

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 XII.
In Which the Last Round Takes Place.

It was during the next hour or two that the full value of Mr. Jerome K. Green as an acquisition to the party became apparent. Certain other preparations in honor of Peterson's arrival were duly carried out, and then arose the question of the safe in which the all-important ledger was kept.

"There it is," said Drummond, pointing to a heavy steel door flush with the wall, on the opposite side of the room to the big one containing Lakington's ill-gotten treasure. "And it doesn't seem to me that you're going to open that one by pressing any buttons in the wall."

"Then, Captain," drawled the American, "I guess we'll open it otherwise. It's sure plumb easy. I've been getting gay with some of the household effects, and this bar of soap sort of caught my eye."

From his pocket he produced some ordinary yellow soap, and the others glanced at him curiously.

"I'll just give you a little demonstration," he continued, "of how our swell cracksmen over the water open safes when the owners have been so tactless as to remove the keys."

Dexterously he proceeded to seal up every crack in the safe door with the soap, leaving a small gap at the top unsealed. Then round that gap he built what was to all intents and purposes a soap dam.

"If any of you boys," he remarked to the intent group around him, "think of taking this up as a means of livelihood, be careful of this stuff." From another pocket he produced an indiarubber bottle. "Don't drop it on the floor unless you want to be measured for your coffin. There'll just be a boot and some bits to bury."

The group faded away, and the American laughed.

"Might ask what he is?" murmured Hugh politely from the neighborhood of the door.

"Sure thing, Captain," returned the detective, carefully pouring some of the liquid into the soap dam. "That is what I told you I'd get—gelignite; or, as the boys call it, the oil. It runs right round the cracks of the door inside the soap." He added a little more, and carefully replaced the stopper. "Now, a detonator and a bit of fuse, and I guess we'll leave the room."

"It reminds one of those dreadful barbarians, the sappers, trying to blow up things," remarked Toby, stepping with some agility into the garden; and a moment or two later the American joined them.

"It may be necessary to do it again," he announced, and as he spoke the sound of a dull explosion came from inside the house. "On the other hand," he continued, going back into the room and quietly pulling the safe door open, "it may not. There's your book, Captain."

He calmly reit his cigar, as if safe-opening was the most normal undertaking, and Drummond lifted out the heavy ledger and placed it on the table.

"Go out in plays, boys," he said to the group of men by the door, "and get your breakfasts. I'm going to be lousy for a bit."

He sat down at the table and began to turn the pages. The American was amusing himself with the faked Chinese cabinet; Toby and Peter sprawled in two chairs, unshamelessly snoring. And after a while the detective put down the cabinet and, coming over, sat at Drummond's side.

Every page contained an entry—sometimes half a dozen—of the same type, and as the immensity of the project dawned on the two men their faces grew serious.

"I told you he was a big man, Captain," remarked the American, leaning back in his chair and looking at the open book through half-closed eyes.

"One can only hope to Heaven that we're in time," returned Hugh. "Don't it, man," he exploded, "surely the police must know of this?"

The American closed his eyes still more.

"Your English police know most things," he drawled, "but you've sort of got some peculiar laws in your country. With us, if we don't like a man—something happens. He kind of ceases to sit up and take nourishment. But over here, the more scurrilous he is, the more he talks bloodshed and riot, the more constables does he get to guard him from catching cold."

The soldier frowned.

"Look at this entry here," he grunted. "That lighter is a member of parliament. What's he getting four payments of a thousand pounds for?"

"Why, surely to buy some new warm underclothes with," grunted the detective. Then he leaned forward and glanced at the name. "But isn't he some pot in one of your big trade unions?"

"Heaven knows," grunted Hugh. "I only saw the lighter once, and then

his shirt was dirty." He turned over a few more pages thoughtfully. "Why, if these are the sums of money Peterson has blown, the man must have spent a fortune. Two thousand pounds to Ivolsky. Incidentally, that's the bloke who had words with the whatnot on the stairs."

