



Willie snatched at Mr. Applegate's baggage and a hectic struggle ensued

ONE ON THE HOUSE DICK

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Willie Klump Must Close the Hawkeye Agency, but He Makes a Comeback as a Hotel Sleuth that Opens Everybody's Eyes!

WILLIAM J. KLUMP, president of Hawkeye Detective Agency, Inc., at his desk one morning mentally listing his assets. It required no more time than did the egg to boil in the little pan on the electric plate at Willie's elbow.

Willie was in the red worse than East Prussia. Whoever said crime did not pay could go right ahead and say it again.

During the past eleven days, Willie's only client had been a housewife up on Spuyten Dyvil who had hired him to watch over her household while she went out, there being a carton of cigarettes locked in the kitchen cabinet.

Willie decided that he had but one recourse and that to call up Gertrude Mudgett and ask for permission to liquidate certain holdings of his that she was holding

but fast.

"I sure am dyin' to see you, Sugar," Willie said when the operator made connections.

"If you hadn't called me t'night," Gertie snapped back at him, "you'd been more'n just dyin' tomorrer, Willie. I'll see you at La Parisien, huh?"

"That is kind of high, ain't it, Gert? Lately I ain't been—"

"Look, dime cuddler," Gertie Mudgett yelped. "I am not goin' to eat in no fast an' dirty, an' if you think—"

"La Parisien it is," Willie said quickly.

So they met at the La Parisien and after the onion soup, Willie spoke up.

"Gert, I got t' ast you right out for one of my war bonds you are holdin'. You see, it is this way—"

"Wha-a-a-a? Ain't you been readin' the papers, William Klump?" Gertie flung at him. "We got a war on, Willie. The Japs slugged us at Pearl Harbor and ever since the marines an' others have give up their lives for the likes of you. Brave airmen have gone to hun'reds of missions an' durin' the battle of the bulge—why, you should be ashamed, you saboture!"

"I only said—"

A big character came over and towered above Willie.

"Ma'am," he said, "you uncovered a Natsy an' Jap pro, huh? Before we turn him in, let me heave him aroun' jus' a little, huh?"

"How dare you?" Gertie said and called the manager.

Willie gulps, "Look, there is no need of all this."

The manager of La Parisien appeared.

"What's the trobble, hah?"

"This punk is a Axis rooter," the interfering customer said. "I heard the dame tell him—"

"I only said—"

"Shut up, Willie," Gertie said. "This fresh clam come over while me an' my boy friend was chatting an' threatens my boy friend. If you don't tell him off, I will fracture his skull with this chili bottle."

"It is a good thing you are a dame," the big patron sniffed.

"Yeah," Willie said, relieved.

Gertrude Mudgett glared at him. "He called me a dame, Willie! You will hand him one or I will."

"Look, I run a respectable joint," the manager said. "I weesh you all go somewhere else, yah?"

"Oh, yeah?" the big character yelped. "Are we goin' to stand here an' git insulted?"

"We ain't," Gertie said. "Let him have it, big boy!"

"Gert!" Willie said frantically. "I thought we was against this—"

THE citizen popped the manager of La Parisien and a waiter ran to the door and called the cops. Willie and Gertie and the other client went out through the kitchen and into the alley and soon found themselves on the next block.

"There was no need of any of it," Willie said, a trifle bewildered. "I just mentioned about a war bond, Gert, an'—"

"Say, what am I doin'?" the trouble maker with the skinned knuckles said. "I wa'n't on your side! I'm gettin' away from here."

Willie and Gertrude Mudgett hied them to a less cultured eating place on Third Avenue.

"I am just as much a patriot as you, Gert," Willie said, "but I will not git decorated if I starve. Seein' as you got my bonds—"

"Insurance, you mean," Gertie said. "Against you desertin' me. When are we goin' t' git married, Willie?"

"I can't right now as I am not makin' enough t' support the gover'ment an' a wife on one income."

