

Dog Feud

"Dizzy Duo" Laff Riot



By Joe Archibald

Author of "Without Crime or Reason," etc.

The pooch liked to gnaw on rugs and gents' ankles. And he liked Snooty Piper—which put Snooty behind a blitzkrieg of eight-balls.

DOGFACE WOOLSEY, city editor of Mr. Guppy's Boston *Evening Star* could give Hitler lessons in being very nasty. Just because me and Snooty arrive late for work one morning, Dogface rummages through the most degrading assignments he keeps on file and hands us one that his own brother would have made him eat without condiments.

"I could fire you instead," Dogface sneers. "But I would not put it past either of you goons to go right out afterwards

and pick up Judge Crater and put me on a spot with Guppy. This is about a character in South Boston who has a complaint against society. They took his pooch and tossed it into the pound. Go find out how indignant he is."

"Throw that piece of seaweed you are smokin' out the window, Dogface," Snooty says. "Don't let go of it. It smells worse than a bad New England boiled dinner, too. Come on, Scoop. Maybe we can make the front pages with the pooch."

"If you do," Dogface yelps, "I will

push a grape down Tremont Street with my nose at any high noon you mention. Ha ha!”

“You are two witnesses to what he said,” Snooty Piper flings at a sob sister and a droopy-eyed copy boy.

“Oh, come on an’ let’s git out of here before we get somethin’ worse, Snooty,” I says. “I wish the draft board would hurry and put my number up.”

We go over to C Street in South Boston. It is no silk-stockinged district and all the cats playing about have cauliflower ears and are walking on their heels. The citizen we are to placate is named Justin Case and his tepee should receive the attention of the housing authorities in Washington.

Justin is not a gent who will ever pose for collar ads as his pan looks like it rubbery flapjack stretched out of shape and he has a pair of lamps that are smoky and the wicks in them burn very bright.

“Whatchwant?” Justin growls at us.

“We are representatives of the press,” Snooty tells the character. “What is your beef about the poaching of pooches? The kidnaping of canines?”

“Plenty, rabbit-face. I’m an honest citizen or have been tryin’ to be an’ I ain’t had much work lately, not at in my line, anyways. So my only companion who understands me is a dog, see? The wife don’t speak to me. They wouldn’t come an’ lift her, would they? So I don’t have the dough for a dog license and they come an’ grab Butch. When I ain’t home, too. Am I burnin’? What kind of a country is this, anyways? No wonder there is communists and facets around. Can’t even have a dog.”

“Oh, shut ‘up!” a voice comes from the next room. “If you’d go t’ work you could have a dog. But the nex’ time you pick up one of them hounds, git one that don’t chew corners offen my rugs! Lookit

that one in the livin’ room. It was square when I bought it. Now it is shaped like a football. Who are them freaks? What are they sellin’?”

“Good afternoon,” Snooty Piper says, after getting a gander at the masticated Smyrna. “We will see if we can git the dog back for you, Mr. Case. Let’s go to the Greek’s an’ sleep all afternoon, Scoop, as I am fed up with journalism. Justin will be happy anyways as he is going to the dogs, isn’t he?”

“So the paper won’t do nuttin’, hah?” the citizen yells after us. “Awright, I don’t buy it no more an’ you just wait, see!”

“Sorry,” I says. “We have an appointment and can’t. There is something brewing near Scollay square that we must look into.”

Me and Snooty head for the Greek’s but we are detained as something quite ugly happens just three blocks from C Street.

“Wait a minute,” Snooty says. “I must get some butts, Scoop. Here is a cigar store.”

A CAR drives by the nicotine nook. There comes an explosion that is not made by just a light bulb dropping and then there are no windows in the cigar store. Me and Snooty pick fragments of glass out of our pans and swallow hard to get the deafness out of our ears.

“Here *was* a cigar store,” Snooty says. We run to the shellacked shop and get there just as two cops hop out of a prowl jalopy. A citizen crawls to the door of the store and he shakes cut plug out of his hair. He has the stem of a pipe in his mouth.

“Them two-for-a-nickel ropes are gettin’ worse an’ worse, pals,” the character mutters. “This time I light one an’—zowie! Don’t trade here.”

We go into the shambles and kick over

a heap of candy bars, cigar boxes and such and under all of the debris is the proprietor. His eyes are crossed and he gets up and says, "Thumbs up, mates, as there will always be an England. They can keep bombin' us an' we will get right up an' fight some more. Nerts to your dive bombers, Hitler! God Save the King!"