If silence continued their study of the book. The whole of England and Scotland had been split up into



"What's He Getting Four Payments of a Thousand Pounds For?"

districts, regulated by population rather than area, and each district appeared to be in charge of one director. A varying number of sub-directors in every main division had each their sub-director and staff, and at some of the names Drummond rubbed his eyes in amazement. Briefly, the duties of every man were outlined; the locality in which his work lay, his exact responsibilities, so that overlapping was reduced to a minimum. In each case the staff was small, the work largely that of organization. But in each district there appeared ten or a dozen names of men who were eulogistically described as lecturers; while at the end of the book there appeared nearly fifty names—both of men and women—who were proudly denoted as first-class lecturers. And if Drummond had rubbed his eyes at some of the names on the organizing staffs, the first-class general lecturers deprived him of speech.

"Why," he spluttered after a moment, "a lot of these people's names are absolutely household words in the country. They may be swine—they probably are. Thank God! I've very rarely met any; but they ain't criminals."

"No more is Peterson," grinned the American; "at least not on that book. See here, Captain, it's pretty clear what's happening. In any country today you've got all sorts and conditions of people with more wind than brain. They just can't stop talking, and as yet it's not a criminal offense. Some of 'em believe what they say, like Spindleshanks upstairs; some of 'em don't. And if they don't, it makes 'em worse; they start writing as well. You've got clever men—intellectual men—look at some of those guys in the first-class general lecturers—and they're the worst of the lot. Then you've got another class—the men with the business brain, who think they're getting the sticky end of it, and use the talkers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. And the chestnuts, who are the poor blighted decent workmen, are promptly dropped in the ashpit to keep 'em quiet. They all want something for nothing, and I guess it can't be done. They all think they're fooling one another, and what's really going at the moment is that Peterson is fooling the whole bunch. He wants all the strings in his hands, and it looks to me as if he'd got 'em there. He's got the money—and we know where he got it from; he's got the organization—all either red-hot revolutionaries, or intellectual windstorms, or calculating knaves. He's amalgamated 'em, Captain; and the whole blamed lot, whatever they may think, are really working for him."

Drummond thoughtfully lit a cigarette.

"Working toward a revolution in this country," he remarked quietly.

"Sure thing," answered the American. "And when he brings it off, I guess you won't catch Peterson for dust. He'll pocket the booty, and the books will show in their own juice. He's got it in Paris; that book makes it a certainty. But it ain't criminal. In a court of law he could swear it was an organization for selling bird-seed."

For a while Drummond smoked in silence, while the two sleepers shifted

uneasily in their chairs. "It all seemed so simple in spite of the immensity of the scheme. Like most normal Englishmen, politics and labor disputes had left him cold in the past; but no one who ever glanced at a newspaper could be ignorant of the volcano that had been simmering just beneath the surface for years past.

"Not one in a hundred"—the American's voice broke into his train of thought—"of the so-called revolutionary leaders in this country are disinterested. Captain. They're out for Number One, and when they've talked the boys into bloody murder, and your existing social system is down-and-out, they'll be the leaders in the new one. That's what they're playing for—power; and when they've got it, God help the men who give it to 'em."

Drummond nodded, and lit another cigarette. Odd things he had read recurred to him: trade unions refusing to allow discharged soldiers to join them; the reiterated threats of direct action. And to what end?

A passage in a part of the ledger evidently devoted to extracts from the speeches of the first-class general lecturers caught his eye:

"To me, the big fact of modern life is the war between classes. . . . People declare that the method of direct action inside a country will produce a revolution. I agree. . . . It involves the creation of an army. . . ."

And beside the cutting was a note by Peterson in red ink:

"An excellent man! Send for protracted tour."

The note of exclamation appealed to Hugh; he could see the writer's tongue in his cheek as he put it in.

