

# Scent to the Jug

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Author of "Grappling Hooked," "Dumb Is the Word for Willie," etc.



**When Willie Goes on the Trail of a Snatch,  
His Nose Knows All the Answers!**

**W**ILLIE KLUMP, president of The Hawk-Eye Detective Agency, sat in his ten square feet of office rental one afternoon and wondered who the dope was that said it paid to advertise. Six weeks had passed since Willie had mailed out close to three hundred cards on which had been printed: "WILLIAM KLUMP. Private Investigator. Shadowing and Bodyguarding Done. Missing Persons Found."

Willie had received but one reply and it had come from a woman in Passaic. She

asked for a list of the persons he had found as she thought her husband might be among them.

Willie sighed, got up and took off his trousers. He lifted an ironing board out from behind his filing cabinet, took an electric iron out of a drawer of his desk and plugged the connection into a wall socket. His sartorial task was half completed when newsboys set up quite a to-do out in the street.

"Wux-xxtra-a—Readallaboutit—'xtr-r-r-ra! Blumfarrisippappeers—Belee-

kinapped exx-xx-xtr-a-a-a—Fran Lozier! Extry-y-y-y-y-y-y. payapah-h-h-h-h-h!”

“Might be murder or some very big crime,” Willie said hopefully and ran out of his office. He discovered he had no pants when he got to the elevator. He ran back again and hurriedly covered his bony legs with blue serge, then galloped out again. Down in the street he purchased an extra and gobbled the headlines with his big glimmers.

The big black type made his cerebellum do a Lambeth Walk.

#### HEIRESS DISAPPEARS!

Fran Lozier Missing From Home Past  
Two Days  
Uncle Suspects Foul Play!  
City-wide Search On!

“Whew-w-w-w-w!” Willie gulped. “Would I like to find her! There will be a very big reward, I am sure.” He walked a little groggily into the building. Fran Lozier, the gorgeous cafe society canary who had more sugar in her own name than in all the canes in Cuba! More rocks than could be blasted out of Gibraltar.

The journal which Willie toted hinted that Fran might have been tagged by a touch of amnesia, her Park Avenue pace had been that torrid of late. Fran’s uncle was quoted as suspecting that somebody had snitched her for ransom.

“H-m-m-m,” Willie mused when he got to his office and sat down. “She was last seen goin’ out of the nifty pueblo on Central Park South where she lives. Took strolls in the park of evenings. I must go down to Headquarters and pick up what little information I can, as Willie Klump is goin’ to take a hand in this case. Me with a auto and short wave set goin’ rusty. I am as well equipped as the next citizen to hunt down criminals.”

They were very insulting to Willie downtown. They always were, particularly

a slewfoot by name of Aloysius Kelly, better known as Satchelfoot because of the dimensions of his St. Bernards.

**W**ILLIE did not look anything like a detective, any more than Lon Chaney looked like Myrna Loy. To this fact Willie attributed his comparative success in the handcuff and badge business. He had criminals off guard and instead of drawing lead from them he drew laughs. It was Satchelfoot Kelly who first spotted Willie hanging outside the room where the galley slaves banged typemills.

“You’d better beat it,” Kelly sniffed disdainfully. “You ain’t got no more chance of getting in on this case than one of the Quints has of pitchin’ for the Yankees. Beat it!”

“You don’t scare me, Satchelfoot. Where did you git the re-treads? In a garage? Anyway you are not too bright. I know what you said when they asked you where Oxford was in an intelligence test. You said it was a place where guys went to learn how to make shoes. Ha, ha! Have they got any clues yet?”

“One. The doll is missing.” Kelly grinned, “Wouldn’t you just love to git ten grand?”

“So they have got a reward out,” Willie beamed, “That’s one thing I wanted to know. The reason you can’t tell nothin’, you don’t know nothin’. The only thing you ever caught was a rash, Kelly.”

Satchelfoot was burning. “Oh yeah! Who found the dame’s nose napkin? Me! Who showed the cops the sign of a struggle in the park, huh? Me! If you don’t believe it, ask the news guys!”

