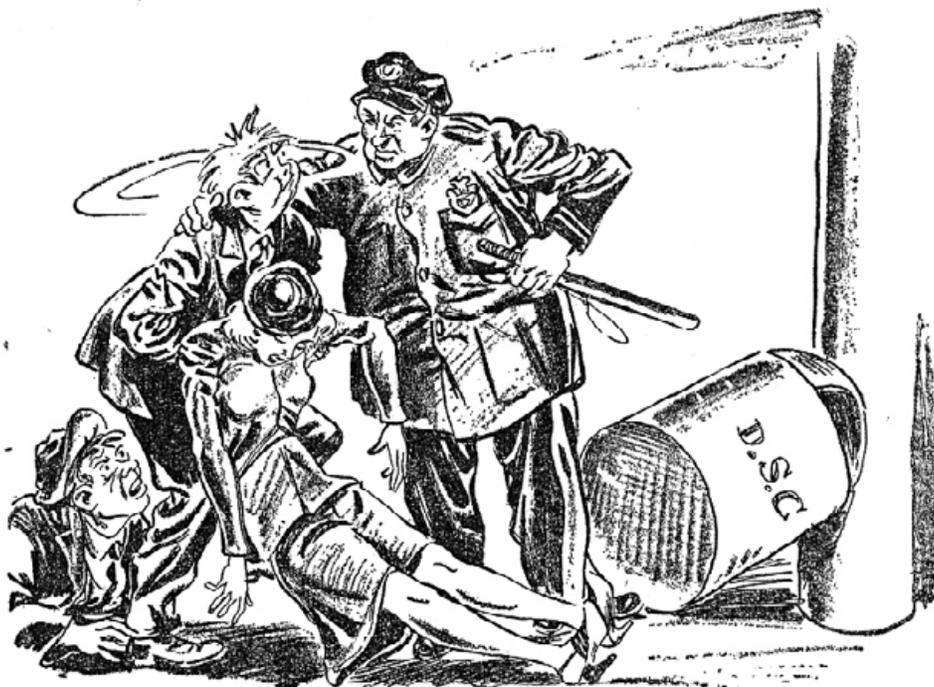


# Taken for a Bride

*"Dizzy Duo" Yarn*



*By Joe Archibald*

Author of "Bang Tale," etc.

*The bride is gone  
And the groom is glum,  
And Snooty gets ripe  
For a pistol plum.*

“WELL,” Snooty Piper says one morning as he peruses the first edition of Mr. Guppy’s Evening Star, “they have very interesting murders everywhere but here in Boston, it seems to me.”

“That is terrible,” I reply. “Let’s go over and complain to the Chamber of Commerce.”

Snooty ignores me. He is reading about the rubout that took place up in Portsmouth, N. H., a few days back. A character knocked off his wife by tipping over a

canoe in the drink they call Great Bay. It seems that the male wanted her insurance and his freedom, to boot, but it looks very much like he will get his noggin topped instead as there was an eyewitness to his skullduggery.

The criminal character’s name is Georgie ‘Porgy’ Pankas, and cops say Georgie had quite a pin-ball and slot machine racket going through northern New England.

“Business must have been slow for Porgy,” I says. “So he pulls an American

Tragedy for a stake.”

Snooty nods. “His trial comes up in just three weeks too, and he is held without a smell of bail. I hope I can get up there as it is a cinch Georgie will get hanged by the neck until he is quite defunct. It was a tough break when the dame saw Georgie tip over the canoe. She hung out in some summer camp there and was in swimmin’ at dusk. It shows crime doesn’t pay.”

In the next few minutes we forget about the crime that is already solved as a phone call comes in for Snooty. When he gets through with the phone, he tells me it is a tip from a pal of his who works in the Missing Persons Bureau.

“Scoop, there is a groom over there in a terrible state as the cupcake he was to have married this a.m. disappeared sometime last night,” Snooty says without taking a breath. “We might have a murder here.”

**D**OGFACE WOOLSEY, the city editor, says for us to go over and look into the matter quite thoroughly when Snooty gives him the lowdown. We go over to the Bureau where the business of finding citizens who have taken an unexplained powder is carried on. Who is there but Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy, alleged detective.

