

# Short Order Crook

*"Dizzy Duo" Yarn*



*By Joe Archibald*

Author of "Gang Whirl," etc.

*Snooty Piper planned to paste a new mug in the Death House album. For when Philatelist Silas Swunk took the long count, Snooty had to frame a suicide stamp to complete the Grim Reaper's collection.*

**M**E AND Snooty Piper walk very briskly into the old Colonial wigwam—out in Newton, a suburb of Beantown, and get a gander at the mortal remains of Silas Swunk. A very uncouth person had sneaked into the Swunk household sometime during the night and had rapped Silas over the pate with a book end that Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy, the detective, could have leaned against without pushing over.

"Good morning to everyone," Snooty Piper says. "I wish citizens would find these victims after I have had my breakfast. Who did it, Iron Jaw?"

The big flatfoot snarls at us. Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy, if he had to be licensed like commercial trucks, would set himself back at least seventy-four dollars. He has feet like window boxes and a brain that would fit into a doll's compact. If detectives were paid commission in Boston instead of a salary, O'Shaughnessy would expire from malnutrition in a very short time.

"Don't git in my way, you two night crawlers," Iron Jaw spouts. "The murderer did not leave a clue but I will find one. This Swunk was a fatalist. He collected stamps and saved them."

“Huh?” Snooty snickers. “He’s—he was a what? Oh, you mean philatelist, stupe. Ha, ha, would I like to hear you on a quiz program! Well, did they steal his album?”

“They did not. That would give them away, wouldn’t it?” Iron Jaw growls. “The album is right here and all they had to do was tear out the stamps they wanted and lam. Some of these stamps they tell me was worth plenty of chips. I have sent for a character who knows stamps. If we find out the ones that were lifted we can try and trace them.”

“I don’t see how you do it,” Snooty sniffs.

We look around the room. It is half the size of the waiting room in South Station and three sides of the place are lined with books enough to educate even Iron Jaw. Silas Swunk, who is being carefully appraised by the cadaver connoisseur, is stretched out like a bear rug. He was an old taxpayer who would have passed away quite naturally if the impatient stamp stealer had waited a year at the most.

Snooty picks up a book that is on a table near his elbow and peruses it only for a moment before Iron Jaw grabs it out of his hand and tosses it on a sofa.

“I told you not to touch nothin’, didn’t I, Piper? You keep your paws off things or I will throw you out on your ear.”

“A very smart criminal did this, Scoop,” Snooty says. “Even I do not see that he left a trace.”

“It had to be an inside job,” Iron Jaw, says. “I’ve sent for a dame who cooks for Swunk.”

“Past tense—or did you forget, Iron Jaw?” Snooty needles. “If this was an outside job, then the rough assassin had to carry Silas in and lay him down, don’t you think?”

A BIG policeman lets another citizen into the library. He is a tall gink who wears cheaters hitched on to a ribbon and he looks like he might belong to the Harvards. He says it is terrible what has taken place.

“I am O’Shaughnessy—in charge of the case,” the big flatfoot says to the skinny character. “I hear you are quite a filet—er—fali—philteratist—er—stamp collector, huh?”

“I am and I think I can tell you why my poor old friend, Silas Swunk, was killed. He recently acquired two very valuable stamps. One was the unissued tuppence Tyrian Plum, King Edward, and British Guiana, eighteen fifty-six, one cent, unique. I would make a rough guess that the two are worth about thirty-five thousand dollars.

“Silas let me look at them only a week ago and I told him he had better be careful where he put them. Silas was a very shrewd character and he said he kept them where nobody would ever think of looking. Alas and alackaday, somebody did think to do that, didn’t they?”

“I would swear Houdini was not deceased, wouldn’t you?” Snooty ventures, and sweeps the bookshelves with his peepers.

“Thirty-five thousand bucks!” Iron Jaw pushes out of his pipes. “Fer two stamps to mail letters with? I bet hardly nobody could afford to write to each other in them days, huh?”

“Ha, ha,” the learned citizen laughs. “You do not understand. Stamps are—who is this person?”

A female character who never heard of rye crisp rolls in. She lets out a squawk when she sees her defunct meal ticket. She says, after we fan her for a time, that she came in by the day to prepare Silas Swunk’s fodder. Iron Jaw asks if there were other servants in the place.

“He had a houseboy, steady. He is a Chinaman and his name is Sum Got. He has not been here since yesterday morning.”