“Why should I?” Willie grinned all over, “You tol’ me. So a rough character, or two or three, has got the heiress. I will go to work on it right away.”

“Why—you—”

“I wondered why you smelled so sweet.

No goat should, Satchelfoot,” Willie went on, “That must have been some perfume that was on the hankie, huh? I’ll make a note of that. Well, Kelly, anytime I want to know somethin’ I will see you. Bong sewer for now, as the French say.”

The big town rags spread the Lozier story all over the place. Headquarters brain trusters intimated that only a big criminal character would steal a delectable dish like Fran, the glamour girl. They would immediately put it down as a job performed by a certain public enemy known as Ears Topaz if they were not positive that Ears had lammed across the border with an income tax rap just missing him by a whisker.

Yes, they were sure about the handkerchief. Only Fran could afford such rare nose charmer as had saturated the little square of linen and lace. Besides, the initials F. L. were on the piece of evidence. G-men were on the hot-foot and the machinery of the law was being oiled everywhere.

**W**ILLIE KLUMP’S thoughts were elusive things and once they emerged from his cranium, they generally ran away and hid from Willie, so he wrote his thoughts down. Burning the midnight wats in his office, he scribbled:

“Lozier case. No.1: The perfume on the handkerchief will also be on Fran. Hard stuff to get off, once you get it on. Remember getting some of Gertie’s perfume on suit and had to bury it. Scuffling with the girl, the rough citizens would have to get close to her an’ pick her up and carry her.

“No.2: Will go to store and sniff the perfume. Papers say it was—let’s see—Fleur de S-o-i-r. That is French. So I will know the smell when I smell it somewhere—maybe on kidnapers. Just a hunch. They said Columbus was nuts

because he said the world was round.

“No.3: Must see Gertie Mudgett and ask her to go to the store with me. Only a sissy would ask to see perfume. Could be the doll did get am-amnesia and that Satchelfoot just thought he saw signs of a struggle. Toughest case yet. It was not Ears Topaz who did it as everybody knows he got over the border and won’t come back. Nobody else would have the nerve.”

Willie called up Gertie Mudgett and asked her to meet him during the noon hour. Gertie giggled and Willie could not understand why. She had a funny look on her pan when he met her on Fifth Avenue.

“I jus’ knew you didn’t forget,” Gertie said and hooked an arm through Willie’s. “You wanted to surprise me, didn’t you? You want me to pick it out.”

“You are a mind reader,” Willie said, “Let’s go in here.”

“What? Why that is a very expensive store, Willie. Oh-h-h-h, you shouldn’t—”

“Huh? I got to. Come on, Gertie.”

Willie towed his torch up to the perfume counter where a beautiful blonde was trying her best to look as languid as her particular chores demanded. Willie lifted his hat. “I—I would like to see a sample of Fleur de sour, if you please?”

“Fl—er—you mean Fleur de Soir. Flower of Evening perfume.”

The blonde ogled Willie suspiciously, eyed Gertie with incredulity.

“B-but it is very expensive, sir—only one customer generally buys it. Only a few ounces left, but I—”

Willie said indignantly: “This is a perfume counter, huh? I want to see a sample. Or do I have to complain to the—”

“That’s talkin’ to her,” Gertie sniffed. “Did my boy frien’ ask how much it was, huh?”

“N-oo.” The blond canary reluctantly produced the sample of perfume. She removed the little glass stopper and held

the stuff under Willie's nose.

"Ah-h-h" Willie said. "That's it. I won't forget it."

"Oh-h-h-h, you darling!" Gertie said, "Just what I wanted. I'll take it."

"Th-that'll be two hundred dollars," the blonde said, and Willie's hat spun around on top of his corn-colored locks. "Shall I send it? Or shall I—"

"Ha, ha," Willie laughed, "I just wanted to smell it. Come on, Gertie! She said shall she scent it? Get it? It's scent already, huh?"

