

The Dizzy Duo Take the Scent of the—  
**Aroma Scandal**



*"Why!" says Mr. Busby. "That is not Heloise!"*

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*An heiress is kidnaped. Snooty and Scoop, the dizziest news hawks who ever tipped the scales of justice, take the scent. For the heiress uses the very exclusive Dewdrops of Delight perfume. Snooty and Scoop are dizzy to start with, but one whiff of Dewdrops makes them worse. And they tangle up the limbs of the law.*

**I**T is a very, very rude thing to do to walk right through a city room like the *Evening Star* has and push the city editor in the face. But that is just what J. Buffington Busby done to Dogface Woolsey when Dogface asked him would he mind telling just what his business was, if any.

"Step aside," Busby says, "I want to see Mr. Guppy as he is a friend of mine and must help me out."

"Mr. Guppy is here very seldom,"

Dogface says as he straightens out his nose. "His office is in the—"

"Bah," says Busby. "Call him up. Bring him here. I am a Back Bay Busby, do you hear me? My daughter has been kidnaped. I have got a threatening letter from some low person demanding \$50,000 for her!"

Snooty Piper is over by the Lonely Hearts editor's desk telling her what to do with a no-good husband that soaks the family check each and every week on the

noses of the ponies at Salem, N. H. Snooty almost jumps out of his awful green suit when he hears Mr. Busby. He walks over close to Dogface.

"Have you told anybody else, Mr. Busby?" he asks.

"I have not," the Back Bay codfish with blue blood says. "Why should I? I expect to have as little excitement about this as possible."

"I could tell that when you come in so secretly," Snooty says and Dogface reaches for the paste pot. "Wouldn't it be a good idea to call up a policeman or maybe two? After all it is our taxes that keep them there to hunt up snatchers, or did you know?"

"Call up Mr. Guppy!" yells Busby. "I will take out all my advertising if you don't."

Well it is the only thing to do. Call up Mr. Guppy, as advertising holds up *The Evening Star* like a leather strap does a window cleaner. Dogface grabs a phone and gets old man Guppy. Mr. Guppy promises to come over just as soon as he can get out of the sweat box at the Turkish bath.

"I will be so bold to ask you, Mr. Busby," says Snooty, "is your daughter's name Heloise?"

"What business is it of yours?" Busby tosses at Snooty in a very haughty fashion. "Who is this low person?" he shoves at Dogface.

"He is maybe one of our most dumbest reporters," Dogface says with a leer that even Simon Legree could not copy. "I think I will have him fired."

"I insist upon it," Busby says. "The idea—"

"Was to ask you her name in case somebody had to look for her," Snooty finishes up. "After all I would think it very essential, now wouldn't you, Mr. Busby? Be fair as—"

"You shut up, Piper!" hollers Dogface. "Go leave us alone."

Well it is hardly any time before Mr. Guppy comes out of the elevator and he is steaming like a plum pudding as it is mid-July and Mr. Guppy has been hurrying very fast as if Paul Revere had called everybody to arms once more.

"Don't cancel, Mr. Busby!" he yips. "I will give you better layouts and will cut the price and—"

"My daughter has been kidnaped. What will I do, Guppy?" Busby yelps and Guppy sighs way down from his heart roots and wipes his brow.

"Oh, is that all?" he says. "Ah—er—that is dreadful, Mr. Busby. Simply frightful. What did the police say?"

"I did not call them as I think they are very inefficient," Busby says.

"You must know Iron Jaw, huh?" Snooty Piper yips and Guppy growls and bares his teeth.

"Just the same that is what they are for," Guppy says. "I'll call them personally as perhaps it'll carry more weight. How is that, Mr. Busby?"

While Guppy calls headquarters, all the typewriters in the place are very much in use as the story is already on the way to reach the public. Mr. Busby, as you can see, is very smart when it comes to keeping secrets.

"He is of unusual intelligence," Snooty says to me as he straightens out a crease in his very green pants. "He would choose the inside of a boiler factory to solve a very difficult cross-word puzzle. How did he ever make all his dough, Scoop? I think this is going to be a very interesting case for both of us."