"This is the U.S.," Snooty says. "Remember now?"

"Er—what happened? Oh, don't tell me, and don't make me guess. I know. Oh, them fiends!"

"Yeah," a gendarme says. "Somebody tossed a pineapple at you. Who's been tryin' to shake you down? This is the fourth bombin' today around this part of Boston."

"A mug was in here yesterday," the cigar store man chirps. "He says, 'A bargain, pal, to stay healthy an' not git your coffin nails and rolls of cabbage all scrambled. Two bucks a week.' He was a little gorilla who should live in a tree. I guess they meant it, huh?"

"You're tellin' me," the cop growled. "A citizen in a Chelsea fish market forgot to duck just an hour ago and he is now on ice himself. This is gettin' serious."

"It ain't good," Snooty says.

We go over to the *Evening Star* and tell Dogface about the terrible deprivations going on. The first edition of the papers carry accounts of the pluguglies' Panzer attack. Mr. Guppy goes to work on an editorial the minute he arrives and Snooty sits down and dictates what we saw to him.

"Yeah, me and Binney was moochin' along an' I thinks to myself I will invest in a stack of casket pegs," Snooty begins. "Then we see a boiler bounce past and then the nicotine dump does a rhumba as what was tossed into the joint was not an aspirin tablet. Along comes the guardians of the unalienable rights of respected

citizens an'—"

"Go on from there, Binney," Guppy says. "This is not a foreign newspaper as my readers studied only English."

"I thought an editorial needed big words," Snooty grumbles.



NOW three other bombings take place in and around Dorchester, South Boston and Chelsea during the next day or two and Mr. Guppy's editorials get quite insulting to underworld characters and Mr. Guppy even hints at who he thinks is back of the pineapple blitzkrieg. Reading between the lines, me and Snooty agree as to the potential guilty party.

"Sounds like he is blaming Boston Blackie Blintz," Snooty says.

"Then it is a Blintzkrieg," I toss out.

"It is too many corn flakes you eat," the crackpot says. "Mr. Guppy should pull his punches a little as Boston Blackie is quite sensitive and temperamental and knows all the Betsy and Roscoe experts."

"Nobody would dare shoot Mr. Guppy."

"No?" Snooty says. "There have been times when even I have been in an awful fight with my better self, Scoop. One day I could have pushed him down an elevator shaft with no witnesses around but I got hold of myself just in time. Let's sneak out

and see what is brewing at the Greek's."

Me and Snooty hike toward Scollay Square. We are passing a pet shop when we hear somebody cussing in a very high-pitched voice.

"Snooty," I says. "Look at that limousine at the curb, the purple one. And there is Abigail Hepplethwaite."

"She is carryin' a parrot, Scoop, it is sure actin' up awful. What in the—"

Abigail is a spinster who is crowding three score years and ten and who could underwrite half the gold bullion buried at Fort Knox, if the U.S. got nervous about it.

"What in the world are you doin'?" we ask Abigail in unison.

"Hello, you two," Abigail chirps. "This parrot was being abused by the owner. I am president of a new humane club I thought up. It is called The Underprivileged Persecuted Pets Rescue Society. One of the members reported that this parrot was bein' man-handled, so I up and purchased it. That green suit you are wearing is just the color of this bird and I should give you one for wearing it, Piper. Ha ha."

"Let me at the blank-blank—" the parrot says and waves a clenched claw back at the pet shop. "Blast his hide!"

"Goodbye, boys," Abigail says. "Home, James the Third."

"She is a card, isn't she?" Snooty grins and we keep on going to the Greek's. "It will be hard on the help at her dump if she hears of a sabretoothed tiger that is not gettin' his milk regular."

Me and Snooty fuel up with Bock at the oasis and then start back to the madhouse. Something happens that disconcerts everybody on Washington Street and a bullet zings through the crown of Snooty's skimmer, there are so many slugs flying at random. There comes an awful crash and a big show window crumbles up before our eyes. A taxicab

climbs into the window and knocks down mannikins, girdles, nighties, slips and—what do you think?

"The driver must be drunk," I says. "Oh, what a mess. Here comes the cops. It is lucky to be right on top of a scoop, huh?"

"Drunk?" Snooty sniffs, "maybe he fired off the cannon because his horn wouldn't work. You are screwy. Hurry and let's see if there are any casualties."