"I tol' you to go out an' git a job," Gertie said. "You will never be no success as a private detective an' all the success you had up to now was just bull luck, Willie. Aloysius Kelly says, you—"

"Him!" Willie said sourly. "I bet Satchelfoot wishes he was half as smart as he thinks you think he is. What has he been doin' lately?"

"Don't you read papers?" Gertie yelled. "He just arrested the two holdups who half slew a man an' stole the thirty-thousand dollar payroll from the Snefft Snood & Fascinator Company, up in the Bronx. Two crooks named Wartsy Urps and Milkeye Kibby. The paper says Satchelfoot, I mean Aloysius, is trying to make them tell where they stashed the money."

"Oh, they didn't find the payroll, huh?" Willie said. "How they know they stole it?"

"Read it yourself."

Gertie took a folded tabloid out of her big reticule.

Willie perused the review of the unlawful incident. In the late afternoon two days before, Wartsy and Milkeye entered the office of the Snood & Fascinator Company a few minutes after the small bag with the lettuce had been deposited on the paymaster's desk.

The paymaster had been caressed with a piece of steampipe and when he picked up his migs and taws the payroll was gone. An employee had intercepted Wartsy and Milkeye on their way to a jalopy that was left turning over and got lead in his torso for his anxiety over the welfare of his boss' legal tender.

Willie grinned and looked at Gertie.

"Jus' like I thought, huh! Look how he captured the crooks. By accident almost.

They called some cops to a rooming house where two mugs are slugging it out with each other in a hall room and Satchelfoot happened to be guzzling beer in a tavern next door.

"They take Wartsy and Milkeye to the klink because during the melee they knocked a landlady cross-eyed. Wartsy and Milkeye are recognized as habitual crooks and so are fingerprinted and when they are arrested they come right out an' deny the robbery before they was asked to."

"You are just jealous," Gertie said.

"So they start accusin' each other of double-crossin' and Kelly sends for an eye witness to the shootin' an' robbery who identifies Milkeye as one of the bandits," Willie said.

"Well, he makes a decent livin'," Gertie said. "Whicht is more'n you can say, froghead."

"I'll git goin' soon," Willie countered. "It is only I got bad breaks."

He finished with his reading then. It seemed Wartsy got into the car and left Milkeye to his fate. When Wartsy got to his own backyard he looked into the jalopy and found no payroll, so convinced himself right away that Milkeye had it. And when Milkeye heard Wartsy's story, he accused Wartsy of a double cross.

"Each one thinks the other put the dough away somewhere an' won't own up," Willie said. "I wonder which one is not tellin' the truth?"

"Aloysius will find out," Gertie said.

"By the time he does, that currency will be out of style," Willie opined.

The waiter brought the check and William Klump suddenly discovered he had left his wallet home.

"Fancy that?" Willie laughed lightly. "I guess, Gert, you'll have to loaned me—"

"Make out sep'rate checks, Buster." Gertie said to the waiter. "You must be

very short of help in the kitchen these days, huh?"

"Yeah, Madam. An' t'anks. Come on, you gigolo. Papa has a nice apron for you an'—t'anks ag'in, Sister."

"This is the end," Willie said as other patrons snickered. "I'll sue for my bonds, Gert Mudgett."

A FEW minutes later, Willie Klump began washing dishes. They were stacked eleven feet high. Two hours later, his debt to the beanery satisfied, Willie rolled his shirtsleeves down over his lobster-red arms and made his departure.

Never in his life had he felt so low. Compared to him, an angleworm was using an oxygen mask in the stratosphere. Well, he would go to his office early in the A.M. and see what the mail had for him.

Willie opened up the Hawkeye Agency at eight forty-five and took a slice of cold toast out of a desk drawer. He restewed some pale coffee grounds. A half hour later a letter was shoved under his door and he pounced on it like a Sioux Indian at an isolated nester's hut. Quickly he opened it. He read avidly—

Dear Mr. Klump:

Of course you are a patriot or would we be writing to you? But there are times when we all have to do something that is very painful to us, like cashing in a war bond. See us before you go anywhere else if you wish to liquidate. Do it now! We pay off in the strictest confidence at the ridiculous commission of only twenty percent.