“Oh, ye-e-ah? I don’t trust them chow mein chefs? He got a room here? Now we’re gettin’ somewhere! Wa’n’t in last night, wasn’t he?”

“Yes, he didn’t,” Snooty says and I tell him to shut up.

Iron Jaw tells the gendarmes to keep us in the library if they have to tie us. “I am goin’ up an’ search that Chink’s room. I bet he knows somethin’. I will break this case—er—”

C-r-rash! Iron Jaw was not looking where he was going. He walked right into a glass case filled with stamps, and Snooty says: “No sooner said than done. Ha!” The flatfoot swears and goes upstairs and the chandelier over our domes shakes like a cooch dancer with malaria.

“My my, but this is terrible,” the stamp expert says as he watches citizens put Silas in a hamper. “I warned Silas he should have put them in his safe deposit box.”

“No business is safe,” Snooty nods. “Is it?”

**I**RON Jaw O’Shaughnessy comes back downstairs and he is waving a letter around his dome. “I told you I’d pin it on that yellow taxpayer. Ha-ah! He needed plenty of sugar and he did not want to buy rice. I will read this to you. Listen: Dear Mr. Sum Got. In reply to your letter of the thirteenth instant, I beg to state that to exhume the remains of your honorable uncle Long Hop and transfer the remains to the land of his ancestors will involve a sum as high as eight hundred dollars. Yours respectfully, Diggem and Plant, Morticians, per Mr. Plant.’ Ha-a-ah!”

“Smart goin’, Iron Jaw,” Snooty says.

“Yeah. Them Chinks’ll commit murder t’ git the bones of their relatives

back to a Chinese bone orchard,” Iron Jaw says. “We will chase him all the way to Hong Kong if we have to. We—”

“It is quite a saving to the city,” I says. “That looks like Sum Got now who has just come in. Make him confess, Iron Jaw.”

“So-o-o? Come back to the scene of your crime, hah? Let Confusion help you beat this rap,” Iron Jaw howls, and makes a grab for the little yellow character who shuffles into the library.

“I come chop-chop. Velly fast,” Sum Got says. “I hear honorable bloss glet lubbed out. Velly blad. Slum Glot velly solly.”

“Cut the sob stuff. Hold up your hands!” Iron Jaw says. “Frisk him, you guys!”

“Yeah,” Snooty says. “Don’t take chances as he put up an awful fight, didn’t he?”

The flatfeet empty Sum Got’s pockets, and Iron Jaw paws over the stuff they put on the table. He picks up a folded sheet of paper and takes a swift gander at it. “I thought so! I was right! Here is a receipt for three hundred dollars on account from Diggem and Plant. I guess I got my man, hah?”

“Well, Snooty Piper,” I toss out. “What do you think?”

“Honorable ancestors say mountain make blig noise an’ clough up Mlickey Mouse,” Snooty chirps.

“Where was you all yesterday and last night, huh?” Iron Jaw howls at Sum Got.

“Slum Got glet dlay off an’ all last nlight flom bloss. Slum Glot he go—er—me no tllak!”

“Oh, no? There, he is guilty.” Iron Jaw says. “He lifted the stamps and got some dough for ‘em on account and he hustled down to the undertakers an’—”

“Honorable anclestor lest easy nlow,” Sum Got says.

"You better talk or you will glit blig hotflood!" Snooty says to the China boy.

"You shut up, Piper! Keep your phiz out of this!"

It is very apparent that Sum Got does not intend to alibi and that means that he is scheduled to appear in a drama written by the D.A. as follows: Act I: Court Room in Massachusetts, U. S. A. Act II: Hot Squat at Charlestown sometime later. Same state.

"It looks like he is guilty all right," Snooty admits. "Sum Got forgot to leave a clue and he came back to give the policemen one. It was very nice of him to do that."

"He knowed he might as well give up," Iron Jaw brags. "We would have nabbed him anyways. Take him downtown, boys."

"Slum Glot glet mlouthpliece. Bleat lap!"

"Let's go, Snooty, as the murder is solved," I says.

It is late that afternoon that me and Snooty are in the Greek's. Snooty is gnawing his nails right down to the first joints of his digits. "Scoop," he says, "there is no such thing as an assassin not leavin' a clue. I mean, if the character who liquidated Swunk was not Sum Got."

"You are gettin' screwy again, Snooty Piper."