THREE or four moments later me and Snooty Piper look at a corpse. The driver of the Yellow & Blue swindle bus is on velvet in the store window but not like the way he would have liked to have been. Four steel capsules have been absorbed by the victim and he is too far across the Styx for any sawbones to call him back.

"Oh, there is his passenger," a cop says. "Wait until we take the lingry off him as he is movin' an' must be still alive."

The cops and some very helpful citizens unveil the fare. Me and Snooty clutch at each other and hold on for dear life. Mr. Guppy sits up and asks how soon will the cavalry come as it was an awful disaster. There is a hole in his derby.

"You?" Snooty yelps. "Mr. Guppy!"

"Hello, Piper. Why didn't you tell me? You got here just at the same time. You knew, huh?"

"Don't be silly. You are still gaga," Snooty says. "They tried to assassinate you but got the cabby instead, huh?"

"That's quick thinking," Guppy says sneeringly. "Hello, O'Shaughnessy."

We turn quick. Iron Jaw stands there and the big slewfoot gives us looks that would have poisoned a couple of rattlesnakes.

"So they went this far, did they?" Iron Jaw trumpets. "Well, I'm goin' to crack down on them now. Is this your brief-case,

Mr. Guppy?"

"Why, no. I never saw it before." Guppy says. "Anyway, my initials are not H. T. A natural mistake for you to make, O'Shaughnessy, as they are close to mine—they bein' O. G. Why didn't they send a detective?"

"Yeah? Well, this brief-case is exhibit A, see?" Iron Jaw grunts. "I picked it up right out there at the curb. Look at the big rip in the front of it where a gun fired through it. Oh, I got this case smashed."

"Why didn't I find that, Scoop?" Snooty says. "He'll just waste a good clue an'—"

"I saw a man carryin' that briefcase just before the shots went off," a little character yelps.

"Yeah? Describe him!" Iron Jaw says gloatingly.

"W-well, I couldn't exactly. You know how them things are. You see somethin' but when somebody asts you to tell what you saw, you can't. But I would know the man if I ever saw him again, though."

Iron Jaw swears and there is ladies present.

Me and Snooty wait until the remains of the cabby are taken to a laundry for the liquidated. We see Iron Jaw get into a prowler car that has a special door built in it just for him and he is poking into the briefcase with one of his big maulers. Snooty says he saw Iron Jaw grin like a leopard with a nice fat wart hog inside of same before the prowler car took for headquarters.

"I bet this was put on a platter for him," I says. "Imagine them trying to rub out Mr. Guppy, Snooty."

"They shot Lincoln," Snooty says. "Who is Guppy?"

We find out later that Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy has arrested a character by the name of Humbert Thubb as the overgrown slewfoot found an old letter

stuck against the leather inside the briefcase. It had been written to Thubb. Moreover, the lab experts found signs of gun oil on the leather lining of the case. Me and Snooty rush right down to headquarters to see about it all. And as it was Mr. Guppy who was the intended victim of the erasure, his reporters have to be treated with civility, even us.

"Let the creeps in," Iron Jaw says. "Hah, I got this guy Thubb. What an alibi he's got. The motive? It is not because of the editorials against extortions as Thubb threatened to kill Guppy before witnesses two years ago. For printing a picture of the doll he went around with while he was still married. Go ahead in and see the citizen, boys. All we have to do is find the gat that fits the bullets we dug out of the cab cushion and out of the cabby who was named Gideon Gooch."

We question Thubb. He is a beady-eyed taxpayer and reminds one of a Karloff quite emaciated.

"I am innocent," Thubb growls. "Sure, I owned that brief-case once. But that scandal I got into took my job from me an' my wife lef' me an' I was a ruined man so I hocked everythin' I owned that would bring over a dime. Why, I pawned that case over a year ago."

"You should not threaten to kill people," Snooty says.

"Didn't you ever?" Thubb tosses out.

"Several times," Snooty says, "but I was lucky as no corpses were found resembling any of the characters I threatened. I don't see how you are goin' to beat this rap, pal."

"Where was you when the murder took place?" I ask.

"Nobody would believe it," Thubb says. "I was standin' on Boylston and Tremont waitin' for a street car."

"They do not have street cars on Boylston," Snooty says.

"I found that out," Thrubb says and then me and Snooty knows he is a little swacked in the noggin. We go out and listen to Iron Jaw gloat.

