

# Speed Your Way to Success by specialized Home Study

So you dropped out of school too soon? Well, cheer up! Ask any representative group of Executives, Engineers or Educators and most of them will tell you: "You CAN make good through specialized home study... IF you will make the effort and STICK to your course." In fact, you'll find that a number of important men in nearly every locality are former home study students themselves. They KNOW and have PROVED that home study pays.

In 40 years, home study has become an integral part of "the American way" . . . a nationwide educational system especially geared to the needs of wage earners. Today, there are far more home study schools than you perhaps realize—and you may place confidence in the courses of the American School, established over 40 years ago to bring you the advantages of advanced education.

Courses complete in themselves and include basic subjects essential to proper understanding of more advanced portions.

Catalogs and bulletins sent FREE.

COMMERCE and Industry are tough taskmasters today—but they are just. The penalties of failure may be heavy—but the rewards of success are rich. If you persist in doing work that *anyone* else can do—if you carelessly leave yourself open to competition with Machinery that sooner or later may do all the "unthinking" jobs . . . the repetitive tasks—you are slated for final disappointment and bitterness. To win out, today, you must THINK. You must think ON the job and AWAY from it and, most important, you must think AHEAD of it. And that takes study.

## Join this "Promotion Parade" of Progress-Minded Men and Women

Of the approximately 2,000,000 men and women enrolled for further education in universities, colleges, institutes of technology and home study institutions, about 37%—or 750,000—have chosen home study as most practical for their purposes. They want to win Success. You do, too! They have FAITH in themselves. Do you believe in yourself? They have investigated home study—decided that it offers them their way "out and up" . . . out of the low pay, periodically unemployed rank and file . . . up into well paid positions where they enjoy prosperity, security and respect.

Get the facts, yourself. On coupon, check the line of work that MOST interests you . . . mail it PROMPTLY for information and complete details of this offer. NO OBLIGATION. Address your inquiry, TODAY, to

## AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. 6749, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

-----Mark, Clip and Mail This Coupon NOW-----

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. 6749, Drexel at 58th, Chicago  
Without obligation, please send FREE and postpaid, bulletin and details of the Subjects checked.

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Elec. & Gas Refrigeration
- ☐ Architecture and Building
- ☐ Plumbing and Steam Fitting
- ☐ Automotive Engineering
- ☐ Aviation Drafting
- ☐ Aviation Engineering
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Accounting and C.P.A.
- ☐ Salesmanship

- ☐ Retail Merchandising
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Practical Bookkeeping
- ☐ Economics of Direct Selling
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Topographical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineering

- ☐ Drafting and Design
- ☐ Radio and Television
- ☐ High School
- ☐ Home Economics Courses
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Liberal Arts
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Shop Management
- ☐ Tool Making
- ☐ Better Foremanship
- ☐ Engine and Boiler Work

Name.....Occupation.....  
Address.....Age.....  
City.....State.....

**Thousands Have Made Good through HOME STUDY**

# LOCAL CORPSE MAKES GOOD!

A Cash Wale Novelette

by Peter Paige

Author of "Lady, Can You Spare a Corpse?"  
etc.

*Meet the screwy Strouds—including redheaded Angela, who carried the torch for her handsome butler; Kippy Boy, the moronic giant who played with dolls; and Old Simon, who was just dying to get bumped off.*

## CHAPTER ONE

### One Big Happy Family

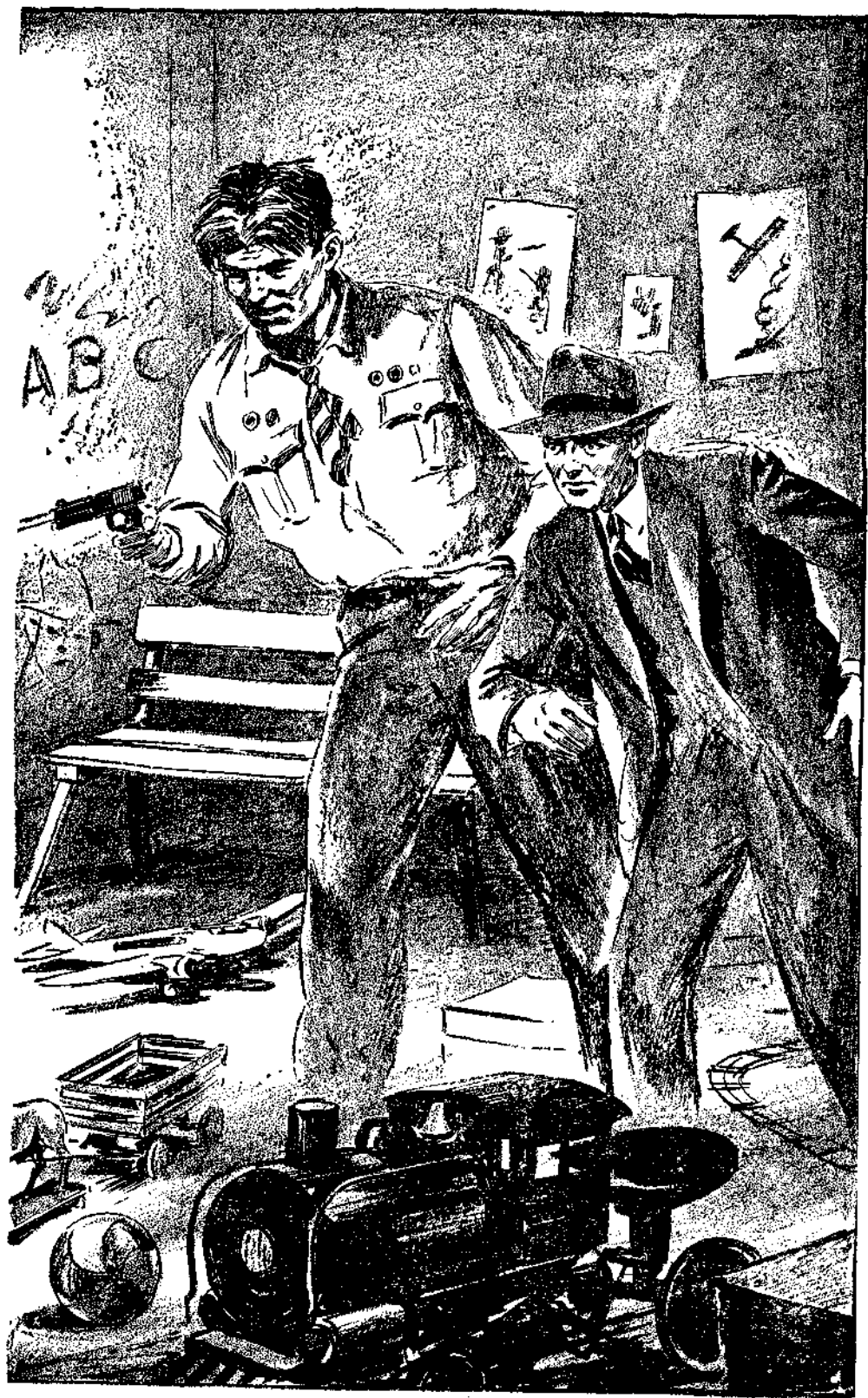
AS A PRIVATE gun for Prohibition fuckers, who are now mainly in blocks of cement or Alcatraz and, since then, as the Cash Wale Investigation Service, I have been hired to commit practically every sheenanigan from polite blackmail to homicide. But never before had a client begged me to measure him for a coffin, put him in it and see that he stayed there.

And it was the first time a refugee from a nut factory made me play marbles with him and like it. But like it!

The scene was a Greenwich Village block consisting of three antiquated buildings: Borine's Village Stable Club, Fink-



“Bang! You’re dead!” yelled Kippy Boy.



lestein's Mattress Factory and the Manhattan mansion of the copper-mining Strouds—huddled from left to right in that order. Three of Gotham's heirlooms, aged and humble, entrapped by a circle of apartment skyscrapers. The night was black velvet, paced by occasional street lamps casting their pale glow for even more occasional pedestrians, and vehicular traffic was nil. So much for the scene.

The Stroud mansion's door stood open as Sailor Duffy and I mounted the marble steps. It stood carelessly open, revealing the back of a cuddly redhead who was feverishly lost in the embrace of a white-haired man. He must have been twice her age. It looked like incest.

Sailor Duffy snickered and they sprang apart. White Hair was a ringer for Clive Brook, that same melancholy expression—smeared a bit now from lip rouge. His tie was white, his collar winged, his monkey-jacket tailed. This was not incest but a back-stair duet. The guy, so help me, was the butler.

Redhead was less cuddly fore than aft. Not pretty, clean-cut. Her nose was too short, her mouth too wide, her eyes too large and her white lamé evening gown under a black sable jacket too expensive for the usual back-stair recipient of a butler's oats.

I said: "Pardon the interruption. I'm Wale. Mrs. Bemish lured me here with this."

Redhead looked from the hundred dollar bill in my hand to the butler, then to me—a slow flush mounting her cheeks.

"I am Mrs. Bemish," she managed to squeeze out in a Newport accent. "Mrs. James Bemish. I never heard of you. I—oh, perhaps you want my mother-in-law, Martha Bemish." Her flush deepened.

"O.K.," I said, kicking Sailor's shin to quash another snicker.

Mrs. James Bemish had enough poise to say: "Will you show the gentlemen to the library. Gibbons?"

"Very well, moddom," he said, crawling back into his austere shell.

THEIR glances stuck for one torrid moment, then she was racing up a stairway that faced the door. I pegged her now. Angela, the last of the Strouds. But it was none of mine. I followed Gib-

bons into a library with a massive fireplace in use, leather upholstery, heavy green broadloom underfoot, about a million books in shelves that ran to the vaulted ceiling, and the second Mrs. Bemish.

The mother-in-law—a tiny, gray-haired, gray-frocked, gray-eyed woman with nervous, fluttery hands. Her glance also fluttered, from me to Sailor, then hovered uncertainly between us.

"I'm Wale," I announced. "Your retainer is in my pocket. Where's the body?"

All of her fluttered at that.

"Body? Body? What makes you say that?"

"A figurative expression," I explained, regarding her curiously. As her worried eyes shifted to Sailor Duffy, I added: "The Sailor and me are a team, Mrs. Bemish. Any confidence is mutual."

I could have added that any confidence would be overpowered by the noises that continually shuttled between Sailor's cauliflower ears.

He was a walking accident that had happened. Sport scribes still grew nostalgic about the night he had dropped a fifteen-round decision to the heavyweight champ.

Mrs. Bemish said: "Boris Borine told me I could rely on your discretion and resourcefulness, Mr. Wale."

"I earn what I get," I said.

"Will you come with me—alone?" she said nervously, brushing past me into the hall.

Gibbons was opening the front door at the same time to admit a top-hatted specimen of Broadway by night, a tall guy with a young pink face in contrast to dabs of gray at his temples and bluish sacs under his bleared gray eyes.

The eyes widened at the butler's face. The young guy said: "Take my wife's lipstick off your obsequious, double-talking mouth, bum." He said it evenly, if thickly, but without rancor.

As Gibbons whitened, the young guy took notice of us. He bowed elaborately. "Gentlemen, forgive me for publicly calling attention to the obvious. These situations are best settled by check. My wife, unfortunately, can out-check me. It is an impasse."

"James," cried out Martha Bemish in agitation, "you are intoxicated. Gibbons, leave us, please."

"Not intoxicated, mother," James Bemish said as the butler faded. "Slightly spiffed, that's all."

"A bug, hey, Cash?" Sailor grunted in my ear.

"I resent that," James Bemish said stiffly, then added, smiling: "Or I would if someone tied you down and I had an axe. I know I should learn what you gentlemen are doing in my wife's house at one o'clock in the morning, but I much prefer to guess under the stimulation of my wife's really excellent Scotch."

He wandered down the hall, twirling his top hat, and Martha Bemish explained worriedly: "James is not himself tonight, Mr. Wale. He has been under a terrible strain—"

"Who's perfect?" I shrugged.

She sighed and continued up the stairs. I told Sailor to wait in the library and followed. There were the makings of a neat situation here, I thought. Possibilities of all kinds. Refined, genteel possibilities such as every shamus dreams about. A divorce angle maybe. Or perhaps, considering my hundred dollar retainer, a spot of blackmail. Someone holding a back-stair duet over the Stroud prestige like a club. It would be a nice restful, remunerative sort of job, I thought.

Like a sap.

**B**ETWEEN the third floor corridor and the attic of Finklestein's Mattress Factory next door ran a narrow covered bridge. Glass-paneled doors guarded either end and side windows looked out over a black alleyway to the night-cloaked streets beyond.

"Simon's studio," explained Martha Bemish, leading me across.

"Simon Stroud?" I asked.

"Angela's father. You met Angela."

Her lips wrinkled distastefully at the name and I let it pass. We stepped into murky, flickering candle-light.

The light flickered because a good chunk was missing from the skylight that formed the far half of the peaked attic ceiling. Through the skylight, I made out Borine's Village Stable Club's sloping

roof and the fire-fly windows of an apartment skyscraper beyond.

About us lay paintings on racks, blank canvases, bottles holding brushes, the smells of oil paint and turpentine. The paintings were little better than colored blotches—Borine had tipped me about them.

From behind a Japanese screen that blocked one half of the studio from the other came a sound I didn't believe at first. Martha Bemish motioned me around it and I saw the reigning Stroud.

For almost a minute I forgot to breathe.

I was looking at a guy with a reputation for painting pictures in the dark. So his eyes would not profane the ideas he wanted to put on canvas. Any other guy with such a rep would have been chased with a net. But Simon Stroud rated half a million yearly from the family copper mines.

So they called it genius.

He didn't look like a genius now. He looked like a white marble statue someone had set in a wheelchair and thrown a dirty gray blanket around. A paint brush was clutched in his blue-veined right hand as if he had frozen in the act of using it.

His face was cold, craggy, expressionless under a shock of snow-white hair. That sound I couldn't believe dribbled through his bloodless lips.

It was a steady whimper—like the cry of a baby starving to death.

Martha Bemish led me between him and an easel on which stood a blank canvas. "Simon," she said tenderly, "this is Cash Wale. He is going to help me."

I couldn't tell from his blank eyes if he saw me, but the whimpering ceased. Words came. I had to bend close to hear them.

"I heard about you," he was saying. "Cash Wale. Guns. You have killed many. It is said you will do anything for a price. I want you to do something for me. I can give you more money than you could ever spend. You would know how to arrange it—"

"Arrange what?" I whispered. The setup made for whispers.

"My death," he said. "Please kill me—"

Martha Bemish met my startled glance with an expression of mingled sorrow and

despair and a warning shake of her grayed head. I followed her around the screen and whispered: "I don't get it, Mrs. Bemish. My reputation notwithstanding, I'm no hired gun."