"**W**HY, you cheap cluck!" Gertie yelled and slammed Willie Klump over the head with a handbag. "So that's my birthday present, is it? You heel—you would embarrass a lady like me, would you? Take that, you louse!"

Whacko! Kerplunk! Wham! Gertie called Willie a lot more terrible things and the floorwalker had to hustle her out. Willie finally crawled out from under an undie counter and felt the bumps on his noggin.

"What got into her, huh? I wish she wouldn't carry horseshoes in that bag of hers."

"You get out, too, or I'll call a detective!" the floorwalker yelled at Willie.

"My card," Willie grinned, but was thrown out anyway.

On the way down the Avenue, Willie thought of something. He had heard of famous citizens getting bored with it all and wanting to get away. Sometimes they changed their looks a little and also their names and went to a different neighborhood so they could see how peaceful the other half lived. The reward held good even if the Lozier bud had not been poached by rough characters.

"Yeah," Willie told himself, "but maybe she'll forget and use that Flur de Sour. I'll keep my eyes peeled and my

nose, too. I bet that that is what the frill did, as she was gettin' fed up with giggle parlors and camera clickers. Boys, maybe this is the easiest ten thousand I'll ever earn. The cops are trying to make a mountain lion out of a moleskin and the papers always did print Fran's picture on the front page even if she only bought a new girdle. They pushed train wrecks and earthquakes an' things like that over next to the want ads. I bet I will fool everybody on the angle I will attack this case on.

"Fran is a brunette and if she wanted to disguise herself, she would git a blond wig. I will keep that in mind. And Eleventh Avenue is to Park what a cabbage is to an orchid, so that is a place I must frequent. Boys, I can still smell that Fleur de Sour!"

The gendarmes ran around in circles for three days. G-men got tangled up with them.

Then Fran's uncle got the well known bee put on him by the rough persons that had nicked him of his niece. The letter was typewritten and the kidnaper said he wanted a hundred grand or Fran would get a permanent baptism in a deep drink. Willie Klump was very disappointed, as he had to change his entire method of attack.

You never can tell where a carbuncle will sprout. Just six days after the Park Avenue playgirl had been plucked out of Central Park as if she were only a buttercup, Willie Klump happened to saunter into a delicatessen on Fourth Avenue. A blonde stood at the counter nervously tapping the floor with a heel as high as a bachelor on the eve of his wedding.

Above the mixed aromas of herring, limburger and salami, the president of the Hawk-Eye Detective Agency caught a haunting unmistakable aroma. Fleur de Sour! It slid up into his nostrils, then jumped right into his gray matter, it was that strong.

HIS brain began to perk and Willie told himself that he had been right after all. The ransom letter was the work of a very low extortionist and Fran was not in the hands of kidnapers any more than he was.

Willie's fingers already felt the touch of a stack of greenbacks. He saw himself seated in an office that had red leather furniture. Quickly Willie took advantage of an unexpected break. The blonde walked into a public telephone booth that had no door on it.

"C-call the police!" Willie yelled and hopped to the booth to prop his frame against it. "She—she is Fran Lozier. Ten thou—"

"Hey! Vat-at ist?"

"I am a d-detective. You do like I say," Willie flung out. "Call the cops while I h-hold her in!"

The Dutchman hurriedly grabbed his private phone. Then the blonde in the booth, recovering from her shock, let out a screech. She tried to push Willie out of the way and kicked him in the shins.

"What is the meaning of—of this? How-w-w d-dare y-you!"

She bopped Willie right on the chin but the intrepid detective stood his ground.

"I—am—not Fran Lozier, you numbskulls!"

She got her teeth in Willie's ear and bore down. Willie asked the man behind the counter to hurry, as he thought he could not stand much more abuse.

The battle-mad blonde almost hooked one of Willie's eyes out and then brought one of her high heels down on his pet corn. Willie nearly folded then.

Willie got his back to the blonde and braced himself against the door. He got an attack from the rear that nearly made him yelp "uncle" but he grimly hung on.

