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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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"It would be an outrage to let the scoundrel go," said the millionaire fiercely. "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 sat 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 itself—theatrical, 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



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

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 languidly.

"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 far."

"What," he spluttered at length, "is the meaning of this abominable insult?"

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 author, "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 you—impertinent blackguard."

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 him.

"Who wrote that?" he snarled.

"Must have been Mr. Peterson," answered 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, 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—l 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 gentleman . . ."

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 wonderful 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?" He turned slowly and looked at Hugh, who shrugged his shoulders.

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

"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," answered 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 crashed to the floor beside him.

"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?"

"No, d—n you. Get it over!"

"Right. Throw your gun on the floor." Drummond picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket; then he rang the bell. "I had hoped," he murmured, "for a larger gathering, but one cannot have everything."

Save to Peterson, who understood, if only dimly, what had happened, the thing had come as such a complete surprise that even the sudden entrance of twenty masked men, who ranged themselves in single rank behind their chairs, failed to stir the meeting. It merely seemed in keeping with what had gone before.

"I shall not detain you long, gentlemen," began Hugh, suavely. "Your general appearance and the warmth of the weather have combined to produce in me a desire for sleep. But before I hand you over to the care of the sportsmen who stand so patiently behind you, there are one or two remarks I wish to make. Let me say at once that on the subject of Capital and Labor I am supremely ignorant. You will therefore be spared any dissertation on the subject. But from an exhaustive study of the ledger which now lies upon the table, and a fairly intimate knowledge of its author's movements, I and my friends have been put to the inconvenience of treading on you.

"There are many things, we know, which are wrong in this jolly old country of ours; but given time and the right methods I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that they could be put right. That, however, would not suit your book. You dislike the right method, because it leaves all of you much where you were before. Every single one of you—with the sole possible exception of you, Mr. Terrance, and you're mad—is playing with revolution for his own ends: to make money out of it—to gain power. . . .

"Let us start with Peterson—your leader. How much did you say he demanded, Mr. Potts, as the price of revolution?"

With a strangled cry Peterson sprang up as the American millionaire, removing his mask, stepped forward.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, you swine, was what you asked me." The millionaire stood confronting his tormentor, who dropped back in his chair with a groan. "And when I refused, you tortured me. Look at my thumb."

With a cry of horror the others sitting at the table looked at the mangled flesh, and then at the man who had done it. This, even to their mind, was going too far.

(To Be Continued)

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"I don't believe the negro race is naturally eloquent," remarked the Northern visitor.

"Sir," replied the old-fashioned Southern gentleman, "you have probably never heard a colored bootblack addressing a few appropriate remarks to a pair of dice."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Who Remembers

When a dime and no war tax bought a pretty good deck of cards.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 2

PAUL IN CORINTH.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 18:1-23.
GOLDEN TEXT—I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—I Cor. 2:2.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—I Cor. 2:1-5; 4:12; II Co. 11:7-9.
PRIMARY TOPIC — Tentmaking and Teaching.
JUNIOR TOPIC — Paul Working and Preaching in Corinth.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC —Teaching and Tentmaking in Corinth.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC —Paul in a Commercial Center.

The establishment of the church at Corinth is an example of missionary endeavor for all ages. The method employed, which resulted in success then, will result in success now.

I. The True Missionary Method (vv. 1-3).

Paul came to Corinth a stranger in a strange city. He did not have an advance agent to do his advertising; neither did he have his photograph put in the daily paper with sensational announcements, upon his arrival in Corinth. He did not have a trained singer with him; neither did he have his salary guaranteed. His method in gaining a foothold in Corinth was as follows:

1. Finding a home (v. 2). This he found with Aquila and Priscilla, Jews who were recently expelled from Rome by the cruel edict of Claudius. Being Jews, he found natural affinity with them.

2. He toiled for his daily bread (v. 3). He was of the same craft with them, being tentmakers. Every child among the Jews was taught some trade by means of which he could gain a livelihood should occasion require. One of the rabbis said that he who failed to teach his boy a trade taught him to steal.

II. Preaching in the Synagogue at Corinth (vv. 4-8).

1. Though compelled to toil for a living while getting a foothold in Corinth, he did not lose sight of his main work (v. 4). He reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, persuading the Jews and Greeks.

