

Spicy Detective, September, 1936

FALLING STAR

By Robert Leslie Bellem

It was the dizziest looking diamond ring Dan Turner had ever seen—and a girl was giving it to him to keep . . . handing him plenty of Hollywood trouble on a platter.



IT WAS sundown when Sid Grainger let me out of his swanky Rolls in front of my office-building in downtown Hollywood.

Sid was president of Cosmotone Pictures. I'd been golfing with him all afternoon.

He waved to me and drove off. I went upstairs to my office to look over the mail and close up shop for the night. I'd just sat down at my desk when the door opened and a girl walked in.

She was Filipino cutie, and plenty neat. Her clothes were good, she had nice legs, and her shape was easy on the eyes. But I could tell she was scared of something—or

somebody. It showed in her face.

When she spoke, her English was as good as mine. She said: "Are you Mr. Dan Turner, the private detective?"

I said: "Yes. What can I do for you?"

She handed me a small, sealed package about the size of a match box. She said: "Will you please open this, Mr. Turner! It is very important."

I said: "Sure," and started to break the sealing-wax. While I was doing it, the Filipino wren went to my office door and closed it. Then she stood there with her hand on the knob. She seemed to be listening for

something.

I finally got the little package untied. I threw the string and wrappings in my wastebasket, and held a white plush-covered jeweler's box in my hand. I thumbed the catch and the lid opened. Stuck into the slotted purple satin lining of the box was a woman's finger-ring. It was a screwy-looking ring. I'd never seen anything quite like it before. It was set with diamonds; but the stones were cut in a funny way. They stood up from their platinum prongs like thinly-whittled slivers of congealed fire. They were arranged in some sort of irregular design.

It struck me as a hell of a queer way to spoil a lot of good blue-white sparklers. I looked at the girl and said: "What's this all about?"

She said: "You are to keep it and guard it with your life, Mr. Turner. My mistress will pay you a thousand dollars if you will hold it until—"

THAT was as far as she got. All of a sudden I heard hard-heeled footsteps in the corridor outside my office. Through the door's frosted glass panel I saw the silhouette of a man's head and shoulders. The doorknob started to turn.

Quick as a flash, the girl twisted the key in the lock. She whirled to face me. Her tiny breasts heaved up and down under her frock. She whispered: "Quick, Mr. Turner—hide the ring—"

I made one move with my hand. At the same instant there came a hell of a crash. Somebody smashed the door-glass with the butt end of a roscoe.

I made a dive for the .32 automatic I carry in a shoulder-holster, but I froze before my fingers could get half-way under my coat. A masked hombre poked his face through the door's busted glass and covered me with his rod.

He said: "Listen, snoop. This cannon ain't stuffed with feathers, see? Make just one wrong move and I'll feed you a lead supper."

I said: "Okay, brother. It's your play. Call the signals."

He reached in with his free hand, turned the key on the inside of the door. Then he twisted the knob and walked in.

I took a quick gander at my wrist-watch. It was a little past six. That made it tough, because all the other offices on my floor close at five sharp. There probably wasn't anybody around to hear my glass door being knocked in.

The masked bozo walked towards me. He shoved the Filipino wren ahead of him toward my desk. I studied the situation and wondered what might happen if I jumped up and started swinging my dukes. I decided it wouldn't pan out very well.

The masked man wasn't such a Hercules; I could have mopped up the floor with him in ten seconds. But he had a gat, and I'm not bullet-proof. So I sat still and waited for a better chance.

The guy with the gun grabbed the girl with his free hand. He kept one eye and his roscoe aimed at me. To the girl he said: "Where's that ring?" in a voice that sounded plenty surly and ugly.

"I—I don't know what you m-mean," she said.

"The hell you don't know what I mean!" he rasped at her. He put his left hand on her throat and squeezed with his fingers. He said: "Tell me where the ring is or I'll pinch a cancer on you!"

She let out a yip of pain.

I wanted to leap up and give him a taste of my knuckles. But he still had me covered. He spoke to the Filipino chicken again. "I'll put you under the daisies if you don't kick in with that ring, you damned Gugu slut!"

She whimpered. "N-no—"

HE started frisking her with his free hand. First he caught hold of the neck of her dress and yanked downward. The silk ripped. She wasn't wearing much of a brassiere. Coffee-colored skin peeped out through lace. She moaned and tried to cover herself with her hands.

