

# Confucius Slay. . .

*Man who leave shiv in citizen's brisket get hot seat chop-chop, yep.*



*"Dizzy Duo" Yarn*

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ME and Snooty go into a chow mein chateau right off Washington Street one night to get a Buddha blue plate. We are sipping our subgum when a little Celestial comes in and he has a very neat little Ming E Toy hanging to his arm. The yellow character is wearing a spiffy herringbone suit and purple shirt. His Homburg perches at quite a rakish angle. Snooty asks me if I do not think the rice hound is sartorially snazzy.

"They all look alike to me," I says. "Stop staring at the China doll."

"Oh-oh!" Snooty says. "That citizen over there slapped the bottom of that soy bean cruet an' splashed it right on the little character's trouser cuff. He did not see it so I will not tell him—it would spoil his evening, Scoop. Confucius say: 'Even in

Chinee restaurants, clumsy Occidents happen'."

"Did anybody else ever say anythin'?" I asks nastily. "I am gettin' fed up with that character."

We get through with the Hong Kong hash and go out. We pass an establishment that says HOW FAT—French Hand Laundry. A colored boy is coming out with a package and he is whistling 'The Japanese Sandman.' I says to Snooty to walk past the joint before we get German measles.

We go to the Greek's and pass the time behind a beaker or two of brew. Little did we know that a very heinous crime was being perpetrated in Beantown while we are sampling the Athenian ale. Snooty's brain gets twisted as usual and he says he will call up the night city editor at *The Evening Star* and rib him a bit.

"I will say I have found a body in back of sixty-two Hanover Street as there is an undertaker parlor there, Scoop," Snooty says. "I bet somebody will burn up."

"Don't you do it!"

Snooty goes into a booth and calls Mr. Guppy's paper. "Hello," he says. "There is a murder, I think. Over at—wha-a-a? You know who this is? How did I know the character was rubbed out? Why—er—I just am that way—psychic. Will I? I am as good as there."

Snooty hangs up and almost falls out of the booth. He says fast: "He knew my voice, Scoop. He asked me how I knew it so quick. About—well—who do you think has been assassinated?"

"I hope his initials are A. H. and he lives on a mountain top," I says. "Don't make me guess, Snooty."

"It is Big Ben Crock, the political boss of Chelsea. His valet found him shivved about fifteen minutes ago," Snooty says. "Come on."

**WE** GO over to Chelsea where the stiff-surveyor and several policemen are cluttering up the living room of a very big old-fashioned teepee. What is left of Big Ben does not tick and the reason for it is placed right on top of a radio cabinet in a handkerchief.

It is a very peculiar looking ripper and the handle is carved with a Chinese figure.

Snooty says: "Uh-huh! Confucius slay—!"

Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy comes in and gives Snooty a shove that almost upsets the crackpot. "So that's what killed him, is it? A Chink cutlass. Is there a Chinaman around this house? If there is, he did it! We won't have to look far this time. Well—you said a valet found the corpse. Where is he at? He had better have a good alibi. Where—?"

"Someblody callee Sum Tan?"

Snooty swings his noggin around and takes a gander at the character who prances into the parlor. "Look, Scoop," he gulps out.

I do. It is the little chop-stick stylist we took a peek at not long before. He still is wearing the herringbone burlap. My dome starts swimming like Eleanor Holm in the Aquacade.

"Sum Tan, is it?" Iron Jaw bellows. "When we git through with you, you little squirt, you'll have a tan all right. That hot squat will—"

"He has an alibi all right," Snooty says. "Me and Scoop Binney saw him in a chop suey joint with a doll about eight p. m. It is now about ten thirty and—when was the character expunged?"

"About that time," the coroner says.

Sum Tan says he came home about ten and found Big Ben with his chimes knocked out of him. He immediately called police characters plenty chop-chop.

Iron Jaw swears very disgracefully. "Always you two crumbs are in my scalp," he yelps. "I break a case an' then you come and alibi for the criminals. I got a good mind—"

"There's a question about that," Snooty says and he drops something and gets down on the floor and acts like a citizen who has dropped his only collar button and has only ten minutes to get to the opera.

He is right under Sum Tan's feet and when he gets vertical again he has a funny look on his pan. Iron Jaw demands that Snooty gave him a clue if he found one.

"I didn't do no such thing, Iron Jaw," Snooty says. "I lost my Elk's tooth as it was loose. Here—look!"