Yours Very Truly,
Leach & Weazel, Inc.
Last Straw Loan Co.

Willie sighed and took off a shoe and put fresh newspaper in it. He looked through the want ads, saw nothing worthy of his talents, then turned back to page two.

There was a follow-up story on the holdup, and it said Detective Kelly would have a confession out of Wartsy and

Milkeye, also the thirty grand, within twenty-four hours. Up to now Wartsy and Milkeye both swore they did not know where the payroll was.

"Both holdin' out," Willie said to himself. "They will git maybe two-three years, an' one of them will have thirty thousan' to spend. Ten grand a year. I wisht I could make that kind of dough."

He saw that Wartsy Urps had told a very unlikely story. Wartsy admitted he had grabbed up a bag just as an alarm sounded, but dropped it out in the hall when he saw a salesman's sample case.

All he had worried about after that was getting to the wide open spaces and had fired a gun to do it. Milkeye Kibby had laughed very nastily at Wartsy and called him a double-crossing heel and liar.

"It is mixed up to say the least," Willie admitted. "I want nothin' to do with it."

Willie sat in his office all that day cutting out funny-looking animals and hoping the phone would ring or another letter would come. One did come, and it told him why the phone did not ring, so Willie, very melancholy, closed his office and walked to his rooming house.

There was a big straw suitcase sitting on the top step and it looked very familiar to him. He was sure who it belonged to when he saw a holy sock protruding from under the lid.

"I am homeless as well as everythin' else," Willie said and went to the basement door and rang the bell.

"So what?" the landlady said.

"So I have t' sleep in the park," Willie said dejectedly. "It is goin' to rain, Mrs. Fogarty. Oh, I ain't beggin' but—"

"Then git offen your knees, Mr. Klump."

"Oh, yeah. Well—"

"I'll tell you what, Klump," Mrs. Fogarty said. "In these days it is a disgrace for anybody to be out of work. You

promise to git yourself a job an' I'll let you keep your room an' wait for my rent. Otherwise, hit the road, bum!"

"Awright," Willie said.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Willie spotted an ad in the newspaper. It said tersely—

Detective Wanted. Experience. Intelligent. Hotel Court-Plaza. Apply Mgr's office, 12-6, all day.

"Why, I'll be still workin' at my trade," Willie said.

The manager was dubious.

"I got two I'm considerin', Klump."

"Look," Willie said. "Do they look like detectives the guests would know when they saw'em? Well, you have to admit, I wouldn't be reckernized too quick. I don't mess up potted palm jardineers with ol' cigar butts an' my shoes won't wear out the rugs. I don't eat too much an' nobody can bribe me."

"Maybe you got somethin' there," the manager said. "H-m-m. I'll try you out, Klump. Hundred an' fifty a month an' meals."

"I feel like a meal in advance," Willie remarked.

Willie got his lunch and then he went back to his rooming house and called Gertie Mudgett. The landlady stood in the hall, arms akimbo, and listened.

"Yeah," Willie said. "At the Court-Plaza. I'm a detective same as always, only on a payroll."

"Oh, I am so proud of you," Gertie said.

"You give up on me too easy," Willie admonished. He hung up.

"There, Klump," Mrs. Fogarty said. "Nobody has to stay a bum."

WILLIE was on the job in the Court-Plaza the next day and an hour before midnight a very indignant female

guest came down into the lobby and reported that a rat was in her room.

"You tell him he's gotta register," Willie said, and the night clerk howled. The guest assured the clerk he could have her room in the A.M. and very early.

"What did I say?" Willie wanted to know.

"Never mind, just keep on sayin' them, Klump," the clerk said.