“Who called you?” Snooty sniffs. “It is a waste of time for us to be here, Scoop. If the disappointed groom sent for Iron Jaw, he does not care whether he finds his doll or not.”

“I ought to paste you one, you green hornet,” the big flatfoot says. “It is a nice way to talk when a poor feller like him over there is in such a dither. Look at him, Piper!”

The taxpayer huddled up in a chair in a corner is, without doubt, a very pathetic figure. His floodgates are wide open and his noggin is clutched tightly in his hands.

“She is gone. She has been murdered. Oh-h-h-h, my darlin’!” the sad citizen

howls.

“What did you get up to now?” Snooty asks Iron Jaw.

“Well, he says he saw her yesterday aft about four o’clock,” the slewfoot begrudgingly admits. “She was tryin’ on her goin’-away rags. He says it was a blue-tailored suit with a pin-stripe. She had a red turban on too.”

“Did she have any enemies?” Snooty says to the weeping character. “Maybe you know a guy who would have her knocked off rather than marry you, huh?”

The disappointed groom’s name is Elmo Tappett. He takes his hands away from his face and then Snooty whispers to me and says to let’s forget the whole thing as what dame wouldn’t change her mind if she had to take a gander at such a pan every day of her life.

Elmo is no Gable. He does not even come very close to being a Karloff, but nobody can figure dames. “He must have a very ducky personality,” I says.

“Uh—er—I bet I know,” Elmo yips. “There was a guy who went with her for three years ‘fore I met up with her. He is a very jealous guy and he did say once he would end everything for himself and her, too, if she hooked up with me. His name is Victor Vaselino.”

“Latins have very hot blood,” Iron Jaw says.

“What is your doll’s name?” Snooty asks Elmo. “It would help us if we knew.”

“Josephine Jupp. There never was nobody as beautiful. She had eyes like sloe plums. Her lips—”

“We will go over and look over the place where she lived to see if there was signs of a struggle,” Iron Jaw says. “Then we go and glom this Victor Vaselino.”

We follow Iron Jaw and party over to a little flat in Back Bay. Josephine’s quarters are quite in order. There is a very diaphanous wrapper hanging over a chair

back. When he sees it Elmo bursts into tears once more.

“That is her weddin’ dress,” Elmo snuffles. “Oh, this is terrible.”

“It ain’t good,” Iron Jaw says. He yells for the landlady. She would have come running if she had been on the other side of town shopping in Filene’s basement.

Iron Jaw asks the landlady some questions and the old frill says that Josephine got a phone call shortly after Elmo left her. She seemed quite gaga about it and she went out of the house with her going-away scenery still on her.

“We better see this Vaselino,” Iron Jaw says. “I think we got this thing busted wide open already. Hah! Where does the punk live?”

Victor Vaselino, Elmo tells us, lives over in Cambridge, just off Harvard Square. We go and call on Victor. He is a very sleek-looking person with a pair of eyes that could stare down a Svengali. He is reading a book when we arrive and Snooty picks it up just after Victor sets it down.

“It is quite a book,” Snooty says in a very hard voice. “*Unsolved Crimes of Two Worlds*.” Iron Jaw picks up another tome that is on a table. “*How to Commit a Perfect Crime*,” he growls. I select one from a bunch on the window sill. It says on the cover, *Murder Without Trace or the Corpse in the Trunk*.

“What did you do with the body?” Iron Jaw says and jabs a finger halfway through Victor’s breast-bone.

“Wha-a-a?”

“Come clean,” Iron Jaw says. “Josephine Jupp is missing. You called her on the phone last night, ha-a-ah?”

**V**ICTOR nods but looks quite bewildered. “Yeah, I asked to see her for the last time before she got married to this Elmo guy,” Victor said. “I was O.K. with her until he showed up. There was

some letters I was to give her back an’—”

“Blackmail too, huh?” Iron Jaw says. “Besides cold-blooded murder! Why you—!”

“Keep after him,” Snooty scoffs. “You’ll have him for perjury and arson before he can look out.”