"Awright," the big flatfoot bays. "I don't trust you far, Piper! If I find out later that you stole clues— Well, what is the motive for the crime, hah? Anythin' stole?"

"No signs of robbery," a cop tells O'Shaughnessy. "I bet Big Ben made an

enemy. Uh—er—I get around a lot. Big Ben was a great kidder and he was a nut for them Confucius sayings. Somebody got sick of it an’— No jury would convict if that is the motive.”

Sum Tan nods his noggin. “Allee ttime bloss slay to me what Confucius slay. Likee Plittsburgh shipping coal to Nlewcastle, catchee? Ha, ha.”

Iron Jaw sits down and scratches his dome. It sounds like a character grating coconuts. “It could be,” he says. “I threatened to kill the sarge if he told me just one more thing this Confusion said. But anyway it is a rub out and crime should not pay! But that knife—”

“Bloss bling it home one nlight,” Sum Tan says. “Flirst plize in contest run by nlewspaper flor best Confucius slaying— he nluts on slubject! Plaper knife—”

“Tough case, huh?” Snooty says. He has a funny look on his pan and my dorsal fin is getting quite jittery.

Iron Jaw does not like what he catches on Snooty’s kisser either and he grabs him quick.

“Search this creep!” the flatfoot howls. “This time we won’t solve no rubout with a clue he stole from the scene of the crime!”

“Take your hands off me! I know my rights!” Snooty yelps. “It is in the Constitution. I am not a suspect. Why, this is an outrage—you can’t do this to me. Iron Jaw, you will rue the day—”

**T**HEY take a folded piece of dirty paper from Snooty’s person and then throw the crackpot onto a couch like he is a pillow. I tells him it serves him right and take a peek over Iron Jaw’s shoulder by standing up on a hassock. There are Chinese characters on the paper. Iron Jaw pockets the clue in a hurry and says he will see about things now.

“I knew a Chinee did it,” Iron Jaw says quite elated. “If it was not Sum Tan here, it

was another rice eater. I will get a citizen to translate this for me. Piper, I ought to arrest you but I will let you go this time. I will search this for fingerprints too. Well, get the stiff out to a corning studio.”

“I will get even, O’Shaughnessy,” Snooty hoots as we go out.

“It serves you right, Snooty Piper,” I says.

“Scoop, did you notice that Sum Tan had got the spots off the cuff of his pantaloons. I could not smell cleaning fluid on them though when I was on the floor.”

“There is one advertised on the radio that does not leave a scent, Snooty,” I reply. “So you are a bloodhound now! But you did pick up that clue.”

“—er—what if I did?” Snooty growls. “I guess the doll noticed the spots on Sum Tan’s rompers as most dames can spot a corn muffin crumb on a camel’s hair coat. I had a frail that was always pickin’ things off me.”

“No wonder you have not got her any more, then,” I quip.

“You are not funny, Scoop!”

It is the next day we see Iron Jaw and he looks quite nettled. We ask him if he has tagged the China boy. “Naa-ah! Them Chinks are screwy. They speak a million derelicts. One says he thinks it is Manchu an’ it is not spoken in Canton. That’s a place in Ohio, ain’t it? If them flat-iron fatheads are kiddin’ me, I’ll— Why, I even went to a professor who teaches the Harvards and he says maybe it is a language was spoke way back in the Chin dynasty. But I ain’t givin’ up. I got the key right here an’ I’ll find somebody who can uncipher this thing.”

“Good luck to you, Iron Jaw,” Snooty says. “Maybe it is Hankow hog Latin, ha, ha.”

It came out before the day was over. A citizen who deals in precious stones calls up the cops and says he sold a hunk or two

of jade to Big Ben Crock for fifty grand and that somebody must have found out and rubbed out Big Ben to get the green crockery. The character runs a shop in Boylston Street and we go over and ask him about the jade. His name is Malachi Musk and he is a very spruce taxpayer who wears a morning coat even in the afternoon.

“Why—er—these pieces of jade. Carved into tigerheads they were. Mr. Crock got a look at them one day and he said he would never rest until he had them for a very good friend of his,” Musk tells us. “Very strange character, Mr. Crock. A very good customer of mine. He purchased a brooch not very long ago and there was a tiger head made of rhinestone on it. The eyes were red rubies.”