"It involves the creation of an army. . . ."

The words of the intimidated rabbit came back to his mind. "The man of stupendous organizing power, who has brought together and welded into one the hundreds of societies similar to mine, who before this have each, on their own, been feebly struggling toward the light. Now we are combined, and our strength is due to him."

In other words, the army was on the road to completion, an army where ninety per cent of the fighters—duped by the remaining ten—would struggle blindly towards a dim, half-understood goal, only to find out too late that the whip of Solomon had been exchanged for the scorpion of his son. . . .

"Why can't they be made to understand, Mr. Green?" he cried bitterly. "The working man—the decent fellow—"

"Has anyone tried to make 'em understand, Captain? I guess I'm no intellectual guy, but there was a French writer fellow—Victor Hugo—who wrote something that sure hit the nail on the head. I copied it out, for it seemed good to me." From his pocket-book he produced a slip of paper. "The faults of women, children, servants, the weak, the indigent and the ignorant are the faults of husbands, fathers, masters, the strong, the rich, and the learned." Wall! he leaned back in his chair, "there you are. Their proper leaders have sure failed them, so they're running after that bunch of cross-eyed skaters. And sitting here, watching 'em run, and laughing fit to beat the band, is your pal Peterson!"

It was at that moment that the telephone bell rang, and after a slight hesitation Hugh picked up the receiver.

"Very well," he grunted, after listening for a while, "I will tell him."

He replaced the receiver and turned to the American.

"Mr. Ditchling will be here for the meeting at two, and Peterson will be late," he announced slowly.

"What's Ditchling when he's at home?" asked the other.

"One of the so-called leaders," answered Hugh briefly, turning over the pages of the ledger. "Here's his dossier, according to Peterson. 'Ditchling, Charles. Good speaker; clever; unscrupulous. Requires big money; worth it. Drinks.'"

For a while they stared at the brief summary, and then the American burst into a guffaw of laughter.

"The mistake you've made, Captain, in this country, is not giving Peterson a seat in your cabinet. He'd have the whole caboose eating out of his hand; and if you paid him a few hundred thousand a year, he might run straight and grow pigs as a hobby. . . ."

(To Be Continued.)

WARLESS DAYS NOT YET

But Day Will Come When War Will be no More, Says Geddes.

Even the most prosaic of thinkers today "dreams of an age in which war shall be no more," Sir Archibald Geddes, British ambassador, said in an address to the graduating class of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Mich. "But only the most optimistic," he added, "dream that that age is at its dawn."

"The optimistic are probably wrong in the detail of time," the speaker said, "but they are indubitably right, the age will come when war will be no more; when peace will reign all around this spinning globe, for the choice which lies before humanity is between a peace of reason and the peace of death."

The ambassador said that relations between United States and Great Britain "appear to me to be excellent and I have no doubt, will so continue indefinitely into the future." Proclamation by the conference of prime ministers in London that "a spirit of friendly co-operation with this republic should be the basis of the empire's foreign policy" has received a wide and beneficial publicity in the United States, and to this sentiment he had nothing to add, "save amen."

"Correct.—This paper tells of a man out in Ohio who lives on onions alone."

"Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

The Story of Our States

By **JONATHAN BRACE**
XXVIII.—TEXAS



The ill-fated expedition of Navarez was responsible for the first interest in Texas. This large expedition was wrecked at the mouth of the Mississippi in 1528. Four members, including Cabeza de Vaca were captured by the Indians and spent eight years wandering through the country eventually reaching the Gulf of California. It was their accounts of rich Indian villages which led the Mexican governor to send Coronado to explore this country. He returned after a two-years' trip without discovering the reputed riches which he was seeking.

To counteract the aggressions of the French settlements in Louisiana, the Spanish established many missions throughout Texas, the most important being at San Antonio. When the United States negotiated the Louisiana Purchase from France they considered that Texas was a part of this territory. Over this question war was nearly precipitated but finally the United States withdrew their claims in exchange for Spain's withdrawal of claims to the Oregon region.

