunk on my ale. Peter will join you, when he's finished with Mullings, and he's not to get drunk, either. Are you all on?"

Ten minutes later he was at the wheel of his car with Darrell and the millionaire behind. But Hugh seemed in no great hurry to start. A whimsical smile was on his face, as out of the corner of his eye he watched the man who had been busy doing nothing feverishly trying to crank his car, which, after the manner of the brutes, had seized that moment to jib.

Still smiling, Hugh got out and walked up to the perspiring driver.

"A warm day," he murmured. "Don't hurry; we'll wait for you." Then, while the man, utterly taken aback, stared at him speechlessly, he strolled back to his own car.

"Hugh—you're mad, quite mad," said Peter resignedly, as with a spluttering roar the other car started, but Hugh still smiled. On the way to the airdrome he stopped twice after a block in the traffic to make quite sure that the pursuer should have no chance of losing him, and, by the time they were clear of the traffic and spinning toward their destination, the gentleman in the car behind fully agreed with Darrell.

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 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 were made to be overcome.

The Frenchman produced a notebook. "Votre nom, M'sieur, s'il vous plait?"

"Undoubtedly, mon Colonel," remarked Hugh vaguely. "Nous crashons dans—"

"He wants your name, old dear," murmured Jerry weakly.

"Oh, does he?" Hugh beamed on 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 confidentially. "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



"He Must Be a Popular Sort of Cove."

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 cottonwool 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.

In Which He Has a Near Shave.

ONE.

"Captain, you have me guessing." The American bit the end off another cigar, and leaned back in his chair. "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-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



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

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.

"Who 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."

(To Be Continued.)

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