“Odd, isn’t it, Scoop? I bet his favorite rag was ‘Hold That Tiger.’ Did he graduate from Princeton too?”

“I do not believe so,” Musk says. “After all—ha ha—he was not a college type. You are quite a buffoon, Mr. Piper!”

“Huh,” Snooty says and he gets that funny look on his face again. “Big Ben was a rather crude character and it was whispered about that he had more rackets than Don Budge. I am tryin’ to think of—”

“Don’t bother,” I says. “Let’s get out of here. So Big Ben liked tigers. I knew a citizen once who had nothing but snake heads on his jewelry and—well, we have the motive, Snooty. Somebody sneaked in while Sum Tan was out and knocked off Big Ben and jugged the jade.”

“You are right so far, Scoop,” the nitwit admits.

Iron Jaw hotfoots it to Chelsea to search the late Ben Crock’s igloo for the jade earrings. He tears Sum Tan’s room up until it looks very much like the backroom of a second-hand furniture store. Iron Jaw does not find the green and he spends the rest of the day grilling fences all over the Hub.

Snooty says he is going to spend his evening around Harrison Street where most of the Orientals hive up. We go into a chop suey joint and walk up two flights. Who is there but Sum Tan and his lotus flower! We nod to him and he gives us quite a dead pan.

“They are poker faces, them citizens,” Snooty says. “We are foreign devils to those two characters. I wonder if Iron Jaw found the earrings. She is some doll, isn’t she?”

*Whack!* Something comes through the open window next to where Sum Tan is sitting and it chugs into a post an inch from Sum Tan’s pate. It is a hatchet. Sum Tan lets out a howl and gets under the table. The little Chinese chick screeches and follows Sum Tan.

“A tong war has started,” I yelp. “Come on, Snooty!”

Snooty does not hurry. If a gorilla caught him dead to rights, he would take time out to pare off a hangnail. “Scoop—Sum Tan’s leg is showin’ from under the table an’—”

**I** DRAG Snooty out as everybody in the joint is yelling bloody murder and two or three of the citizens have knives. One has a hatchet like the one that almost combed Sum Tan’s hair.

When we get over to the Common, Snooty says:

“Now listen, Scoop. That pant leg of Sum Tan’s. He is wearing the same suit but there was spots on it right in the same place where—how could they come back if they weren’t there before in Crock’s house?”

“You are screwy,” I says. “The light was bad in there. Maybe a taxi splashed him with mud. Let us go to the Greek’s.”

Now the minute we sit down, I pick up a copy of a late paper. Right on the front page is a story that says a doll owns up to having the crockery that Big Ben purchased

from Malachi Musk. There is a picture of the doll on the front page too.

“Snooty,” I says, “Get a load of this. I quote. ‘Mr. Crock and I were very good friends and he told me he was going to buy me those jade trinkets just the other day. Of course I thought he was joking. He sent them to me special delivery. I never read the papers so I did not know the police were looking for the jade. I can show you the wrappings the jade came in and a note from Mr. Crock. . .’”

“Then the assassin was not after the crockery,” Snooty says. “Won’t they ever get a motive for this crime, Scoop? I wonder if Iron Jaw has deciphered the Chinese note, huh? That is the key all right. Ha, ha.”

“What is the joke, you crackpot?”

“Huh? Was I jokin’? Uh—er—Confucius, if he was alive, would say: ‘If Flatfoot like O’Shaughnessy suspect character, character is innocent—if he let character go, character is guilty.’ Catchee?”

“Nuts,” I says.

Snooty leads me back to Chinatown the next night. We ankle around the streets for two hours until I get very incensed. “There is no sense to this. Snooty Piper,” I finally state. “The first motive sounded very nutty but I believe it now. Big Ben Crock was killed because his pals got very nauseated over his Confucius sayings. I’m going home.”

“Wait,” Snooty says. “Isn’t that Sum Tan over there? He is taking a hatchet out of his sl—hey you! Sum Tan!”

The China boy starts running but we catch up with him three blocks away. Sum Tan is very indignant and says it is a pretty bowl of birds’ nest soup when foreign devils chase a Chinaman out of his own neighborhood. Snooty drops his cigarette and stoops to pick it up. He gets up and seems dizzy and grabs at a lamp post.

“Amelican klibitz on Chinee tong war,” Sum Tan says as he slips away. “Slomebody sloon flind dome missing and not flam State House. Gloo-bye.”