"Oh-h-h-h, somebody will g-get what they de-deserve f-for this," the wild-eyed

panting doll gasped. "J-just y-you w-wait! I—I—"

The cops came in and nabbed the doll. One looked at Willie and suggested an ambulance. Willie said it was all right and told the cops to get somebody to identify the blonde.

"L-look, I'll show you a wig."

He yanked at the doll's disheveled hair and she let out a terrible screech. "Ee-e-e-e-ek!"

"H-huh," Willie gulped. "She—she must have dyed it instead. I—I am sorry. But you should be ashamed of yourself Fran—er—Miss Lozier. Gettin' all the cops out looking far you and even G-men—"

"SOMEbody is screwy around here," the girl howled. "Get that maniac out of h-here. L-look, I'm in here mindin' my own business—buyin' some ham, when this creep—I'm Maggie Murch an' I live—look, here is my initials right on my bag. I live just three blocks from here!"

"So!" a big cop yipped, "molestin' women, huh, you big dope! Assault and battery. You makin' charges against him, lady?"

"Am I?" the doll piped up. "All that's in the book! Wait'll my boy friend gets his dukes on him. Why, nobody's safe anywhere!"

"I'm' takin' you in, ya tow-headed goof!" a big flatfoot said. "Book you for assault and have you judged a cuckoo. What's your name?"

"I am William Klump, a detective," Willie said with hauteur. "Now are you going to arrest me? Ha, ha!"

Willie was in a cell just twenty minutes later, telling everybody that they couldn't do that to him. Satchelfoot Kelly lost no time in getting over to the precinct station house to twit his rival.

"Hello, Willie Corrigan," Kelly thrust.

"Ain't you doin' things backward? You are supposed to put citizens in here, not visa versa. I didn't know you was dangerous. I always knew you was screwy, though!"

Willie was worried. "Y-yeah? Well it was a natural mistake. Th-that dame smelled of Flur de Sour, the stuff that Fran Lozier uses, an' I looked it up. It costs two hundred dollars an ounce an' how could that canary afford it? You are so smart, Kelly, you tell me, ya-a-a-a-a-ah?"

"Wha-a-a-t? Why—sniff—sniff—I do smell that perfume right now. You must have got some on you. M-m-m-m, I would marry you if you could cook right now, Willie. Two hundred bucks for an ounce of that? Say, I think you've got something there, Willie?"

Satchelfoot's eyes gleamed like those of a panther spotting a lame goat.

"Anybody could make a mistake a like that," Willie repeated. "S-say, where's Gertie? I sent word to her to git me out. She is bringin' fifty bucks bail—I hope."

"Well, ore revore, as they say in French, Willie. When I want to know something, I will always come an' ask you," Satchelfoot snickered and hurried out.

"Now that sounded very dirty to me, what he just said," Willie thought. "Well, anybody can be wrong. Napoleon was oncet, too. Oh-h-h, where is Gertie?"

Gertie Mudgett appeared just an hour later and got Willie out of the icebox. She gave him a very mean look and said it served him right for going around mauling blondes.

"B—but I can explain," Willie argued. "I was only tryin' to stop a crime an'—listen, Gertie!"

"Don't you dast walk out of here with me, y-you b-big brute!" Gertie snapped and called a cop. "You hold him here until I have a good start," she told the gendarme.

"Awright," Willie sniffed. "Awright for

you, Gertie Mudgett. You wai—"

"Threatenin' her, ha-a-h?" the big cop growled. "I got a good mind to paste you one just for luck!"

WILLIE hurriedly evacuated the bastille when Gertie had been gone for fifteen minutes. Never had Willie's dignity suffered such a setback. Little did he suspect as he rode downtown in a bus that his cup of woe was not even damp on the bottom with bitter brew.

Two hours later, Willie read something in the late journals that tempted him to go out and drink a quart of carbolic acid straight. Sitting in a beanery on East Sixteenth Street, Willie Klump realized what a snake in the weeds Satchelfoot Kelly really was.