While he ogled guests and watched for linen and soap thieves and ousted sleepers from the lobby, Willie followed Satchelfoot Kelly's progress with the Snood & Fascinator holdup case.

Wartsy and Milkeye were given a quick trial and had the book thrown at them. It seemed that the cops would have to wait until Wartsy and Milkeye were finally sprung before they could dog them to the treasure trove.

"Well, Satchelfoot only did half the job," Willie said to himself. "It's a long time to wait, three to five. I—well, speak of the weevil, and he shows up."

"Hello, Satchelfoot. If you are here for a nap, I must tell you in advance I will boot you out."

"Hello, Willie," Kelly said. "I never thought I'd live to see this day. A towel custodian, a sentinel of the silverware, to say nothing of keyhole listenin'. Tsk, tsk."

"I must ask you to leave," Willie said, "unless you have business here."

"I come to steal some linen," Satchelfoot said. "Don't tell nobody. Soap is gittin' scarce at the precinct house, too."

"You just try!" Willie said.

"Awright, there are other hotels," Kelly said.

"He thinks he is funny," Willie sniffed.

"Oh, Willie," Satchelfoot said. "There is a twen'y-five hundred buck reward for that payroll or its whereabouts. I got some leads too."

"You couldn't find a smell in the

Fulton Fish Market,” Willie quipped.

Willie had put in two months at the Court-Plaza when the news that Wartsy Urps had gone over the wall crowded the war news on the front pages of the papers.

Willie was having dinner with Gertie Mudgett in a restaurant on Fourth Avenue when an old citizen came in selling his tabloids. Willie purchased one and glanced at the headlines. He let a swallow of coffee go down the wrong chute and nearly strangled to death.

“What is it, Willie? Is the Natzies surrendered?” Gertie asked.

“No,” Willie said. “Wartsy Urps escaped from the big house. It says here—it says here—it—”

“Put on a new record, Willie. What does it say?”

“Wartsy wrapped himself in salvaged waste paper and went right out through the gate on a truck. Twenty miles from the klink, he whacked the driver on the noggin, took his clothes an’ hit for the woods.

“The police have sent out the alarm to all police stations—oh, Satchelfoot will trail him if he spots him an’ will find the thirty grand an’ will get twenty-five hun’red—it looks like Wartsy had the dough all the time as Milky did not break loose, so didn’t have anythin’ to break loose for.”

“They will capture him,” Gertie said. “He hasn’t a chancet.”

“An’ I got t’ sit back an’ let Kelly—”

“Oh, stop,” Gertie snapped. “An’ don’t you dast quit your job, William Klump, and open up a detective agency again.”

“Soon as I git the capital, I’ll open up bigger an’ better than—oh, my big mouth. It took me two years t’ learn t’ talk an’ maybe seventy to learn not to. I was kiddin’, ha! I can dream, can’t I?”

“Eat your liver, Willie. It is gettin’ cold.”

“Don’t you think I’ll need it, Gert? Ha!

What would I take pills for?”

“Oh, brother!” Gertie Mudgett said, and fanned herself with her handbag.

Willie ran into Satchelfoot on his way to the Court-Plaza early the next morning. Kelly was emerging from a tavern where Wartsy used to tarry.

“So far,” Willie said, “Wartsy Urps has eluded the police. The dragnet, including Satchelfoot Kelly—”

“It is you,” Kelly said distastefully. “Oh, I will git that Wartsy. He is already in town somewheres, an’ I will check up on who his dames was an’ trap him.”

“You are amazin’ at times,” Willie said. “Of course if a squirrel hid all his hick’ry nuts in a certain forest in Jersey, he would hide away in a woods in Oregon, would he?”

“I don’t get it,” Satchelfoot sniffed. “Wartsy is easy reckernized anywhere with that maple-colored hair an’ his only five foot three in height.”

