

# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE**  
**"SAPPER"**

Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

## PROLOGUE

In the month of December, 1918, and on the very day that a British cavalry division marched into Cologne, with flags flying and bands playing as the conquerors or a beaten nation, the manager of the Hotel Nationale in Berné received a letter. Its contents appeared to puzzle him somewhat, for having read it twice he rang the bell on his desk to summon his secretary. Almost immediately the door opened, and a young French girl came into the room.

"Monsieur rang?"

"Have we ever had staying in the hotel a man called le Comte de Guy?" He leaned back in his chair and looked at her through his pince-nez.

The secretary thought for a moment and then shook her head. "Not as far as I can remember," she said.

"Do we know anything about him? Has he ever fed here, or taken a private room?"

"Not that I know of."

The manager handed her the letter, and waited in silence until she had read it.

"It seems on the face of it a peculiar request from an unknown man," he remarked as she laid it down. "A dinner of four covers; no expense to be spared. Wines specified and if not in hotel to be obtained. A private room at half-past seven sharp. Guests to ask for room X."

The secretary nodded in agreement. "It can hardly be a hoax," she remarked after a short silence.

"No." The manager tapped his teeth with his pen thoughtfully. "But if by any chance it was, it would prove an expensive one for us. I wish I could think who this Comte de Guy is."

He took off his pince-nez and laid them on the desk in front of him. "Send the maître d'hôtel to me at once."

Whatever may have been the manager's misgivings, they were certainly not shared by the head waiter as he left the office after receiving his instructions. War and short rations had not been conducive to any particularly lucrative business in his sphere; and the whole sound of the proposed entertainment seemed to him to contain considerable promise.

And so at about twenty minutes past seven the maître d'hôtel was hovering around the hall-porter, the manager was hovering round the maître d'hôtel, and the secretary was hovering around both. At five-and-twenty minutes past the first guest arrived.

He was a peculiar-looking man, in a big fur coat, reminding one irresistibly of a codfish.

"I wish to be taken to Room X," the French secretary stiffened involuntarily as the maître d'hôtel stepped obsequiously forward. Cosmopolitan as the hotel was, even now she could never hear German spoken without an inward shudder of disgust.

"A Boche," she murmured in disgust. Almost immediately afterward the second and third members of the party arrived. They did not come together, and what seemed peculiar to the manager was that they were evidently strangers to one another.

The leading one—a tall gaunt man with a ragged beard and a pair of piercing eyes—asked in a nasal and by no means an inaudible tone for Room X. As he spoke a little fat man who was standing just behind him started perceptibly, and shot a birdlike glance at the speaker.

Then in execrable French he too asked for Room X.

"He's not French," said the secretary excitedly to the manager. "That last one was another Boche."

swing doors he turned to the head waiter. "Business good?" he asked.

No—business decidedly was not good. The waiter was voluble. Business had never been so poor in the memory of man. . . . But it was to be hoped that the dinner would be to Monsieur le Comte's liking. . . . Also the wines.

"If everything is to my satisfaction you will not regret it," said the count tersely. "But remember one thing. After the coffee has been brought in, I do not wish to be disturbed under any



"Monsieur le Comte de Guy?"

circumstances whatever." The head waiter paused as he came to a door, and the count repeated the last few words. "Under no circumstances whatever."

"Mais certainement, Monsieur le Comte," I personally will see to it. . . .

As he spoke he flung open the door and the count entered. It cannot be said that the atmosphere of the room was congenial. The three occupants were regarding one another in hostile silence, and as the count entered they, with one accord, transferred their suspicious glances to him.

For a moment he stood motionless, while he looked at each one in turn. Then he stepped forward.

"Good evening, gentlemen"—he still spoke in French—"I am honored at your presence." He turned to the head waiter. "Let dinner be served in five minutes exactly."

With a bow the man left the room, and the door closed.

"During that five minutes, gentlemen, I propose to introduce myself to you, and you to one another. The business which I wish to discuss we will postpone, with your permission, till after the coffee, when we shall be undisturbed."

