

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 FIVE.

In Which There is Trouble at Goring.

The car slowed up before the post-office and Hugh got out. There were one or two things he proposed to do in London before going to Goring, and it struck him that a wire to Peter Darrell might ally that gentleman's uneasiness if he was late in getting down. So new was he to the tortuous ways of crime, that the foolishness of the proceeding never entered his head; up to date in his life, if he had wished to send a wire he had sent one. And so it may be deemed a sheer fluke on his part, that a man dawdling by the counter aroused his suspicions. He was a perfectly ordinary man, chatting casually with the girl on the other side; but it chanced that, just as Hugh was holding the postoffice pencil up, and gazing at its so-called point with an air of resigned anguish, the perfectly ordinary man ceased chatting and looked at him. Hugh caught his eye for a fleeting second; then the conversation continued. And as he turned to pull out the pad of forms, it struck him that the man had looked away just a trifle too quickly.

A grin spread slowly over his face, and after a moment's hesitation he proceeded to compose a short wire. He wrote it in black letters for additional clearness; he also pressed his hardest, as befitting a blunt pencil. Then with the form in his hand he advanced to the counter.

"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-stand, 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 someone 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 amuse-ment 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 fellow in a black coat will shove you out the necessary Brad-burys."

The man glanced at the check. "Fifty pounds, sir!" he gasped. "Why—it's too much, sir."

"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, Oxtou, sir, I always find me. And any time, sir, as you want 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 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 surgeon, and he'll think it's cavilare. 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. I'm 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. Karoll!



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

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 Jerlingham, 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.

"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 stopped 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 won't be long before I'll be 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 my 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)

GETTING ALONG GOOD

Women are as great sufferers from kidney and bladder ailments as men. Mrs. Carey, Box 91, R. F. D. No. 2, Middletown, N. Y., writes: "I had kidney trouble ever since I was a little girl, but I am getting along good since I have taken Foley Kidney Pills." They help the kidneys. Sold everywhere—Adv.

VINCENT FROWNS ON ROAD NAME CHANGE

Changing the name of The Dalles-California highway to "The Dalles-Crater Lake highway" is frowned upon by S. B. Vincent, of the state tourist bureau, according to a letter which he sent to P. Hetherington of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, a copy of which was received by the Commercial club today.

Vincent pointed out that The Dalles-California is a year-around highway, while the name, Crater

Travelers Insurance Co.

of Hartford, in the State of Connecticut on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$7,500,000.00
Total Premium Income for the year	\$79,169,377.28
Interest, Dividends and rents received during the year	7,979,648.98
Income from other sources received during the year	1,085,121.24
Total Income	\$88,234,147.50
Disbursements Paid for losses, endowments, annuities and surrenders	\$30,891,429.81
Dividends paid to policyholders during the year	106,548.41
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	1,320,000.04
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	32,916,174.58
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	2,277,669.04
Amount of all other expenditures	\$3,161,807.60
Total expenditures	\$68,523,076.44
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$6,127,361.85
Market value of stocks and bonds owned (amortized)	\$2,354,458.88
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	48,781,526.41
Premium notes and policy loans	16,668,123.57
Cash in banks and on hand	6,657,193.31
Net unearned premium	11,796,742.55
Interest and rents due and accrued	2,431,622.54
Other assets (net)	\$17,147.76
Total admitted assets	\$195,034,169.87
Liabilities	\$171,548,908.48
Gross claims for losses unpaid	1,348,645.84
Amount of all other liabilities	\$9,200,262.64
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$172,897,151.12
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Gross premiums received during the year	\$195,664.58
Premiums and dividends returned during the year	54,358.72
Losses paid during the year	48,067.46
THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.	
L. J. Butler, president	
F. J. Howard, secretary	
Statutory resident attorney for service—	
Philip Grossmeyer, Portland, Ore.	

Lake, would indicate it as a six months highway. If any change is made, he thought, it should be to "The Dalles-Klamath."

IF COSTS MONEY TO TRAVEL.

With high railroad fares and higher hotel bills, fewer people this year will go to health resorts to get rid of impurities in the system that cause rheumatic pains, backache, swollen, sore and painful joints and muscles. If you need relief and do not want

Grain Dealers National Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the Grain Dealers National Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,927,701.84
Total Income	\$84,237.22
Disbursements	\$205,049.79
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	158,788.49
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	23,520.00
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	31,342.80
Amount of all other expenditures	12,367.81
Total expenditures	\$480,701.22
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$32,263.07
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	581,550.00
Cash in banks and on hand	67,090.18
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1920	20,988.24
U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness	100,000.00
Interest and rents due and accrued	37,003.21
Total admitted assets	\$1,739,484.74
Liabilities	\$50,632.26
Gross claims for losses unpaid	467,254.74
Amount of all other liabilities	2,323.94
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$474,378.96
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Net premiums received during the year	\$6,594.08
Losses paid during the year	2,359.31
Losses incurred during the year	1,858.43
GRAIN DEALERS NATIONAL MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.	
J. W. McCord, president	
C. A. McCarter, secretary	