“Huh? Of courst they don’t sell hairdye no more, Satchelfoot,” Willie scoffed. “Too much demand in the armed forces for it. An’ did you ever hear that radio jingle about Addler’s Elevated Shoes? You are nave, Satchelfoot, to say the least.”

“That is corny,” Kelly said, looking at Willie as if he pitied him very much. “That all went out with bustles an’ Sherlock Holmes an’ Watson.”

“Yeah? Like the stature of liberty play in football,” Willie argued. “They take it outa the bag at times. Well, if, you don’t want no advice from me—”

“When I do, I will git examined for softenin’ of the brain,” Satchelfoot said flatly. “Go away, Willie.”

THREE days later a precinct house got a call from a rooming house on East Thirty-Seventh, saying that a prowler was about. Some cops went over in a car and combed the brownstone from basement to

roof and on the roof took a shot or two at a mysterious character who jumped to the next roof and made his escape.

It was Willie Klump's day off from the Court-Plaza, and he and Satchelfoot and Gertie were having some beer together only two blocks away. Willie followed Kelly to the scene of the disturbance and listened in while Satchelfoot briefed a female boniface.

"How could anybody git in? The front door's always locked, ain't it?" Kelly asked the woman.

"Oh, how do burglars git into any place?" the landlady asked Kelly. "I heard somebody in that rear room on the third floor an' I knowed Mr. Preskle was out as he works nights in a brewery.

"Mr. Preskle is new here as he took the room vacated by one of my oldest roomers, Mr. Foody, who had to leave town for his health, as that time he—"

"Then it was Wartsy who prowled!" Kelly yipped. "He an' Foody was friends. I want into that room, Babe."

"This is silly," Willie Klump said. "Because—"

"You know what I said I'd do when I got advice from you, Klump!"

Willie sat down on a bed and watched Satchelfoot Kelly rip up some boards in a clothes closet floor. Satchelfoot was about to work on the room itself when the landlady threatened to sue the city.

"Awright, but I'll be back," Satchelfoot said defiantly.

Willie felt wheels within wheels spinning in his brain. It was all very confusing and required paper and pencil. He found an old envelope in a waste basket and guessed it would do.

"Watch here whilst I get back, Willie," Satchelfoot said.

"Who you bossin'?" Willie said. "I am leavin' when I feel like it. This case is no

business of mine, an' I know when t' keep my nose out of things."

When Satchelfoot departed, saying unkind things about him, Willie hurriedly jotted something down.

"The name Foody is familiar t' me," he wrote. "Why? What was the matter with his health he had to leave? Because he found out Wartsy excaped an' he absconded with the dough to save his hide? The idea is to find out where Foody is. Or did he join Wartsy? Very tough case for Kelly."

"How long you goin' to hang around here, Buster?" the landlady said.

"The name is Klump. What kind of health did Mr. Foody have that sent him to other places somewheres?"

"Ever since he was slugged by bandits at the Snefft Snood and Fascinator Company," the landlady said. "He wa'n't the same."

Willie blinked. He seemed a little swacked as he left the brownstone.

"In cahoots, it looks like," Willie mumbled. "Foody an' the crooks. Foody promised to wait for Wartsy, but at the last minute decided to lam with the lettuce. They are both A.W.O.L. and must be found."

William Klump knew that it was his duty to call Police Headquarters. They told him Kelly had gone home so Willie buzzed him there.

"Look, Satchelfoot, I gotta tell you somethin' as you'd never have the brains t' find out. That Foody was the paymaster for the Snood and Fascinator Company."

"Just as I thought," Kelly yelped at the other end. "I'll send out his description an' have him picked up. An' you keep out of this an' stick to the Court-Plaster."

"You big—" Willie hung up, slowly shook his head from side to side. "I just as much as handed that mental deficit twenty-five hun'ed bucks. The breaks I git!"

At one A.M. of the next day, Willie was on the job at the Court-Plaza when the night clerk summoned him.