**L**ATER, down at headquarters, it all comes out that some angles of the case are more than usually intriguing. It seems that Heloise Busby should be very

easy to locate as she has perfume all over her that is quite pungent and is called Dewdrops of Delight. Mr. Busby says also that he thinks there is somebody in a woodpile and he is not by any means an albino, as Heloise and he had a very disagreeable spat before she was snatched. It seems Heloise wanted more sugar to burn up Back Bay with; but as Mr. Guppy pointed out, she already shoved him to bankruptcy by buying so much Dewdrops of Delight.

“You see I’m not very sure she didn’t arrange this herself, the little spitfire, and if I pay the fifty thousand, she’ll most likely split half with the crooks and keep the rest and she’ll come home and laugh right at me.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Busby,” Snooty says and pushes Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy aside like he was a swinging door in a gin mill. Iron Jaw is a detective and he is very fond of Snooty in a strange way and would not hesitate to push him headfirst into a meat grinder at the very first opportunity. “I am something of a detective as I read all the books like when they found the canary dead, etc. Maybe Heloise is very much in debt and needed sugar and is very desperate. I would not be harsh as all blondes—”

“How did you know?” Mr. Busby hollers and his blood is almost busting out through his skin. “If you’re the gigolo she’s been telling ‘em about, I’ll—”

“Banish the thought!” Snooty exclaims. “I don’t know a waltz from a bowl of tapioca. It is only because blondes are always very dizzy and also dumb, and if somebody got her into a crap—er—bridge game, they would take her over nicely, wouldn’t you think?”

Five minutes later Snooty and I are sitting on a bench in the Common and Snooty is very, very indignant about getting fired.

“Even you should have had more sense,” I says to him. “You can’t insult them Back Bay people as they date back to the Mayflower that brought them over.”

“That is my luck,” Snooty says. “I bet my forefathers could not get passports else I would also be a guy who could balance a teacup very well on his knee. But .you heard the nasty things Mr. Guppy said. He said I wouldn’t ever learn nothin’ hangin’ around a gin mill. It was all very embarrassing to me, Scoop. I was just starting in figuring where Heloise might be, too, but Busby will have to offer a very tempting reward or I wash my hands of the whole business.”

“I wish you would reconsider,” I says to Snooty quite sarcastic. “Without you I don’t see any hope for Heloise’s coming out party. We were all depending on you so.”

Snooty gets up and ambles toward the State House. “I hope they gagged her with a polishing cloth covered with simonize,” he says. “It is all her fault that I am fired. And you heard Iron Jaw laugh at me when I was kicked out, didn’t you? That is rubbing flies into the ointment, Scoop.”

It is no time before the town is all agog and everybody is in high dudgeon over the snatching of the Back Bay blonde.

“You would think they stole the Akron,” Snooty says. “If she lived in Chelsea maybe Dogface would’ve given her two lines right under a swamproot ad. It’s a good thing as that is one more blonde out of the way. That reminds me, Scoop. Remind me to call up that one that give me the eye in the beanery this morning.”

**B**Y force of habit me and Snooty walks down to headquarters and Iron Jaw is just ready to go out on the Busby case. If you could only see Iron Jaw you would know Heloise was as good as crossed off

the B's in the telephone book already. Iron Jaw's face is built up like the guys who used to kill their hamburger on the hoof with clubs and then cook it over a fire made with two stones.

"Ah," Snooty says to him, "if a miracle happens and you find the dame, she will hide her face and tell the kidnapers if it is all the same to them she will stay awhile longer."

"Some day I will pick you up and pull you apart," Iron Jaw says to Snooty as his pride is ruffled the wrong way. "Anyway, don't talk to me as you're just one of the ordinary unemployed. Ha, ha, I don't suppose you know about the five thousand dollars reward Mr. Busby offered for the dame. It is right in my pocket." He leaves us and Snooty sits down on the steps.

"It would be his luck. As far as I can see it is a cinch. All the big mug will do, Scoop, will be to go where he can smell Dewdrops of Delight perfume and that is where Heloise will be. Well, I haven't got a cold in the nose myself, Scoop, and I will work as a very private detective in secret."