"My need of you has nothing to do with Simon," she said, actually trembling, her fingers deep in my arm. "I wanted you to understand the situation here before—"

"Before what?" I asked as she faltered. "Boris Borine gave me your hundred which he said was a retainer. You had asked him to recommend somebody to handle a case too delicate for the usual agencies, but up to here I see no case to handle."

Martha Bemish stood pale and motionless, her palms pressed against her cheeks.

"It is under those canvases behind you," she choked out.

I found it. The canvases moved under pressure of my foot, then I saw what lay under them. I could have used some of James Bemish's wife's "excellent Scotch" right then. Dropping to one knee, I fingered an outflung wrist.

Not to see if it was ripe for embalming, someone else had seen to that. I wanted to know when. The cold, stiff flesh added to more than twelve and less than forty-eight hours.

The wrist led to a little blond guy who lay on his back staring up with his right eye at nothing. There was no left eye, or left of anything, just a flat cake of dried blood where something blunt had crashed his skull.

"Isn't it terrible?" came Martha Bemish's strained whisper from above me. "He fell through the skylight last night."

My hand slid under him, darted back as the probing fingers touched slivers of glass imbedded in the back of his cheap blue serge jacket. I looked up at the hole in the skylight. A gust of wind swirled through as I looked, almost dousing the candle flames.

"He *what!*" I said.

"I found him when I brought Simon his breakfast this morning," she whispered faintly. "Nobody else in the house knows about him. I explained the broken skylight with a story about boys throwing stones. He just fell in and was—like this."

I gently closed the single, staring eye

and said: "It's your dough. I'm still listening."

Martha Bemish swallowed with difficulty, then whispered: "This is all, Mr. Wale. Nothing else. I was stunned. There was nothing I could do—this horrible, horrible thing being here when I came in this morning. Then I thought of Boris, who has always been kind. He recommended you and—and this is all."

She caught her lips between her teeth and stared down at me as if there was a lot else I should know by intuition or something.

"My advice can keep," I said, rising. "There a phone here?"

"But why?"

"I want conversation with Boris Borine."

She cried: "But Boris knows absolutely nothing about this, Mr. Wale. And you know as much as I do now."

"More," I told her.

THE phone extension was beyond the Japanese screen. Using it, I found myself looking at the chill, marble profile of Simon Stroud. I noticed the paint brush had dropped from his right hand to a fold in the blanket.

That babyish whimper rose and fell from his lips again. I could stand it now. It harmonized with my mood.

"Wale," I said when Borine's heavy voice sounded on the wire. "What's this I learn about Happy Doolan coming out? I thought he was up the river another five years."

In the hesitant pause that followed my query, I could visualize the massive night club proprietor puffing a long Russian cigarette in a longer holder while he probed for my angle.

You did not divulge information at random when you were three hundred pounds of White Russian with a Sing Sing pedigree. Gems had been his undoing when he was *Count* Boris and Society his eager host—until a careless butler held his coat upside down and some family heirlooms tumbled out. Now, with his Village Stable Club at whose roof I was staring, he could afford to steal legitimate.

"Happy Doolan," he finally said, "is being paroled day before yesterday, Cash.

I am learning this from Fenton just a few minutes ago. Fenton was tailing Happy all the way from Ossining until a subway door was closing between them under Times Square. A funny coincidence you should be mentioning Happy Doolan, Cash."

"Keep talking," I said.

"You are knowing the job Happy fumbled?"

"They caught him on a roof," I said.

"Da. They are catching Happy with a string of diamonds. But also they are missing three more strings from under that roof—star rubies, star sapphires and emeralds. Fifty grand worth. A small fortune, no?"

"Yes," I said. "What's the joke?"

Borine's laugh trembled the receiver.

"They are never finding the rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Between under the roof and over the roof, Happy is managing to hide 'em. For ten years they are going crazy looking for them and only Happy can say where they are. A good joke, no?"

"Terrific," I said, dryly. "What's the coincidence? And who's Fenton?"

Borine roared: "The coincidence, Cash, is that you are under that roof now! It is from the Stroud family that Happy is lifting the sparklers!"

I nourished the germ of an idea on that and asked, "Fenton?"

"A insurance investigator. He is wanting to pay Happy five grand for the missing stuff. He is passing around the word to all who are knowing Happy. I am thinking it is the insurance people who are getting Happy's parole for him." Borine shifted the subject. "You are seeing Martha Bemish? Is everything going good, Cash?"

"Yes and no," I said, hanging up.

**I**GNORING Martha Bemish's unspoken question, I went back to the corpse and slapped at his pockets. They felt empty.

"I—I searched when I found him," Martha Bemish whispered shakily, hovering behind me. "There was nothing. Nothing."

"Why didn't you call the cops?" I asked, rising and facing her.

"No," she breathed. "That would be—well, I can't." She steeled herself with

an effort and said: "Mr. Wale, I want you to give me the name of someone who will dispose of this body for five hundred dollars."

Her expression indicated I might find that name on my gun permit.

I said: "Not how these cards stack, lady. No matter where the cops pick him up, he'll lead 'em right back here. And if they *don't* pick him up, they'll be around anyhow. Asking questions about this and that. How long have you been living in the Stroud house?"

"Since James wed Angela. Two years," she said, puzzled. "Angela insisted on remaining with her father. The house is large enough to accommodate us and, frankly, it was a most opportune arrangement. But what has it to do with—this?"

"This," I said, holding her eyes with mine, "is a guy who drank from mutual bottles with me now and then—until he was picked up with a Stroud necklace on the Stroud roof ten years ago."

"It is what Boris Borine would call a funny coincidence," I said. "His name's Doolan, Happy Doolan. A very right guy, Mrs. Bemish, in spite of his profession. There should be fifty thousand dollars' worth of gems around him and, as you see, they're not."

Martha Bemish had acquired some control over her hands and voice. "The police are out of the question," she said quietly. "What shall I do, Mr. Wale?"

I gave it some strenuous thought. Taking her statements at face value, the coincidences were still too pat. Even such blue-bleeding specimens as the Stroud-Bemish clans could be tempted to do violence at the prospect of a fortune in jewelry.

Not to mention that Fenton guy Borine described, the insurance op who took pains to establish he was *looking for* Happy Doolan. Insurance ops ransom loot from looters to salvage payoffs. Such sketchy dealings could net a guy ideas.

In fact, contemplating the prospect, ideas came thick and fast to me. I tabled them for the business at hand and indicated what lay beyond the Japanese screen.

"What did the old guy hear when Happy fell through?"

"Nothing," Martha Bemish said hurriedly. "Simon is deaf. Paralyzed. Ex-

cept for portions of his brain and his right hand. It is an obscure disease—Parkinson's Syndrome—they can do nothing but drug him against the awful pain."

I could see she really felt for the guy.

"We talked to him," I said.

"He can see. Simon read our lips."

"How do I get on the roof?" I asked.

"But *why*?"

I said: "Any way you look at it, this will out. Insurance detectives, having lost track of Happy, will expect him around here to recover his stashed jewels—so they'll cover the house and eventually it will out.

"Your twenty-four hour silence about Happy already makes you a natural for cop investigation and headlines when the news breaks. Your only chance, as I see it, to avoid cop-heat and publicity, is to hand the cops a killer to match the corpse and let the Stroud influence do the rest. And the roof is the first step in the killer's direction."

It registered. She was grasping at straws and I expected her cop phobia to be explained in due time. After I once again draped the black canvases over Happy Doolan, she led me to the covered bridge where a ladder I had not noticed before ran up the wall to a trapdoor.

She made one last try as I was lifting it. "It would be worth a thousand dollars to me if you could find a way not to involve the police at all, Mr. Wale—"

"It wouldn't be worth a conviction as accessory to a homicide," I said dryly. "Besides, personally, I'm allergic to electricity," I added, pushing up into the night.

**I**T WAS like stepping into another world, a world of cool darkness and a billion stars. And the muted strains of jive rhythm—from Borine's floor show.

I began crawling on hands and knees up the steep rows of shingles toward the spot where Happy must have been standing when he dropped.

Ten years ago he had been trapped on the gabled Stroud roof behind me, minus the sparklers. It was a cinch the cops had long since cased every inch of that roof, missing no bets—and drawing a blank.

Which pointed to the roof I was climbing as the possible cache. Happy's descent

through the studio skylight encouraged that possibility.

At the top, I grabbed the base of an old fashioned weathervane, hauled myself up—and slammed headfirst into the head of someone crawling up the other side.

It was a salty, gritty shock. My eyes opened on a fist about the size of a cantalope and growing. Instinct jerked my right hand toward my shoulder holster—but that fist connected first.

My right ear exploded. I was slammed twisting, still clinging to the weathervane with my left hand. This hulking body lurched over the crest of the roof and down at me—

Somehow I managed to writhe over the blunt tip of roof, powerful fingers scraping my shoulder. But twisting around had broken my grip on the weathervane and I went skittering down the other side, down a yard-wide strip of shingles that bordered the skylight.

I remember the vivid shock of briefly glimpsing, through the jagged hole in the skylight, Simon Stroud sitting motionless in the golden candle-light beneath me—then the bottom of the sloping roof of Borine's Village Stable Club whammed me in the back.

There was a hectic moment when I palmed slippery shingles for a hold, gulping cool night air into my starved lungs. My fingers jabbed under my lapel in search of the Colt's butt.

And pawed empty leather.

The revolver must have dropped out while I tumbled, which did me no good, no good at all. On the crest of the studio roof hunched a shapeless silhouette.

As I looked, a spark winked at me. Something split a shingle under my hand the same instant. Then I heard the *snick*! The guy was shooting at me with a silenced automatic.

A nice guy to meet on a dark roof unarmed.

I didn't linger. That silencer was lam insurance. A silencer holds back the exploding bases to muffle the shot blast and, in the process, it jams the automatic mechanism. It has to be removed, blown clear of gases, then screwed back on for a second shot.

That gave me time to scramble up the roof of Borine's Village Stable Club. But,



as I grabbed at the brick chimney on top, the brick I grabbed had to come loose.

It was an experience I nominate for oblivion, sliding back down again, pawing vainly at the shingles, tensing my back for the impending slug. I came to a stop halfway down and spent a year looking back over my shoulder, straining my eyes at the studio roof.

It was deserted.

I was alone with the eerie figure of Simon Stroud. He stared across at me without expression, the candle-light creating and erasing shadows on his gaunt face. My rough-and-tumble attacker was gone.

I waited another year to make certain he was *good* and gone. Then I slowly crawled back up to the chimney. The brick had dropped from my hand somewhere in falling but the hole it left was there in the chimney, a hole deep enough for two bricks.

Inside, I found a chamois jeweler's bag. It was empty.

So that was it.

## CHAPTER TWO

### The Screwy Stroud

**M**ARTHA BEMISH was gone and I thought I was alone when I climbed back down the ladder into the covered bridge. Then someone said: "Cute li'l fella. I like."

I turned into marble.

He crouched on his haunches, blocking my way to the Stroud mansion. A grinning, black-haired, black-stubbled giant wearing a pink nightgown over nothing. He was holding a battered rag doll by one leg, swinging it back and forth playfully. He said: "I like candy. Peppermint."

"Peppermint is nice candy," I said, soothingly.

He chuckled. "They're lookin' all over f' me. Like cops 'n robbers." His eyes narrowed to coal chips. "You gonna give me away?"

"Am I a rat? Would I squeal on a pal?" I said.

"I like you," he said, holding the doll toward my face. "This is Josephine. Ain't she beautiful?"

It looked like it slept in garbage when they weren't scrubbing sewers with it.

"Like a picture," I said.

"I like you so you can kiss Josephine," he said, pushing the filthy doll at my face.

"Not now," I said. "I been eating garlic, onions and garlic. Josephine might not enjoy it."

The guy rose slowly from his crouch, muscles tightening his powerful frame until he was wound up like a top, the grin now a menacing scowl.

"You *better* kiss Josephine," he growled.

It was a toss-up between my fingers creeping slowly to the door of Stroud's studio behind me and his knotted fist—until Martha Bemish's agitated voice sounded from in back of him: "Kippy Boy! You mustn't!"

His scowl faded.

"I'm bad?" he whined.

It was a picture I might have enjoyed from a distance, that tiny gray woman coolly gripping a hairy wrist and crooning: "Naughty Kippy Boy. Poor Josephine needs sleep. I am ashamed of you, Kippy Boy—"

His muscles went limp all at once and my fingers forsook the doorknob for a handkerchief with which I began swabbing the river on my neck.

Martha Bemish threw me a warning glance I didn't need, then baby-talked him into the house. He went meekly. I noticed for the first time that both his wrists bore fresh, circular scars.

In the corridor a door opened between them and me, revealing the canary end of the back stair duct, Mrs. James Bemish, née Angela Stroud. The redhead had changed the evening gown and sable for tweedy street clothes. As her mother-in-law led Kippy Boy out of hearing, she removed the warning finger from her lips and said: "Please, may I have a few words with you? You are *the* Cash Wale?"

I nodded, watched her expression grow mathematical.

"Will you do something for me? For proper remuneration, of course," she added hastily. "I want you to find out for me where my husband obtains his funds—"

"Divorces are not in my line," I cut in. "You want a national agency."

"I want you to find out," she continued

frigidly, tilting her already tilted nose higher, "how my husband can afford a duplex on Central Park West and the tramp who occupies it. How I will make use of such information is no concern of yours. There is no question of divorce."

"Arithmetic?" I asked curious.

"My husband earns thirty-five dollars a week in his capacity as a bank teller," she explained with a ghost of a sneer curling her lips, "and he received an additional fifty dollar allowance from my dad. Yes. Mr. Wale, it is impossible arithmetic."

While I attempted to fit her request and information into the Stroud jigsaw, a very nasty gleam entered her eyes and she said: "I know what you are thinking, Mr. Wale. Whether James had anything to do with the body that fell through my dad's skylight. It has also occurred to me. Regardless, I will pay you well for facts. Think it over."

And, as she nodded the red coiffure significantly, her door swung between us, gently, but with finality.

I stared at it a long moment and remembered Martha Bemish telling me nobody else in the house knew about Happy Doolan's corpse.

It was an item.

**T**HE paneled foyer and library were deserted but voices sounded from below. I found a door to the left of the fireplace and followed wooden steps down into a basement playroom where I gaped at Sailor Duffy.

The big guy was flat on his back, his lungs pumping noisily, his left eye swollen blue and shut. Around his nude, lumpy skull lay a puddle of wet and nearby stood Gibbons, the melancholy butler, with an empty pail in one hand.

James Bemish sat on one corner of a billiard table, taking it all in with an air of cynical amusement. He grinned. "Kippy Boy didn't require an axe and your pal wasn't even tied down." Casually, he added: "That you I heard on the roof before? You look as if you fell off."

Martha Bemish was trying to lead Kippy Boy into a door next to the punching bag but the goon had other interests. He was gazing down at Sailor, wide-eyed.

"Don't the cute big fella wanna play tag no more?" he asked mournfully. Then he

spotted me and brightened: "Look, the cute li'l fella! I wanna play innies wit' the cute li'l fella—"

The door into which Martha Bemish was trying to lead him was only a memory now. Something like a hurricane had come out of it without bothering to undo the Yale lock.