2. His activity was increased when Silas and Timothy came (v. 5). This resulted from three causes: (1) They brought good news from the church at Thessalonica (I Thess. 3:6). To hear of the steadfastness of those who had confessed Christ under our ministry puts new vigor into our labors. (2) They brought pecuniary gifts from the Macedonian churches (Philip. 4:15; II Cor. 11:9). Being relieved from the necessity of toil for a living, they now could devote more time and energy to the preaching of the gospel. (3) Silas and Timothy became assistants to Paul in the work, thereby strengthening his hands so as to enable him to accentuate his efforts.

3. Paul opposed (v. 6). His increased activity was met with increased opposition. This can always be expected.

4. Paul announces his purpose to turn to the Gentiles (v. 6). Because of their blasphemy and opposition he ceased to work among the Jews. There is a time when good judgment causes one to abandon work where efforts have been fruitless, but it is difficult to know just when to do it.

5. He did not go far away (v. 7). He remained sufficiently near that those whose hearts God touched could easily find him. It is likewise true that although Christ is obliged to depart from the soul that refuses Him entrance, He lingers with yearning love around that heart.

6. His success (v. 8). Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, was converted. Perhaps the severity of his action in turning away from them moved Crispus to action.

III. Paul's Vision (vv. 9-11).

His experiences since coming to Europe were very trying. He needed encouragement at this time. It is just like the Lord to come at the time of the servant's greatest need. Note the Lord's words to him:

1. "Be not afraid." When one is executing the commission of the Lord he need not be afraid.

2. "Speak, and hold not thy peace." The one who has heard the voice of God cannot refrain from speaking—cannot be still.

3. "I am with thee." The Lord is with everyone who faithfully carries out his commission.

4. "No man shall set on thee to hurt thee." The one sent by the Lord to do a work is immune from danger and harm until his work is done.

5. "I have much people in this city." It is most encouraging to know that in the great cities the Lord has His own people and that the one who goes in His name shall have fruit for his service.

Bible Classes Necessary.

Bible classes are as necessary to a healthy parochial life as are any other religious agencies, and the priest who neglects them because they seem to him old-fashioned or connected with the Protestant sectarian system lays himself open to great blame. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my paths."—Dean Larned.

The Builder of All Things.

Every house is builded of some man; but he that built all things is God.—Hebrews 3:4.

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & Co.

Every Woman Likes To Beautify Her Home

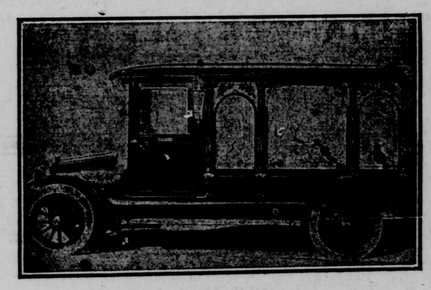
The "instinct for the beautiful" is a part of every woman, and is most often expressed in her home.
She likes to embroider dainty pillows, bedspreads and towels and make richly colored lamp shades—and she plans to add glistening aluminum or enamel utensils that save time and make the kitchen beautiful—and attractive china and silver to her table—and soft rugs for living-rooms and sleeping-rooms—and colorful, homelike draperies of cretonne and silk to the windows—and she will find Miss Knight, of Hochschild, Kohn & Co., interested and eager to help.

In the Art Department are stamped bedspreads, pillow-tops and towels. Miss Knight will select a pretty design for you and send enough cotton or wool to complete the embroidery.

Miss Knight will visit the Kitchenware and China Sections in the Basement, if you wish. She will select samples of draperies and send descriptions and prices of rugs, curtains, odd chairs, card tables or anything else you may request. Write to her today.

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To Help You Win

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But the average man is slow to take a practical step towards that goal. He is content to dream about it—and never gets there.

The most practical start is to start a savings account. Rockefeller had to save his first thousand dollars. It earned the rest of his fortune.

Character Earns Credit

Saving men not only have capital for their efforts. In saving, they establish a reputation which will make it easy to secure additional capital when necessary.

A farmer has frequent need for capital if he is striving continually to improve his property. How important it is then that he build up his credit—establish his character.

The easiest and quickest way is to start a savings account.



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