He biffed her wrists with the heel of his fist and said: "Keep still." Then he finished tearing her dress away.

She shivered there in the middle of my office with nothing on except her step-in, that band of lace, her stockings, and her high-heeled shoes. In spite of her light brown color she was plenty cute. She was built like a little bisque doll. Her whole body was miniature, her curves tiny and rounded. Her skin was honey smooth, and her legs were tapered, shapely gams. I'd have got a boot out of looking at her if it hadn't been for the masked bozo's automatic pointing toward me.

He started searching her. He didn't miss a trick. He stuck his finger in her month and felt under her tongue. He went through her black hair. When he got through, he stepped back and said: "You ain't got the ring. You musta slipped it to Turner before I got here."

She said: "No—no—" in a whimpering whisper.

He gave her a shove and turned to me. He said: "Come on, snoop. Cough up that sparkler. Make it snappy—I ain't got all day."

I said: You're damned right you haven't got all day, wise guy. While you've been wasting time, I've had my foot on a buzzer under my desk. If you look around, you'll see a cop standing at the door, ready to ventilate your spine."

I was lying like hell, of course. But the trick worked. The masked hombre wheeled around. I grabbed a paperweight from my desk and heaved it.

But my aim was bad. The paperweight

sailed past his shoulder, missed him clean. He spun back to face me. I was on my feet by that time. I made a flying dive over my desk and bashed into him full force. He went down on his back. I straddled him and made a dig for his cannon. Somehow, he managed to squeeze the trigger. The roscoe said: "*Chow!*" and spat a streak of flame past my ear.

Behind me, I heard a muffled, gasping moan and a slumping sound on the floor. I twisted my head around; saw the Filipino doll stretched out on the rug. There was a bluish-red hole in the firm flesh of her breast, on the under side. It was right over her heart. Blood was beginning to seep out of the hole. Her bare arms and legs were quivering.

I said: "You murderous rat!" and smashed my fist down at the masked guy's kisser. But he jerked his head aside and my knuckles hit the floor. It almost paralyzed my arm. The guy lifted his knee and socked it into the pit of my belly.

I got sick. I lost my hold on his gun-hand.

He twisted out from under me, squeezed his trigger again. He pumped a slug at me and missed. Then his rod jammed. He said: "Damn you to hell!" and reversed the roscoe, slammed the butt toward my cranium. I tried to duck, but I was a split-instant too slow. I heard the swish of the gun, and then it felt as if Mount Wilson had hit me. A blast of pain shot through my noggin. After that, everything got dark for a while.

WHEN I came to, somebody had me by the shoulders shaking hell out of me. I opened my eyes and saw my friend, Dave Donaldson of the homicide squad, leaning over me. There were a couple of harness coppers with him.

The Filipino cutie was lying where I'd last seen her. She was as dead as a smoked herring. My office was just about turned upside down. Desk-drawers and filing cabinets

had been opened; the contents were strewn to hellangone all over the place. There was no trace of the masked bozo.

I swayed to my feet and grabbed Donaldson's arm to steady myself. I said: "How the hell did you get wind of this, Dave?"

"The cop on the beat heard some shots and came up to investigate," he clipped back. "It took him a while to find out which office the sound had come from. When he reached this room, he took one gander and then phoned headquarters. I came on the double-quick. What happened, Turner! Did you bump this Filipino frill?"

I said: "Hell, no!" I yanked my automatic from its shoulder-holster and handed it over. "You can see my rod hasn't been fired."

He sniffed the muzzle, examined the full clip. He said: "Yeah. I can see the slug didn't come from this gun. Besides, yours is a .32 and the girl was killed by a .44 bullet But you've got some tall explaining to do."

I told him as much as I knew; gave him the whole screwy story. When I got through I said: "That's the works as far as I'm concerned, Dave."

He looked at me. "What became of the ring the Filipino wren handed you!"

I went to my desk, picked up a pen, fished in the inkwell I snagged out that funny-looking diamond ring from the black ink where I'd dropped it when my glass door was first smashed open. I said: "This is it. The girl said something about her mistress paying me a grand to guard it. Before she could tell me anything else, hell broke loose."

Donaldson took the ring, held it under the faucet of my washbasin. When the ink was rinsed off he said: "Queerest-looking ring I ever saw. What do you make of it?"