"Look, Klump," the man said. "A guy in 403 is complainin'. He can't sleep for the snorin' goin' on in 402. Go up an stop 402 from sawin' lumber, huh?"

"Sincet when has it been illegal t' snore?" Willie asked.

"You do like I say, Klump, 403 is a very big guy on the man-power commission an' he could make it tough for characters like you who work at non-essential jobs."

"I'll go right up," Willie said.

Four hundred and three was walking the floor. He was riled. He was a fat man with a bald head.

"Jus' listen t' that sawmill, flatfoot?" he snarled.

"It is somethin', ain't it?" Willie gulped.

The snores started off like a dull buzz-saw biting through gnarled oak, resolved into a dreary moan like a ship's foghorn, then wound up in a whistling plaint that twanged a man's nerves.

Willie pounded on the door. The sleep music broke a little. The house dick hammered harder and there was a sound like a hippo clearing its throat, then silence. Then – "Who the heck is out there?"

"The house detective," Willie called out. "I giss you was sleepin' on your back, huh? See if you can snore a li'l quieter. Nobody elst can sleep."

"Awright, but beat it, or I'll come out an' punch somebody right in the nose!"

"Thanks," 403 said, and went into his own room.

Willie went back downstairs. A citizen who had been deep in the cups was registering. He got his key and followed a sleepy bellhop into a lift. Ten minutes later he came into the hotel and asked for his key. Willie gaped and the night clerk got

bug-eyed.

"You was just shown to a room," he said.

"Shah-h-hd up! Don't I know it? Jush fell outa the winder. Fine servish, I mush shay."

Willie fell into a chair and howled.

IT WAS the next evening that Willie met Gertie Mudgett for a quick dinner.

"I ran into Kelly awhile ago an' had a beer with him. Wa'n't it smart he connected the expaymaster, Foody, with Wartsy and Milkey?"

Willie groaned.

"Awright, have it his way."

"The police broadcast a description of Foody, Willie. Medium in height, has dark bushy hair, a slopin' chin and greenish-brown eyes."

"Yeah?" Willie griped. "It is a fine thing I am no longer a private detective. A fine chancet I got gettin' a reward while I stand around in the Court Plasma checkin' on towels an' dead beets."

"It is steady work, Willie Klump," Gertie snapped. "Stop actin' dissatisfied an' don't you dast quit. You know you was never meant to set no world on fire."

"Sometimes I would like to see what I really could do with a box of matches, though," Willie sighed. "Well, I must run along as I am on duty at eight P.M."

"I wonder what Kelly will do with twenty-five hundred dollars," Gertie said as Willie escorted her out.

"He should buy some brains," Willie said. "Why is Wartsy still at large?"

Willie finally reached the solitude of his room and thought he would make a few more notes. He took the old envelope out of his pocket and for the first time noticed it had been addressed to Mr. Gosport J. Foody. There was no letter inside. The return address on the envelope said QUIETREST CLINIC, INC., 2929

Broadway, New York, N.Y.

"Funeral parlors I guess," Willie said. "They sent Foody prices on buryin' plots. Huh, I wonder has he slain Wartsy an' has a body t' dispose of? That's why Satchelfoot can't find him. Foody will pass the body off as a rel—I guess I should stop readin' them comic books. I wonder should I look into this."

Willie did not have much of his mind on his work for the rest of the night. Somebody lifted a diamond brooch out of an opulent guest's room during the night. Three guests departed in the wee small hours without as much as offering to pay their bill. In the A.M. the manager called Willie into his office.

"Mornin', boss," Willie said.

"One more night like last, an' you are fired, you fathead!" the manager said. "Oh, this war—"

"Nobody is perfect." Willie said. "But maybe it is for the best, as the rest of the guests will think we are off guard an' jus' let them try no more shenanigans."

"Go away," the manager said.

That morning the papers had editorials that were very uncomplimentary to the police department. Why was a certain escaped convict at large? Let us have a shakeup somewhere so that citizens could sleep quiet in their beds!