"I've always heard that you could trust a citizen of China even with a voting machine, Scoop. Maybe he would not tell where he got the rocks to pay the undertakers with because he stole it. Not from Swunk but somebody else. Now don't you think that other characters who collected stamps would be very jealous of Silas Swunk?"

"Not right now," I point out. "Did you forget that he is quite defunct?"

"I mean when he was alive and had the stamps—you know very well what I meant

and don't go too far with me, Scoop Binney."

"Sum Got what he was after," I quip but Snooty does not laugh.

He picks up a copy of Mr. Guppy's *Evening Star* and reads about the rubout. "It says here that Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy has made a record for solvin' a murder case, Scoop. They printed his picture, too. Sum Got still refuses to talk and says he will join honorable ancestors before he will."

"He will be there for the reunion then," I sigh. "Let us forget about it."

Snooty says he had better call up Dogface Woolsey, the city editor, as he might be worried about us.

"We are still working on the Swunk thing," Snooty says into the phone to Dogface. "I know Sum Got is booked to scorch but there is more behind the unissued two-pence Tyrian Plum an' Guiana 1856 one cent unique if you interrogate yours truly. A Chinaman will shoot the works, I admit, when it comes to boxing the bones of an honorable benefactor and giving them a bon voyage across the briny. But no chop suey citizen is chump enough to chase back to where he left a stiff if he did. I—what? Listen, Dogface, I am only tryin' to tell you—er—awright. I ain't deaf!"

"What did he say?" I inquire when Snooty hangs up.

"He says I am drunk and that we are fired!"

"I will take three more beers," I says to the waiter.

**M**E and Snooty stay in the Greek's. We eat our dinner there and then turn on the radio. A voice opens up and says: "Well, this is the Franklin Friendly Finance Corporation, folks, bringing you that jolly mental jogger, Professor Les

Quizzen! Are you downhearted? Are you out of a job? Are—?”

“Why, no,” I yelp at the radio box. “Ha, ha. I’m so happy I could just die. Give me that beer stein, Snooty. I’ll wreck that—!”

“Don’t be silly,” Snooty says. “Let’s listen as these battles of half-wits are fun.”

“Tonight we have four young ladies from Dunkles’ Department Store. They will show us they know a thing or two, and these four gentlemen here better look out, huh? These four representatives of the genus homo—er—ha, ha—are from—tell them—you there! Just come up close to the mike. That’s it.”

“We four fellers come from the Dover Street Sociable Club. I am the president, Joe Murk, yeah. The boys here are—”

“That’s fine, Joe. Just fine. Now our first contestant is—what is your name, miss? Oh, Mamie Sickles? Well, Mamie, can you tell me who it was who said: ‘Give me liberty or give me death?’ ”

“I dunno—er—somebody’s husband I guess.”

“That got a laugh,” I tells Snooty. “She is a card.”

“Ha, ha,” the quizzer goes on. “Now, Joe Murk. Who was it had to shoot an apple off whose head before he could save who?”

“Ah—er—was it Paul Revere?”

“Sorry—ha, ha. Now you, young lady can you tell me the name of one famous Irishman? Just one now. One whose name is in the papers an’ is well known.”

“Ye-e-eah. Scarlett O’Hair-r-ra.”

“Hmm. Well it is your turn, boys.”

“Snooty, I can’t stand much more. They are not even morons,” I says.

“It is warm in here,” Snooty says. “We listen for another ten minutes and then the professor asks Joe Murk a question and he says it is a ten-buck one if he answers it right.”

“Now, Joe, this is a hard one. Is Justin Stile a musician, a pitcher for the Boston Braves, a famous aviator, an author or a musical comedy star? Take your time now.”

“An author!”

“Go-o-o-od! Ten silver dollars to Joe Murk of the Dover Street Sociable Club. Where do you live, Joe?”

“Gee—t’anks. I live at the Lotus Hotel. Sixty T’ree Dover Street.”

Snooty Piper gets a very bad choking fit. Me and the Greek have to lay him out on the floor to save him from passing out. Snooty sits up and says: “That is a fake. That dumb cluck did not know who shot the pippin off William Tell’s noggin, but he could answer one that even I couldn’t if I—Scoop, I am afraid of what I am thinking of.”

“I know *I* am,” I says.

Snooty gets back on the chair and digs down in his pocket. He pulls out a crummy little package and pulls something out of it. “Have a sen-sen, Scoop.”

“So that’s the hop that is givin’ you brain fever, is it?” I ask him. “Listen to the score, Snooty.”