“You keep outa this,” Iron Jaw says to both of us. “Where is your trunk?”

“Why—er—I sold it a couple of days ago,” Victor said. “I been out of a job for a couple of weeks an’—”

“Where’d you sell it? Prove it!”

“A second-hand man,” Vaselino says, perspiring very copiously. “I don’t remember who.”

Snooty looks at me. His eyes are as wide open as a fourth-rate pug’s defence. “Er—maybe Iron Jaw is right, Scoop,” he says. “Some day he will have to be an’ maybe this is the day.”

“You are under arrest, Vaselino,” Iron Jaw says. “With that name you should be a slippery gent, hah? Whatever you say is used against you. Well, so—long, type lice! Read about me in the papers. Got the idea outa them books, huh?” he tosses at Victor.

“Let me at him,” Elmo cries out and reaches for Victor’s epiglottis. Snooty and me hold him back and he starts sobbing some more.

“It is all a terrible mistake,” the Latin yips. “I said good-bye to Josie in the drug store and that is the last I saw of her. Look, Elmo, you know I wouldn’t—”

“Get the viper out of my sight,” Elmo howls and tries to pick up a coffee table to throw. “Oh, my poor li’l bride.”

“If that is her picture there,” Snooty says, “I would cry too if I had had her ready for the wedding machine and then had lost her. She is a blonde with a shingle-bob, isn’t she?”

Iron Jaw takes Victor away. Me and Snooty go to the Greek’s and think everything over.

“Up to now,” Snooty says. “Iron Jaw has no *corpus delicti*, has he, Scoop? I imagine the cops will comb the second-hand trunk stores and all. I would look in the Charles River to play safe if I was a detective.”

“You are certain Josie is liquidated?” I ask.

“One can’t be sure, Scoop. Three things could have happened to her besides gettin’ assassinated. First, there is amnesia. Second, she might have changed her mind last night after taking a good gander at Elmo’s photo. Third, she could have gone out for a last fling as a spinster before she hopped to the broom and fryin’ pan. If she is still at large we will know her by her red skimmer and pin-striped tailored burlap. Keep your eyes opened.”

It is an hour later when we are passing Filene’s on Washington Street that Snooty Piper suddenly clutches at my arm an’ says: “Look, Scoop!” He leaves me and walks over to a doll who is taking a gander at girdles in the window.

“Pardon me,” Snooty says. “You couldn’t be Josephine Jupp, could you?”

I hear a sound like you hear when somebody whams a baseball bat against the side of a tent. Snooty’s green hat goes spinning and a dame is yellin’: “Masher! Help!—police!”

I help Snooty Piper lose himself in the crowd and finally sneak him into a tavern on Avery Street. One side of his face looks quite red and is puffing up like an omelet in a hot pan.

“She *would* be carrying a ham, wouldn’t she, Scoop?” the crackpot says. “She slugged me with it and I bet it weighed ten pounds!”

“It serves you right,” I spout. “That turban she was wearin’ was pink, not red. Her suit didn’t have stripes in it.”

“I was over-zealous, Scoop,” Snooty says. “I must control myself. Hold me every

time we pass a doll wearing a suit and a turban, will you?”

The papers in late afternoon carry an account of the apprehension of Victor Vaselino as a suspect in the disappearance of Josephine Jupp. Victor cannot remember who he sold a trunk to, and admits having been the last character to have looked upon the doll who was ready for the nuptial vows. Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy is mentioned frequently in the column of type.

Now it is late the next p.m. when a very startling thing happens to me and Snooty Piper. We are walking along Tremont on the Common Side when we see a very slender blonde canary coming toward us. She has on a very red turban and a tailored blue suit with pin stripes.

Now just as I grab Snooty, a taxi crabs up to the curb and stops. Two citizens emerge from the swindle jalopy and they crowd on either side of her. One character lifts his hat very politely and the doll stops and gets quite paralyzed about it all.

“That is a disgrace,” Snooty sniffs. “Accostin’ female citizens by wholesale. We should put a stop to—say, she is a blonde, Scoop. Come on. Something is very screwy—!”