"I don't know," I told him. "But let me have it back. Sooner or later the ring's owner will come to me for it. That might give us a

lead on the killing."

Donaldson hesitated a moment. Then he handed the ring over to me. He said: "Okay, Turner. But the minute anything turns up, you phone me. Understand?"

IT was dark when I got down to where my jalopy was parked. I started to get under the wheel, when somebody came up to me and touched my arm.

I looked around. I recognized the guy who was standing there. He was Carson Block, a big-shot banker from the east who'd been in Hollywood several months trying to get control of a string of minor movie studios. I didn't like him. He had a crooked look.

He said: "Are you Dan Turner?"

"Yes," I told him. "Why?"

He reached into his pocket, pulled out a fistful of banknotes. "There's five grand in this stack, Turner. It's yours if you hand me a certain ring. You know what I'm talking about."

I shook my head. "I don't get you."

He scowled. "Yes you do. Quit stalling. A girl delivered a certain diamond ring to you. I'm offering you five thousand dollars for it, and no questions asked—or answered."

I stared at him. He seemed to know a hell of a lot about that ring. Maybe he was the guy who'd worn the mask and bumped the girl. I said: "Okay, Mr. Block. I'll give you the ring. Here it is." And I reached under my coat for my automatic.

It wasn't there.

Then I remembered how I'd handed it to Donaldson and hadn't got it back. I cursed under my breath; and then I pivoted on my heel, balled my fist, swung on Block's jaw. I caught him on the button. He sagged.

I left him on the pavement, went racing back to my office-building. The night elevator-man didn't answer my signal. I hit the staircase, took the steps three at a time. I

reached the third floor and yelled:

"Donaldson—hey, Donaldson!"

Dave came out of my office. He said: "What—"

I grabbed him. "Downstairs—quick!" I said. "I think I've got the guy you're looking for!"

We went pelting downstairs to the street; reached my coupe. I started to point; and then I said: "What the hell—!"

Block wasn't there.

I said: "The louse must have a cast-iron jaw!"

"What louse!" Donaldson grated.

"Carson Block, the banker. He stopped me just now, offered me five grand for that damned ring. I popped him and left him here while I went after you."

Dave said: "Carson Block, huh! I'll put out a dragnet for him." He went back into my building to phone headquarters.

I GOT into my coupe and stepped on the starter. Driving toward my apartment, I thought things over; tried to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

There was no way of finding out the answer just then. It all depended on whether Donaldson's dragnet succeeded in picking up Block. I parked my jalopy in the basement garage under my apartment-house and went upstairs to my flat.

The minute I started to stick my key in the lock, I sensed something wrong. The door was unlatched. There was a light burning in my living room. I heard somebody moving around inside.

I didn't have my roscoe, and I didn't know what I might be up against. But I decided to take a chance. I shoved my hand into the side pocket of my coat and stuck my finger through the cloth to look like the barrel of a gun. Then I kicked the door open and went bouncing inside. I said: "Stick 'em high, damn you!"

Then I widened my eyes.

There was a woman in my room. A girl. She was a knock-out. She had honey-yellow hair and the face of an angel. Her blue silk dress stuck to her as if she'd been poured into it; and the way her slinky curves moved under the silk was enough to make a wooden Indian come to life. Her hips had a sleek, rippling smoothness, and her chiffon ankles looked like a Petty drawing. She certainly had what it takes, and I don't mean perhaps.

She said: "Mr. Turner—!"



"Yeah," I said. "And who the devil are you!"

"I—I bribed the janitor to let me in," she faltered. "I had to see you alone. I didn't want anyone to see me waiting for you in the downstairs lobby. I—I'm Chloe Cabot."

I suppose I should have tabbed her from the start. Chloe Cabot had been a hell of a big screen star. Recently she'd started hitting the skids as a box-office attraction. For some reason she was losing her hold on the public; her films were turning out to be flops. She was under contract to Cosmotone Pictures, and I'd seen her plenty of times on the screen. But this

was the first occasion I'd ever met her face to face, and somehow she looked different. She looked younger, fresher.

I said: "What did you want to see me about, Miss Cabot!"

"I came to pay you the thousand dollars I promised you. I want my diamond ring back. The one I sent to you through my maid."