Satchelfoot, on leaving the bastille, had immediately hurried down to Headquarters. That was glaringly evident to Willie as he devoured the type. Acting on the tip unwittingly given him by the president of the Hawkeye Detective Agency, Kelly had paid Maggie Murch a visit. On being questioned regarding Le Fleur de Soir, Maggie had been quite jittery. Finally she had admitted that her boy friend, Fran Lozier's chauffeur, had given it to her.

"What'll y'have for dessert, big boy?" the waitress in the place suddenly sopranoed behind Willie.

"H-huh? Rat poison," he said. "Just leave me alone—that'll be enough."

Willie continued reading about the coup Satchelfoot had made over his incarcerated torso.

Satchelfoot Kelly had then swooped down on the gas buggy hooter with two of his fellowmen and had surprised one Benny Sprill counting quite a stack of legal tender in his hall bedroom over on Fifty-Sixth Street. On being accused of helping to filch Fran, Benny Sprill told the cops he had got the sugar from a bookmaker up in

the Bronx not four hours before for picking a winner at the Empire. He admitted finding a bottle of Fleur de Soir on the backseat of the society doll's purple limousine one night and had made his torch a present of same.

"Sprill's alibi was knocked galley west," the newspaper account had it, "when Detective Kelly was unable to locate the bangtail bookie at the address given him by Sprill. The bookie had either lammed to parts unknown or there never had been one living there. Sprill is held without bail as a suspect in the kidnaping of Fran Lozier. The Commissioner lauded Kelly to the reporters after Sprill was put in the Tombs. Benny Sprill, when questioned as to his whereabouts on the night of the crime, said he could not remember. The D. A. is sure that Sprill will try and remember when he gets candid camera shots of the sizzle sofa up at Sing Sing."

Willie staggered out of the beanery, wondering if it was too cold to jump into the East River. Why, oh why, had he not thought of the same thing? Woe was Willie with a capital W. He went to his office and shaved, passed a brush lightly over his blue serge, then went out again to seek forgetfulness.

"An' my idea all the time," Willie groaned. "I handed that big slob a medal on a platter an' him with no more brains than a horsefly. Maybe I ought to see a doctor." He wandered across town in a fog and nearly got run over ten times. Finally he stopped to see where he was. He had paused right in front of the house where Gertie lived.

GERTIE came out as Willie slumped down on the steps of the brownstone. There was a flashily dressed citizen with her and Willie wondered if there was ever going to be an end to his misery.

"Of all the dumb bunnies, you take the

blue ribbon, Willie," Gertie chided him. "If you was half so smart as Satchelfoot, you'd get somewhere. Hah! He will get ten thousand dollars and a permotion an' you'll still be cookin' hamburger on top of a filin' cabinet. He'll—"

"L-look—right over there, Gertie," Willie groaned. "A pavin' stone. Hit me with it, yep. You have thought of every thin' else to do to me when I am down lower than the bottom of an oil well. Go ahead, kick me when I am down."

"Come on, Cyril," Gertie said sweetly. "We will just git to Looie's in time for the Cary Gooper pitcher!"

"Cyril, ha, ha," Willie said. "For a minute I was downhearted. I could have been named that, too, couldn't I? You give me courage to go on."

The next morning, Willie read where they had Benny Sprill on the grill all night until he was nearly done, trying to make him come clean as to who was the master mind behind the kidnaping. The gendarmes were sure that Sprill had only been the junior partner and had already got his cut for bringing the limousine around where Fran could be chucked into it very easily. Benny Sprill, according to the press, still refused to remember where he was at the night of the outrage and he said he was innocent and did not know about any public enemies. The Commissioner promised everybody he would break Benny down and make him name the big shot if he had to stick needles in him.