"Mr. Wale," Martha Bemish pleaded, "help me. Humor him into his room."

"You want a Mack truck," I said, not moving.

James Bemish needed: "For a reputed hard guy, your guts soften easily, small stuff."

I stared at him, then walked over to Kippy Boy. His fingers clamped on my arm like a steel vise.

"Cute li'l fella, play innies wit' Kippy Boy," he grinned, dragging me into the room that lay behind the wrecked door. A windowless box of a room, about ten by ten. A mattress lay in one corner on the floor, some sheets and a blanket crumpled over it.

A four-year-old kid might have had himself a time in that room. Dolls, fire-engines, colored blocks and similar diverting gadgets lay scattered about in profusion. Kippy Boy reached under the mattress with his free hand and scooped into view about fifty assorted marbles.

I watched them roll wild over the floor, then told Martha Bemish: "I got him in. Now you get me out."

She clapped a finger to her lips dramatically: "Hist! I hear the Sandman coming!"

That, so help me, did it.

He dropped my arm like a hot coal. He scrambled between the sheets as if his life hung in the balance and the last I saw of him were two huge, hairy ankles encircled by the same kind of fresh scars as I had seen on his wrists.

Quite a difference between the Martha Bemish who almost grew hysterical over Happy Doolan's corpse and this quiet, determined goon-keeper who propped a shovel against the door, then led me back into the basement and ordered: "James, go to bed. It is past two."

"Not till I settle with our obsequious Lothario," her son muttered as he slid off the billiard table, his eyes suddenly hot on the butler.

"No, James!" Martha Bemish cried, scuttling between them. "No, dear, not this way. Please—" She staggered with him toward the stairs. It was like an eccentric little dance, the little gray woman leading.

He snarled over her shoulder: "Wale, why don't you ask Gibbons about that dead hoodlum in Simon's studio?"

GIBBONS stood motionless, staring mournfully down at Sailor who was still out, but breathing normally. It would take a sledge hammer wielded by Gargantua to really do Sailor injury.

"Suppose I ask you?" I told James Bemish.

"No, no, no!" interceded Martha Bemish, urging her son up the stairs. "Please, Mr. Wale. James, go to your room. I insist—"

He was climbing from momentum anyway and was almost over the top when he whirled and leered down. "Suppose you ask me, Wale? And you such a reputed wisenheimer. Don't you know a single hint in the right direction will have the Homicide Squad down on your neck for not reporting the corpse?"

Martha Bemish almost screamed: "James, you don't know what you are saying! Will you go to bed!" Her fluttery white hands balled into fists.

"Just wanted to adjust the ratio of importance around here," he chuckled, backing into the library. The door slammed and I found Martha Bemish's gray eyes intently probing mine.

"Someone played tag with me on the roofs," I shrugged.

"Not James," she breathed. "James was in the library." Her eyes dropped. "I am sorry about Mr. Duffy. It was most unfortunate. You see, Kippy Boy is the reason I cannot have the police called, Mr. Wale."

"He's practically a white paper," I said. "Who saw James in the library all the time I was on the roofs?"

Her white hands fluttered again.

"Please, Mr. Wale, don't consider my son. You saw Kippy Boy's wrists and ankles?"

I nodded. "Sure. Bracelets. He broke loose and found his way home and you're trying to keep it quiet."

"Yes, yes. They treated him like a beast at the institution, Mr. Wale. He must not be returned there."

"You sure take him to heart," I said, curious.

"He is Simon's son," she said as if that explained everything.

I said: "That won't keep him out of Bellevue when the cops start poking around."

She cried: "But you said if you solved—"

"I'm not psychic, Mrs. Bemish," I shrugged. "I have to ask people questions to get answers and people who talk significantly about Happy after you told me your knowledge of him was exclusive are the people I have to ask. I'm sorry for you, but that's how it is."

"James?"

"Among others," I nodded.

She stood clasping and unclasping her hands and turning the idea over in her mind and then, with painful effort, she said: "Let me speak to my son first, Mr. Wale. Then I will—then you—"

It was her breaking point. She had gotten this far on nerve, but now she had to jerk around to hide the wet blinking from her eyes. She scampered up the stairs, leaving me with the butler, Gibbons, who stood at attention, the pail still in his hand.

At close range he looked younger than his shock of white hair indicated, somewhere in his early forties. And still a ringer for Clive Brook.

"How long you been around, Gibbons?" I asked him.

"I was born on the premises, sir," he said woodenly. "And my father before me."

"Then you'd know about Happy Doolan," I said.

"Through the conversation now which I could not help overhearing, sir. The name strikes a reminiscent chord, if I may say so, sir. About ten years ago. A burglary—"

"Fifty grand worth of gewgaws would just about answer your prayers," I interrupted quietly.

"Sir?"

"To ante in the game for Angela's millions," I said.

The guy simply wouldn't ruffle. Still

expressionless, he carried the empty pail up the stairs. I waited for the library door at least to slam, but he crossed me and shut it gently. Then I turned to Sailor Duffy who was blinking owlishly at me through his good right eye.

"The boys at Stillman's should see you now," I said.

"Aw, Cash!" he protested, sitting up painfully. "At monkey clipped me w'en I ain't lookin'. He come into the library askin' me do I wanna play tag. So I chase him down the cellar an' tag him so he laughs now he'll tag me an' connects wid a roundhouse outa the roof. I'll kill the sneaky—"

"Save it," I said tiredly. "What you doing?"

"It's stickin' to your shoe, Cash," he said, tearing a paper fragment loose from the piece of gum which held it to my heel. I nabbed it as he was about to toss it aside.

I wanted to remember where it and my heel became associated. I didn't have to read the broken lines of printing to know what it was. The front and profile half-tones of a little blond smiling guy told me. It was ironical, that pictured smile in my hands and the gruesome original dead in Simon Stroud's attic studio. It was a corner of Happy Doolan's parole warrant.

I wanted to know where I got it because it had to come from Happy's pocket and it was likely the sparklers had been in Happy's pocket also and this arithmetic was simple. But I couldn't remember.

I led Sailor up to the library where I told him: "Stick right in this room, dope. Make believe you're reading a book and watch out Shirley Temple doesn't sneak in and bat out your brains with a feather."

"Aw, Cash," Sailor protested, "didn't I tell you—hey, Cash, where you goin'?"

"After my heater. I feel naked without it," I said, walking out of the house.

**T**HE ladder was propped against the rear of Finklestein's Mattress Factory. It ran all the way up to the roof, its bottom ends sunk deep in spongy earth.

The open window it passed halfway up the factory wall gave me an idea. I shelved it for reference and continued to where the factory and Borine's Village Stable Club stood elbow to elbow. My Colt should

have landed around there but I didn't search for it immediately.

I stared up at Borine's roof where two shadowy figures moved around swinging flashlight beams in the darkness. Their words came distinct in the cool night air.

"You're nuts, how c'n a brick fall outa the chimbley by itself?" demanded one of the figures.

"Well, you see it ain't there!" the other insisted.

They ceased moving and riveted the light beams on each other. I recognized them against the backdrop of twinkling stars—two of Boris Borine's flunkies, bruisers decked out in jockey suits. Bouncers.

His Stable Club featured that kind of atmosphere—saddles for seats, hay scattered about, the smell of horse manure and the help made up as jockeys.

"Listen," argued the first, "that was no brick we heard up here. That was somebody creepin' around. Just like las' night."

"Yeah? Didn't the boss say it was our imaginings las' night? Didn't he?"

"Him! He wouldn't hear from nothin'. He was all wrapped up in 'at little guy las' night, havin' theirselves a time."

The second bouncer said: "Well, they's nobody creepin' around here now, you c'n see that. I still say it was nothin' but a brick fallin' outa the chimbley."

The first bouncer offered an opinion of the second bouncer as they clambered out of sight down the far side of the roof where I heard a trapdoor creak open, then slam.

My Colt lay in a patch of grass. I rubbed it dry with a handkerchief, swabbed the bore with some pipe cleaners, then leathered it and made my way back to the ladder.

As my fingers met the wood, a shot rang out overhead. Not loud—muffled—but there was no mistaking it.

I hesitated a moment, then climbed the ladder as far as the open window, propped a foot on the wooden sill and peered into blackness thick enough to shovel.

From deep inside came the unmistakable cultured voice of Angela Bemish raised in protest. I could not make out words.

I stepped over the sill—into a whitish blur of fist.

There was no chance to grab my heater, not with my head cracking back into the window frame. Not as another fist in my gut jack-knifed me to the floor.

I saw a red whirlpool at my feet and dove headfirst into it. . .

**T**HE dream had something to do with Angela Bemish. She was pleading: "But you can't drown our love in alcohol, darling! Trust me, dear, and I will find a solution—but not—"

Her voice rose like a finger climbing the E string of a violin: "Look, isn't that smoke? Smoke! There, do you see it? Oh, my God, they will find us here—"

In the dream I was sweating like a squeezed sponge and gagging from the stink of burning feathers. Then the mournful expression of Gibbons pushed into my vision and his fingers gripped my shoulder and he was saying: "This wouldn't do, really, sir. You must get out—"

In the dream his voice was thick and the smell of second-hand whiskey mingled with the stink of burning feathers as he

stooped near me. I gagged and shoved him away, caught my finger on a pin in his black satin lapel. It hurt.

It was no dream.

He stumbled back from my shove as I rose painfully to my feet. Someone had planted a ton of bricks in my skull and they kept shifting around. My lungs filled with smoke each breath. Little imps of fire danced in the corners of my vision.

I struggled past Gibbons through streamers of smoke to the window and spent a long time with my head in the cool night air, coughing the smoke from my lungs and staring.

It may have been possible, but I was in no mood for a two-story leap. The ladder was flat on the ground below.

Gibbons' rear wobbled away from me through the smoke as I pulled my head in again, fully aware now of the menace. Finklestein's Mattress Factory was igniting with sickening rapidity—another few minutes and it would be like the heat of a furnace. Already the dancing imps of flame along the bins of stored mattresses had grown into fiery devils.



### "SING A SONG OF SUICIDE"

**F**AINT on the moonless midnight it would sound—the ghastly song of doom. . . . And to listen to its haunting loveliness was an irresistible invitation to death—by your own hand! . . . Music it was, but more than that—a melody of terror, beautiful to the point of pain, impelling. . . .

Would you know the source of this ghostly cantata, the tune that whispered of things too ugly for life, and of the horrifying beauty of death? Then read Stewart Sterling's thrill-packed tale in 10-STORY MYSTERY Magazine—the book of trackless mystery and a thousand chills.

#### Also in this issue:

"Voice of the Mist" by Wyatt Blassingame, a spine-tingling story of a lonely house on the Bayou, a beautiful maiden from a bygone age, and a voice of horror that came from the fog; plus "The Melancholy Corpses" by William R. Cox, and many other dramatic short stories by your favorite mystery writers.

**10 STORY** THE BEST IN  
**MYSTERY** MYSTERY FICTION  
MAGAZINE

On Sale October 10th!

I ran after Gibbons, found the stairs as he lurched to the bottom. I reached the bottom as he staggered through a street door that was slightly ajar. I paused at the door and took inventory.

There were only narrow threads of smoke here, no fire. It must have been set on the second floor. My Colt was untouched in its leather. Whoever clipped me had just wanted use of the ladder—unless that was a stall to shift my attention away from Gibbons. It was a thought.

Another thought shoved it aside, the picture of old Simon Stroud helpless in his wheelchair directly over the conflagration!

Gibbons was reeling in the direction of Borine's Village Stable Club as I hit the street. I started the other way, toward the Stroud mansion, skidded with my legs stiff, reversed and tore after Gibbons.

The cop didn't see me. I knew now that none of it had been a dream, even the part about Angela Bemish.

The haughty redhead, still in her street garb, was clawing and tearing to break the grip of her lanky husband who was

mentioning at the top of his lungs about wives, butlers and mattresses.

It might have been worth hearing if that young uniformed cop wasn't in the middle, trying to break it up.

Around us windows flew open, heads poked out. There was no chance of passing that battling trio without being noticed. And, when the fire became public, everything anybody noticed would become official. So I headed the other way.

I caught up to Gibbons in front of Borine's. A skinny, spectacled guy, emerging as we passed, tangled into both of us and, for a wild second, we duplicated the trio down the block. I had one glimpse of the stranger's hawkish nose and eyes, then Gibbons was rendering apologies and I was with the wind.

I COULD have saved my dash around the block and up three flights of Stroud stairs to the covered bridge.

Martha Bemish standing there, her expression a chalky mixture of despair and horror, checked me with a fluttery gesture. I understood why when Sailor



### "THE PIED PIPER OF NAIROBI"

Gordon MacCreagh brings back that unique trio of African traders—Davie Munro, the Honorable Monty and Babu Charlie—two reprobates and a pious profiteering Scot.

"I'm a man o' peace," asserted Davie, "and ye'll mind that the Book says: *Make thy peace with thine adversary whilst thou art in the way with him.*" Then suddenly the gigantic Caledonian picked up the Axis agent and dangled him by one ankle over the crocodile pool. But that explosion came, of course, only after Davie had learned of the evil which had befallen

Major Frazer of the Military Intelligence, the only other man within a thousand miles who could appreciate the weird wails of Davie's bagpipes.

Plus "Torpedo," by Richard Sale, an unusual story of the last World War—and this: "Mr. Fish," by L. G. Blochman, a thrilling tale of radio communication in the Malay Peninsula; "The Off Chance," by Jack Hines, famous for his Alaskan dog stories; "Hell With the Fire Out," by Fairfax Downey, a fact story of Indian fighting; the final gripping installment of H. Bedford-Jones' "Wagons Away!" and the usual features and departments you can find only in—

# Adventure

On Sale October 10th!

Duffy's back loomed out of the smoke that choked the bridge, straining from side to side.

He was dragging a massive, writhing figure. I slammed the glass-paneled door as they stumbled into the hall, Sailor Duffy gulping gallons of air, his burden coughing and spluttering.

It was Boris Borine, his fat cheeks puffed red, his dark, womanish eyes streaming. He leaned against the wall, coughing helplessly, oblivious to the sparks glinting in the fabric of his dress suit.

As Sailor and I began slapping them out, Martha Bemish sobbed: "Did you see Simon? Boris said he would bring Simon—why didn't he? *Simon*, do you hear?"

"I hear, all right," Sailor grunted between heavy breaths. "I dunno about no Simon, lady. Enough trouble gettin' fat stuff out. He caves into my hands, Cash. Whatta load!"

"You did yourself proud, Sailor," I said.

Even as I spoke, there was a rending, splintering noise and the covered bridge gave way at the studio end, dropped out of sight, left us staring across at Simon Stroud's attic studio. We saw no studio.