I STEPPED toward her. "Listen," I said. "There are a few questions I'd like to ask you. In the first place, did you know that your maid was bumped off in my office a while ago?"

She got pale. "You mean—k—killed!"

I said: "Yeah. A masked bozo rubbed her out and slugged me on the dome. He was after the ring. Then, later, a man named Carson Block offered me five grand cash if I'd turn the ring over to him. It looks to me as if you'd better spill what you know about that ring, Miss Cabot. What's so damned important about it!"

She was trembling. "C-Carson Block tried to... buy the ring from you!"

I said: "Yeah. Why did he want it so bad?"

"—I'll tell you everything," she whispered. "Carson Block is trying to gain control of Cosmotone Pictures—the company that has me under contract. I own some stock in Cosmotone; took it in lieu of salary on my last production. Carson Block is after that stock. It would give him the controlling vote in the company's management. I refused to sell it to him; and since then he's made several attempts to steal the stock from me.

"He even h—had me k—kidnaped last week; kept me under narcotics in a private sanitarium in Hollywood Hills—the Sunaire Hospital. I—I just managed to escape from there today. That's when I sent my maid to you with the ring...."

I said: "What's the ring got to do with all this, Miss Cabot?"

She touched my arm. Her fingers were trembling. "That ring is really the key to my private strongbox at home, where I keep the stock. The diamonds fit into slots in the lock, so that the box unlatches when the ring is twisted."

There was something hurried, nervous, furtive, in the way she was talking. I got the impression she wasn't telling the whole truth. I decided to test her out. I said: "Can you describe the way you sent me the ring, Miss Cabot?"

She hesitated. Her face flushed. "It—it was in a little plush box. A purple box with white lining."

That was the wrong answer. The ring had actually been in a white plush box with purple satin lining—just the reverse of what this dame said. Of course, in her excitement she might have got mixed up a little; but she sounded as if she was guessing in the dark. I couldn't be sure.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't even sure that this honey-haired cutie really was Chloe Cabot. She certainly looked a lot younger than she did on the screen. An idea came to me. I seemed to remember some sort of tiny mole that always showed in the upper cleft of Chloe Cabot's bosom in her films, when she wore deep décolletage. It was just a vague recollection in my mind; I wasn't positive. But I knew a way to make sure.

I said: "I'm sorry, Miss Cabot. I'm afraid I can't give you back your ring. After all, it's linked with a murder now. The police will want it as evidence against Block when they arrest him."

"Oh-h—!" she gasped. "But I've got to have it!"

I shook my head. "Sorry."

She grabbed me. "Listen, Mr. Turner. I promised you a thousand dollars to keep the ring for me. Now I'll pay you two thousand if you'll return it to me!"

"No soap."

She looked at me. "Is—is there anything else that might... interest you...?"

I said: "Such as what, kiddo?"

SHE whipped her hands up to the shoulder-straps of her dress; unsnapped the catches, hesitated with drooping eyelashes. She said: "Such as ... this ... Mr. Dan Turner!"

I looked at her; felt my blood pump faster in spite of myself. She was an eye-full of sweetness, and her half-naked body was a challenge hard to resist. But I held out long enough to get a good gander at the scented, blossom-smooth skin above her breasts. I didn't see any mole there. Her skin was milk-white and completely flawless.

She must have misunderstood my hesitation, for she came up to me. She pressed herself against me, grabbed my hands, pulled my arms around her waist "—I'm yours, Dan Turner, if... you'll give me back my ring!" she whispered.

That was more than I'd bargained for. I could feel her clinging to me, and her lips were close to mine. My hands were on her back, and the touch of her flesh sent tingles racing through me. After all, I'm human. I did what most guys would have done under the circumstances. I kissed her. What the hell?

The minute our mouths met, I forgot everything. I felt her breath, hot, sultry, moist. I picked her up in my arms with a sweep....

AFTER a while, I calmed down a little. I got my brain to working again. I went over to my collarette; dragged out a fifth of Vat 69 and two glasses. While my back was turned to the girl, I dropped a little white pellet into her glass; then I filled it with Scotch and handed it to her. I said: "Have a snort, kiddo. Then you can wait here while I go get your ring."

She downed her snifter without question. I

took a couple of quick ones myself. Then I went and got my hat and coat I said: "I'll be right back, baby. You wait here." I went out.