Pennsylvania Lumbermen Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,238,034.97
Total Income	\$87,260.00
Disbursements	\$244,416.20
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	301,026.84
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	111,521.94
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	19,430.88
Amount of all other expenditures	106,408.84
Total expenditures	\$782,821.50
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$34,456.96
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	1,077,515.82
Cash in banks and on hand	62,128.53
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1920	20,302.48
Interest and rents due and accrued	20,953.78
Total admitted assets	\$1,531,358.37
Liabilities	\$27,732.08
Gross claims for losses unpaid	416,264.10
Amount of all other liabilities	9,229.28
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$425,493.38
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Net premiums received during the year	\$6,374.44
Losses paid during the year	3,163.63
Losses incurred during the year	1,407.50
PENNSYLVANIA LUMBERMEN'S MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.	
Edward F. Henson, President	
Harry Longmire, Secretary	
Statutory resident attorney for service—	
F. I. Finley, Portland, Oregon	

Lumber Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Total Premium Income for the year	\$9,196,982.89
Interest, Dividends and rents received during the year	1,626,805.08
Income from other sources received during the year	1,348,540.47
Total Income	\$12,172,328.44
Disbursements	\$2,080,401.91
Paid for losses, endowments, annuities and surrenders	\$2,080,401.91
Dividends paid to policyholders during the year	373,019.47
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	100,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	3,103,377.93
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	228,644.77
Amount of all other expenditures	1,655,923.33
Total expenditures	\$7,538,125.81
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$470,400.83
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	1,904,425.86
Premium notes and policy loans	19,301,464.97
Cash in banks and on hand	528,512.16
Net unearned premium	856,890.98
Interest and rents due and accrued	759,185.19
Other assets (net)	5,081.78
Total admitted assets	\$28,218,298.79
Liabilities	\$23,793,849.13
Gross claims for losses unpaid	171,953.00
Amount of all other liabilities	1,690,500.21
Unassigned funds (surplus)	1,616,964.46
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock of \$1,000,000.00	\$23,213,346.79
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Net premiums received during the year	4,619.49
Losses paid during the year	3,182.79
Losses incurred during the year	1,426.66
THE LUMBER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF BOSTON, MASS.	
George H. Davenport, President	
Harry E. Stone, Secretary	
Statutory resident attorney for service—	
F. I. Finley, Portland, Oregon	

to leave home, try Foley Kidney Pills. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Alliance Insurance Company

of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Total Income	\$9,042,150.54
Disbursements	\$1,594,645.20
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	151,250.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	914,491.93
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	196,026.68
Amount of all other expenditures	182,931.16
Total expenditures	\$2,999,324.27
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$4,258,541.93
Cash in banks and on hand	351,194.29
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1920	507,835.44
Bills receivable	6,717.50
Interest and rents due and accrued	68,313.06
Insurance recoverable on paid losses	6,436.25
Total admitted assets	\$8,599,898.47
Liabilities	\$791,700.00
Gross claims for losses unpaid	2,207,702.69
Amount of all other liabilities	111,593.83
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$9,137,986.52
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Net premiums received during the year	\$4,198.61
Losses paid during the year	14,442.93
Losses incurred during the year	4,764.54
ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA	
Benjamin Wash, president	
John Kremer, secretary	
Statutory resident attorney for service—	
Walter E. Bliss, 204 Lewis Bldg., Portland, Ore.	
Resident agent, W. A. Liston, 484 Court street	

Pennsylvania Millers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

of Wilkes-Barre, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Total Premium Income for the year	\$614,950.75
Interest, Dividends and rents received during the year	45,973.76
Income from other sources received during the year	564.00
Total Income	\$661,488.51
Disbursements	\$251,629.38
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	104,534.82
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	33,178.74
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	16,556.29
Amount of all other expenditures	\$415,499.23
Total expenditures	\$1,077,128.61
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$1,097,564.96
Cash in banks and on hand	139,947.99
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1920	60,560.40
Interest and rents due and accrued	19,235.95
Total admitted assets	\$1,317,049.30
Liabilities	\$71,446.52
Gross claims for losses unpaid	349,379.84
Amount of all other liabilities	25,066.68
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$374,446.52
Business in Oregon for the Year	
Net premiums received during the year	\$3,872.48
Losses paid during the year	497.43
Losses incurred during the year	404.22
PENNSYLVANIA MILLERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.	
Asher Miner, President	
John Hoffa, Secretary	
Statutory resident attorney for service—	
Insurance Commissioner of Oregon	

Missouri State Life Insurance Company

of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, on the thirty-first day of December, 1920, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Total Premium Income for the year	\$9,196,982.89
Interest, Dividends and rents received during the year	1,626,805.08
Income from other sources received during the year	1,348,540.47
Total Income	\$12,172,328.44
Disbursements	\$2,080,401.91
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