

BULLDOG

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL MCNEILE
"SAPPER"
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Why," he spluttered after a moment, "a lot of these people's names are absolutely household words in the country. They may be well-to-do, but they probably are. Thank God, I've rarely met any, but they ain't certain."

"No more is Peterson," grumbled the American, "at least not in that honor. See here, Captain, it's pretty clear what's happening. In any country to-day you get all sorts and conditions of people with more wind than brain. They just can't stop talking and yet it's not a criminal offense. Some of 'em believe what they say, like Spide-shanks upstairs; some of 'em don't. And if they don't, it makes you wonder why they start writing as well. You've got clever men—intellectual men—look at some of those guys in the first-class general betters and 'most of the worst of the lot. They've got an other class—the men with the business brain, who think they're getting the sticky end of it and are trying to pull the strings out of the fire."

"And the thought is, who are the poor bladdered devils working most prominently in the middle of the war?" he queried. "They ain't got nothing of nothing, and I guess it can't be done. They ain't think they're doing one thing, and what's really going on at the moment is that Peterson is feeling the whole bunch. He wants all the strings in his hands, and it looks to me as if he'd get 'em sooner or later. He's got 'em and he knows where he'll get 'em if he's not got the organization—all either red or revolutionary, or intellectual windstorm, or calculated political. He's annihilated '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. "Sure thing," answered the American. "And when he brings it off, I guess you won't catch Peterson for that. He'll point the blame and the books will show the evidence. I guess it is in Paris that look makes it a certainty. But I ain't certain. In a court of law he could probably win an acquittal on the ground of self-defense. For a while Drummond smoked in silence, while the two discussed amicably in their chair. It was almost six o'clock in the city of the schools. Like most normal Englishmen, politics and horse disputes had led him into a mental path, but he was not over-gloomy. He thought he could be ignorant of the situation that had been somewhat just beneath the surface in his own country. "Not one in a hundred," the American's voice broke into his train of thought. "Of the so-called revolutionaries in this country are really interested. Capitalist's guess. Number One and when they've killed the boys into bloody murder, and your thing is to send them to the front, they'll be the leaders in the street. That's what they're playing for—power, and when they've got it, God bless the men who give it to 'em."

Drummond nodded and lit another cigarette. "Odd things he had said, but he had made a point of allowing discharged soldiers to join the following lines of his direction of action. And to what end?"

A passage in a copy of the book he had recently bought to extend from the speeches of the first class general betters caught his eye. "To me, the big face of modern life is the war between classes. . . . People don't see that the machine that is turning 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! Said for production. . . ."

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 machine that is turning 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! Said for production. . . ."

He replaced the receiver and turned to the American. "Ditching will be here for the meeting at two, and Peterson will be late," he announced slowly. "What's Ditching when he's at?" 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. 'Ditching, Charles. Good speaker; clever; unscrupulous. Requires big money; worth it. Drinks.'"

For a while they stared at the list summary, and then the American burst into a guffaw of laughter. "The mistake you've made, Captain, is in the name. Peterson has a man named Ditching, but he's not the whole colored fellow you're talking about. You've paid him a few hundred dollars in those days in the first-class general betters and 'most of the worst of the lot. They've got an other class—the men with the business brain, who think they're getting the sticky end of it and are trying to pull the strings out of the fire."

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"Mr. Granger was murdered in Belfast, Mr. Potts," said Drummond quietly. "The little number of the gang that killed you?"

"Murdered! Jimmy Granger murdered!" He almost cried in his weakness. "But what the swine want to murder him for?"

"Because they wanted you alone," explained Hugh. "Private secretaries asked awkward questions. . . ."

After a while the millionaire recovered his composure, and with many breaks and pauses the slow, disjointed story continued. "Lakington? That was the name of the man I met at the Carlton. And then there was another. . . ."

"I suppose not," answered Drummond, regretfully. "And yet it's a dreadful thing to say. . . ."

"Sure thing," drawled the American. "But we have our uses, Captain, and I'm inclined to agree with your suggestion. Hand him over along with his book, and they'll sweep up the mess. . . ."

"I would like to see her and thank her," said the millionaire-quickly. "You shall," grinned Hugh. "Come to the wedding; it will be in a fortnight or thereabouts. . . ."

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Lighting a Cigarette, He Sat Down and Waited.

"BREAD" OF STARVING RUSSIA HIS HEART IN RIGHT PLACE

Called "Lebeda," the Stuff is Made of Leaves and Grass, Boiled and Dried.

Circus Tentman Evidently Remembered That He Had Once Been a Small Boy.