The instant I got to the downstairs lobby of the apartment-house, I dived for the phone-booth. I dropped a buffalo; dialed the home number of Sid Grainger, the guy I'd played golf with that same afternoon. He was president of Cosmotone Pictures, the outfit that had Chloe Cabot under contract.

I finally got Grainger on the wire. I said: "Sid, how about meeting me at your studio right away? I want you to run off a reel of film for me."

"Sure, Turner. Meet you there in fifteen minutes."

I went down to my basement garage, got out my jalopy. I drove over to Parapet Street, where Cosmotone's lot was located. Sid showed up a few minutes later. He said: "What film do you want to see, Turner?"

"Any reel in which Chloe Cabot appears in décolletage," I told him.

He took me past the gate-keeper outside the lot. We went into a private projection-room usually used for 'rushes' and pretty soon Sid dug up a Chloe Cabot reel. He ran it off. The Cabot girl stalked across the screen in an evening-gown cut low. I studied her—hard. I saw that little mole. I saw something else, too. She was left-handed. And the dame in my apartment was right-handed!

That was all I wanted to know. I said: "Thanks, Sid," and went pelting back to my coupe. I drove like hell for Beverly, where Chloe Cabot's home was located. It took me seventeen minutes to get there. I jammed my thumb on the bell.

The door opened. A sour-faced butler looked at me. He said: "Yes, sir!"

"Miss Cabot in?" I asked him. I flashed my tin.

His eyes widened when he saw the badge. "Miss Cabot hasn't been home in several

days," he said.

I brushed past him, went into the house. "Show me where her safe is located," I said. I put plenty of authority in my voice.

THE butler led me to a study, pointed to the circular steel door of a safe set in the wall. I went to it, studied it. It had no dial, no knobs. But I saw what looked to be a series of tiny holes drilled into the face of the polished steel. I whipped out the diamond ring which the maid had given me, and I fiddled around with it until the oddly-cut stones matched up with those tiny holes in the steel. Then I pressed the ring hard against the holes.

Something clicked inside the safe. There was a buzzing sound. The door swung open. The whole thing was an ingenious electrical mechanism. By fitting the ring against those holes, an inner contact was made and the safe was unlocked.

I saw some papers inside the circular strong-box; dragged them out. I couldn't find any Cosmotone Pictures stock; but I did discover something else. It was Chloe Cabot's contract with Cosmotone. It called for four pictures to be made within the year—at a salary of two hundred and fifty grand per production. In other words: million-buck contract.

My mental cogwheels clicked. If one more factor happened to come out right, I knew I'd see daylight. I shoved the contract in my pocket, leaped out of the house. I scrambled into my jalopy, headed for Hollywood Hills. I was looking for a certain spot; and pretty soon I found it. A small-sized neon sign twinkled:

SUNAIRE SANITARIUM

I parked. I sneaked around to the rear of the one floor sprawling bungalow. I found an unlatched window; raised it. I hoisted my legs over the sill, dropped down inside a kitchen.

Everything was dark. I flicked on my pencil-flashlight, found a door. It led to a corridor.



I started down that hallway. There were closed doors all along one aide. I opened the first two; didn't see anybody in the rooms. The third door I came to was locked. I always carry a ring of master-keys; and now I tried them. The fourth key worked. I opened the door.

There was a dame on a bed, sleeping. Her night-gown was cut plenty low in front, and one shoulder-strap was down over her bare arm so that my flashlight's thin white beam revealed the tiny mole I was looking for; and when I looked at the dame's face with its tumbled frame of honey-colored hair I knew I was coming to the end of the trail. This was Chloe Cabot, the movie star. The genuine Chloe.

I went over to the bed, touched her shoulder. She didn't stir. Her breathing was

uneven, slow. I pried open one of her eyelids. The pupil was dilated, the eyeball rolled back. She was doped. I saw pin-pricks on her arm where she'd had several hypo injections.

I knew there wasn't a chance in the world of snapping her out of her sleep just then. And there was no time to be lost. I slipped my arms under her, lifted her. I carried her out of the room, down the corridor. She was a dead weight, and I had a hell of a time getting her through that open kitchen window. But I made the grade.

I SNEAKED her around to my parked coupe, put her inside. Then I climbed in alongside her and gunned hell out of my motor; headed my jalopy toward town.