In silence the three guests waited until he unwound the thick white muffler; then, with undisguised curiosity, they studied their host. In appearance he was striking. He had a short dark beard, and in profile his face was aquiline and stern. The eyes, which had so impressed the manager, seemed now to be a cold grey-blue; the thick brown hair, flecked slightly with grey, was brushed back from a broad forehead. To even the most superficial observer the giver of the feast was a man of power; a man capable of forming instant decisions and of carrying them through.

And if so much was obvious to the superficial observer, it was more than obvious to the three men who stood by the fire watching him. Each one of them, as he watched the host, realized that he was in the presence of a great man. It was enough: great men do not send fool invitations to dinner to men of international repute. It mattered not what form his greatness took—there was money in greatness, big money. And money was their life.

The count advanced first to the American.

"Mr. Hocking, I believe," he remarked in English, holding out his hand. "I am glad you managed to come."

"All in good time," Mr. Hocking, snarled Herr Steinemann. "In a few years more of peace, we should have beaten those swine."

"And now—they have beaten you." The Count smiled slightly. "Let us admit that the war was the act of a fool, if you like, but as men of business we can only deal with the result."

The result, gentlemen, as it concerns us. Both you gentlemen are sufficiently patriotic to resent the presence of that army at Cologne, I have no doubt. And you, Mr. Hocking, have no love on personal grounds for the English. . . . But I am not proposing to appeal to financiers of your reputation on such grounds as those to support my scheme. . . . It is enough that your personal predilections run with me and not against what I am about to put before you—the defeat of England. . . . A defeat more utter and complete than if she had lost the war."

His voice sank a little, and instinctively his three listeners drew closer.

"Don't think I am proposing this through motives of revenge merely. We are business men, and revenge is only worth our while if it pays. This will pay. There is a force in England which, if it can be harnessed and led properly, will result in millions coming to you. . . . It is present now in every nation—fettered, inarticulate, un-co-ordinated. . . . It is partly the result of the war—the war that the idiots have waged. . . . Harness that force, gentlemen, co-ordinate it, and use it for your own ends."

That is my proposal. Not only will you humble that cursed country to the dirt, but you will taste of power such as few men have tasted before. . . . The Count stood up, his eyes blazing. "And I—I will do it for you."

He resumed his seat, and his left hand, slipping off the table, beat a tattoo on his knee.

"This is our opportunity—the opportunity of clever men. I have not got the money necessary; you have. . . . He leaned forward in his chair, and glanced at the intent faces of his audience. Then he began to speak. . . . Ten minutes later he pushed back his chair.

"There is my proposal, gentlemen, in a nutshell. Unforeseen developments will doubtless occur; I have spent my life overcoming the unexpected. What is your answer?"

He rose and stood with his back to them by the fire, and for several minutes no one spoke. Each man was busy with his own thoughts, and showed if in his own particular way, Comte de Guy stared unconcernedly at the fire, as if indifferent to the result of their thoughts. In his attitude at that moment he gave a true expression to his attitude on life. Accustomed to play with great stakes, he had just dealt the cards for the most gigantic gamble of his life. . . . What matter to the three men, who were looking at the hands he had given them, that only a master criminal could have conceived such a game? The only question which occupied their minds was whether he could carry it through. And on that point they had only their judgment of his personality to rely on.

Suddenly the American removed the toothpick from his mouth and stretched out his legs.

"There is a question which occurs to me, Count, before I make up my mind on the matter. Are you disposed to be a little more communicative about yourself? If we agree to come in on this hand, it's going to cost big money. The handling of that money is with you. What—who are you?"

Von Gratz nodded his head in agreement. Steinemann raised his eyes to the Count's face as he turned and faced them. . . .

"A very fair question, gentlemen, and yet one which I regret I am unable to answer. I would not insult your intelligence by giving you the fictitious address of a fictitious Count. Enough that I am a man whose livelihood lies in other people's pockets. As you say, Mr. Hocking, it is going to cost big

"Gentlemen," he remarked, when his cigar was going to his satisfaction, "we are all men of business. I said before dinner that I considered we were sufficiently big to exclude any small arbitrary national distinctions from our minds. As men whose interests are international, such things are beneath us. I wish now to slightly qualify that remark." He turned to the American on his right, who with eyes half closed was thoughtfully picking his teeth. "At this stage, I address myself particularly to you."