A peasant in the government of Samara (soviets Russia) told his wife to make lebeda bread. Here is the story: "In our village there take some linen leaves and grass, chop them up to the size of a pea, and then roll the mixture. After the water has boiled, they squeeze it out and put the stuff into boiling water. They let it boil for an hour, and then they keep the mass until it is dry. After that they grind it fine and add one-third flour. "The bread you get is green in color and indigestible. And when there is no flour, they just bake the green mixture as it is. It does not taste very hotly, but after a man eats it for a while he swells up and gets worms in his stomach, and soon after that he dies."—Moscow Pravda.

Welcome Information! Silas Courtneay was sitting on a plow in a field thinking of his income tax, and the money he had to pay the government for the same. As he cleaved on a piece of straw he saw a friend and neighbor rushing through the field toward him. When the man reached him he exclaimed breathlessly: "You're wanted at home right away, Sil. Mrs. Courtneay has just presented you with another rebate off your income tax."—Exchange.

Ready for More. Father—is the thirty? Daughter—He thriftily, daddie! Why, Jack, saved over \$200 out of that \$100,000 his grandfather left him the year before last.

The man at the little end of the horse always manages to make himself heard.

Are you stepping on the brake or the accelerator?

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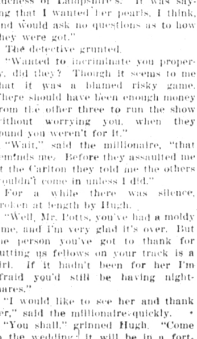
"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

Some men find it easier to get a woman to take to care a man.



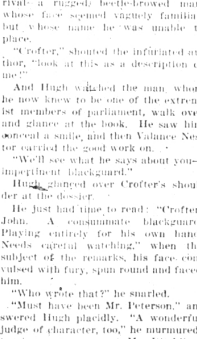
The Millionaire Stared in Silence at the Detective.

The awful nightmare I've suffered the last few days—or is it weeks? I seem to remember having seen you, and you were pale as kind. "There's no hurry," he said. "I'll be back in a few days. You got into the clutches of the most infernal gang of swine, and we've been trying to get you out of there. He looked at him quietly. "Do you think you can remember enough to tell us what happened at the beginning? Take your time, but don't forget that the detective and I were there. The millionaire passed his hand dazedly over his forehead. "I was stopping at the Carlton," he began, "with Granger, my secretary. I went him over to Belfast on a shipping deal and—" He paused and looked round the group. "Where is Granger?" he asked.



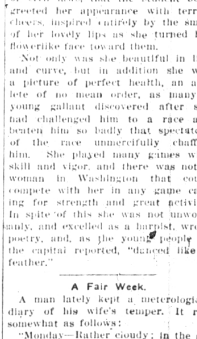
The Detective Grinned.

"What's troubling me," remarked Hugh later, "is what he said with Carl and that sweet girl Irma. "The hour for the meeting was drawing near, and though no one had any idea as to the nature of a meeting it was going to be. It was obvious that Peterson would be one of the happy throng. "I would like to see her and thank her," said the millionaire-quickly. "You shall," grinned Hugh. "Come to the wedding; it will be in a fortnight or thereabouts. . . ."



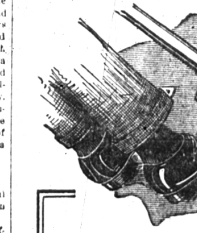
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Miss Harriet Lane Acknowledged to Have Been the Prettiest Lady of the W. H. House.

Historians are inclined to give to Miss Harriet Lane, niece of President Lincoln, the honor for being the prettiest woman that ever ruled the White House social life. She was a blond with hair of a rare gold, deep blue eyes, and a smile that was one of the most beautiful ever owned by a Washington belle. Her beauty was so noticeable that at the dinner of Washington, when she accompanied her uncle, then America's representative in England, to Oxford, where he was to receive the degree of doctor of civil laws, that the student body greeted her appearance with terrific cheers, inspired entirely by the smile of her lovely lips as she turned her bronze face toward them. "Not only was she beautiful in line and curve, but in addition she was a picture of perfect health, an athlete as well as a beauty. She was a young gallant discovered after she had challenged him to a race and beaten him so badly that spectators called the race unmercifully chaffed him. She played many games with skill and vigor, and there was not a woman in Washington that could compete with her in any game calling for strength and great activity. In spite of this she was not unwomanly, and excelled as a pianist, wrote poetry, and was the young girl of the capital reported, 'dressed like a feather.'"



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