"That reminds me," Willie said. "I think I will go t' the clinic. I am just curious is all and must keep in practice in case I set myself up in business ag'in. Nobody should get rusty."

William Klump went up to 2929 Broadway and took an elevator to the eighth floor. He walked into a small suite of offices and asked for the head man.

"You look like you needed our services, Mister," a little blonde said. "You don't sleep, huh?"

"I do if I go t' bed. I jus' got through my night job," Willie explained. "I have no

time to dilly dally, Sister."

Willie was introduced to a Mr. Albion Ketch. Willie suddenly flashed the badge he had resurrected from his temporarily defunct enterprise. He handed Ketch the old envelope.

"I'm investigatin' a character whose name is on there. Gosport Foody. Could you tell me why he wrote to you an' what you answered him? What is this business anyway?"

"Why—er—we help those unfortunates who wake themselves up and other people around them, Klump," Ketch said. He buzzed his secretary and ordered her to look through the files for a certain bit of correspondence.

"We have a formula, Klump," Ketch said. "A patent medicine that prevents excessive snoring. It is a boon to—"

"I guess it was needed pretty bad," Willie said. "I had an uncle oncet who—what did you say? Snorin'?" Willie clutched at his throat.

"You sick, Mr. Klump?"

"Could be," Willie choked out. The blonde came in with Foody's letter and Willie read it.

Dear Sirs:

Noticed your ad in a magazine about how to stop snoring. Since I had an unfortunate accident my nerves have been bad and I snore something terrible. Enclosed find one dollar for bottle of your medicine.

Yours truly,
Gosport J. Foody.

"Does it always help?" Willie asked.

"Why-er-ha, some people are harder to cure than others in everythin', Klump," Mr. Ketch said. "If you are trying to suggest we need investigatin'—"

"Not at all," Willie said. "An' thank you more than you know." He groped his way out, went down in the elevator and was glad to get out in the street for a breath

of fresh air. His legs were a little rubbery and his scalp tingled.

"I guess I am a born detective," Willie told himself as he hurried to a subway.

WILLIAM J. KLUMP walked into the lobby of the Court-Plaza a half hour later and just in time. As he walked up to the desk, the day clerk spoke to a client.

"Checkin' out, sir? Room Four hundred two. Have your bill right away, Mr. Applegate."

"Just one minute!" Willie said, suddenly aware of dire consequences if he should make a mistake, for after all, there were plenty of snorers in the world. "I have been ordered to check all baggage as towels have been missin' from this hotel. The chambermaid tol' me of certain suspects she has, an' Four hundred and two—"

Mr. Applegate had a spade beard and dark glasses and a bald head. He became very indignant and assured Willie he would not let him look in his suitcase under any circumstances.

"If you wa'n't guilty of towel stealin'," Willie yelled. "You would submit to search. I am a detective an—"

Willie Klump snatched at Mr. Applegate's baggage and a hectic struggle ensued. Willie and Mr. Applegate rolled over the floor while guests of the Court-Plaza ran about in fright. Women fainted. Mr. Applegate got up first and his beard was pushed under his right ear.

"He is disguised!" Willie yelled. "He is Foody!"

Mr. Foody pulled a Betsy and shot at Willie and a bullet zinged into the mail rack. Willie grabbed at a valise that stood near the desk and flung it at Mr. Foody and Mr. Foody ducked and the piece of baggage took the hat off a female guest who was trying to climb a big rubber plant.

Mr. Foody managed to pick up his

suitcase and he was just leaving the hotel when a big ashtray tossed by Willie caught up with him and put him to sleep before he hit the floor. Mr. Foody did not snore.

"What is the meanin' of this?" the manager yelled at Willie as he crawled from under a table.

"I was speedin' a departin' guest," Willie said. "Look in his suitcase."

"Because of a couple of towels you start a riot, Klump?"