"Go right ahead," drawled Mr. Hocking.

"I do not wish to touch on the war—or its result; but though the Central Powers have been beaten by America and France and England, I think I can speak for you two gentlemen"—he bowed to the two Germans—"when I say that it is neither France nor America with whom they desire another round. England is Germany's main enemy; she always has been, she always will be. I have reason to believe, Mr. Hocking, that you personally do not love the English?"

"I guess I don't see what my private feelings have to do with it. But if it's of any interest to the company you are correct in your belief."

"Good." The Count nodded his head as if satisfied. "I take it then that you would not be averse to seeing England down and out."

"Wal," remarked the American, "you can assume anything you feel like. Let's go to the show-down."

Once again the Count nodded his head; then he turned to the two Germans.

"The war was the act of a fool," snarled Herr Steinemann. "In a few years more of peace, we should have beaten those swine."

"And now—they have beaten you." The Count smiled slightly. "Let us admit that the war was the act of a fool, if you like, but as men of business we can only deal with the result."

The result, gentlemen, as it concerns us. Both you gentlemen are sufficiently patriotic to resent the presence of that army at Cologne, I have no doubt. And you, Mr. Hocking, have no love on personal grounds for the English. . . . But I am not proposing to appeal to financiers of your reputation on such grounds as those to support my scheme. . . . It is enough that your personal predilections run with me and not against what I am about to put before you—the defeat of England. . . . A defeat more utter and complete than if she had lost the war."

His voice sank a little, and instinctively his three listeners drew closer.

"Don't think I am proposing this through motives of revenge merely. We are business men, and revenge is only worth our while if it pays. This will pay. There is a force in England which, if it can be harnessed and led properly, will result in millions coming to you. . . . It is present now in every nation—fettered, inarticulate, un-co-ordinated. . . . It is partly the result of the war—the war that the idiots have waged. . . . Harness that force, gentlemen, co-ordinate it, and use it for your own ends."

That is my proposal. Not only will you humble that cursed country to the dirt, but you will taste of power such as few men have tasted before. . . . The Count stood up, his eyes blazing. "And I—I will do it for you."

He resumed his seat, and his left hand, slipping off the table, beat a tattoo on his knee.

"This is our opportunity—the opportunity of clever men. I have not got the money necessary; you have. . . . He leaned forward in his chair, and glanced at the intent faces of his audience. Then he began to speak. . . . Ten minutes later he pushed back his chair.

"There is my proposal, gentlemen, in a nutshell. Unforeseen developments will doubtless occur; I have spent my life overcoming the unexpected. What is your answer?"

He rose and stood with his back to them by the fire, and for several minutes no one spoke. Each man was busy with his own thoughts, and showed if in his own particular way, Comte de Guy stared unconcernedly at the fire, as if indifferent to the result of their thoughts. In his attitude at that moment he gave a true expression to his attitude on life. Accustomed to play with great stakes, he had just dealt the cards for the most gigantic gamble of his life. . . . What matter to the three men, who were looking at the hands he had given them, that only a master criminal could have conceived such a game? The only question which occupied their minds was whether he could carry it through. And on that point they had only their judgment of his personality to rely on.

Suddenly the American removed the toothpick from his mouth and stretched out his legs.

"There is a question which occurs to me, Count, before I make up my mind on the matter. Are you disposed to be a little more communicative about yourself? If we agree to come in on this hand, it's going to cost big money. The handling of that money is with you. What—who are you?"

Von Gratz nodded his head in agreement. Steinemann raised his eyes to the Count's face as he turned and faced them. . . .

"A very fair question, gentlemen, and yet one which I regret I am unable to answer. I would not insult your intelligence by giving you the fictitious address of a fictitious Count. Enough that I am a man whose livelihood lies in other people's pockets. As you say, Mr. Hocking, it is going to cost big

"Gentlemen," he remarked, when his cigar was going to his satisfaction, "we are all men of business. I said before dinner that I considered we were sufficiently big to exclude any small arbitrary national distinctions from our minds. As men whose interests are international, such things are beneath us. I wish now to slightly qualify that remark." He turned to the American on his right, who with eyes half closed was thoughtfully picking his teeth. "At this stage, I address myself particularly to you."