The next day me and Snooty are sitting in a drug store and we are like three bottles of rum buried three miles deep as that is how very low our spirits are. So far we have not got even a whiff of Dewdrops of Delight and we are so very disgusted that we order root beer. Snooty has got his pockets filled with pretzels that he snitched the night before in a gin mill. We are each nibbling on them when in comes a dame with a veil pulled down over her face. But that is not what makes Snooty swear. It is the exotic aroma that comes from the dame in very strong waves.

"Scoop," he says, "she's a blonde and smells like Cleopatra when she went to meet Napoleon on a barge. If that is not Dewdrops of Delight, I am Rasputin's mad monkey. Her old man was right, I bet. She

is framing it herself and is going to telephone for him to pay over the dough at the old mill someplace. Oh boys, don't act excited as I will hold her while you call Iron Jaw and the boys. Don't git excited!"

"Why of course not," I says very mean. "Look, I am just like you, all relaxed like a side of beef. It would be like you to gum it all up."

"Five thousand," Snooty says as he gets up. "I can buy me a lot of green suits and have enough left over to buy the New York boat."

There is no doubt in my mind that Heloise has become very careless but it looks like she is quite desperate and maybe has some of the family jewels very much in soak. All at once I hear a high scream and I look to see Snooty pushing himself against the door and just then the dame shoves out a fist and slams him a wallop in the nose.

"You fresh thing!" the dame yelps. "What does this mean?"

"I would like to know the very same thing," the drug clerk says and he yanks the cover off an ice cream container and starts for Snooty.

**T**HE dame is yelling very indignant but that was to be expected of course and I can see there is no time to lose as she is pounding glass out of the door of the booth and Snooty is very close to getting his throat cut from ear to ear.

"Ha-a-ah!" the blonde keeps up and the drug clerk is all filled up with chivalry but just as he is about to slam Snooty over the noggin, I knock him cross-eyed with a jar of lemon drops I picked up off the counter.

"Call Iron Jaw," Snooty yells at me very desperate. "Heloise is becoming quite difficult."

I grab a telephone and ask for police headquarters when a guy sticks his face in

through the door of the drug store.

“Help!” he shouts. “Police! Holdup—robbery—murder!”

“You forgot arson, too,” I says as I hear Iron Jaw’s voice in my ear. “Hurry up,” I says to Iron Jaw. “It is Scoop Binney talking and I—we have captured Heloise Busby. Bring plenty of guys.” After giving him the address I go and help Snooty as Heloise has got an arm very tight around his neck and is biting off one of his ears.

Of course all this would attract very much attention, especially when it is in broad daylight, and soon there is a big crowd all around and two of them are policemen.

“Don’t shoot!” I yell and show one a badge. “We’re holding Heloise Busby here until the wagon arrives!”

“Don’t bet on it,” Snooty says. The dame lets out a screech and demands to be released but she does not get her wish until Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy, Mr. Busby and some more tough policemen arrive.

“You was right,” Snooty says to Busby. “What a dizzy dame, huh? She wanted more sugar and—”

Iron Jaw grabs the dame and lifts up her veil. The blonde package is very indignant and hauls off and lams Iron Jaw right in the eye. Iron Jaw steps back and then lets out a terrible howl of rage. Mr. Busby goes him even better.

“Heloise?” he yaps. “That is not her. Why, my goodness, she hasn’t even a mole on her chin. Mr. O’Shaughnessy, what does this mean?”

“Smell that perfume!” Snooty argues. “It is Dewdrops of De—”

“So what?” howls the blonde. “Ain’t another dame got a right to use the same perfume as some other dame, if she wants to, huh? I’ll ask Mr. Ginsberg, my lawyer. The very idea— Oh, just let me get a crack at that mug in the green suit.” She picks up

a pink sprinkling can as that is the kind of things you find for sale in drug stores nowadays and she swings it around her dome. It misses Snooty but bounces off of Mr. Busby’s derby.

“How about my damages?” the drug clerk says, apparently quite nettled. “You’ll hear from my lawyer, you will!”

“You two fatheads,” roars Iron Jaw. “Look what you done.”

“Where did you go to school?” Snooty yelps at Iron Jaw as we both makes for the door. “That is terrible English you use.”

We run down the street and duck into a cigar store and from there we look back at the drug store and Mr. Busby is out front paying some sugar to the very angry dame. Then he shakes his fist in Iron Jaw’s mug.

