



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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CHAPTER I
In Which He Takes Tea at the Carlton and is Surprised.

ONE.
Captain Hugh Drummond, D.S.O., M. C., late of His Majesty's Royal Loamshires, was whistling in his morning bath. Being by nature of a cheerful disposition, the symptom did not surprise his servant, late private of the famous regiment, who was laying breakfast in an adjoining room.

After a while the whistling ceased, and the musical gurgle of escaping water announced that the concert was over. It was the signal for James Denny—the square-jawed ex-batman—to disappear into the back regions and get from his wife the kidneys and bacon which that most excellent woman had grilled to a turn. But on this particular morning the invariable routine was broken. James Denny seemed preoccupied, distraught.

Once or twice he scratched his head and stared out of the window with a puzzled frown.

"What's you looking for, James Denny?" The late voice of his wife at the door made him look round guiltily. "Them kidneys is ready and waiting these five minutes."

Her eyes fell on the table, and she advanced into the room wiping her hands on her apron.

"Did you ever see such a bunch of letters?" she said.

"Forty-five," returned her husband, grimly, "and more to come." He picked up the newspaper lying beside the chair and opened it.

"Them's the result of that," he continued cryptically, indicating a paragraph with a square finger, and thrusting the paper under his wife's nose.

"Demobilized officer," she read slowly, "finding peace incredibly tedious,

would welcome diversion. Legitimate, if possible; but crime, if of a comparatively humorous description, no objection. Excitement essential. Would be prepared to consider permanent job if suitably impressed by applicant for his services. Reply at once Box X10."

She put down the paper on a chair and stared first at her husband and then at the rows of letters neatly arranged on the table.

"It calls it wicked," she announced at length. "Fair flying in the face of Providence. Crime, Denny—crime. Don't you get 'aving nothing to do with such mad pranks, my man, or you and me will be having wivings." She shook an admonitory finger at him, and retired slowly to the kitchen.

A moment or two later Hugh Drummond came in. Slightly under six feet in height, he was broad in proportion. His best friend would not have called him good-looking, but he was the fortunate possessor of that cheerful type of ugliness which inspires immediate confidence in its owner.

He paused as he got to the table and glanced at the rows of letters. "Who would have thought it, James?" he remarked. "Great Scot! I shall have to get a partner."

With disapproval showing in every line of her face, Mrs. Denny entered the room, carrying the kidneys, and Drummond glanced at her with a smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Denny," he said. "Wherefore this worried look on your face? Has that reprobate James been misbehaving himself?"

his mind that this was the girl who had written him, and, having given an order to the waiter, he started to study her face as unobtrusively as possible. He could only see the profile, but that was quite sufficient to make him bless the moment when more as a jest than anything else he had sent his advertisement to the paper.

Her eyes, he could see, were very blue; and great masses of golden brown hair coiled over her ears, from under a small black hat. He glanced at her hands, and noted, with approval, the absence of any rings. Then he looked once more at her face, and found her eyes were fixed on him.

This time she did not look away. She seemed to think that it was her turn to conduct the examination and Drummond fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. After a moment he found what he wanted, and taking out a card he propped it against the teapot so that the girl could see what was on it. In large black capitals he had written Box X10.

She spoke almost at once. "You'll do, X10," she said, and he turned to her with a smile.

"It's very nice of you to say so," he murmured. "If I may, I will return the compliment. So will you."

She frowned slightly. "This isn't foolishness, you know. What I said in my letter is literally true. I want you to tell me," and there was no trace of jesting in her voice, "tell me, on your word of honor, whether that advertisement was bona fide or a joke."

He answered her in the same vein. "It started more or less as a joke. It may now be regarded as absolutely genuine."

She nodded as if satisfied. "Are you prepared to risk your life?" Drummond's eyebrows went up and then he smiled. "Granted that the inducement is sufficient," he returned slowly, "I think I may say that I am."

He saw that she was staring over his shoulder at some one behind his back.

"Don't look around," she ordered, "and tell me your name quickly."

"Drummond—Captain Drummond, late of the Loamshires." He leaned back in his chair, and lit a cigarette.

"My dear Phyllis," said a voice behind his back, "this is a pleasant surprise. I had no idea that you were in London."

A tall, clean-shaven man stopped beside the table, throwing a keen glance at Drummond.

"The world is full of such surprises, isn't it?" answered the girl lightly. "I don't suppose you know Captain Drummond, do you? Mr. Lakington—art connoisseur and—er—collector."

The two men bowed slightly, and Mr. Lakington smiled. "I do not remember ever having heard my harmless pastimes more concisely described," he remarked suavely. "Are you interested in such matters?"

"Not very, I'm afraid," answered Drummond. "Just recently I have been rather too busy to pay much attention to art."

The other man smiled again, and it struck Hugh that rarely, if ever, had he seen such a cold, merciless face.

"Of course you've been to France," Lakington murmured. "Unfortunately a bad heart kept me on this side of the water. Sometimes I cannot help thinking how wonderful it must have been to be able to kill without fear of consequences. There is art in killing, Captain Drummond—profound art."

He looked at his watch and sighed. "Alas! I must tear myself away. Are you returning home this evening?"