Just a vast, growing sheet of flame—

Borine pushed aside our hands. He was a picture, the sagging, disheveled three hundred pounds of him—black smudges on his face, his formerly thick, black eyebrows now whitish wisps.

He fumbled a long Russian cigarette from the heavy, silver case that was his trademark, screwed it into an ebony holder, mouthed the holder without lighting up and began talking to me.

"I am too late, Cash. One of my boys is seeing fire and I am thinking of old Simon helpless in the studio and I am rushing over like mad. It is so hot, the fire. If your Sailor Duffy is not coming, I am burning to pieces."

"Martha—" Borine turned with an attitude of frustration to Mrs. Bemish. "I am so very, very sorry, Martha, but I am not able to even see Simon. The mattresses are making such a heat, I am falling over things on the floor, I am growing so hungry for air to breathe—"

Borine gazed somberly through the

glass-paneled door. "But it is being over for Simon very, very quick, thank God!"

Martha Bemish crumpled soundlessly to the floor.

Sailor was tugging my shoulder. "Hey, Cash. Someone's bangin' hell outa the door downstairs—"

"Go down and let 'em in, you dope," I lashed at him, then turned to Borine who was fingering my lapel. "What's on your mind, Boris?"

He tore the cigarette from its holder and ground it under his heel without having lit it.

"There is something I must tell you, Cash, because there will be troubles. I am not getting far enough into the studio to see the old man, but—"

"But what?" I prompted, as he hesitated.

"I am tripping over somebody there on the floor, Cash," Borine said slowly. "I am having only one little look before I am growing faint from the smoke. It is somebody dead, Cash—"

"Happy Doolan," I said. "He fell in through the skylight with half his head missing."

"Doolan?" Borine stared at me, licking his lips. "With—"

I didn't need a picture.

"Without," I said. "He'd been stripped clean."

Borine could do without diagrams also.

"There will be unpleasant complications, no?" he said, staring across at the blazing factory thoughtfully.

It was a masterpiece of understatement.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Two Times Dead!

**W**HY can't you do something to save my father instead of torturing me? Can't you see how utterly ridiculous are your suspicions? Of course I was there when the fire started—"

She sat in one of the library's leather armchairs, her cheeks wet, her poise shaken. A helmeted fireman stood on one side of her, that young cop on the other. The hard-faced man in the brown business suit who needled her was McCarthy, a deputy fire marshal.

Sailor had let them in. Firemen and hoses swarmed through the house, already there had been three alarms. Martha Bemish lay unconscious in her room under a doctor's care.

They had not stumbled upon Kippy Boy yet. It was three A. M.

"When did you enter the factory?" prodded McCarthy.

"How can I say? After midnight—I am not certain. I was there. Isn't that all you wish to know? Can't you do something about my father?"

"What can be done is being done. How did you get in?"

"The back door has a faulty lock. It was the only place to meet him without starting filthy tongues wagging. I wanted to stop his drinking, he had taken to it because—"

"Who?" pressed McCarthy.

"Gibbons. Our butler. Does it violate your middle class morale to hear that I love my family's servant?"

They had Gibbons, well-singed and smudged. Evidence. He sat in a corner of the library now, face buried in his palms, a figure of abject melancholy. They had learned a fifth of four-dollar Scotch had been absorbed by him, they even had the bottle. More evidence.

A fireman, dripping water, entered before McCarthy could announce the condition of his middle class morale.

"Marshal, it's gettin' under control a little. We can see the body now. It's caught in the attic floor rafters, seems to be in some kind of a chair wedged there—"

"O. K., O. K.," frowned McCarthy as Angela screamed. "We'll get around to that in time. For now—you, Mr. Bemish, I'm listening."

*"Ye gods, it was my own wife! There had been something afire between them a long time, but until I heard her slip out tonight and followed—well, how would you act if you found your wife holding hands with a butler on a mattress—"*

He sat across the library from her, hating her guts with his young-old eyes. His evening clothes were singed, wrinkled and specked with tiny feathers.

One of the hoses leaked and the library rug was becoming soggy. A little, excited guy had dashed in, raving about fire-

insurance and mattresses. Finklestein, himself. McCarthy had two of his boys dash him out again and that was the only time I saw Finklestein. He didn't count.

They still had not gotten to the basement room and Kippy Boy. It was four A. M.

"All right, skip personalities, Bemish," ordered McCarthy. The deputy marshal had his jacket off now—his shirt, tie and suspenders a matched shade of brown. "What do you do for a living, Bemish?"

"I'm a teller in the Eighth National Bank" James was sober now, pale and shaky sober. "We Bemishes are Depression bankrupts," he added by way of explanation.

"What I want to know," McCarthy said, "is how come your clothes show traces of mattresses and fire."

"I was in the factory when the fire started, you know—"

"I don't know. That's why I'm asking. Your wife was there and she managed to get out without being singed or feathered."

"I—I remained after she left," spoke James Bemish.

McCarthy hunched forward.

"Yeah? How come?"

"Her lover didn't leave with her," James spat in a sudden gust of fury. "I saw him meander up the stairs and went to have it out with him. But then—I changed my mind and left." James Bemish sagged low in his chair and gestured, his fury spent. "I left when I saw the fire and Gibbons trying to revive someone on the floor."

"Trying to revive *who*?" pressed McCarthy.

"Him. Cash Wale."

He was pointing at me.

*"Don't ask me, McCarthy. I was a dead duck until friend butler snapped me out of it. Why he came upstairs, I don't know. Why I was there had to do with a ladder I saw leading to an open second floor window. I climbed up to investigate—"*

The spotlight was on me now. They had tried questioning Gibbons, but he was in the throes of a crying jag. A couple of internes were sobering him in the bathroom now. Kippy Boy was still undiscovered in his room and I was glad of that.



How things were shaping, I was convinced that fragment of Happy Doolan's parole warrant had become attached to my shoe in Kippy Boy's room. Which meant that Kippy Boy had locked in his dim wits the key to part of the confusion around.

I HAD not mentioned the shot I heard just before entering the factory. Nobody else had mentioned it and my idea was to let that sleeping dog lie.

It was four thirty.

"That was breaking and entering," McCarthy said, his face leathery and expressionless.

"That's for Finklestein to say," I said. "Me, I was hired by Mrs. Bemish because they'd been bothered here by prowlers. In fact, I'd heard one on the studio roof. So when I saw the ladder it was natural for me to investigate. Now—"

"Now what?" urged McCarthy.

"Now I figure maybe the prowler was a tramp who liked to sleep on mattresses, maybe he lit a careless match—"

McCarthy sighed. "That gag is standard, Wale."

That same fireman dripping water came in again.

"Marshal, it's practically out. We got that corpse in the chair down. Some of the boys think they see another body in the debris—"

"O. K., I'll come now," said McCarthy, adding: "Stick around, Wale. The rest of you, also. I don't mind telling you I don't like any one of your stories. In fact, without exception, I think they stink."

Exit McCarthy.

"I held back on you, Cash, because it is so very delicate," said Borine. "How is one to know your angles, you are such a very crafty—"

We stood in the corridor outside Martha Bemish's room, Boris Borine and I. She was conscious now and my whispers had registered. She had enough on the ball to nod when I asked her to back me in saying she'd called me in to investigate prowlers. Also a standard gag.

They still hadn't stumbled on Kippy Boy. It was five A. M. and a golden dawn was showing up the electric lights in the house for cheap frauds.

"You talking about Happy Doolan?" I asked.

Borine had that massive cigarette case out again.

"*Da*. Happy Doolan. He is coming to me last night. No, it is the night before last now. We are being very good friends up the river and he is having a standard invite. He is telling me that investigator, Fenton, is tailing him to the city. But Happy is shaking him."

"Bit by bit, you're opening up, Boris," I said, curious.

He shrugged. "One is careful, no? After I am seeing how the land is laying, I am telling you. And there is no more to tell, Cash."

"Happy mention the sparklers?" I asked.

Borine smiled. "Would *I*? Would *you*? No, he was in a convivial mood about the parole and we celebrated. He is leaving about three in the morning."

"By the street?" I asked.

Borine frowned. "I am not knowing this, Cash. I say good-bye, good luck to Happy, then I am called away."

"So instead of leaving by the street, he went up through the trapdoor in your roof," I said. "Your flunkies heard him but you told them it was their imaginations."

Borine nodded emphatically.

"*Da*, I said that! I am thinking how should anybody walk on my roof at three in the mornings. It is ridiculous, no?"

"No. Happy did it."

"I do not understand this, Cash."

"The sparklers were stashed behind a loose brick in your chimney," I said. "Happy put 'em there ten years ago and returned night before last to collect."

Borine goggled at me.

"Cash," he whispered, "that is you we are hearing on the roof tonight? The sparklers—"

"Vanished between that loose chimney brick and Simon Stroud's studio," I said.

Borine licked his lips. "Five grand. Fenton's insurance company is offering five grand for the haul, Cash—"

"Grow up!" I snorted. "Would I be kicking around words with you here if I had 'em?"

Borine shrugged dubiously.

**MACHINISTS**  
HANDYBOOK  
NOW READY!

**Prepare!**

**A KEY TO SHOP PRACTICE**  
For Every Machinist, Tool-maker, Machine Operator, Draughtsman, Metal Worker, Mechanic or Student. Covers Shop Practice in All Branches.

**A READY REFERENCE**  
Tells How to Operate and Set Up Lathes, Bore and Milling Machines, Shapers, Drill Presses and All Machine Tools.

**6 PRACTICAL BOOKS IN ONE!**  
60 FULLY ILLUSTRATED CHAPTERS  
Covering: 1—Modern Machine Shop Practice, 2—Blue Print Reading and How to Draw, 3—Calculations & Mathematics for Machinists, 4—Shop Physics, 5—How to Use Slide Rule.

Get This Information for Yourself.  
Mail Coupon Today. No Obligation unless Satisfied. ASK TO SEE IT.

**1600 PAGES FULLY ILLUSTRATED \$4. COMPLETE—PAY ONLY \$1 MO.**

**THEO. AUDEL & CO., 49 WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK**  
Mail AUDEL'S MACHINISTS & TOOLMAKERS HANDY BOOK. Price \$4 on 7 days free trial. If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days and \$1 monthly until \$4 is paid. Otherwise I will return it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Reference \_\_\_\_\_ PER \_\_\_\_\_

### THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—get across your ideas. Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For free book write Scribner O.G.A.

**THE ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)**  
San Jose, California



**SELL TIES—OVER 100% PROFIT**

**IT STARTS YOU IN BUSINESS**

8 1/2 Lined Ties, Sample Tie 35c. Doz. \$1.50  
8 1/2 Solid-On Ties, Sample Tie 25c. Doz. \$2.40  
Hand-Made Ties, Sample Tie 35c. Doz. \$3.50  
25% deposit, balance C.O.D. Write for FREE wholesale catalog.

**PHILIP'S NECKWEAR, 20 West 22nd St., Dept. M-58, New York**

**60 DAYS TRIAL**

**\$7.95**

**FALSE TEETH**

**AS LOW AS \$7.95**

For Plate. Dental plates are made in our own laboratory from your personal impression. **WORKMANSHIP and Material GUARANTEED or PURCHASE PRICE REFUNDED.** We take this risk on our 60-Day Trial Offer.

**DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY** Mail post card for FREE material and catalog of our LOW PRICES. **DON'T PUT IT OFF—Write us today!**

**BRIGHTON-THOMAS DENTAL LABORATORY**  
DEPT. 650 6217 S. HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

**STOP Itching**

**GET RELIEF This Fast Way or Money Back**

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

**CUTE** li'l fella, come t'play innies wit' Kippy Boy? Must keep still. Josephine's sleeping—

He sat on the mattress, grinning up at me. I'd managed to slip down to his basement room in the confusion. Simon Stroud's remains had been on the menu. Happy Doolan had them running around like chickens with their heads chopped off. It gave me that much more leeway.

It was eight A. M. No sleep, no breakfast, my bruised ear and the general excitement had my nerves drawn like piano strings. But nobody had gotten to Kippy Boy ahead of me and that was compensation.

He came off the bed and began pawing me. I let him, my fingers caressing the butt of my Colt in case he took it into his head to play tag à la what he did to Sailor.

I let his thick fingers probe my pockets. Nothing he brought out interested him until he produced the pictures of Happy Doolan I'd found sticking to my shoe.

"Sleeping man," grinned Kippy Boy, shoving the pictures at my face.

"You know him?" I prodded.

"Sleeping man," repeated Kippy Boy. His grin faded and he slapped my pockets. "No toys for Kippy Boy?"

"You expect toys in my pockets?"

He nodded eagerly, began going through my pockets once more. "We play game. You bring toys in these, like Daddy Simon and Brother James—"

I was beginning to get it.

"Next time," I promised.

His grin returned and he began flipping the marbles that lay on the floor aimlessly, keeping up a line of simple chatter.

I fingered a chipped marble and looked around. That doll, Josephine, lay on the mattress. Near it lay a folded wad of paper full of printed matter. I didn't have to examine it closely. One corner was missing—it was the rest of Happy's parole warrant.

It was all I wanted to know.

Kippy Boy had different ideas. That steel-press hand clamped on my arm as I rose to leave. "Li'l fella play more innies wit' Kippy Boy," he said. He began dragging me down to the floor.

(Continued on page 100)

# SAVE UP TO 50% FACTORY-TO-YOU

**BOY NOW**  
Before Rubber Goes Higher  
**GOODYEAR-FIRESTONE**  
**GOODRICH-FISK-U.S.**  
And Other Standard Makes

National Defense calls for rubber conservation! Crude rubber prices are up! Tires are getting scarcer daily. Our Standard Brand reconditioned tires are serviceably repaired by experts with

BALLOON TIRES		STANDARD TIRES	
Size	Price	Size	Price
20x4.00-21	\$1.65	20x4.00-21	\$1.65
20x4.00-20	1.50	20x4.00-20	1.50
20x4.00-19	1.35	20x4.00-19	1.35
20x4.00-18	1.20	20x4.00-18	1.20
20x4.00-17	1.05	20x4.00-17	1.05
20x4.00-16	.90	20x4.00-16	.90
20x4.00-15	.75	20x4.00-15	.75
20x4.00-14	.60	20x4.00-14	.60
20x4.00-13	.45	20x4.00-13	.45
20x4.00-12	.30	20x4.00-12	.30
20x4.00-11	.15	20x4.00-11	.15
20x4.00-10	.00	20x4.00-10	.00
20x4.00-9	.00	20x4.00-9	.00
20x4.00-8	.00	20x4.00-8	.00
20x4.00-7	.00	20x4.00-7	.00
20x4.00-6	.00	20x4.00-6	.00
20x4.00-5	.00	20x4.00-5	.00
20x4.00-4	.00	20x4.00-4	.00
20x4.00-3	.00	20x4.00-3	.00
20x4.00-2	.00	20x4.00-2	.00
20x4.00-1	.00	20x4.00-1	.00



high-gradematerials, will solve the tire problem for you. Only our 26 years' experience and volume sales make these low prices possible. Take advantage of these today. Don't delay. ORDER NOW.

**UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE**  
Our guarantee is the best in the business. We guarantee our tires for 9 months or 10,000 miles, whichever comes first. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money or replace the tire at no charge.

**SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT** on each tire ordered. (Refund on each Trunk Tire.) We ship Balance C. O. D. Deduct \$1.00 cash if cash is sent in full with order. To all orders promptly we may substitute brand or size necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—  
**PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.**  
1720 E. Michigan Ave., Dept. 477-A, Chicago

## SONG POEM

**WRITERS:**  
Send us your original poem. Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. We will pay you \$1.00 per line. All orders promptly we may substitute brand or size necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—  
**PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.**  
1720 E. Michigan Ave., Dept. 477-A, Chicago

look for our plan and FREE Rhyming Dictionary at once.

## BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 50,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you through 40 lessons. C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of A. C. & Co. Inc. members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1134-H, Chicago

## ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 3x5 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form. Groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

**47¢**  
3 for \$1.00



**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed perfect. For smallest 4x6 size 16x20-inch enlargement send C.O.D. \$1.00 plus postage or send \$1.00 in advance. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

**STANDARD ART STUDIOS, 1132 Jefferson St., Dept. 581-P, Chicago**

## SAVE UP TO 50% FACTORY-TO-YOU



**\$5 to \$50 TRADE-IN**  
WRITE for big FREE catalog. Now 1942 models include Radios, Radio-Phonos, Home Recorders. Sensationally low factory-to-you prices: \$19.95 to \$219.95... up to 16 tubes. (Used Agents Wanted).

**MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION**  
DEPT. 88-C CINCINNATI, OHIO

(Continued from page 98)

I gripped my Colt, then released it on a hunch. I said: "Hist! Here comes the Sandman!"

Like touching a button. Kippy Boy dove for cover and I stepped into the basement. Inspector Jack Quinn, of Homicide, said, from the foot of the stairs: "There I was, just commencing my investigation, when I spotted your goon, Duffy, and someone mentioned Cash Wale angled into this case. Why is it, Shrimp, that you always turn up in the dirtiest homicides?"

"You're off-key," I said cautiously. "It's a case of arson."

"Homicide, Shrimp," growled Quinn.

"Maybe I should ask the questions."

I felt even more cautious than I sounded. Quinn had a jaw you could use to crack nuts. The next thing about him you noticed was a pair of shaggy gray brows. Everything else was carved from granite and draped in wrinkled tweeds.

Instead of a heart, the manual of police regulations lay under his vest pocket. And his sole human weakness—developed from years of stubbing his toes over corpses I happened to manufacture—was the quaint idea that my seat and the hot seat should blend.

So caution was my middle name in the vicinity of Inspector Jack Quinn.

"Three other citizens—all with motives—had equal chances to build a fire under Simon Stroud," I suggested.

"Who mentioned the fire?" Quinn countered.

"Let's do this all over again from the beginning," I said.

A uniformed patrolman called down from the library door: "The marshal wants you, Inspector—"

Quinn nodded, motioned. "After you, Shrimp."

He snagged my Colt from its leather as I passed, dropped it in his side pocket.

IT WAS gruesome, that scene in the library. I didn't need Quinn's answers—they lay, in person, on the library rug. There were fear and shock in Martha Bernish's pallid face, but, strangely, no sorrow. James sat deflated in his chair, his young-old eyes brooding across the

library at Angela whose face, in turn, was a dirty gray color and strained to avoid what lay on the rug.

Sailor Duffy's good right eye clung to me for the same reason. Boris Borine fingered his ebony cigarette holder as if it was the first time he had seen it. Gibbons—an even more melancholy Gibbons, if that was possible—looked to be over his bat and sorry he could not commence another.

I didn't blame him, or any of them. Others stood around, but I didn't see who—not with Happy Doolan and Simon Stroud on the library rug.

The corpse of Happy in its morgue basket was not too fire-blackened or unrecognizable—he'd fallen through when the attic flooring gave way. But Simon Stroud, trapped in the metal frame of his wheelchair, had become an object his own mother couldn't recognize.

You can't recognize a charred skeleton. It huddled in what remained of the wheelchair. I understood Quinn's insinuations.

The left side of Simon Stroud's skull had been smashed in by something flat and hard, some weapon like that which had crushed Happy Doolan's skull.

It was evident that Simon Stroud was two times dead.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Local Corpse Makes Good!

OUR entry started a dozen tongues wagging in confusion. Out of the babel emerged McCarthy, the deputy fire marshal, with that skinny, hawkish-faced guy that Gibbons and I had encountered outside of Borine's.

"This man," spoke McCarthy, "may throw some light on the other body, Inspector." He indicated Happy's corpse.

The skinny guy adjusted his gold-rim spectacles and nodded.

"His prints will prove it, Inspector. This is Patrick Doolan, released on parole from Sing Sing day before yesterday."

Quinn said: "Where do you figure in this, mister?"

The skinny guy unfolded a wad of papers.

# WANTED

## MEN and WOMEN

### Work For The GOVERNMENT

**Salaries \$1700-\$2600 Per Year**

**No Layoffs! Vacations With Pay!  
Regular Raises! Good Pensions!**

## A LIFETIME JOB

★ RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS ★

CITY MAIL CARRIERS ★ STENOGRAPHERS—

POST OFFICE CLERKS ★ TYPISTS

RURAL MAIL CARRIERS ★ INSPECTORS OF

CLERKS—FILE CLERKS CUSTOMS

★ PATROL AND IMMIGRATION INSPECTORS ★

**Pay for Course Only  
After You Are  
Appointed & Working**

So sure are we that our simplified Interstate Home Study Course of coaching will result in your passing the government examination and being appointed, that we are willing to accept 1,000 enrollments on the following basis. The price of our complete 10-week course is \$30 plus \$3 Examiners' Fee.

We are willing to give you the course with the understanding that you are to pay for it ONLY AFTER YOU ARE APPOINTED AND WORKING. Should you take the examination and fail, or not be appointed for any reason whatsoever, the loss will be ours, and you will not owe us one cent for the course!

**GET READY IMMEDIATELY!  
FULL Particulars FREE!**

■ **Clip and Mail This Coupon NOW!** ■

INTERSTATE HOME STUDY ACADEMY P.P.11

201 BROAD ST., DIV. P.P.11, NEWARK, N. J.

Please RUSH me FREE particulars how to qualify for a government job.

■ Name ..... (Please print plainly in pencil) ■

■ Address ..... ■

■ City ..... State ..... ■

■ If you wish Paste on Postcard and Mail. ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■

■ ..... ■



## YOU TOO CAN HELP



The boys in our Armed Forces need pleasure, relaxation—FUN! GOOD MAGAZINES ARE NEEDED—and POPULAR PUBLICATIONS has established special, cut-rate subscription prices for all the men in our Army and Navy!

### GIVE THEM THE KIND OF READING THEY LIKE BEST!

Check title and send cash, check or money order. We will enclose gift card with your name.

#### 12 Issue Subscription

<input type="checkbox"/> Adventure	\$1.50	<input type="checkbox"/> 10 Story Western	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Dime Western	1.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Love Book	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Dime Detective	1.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Love Short	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Detective Tales	1.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Stories	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Black Mask	1.50	<input type="checkbox"/> Rangeland	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Star Western	1.50	<input type="checkbox"/> Romances	1.00
		<input type="checkbox"/> The Spider	1.00

**CUT OUT THIS AD AND SEND IT NOW!**

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, Inc.  
205 E. 42nd St., New York City

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Sender's Name.....

N

**BE WELL BUILT! STRONG!** Send for our FREE booklet "Physical Fitness" and catalogue of exercise equipment, bar bells, dumbbells, courses. Follow the "Good" system.  
**GOOD BAR BELL CO., Dept. PG, Reading, Pa.**



#### Earn Daily Cash Profits Selling ADVERTISING BOOK MATCHES FACTORY CONNECTION

Open to salespeople, full or part time. IMMEDIATE CASH PROFITS. Experience unnecessary. Tear 'round business. All business firms prospects. American offers NEW DESIGNS printed in FIVE and SIX COLORS of ink. Low prices for quality product, quick deliveries help get orders. Profitable repeats. Sales kit, full instructions FREE.  
**AMERICAN MATCH & PRINTING CO.**  
4322-42 S. Trumbull Ave., Dept. PP-11, Chicago, Ill.

#### \$100 BONUS OFFER FOR TESTING— NEW CHEAP OIL BURNER

HEAT YOUR HOME, COOK YOUR MEALS  
WITH CHEAP FURNACE OIL

LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE. NO MORE SHOVELING COAL AND ASHES. This sensational new invention fits into your present coal stove or furnace. Life-time guarantee against defects... New Type "FUELLER STARTER VAPORIZING SYSTEM" turns cheap 100 mesh furnace oil, distillate, diesel and like oils into oil-gas heat. Write for details. Sell three and get yours FREE—New Sales plan—SHOWMANSHIP. NOT high pressure salesmanship, sells it. 30 day money-back guarantee plus \$1.00 BONUS OFFER! No cash paid in your name today.  
**NORTHWEST MFG. CO., 519-N 5th, MITCHELL, S.D.**



\$5, \$10, \$15  
FOR ONE  
DRAWING

## Be an ARTIST!

—Train at Home in Your Spare Time

The fascinating field of Art offers commercial opportunities to men and women. Trained Artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Learn to draw step-by-step. COMMERCIAL ART, CARTOONING, ILLUSTRATING, all in one complete course. Write for illustrated FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." No obligation. TWO ART OUTFITS furnished. State age.

**WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 9911T  
1115 — 15th St., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.**

**FREE BOOK**  
gives details

"I represent the Four State Insurance Company, Inspector. Name's Fenton. It's all here proper."

Quinn waved off the papers and nodded at Happy's basket. "So his name's Doolan. What else?"

"My company effected his release to recover the haul that sent him up. We'd taken a fifty thousand dollar slam on that deal. The whole trouble was, Doolan became stir-simple. He wouldn't respect our offer of five thousand to reveal the whereabouts of the gems.

"But we learned through a prison stoolie he planned to dispose of them when he was released through a friend on the outside. So I tailed him down from Ossining." Fenton gestured ruefully. "He lost me in the subway."

Quinn turned to the man from the medical examiner's office who knelt by Simon Strond's remains. The man shook his head.

"Can't prove anything by me, Inspector. Could have been the fire, maybe the blow. No saying what killed him. It'll be enough of a job trying to prove his identity in court—if it comes to that."

Angela Bemish's voice suddenly lashed out: "I will not tolerate your lewd aspersions any longer, you fortune hunter—"

I looked over in time to see her cheek bounce from the applied palm of James Bemish. They hated each other to pieces during five seconds of turmoil as a cop grabbed the chair Gibbons was raising and two more pinned him to the bookshelves. Then Angela screamed: "For that, I will tell them! I will tell them, do you hear?"

He mentioned a few terse items about her bedside manners in a low monotone, bringing her to her feet with gestures, her poise shattered.

"It was you!" she screeched. "I heard you threaten Simon with death!"

Quinn's voice out-yelled hers. "What's that?"

Angela cooled off, Newport seeping back into her voice. She spoke carefully. "Two nights ago I overheard him ask Simon for ten thousand dollars. Simon told him, 'You will receive ten times that in my will,' and this he-gold-digger I had the evil fortune to marry replied, 'I may

collect it sooner than you think!"

"Angela, what are you saying? What are you saying?" wailed Martha Bemish in agony, her white fists beating the air.

Quinn regarded James quizzically. "What was your hurry about ten grand?"

James winced as his mother pleaded: "Tell the inspector she lies, James—"

The appearance of one of Quinn's men created a momentary diversion. He bore the remains of a tiny revolver, looked like a twenty-two. Its cylinder bulged and soot covered the weapon.

"Registered under Simon Stroud," the man told Quinn. "The cartridges in the cylinder went off in the fire. Someone used it in the last twenty-four hours."

"Lay it back where you found it," Quinn directed.

I almost talked when the gun was deposited on the charred wheelchair, next to the blackened skeleton of Simon Stroud but James Bemish was talking in a low monotone. "All right. This will call attention to my accounts in the bank anyway. They're short ten thousand. I bor-

# Gifts YOU LOVE

## EASY PAYMENTS

Easy to give good gifts the Royal way! A small down payment—the balance in **TEN MONTHLY** payments. To open account just give age, occupation, etc. (Deals confidential).

**10 DAYS TRIAL**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.



**BOTH RINGS**  
*Only*  
**\$37.50**

**ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING ENSEMBLE**  
CB-1... New floral design Bridal "Duo." 14-K Yellow Gold, matched Engagement and Wedding Ring. Fine quality, genuine diamond in Engagement Ring. Both only \$37.50. \$3.75 Down-\$3.37 Monthly

**FREE CATALOG.** Genuine Diamonds—Jewelry—Silverware—BULOVA, ELGIN, BENRUS watches—Cameras—Gifts. All offered at low cash prices on Royal's famous **TEN MONTH EASY PAYMENT PLAN.** Send for your copy TODAY!



**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**  
Established 1895  
Dept. 150W 24 West 40th St. NEW YORK

## How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?



### Bus Driver Sells 8 Stories

"Since reporting the sale of my first attempt at a magazine article, I have sold three others, and four feature stories were accepted by the local newspaper. The credit is all yours. When you consider that I'm a driver for the local bus company, you can readily see my time is well taken up."—Herman E. Bach, Box 113, Pacific Grove, Calif.

**H**AVE you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that any one becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors. Copyright 1941 Newspaper Institute of America

### Learn to write by writing

**N**EWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is intelligently corrected and constructively criticized by veteran writers. You will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-developed style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who should be writing become swamped by fabulous stories about million-dollar authors and give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that you often get for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, facts, travel, sports, readings—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

Let us help you test your native abilities. Our interesting Writing Aptitude Test will do it. It's free—entirely without obligation. Send the coupon today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York (Founded 1925)

### NOTICE

**Men of Draft Age**  
No need to hesitate in testing your writing ability, even though you are of conscription age. N.I.A. wishes to refund in full the tuition of anyone accepted as a student, who is subsequently called for military service. Specialties and privileges for men in U.S. Armed Forces.

### Newspaper Institute of America One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your **Writing Aptitude Test** and further information about writing for profit as promised.

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

647081

# Getting Up Nights Makes Many Feel Old

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An Iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Sins-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c. The guarantee protects you.

## Cystex

Helps Flush Kidneys

# INVENTORS

Delays are dangerous—Secure patent protection now. Get now Free booklet, "How to Protect Your Invention." No charge for preliminary information. MEMORROW AND BERMAN, Registered Patent Attorneys, 150-F Barrister Building, Washington, D.C.

## SILK DRESSES

Costs \$1.00; Shoes 50c; Hats 40c. Many other low-priced BARGAINS. FREE CATALOG. Send name on postcard. No obligation. Write today.