Willie wandered around aimlessly the rest of the day. Toward dusk he tumbled that he was hungry and he walked into a very tough looking oasis on Third Avenue. The citizen behind the counter looked like a cross between Gargantua and Tony Galento, and the waiter had cauliflower ears and his pan looked as if it had tried to win an argument with a ten-ton truck. This character was going over a customer with

his dukes when Willie entered. The private dick watched him drag the customer to the door and throw him out in the gutter.

"De noive of da mug!" the waiter tossed at Willie. "Eats sixty cents wort' an' den says he lef' his dough in his other pants!"

"It is a caution, ain't it?" Willie sighed, and then ordered a T-bone steak with trimmings, a quarter of an apple pie, cheese and coffee. The waiter blew on his knuckles and got Willie his order.

Willie ate ravenously and, when he was through, shoved his hand into his pocket. Willie shuddered, felt his heart run up into his throat and drum out a Rhumba against his tonsils. The things that were happening to him should not happen to a dog. Thirty cents, three thin dimes, was all he had. He had left his little roll of bills—

"**Y**A LOOK kinda pale, buddy," the big tough waiter said.

"I—I—er—am financially embarrassed," Willie choked out. "I—"

"Dat's okay, Mister. Long as ya ain't broke. Ha, ha! Here's d' bad news. A buck an' a quarter."

"I—er—am broke. I—"

"Wha-a-a-t." The big waiter grinned very nastily and he said: "Go on, buddy! Jus' tell me ya left yer dough in your other pants an'—"

"It is just what I did. I—how did you know?"

Willie was lifted out of his chair by the scruff of his neck. He had visions of riding in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. His teeth began to rattle. The waiter was ready to throw a hook when Willie saw something up against the wall.

"W-w-wait," Willie said. "Th-that is a slot machine, huh? I—I will take the th-three dimes—"

"Okay, buddy. Have yer fun. T'oity cents he's got, Butch! When I git t'rough

wit' this stiff, he won't feel like that much."

Willie Klump studied the slot machine, then put in a dime and pulled down the handle. Two lemons and a bunch of cherries showed. He yanked the handle down again. Lemons again. Willie's knees were knocking together and sweat oozed out all over him. The last dime. He pulled the handle a down while the rough character with the greasy apron on rolled up his sleeves. Wh-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Crash! Jackpot!

The rough characters stared with their mouths open and their tongues hanging out.

"Well, I'm a gorilla's auntie," the rough boy behind the counter gulped.

Willie had almost fainted. He recovered in a hurry and began scooping up the dimes. At the counter he counted fourteen bucks and forty cents but there was a peculiar thing about some of the legal tender. Two bucks and seventy cents of it was in Canadian dimes. The crude characters refused to cash them in.

"Dey ain't no good, see. Who was the mug that slugged that machine wit' them? Butch, ya' member me sayin' somethin' about a mug what was in here a coupla nights ago? He had a whole handful of dimes an' never cashed no bill like mos' of the guys what plays that machine?"

"Y-yeah. He was never in here before. How would he know we had a slot machine, huh? Why would he have all them phony dimes ready fer it, huh?"

"I was astin' you," Butch said. Willie Klump felt something give inside his head. Canadian dimes!

He said: "It looks to be like the citizens had been to Canada an' was stuck with a lot of English dough an'—er—"

Willie's heart accelerated. His stomach looped and there were wasps buzzing inside his noggin.

"Member what the mug said? Said



he'd make that machine pay him off if he hadda bring an axe the nex' time, Butch!"

Willie said: "Look, fellers. I—I like this pl—jernt. I would like to work in it for a day or so. Fer nuttin', see?"

"H-huh?"

"Grab him, Moiphy. I want t' take t'ree days off an' go t' see me brudder up in Dannemora. I got me a file—er—okay, buddy, take dis apron!"

"Somebody here is nuts," the character named Murphy spat. "Well, okay—"

**T**HE main stem saw little of Willie Klump for the next few days.

It was twenty-four hours before Fran Lozier's uncle was to contact the snatcher, when a character entered the Third Avenue beanery. He wore a brown suit and a brown kelly and he looked as if he had been in an accident as he had a bandage wound around his head. His kisser, Willie thought, was something: nobody should trust.