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE
VII.—MARYLAND



INDIAN arrows played an important part in the founding of Maryland. Lord Baltimore had been interested in the London company which was financially responsible for the settlement of Virginia. He became so enthusiastic over the possibilities in the new colonies that he desired to found a colony himself. After exploring the country just north of the Potomac he persuaded King Charles I to grant him this territory. In honor of the queen, Henrietta Maria, this new colony was called Maryland.

The payment for this grant was specified as two Indian arrows a year, together with a fifth part of all precious metals which might be mined. As the colony produced no gold or silver the cost of Maryland amounted to only the two arrows each year, and Lord Baltimore became to all intents and purposes an independent sovereign. As a matter of fact the charter was not issued until just after the death of Lord Baltimore, but as the deed was hereditary it descended to the second Lord Baltimore, under whom the first settlement was made at St. Mary's in 1634. This hereditary monarchy continued in force until, under the sixth Lord Baltimore, the Declaration of Independence in 1776 brought it to an end.

In 1788 Maryland adopted the Constitution and took its place as the seventh state in the Union. Its area totals 12,327 square miles, and it is thickly populated, so that Maryland is entitled to eight presidential electors.

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The girl, who had been glancing round the restaurant, shrugged her shoulders. "Probably," she answered. "I haven't quite decided. I might stop with Aunt Kate."

"Fortunate Aunt Kate." With a bow Lakington turned away, and through the glass Drummond watched him get his hat and stick from the cloakroom. Then he looked at the girl, and noticed that she had gone a little white.

"What's the matter, old thing?" he asked quickly. "Are you feeling faint?"

She shook her head, and gradually the color came back to her face. "I'm quite all right," she answered. "I gave me rather a shock, that man finding us here. You've stumbled right into the middle of it, my friend—rather sooner than I anticipated. That is one of the men you will probably have to kill."

Her companion lit another cigarette. "What is his particular worry?"

"First and foremost the brute wants to marry me," replied the girl. "I loathe being obvious," said Hugh, "but I am not surprised."

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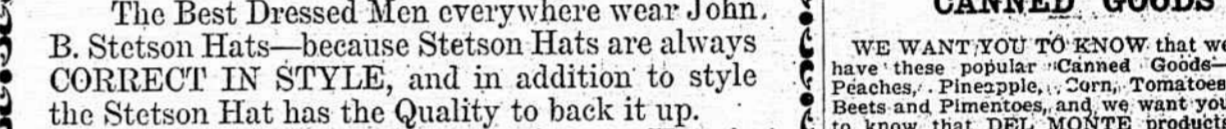
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(To Be Continued.)

TO SELL COTTON

Former Postmaster General Represents Texas Farmers. Jenson will leave soon for Europe to sell unsold Texas cotton. N. A. Wroe, president of the National Bank of Austin, said a few days ago. Wroe declared Jenson would visit France, Italy, Poland, Germany and other European countries. Wroe said he would soon file incorporation articles to organize an exporters' cotton association to move unsold Texas cotton to markets.

—A large section of State street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, recently dropped into the mines beneath the city. The hole was four hundred feet square and very deep.

FRUIT FREEZES

In the Middle West and Loss Runs Into Millions.

Sixty per cent of the Middle West's fruit crop was ruined by the present freezing spell, according to estimates made by representatives of fruit growers in Chicago. They received reports from all sections of the fruit growing belt, telling of immense loss.

The damage will amount to millions of dollars.

Orchards in Iowa, Nebraska, Western Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and portions of Michigan were hit hardest.

The temperature in these states hovered around freezing again tonight. Huge smudge fires were kept burning to protect orchards still untouched by the frost.

Cherry trees, now in bloom, suffered most. However, other early blooming fruit trees were also injured.

Philip Steffen, manager of the Chicago Growers' Co-operative Company, declared that the fruit crop would not be more than 40 per cent normal, even if there is no further damage.

GETS GIRLS TOLD

No Check Dancing and That Sort of Thing at This College.

Two hundred girls attending the Williams Memorial Institute, ranging in ages from sixteen to twenty years, representing some of the best families in the city, of New London, Conn., received an impromptu lecture on dancing, particularly the cheek to cheek variety. The lecturer was their Principal, Colin S. Buell.

Immediately after prayer Principal Buell apologized to the women teachers present for touching on such a delicate subject as "indecent dancing," and then proceeded for fifteen minutes to handle it vigorously. He denounced the modern dance, and said that if he found any of the girls of his school dancing cheek to cheek with their partners he would forbid them to attend any of the future dances at the institute. He said that toddling and shimmying were absolutely forbidden, and those who disregarded such a rule forfeited their privilege to attend school functions.

BLUEBEARD STRIKES

Landru of Paris Causes a Lot of Trouble.

Bluebeard Landru is hunger-striking because he doesn't want to leave his cell in Santa Prison, relates a Paris dispatch. Landru entered the jail two years ago, charged with killing a sundry lot of wives. He gave the jailors much trouble. He insisted on being awakened at certain hours and on sleeping when regulations said the cells should be vacated for airing. A few weeks ago Landru discovered that a document was missing from the papers in his case. A re-trial was ordered and the case transferred to Versailles. Then the fun started. Landru threw himself upon his bed and cried. "Why do they take me from here where I have been so happy?" he wailed. Authorities fear his hunger-strike may make him too weak to appear in court for trial.

—Three thousand farmers have enlisted in the government's campaign to better the grade of live stock in the United States and have agreed to breed from purebred sires only.