“Dewdrops of Delight!” I says. “It must be common like fish cakes.”

“That’s not so,” Snooty says. “I’ve got a very brilliant idea. No dame who says ‘ain’t’ can afford to buy Dewdrops of Delight as I saw in Vanity Fair where it costs twenty smackers every ounce. There is something very screwy about all this, Scoop. You stick with me.”

“I will, I’m afraid,” I groan. “There is no use to go back to the *Star* as I am now on one of the U. S. alphabet payrolls.”

The blonde dame puts her hat back on straight, fixes her veil and gets on a street car. Street cars are very slow means of transportation and it’s easy to follow the blonde dame wherever she was going. It is some place on Commonwealth Avenue. When she gets off, me and Snooty follow her. We let her go into a house and then count to fifty before we walk up the steps. It is very dark in the hall of the house. Snooty walks ahead of me. All of a sudden I hear something swish through the air with a very mean sound and it bounces off Snooty’s noggin.

“Huh?” he says as he does a waltz. “Hit me when my back’s turned, would

you, Scoop. Why you—”

“Blamin’ me, are you?” I says and I am very nervous as a tough-looking pair of gents is leering at me. “Just look around once, Snooty.”

Snooty does not turn around as the second wallop from the blackjack is very much more than a graze and Snooty just sighs as if he had become quite comfortable and lays down.

“Crime does not pay, you should know that,” I says to the tough pair but they don’t believe me and one lays the piece of hose stuffed with iron against my noggin and it all becomes very dark in the joint.

**W**E are upstairs when we wake up. The two very hard guys and the dizzy blonde are keeping us company.

“You should get arrested, all of you,” Snooty says. “It is a terrible state of affairs when law-abiding citizens are attacked from behind.”

“Followed me, huh?” the blonde twist says. “I’m laughing. Some perfume, ain’t it? I stole it off the snooty dame that is all tied up over in the corner.”

“Ha, ha,” laughs a tough guy. “She hires us to kidnap her and says she’ll turn in half the dough to us but that ain’t enough, so we stopped fooling and made it a legitimate snatch.”

The blonde dame looks at the very tough gents and then at us. “Too bad, ain’t it, they’re so young. But when you bump off the funny valentine in the green burlap, make it a lingerin’ death.”

“Leave it to us, Mamie,” a tough egg says very hard. “Well let’s go. The doors are locked and the winder’s nailed down. We got to meet Busby and collect the sugar. This time, lay off that Dewdrops stuff. Ya almost got us hooked.”

“Oh, sew up your yap!” Mamie says and it is very easy to see she wasn’t finished up in Miss Wheatley’s School but

struggled through three grades in Chelsea some place.

“I’ll be seein’ you, boys,” she says quite airily as the three of them scam out, “when you are very cold to the touch.”

When the door slams I looks at Snooty.

“Now look what you got me into,” I says. “Oh, Mr. Guppy was right. You never learn to keep out of a morgue in gin mills.” Just then there is a noise over in the corner. It is the real McCoy trying to do a Houdini with a lot of tight ropes.

“So it’s you, is it, Heloise?” Snooty says. “This is what I get for chasin’ blondes. We are in a very tough spot on account of you.”

“Glug-glug!” That is Heloise trying to talk through a lot of flannel. Snooty and me look around desperate for means of escape and then he starts hitching himself across the floor and soon he is close to Heloise. It is very hard at first to get the idea but then I see Snooty is scraping the ropes at his wrists against a sharp buckle on one of Heloise’s shoes. It is all very interesting to watch, like a mouse gnawing down one of the big pyramids.

“It’ll work,” Snooty says. “Already I have cut one of the strands.”

**W**ELL, Snooty gets loose and says, “I will not untie you or Heloise, as if anybody comes in they will be very suspicious. I can see out into the street, Scoop, and there is a newsboy right down on the corner. I’ll send him for help and—”

“Isn’t it thoughtful of Mamie to have us tossed into a place where there is not even a cigarette paper to be had, huh?” I says. “And they took all our pencils. If you holler the tough boys downstairs will come up and insert some very hot lead inside your waistline.”