“For-r-r the winning men’s army—thanks to Joe Murk—ten points. For the losing women’s army—nothing. Perfect score, huh, Miss Sickles?”

“You ast us the tough ones, perfesser. Them guys ain’t so bright. We—”

“Well, girls, you do not go away empty-handed. Here are four application blanks to fill out free if you ever need a loan from the Franklin Friendly Fin—Why, Miss Sickles? I—”

“Sounds like she pasted him one,” Snooty grins. “Well, Scoop, I do not feel very well. It is very educational, though, that quiz stuff. What would you say if I told you I bet Sum Got did commit a crime?”

“You know without asking,” I says

with meaning.

"I bet there is fun down at the Dover Street Sociable Club," Snooty says. "I am goin' down there tonight. First I must stop in a stationery store, though."

"Huh? A paper cutter is not enough to go down to that tough neighborhood with, Snooty," I reply. "I want at least a shotgun."

I do not know why, but I go down to Dover Street with Snooty Piper. We walk into the club and a very nasty-looking citizen wants to know why we dared to walk in as it is a private joint.

"Here is my badge," Snooty says. "I am representing the fourth estate with my pal here. I hear your president, Joe Murk, won the quiz contest tonight and we would like to interview him."

"Why—er—sorry, pal. Yeah, we gotta be careful who we let in this club. Joe oughter be back any minute an' we got a blow-out all planned. He sure knocked 'em over, huh?"

"What does Joe do for a livin'?" Snooty asks.

"Joe? Why he's a permoter. In business for himself. Permoter fights an' binges an' clambakes. Does it things on the side. Smart guy, Joe."

**WE WAIT.** Joe Murk comes in fifteen minutes later with a swell doll on each arm. The character does not remind either of us of Freddie Bartholomew. He is a composite picture of the Dead End kids grown up. He has got on a flashy new purple suit that makes Snooty's green burlap seem like very black mourning weeds.

"Hello, Joe. Say, there's a newspaper punk to see ya. Couple of 'em."

"Yeah? I'm gettin' famous. I bet I'll git my kisser in the paper, too," Joe Murk says and comes over and shakes hands

with us. "What you want t' know about me past?"

"Can't talk here," Snooty says. "Too much racket. We'll come back tomorrer." Snooty nudges me and makes me grunt.

"Oh, no! Here I got a chance fer a plug—I'll tell ya. We'll go over to my place fer a while. I'll be back here in about a half hour, boys, if you want to have fun. Save some of the tiger sweat fer me. You dames wait here. You run out on me an' I'll look ya up and bang your domes together."

We go over to the Lotus Hotel about four blocks away from the club. Joe Murk has a two-room apartment. There is a table with racing forms on it and a pair of field glasses hanging up on the wall. Snooty asks Joe if he follows the bangtails.

"Yeah. Oncet in a while. When I git time from me other enterprises. Wait here an' I'll mix up a pair of skull-busters for ya."

The rough character goes into the bathroom and I see Snooty Piper take a tube of mucilage out of his pocket. He squeezes some of it out on the end of his finger and then puts it back out of sight.

"What are you doin'?" I says under my breath.

"Sh-h-h!"

I look over at the bathroom door that is half shut. I hear grog gurgling into a glass. When I look at Snooty again he is dropping a shoe he has picked up. "Er—nice kicks, Scoop. I bet Joe Murk is quite a citizen around here, huh?"

"Yu tellin' me?" Joe says and comes out of the bathroom. "I got plans an' they'll put me right into the bride's suit at the Copley Plaza. Ha-ah! Le's go—an' down the hatch!"

"Br-r-r! Aw-w-wk!" I spout after I swallow the hooker. "That would take hair off a gorilla's chest, Joe. I—er—" Snooty

is putting something into his pocket and I am sure he is stealing things again.

Snooty Piper jots down Joe Murk's answers to some questions and gets up and reaches for his hat. "I'll put you on the front page, Joe," he says and seems to mean it. I will never be able to understand Snooty.

"Come over an' see me ag'in, boys," Joe Murk says.

When we are alone, I tell Snooty he is an awful liar as he is not working for any newspaper. And even if he was he could not get such a piece of cockeyed news in print. "Joe Murk will come lookin' for you if you cross him, you half-wit! Beginning tomorrow you are on your own, Snooty Piper!" I warn him.