Many Americans began to settle in Texas, among them General Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin. Mexico became alarmed at this rapid increase of American pioneers which threatened to crowd out the Mexican population. Oppressive measures were adopted and caused the Americans to rise in rebellion in 1836. During this uprising occurred the gallant defense of the Alamo by a handful of Americans and their slaughter by the vastly superior numbers of the Mexicans. "Remember the Alamo," became the Texans' slogan. General Houston decisively defeated the Mexican forces at the battle of San Jacinto and the Republic of Texas was launched with Houston as president. The flag contained one star, and from this has come the name the Lone Star State. After considerable opposition from the North, Texas was annexed to the Union and became the twenty-eighth state.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Advertising

ADVERTISING

Intelligent Publicity Essential to Business Activities.

Come, Therefore, and I Will Advertise These Numbers, XXIV: 11, and I Thought to Advertise These, Ruth, IV: 1.

From the earliest of Biblical days the value of advertising has been more and more clearly seen. In one way or another through all the ages men have realized that without publicity or advertising their efforts would be in vain. The "mighty pomp and circumstance of war," the triumphal processions of the old Romans, the varied means adopted to send information throughout all empires in olden days, down to the tremendous displayed advertising campaign of the British government in stirring a nation's patriotism and raising an army of 5,000,000 volunteers and similar advertising work by the American government to sell Liberty Bonds, were all merely a broad and ever growing realization of the power of advertising.

Without advertising England could not have raised its mighty volunteer army; without advertising the United States could not have found 20,000,000 bond buyers.

PIRATE GOLD HUNT FAILS

New York Treasure Seekers Have Returned from South Seas.

Another quest for the 100 million dollars Peruvian treasure buried in the mystic South Seas, by ancient pirates, has failed, adding another chapter in the long succession of fruitless searches for the cache of golden doubloons.

Only a few emmal bones hidden beneath a native altar rewarded the expedition in its search for heavy sea chests of treasure.

While the sailing yacht Genesee, formerly owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, is tied up again off South Brooklyn waiting to turn her nose once more toward the Society group on a second hunt for gold, Captain James T. Houghton, formerly a soldier of the Rainbow Division, who was wounded in France, is registered at the Harvard club. To a group of clubmen he told the story of the hunt, on which he acted as surgeon.

The hunt for the buried gold centered on the island of Tubai, a reefing 15 miles across and also the most northern one of the Society group. Acting on a lead obtained from an aged sea captain who had sailed the sea in the most romantic days, a Captain Brown of Augusta, Me., the expedition spent three weeks digging and blasting on the island. Only after every possible hiding place had been searched did the treasure seekers decide to give up the quest, and return to New York to confer again with the aged mariner.

Some of the promoters of the expedition, which was financed by the sale of stock to persons who were caught not only by the sentimental appeal to a treasure hunt, but also by the chance of making an enormous profit, have returned to Augusta with a hope of obtaining new leads that will take them to the treasure.

Captain Houghton, in describing the search for the heavy sea chests believed to be buried somewhere on Tubai, said the treasure seekers had left the island "looking like a battle field in France."

Some of the promoters still believe there is something in Captain Brown's

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The same power of advertising could now "see prosperity to the whole country. There is enough to write about and talk about in advertising to stir the nation to a realization of our country's limitless resources and illimitable development potentialities.

The power of all-pervading, all compelling advertising work, literally alive with the fire of truth and enthusiasm, would quicken every heart, beat, would thrill every American, would stimulate the young to deeds of achievement in the business world to match the achievements and the glory of the battlefield and would stir afresh the blood of the old. The flag of America's patriotism unfurled in advertising, rightly done, the bugle call to work, the drum beats, "Charge," would lead us onward to commercial power and glory and prosperity as worthy of praise as ever was the work of the battlefield.