"Go right ahead," drawled Mr. Hocking.

"I do not wish to touch on the war—or its result; but though the Central Powers have been beaten by America and France and England, I think I can speak for you two gentlemen"—he bowed to the two Germans—"when I say that it is neither France nor America with whom they desire another round. England is Germany's main enemy; she always has been, she always will be. I have reason to believe, Mr. Hocking, that you personally do not love the English?"

"I guess I don't see what my private feelings have to do with it. But if it's of any interest to the company you are correct in your belief."

"Good." The Count nodded his head as if satisfied. "I take it then that you would not be averse to seeing England down and out."

"Wal," remarked the American, "you can assume anything you feel like. Let's go to the show-down."

Once again the Count nodded his head; then he turned to the two Germans.

you to pay me when the job is finished.

"And that payment will be—how much?" Steinemann's guttural voice broke the silence.

"One million pounds sterling—to be split up between you in any proportion you may decide, and to be paid within one month of completion of my work. After that the matter will pass into your hands. . . . and may you leave that cursed country groveling in the dirt. . . . His eyes glowed with a fierce, vindictive fury; and then, as if replacing a mask which had slipped for a moment, the Count was once again the suave, courteous host. He had stated his terms frankly and without haggling; stated them as one big man states them to another of the same kidney, to whom time is money and indecision or beating about the bush anathema.

"Perhaps, Count, you would be good enough to leave us for a few minutes," Von Gratz was speaking. "The decision is a big one, and. . . ."

"Why, certainly, gentlemen." The Count moved toward the door. "I will return in ten minutes. By that time you will have decided—one way or the other."

Genius that he was in the reading of men's minds, he felt that he knew the result of that ten minutes deliberation. . . . And then. . . . What then? . . . In his imagination he saw himself supreme in power, glutted with it—a king, an autocrat, who had only to lift his finger to plunge his kingdom into destruction and annihilation. . . .

And when he had done it, and the country he hated was in ruins, then he would claim his million and enjoy it as a great man should enjoy a great reward. . . . Thus for the space of ten minutes did the Count see visions and dream dreams. That the force he proposed to tamper with was a dangerous force disturbed him not at all; he was a dangerous man. That this scheme would bring ruin, perhaps death, to thousands of innocent men and women caused him no qualm; he was a supreme egoist. All that appealed to him was that he had seen the opportunity that existed, and that he had the nerve and the brain to turn that opportunity to his own advantage. Only the necessary money was lacking. . . . With a quick movement he pulled out his watch. They had had their ten minutes. . . . The matter was settled, the die was cast. . . .

He rose and walked across the lounge. For an appreciable moment the Count paused by the door, and a faint smile came to his lips. Then he opened it, and passed into the room.

The American was still chewing his toothpick; Steinemann was still breathing hard. Only von Gratz had changed his occupation and he was sitting at the table smoking a long thin cigar. The Count closed the door, and walked over to the fireplace. . . . "Well, gentlemen," he said quietly, "what have you decided?"

It was the American who answered. "It goes. With one amendment. The money is too big for three of us; there must be a fourth. That will be a quarter of a million each."

The Count bowed.

"Have you any suggestions as to whom the fourth should be?"

"Yep," said the American shortly. "These two gentlemen agree with me that it should be another of my countrymen—so that we get equal numbers. The man we have decided on is coming to England in a few weeks—Hiram C. Potts. If you get him in, you can count us in, too. If not, the deal's off."

The Count nodded, and if he felt any annoyance at this unexpected development he showed no sign of it on his face.

"I know of Mr. Potts," he answered quickly. "Your big shipping man, isn't he?—I agree to your reservation."

"Good," said the American. "Let's discuss some details."

Without a trace of emotion on his face the Count drew up a chair to the table. It was only when he sat down that he started to play a tattoo on his knee with his left hand. . . .

Half an hour later he entered his luxurious suite of rooms at the Hotel Magnificent.

A girl, who had been lying by the fire reading a French novel, looked up at the sound of the door. She did not speak, for the look on his face told her all she wanted to know.