"A cinch, huh?" the human roundhouse beams at us. "Don't believe the killer is nuts as that is only an act, Piper. I hear you have been exposing officials of the city dog pound. You are certainly climbin', hah! Why don't you just give up, you weakfish, as your luck has run out. Even Hitler's will."

"The shoes you are wearing are quite a disgrace, Iron Jaw," Snooty says. "But of course the defense program of the U.S. comes first so how can you get them into drydocks for repairs, huh?"

"Look, Piper," Iron Jaw snarls. "I was even feelin' friendly towards you when you come in. Now I could pull your legs off and beat out your brains with 'em."

"Uh-uh," Snooty says. "Look where Thrubb is for threatenin' characters. Come on, Scoop."

IT IS that night that another store is mashed up by a bomb and the outrage occurs in East Boston in a shoe repair joint. Cops break in on Boston Blackie Blintz's duplex in Charlestown and ask him what does he know about such a crime wave. Me and Snooty Piper accompany the gendarmes. Boston Blackie is quite a bulky bosco and there was a time when the uncouth citizen controlled the consumption of all the giggle water in Beantown.

"Well, Blackie," Iron Jaw says. "Nice place you live. Don't tell me you got an inheritance some place."

"How' y' guess it, Tiny," Blintz says. "My aunt in Scotland left me a t'ousan' pounds."

"Don't kid me," Iron Jaw says. "If there is Scotch in you, somebody poured it in. Where is Lippy Lugi and Snuffer

Sapolio?"

"Oh, them? I climbed above them, O'Shaughnessy," Blintz says. "They are just hoi polloi now and I wouldn't know where they was, and I care less. Have a snort, everybody?"

We get no place with Boston Blackie. It is the next day that Mr. Guppy tells the cops to get busy and do somethin' about the criminal corporation before the entire market district is wiped out. The D.A. gets hot and demands a quick trial for Humbert Thrubb. Thrubb gets it and the State tries to usher him to the sizzling divan in record time, but it seems nobody can prove a thing on Thrubb, all evidence being quite circumstantial. They have not found the Roscoe that knocked off Gooch, the cabby, and Thrubb's barristers tie up the D.A. very thoroughly.

"It looks like Boston Blackie is goin' to git the nod," I says as me and Snooty head for Abigail Hepplethwaite's one morning. It seems Abigail rescued a pet somewhere and wants to find a nice home for it and she called up Snooty and asked him how would he like a smart fox terrier. Snooty would take anything for nothing, even a case of strep throat.

"How is the trial coming, boys?" Abigail asks. "How is it you did not sew up the case for the State, Piper? You are slippin'."

"Watson quit me and he had the needle," Snooty counters. "Where is man's best friend?"

"In here," Abigail says and she waltzes into a sort of sun-parlor that has been turned into a home for all kinds of wild life. There are canaries, pooches, cats, two monkeys, three bowls of fish and what-nots in the rescue mission.

"There he is," Abigail says. "He is a darlin', huh? Only he is too expensive for me to keep. You do not own three-thousand dollar Smyrna rugs, do you,

Piper?"

"Not even one," he says. "Why? Oh, Scoop—Look!"

I let Snooty's designating digit draw my peepers to something on the floor. It is a pooch and he is having quite a gastronomic orgy at the corner of a rug that is an inch and a half thick. The canine has already chewed up the other three corners.

"I know who is the rightful owner of that pup," Snooty chirps. "I will take him there as the character is pining for it. It is lucky you sent for me, Ab—er—Madame, as you do not know the good deed you did liftin' that pooch out of the pound. The character could not afford a license, though, so if you have five bucks that is keepin' a place for you in a novel you are readin', we—"

"Piper, I always knew you had fine things about you."

"Yeah," I agree. "That is why he buys a fine comb every other week. Ha."

SNOOTY leads the way to C Street in South Boston. The fox terrier sets up quite a clamor as he sniffs at the doorstep of the place where Justin Case lives.

"It is the pooch that belongs here all right, Scoop," the nitwit gushes. "Here comes somebody."

"Why, hello," Snooty says when a face peers out at us. "Is Mr. Case in?"

"Who? Oh, maybe you mean the guy what oncet lived here. He moved to Dorchester as he said he wanted to better himself. He got snooty awful quick, the neighbors here said."

"He must of found himself and went to work," Snooty says to me. "Well, I will keep the pooch, Scoop, as how can we canvas all of Dorchester like a tent?"