Then down with the pessimism of the faint hearted camp followers and up with the flag of optimism!

Onward with "sound the charge," through every well tested and proven advertising method, and we would soon see a mighty army of a nation of 105,000,000 people putting to disastrous rout every faint heart, every preacher of pessimism in bank, in office and in factory!

Some say we cannot afford to advertise. The answer is, you cannot afford not to advertise.

Why advertise when there is no business to be had? say others. Because the only way to create business is by advertising.

Why advertise when we have no money to loan? say some bankers; and the answer is, no class ever needed to cultivate the public's favor more than bankers now do. Perhaps you may have no money to loan today, as some say; but you are not a good banker if you fail to sell credit to every customer who has the proper security with which to buy it. A banker borrows money from his depositors and sells credit to his borrowers. It is a merchandise transaction.

It would be a poor merchant who could not find ways to provide goods for his customers so long as they could pay. He is a poor banker who cannot find credit to sell to his customers so long as they are able to pay the price and assure the final redemption, and bankers need to win public favor just as much as railroads did 25 years ago. Railroads missed their opportunity to cultivate the public and they are now paying the penalty. Bankers, therefore, cannot afford not to advertise. Nor, for that matter, can any other class of business men.

Newspaper publishers intensify their ways and means of advertising whenever business men lessen theirs. When business is dull many industries shut down, but when business is dull live newspapers push out with greater vigor than ever before. They practice what they preach. Let others follow their preaching and their example and soon once more would be heard "the music of progress, the whir of the spindle, the throb of the locomotive, the roar of the furnace." Pessimism would be buried beneath the abounding spirit of optimism. Credit would be restored to the merchant and the manufacturer. The banker would no longer fear to do business.

The spirit of patriotism for business is as vitally important to the nation's welfare as was the spirit of patriotism for the war four years ago. The slacker then was a coward. The slacker and the pessimist of today are doing the country infinitely more harm than did the slacker of war times—Manufacturer's Record.

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NEW LOT OF CHOICE MULES—

We have a choice bunch of Mules at our barns now—arrived a few days ago. If you have a need for a Mule or two come and see us. We will sell or exchange and give you a fair deal.

MULES **JAMES BROTHERS** HORSES

chest of treasure.

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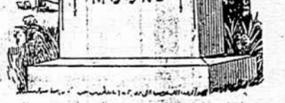
GEO. W. WILLIAMS

REAL ESTATE

to be and are preparing to make another search for the 100 million dollars or more in doubloons and Australian gold dust," he said.

—But we have to confess that we don't always recognize good luck when we do meet it.

—There are tricks in all trades pertaining to horses.



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SOME OF MY OFFERINGS:

40 Acres—Seven miles from York, bounded by lands of J. B. McCarter, C. W. Carroll, H. G. Brown and others; 3-room residence, barn, and cotton house. Well of good water; five or six acres bottom land. Buck Horn creek and branch runs through place. About 4-acre pasture; 5 or 6 acres woods—mostly pine and balance work land. About 2.4 miles to Beersheba school. It is desirable to sell; so if you want it see me right away. Property of H. C. Farris.

62.5 Acres—41.2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, besides half 4-room tenant house; barn; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 2 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Thomason.

90 Acres at Brattonville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burris, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 5-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tenant houses, barn, etc.; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, etc.) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.

33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract, about 3 or 4 acres of woods and balance open land. Will sell this tract separately or in connection with above tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Getty, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The price is right. See me quick. Property of Mrs. Molly Jones.

Five Room Residence—On Charlotte street, in the town of York. On large lot. I will sell you this property for less than you can build the house. Better act at once.

McLain Property—On Charlotte St., in the town of York. This property lies between Neely, Cannon and Lockmore mills, and is a valuable piece of property. Will sell it either as a whole or in lots. Here is an opportunity to make some money.

89 acres—9 miles