**CROWN CO.**

164 Monroe St; Dept. P.P. New York City



# FALSE TEETH

**LOW AS \$6.85**

**90 DAY'S TRIAL**


**TEST THEM EXAMINE THEM**

We make FALSE TEETH for you by mail from your own impressions. You have satisfaction of money-back GUARANTEE. Customers in United States and Canada report satisfaction but you be your own judge.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**CLEVELAND DENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY**

Dept. 45-R1, East St. Louis, Illinois



**AGENTS SELL**

## NYLON 1/2 PRICE

in Combination Order

**WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH**

Sell Nylon Hose, give Silk Hose half price in combination order. Women crazy over Nylon. Agents cleaning up with sensational half price combination offer. Supply silk hose twice your quantity. Guaranteed 4 to 6 months, depending on quality. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein. No cash advance. Produce. Look at these exceptional earnings. Outfit West, \$39.10 first week; Emma Wall, \$47.87 first week; Burgess, \$50.00 first week. Order \$15 in a day; received new car. Rush name and hose size; free confidential facts.

**WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.** Midway, 15-R13, Greenfield, Ohio



## NOW a DYNAMIC HEAVY DUTY INDUSTRIAL WELDER

**WORKS ON 110-Volt Light W socket. This marvelous Dynamic Power Welder does the work of much higher priced types. It is RETAIL, easily portable, WELDS cylinder blocks, bumpers, fenders, tanks, farm machinery, etc. Will also solder and braze on the lightest material. Works on iron, steel, tin, brass, copper and all other metals. Men without previous experience can make as much as \$5.00 on a one hour repair job. In a year's time a Dynamic Welder costs LESS THAN 6 CENTS A DAY**

Instructions free—Open a welding shop now. AGENTS—Make big profits selling to garages, factories, janitors and machine shops. Write today for 100% TRIAL OFFER. DYNAMIC WELDER COMPANY, 2226-58 SILVERTON ROAD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



rowed expecting Simon to cover me before the loss was discovered. For my personal use, I needed the money. But Simon refused and suggested, by innuendo, that I—that I kill him and collect in his will."

Martha Bemish cried out: "Oh, James, why didn't you ask me? James, you fool!"

From the wall where two cops still held him, Gibbons unexpectedly said: "Inspector, sir, if I may say so, Simon Stroud had an obsession. Only yesterday he offered to leave me ten thousand dollars in his will if I should strangle him—"

Out of the silence that followed this revelation, McCarthy said: "Now that you're talking, Gibbons—how about what went on at the factory?"

"I can remember nothing about that, sir," Gibbons looked sadly at Angela who was sobbing into her folded arms. "I was not responsible, I had been drinking. But I do know Mr. Simon had an obsession—"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Martha Bemish. "Simon begged me to kill him, he offered Cash Wale money to do it, he was desperate. He lived in constant, terrible pain—Parkinson's Syndrom. No doctor could help him. The paralysis was creeping into his brain, he knew he was dying, couldn't stand living—"

The man from the medical examiner's office spoke suddenly from the side of Happy Doolan's remains.

"This one was killed by the blow, Inspector. In fact, both of them seem to have been struck by the same weapon, something flat, about six inches wide—and heavy. Offhand, I'd say he'd been dead well over twenty-four hours."

QUINN turned to Fenton who stood fingering his spectacles with a puzzled expression. "You said this Doolan guy had a friend on the outside who was to handle the jewels?"

Fenton nodded. "Some kind of shady private dick. Man named Wale, Cash Wale. I tried putting an operative on Wale also but we couldn't locate him in time. In fact, I intend to look him up as soon as I get out of here."

A look of drooling contentment spread over Quinn's shaggy features, something

like a cat anticipating a canary omelet. His hand clamped on my arm.

"Don't let it throw you," I snapped at him. "All right, I knew Happy. And maybe he intended asking my advice about the sparklers, I wouldn't know. I do know he didn't—"

"You some kind of shady private dick, you!" Quinn chortled, jabbing my ribs. "Some fun, hey, Shrimp?"

I didn't have to reply, not with the apparition presenting itself in the doorway. Quinn's hand grew lax. His jaw dropped. He goggled.

Kippy Boy stood in the doorway! Hairy, towering, naked as the day he was born. Josephine dangled by one leg from his steel-press fingers.

Kippy Boy grinned amiably. "Nice people playin' games? Kippy Boy wants t'play games. Kippy Boy wants—"

I never found out what he wanted. I knew what I wanted. Inspector Jack Quinn had it. I took it.

I had my Colt revolver out of his side pocket and muzzled into his chest before he could get over the shock of Kippy Boy.

"Nice Inspector Quinn," I said as his face grew choleric. "Nice Inspector Quinn. Cashy Boy wants out."

I snagged his positive with my free hand, tossed it to Sailor Duffy who was lumbering across the floor to join my play. The dozen-odd cops and dicks standing around were all drawing iron, enough artillery coming to view to halt a medium-sized blitz.

"Nice cops," I said, almost cracking Quinn's ribs with the muzzle of my Colt. "mustn't let Inspector Boy drop dead. Let your gunsy wunsies fall down quick."

Only Angela Bemish's unrestrained sob sounded as gun after gun dropped silently to the broadloom rug.

There was an advantage in being advertised through periodic editorials and headlines as the "gun-crazy killer who should be behind bars instead of loose with a badge and pistol permit." Nobody went for the guns on the rug as Sailor and I used Quinn as a shield in our exit.

The cops outside saluted Quinn, eyed Sailor curiously—and let us pass. With our rods out of sight, they didn't know.



# Our Graduates Run

# 43%

## of ALL the Identification Bureaus in America

Send for complete list of over 750 Bureaus where our graduates have been placed in good positions as

## FINGER PRINT EXPERTS

Then write the nearest Bureau and learn what our graduates think of us!



We have space here to list only a FEW of these more than 750 institutions, so be sure to send for the complete list!

State of Utah	Schenectady, N. Y.
State of Ohio	Saratoga, Pa.
Boston, Mass.	Lincoln, Neb.
New York, N. Y.	Mobile, Ala.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Little Rock, Ark.
St. Paul, Minn.	Pontiac, Mich.
Mexico City, Mex.	Havana, Cuba
Augusta, Ga.	Miami, Fla.
Seattle, Wash.	Birmingham, Ala.
Omaha, Neb.	Columbus, Ohio
Des Moines, Ia.	Galveston, Tex.
Montreal, Can.	Houston, Tex.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Windsor, Ont.
Elgin, Ill.	Pueblo, Colo.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Tampa, Fla.	Atlantic City, N. J.
Long Beach, Cal.	St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.	Lansing, Mich.
Springfield, Ill.	Springfield, Ill.
Eric, Pa.	Oklaheima City, Okla.
Tranton, N. J.	Waltham, Mass.
Detroit, Mich.	Berkely, Calif.
El Paso, Tex.	Pateron, N. J.

State of Michigan  
State of Wash.  
State of Mass.  
State of Illinois  
State of Idaho  
State of Colorado  
State of Iowa

## Want a Regular Monthly Salary?

### Be a Secret Service and Identification Expert

Enjoy the thrill of getting your man—with no personal danger—PLUS a regular monthly paid salary and the opportunity to share in Rewards. Learn at home, in spare time, and at low cost, the unique secrets of this young, fascinating and fast growing profession. We offer you the same course of training as we gave the hundreds of our graduates who now hold splendid positions in more than 750 institutions. Each of these bureaus has anywhere from ONE to FIFTEEN of our graduates on regular salaries—and new openings develop from time to time.

## Wonderful Opportunity for TRAINED MEN in This Young, Fast Growing Profession!

Of the thousands of towns in America, three-fourths are still without identification bureaus. Many more are bound to come! That spells OPPORTUNITY. But you must be READY. It's easy to master this profession that combines thrills with personal safety, AND the security of a steady income. We show you HOW—just as we have already shown the hundreds who now hold good paid positions.

## FREE! The Confidential Reports Operator No. 38 Made to His Chief

Just rush coupon! Follow this Operator's exciting hunt for a murderous gang. Also get free, "The Blue Book of Crime," showing the wonderful opportunities in the field of Finger Prints and Crime Detection. Take your first step TODAY toward a steady income and success. Mail coupon NOW!

### INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 7388, Chicago

#### INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 7388, Chicago.

Gentlemen: With no obligation, send me Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38, also illustrated "Blue Book of Crime," complete list of over 750 bureaus employing your graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms offer. (Literature will be sent ONLY to persons stating their age.)

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....



# INDIGESTION

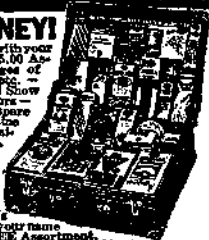
may excite the Heart

Gas trapped in the stomach or gullet may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. The heart is not hurt but it skips and races like mad. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Bell-ans Tablets to set gas free. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't prove Bell-ans better, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE Money Back, 25c all druggists.

**CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS AD  
FOR BIG \$5 ASST  
FOODS & PRODUCTS FREE!**

**SEND NO MONEY!**

Just cut-out and mail this ad with your name and address for big \$5.00 Assortment of full size packages of foods, cereals, soups, etc. — your ABSOLUTELY FREE! Show products to friends, neighbors — describe cash profits in 10 or 20 minutes, taking orders for bargains in more than 20 home necessities. No experience needed. You don't pay a cent, I supply everything — ABSOLUTELY FREE! — to start your earnings money including big \$5.00 Assortment of actual products and easy money-making plans. Cut this ad out NOW and mail it with your name and address for your big FREE Assortment. ZANOK 2833 Monmouth Cincinnati, Ohio



## ASTHMA

W. K. STERLINE, 810 Ohio Ave., Sidney, OHIO

Treatment mailed on FREE TRIAL. If satisfied, send \$1. If not, it's FREE. Write for treatment today.

## MAKE MORE MONEY

**Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line**

Earn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, pajamas, Bathrobes, Sweaters, Leather jackets, Campus Coats, Hats, Briefcases, Breaches, Shoes, Uniforms, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for FREE SALES



**NIMROD COMPANY**  
4922-NM Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—preparation for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H849, Detroit at 58th, Chicago

## ANY BOOK IN PRINT!



Delivered at your door. We pay postage. Standard authors, new books, popular editions, fiction, reference, medical, mechanical, children's books, etc.—all at guaranteed savings. Send card now for Clark's 1942 Catalog.

**FREE** Write for our great illustrated book catalog. A short course in literature. The buying guide of 800,000 book lovers. The answer to your Christmas gift problem. **FREE** if you write NOW!

**CLARKSON PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
Dept. PPI, 1253 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**GLASSES at LOW \$1.95 PAIR**  
**16 DAYS TRIAL**

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW prices!

**ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO.**  
337 S. Dearborn St., Dept. P-P-N, Chicago, Ill.

**BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST!**

We were traveling via a handy taxi before they could find out—Quinn, his jaw like an anvil, between Sailor and me. Like a fish in a gun sandwich, I told him. He didn't laugh.

There was a brief glimpse of the charred remains of Finklestein's Mattress Factory, haggard-eyed firemen still pouring tons of water on smoldering piles of embers and a small army of rubbernecks held back by a ring of uniformed cops—then we were lost in a maze of traffic and I was murmuring to Quinn: "Don't look so doomed, pal. All I want is a chance at that five-grand reward Fenton mentioned and what chance would I stand with you on my neck? Anyway, I had nothing to do with either corpse, so it's no calamity."

"I'll hand you a pointer for free," I offered to ease the sock his pride was taking. "Skip the murder of Simon and concentrate on Happy Doolan. Stroud was just a local corpse who made good—didn't he ask for what he got?"

"With Happy you can narrow the circle down to those who knew he had the sparklers and had the opportunity to intercept him on the studio roof. It happened night before last. You can quiz Martha Bemish for the details, after we part company."

Quinn didn't thaw. I reached under his lapel and snagged his badge, then told the hackie to pull up in a block of warehouses. "Pay the man," I told Sailor, handing him a bill. Then I prodded Quinn to the sidewalk.

We stood there until the cab was lost in traffic. I had Sailor wait while I marched Quinn into the nearest bustling delivery entrance. A gang of shipping clerks, truckmen and loaders moving cases around halted activity to stare at us.

I flashed Quinn's gold badge.

"Cop business, boys," I said. "I need a hand with this guy while I go phone for the wagon. He runs an agency for strike-breakers. You wanna hold him?"

A mass of muscle in shirtsleeves grabbed Quinn, slung him easily into a forest of eager arms. Someone began whistling *Pennies From Heaven*. I ignored Quinn's pleading, apoplectic expression.

"Phone's in the drug store down the corner," said the mass of muscle. "Be a good guy and don't rush that call, will ya, Cap? The boys have a feeling about scabs."

"Inspector," I said, pocketing the badge. "Thanks, boys."

I walked with dignity out of the alley, then waved to Sailor and we ran like hell.

THE young sharp-nosed guy was alone behind the counter, eyeing Sailor's shiner and my bruised ear with an expression of anticipated larceny. We must have looked like a pair of down-and-outers about to hit bottom. Outside, a sign read: *ROSEN AND SON—We Pawn Everything But Your Wife!*

Wits.

I said: "Estimate this, sonny."

He lifted the red stone I'd rolled across the counter and sneered at it. "I will have to get my glass, but it will not come to much," he said. "Fifty cents, maybe a dollar. A cheap imitation."

I reached for it. He pulled it away, pretended to find something new about it. "Maybe five dollars. Wait till I get my glass," he said, laying it on a shelf behind him out of my reach.

He left the door slightly ajar. I heard a phone being dialed, then his low, intense whisper: "Police department? This is Rosen and Son's. A man just walked in with a star ruby, looks heisted. Yes, I'll stall him—"

I touched him gently in the ribs with my Colt and he leaped about two yards. He'd been talking into the palm of his hand. The phone receiver lay in its cradle.

"The old pawnshop runaround," I said as he recovered from the surprise of finding me there instead of before the counter. "If it's a hot sparkler, I'm supposed to scam quick on hearing your phone act. Without the sparkler on account you left it where I couldn't reach it in a hurry."

I took the stone from Sailor who'd brought it in behind me.

"Now make an estimate, sucker. But for real, this time."

Rosen's son had difficulty removing his eyes from my heater, but he managed.

"It's flawless," he finally breathed after

# OVER DRAFT AGE: this is your OPPORTUNITY

To serve your country and yourself. The Defense situation calls for millions of trained men in industry and office. There is a very real bottleneck in competent executives and supervisors. Thousands of men like you must quickly prepare yourselves for these jobs. It means prompt, intensive preparation—but it means also larger service and better rewards now and for the rest of your life.

There are two ways to make this preparation. One is by learning on the job, but that is slow and often unsatisfactory. The other is by spare time training—organized study at night, at home—getting quickly the best experience of others who have made good on these jobs.