The flea carrier puts up an awful kick about being dragged away from its native habitat but we finally get it calmed down

in a delicatessen where we feed it enough chow to satisfy even Iron Jaw's hunger spasms.

"Now we should go to the Suffolk County Court House, shouldn't we?" I ask politely. "And look in on the Thrubb trial. We are reporters, remember?"

"Of course," Snooty says. We hurry to Boston proper and finally reach the edifice where unlawful citizens have to think up fast answers. Snooty ties the terrier to a tree and asks a street gamin to amuse it until he comes out.

Thrubb is on the stand when we ankle into the court room. The judge gives us a very sour gander as Snooty's shoes squeak like rusty sled runners going over hard-packed snow.

Exhibit A is on the D.A.'s table. Thrubb leaves the grill chair and a little character takes the stand. The D.A. asks the tax-payer if he can identify Thrubb as the killer of Gooch.

"Thata ain't him," the witness says. The D.A. wipes his pan and looks as if he wants to give up. It seems that nobody can pin the rap on Humbert Thrubb no matter how they try as Humbert's story about hocking exhibit A many months back sounds quite possible to the jury.

It all happens quite suddenly. A pooch catapults into the court room and yaps something awful and attendants and cops and ordinary spectators try and snag the bone nibbler before it can give the judge a stroke.

"Ki-yi-i-i-i-yi!" yelps the pooch and eludes Iron Jaw's lunge. It hops to the table where the D.A. is and acts up with the torn brief-case like it is his favorite bone.

"Look, Scoop," Snooty yelps. "Look at it muzzle that leather case like it was lined with frankfurters. It is goin' gaga. It is not that hungry as we just fed it. Oh, I bet I—I know somethin', Scoop!"

“Grab that dog!” the judge howls. “Order in the court!”

“I got it,” Iron Jaw says and dives for the canine. Iron Jaw misses and slides right under the table where the defense lawyers are and he dumps it over, also the defense lawyers. The judge keeps pounding his gavel and then the pooch bites a chunk out of a gendarme’s leg and another cop pulls a cannon. Snooty Piper leaves the press row and goes to the terrier’s succor.

“Don’t you dare shoot my dog!” Snooty screeches and pushes the D.A. aside as if the citizen was only a barfly. He snatches up the canine and then four husky attendants usher me and Snooty out of the court house and don’t stop manhandling us until we are in Brattle Square.

“And stay out!” a big cop growls.

“They are dumb, Scoop,” Snooty says. “He was the whole case and they could not see it. Hurry up and brush yourself off as we are hopping over to Dorchester and call up all the real estate and renting agencies. Oh, if what I think is so, that judge will chaw beef.”

WE GO to Dorchester and live in a telephone booth for six hours. I have the pooch on a leash a half an inch thick and I have to feed him two dollars worth of ice cream to keep him happy. Snooty keeps telephoning. Once he called up the *Evening Star* and was told we were both not working for Mr. Guppy anymore.

“That is gratitude, Scoop,” Snooty takes time out to tell me. “Well, I will call another real estate broker.”

Snooty finally hits the jackpot. He comes out of the booth, six pounds lighter, than he went in and his pan is as pale as a pelican’s vest.

“Got it, Scoop. A citizen named Justin Case rented a five-room apartment in the Broaken Arms near Field’s Corner. He

signed a lease for a year and the bite is a thousand bucks. Why, where did that drone get a thousand bucks so quick?”

“Bingo,” I says. “It has been done.”

“Don’t try and be silly,” Snooty sniffs. “Follow me.”

“I will,” I says, “an’ other people will too if they can find butterfly nets. Will you take this pooch over for awhile as it has pumped my right arm loose from the hinge.”

Snooty hails a cab and we load the dog in. In a few moments we are riding up in the lift of the Broaken Arms. It is quite a fashionable tepee and Justin Case lives on the seventh floor. Snooty presses the bell near a door marked 7 C. Justin Case answers the ring and the citizen has a new herring-bone suit on when he admits us.

“We’ve been lookin’ all over,” Snooty says, “but finally found you. Here is your pooch, huh?”

Case does not have to answer as the canine goes haywire over seeing its master once more. Out comes Mrs. Case and she is wearing a negligee of ostrich feathers and pink nylon.

“Imagine, babe,” Case says. “These guys kept lookin’ for Ruggles all this time. Get ‘em a drink, babe.”

“Yeah. I never knew such guys lived no more, dearie,” Mrs. Case says. “I will mix them a pair of zombies.”