The character went over to the machine and fed it ten dimes. Then he slugged it with his fist and walked over to the counter.

"That tin can is fixed, I bet," he growled. "Make me up a half-dozen ham an' cheese sandwiches t' go out. Pickles with 'em. Two hunks of that blue-b'r'y pie!"

Butch fanned the designated pie with a newspaper. Flies zoomed ceilingward.

"Ya mean custard, buddy!"

"Oke. So what's the difference, huh?"

The customer got his victuals, handed over a dollar bill.

Willie stood at the counter while he got his change and the aroma of Fleur de Soir cut deeply into the odor of onions and cheap grease. No sooner had the citizen left the place when Willie tore off his apron.

"I quit," Willie said, "I am tired."

"Y'come back here, punk!" Butch yowled. "Ya can't do this t' me!"

"Don't be silly." Willie tossed out and snatched his coat off a wobbly clothes tree. "This is a very free country, isn't it?"

Willie Klump got out of there in a hurry. He spotted his man angling across the Avenue two blocks away and he ducked through traffic and started in hot pursuit.

Willie was pretty confident that he had hit a jackpot in more ways than one. The citizen had taken that dollar he had handed over to the tough counterman from a doll's reticule, Willie was positive. He was either a gigolo or—but not at two hundred bucks an ounce. And the character was taking his vitamins out instead of sitting down back in the beanery and being comfortable.

A kid brushed against Willie, yelling, "Ux-x-x-x-x-xx-tra-a-a-ah! Kidnap suspect tr-r-r-ries t' hang hisself. Sprill uses necktie—get yer poip-p-per—!"

"The first thing I do if I am not wrong this time," Willie growled, "I will buy Satchelfoot a real rope! Hero—huh! Uh—there goes the citizen—turned into Thirty-ninth. If I say so, I am doin' quite a nice piece of shadowin'. I will just hug close to the steps."

Suddenly his quarry ducked into the basement of a tenement house and Willie stood in the dark shadows casing the edifice. After awhile he sauntered across the street and then he saw a light go on behind the cracked curtains of a below-the-street apartment.

Willie knew he dared not try and get a close peak at that window. The character in the brown burlap would no doubt be watching the street quite thoroughly and he would not be holding a rattle.

Willie Klump said: "What can I lose? I will gamble on the jackpot!"

**H**E hurried over to a drug store on the corner of Third and got into the booth. He called Headquarters.

"L-listen," Willie yelped when he got the connection. "This is Detective Klump and he has got Ears Topaz boxed up in a place on Thirty-Ninth Street. No, I ain't kiddin'! An'—an' Ears has got the heiress, Fran—"

"What!"

"Y-yeah. I have proved to myself he just got back from across the border. Send a dozen squad cars! Riot guns and tear-bass gombs—I mean—help! I will meet y-you all here at Thirty-ninth an' Third. Hurry as maybe it will be too late. Bring lots of policemen an' guns. All of them—hurry before it is too late!"

"Okay! But if this is a gag, we'll put you away for keeps, Slump!"

"Klump is the name. Willie Klump!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h, I remember. You are the halfwit that clawed the blonde uptown, huh? I tol' em t' put you in a bughouse! Nuts to you, Mister. Ha, ha!"

"Uh—they won't believe me," Willie groaned.

The president of the Hawkeye Detective Agency knew that Ears was worse poison than prussic acid but the thought of ten grand sent Willie into the place where angels would refuse to tread. Willie rang the bell of the tenement house and asked a very angular looking female if there was a room to rent. She said there was and led Willie up two flights and opened a door. Willie said it would not do and hotfooted it down the stairs again. He made out he had gone out the front but only slammed the door. He tiptoed toward the rear, went down a backstairs.

Willie paused before a door. He heard a character growl: "Shud-up, ya punk! When I git the dough, ya'll be back wirt' the Park Avenya mugs, sister!"