"I will not go back on my word," Snooty says very emphatically. "Now let's go in that beer joint across the street and hide."

"That is smart. Nobody would ever think of looking for us so far away, would they? I am goin' home."

"We will follow Joe Murk tonight and find out who has got the stamps that were lifted from Silas Swunk, deceased, Scoop!"

"You are gettin' violent. What has a punk like Joe Murk got to do with that rubout? And what were you doin' up in that guy's rooms? You stole somethin' you petty-larceny—"

"Follow me," Snooty says and heads for the beer parlor. "Have a sen-sen, Scoop?"

We wait across the street from the Dover Street Social Club for an hour. Then who comes out but Joe Murk. He hails a cab after a short wait. Snooty says:

"Come on, Scoop. We will get that other cab there and follow him. Hey, ta-axi!"

Me and Snooty go all the way to Back Bay. The character who drives the jalopy

with the tariff box is quite a chauffeur. He is not fifty yards behind the one carrying Joe Murk when Snooty says for him to keep on going right by if Joe stops anywhere.

Just a minute later the cab up ahead pulls up in front of a swanky apartment house and we breeze right by. Snooty mumbles the name of the place. We turn a corner and then make the cab driver put on the brakes.

"Wait here," Snooty says to the swindle bus jockey. "Keep your mouth shut as we are G-men."

"Yeah?"

"That is a crime, too—impersonating an officer," I snap at Snooty.

**WE WALK** back to the apartment house. The cab that carried Joe Murk had scooted away. Snooty walks into the big lobby and asks the clerk who the citizen is that Joe Murk wanted to see.

"We are cops," Snooty says. "He is a dangerous character and—"

"Why—er—he asked to go up to—yes—a Mr. Cadmus Quincey. Why, I am sure there is a mistake as Mr. Quincey is a very respectable gentleman. He is one of the leading authorities in philately."

"Why, you don't sa-a-ay?" Snooty sniffs. "I bet he is a long-faced bosco with a purplish bugle and eyes like a water Spaniel and wears ribbons on his cheaters. I guess I am psychic, that is all. Well, we will just sit here behind this post. I would like to know why Sum Got would not talk, Scoop."

"I think—er—I ought to go, Snooty."

"You are scared, Scoop Binney?"

"Why—is that it? I am glad you told me as I thought it was a draft I was sittin' in. You think that Quincey rubbed out—I bet Joe Murk is armed. This time I will not be caught with just a cigarette lighter to defend myself with. This ash tray with the

stem on it—”

Twenty minutes later, Joe Murk walks out of the elevator. Snooty gets up and shoves a hand in his coat pocket and makes it bulge out with his thumb. “I am armed, Joe Murk!” Snooty says. “Put them up or I will shoot! You bumped off Silas Swunk.”

“You—huh? Why, you doublecrossin’—Ha, that is an old gag you are usin’, but this gat I got—!”

Snooty ducks behind a potted plant, and Joe Murk sends a slug across the lobby that lifts a toupee right off the clerk’s scalp. Joe does not see me sneak around behind him and I bit him right where he thinks with the ash tray. It makes a very nasty banging sound. Joe Murk does some fancy dance steps across the lobby and when he gets back to where he started I nudge him again and he sits down beside a rubber plant and lets his tongue hang out.

“That was very nice work, Scoop,” Snooty says. “I will call the cops. You tell that clerk if he dares tip Cadmus Quincey off, I will make him eat all his room keys.”

Inside of ten minutes we have the gendarmes there. Joe Murk gets slapped back to his marbles and he says we cannot prove nothing on him. Nothing. That is what Cadmus Quincey says, too, when the cops bring him downstairs.

“That is a very serious charge to make,” he says. “You prove it or I will sue this city into bankruptcy, by Godfrey! Of all the—why, I never—”

“Did you think of that?” I toss at Snooty. “Provin’ it?”

“Send a policeman or two over to Joe Murk’s room and bring me a pair of shoes that you will find there. Lotus Hotel, Dover Street. They are dark tan like the ones he wears, only older. They have soft rubber soles. I will prove that Sum Got is innocent.”

We wait until the car comes back. A cop hands Snooty a pair of shoes and Snooty turns one over. Stuck to the sole of it is a funny-colored stamp.

“There! You will find that Joe Murk stepped on that stamp when he was in the house bumping off Silas Swunk, and you will find that the stamp matches some of the ones that is in Swunk’s album.