“Sit down, boys.”

We do. Mrs. Case goes into the kitchen. Then Justin says she never could mix a drink right and that he will go in and make sure we are treated right.

SNOOTY PIPER walks nonchalantly across the room and acts like he is studying the interior decorations. Suddenly he throws himself at the door of the kitchen, reaches in for the key and yanks it out of the door. He slams the door, inserts the key, turns the key quick and then steps

back, pawing jitter juice off his brow.

“What in h-” Case howls. “Say, babe, what is this?”

“Hurry, Scoop. Search everythin’ an’ see if we can find a Betsy. Don’t just stand there!”

“Oh,” I gulp and start helping the crackpot tear things loose. All the time we are wrecking the flat, Justin and his wife are hurling themselves at the kitchen door.

“You search the livin’ room, Scoop. I’ll turn the boudoir upside down. If this mug went into his old racket, he would keep his tools, wouldn’t he?”

“This is all screwy to me,” I choke out. “I—”

“Eureka!” Snooty yells like a tormented Sioux. “I got it. I got a cannon, Scoop. Stop where you are and we will get out of here. The gat has been freshly laundered an’ has oil all over—”

Crash!

The door gives. Out comes Justin Case and his spouse and Justin has a waffle iron. Mrs. Case is swinging a carving knife as big as a pirate cutlass.

“They are dicks, babe. Start woikin’. The Roscoe they got is empty.”

“He ain’t kiddin’,” Snooty yelps and thrusts the liquidator in his pocket and then picks up a vase of posies. The waffle iron and flower container meet in midair and make quite a sound. I duck a thrust from Mrs. Case’s cleaver and bring her down with a neat tackle but I get ostrich feathers in my mouth and start strangling. I do not think Snooty is doing so good in close quarters with the husband as I can only hear Justin swearing. Then I see the pooch clamp its masticators over a leg and Snooty yelps for the first time.

It is tenants of the Broaken Arms that save us, I think. They come in with a big policeman they have hailed out of the window and the four of us are backed up against the wall. The pooch runs to and fro

biting at legs till the cop caresses it with a nightstick. It yelps once and sits down to get its bearings.

“You are all under arrest for disturbing the peace,” a cop says.

“Arrest these two for murder,” Snooty hollers. “Or one of them. This character here killed a cab driver. Call up the courthouse and tell the D.A. to forget Thrubb, as he is innocent. I think I have the Roscoe that shot the bullets that killed the cabby that was meant for Mr. Guppy, that come out of the brief-case. Tell the D.A. to not to forget the brief-case.”

“That lousy pooch,” the doll yelps. “I told you it was—”

“Shut your face!” Justin says.

“Say, I’ve seen you before some place,” a cop says to the male citizen wearing the herring-bone. “Maybe they will tip my memory off at headquarters. Come on, all of ya!”

Snooty Piper was right. The ballistic experts gave the gat the works and found out that it was the cannon that had shot the bullets that were taken out of Gooch. The Thrubb trial folded up in a jiffy and Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy nearly griped himself into a morgue. The pooch made headlines on the Boston journals and they were nearly three inches high. Dogface Woolsey tried to leave town but was caught before he could board a train.

“It started when Dogface sent us out on an assignment that was very mortifying to me,” Snooty says. “So when we found the pooch gnawing rugs in Back Bay, we knew it was Case’s or pardon me—Lippy Lugi’s dog. We tried to restore it to its owner, found out he had moved and was on the gravy train. Hah, you see Lippy went straight for awhile until he got mad at society for stealin’ the dog. He heard Boston Blackie needed another good torpedo so he dusted off his Roscoe and went to work. He didn’t realize he was

Terrier-izing Boston, ha! He purchased the old brief-case to mask the Betsy like violin cases used to mask choppers. So when the pooch spotted the brief-case in the court room— Am I talkin' too fast?"

Everybody shakes their heads. Even the D.A. looks like he is listening to an Orson Welles broadcast. Iron Jaw staggers out of the D.A.'s office and falls down three flights of stairs. Boston Blackie and Mr. and Mrs. Lugi try and beat each other

to letting their locks down, and the crime wave is broken up like a set of china in a moving-van wreck.

It was quite a thing that took place on Scollay Square. Dogface pushed the grape along Tremont with his nose until he came to Park Square. Then he welched.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Dogface," Snooty Piper says as a lot of beauties rush at Piper to get his autograph.

I don't see how he does it.