The doll opens her mouth to let out a howl and one character plants a big lunch hook over her face and stifles her pipes. The other helps push her toward the cab and I think I see the sunshine on a Betsy he has in his other flipper. Me and Snooty go into action.

Snooty grabs up an empty banana stalk that has fallen into the gutter and lets it go. It hits the citizen nearest the taxi right in the pantry and knocks him on his panties.

*Bang! Bang.*

I DUCK behind a very heavy garbage can. In the next second I come up with it in my arms and I run right into the rough person firing off the cannon and knock him

against the side of the jalopy. It was quite a tank attack but I bounce back and go over on my back with the garbage can holding me down.

A lot of citizens start putting on a very heated fuss but do not try to stop the mashers who pile into the taxi and race down Tremont. I finally roll the garbage can off my torso and look for Snooty. He is getting up quite slowly and has the mark of an auto tire across the back of his green suit.

“Where is the doll?” Snooty yelps. “It was Josie. Where is the cops?”

When the gendarmes arrive en masse, they pick me and Snooty up and say we will find out what is what for starting a riot on Tremont Street.

“It is a lie,” a taxpayer says who witnessed it all. “They saved that poor girl from a kidnaping!”

“Yeah,” Snooty says. “Look at the roscoe holes in that garbage can there. What did you think we could have made them with? A street-car conductor’s punch? Where is the doll?”

“There she is,” I says. “Over there on the grass as limp as a cooked stick of macaroni. Maybe the scare shook her loose from the amnesia, huh?”

“Who is she?” a cop asks.

“Josephine Jupp, that is who,” Snooty says. “Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy has arrested a character for rubbing her out and there she is in the flesh. Ha, ha!”

“What do you think of that?” a cop gulps.

“I wouldn’t know,” I sigh and feel around my torso for ventilation.

The cops carry the canary into a drug store across the street and give her first aid. When the blonde sits up, Snooty says: “Well, Josephine, you have been givin’ Elmo a terrible time of it, haven’t you? Now you go right home and get ready for the weddin’, huh?”

“Somebody around here is nuts,” the

blonde dish says. “Where am I? I was walkin’ along when—I remember! Two men tried to snatch me. Somebody started shootin’ an’—who says I wanta git married, huh? I never heard of no Elmo. I am Rosie O’Hara from Saugus an’ I just rented a room awhile ago over on Commonwealth Avenue. What is this, huh? What’s the big idea?”

“You are wearin’ a red turban and a suit with pin-stripes,” I says while Snooty brushes spots away from his eyes.

“So I am, huh? So what? So a girl has got to ask you punks what she wears. Is the cops got a law against turbans? Let me outta this burg. I’m grabbin’ the first bus for Saugus.”

Snooty sidles over to me. “Er—Scoop—that turban has seen better days,” he says. “It is more than two or three days old and the suit she is wearin’ shines like a Dutch farmer’s wife’s kitchen floor. Somethin’ is haywire again.”

“Just leave me alone,” I says.

The cops ask for a description of the citizens in the cab but we cannot remember what they looked like as the battle is still quite hazy in our minds.

“Er—Miss O’Hara,” Snooty says. “It is quite an unfortunate occurrence all around, isn’t it? We will see you get to your roomin’ house and pack up and get a bus. Some guys must have thought you was somebody else.”

Snooty’s legs buckle a little and I help keep him horizontal.

The cops says it is okay for us to take the doll off Tremont Street. Then they question a lot of citizens who might have remembered what the rough boys looked like, also the license number on the cab. We take the blonde canary home. She is quite a card.

“I got enough of this burg,” Rosie repeats. “I figgered to come to the big town an’ make me a glamour girl as I got a voice an’ might git myself in a night club. It’s a

mighty screwy place here as what do you think?"

"I don't dare any more," I told her.

"Well, I git me this room," Rosie says. "An' I am in it only an hour when I find this outfit rolled up an' shoved in a corner of the closet. Some dame left it there. Well, they wa'n't new but they was stylish so I figgered I'd put 'em on. They fit me swell an' that's how come I had a turban on an' that tailored suit."