LaSalle training is made to order for this. For thirty-three years, we have been developing condensed, practical courses in management and supervisory training. Hundreds of leaders have helped us build them; over a million members have tested and proved them. Non-essentials have been eliminated; only the essentials retained. The problem method has been developed, so that you both learn the principles and become expert in applying them. What you study tonight, you can use on the job tomorrow. The cost is moderate and convenient terms can be arranged.

In the subjects listed below, there may be just the one you want. If so, and you are really in earnest, write for the free 48-page booklet describing it. This interesting booklet will be sent at once—and without obligation. At least you should investigate; send the coupon today.

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 11334-R CHICAGO

I am in earnest to serve better in this crisis. Please send me your free booklet about your spare time training in the subject I have checked below.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Executive Management    | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management      | <input type="checkbox"/> Law              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping      | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy        |

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**TRAIN FOR**  
**Radio in 8 WEEKS**

**I WILL**  
**FINANCE YOUR TRAINING**

Prepare for opportunities in Radio by 8 weeks of practical shop work in the great Coyne Radio Shops, on real RADIO equipment. You don't need advanced education or experience. Free Employment Service for life. Many earn while learning. Mail coupon today for free book which tells you how hundreds have become successful Radio Men after taking our training.

**W. C. LEWIS, Pres., RADIO DIV., Coyne Electrical School**  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 81-SH Chicago, Illinois

Send Free Radio Book and facts. Tell me about your "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

# Was Old at 80

## AMAZED! FEELS YEARS YOUNGER

"I'm 80. Lacked vim and pep. Ostrex tablets gave me pep that makes me feel years younger."—B. O. Garner, New Washington, O. OSTREX contains tonics, stimulants often needed after 40—by bodies lacking iron, calcium, phosphorus, iodine, and Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. For men and women. A 78-year old DOCTOR writes: "It did so much for patients. I took it myself. Results fine." Introductory size only 35c. Start feeling pepier and younger this very day. For sale at all good drug stores everywhere.

**OSTREX—for that "after 40" letdown**

## WELDING ACETYLENE & ELECTRIC

### HUNDREDS OF JOBS

**WAITING** for welders, machinists, and tool and die makers—in shipyards, aircraft and tank industries. Big U. S. Defense Program needs skilled men. Get practical shop training at Michigan's Oldest and Largest Trade School. 17th year. Day and night classes. Many students pay expenses by working part time. Unlimited training period at no extra charge. **FREE CIRCULAR**

Wolverine School of Trades, 1414 W. Fort, Detroit, Mich.

## LEARN

Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet. **SIMPLIFIED HOME STUDY METHOD**—conservatory grade. Successfully tried courses for beginners. **AT-TRACTIVELY PRICED**—convenient payment plan. Free catalog. If juvenile, parent's signature must accompany inquiry.

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC**  
Dept. 158-N, 1525 East 53rd St., Chicago, Ill.

## RUPTURED?

### Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Clutha. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** book, "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write: **CLUTHA SONS, Dept. 15, Bloomfield, New Jersey**



Send for my **50c** Course on how to develop

## STRONG ARMS

and **BROAD SHOULDERS**  
Now only 25c coin or 30c U. S. Stamps.

Contains 30 pages of illustrations showing and fully describing exercises that will quickly develop and make you gain strength in your Shoulders, Arms, Wrists, Hands and Fingers. **25c**

This is really a valuable course of exercises, without apparatus.  
**ANTHONY BARKER**  
(doing business at this address for over 20 years.)  
1235—6th Ave., (Office PP), N. Y. City

## Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co.  
462 Niagara St.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

24-J Frontier Bldg.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

turning it around under his jeweler's glass. "A perfect star ruby. Look, when the light hits it right, see the star inside?"

We looked. It was about the size and shape of a hazel nut. The star showed when the light caught it right.

"The setting has been removed, it hung on a chain," said Rosen's son. "Without even asking my papa, I could give you a thousand for it and that's leveling." He tried a laugh which missed his eyes. "I was only kidding you guys before. My friends all know I'm a practical joker."

I took the ruby from him and said: "Sailor, be nice to the guy. Play him a practical joke in return."

Rosen's son ducked a left jab into a right uppercut.

"Nice practical joking," I told Sailor, stepping over the body. "Let's blow, pal."

**WE RETURNED** to the Stroud mansion via a Turk Bath, a barber shop, tailor shop and restaurant, considerably balmied, groomed, pressed and re-fueled. There was no hurry and I wanted the atmosphere cleared. It was a little after noon. The remains of Finklestein's Mattress Factory were guarded by only a single cop and a handful of rubbernecks.

From outside, the Stroud manse looked deserted. Quinn probably expected us to be in the vicinity of Alaska by now and heading north. A good idea, but I'd put in too much time and effort to let that five grand slip out of my hands now.

Only the damp rug and soot-blackened wheelchair frame remained in the library to remind us of conditions when we left. We had entered through the unlocked front door when nobody answered the bell. It was like walking on a stage set after the actors had departed.

The tires and wooden trimmings had been burned clean off the wheelchair. Only the seat, back, axles, spokes and brake were left.

The seat interested me. There was a flattened metal lump about the size and shape of a watch fob in the middle of it. I was pressing the lump with a key, finding it soft, when Sailor tapped my arm and I glanced up to find Martha Bemish standing in the doorway.

The fluttery nervousness seemed to

have been ironed out of her. She stood as if a ramrod braced her spine. Her eyes were dull. She wore a hat with a gray feather and held a black coat in her two hands directly in front of her.

"Lead," I said, tapping the metal bump.

"Yes," she said.

"The cops have everybody?" I asked.

"For questioning," she said. "I am going for my lawyer now. Kip is in his room. They left a policeman to guard his door. The others are with the police."

She said it simply, like explaining "A" is for "Apple" to a kid.

"This," I said, touching the lead again, "could have been a bullet. It could have come from that gun they found on Simon's lap. It could have been inside Simon's body until the fire burned his flesh away. Then maybe it melted and dripped past his bones to here. Maybe that's what killed Simon. I heard a shot like a twenty-two makes just before the fire. The cops are dopes."

"Yes," Martha Bemish said.

"I can imagine it being framed to look like suicide," I said. "That would explain the gun being found on the chair. It could have originally been in his right hand, the one that held the paint brush when I saw him. But I think that brush was a build-up. I think even his right hand was paralyzed."

"It was," said Martha Bemish.

"In which case Simon was already dead when the fire started," I said. "He was already dead when someone crushed his skull. That would make him three times dead. Which is something of a record. Probably, whoever conked him approached from behind, didn't realize Simon was already suicide-framed."

"Probably," said Martha Bemish.

"Such a frame, of course, was too complex for Kippy Boy to maneuver. Besides, he was in bed when I heard that shot," I said. "Gibbons and Angela can be excused because they were playing tag in the factory at the time. Your own screwball, James, claims to have been playing Winchell at the same time, but that's on his own say. However, I am inclined to believe him—he was too hipped on Angela and Gibbons to pull a smooth suicide frame on the side, although he *did* have

# TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH

or No Cost!



## AN AMAZING OFFER

Don't suffer embarrassment and discomfort caused by loose dental plates. Apply CROWN RELINER. In a jar your plate fits like new and stays that way up to a month. No old fashioned heating to burn your mouth. Just squeeze CROWN from tube and put your teeth back in. They'll sit as snugly as ever. Inventor is a recognized authority in dental field. A patent has been applied for CROWN RELINER to protect you from imitators. After you reline your plate with CROWN, take your false teeth out for cleaning without affecting the CROWN RELINER. CROWN RELINER is guaranteed. It's harmless, NOT A POWDER OR PASTE! If not satisfied, even after 6 months, return partly used tube for full refund.

CROWN RELINER

Order this

this FREE

CROWN RELINER

J. Clements of Algonac writes: "My plates were so bad they rattled when I talked." "Now I can eat steak or corn on the cob." Reline your plate with CROWN. It's tasteless. Has that natural pink color. Order a tube of CROWN RELINER today. It includes enough to last a year. It includes FREE a tube of CROWN plate cleaner. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.00 for combination, plus postage, on delivery and we pay postage. Add 6¢ once and enjoy this new happiness.

**CROWN PLASTIC CO., Dept. 191F**  
4328 W. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit, Mich.

# WORK FOR THE



## GOVERNMENT

## START

**\$1260 to \$2100 YEAR**

## MEN—WOMEN

Railway Postal Clerks  
Postoffice Clerks, Carriers  
Inspectors  
Clerks at Washington  
Stenographers-Typists  
Many Other Positions

**PREPARE  
IMMEDIATELY**

Thousands appointments each year.

Mail  
Coupon  
TODAY



## Franklin Institute

Dept. C175  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay jobs. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name.....

Address.....

**Learn to MOUNT BIRDS**

**Tan SKINS, make up FURS**

Be a Taxidermist. Double your hunting fun. We teach you to mount birds, animals, fish, mammals, common specimens, furs and profits. Decorate home and **MAKE MONEY**. Mount game, but for others. Big profits in spare time. **WRITE TODAY**. O. O. game pictures. **FREE BOOK**. Now free. Send post card. State your AGE, NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMV Dept. 2368 Omaha, Nebraska

**FREE BOOK**

**HAND COLORED in OIL  
PHOTO ENLARGEMENT**

Beautifully mounted in 7 x 9 white frame mat. Made from any photograph, snapshot or negative. Original returned. Send 25c and stamp—no other charges.  
**COLORGRAPH, Dept. LM-18, 17 N. LeClaire, Chicago**

**25c**

PLUS 3c for mailing

**IN EVERY EMERGENCY**

There is an element of danger. Does this danger call forth in you the necessity for moral defense? Defense is an attitude of mind. Cultivate the mind, and you will be invulnerable. In an "unlimited emergency," you must keep pace with an unlimited vision of a glorious future and an unlimited experience of vocational expression. Read **LEMURIA THE INCOMPARABLE**. 66 page book on a New Order and Race. **TWO DIMITES** covers the cost. Don't wait; send your request today to Dept. 64.  
**LEMURIAN FELLOWSHIP 828 N. MANKINTON AVE. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN**

**WE MATCH PANTS**

To Any Suit!  
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Expert hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent **FREE** for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.  
**SUPREMACY MATCH PANTS COMPANY 209 E. State St., Dept. 248, Chicago**

**FREE SAMPLES OF REMARKABLE TREATMENT FOR**

**Stomach Pains  
DUE TO GASTRIC HYPERACIDITY**

H. H. Bromley, of Shelburne, Va., writes: "I suffered for years with acid stomach troubles. My doctors told me I had acid stomach ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I had lost a lot of weight and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. After taking Von's Tablets I felt perfectly well, ate almost anything and gained back the weight I had lost. If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bloating or any other stomach trouble due to gastric hyper-acidity, you, too, should try Von's for prompt relief. Send for **FREE** Samples of this remarkable treatment and details of trial offer with money back guarantee. Instructive Booklet is included. Write:

**PHILADELPHIA VON CO. Dept. 86-J  
Fox Building, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**EASY WAY....**

**Tints Hair  
JET BLACK**

This remarkable **CAKE** discovery, **TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo**, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth **JET BLACK** tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. **TINTZ Jet Black Cake** works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (for fl.). **TINTZ** comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titan, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days of your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to **TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 976, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO**  
CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 976, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO



a motive. That left only you in the house."  
"That is correct," said Martha Bemish.  
"You called James a fool when you learned he'd embezzled bank funds," I said. "That was because you feared it had been him set fire to the factory in the hope of killing Simon for the will money and because you knew Simon was already dead when the fire started and James would have collected anyhow."

"Yes," said Martha Bemish.  
"I was not propositioned by you to remove Happy's body because of your fear for Kippy Boy," I said. "You feared the presence of Happy's body would make the cops investigate too closely the projected death of Simon. It was probably a mercy killing. You didn't need the dough and, not knowing of James' high-jinks, you had no other motive. But you definitely shot Simon dead."

"That is correct," said Martha Bemish.  
"I will now give you the advice you bought with your hundred bucks," I said. "Don't worry about James. He didn't set fire to the mattress factory. He didn't kill Happy Doolan or collect the jewels. He'll not be prosecuted for embezzlement if you refund the dough he took."

Martha Bemish stared dully at me.  
"Forget what I said about Simon's death," I said. It was mostly guesswork based on the sound of a shot, this piece of lead and the characters involved. It's nothing that can be proven in court. Anyway, the guy asked for it. He's better off dead. And one more thing," I said. "You can put away that gun you have pointing at me from behind your coat."

Slowly, she exposed her hidden hand, displaying a small, pearl-handled revolver. She opened her handbag, dropped it in and clicked the bag shut.

"You were going to kill me?" I said.  
"Yes," said Martha Bemish.  
"You can go to your lawyer now," I said.

Martha Bemish turned around and walked slowly out the door.

I heard Sailor's breath expel like a balloon deflating at my elbow.

"At dame, 'at dame, Cash," he muttered reverently, "she gives me the holy creeps!"

My hands were trembling.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Cash Picks Up the Marbles

THE cop they'd left to guard Kippy Boy's door was the young one who had brought in James and Angela. He wasn't dead, just unconscious. He lay on his back with his arms flung wide and snored. His uniform hat was about a yard away from him. Where it belonged was a blue lump the size of half an egg.

Motioning Sailor to remain behind, I pained my Colt revolver and stepped through Kippy Boy's door, stared down at Kippy Boy under his covers.

"Shhh!" Kippy Boy warned. "The Sandman's here!"

I said to Boris Borine: "Hello, Sandman."

"Cash, it is no time for joking," the three-hundred-pound Russian said.

Borine sat on the floor, his back to the wall. He had not yet removed the traces of the fire and to them, I noticed, had been added a shiner.

"Tsk, tsch," I said. "Playing tag at your age!"

Borine touched the eye gingerly, then glowered at Kippy Boy. "He is not letting me near the bed, Cash—"

"So you figured it too?" I said.

Borine regarded me steadily.

"You know I am having an addiction to gems, Cash," he said.

"And the cop outside?" I said.

"A inconvenience. You should be squeamish? Inspector Quinn is lately here, raving mad and crazy to kill you. I am surprised you are returning, Cash."

"I got lonesome for Kippy Boy," I said.

"Cute li'l fella," Kippy Boy said.

We ignored him, stood probing each other's minds with our stares—just two of the boys trying to wangle a buck out of a hard, mercenary world. Borine produced that silver cigarette case, changed his mind and pocketed it again.

"You are figuring it all out, Cash?" he finally spoke. "It is all very complicated, no?"

"No," I said. "Why should it be complicated? The killer trailed Happy to your roof where he saw Happy pull the

## MACHINE SHOP MEN

Learn to set up and run ANY kind of machine; **MAKE MORE MONEY NOW** by learning quickly **HOW TO DO THINGS** which usually take years of study and practice. The demand for **SKILLED men** is **ALREADY** ahead of the supply, then what **WILL IT BE** a month or two from now?