Willie Klump knocked on the door and his knees felt as if they had turned to custard.

"Who's there, huh?"

Willie disguised his voice. 'Lemme in, Ears—quick!"

Ears Topaz opened the door. He saw nobody and he yanked out a roscoe and took three steps out into the hall. "Say, where are ya? That you, Ed? H-huh—?"

Willie Klump acted. He brought a garbage can right down on Ears Topaz's noggin and it made a loud clanging sound. Ears went as limp as a stale stalk of celery, and Willie snatched up the roscoe and conked him with it for good measure. Then he went into the basement room and there was the dame tied up like Sunday traffic on the Tri-Borough and the smell of Fleur de Soir was everywhere.

"Fran Lozier, huh?" Willie gulped.

The glamour girl nodded and Willie took out his old Boy Scout knife and cut her loose. He heard footsteps pounding down the basement steps. Willie fired his cannon and yelled: "Get 'em, boys! They are his pals! Show 'em how the G-men—"

"Scram, Pinky! The Gs have got Ears. T' hell wit' the dame. Scr-r-r-r-am!"

"Ha, ha," Willie grinned. "Come on now, Fran, as we must hurry. We will get in a cab an' take Ears with us."

"OH, y-you are wonderful, y-you G-man. I reahilly mean you are. It has been a perfectly beastly experience, reahilly?" Fran then straightened her locks and took a hooker out of a bottle on the table. Then she was ready to go.

Down in Headquarters they were still talking about Willie Klump blowing his top.

"Yeah," Satchelfoot said, "I always figgered he would slide off his nut, that dope. Imagine him callin' up an' sayin' he had Ears Topaz. Ha-ha-ha! Uh-er-wha-a-a-a—"

A big flatfoot had run in through the door.

"H-he's got 'im! An'—an' the dame.

He's got Ears!" the cop spluttered.

"W-who's got—where—"

"K-Klump! He just drove up an' unloaded Ears Topaz an' the Park Avenue dish, Fran Loz—"

Satchelfoot Kelly let his lower jaw drop right into his lap.

"I d-don't b-believe it. I—"

Then Willie Klump came into the room with Fran Lozier and said:

"It is a fine thing when the cops won't help citizens apprehend criminals. I had to go in an' git him myself with my bare hands. Topaz has confessed an' there are cops going out after two characters named Ed and Pinky. Tell them how is everythin', Fran."

Kelly fainted. Fran sat down and sniffed at a bottle of Fleur de Soir.

"Reahhly, I have had the most gharstly experience, What I mean, I actuahlly have, you know. Has deah uncle been notified?"

"He has, reahhly," Willie said. "Well, you can let Benny Sprill go as he had nothing to do with the poaching. I guess Benny had Fran's boiler out joyriding that night and he was more afraid of gettin' fired than he was of fryin'. How are you, Satchelfoot?"

"L-listen, Willie. I—I—er—how—"

"I hit a jackpot," Willie said. "That is how! I parlayed a scent into ten grand, Kelly! If you ever want to know anythin', Satchelfoot, just ask me an'—"

The Commissioner and a lot of other big gendarmes came in later and told Willie Klump what a great character he was to have around. Fran's uncle arrived and he wrote Willie out a check for ten grand then and there. Satchelfoot fainted again.

Willie strutted down the main stem the next day. His picture was on the front pages of all the journals.

He had not washed his face since his great coup as Fran's lipstick was on his bucolic pan. Gertie Mudgett finally located Willie in front of the office building that Willie was soon to evacuate. A newsreel sound truck was working on the president of the Hawkeye Detective Agency.

"Oh-h-h-h Willie," Gertie gushed, "I just knew you'd do it. I—"

Willie Klump was indignant. "Who is this person?" he demanded of a newsreel man. "I never saw her before in my life. I guess it is one of them highsterical dames, huh?"

"Move on, lady. Beat it—"

"Yeah," Willie said, igniting a twenty-cent cigar. "Scram!"