**M**E AND SNOOTY are slug-nutty when we finally get to where Rosie hives up. The landlady there says the room she rented to Rosie O'Hara was occupied by a blonde for only a day. She showed up in the rags Rosie found, but left during the night.

"Said her name was Smith," the landlady says. "She paid me a week in advance too. She was a blonde, a little darker than Miss O'Hara here."

"Josephine," I says.

"I wonder," Snooty says and sits down on the stairs and paws at his face. "Josie only wore that going-away outfit that one time, Elmo said. She couldn't be that hard on clothes if she rolled all the way from Braves Field to the North Station in them. This is a puzzler, huh?"

"Look, we will forget it," I suggest. "It looks like Iron Jaw is right. Josephine has been rendered defunct, I am quite positive."

"Wait," Snooty says. "May I have your suit coat, Rosie?"

"Yeah. An' don't git so personal, see? Here, take it. I wouldn't git caught dead in it."

"Huh? Why—er—you did almost," Snooty chirps. "I am beginnin' to see—almost. Look, Scoops. There is an old label here. It says: Spitzer & Co., Portland, Me."

"Then that lets Josephine out," I mutter. "She didn't have to go to Portland to buy her trousseau when we have such swell

stores here in Boston. It belonged to somebody else."

"You amaze me, Scoop," Snooty mocks.

"Say, who is Josephine?" Rosie wants to know. "What made her run away, huh? He's been runnin' around with other women maybe. Nobody can trust nobody these days."

"You had better go back to Saugus," I sigh.

"No! A thousand times no!" Snooty says. "Look, Rosie, you must help us as we are of the Fourth Estate and help fight criminals. If citizens are after a doll wearing that outfit, you put them on again tomorrow and just walk around. We will be right behind you all the time an'—"

"I ain't goin' to git killed for nobody," Rosie says. "You are both screwy. I'm goin' to Saugus this minute."

"And I was sure you was just the girl for me—er—us," Snooty says with a very funny laugh. "I could make you famous. If you helped me on this case and we come out all right, you would git your pictures in all the papers. That is publicity and all the night clubs would beg you to—"

"Yeah?"

"Look here," I fling at Snooty *sotto voce*. "That is criminal. You are lurin' an innocent girl an'—"

"Oke," Rosie says. "I will help you, Mr. Piper. I'm beginnin' to think you're a swell guy. If you could see the dopes I had to go out with in Saugus!"

We go to the *Evening Star*. "Dress her up and teach her the English language and she would be a pip, Scoop," Snooty says. "I think I will give the air to that cookie over in the Waldorf Lunch. It is the morgue I am interested in now."

"Then it is good-bye," I tell him. "I leave you when we reach Mr. Guppy's. It is murder you will have on your hands, you goon. Settin' that doll as bait for gorillas."

I go over to the Greek's alone. Two

hours later in comes Snooty Piper and his eyes are very bright as if he had been smoking a handful of reefers.

"I got it, Scoop!" Snooty yips as he slides into the booth with me. "I have been looking up in the morgue at the *Evening Star* about certain characters. I telephoned the cops in Portsmouth, N. H. I have been down to headquarters asking if Georgie Porgy Pankas has friends among the riff-raff here in Beantown. It is absolutely astonishing the things I have learned."

"What did J. Edgar Hoover have to say?" I ask. "Look, stupid. What has the murder up there in the sticks got to do with the disappearance of a bride the night before her merger with a groom? Don't bother me, Snooty Piper. I won't listen to no more such mullarkey. I think you are as mentally deficient as a cuckoo in a clock."

"Now stop it, Scoop. I have got a swell idea for both of us. We will go over to where I room and talk it over. I have got the number of Rosie's rooming house and I will call her from there. Tonight is the night. Let us hurry."

We did. Don't ask me why he has such an influence over me. I guess it is just that Snooty is so nutty he fascinates me.

**O**VER in his room he has a couple of old suits he has picked up in a second-hand store. He has a bottle of belladonna and some make-up stuff.

"They are very loud suits, Scoop," Snooty says. "We will put them on after we have made up some. That yellow stuff is to put on your face after you put on the red wig. I have got a very black curly wig and a black mustache to match. We are gorillas. The belladonna is to put in our eyes to make us look like snow birds."