He crossed to the sofa and smiled down at her.

"Successful. . . on our own terms. Tomorrow, Irma, the Comte de Guy dies, and Carl Peterson and his daughter leave for England. A country gentleman, I think, is Carl Peterson. He might keep hens, and possibly pigs."

## PROFESSIONAL COLUMN

**DR. O. B. BONNER**  
of  
Drs. Bonner & Bonner  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Raleigh, North Carolina  
Will be in Lousburg on Thursday of each week. Office over Scoggin's Drug Store.

**DR. R. F. YARBOROUGH**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Office in Bickett and Yarborough Building.  
Office Phone 296 Residence Phone 28

**DR. W. B. MORTON**  
Eye Specialist  
Office in Hotel Building  
Lousburg, North Carolina

**S. ATWOOD NEWELL**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
Lousburg, N. C. Phone 249  
Office in First National Bank Building  
General Practice

**DR. ARTHUR HYNES FLEMING**  
Surgeon Dentist  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
Office in Masonic Hall Building

**S. P. BURT, M. D.**  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Offices over Scoggin's Drug Store  
Hours 11 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 4 to 5 p. m.

**DR. W. R. BASS**  
Veterinarian  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Special attention to Hogs and Cogs.  
Office and Hospital at R. F. Fuist's Stable. Calls answered day or night  
Phones, Da-56 Night 335

**DR. H. M. BEAM**  
WOOD, N. C.  
Offices at Wood Drug Co.

**DR. D. I. SMITHWICK**  
Dentist  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Office in the First National Bank Building on Main and Nash Sts.

**W. E. PERSON**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
Practice in all courts. Office on Main Street.

**DR. J. B. DAVIS**  
Physician  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
Office Church St. Next to Lousburg Bottling Works  
Hours: 8 to 10; 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.  
Telephone: Office 64-1 Ring  
Res. 64-2 Rings.

**E. B. White F. H. Malone**  
WHITE & MALONE  
LAWYERS  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
General practice, settlement of estates funds invested. One member of the firm always in the office.

**DR. H. H. JOHNSON**  
Physician  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
Offices Adjoining Aycock Drug Co.  
Telephones: Day 287 Night 10

**DR. J. E. MALONE**  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
See in Aycock Drug Store, Market Street, Office Practice Surgery and consultation.

**J. O. NEWELL, M. D.**  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Office in First National Bank Building  
Will be at Lousburg regularly  
Day Phone 249 — Night Phone 249-2

**G. M. BEAM**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Lousburg, N. C.  
Offices over old Tar-River Drug Co. Practice in all courts.

**Wm. H. Ruffin, Thos. W. Ruffin**  
WM. H. & THOS. W. RUFFIN  
Attorneys-at-Law  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
General practice, both civil and criminal, in Franklin and adjoining counties, Supreme and Federal Courts.  
Offices in First National Bank Building.

**REMEMBER YOUR DEAD.**  
Let us submit designs and prices on a nice up-to-date Monument or Tombstone to be erected at the grave of your loved one. Photos burned on China.  
HENDERSON GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS.  
Henderson North Carolina.

**MUMFORD BARBER SHOP**  
Nash Street  
Lousburg, North Carolina  
Only barber shop in Lousburg run by white men. The best of service at most reasonable prices guaranteed. Cleaning and pressing department in connection. Clothes sent for and delivered promptly.

**STEGALL BROS.**  
Barbers  
Lousburg, N. C.  
We have purchased the shop formerly occupied by Oscar Stegall and will run same at the same stand. Satisfaction and cleanliness shall be our motto. Plenty of hot running water and clean towels.

**No Worms in a Healthy Child**  
All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 50c per bottle.

**A Conversationist.**  
Mother—"Willie, have you no manners?"  
Willie—"Well, if I waste 'em now I won't have any when company comes."



"I Will Return in Ten Minutes. By That Time You Will Have Decided One Way or the Other."

money; but compared to the results the costs will be a flea bite. You will have to trust me, even as I shall have to trust you. . . . You will have to trust me not to divert the money which you give me as working expenses into my own pocket. . . . I shall have to trust

**To Stop a Cough Quick**  
take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup. The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough. Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 50c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.