“It is quite discouraging,” Snooty says and he sits by the window and taps against

the pane. Then I see him make funny signs like shaking his noggin and putting a finger to his lips. Then he sits back and starts nibbling at pretzels. I count four of the gin mill biscuits he only half eats. It is very mysterious to me but then Snooty is a mystery any way you look at the fathead.

“Scoop,” he says, “let’s think up a swell lead for the first edition of Mr. Guppy’s rag, as in no time you should possibly hear police whistles. Why I would not even be surprised that you see Iron Jaw again!” He takes the pretzels and holds them up against the window pane.

“Glug-glug,” says Heloise.

“This is one time I spent with a dame when she didn’t talk my eardrums dry,” Snooty says. “Kidnapers have some swell ideas, ha ha!”

We wait some more and then a lot of brakes wear out all their linings out in front of the house. There is a very loud commotion going on downstairs and I hear the tough boys yell for quarter. Snooty runs to the door and pounds on it, hollering—

“Come on, Boston’s finest!” he yips. “We have got the gal.”

Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy is with the very excited police force and he swears when he sees us.

“If you fooled me ag’in,” he growls, “I’ll bend a gun over your domes. 1—why—it’s Heloise!”

LATER, in the living room of the Busby shack which is a very modest bungalow of maybe twenty-two rooms with baths, Mr. Busby and everybody except Iron Jaw shake hands with us. Mr. Guppy is prancing around like an elk and is saying what marvelous help he has on *The Evening Star*.

“But look here, Snooty,” I says, “how did you get the cops? Did you do it with mirrors, or what?”

“That’s right,” Heloise says after a sip of brandy with ice, “I didn’t hear you call to anybody.”

“It is a long story,” Snooty says. “Mr. Guppy said I would never learn nothing in a gin mill. Well, I learned enough to save Mr. Busby fifty thousand dollars with which to buy Heloise more Dewdrops of Delight. Ha, ha! I learned how to make letters out of pretzels. Try it sometime, Mr. Guppy. There is no letter you can’t make out of a pretzel. I made four of them and shoved them up against the window pane. They spelled ‘HELP.’ The window was nailed down. I couldn’t break the glass and holler as the very tough mugs would have come up and killed us and dragged Heloise some place else more difficult to locate, I am sure.”

“Just dumb luck,” Iron Jaw says and he is very disappointed at losing five grand. “These two nitwits would dive into a crocodile lake and come up carrying two velvet handbags. Ah-h-h, I’m going back to pound a beat!”

“What a scoop!” yips Mr. Guppy. “Piper, you and Binney go back and get to work on the story. We’ll make the *Sun* and all the other cheap newspapers—”

“I told the *Sun* I would start in the morning,” Snooty says. “It seems they appreciate talent when it is very apparent and—well, you fired me—us and—”

“Mr. Guppy,” Busby says, “you did that? Ha, I’ll call up the *Sun* and change my advertising. I’ll—”

“You made me fire ‘em!” Guppy hollers. “You know you did, J. Buffington Busby. You said—”

“Well, hire ‘em again or I won’t even insert an ad for a hairpin in your old newspaper. You hear me, Guppy?”

“If you don’t mind, I would like to speak to my rescuers alone,” Heloise says. “I just have to.”

Mr. Guppy and Mr. Busby and all the cops and such get out of the room and Heloise sticks out her hands.

“Shake, fellers,” she says. And who said they are very uppity in Back Bay? “You didn’t give me away. I arranged for getting snatched but the dirty crooks double-crossed me. Well, thanks to you, papa will come across now. Have a drink, Snooty?”

“What do I look like?” I says.

“Ha, ha,” says Heloise, “I wouldn’t hurt your feelings!”

“This is a very fine beverage,” Snooty says after the fourth snort. “Well, we’ll be

going, Heloise, as the public can’t wait to hear about your terrible ordeal. Good evening.”

When we get out into the street Snooty takes something from under his coat. “I lifted a pint bottle, Scoop,” he says. “I will drink it while I write. I—”

Snooty looks at it funny, sniffs at the air. I get a look at the label.

“Ha, ha,” I says, “she buys it in quantities. Dewdrops of Delight!”

Snooty swears. “Blondes are very dizzy,” he groans. But he is grinning when we reach the *Star*. “I got Heloise’s telephone number,” he confides to me.