# Needed NOW!

**Bigger Pay** Don't miss this chance to qualify for promotion, don't miss this Big Opportunity which is yours almost for the asking. Eight Big Books chockful of important mechanical facts told simply and clearly. Over 3000 pages, nearly 3000 illustrations cover every subject fully, including Tool Making, Pattern Making, Foundry Work, Mechanical Drawing, Forging, Machine Shop Practice and Management, and hundreds of other subjects.

### 8 Big Books (Up-to-Date Edition) Sent FREE

to you for examination. With them we send a Big Binder of nearly 800 pages with 287 original shop tickets with 1200 illustrations. These show, step by step, how to set up almost any kind of job and are in addition to the 8 books. Decide in your own home or place of business whether or not you want to keep them, check up on any facts you want to. Note their great **MONEY MAKING** value, then, if you want them, pay on the easiest kind of payments. Send **NOW** and we will include a year's consulting service without extra charge.

American Technical Society, Publishers—Home Study Courses.

American Technical Society, Dept. 3531, Brossel at 28th St., Chicago. You may send me the 8 big NEW books and binder of shop tickets for free examination. I will pay the delivery charges only, unless I decide to keep them in which case I will send \$3.00 in ten days and \$3.00 per month until the total price of only \$34.80 is paid. If I return them in 10 days I will owe you nothing. Because I send now you agree to give me a certificate entitling me to consulting privileges with your experts for one year.

Name .....

Please attach a letter stating age, occupation, employer's name and address and that of at least one business man as reference.

## One Policy-One Premium-One Low Cost INSURES YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY



Only \$1 a month is all you pay for this low cost Triple Cash Benefit Life Insurance Policy with cash benefits up to \$3,000.00 for the entire family. The Jess Bradley family of Raw Paw, Michigan, pictured at the left is covered by this one Big policy.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION**—Each and every member of your family from baby to grandparents may be insured without medical examination for any one. We take your word regarding their good health. Act today—tomorrow may be too late.

# MAXIMUM \$3,000.00 Cash Benefits

The generous provisions of the "American Family" Policy pay for natural death, double benefits for accidental automobile death, and triple benefits for travel accidental death. It is all you ever pay for all this insurance for your entire family.

### SEND NO MONEY 10 DAYS FREE OFFER

We want to send you our "American Family" Life Insurance Policy on our 10-Day Free Inspection Offer. You decide for yourself. Send coupon now.

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Interstate Reserve Life Insurance Co.  
10 East Pearson St., Dept. 49  
Chicago, Ill.

NO AGENT  
WILL CALL

Please send me without obligation 10-day free examination offer and full details of "American Family" Group Life Policy. Send No Money.

Name .....

Address .....

# Classified Advertising

## Detectives

**DETECTIVES**—Experience unnecessary. Secret Investigations. Write, Wagner, 2840-R Broadway, N. Y.

## Educational

Correspondence courses and educational books, slightly used. Sold. Rented. Exchanged. All subjects. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cash paid for used courses. Complete details and bargain catalog FREE. Write **NELSON COMPANY**, 500 Sherman, Dept. L-218, Chicago.

## Female Help Wanted

**EARN TO \$16 WEEKLY** taking orders in home. 2 dresses for \$3.29. Just one of 140 wonderful values. No investment. Give age, dress size. Fashion Frocks, Desk 25029, Cincinnati, O.

## Inventions Wanted

**CASH FOR INVENTIONS**, patented, unpatented. Mr. Ball, H-9441 Pleasant, Chicago.

## Nurses Training Schools

**MAKE UP TO \$25 -- \$35 WEEK** as a trained practical nurse! Learn quickly at home. Booklet Free. Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. D-10, Chicago.

## Patent Attorneys

**INVENTORS**—Protect your idea with a Patent. Don't delay. Secure "Patent Guide"—Free. Write **CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN**, Registered Patent Attorney, 1126 Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

## Personal

**OLD DENTAL PLATES** remade with transparent life-like plastic. Free booklet. **BEAUTY-PINK CO.**, Dept. 19, Union City, N. J.

## Photo Finishing

**AT LAST**, all your pictures Hand Colored. Roll developed, 8 Hand Colored prints, only 25c. Hand Colored reprints 8c. Amazingly Beautiful. National Photo Art. Dept. 182, Janesville, Wis.

**ROLLS DEVELOPED**—25c coin. Two 5 x 7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints. **CLUB PHOTO SERVICE**, Dept. 16, La Crosse, Wis.

**ROLLS DEVELOPED**—16 Artistic Permanent prints only 25c. Reprints 2c. Superior developing and printing. **MID-WEST PHOTO SERVICE**, Dept. 5132, Janesville, Wis.

## Poems—Songwriters

**WANTED**—Poems for musical setting. Submit for consideration. Phonograph transcriptions made. Rhyming Pamphlet FREE. Keenan's Studio, PP, Box 2140, Bridgeport, Conn.

**POEMS WANTED**—for musical setting. Submit for free examination. Recordings made. **VANDERBILT STUDIOS**, Box 112-E, Coney Island, New York.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**. Free examination. Send poems, McNeil, Master of Music, 510-A South Alexandria, Los Angeles, Calif.

**SONGWRITERS**—Send poems for offer and FREE Rhyming Dictionary. **RICHARD BROTHERS**, 80 Woods Building, Chicago.

Songwriters, Interesting Proposition. Write **PARAMOUNT SONG-RECORDING STUDIO**, L-63, Box 190, Hollywood, Calif.

**SONGWRITERS**—Write for free booklet. Profit Sharing Plan. Allied Songs, 7608 Reading, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**, send to: **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**, 620 Beacon Building, Boston.

## Tattooing Supplies

**START** profitable Tattooing and Removing Business. Free instructions. Write "TATTOO," 651 South State, Chicago.

jewels from behind that loose brick in the chimney. The killer probably tried to heist them from Happy with a silenced automatic but, owing to the darkness, the distance and the probable fact that Happy ran for it, the killer's shot went wild and then, of course, the rod was out of date.

"Excepting your clairvoyant knowledge of a silenced gun," said Borine deprecatingly, "it is what even I would say."

"I'm just started," I said. "The killer chased Happy down your roof and up Simon's studio roof and caught Happy at the top where they grappled. Happy was such a little guy, almost anybody could have taken him and the killer did. Particularly since the killer sported a flat, hard weapon, it was no contest. But the blow that crushed Happy's skull ironically separated them and Happy tumbled down through the studio skylight, leaving the killer stranded on the roof."

"To this point," said Borine, raising a finger, "there is only one fact that is court evidence. Happy is falling through the skylight with a crushed head."

I winked at Kippy Boy who gurgled his pleasure. "The killer then faced a problem," I resumed, "which must have eaten into his gut. The jewels were still on Happy and there was Happy out of reach, where at least Simon Stroud, and possibly others, might notice him in a hurry and get them. Furthermore, the killer's presence on the roof, under the circumstances, would be first-class court evidence. So he left the roof, left Happy and the jewels to their fate and probably went home to figure such items as alibis and excuses to enter Simon's studio."

"No additional evidence there," said Borine, shaking his head sadly.

"I'm coming to that," I said, "because the killer came to that. Maybe, as he crawled away from the studio roof he looked back and found Simon Stroud staring at him through the skylight. Can you imagine the killer's sensations? A witness who couldn't have possibly missed seeing the killer chase Happy, a witness whose tongue could railroad the killer to the hot seat in jig time!"

"Wait," I said as Borine opened his mouth to speak. "We can imagine the killer spending that night in utter fear,

wondering why the cops didn't come from minute to minute—then morning dawns and Simon still sits inscrutable behind his skylight. No cops, no nothing.

"One thing the killer never contemplated: Simon *wanted* to be killed, wanted to give the killer every opportunity to realize the need to eliminate this witness.

"And the killer did, finally. Knowledge that I was called in was the spark that set him off. He came back over the roofs to clean up."

**B**ORINE sighed heavily. "Very reasonable assumptions, Cash. But you can't put a reasonable assumption on the witness stand."

I gingerly fingered my bruised ear.

"This is more than a reasonable assumption, Boris. It's what stymied the killer for a while. When we met on the roofs and his single shot from the silenced heater hung up another miss, he went into the mattress factory through a second floor window and dropped a match. Our paths crossed again at the window, as he was coming out and I was going in. He managed to slug me, then put the final, beautiful touch to his actions."

"And that, Cash, was—" prompted Borine.

"When you dashed into Simon's studio, ostensibly to save him from the fire, actually to insure his silence by crushing his skull," I said.

"Very good reasoning, I must admit, Cash," Borine said slowly. "But you can't put good reasoning—"

"On the witness stand," I concluded for him. "I know. They could put that heavy silver cigarette case of yours on the exhibit table—maybe find microscopic traces of blood or hair on it. Definitely it will fit the indentations made in the skulls of both Happy and Simon. With three hundred pounds of you behind it, that's some weapon."

Borine stared at me, rising slowly to his feet, both his hands in plain view.

"I am thinking you would tell this to the cops, Cash," he whispered.

"You know how I felt about Happy," I said. "You know how I feel about slob in this town putting their hands on me—"

Kippy Boy said: "Cute li'l fella wanna

## Learn this Profitable Profession



### in 90 Days at Home

Hundreds of men and women of all ages 18-50 make \$10.00 to \$20.00 in a single day giving scientific Swedish Massage and Hydro-Therapy treatments. There is a big demand from Hospitals, Sanitariums, Clubs, Doctors and private patients as well as opportunities for establishing your own office. Learn this interesting money-making profession in your own home by mail through our home study course. Some instructors as in our NATIONALLY KNOWN resident school. A diploma is awarded upon completion of the course.

Course can be completed in 3 to 4 months. High School training is not necessary. Many earn his money while learning.

### Anatomy Charts & Booklet FREE

Enroll now and we will include uniform coat, medical dictionary, patented reducing roller and Hydro-Therapy supplies without extra cost. The reducing course alone may be worth many times the modest tuition fee. Send coupon now for Anatomy Charts and booklet containing photographs and letters from successful graduates. These will all be sent postpaid—FREE.



### THE College of Swedish Massage

(Successor to National College of Massage)

Dept. 895 —30 E. Adams St., Chicago.

You may send me FREE and postpaid Anatomy Charts, booklet containing photographs and letters from graduates, and complete details of your offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

## WORLD'S LARGEST DENTAL PLATE MAKERS

**\$6<sup>85</sup> to \$3500**

### FALSE TEETH

LOWEST PRICES!  
SEND NO MONEY



**try...**

our dentures set with pearly-white genuine porcelain teeth; constructed from high-grade materials, with perfect workmanship to give long service. We make all styles of plates.

### DENTAL PLATES by Mail

We make to measure for you individually—by mail—Dental Plates for men and women—from an impression of your own mouth taken by you at home.



By reading our catalog, learn how to save ONE-HALF or more on false teeth. Send for it Today!

TRANSPARENT

ROOFLESS

### ON 60 DAYS' TRIAL

Make us PROVE every word we say. Wear our teeth on trial for as long as 60 days. Then, if you are not perfectly satisfied with them—they will not cost you a cent. We take your word! Orders promptly and carefully filled.

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of Satisfaction

We take this risk. We guarantee to refund to you your every cent if you're not 100% satisfied after 60 days' trial.

**FREE** Send for FREE impression material, catalog and our new low prices. Send no money—just send name, address.

## UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY

1555 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. B-87, Chicago, Ill.



play cops'n robbers?" And whisked the Colt from my hand with a sweeping grab and a shrill "*Wheee!*"

It was no time for comedy. I was launched at Borine who was having difficulty yanking his rod from his shoulder holster. I landed with my knee in his groin, went reeling back from three hundred pounds of backhand.

The far wall jarred my spine. I began sliding down to the toy-littered floor.

Through a dreamy haze I saw Borine doubled with agony, get his automatic out finally, bring it up until the bore seemed large enough to drive a truck through. He began letting the muzzle sag again. For an instant, I saw the gaping raw hole where his shiner had been.

Then I heard the roaring detonation in that close chamber and Kippy Boy's "Bang. You're dead!"

The door flew open, bristling with drawn revolver muzzles. Inspector Jack Quinn tore through them in time to see Borine slide back to a sitting position and stare motionless through the red, bleeding hole that had been his eye.

Kippy Boy swung my Colt around gleefully. "Everybody play cops'n robbers?"

"*Watch it!*" I yelled.

The revolver muzzles in the doorway parted violently in the middle as the avalanche pouring through materialized into Sailor Duffy, his right arm looping.

"Bang!" yelled Kippy Boy to the accompaniment of another crashing explosion. It tore hell out of the ceiling, then Kippy Boy was flying one way, my Colt another, Sailor Duffy's massive fist somewhere in the middle.

Kippy Boy landed with a room-shaking thud. He gulped at the Sailor: "Hey, you play tag good!"

I scrambled for my Colt but Inspector Jack Quinn's shoe got in the way. His other shoe tumbled me back into Sailor who was lurching to my side. We wound up in a tangle with Kippy Boy who was coming back for more.

Quinn's face loomed over me.

"You had that comin' to you, Shrimp!" he snarled. "Hand over my badge."

I gave it to him, admitting: "You sure got a case, copper!"

His face was a mass of raw welts and bruises. The wolves I'd thrown him to

certainly didn't like strike-breakers. I made a second try for my Colt. Quinn let me get it. I looked questions at him.

"We heard it all," he said. "We come along right after you. There was no chance of you leaving this hole—so we listened."

I glanced at Borine, dead against the wall, then fiddled with some of Kippy Boy's marbles.

"Listen, Wale," Quinn said, "I wanna know—"

"Cute li'l fella, wanna play immies?" Kippy Boy chortled, dropping to his knees opposite me.

"Hey, me too, Cash!" Sailor rumbled, making it a threesome.

"Nothing like good clean fun," I said, starting the marbles rolling. "You say something?" I asked Quinn.

"Listen, Wale, you pulled that screw-ball play for a chance to bring a star ruby to a pawnbroker named Rosen—"

"A crook, that guy Rosen," I said. Fenton, the skinny insurance op, loomed behind Quinn.

"You know what happened to Doolan's haul, Wale," he accused.

"Did I say no?" I said. "What are you paying?"

"Five thousand dollars for information that gets results, or the results."

"Show me the five grand," I said.

So help me, the guy drew out five bills with what looked like a million zeros running across them. "O.K.," I said. "That's how I like to deal. Cash."

"Go on, Shrimp," roared Inspector Quinn on the verge of apoplexy, "will you for crying out loud tell the guy where they are?"

"What do you think for crying out loud I am down on my hands and knees for?" I demanded, lifting one of the star sapphires from among the marbles and tossing it at the dumbfounded Fenton.

"Anybody could have found 'em, had they taken the trouble to cultivate Kippy Boy and learn his habit of picking men's pockets for toys like he picked Happy Doolan's pockets when he stumbled on the body," I said, shooting a two thousand dollar emerald into the fifteen hundred dollar star ruby Sailor had just flipped—while thousand dollar bills came floating down from Fenton's stunned fingers.