Willie got the suitcase himself and opened it up. He pulled out some male lingerie and odds and ends and then saw the big bunches of green paper that could assure a very nice future for most anyone.

"Come an' look," he said to the manager.

"Well, I'm a—an' the crook stole four towels, too, Klump!" the hotel boniface said indignantly.

"Call the cops," Willie said. "Tell headquarters I should like a Mr. Aloysius Kelly to come in particular."

At headquarters, Satchelfoot Kelly gaped at what was left of the missing payroll of the Snefft Snood & Fascinator Company.

"Out of date like a bustle, huh?" Willie said. "All the time he worked for that outfit, Foody wore a toupee nobody ever got wise to. Then, when he had to duck Wartsy he put on a beard. You fool easy, Satchelfoot."

Mr. Foody confessed all. When he recovered from being hit over the pate during the robbery he found that he had fallen right on top of the bag containing the payroll and quickly shoved it out of sight under an old desk.

"Yeah, all of a sudden I see thirty grand without workin' for it. Both them bandits figured the other had held out with the swag. Well, I did suffer from gettin' sluggish an' quit at the Snood and Fascinator Company some time after the

holdup, so they did not suspect nothin'.

"Then when I hear one of the crooks busted out, I had to leave where I lived an' so—how did you find me out, Klump?"

"Oh, by makin' notes," Willie said. "I have to jot down things quick when I think of them an' I picked up the envelope of a letter you got from the Quietrest Clinic so after that night I had to stop you from snorin'—"

"I guess crime don't pay," Foody said. "I got a defense, though. That sluggin' I got made me not responsible for all I did."

"Start in again, Willie, an'—" Satchelfoot said. He suddenly twisted his head around. A little bedraggled, half-starved looking citizen walked right into the D.A.'s office. It was Wartsy Urps.

"Sure, I can give myself up now," Wartsy said. "What's the use? I escaped to try an' find this dough as when me an' Milkeye got together in stir we figgered it out that if neither one of us snagged the payroll, then it was somebody in that outfit like this guy you nabbed."

"First off I shadowed this Foody, but nearly got caught by the cops. Then I had to hide out an' nearly starved. Well, we was not guilty of robbery, so we demanded a new trial. It is a fine thing, framin' citizens for things they are innercent of."

"You have been prosecuted awright," Willie admitted. "But you an' Milkeye are still guilty of attempted armed robbery an' assault—I think I will send for a bottle of Mr. Ketch's medicine an' go home an' sleep. You know where to send me the reward, D.A."

Satchelfoot Kelly shook his head and then dropped it into his hands.

"Of all the places Foody had to go, it was the Court-Plaster where Willie took a job—if Hitler escapes from Burk's Garden and his plane crashes he will land right in that dope's bed while he is asleep in it. Where is an insensitive for a real detective to—"

"I would give him somethin', D.A.," Willie said, nodding at Satchelfoot. "I can tell when he has a fit comin' on."

Willie met Gertie Mudgett early the next morning and had breakfast with her. Willie stared at a tabloid with his picture in it.

"With the twenty-five hun'red, the Hawkeye Agency will be bigger'n ever. I'll put in a real electric toaster an' maybe a icebox to keep my eggs an' butter in."

"I could hire a seckatary, too. I'll have two rooms with southern exposure. There is a buildin' on Lexin'ton I got my eye on—"

"Willie Klump you will stick to your steady job," Gertie Mudgett yelled. "You could git a raise there. You will hand over two thousan' of the reward for me to put in—"

"Make sep'rate checks," Willie said to the waiter. "You'd think I was married to her, wouldn't you?" He reached for his hat.

"Willie Klump, I have not enough to pay for my breakfast as I just came out with—"

"Take that sign down in the winder," Willie said to the waiter. "You got a real good dish washer." He started for the exit. Gertie's handbag missed him on the way out but not a customer comin' in. Willie Klump ran for his life.

"W-Well, here we go ag'in," he gasped.