After a while I pulled up in front of headquarters. I leaped up the steps. "Tell Dave Donaldson to come out," I said to the deskman.

In a minute, Donaldson appeared. He said: "Turner! Have you found out—"

"Yeah," I told him. "Come on with me. We're heading for my apartment. I think the guy who murdered that Filipino cutie will be coming to my joint pretty soon. Maybe he's there now. Let's get going."

Dave piled into my coupe, alongside Chloe Cabot's limp form. When he saw her he said: "Who the hell is this?"

I said: "Dave, this is Chloe Cabot. That diamond ring belonged to her. She's been kept in a private dippy-house the past few days—under narcotics. She's drugged right now. The guy that did it to her is the one who wanted the diamond ring. He's the one who killed the Filipino girl."

Donaldson said: "I don't get any part of it, Turner. What's it all about!"

"It's simple enough," I told him. "In the first place, that diamond ring is really a key to Chloe Cabot's private safe in her home out in Beverly. The murderer wanted that key. He

wanted something out of her safe. He wanted it so badly that when he saw Chloe's maid coming into my office he followed her and killed her in an attempt to get it. He failed. Then he sent a dame to impersonate Miss Cabot; sent her to my apartment. She tried to get the ring-key away from me, but I didn't fall for it."

Donaldson said: "What the hell was the killer after!"

"Something that affects the financial set-up of Cosmotone Studio," I said. "Something that could change its ownership."

"What happened to the dame who came to your apartment?"

I said: "I fed her a sleeping-pill in some whiskey. She's probably still at my joint—out cold. That's why I think the murderer will go to my place. He'll be looking for the impersonator. He'll be wondering why she's staying so long and he'll be looking for her to see if she got the ring-key from me."

"But how the hell did you find out where the real Chloe was being kept, Turner?"

"The other woman let that slip," I told him. "The dame who impersonated Miss Cabot fed me a story that was half true and half lies. But she *did* mention a certain sanitarium."

Before Donaldson could ask any more questions, I braked to a quick stop in front of my apartment-house. We left the drugged Cabot gal in my jalopy; locked her inside. Then we started upstairs, not making any noise. We reached my door. I grabbed Donaldson and said: "Sh-h-h! Listen—!"

From inside my flat I heard a man's rasping voice. "You damned yellow-haired slut! You let Turner pull a fast one on you! He probably had that diamond-ring in his pocket all the time—and you let him get away! I've already killed one dame in this mess; now I've got a good notion to bump you, too...."

That was all I needed. I slapped my shoulder against the door, crashed it inward.

Donaldson was at my heels. He had his service .38 in his fist. I said: "Okay, Sid Grainger. Lift the flippers—high!"

THAT'S who it was. Sid Grainger, president of Cosmotone. When he saw us, he tried to drag out his roscoe; but Donaldson was too fast for him. In two seconds, the nippers were on Grainger's wrists and I was holding the honey-haired girl who had tried to fool me a while before.

I said: "Well, Grainger, the jig's up. You had a million-buck contract with Chloe Cabot. But she was washed up as a star. Her pictures didn't pay. If you fulfilled her contract, your studio would be bankrupt—would fall into the hands of bankers. Block knew that. And he wanted control of Cosmotone. That's why he tried to bribe me to give him Miss Cabot's ring-key. He wanted her contract to hold over your head as a whip—to make you sell out to him for practically nothing.

"For a while I thought maybe Block was the guilty one. But when I found that contract

in Chloe's safe, I knew you were the man. You were the only one with a strong enough motive. You had Chloe abducted, drugged. She managed to sneak that ring-key to her maid and send it to me. You saw the maid coming into my building downtown—it was right after you'd left me at the curb. You followed the maid to my office, killed her. And then you sent this dame up to me in an effort to get the ring. That's the straight of it, isn't it!"

Grainger didn't answer.

I picked up his roscoe; looked it over. I tamed to Donaldson and said: "Here you are, Dave. It's a .44 with two shots fired out of the clip. This gat will match up with the bullet in that Filipino maid's heart or I miss my guess."

Donaldson said: "Yeah," and went over to my phone to put in a call for a squad car.

When he had taken his prisoners away, I went downstairs to my jalopy and drove the real Chloe Cabot to a legitimate hospital for treatment. When she got better, I collected a grand from her—for services rendered.