

THE STORY OF
"Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
 from the novel and screen play by
 H. C. MERRILL and MUNNALLY JOHNSON
 a 20th CENTURY PICTURE
 Starring
RONALD COLMAN
 with LORETTA YOUNG · CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
 WARNER OLAND and UNA MERKEL
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CHAPTER V

"Where is it?" Achmed shouted, shaking his fist at Drummond. "Give it back to me!"

"I haven't got it—"
 "Search him, you fools! Give it to me, I tell you, Drummond, I swear I'll kill you!"

The French windows at the side of the room flew open and the two bobbies who had been stationed out in front of the house stumbled in. "Ere, now—wot's all this? Open up 'ere!"

"Oo's doing all this 'ere now?"
 "Matter of fact, officer, I am, said Drummond, apologetically.

"It's 'im. Bulldog Drummond!" said one of the bobbies. "It's all right, Prince Achmed. We'll 'andle 'im for you."

Achmed protested that it wasn't necessary to remove Drummond, but

to translate it for him and then forget to bring it."

"Give it to me!" shouted Achmed, seizing Algy by the throat.

The telephone rang. Startled, Achmed grabbed it quickly. It is Inspector Nielson, who wants to know if Drummond has been annoying the Prince. Nielson just discovered his prisoner's escape. Achmed was amused and hung up the receiver with a smile.

"Where is the girl?" he demanded to know of one of his servants. Upon being assured that she was locked in a room upstairs, he instructed the servants to throw Algy in the cellar.

Fearing that the worst is about to happen to Algy, Drummond returned to the house and again placed a ladder under a chamber window, hoping to effect the release of Lola

"Be pretty nice if we could get the whole matter straightened out," said Algy.



Colman and Charles Butterworth do some low plotting—in a cellar

the bobbies insisted and marched the happy Drummond to the door and out to the street, where they told him to go home and behave himself. Drummond thanked the officers for their gentle manner in handling his case, and bid them adieu. As he was leaving, a taxicab pulled up to the curb. Drummond turned in time to see Algy get out and enter the iron gates leading to the house.

With no time to lose, Drummond dashed to his parked car and took a gun from the side pocket, checking the chambers to make sure it was loaded.

Algy happily rang the bell to the house and asked for Captain Drummond. He was quickly admitted. Achmed inquired if Algy is Drummond's friend, to which Algy agrees. "Then come right in, sir. You're indeed welcome," said Achmed.

"Can't stay but a minute, though," said Algy. "Drummond will be right up, I suppose."

"What do you wish to see him about?"

"I decoded a radiogram for him. Probably not ten men in London who could have done it, either. You see, I use the army system.

And you have this translation with you? snarled Achmed.

"Oh, yes. Be pretty stupid of me

and possibly Algy, whom he figured had been imprisoned in one of the bedrooms. Upon entering the room, Drummond found Mrs. Field and Lola bound and gagged. He carried Lola down the ladder; then returned and rescued her Aunt. Drummond took the two women to his car and told them that he is returning to the house to get Algy. Lola refused to allow Drummond to return alone. She insisted on going with him.

"No use," said Lola stubbornly, "I'm not going without you, Hugh." "Say that again . . ." Drummond smiled.

"Oh! . . . Lola is somewhat embarrassed that she should have called Drummond by his first name . . . "I am not leaving until you do." "Lola, dearest," pleaded Drummond, "don't you see that I've got to go back there after Algy?"

"Then I'll be waiting right here." "Darling . . ." Drummond makes his way back to the house and quietly enters the dark living room of the Prince's home through the French windows, gun in hand. He has taken no more than two or three steps into the room when the lights were suddenly turned on. Facing Drummond are Achmed, Lady Jane and the servants. Achmed has a pistol in his hand. Drummond advanced toward him with

his gun held steadily on him. Before he could take three steps an Oriental grabbed Drummond from behind and disarmed him.

"Drummond," said Achmed, "we may as well speak bluntly. I'm quite willing to admit I am without experience in violence like this. I am not a criminal—by choice or habit, but you must believe me when I say I am prepared to go to any lengths to get possession of that radiogram. Even to killing you . . . if that is necessary!"

"My dear fellow," said Drummond, "you are without doubt one of the most engaging blackguards I have ever encountered."

"I have but twenty minutes to give you. By then, my ship will arrive safely at its dock and nothing that either of you or that radiogram could do that would affect me in the slightest. So if you care anything for your life or the life of your friend, Algy, you had best tell me where you've hidden it."

Drummond was escorted to the cellar room where Algy was incarcerated. The two were left alone. "Quick, Algy, what did the radiogram say?"

"I dunno," said Algy. "I ate it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," stammered Algy, "when Achmed tried to force me to give him the translation, I stuck it in my mouth and swallowed it, like a spy, you know."

"What did it say, you idiot. Can't you remember?"

"Let's see. It was to Paul Field and said 'Advise Prince Achmed immediately that Rogers died of colic.' "Colic?"

"Sort of children's stomach-ache. Usually comes from eating green apples," drawled Algy.

"Oh, Algy, Algy, you've missed it. Let me see," Drummond pondered the question. "She said they put the sick seaman ashore—yes and he was the one who died—but not of colic. That wouldn't make sense. That wouldn't account for murder and kidnapping. Oh, forget it, Algy. We've got to get out of here!"

"Be pretty nice if we could get the whole matter straightened out," said Algy musingly, "and I could get to bed, don't you think?"

Drummond's eyes wandered about the room and alit on the house telephone. The expression on his face shows an idea has arrived.

"Look, Algy! I'll ring every house phone in the place until someone comes and then . . . when they do," he picked up an old wringer handle lying on the floor, "I'll hit 'em with this."

With that Drummond began pushing every button on the house phone. Finally, there was a noise at the door. A key flipped the lock and a figure entered the room as Drummond swung the wringer handle. The figure slumped to the floor and Algy and Drummond slipped out of the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COLD FALL WEATHER COMES TONOPAH EARLY THIS YEAR

Coming earlier than usual, and probably prefiguring a severe winter, Tonopah got its first taste of cold fall weather Sunday evening.

Mrs. Rodgers at the weather bureau reported a low temperature of 32 degrees Sunday night, and a passing cloud Monday morning about 6:30 dropped a light sprinkle of hail as it drifted over town.

Gardners expected to find the less hardy varieties of flowers frost-bitten this morning, but so far as known there were no casualties along this line in local gardens.

—Tonopah Times.

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STAGE KILLS THIRTY-FOUR SHEEP NEAR FALLON

FALLON—Thirty-four sheep were killed and 14 were crippled when the Hiskey stage, Fallon-bound, ran into a band near the river bridge a few miles west of Fallon. W. J. McKenzie, who was driving the stage, did not see the sheep in the road until too late to stop, officers reported.

The sheep, this spring's lambs, were the property of Pete Camini and were being trailed from Alpine to Lohse pasture purchased by Camini. There were three herders with the band but none had a flashlight with which to flag down approaching cars, and the band, buckled up in the darkness, could not be moved across the road to avoid danger.

—Tonopah Times.