“Joe Murk knew the answer to a question on a radio program tonight because he saw the name of a citizen who wrote the book in which Swunk had hidden his two very expensive stamps. Why, I had that book in my hand only this morning and Iron Jaw took it away from me. The book was called ‘The Man Who Missed the Cross Country Bus Murder Case’ by Justin Stile!”

“He’s got me,” Joe Murk groaned. “I ain’t takin’ the rap alone. This Quincey mug looks me up an’ says he heard I did odd jobs around. Tol’ me about Swunk havin’ the stamps and to case the joint. Well, I looked through a crack under the curtain of his winder and saw him take a book off the shelf and look into it. There was so many of them books I hadda see the name on the cover of the one he was lookin’ at ‘fore he put it back. I got me field glasses out and spotted it.

“Then he puts the book back an’ goes out. I wait fer awhile until I figure he’s gone to bed. I jimmy the winder an’ go in and grab the book. I got the stamps out just as old Swunk comes in an’ spots me. I bust him wit’ the book end and scam. Nuts! He musta been foolin’ with his stamp book an’ dropped one he’d just got ready to paste up. I musta stepped on it.”

“I played a dangerous game,” Cadmus Quincey groaned, “and lost. I—er—say, what did you say about a stamp stickin’? We don’t glue stamps to those books! Why—er—you framed us, Piper! Oh, you dumb nitwit, Murk! He tricked us.”

“Then how did—?”

SNOOTY grins at the dishonest characters. “I didn’t know that either. Why, that stamp I glued to Joe Murk’s shoe tonight—it come off this old sample package of sen-sen I got in the mail the other day. Ha, ha! Well, you confessed, Joe Murk! Cadmus Quincey, you villain! What did you do with the stamps, huh?”

“If I ever get out of this I will kill you, Piper!” Quincey yelps.

“Then I am perfectly safe as I never saw a character do an encore in a hot squat,” Snooty says. “I bet Joe Murk was kind of surprised himself when he won that ten bucks from Professor Quizzen, Scoop. He saw that name ‘Justin Stile’ on a book. He knew that without thinking, huh? Has anybody told Iron Jaw?”

“We haven’t the heart,” a flatfoot says.

“That guy’s name that writ that book just jumped out of me mug ‘fore I knew it,” Joe Murk groans. “Oh, why didn’t I listen to me mudder?” He looks at Cadmus Quincey and grins. “Hah, perfesser? We’ll match to see who gits the jolts first. I bet ya won’t even sizzle with no fat on your bones. Ha!”

The cops take the two felons down to the can and they let Sum Got out. Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy slaps on his derby and runs out. “Drag—er—the Charles River tomorrer. I’ll be in it,” he chokes out.

“Look, Sum Got,” Snooty says to the Chink. “Why didn’t you talk, huh?”

“Slum Glot win thlee hunled dollar in Charlie Quang’s playing flantlan. Quang velly tlough bloy. Slum Glot tellee p’lice about money, p’lice raid Quang’s an’

Quang slend hatchet man chop chop to spleak to Slum Glot nlod his head an it fall off, catchee? Me behind eight blall.”

“But that would have been better than fryin’?” I says to the Oriental. “It was just dumb luck this crackpot here—”

“Slum Glot must do errand. . . . Velly important. Go chop-chop to hardlare store an’ bluy blig knife.”

“Why?” Snooty asks.

“Go flind blig whale walks likee mlan ‘fore he jump in liver. I klill him with dleath of a thousand cluts, ai. Gloo’bye now.”

“Well I must keep my word as I said I would put Joe Murk on the front page,” Snooty says. “What paper will we use?”

“Hey, Piper!” a cop calls out. “It is the *Evening Star* on the phone. A Mr. Woolsey.”

Snooty answers the public utility gadget. “Hello? Oh, Dogface. Why, I don’t know—yeah? Well, ha, ha—sure. I knew you were kiddin’. Like Stalin is only ribbin’ the Finns. All right here is what I got.

“Joe Murk, the stamp of the hardened criminal on his foot—er—face, tumbled that the jib was up about the unissued Tyrian Plum tuppence, King Edward, and British Guiana 1856 one cent unique and he let down his locks and ratted. Sum Got, on taking a powder from the bastile—er—what? He wants to talk to you, Scoop,” Snooty says.

“Hello Binney? You would like a raise, too, wouldn’t you?” Dogface says to me. “You will get one, too, if you will just tell me that story—in English. Go ahead. . . .”