"Huh?" I am so numb that that is all I can say.

"I know where pals of Georgie Porgy Pankas hangs out," Snooty says. "Here is

your gun, Scoop. I thought of everything since I last saw you and you have no idea how I had to rush around."

While I am making up, Snooty calls Rosie.

"You will have visitors around ten tonight," the nitwit tells her. "Be sure and wear the suit and have the turban on display in the room. That is all. Stand by. Piper signing off."

We go over to a very low-looking dive on South Washington Street. We act very tough as we go in. Our lamps are shining like diamonds in the bottom of a coal bin and I hear a doll say:

"Pipe the two cokies, Millie. They are higher than kites. I never saw 'em around before."

Me and Snooty get into a booth and order a pair of skull busters. Snooty does the talking.

"I t'ought dese big-time mugs was smart, Spider. We haveta come down an' help 'em fix a dumb dame for Georgie."

"Shut up," I says, nasty, and light a cigar. "Want de whul would t' hear ya, ya punk!"

"Aw, nobody here knows from nuttin'," Snooty, alias Butch the Blood from Nashua, says. "Did dey mess up the snitch, huh? Dey call up from Boston an' tells Georgie's mout'piece an' we haveta come down an' show 'em how to rub out a doll."

"Ya know where dis Lulu Berry is, Butch?"

"Yeah. I talked wit' dem newspaper guys what took her home. Dey t'ought I was a cop. Ha, ha, so dey are smart in dis boig, huh? We do de job an' hop back to the sticks. Dis Lulu is stickin' close to her room now until she sees a chanct to sneak outta Boston, see? She knows de heat's on her an' I bet she's called the D.A. up there to send her dough to buy a new outfit. Right now she's as good as a dead pigeon an' we split a grand, Spider. After a coupla slugs, we

beat it, see?"

"This stogie is lickin' me," I says. "I—"

"Sh! Stick to your character, Scoop."

We ankle out and somebody bumps into Snooty. Snooty gets very ugly and wants to know if the citizen wants to apologize or shoot it out with gats. The customers in the joint look very scared and a character behind the bar says for us to scam before he opens up our skulls with a Betsy of his own.

We wait for a cab outside when three tough boys slide up alongside of us.

"Hello, pals," one says. "So you two was sent down to git Lulu, huh? Well, we want to play wit' you guys, see? If you ain't agreeable, we have ways of makin' ya, see?"

"Watch 'em close. They are filled with hop," another criminal character says. He looks familiar to me.

"Okay, fellers," Snooty says. "Me an' Spider don't want to hog everythin'. We are all in this together to save Georgie from the hemp cravat, ain't we?"

"Yeah, now ya're talkin'," a very evil-looking hood says. "Le's grab dis taxi comin'."

On the way to Commonwealth Avenue, Snooty makes a very wild stab and gets away with it.

"You phoned up there an' said you already had the doll," he said. "What was de big idea, hah?"

"Look, cull. There oughter be a law about dames dressin' alike. We grab dis canary, see? Then we find out she ain't Lulu when we git her to where we hang out in the Hotel Luxoria on Harrison Street, see? Well, it's a kidnapin', ain't it? So she sees our mugs an'll reckernize us ag'in. So we gotta bump her off 'fore we leave town, see?"

I am quite frightened over everything and I think of things that make me much more jittery by the minute. I am glad the

jalopy's engine is very noisy as the lugs cannot hear my teeth and my knees cracking together like castanets.

"Yeah," Snooty says. "Dames copy each other's rags as they are dippy. Well, we'll fix t'ings dis time, boys. Georgie will laugh at dem cops when they put him on the stand."

**W**E ARRIVE in front of the rooming house on Commonwealth Avenue and four of us get out. The other tough character is to watch for cops while we are inside. We walk upstairs and knock on Rosie's door. She opens up and lets out a little squeak and tries to shut the door again. Snooty grabs her and puts a hand over her mouth.

"Yeah, here is the turban she wore outta Portsmouth," a mug says. "She's wearin' that suit. Well, let her have it, Butch!"

*Bang! Bang! Bang!* The sound of the scoes comes from outside.

"De cops," a rough guy says. "Smack her an' let's scam, Butch!"

"Let 'em have it, Scoop!" Snooty yelps. "Give 'em the ammonia, Rosie!"

"We're framed, ya punks. Grab the cannons. These guys are bulls. Ow-w-w-w! I'm blind."

It happened very swiftly. Rosie had a pitcher of ammonia ready on the table and just when Snooty let her go she picked it up and irrigated the rough criminals with it. I hit one sputtering hood with a radio set and Snooty does very well when he throws a brass knob he takes from a bed post.

He bounces it off a noggin that is quite dull from ammonia fumes and the citizen sits down in a corner and grins for no reason at all. Rosie is quite a battler and after she empties the pitcher she cracks it into many pieces over a third pate and the battle is over.

Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy and some cops come in and we turn things over to them.

“Well, this is not Josephine again,” Snooty says to the bug-eyed slewfoot. “But we know where she is. Just let us borrow two big strong gendarmes as we must raid the Hotel Luxoria as that is where Elmo Tappett’s bride is pigeon-holed. Victor Vaselino is going to be very put out about things, Iron Jaw.”

We have very little trouble releasing Josephine. She is quite shaky and all, but she looks very chic in her new blue tailored suit with the pinstripe to it. Her turban goes well with her blonde locks, too.

“I left Victor,” Josephine says on the way to headquarters, “after I got back the letters which I wrote to him. Victor just wanted to say goodbye for the last time. Three men got out of a car and threw me into the car and carried me here. They were talking about killing me. Oh, I am so happy!”

“Well, here is the way it was,” Snooty says to the cops. “This witness for the D.A. up in Portsmouth—this Lulu Berry who saw Georgie tip a canoe over—was advised to leave Portsmouth until the trial as he figured Georgie’s pals would try and see she did not do any squawking.

“Well it happened that Lulu had an outfit like Josephine here and the gorillas in Boston were tipped off to what she would look like and they waited for her. Well, Josephine happened along and since she is a blonde too, Georgie’s mugs grabbed her.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Snooty goes on. “Please don’t interrupt me. Then they find they have snatched the wrong female character, but do not dare let her go as it is kidnaping they have committed. Now, Lulu Berry reads about the missing bride and what she wore. So she knows it was her they was really after, so she takes off the turban and the suit and puts on different scenery.

“She lams to a place where she will feel safer, and who comes in to rent the room she had flown but Rosie O’Hara from Saugus. So Rosie is almost snatched on Tremont Street, see? Because she found Lulu’s duds and put them on. I smell a rodent very quickly when I see Rosie’s ensemble is quite on the defunct side as a bride would not go a way in an old suit, would she? Elmo said it was brand new.”

“Cripes,” Iron Jaw says. “Gimme a paper and pencil, a cage and a strait-jacket. Then I will try and figure this.”

“Well, I called the cops up in N. H. to get the lowdown on what Lulu looked like because there was a label marked Portland, Me., in the suit coat that Rosie was wearing. From there on it was very amazing sleuthing work on the part of me and Scoop and Miss O’Hara. Get a camera man and take her picture right away.”

“Whose? Josephine’s?”

“No. Lulu’s. No, I mean Rosie’s,” Snooty says. “It gets a citizen mixed up, doesn’t it? Will somebody call Portsmouth, N. H., and ask if Lulu got back there?”

“We just done that,” a cop says. “She did. They got her locked up just in case. Georgie will sure swing now.”

“That reminds me,” Snooty says to Rosie. “They got a swell band at the Coconut Grove. We will have time for a gallop or two, won’t we, Scoop?”

“Oh, Elmo,” Josephine says as she clings to him like ivy sticking to a chimney. “Isn’t everything wonderful? I am going to give Mr. Piper a great big kiss!”

“How about me?” I sniff.

Rosie comes at me. She says it was me she liked the best anyway.

I run out of headquarters and do not stop until I am in the subway on Park Square. Snooty Piper can get me into the darndest messes.