“What is it, Snooty? A stroke?”

“The spots weren’t on his pants this time. Scoop, I—er—got an aspirin?”

“Spots is all you think about,” I says. “They are gettin’ you, Snooty. You will be trying to sign your name on them before long.”

“What would Big Ben Crock be doing in a tong war?” Snooty says after we pay a visit to a drugstore. “Maybe he is shippin’ opium in avocados as they say he had the alligator pear market in Beantown in his pocket. He crossed a Chink an’—”

I coax Snooty Piper into going home with me as I feared for his insanity more than usual. He has a dream and wakes me up at three a. m. He sits up in bed and pulls all the covers off and yells: “Out damned spot!”

I hit him with a shoe and he wakes up. “If you are goin’ to act Shakespeare,” I says, “I will go into the bathroom and sleep. Boy, you are skiddin’ close to a strait-jacket, Snooty.”

It is the next day that we are close to death. We are crossing the Common on our way to headquarters to see what has come up about the Crock liquidation when we hear a terrible roar. I think it is a leopard escaped from the Franklin Zoo until I see Iron Jaw come out from behind a bush.

His peepers look like Dracula’s and they are rolling around in his noggin like ball-bearings. He has his meat-hooks stretched out in front of him and they are hooked like clam forks.

“We did not say a word, Iron Jaw,” I says. “We didn’t even see you.”

“Run, Scoop!” Snooty hollers and is already on his way to Tremont Street. “I know why he—!”

The big flatfoot cuts Snooty off and Snooty has to cut back toward Beacon but Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy gets him when he trips up. I start yelling for cops, but there is nobody around but a nursemaid with a little sprout in a carriage and she faints so is not much help.

I run to Snooty Piper's succor but Iron Jaw is sitting on him and is ramming something down Snooty's throat.

"You let him be," I yelp. I snatch a nursing bottle out of the baby carriage and wave it around my dome. "I will smack you, O'Shaughnessy!" I warn. "You leave Snooty alone!"

"Eat it, ya creep!" Iron Jaw yelps. "I'll learn ya to make me go 'round askin' Chinks t' read a— Taste good, Piper? I'll strangle you, you—er—don't you dast, Binney. You hit me with that an'—"

**S**CRUNCH! I let Iron Jaw have the bottle and the milk that is left in it irrigates his neck. Iron Jaw's peepers glaze and I push him off Snooty who is as black in the face as a Congo witch doctor.

I have to give the crackpot first aid and I reach down his throat and pull out a wad of paper. Iron Jaw is on his feet and is coming at us but I pick up his watch that has fallen on the grass and I yelp:

"Come a step nearer and I smash this to bits, you big slob!"

"Don't you do it, Binney."

"Awright—stay where you are."

"Ah!!" Snooty says. "Scoop, I—had a narrow escape as if I had lost one more breath—where is it?"

"I will get even with you two crumbs for this," Iron Jaw hoots. "You give me that watch, Binney."

"Pick up that big rock there, Snooty. Then I will give Iron Jaw his ticker."

Three cops come up and want to know what is the idea scaring nursemaids off the Common.

"We was rastlin'," I says. "Me and him against Iron Jaw here. It is the spring gettin' in our blood."

"Yeah," Iron Jaw chokes out. "Ha, ha. Why, is it that late, boys? I got to git along."

We sit down on a park bench. "What did you do, Snooty Piper? It is that Chinese writing on this paper he shoved down your gullet. What is it?"

I spread out the wad of paper and take a close squint at the characters written on it. It is still Greek to me. Here is what it looked like:



"Hold it up to a mirror when you get a chance," Snooty says. "I found it in a magazine a very short time ago. It is a horse on Iron Jaw. No wonder the Celestials could not translate it. Is it a panic?"

I go over to Tremont Street with Snooty and walk into a drugstore. There is a mirror on a weighing machine and I hold the writing up in front of it. Snooty laughs again. I tell him that Iron Jaw was justified in trying to strangle him with it.

"That is obstructing the machinery of the law, Snooty! It is a very dishonest thing. If you don't land in jail some day, I—oh, what is the use?"

"Now we have had my fun," Snooty says. "We have got to get the murderer of Big Ben Crock. I think I will go to Chelsea this afternoon and see if Sum Tan is there tidying up before he closes up the joint. Orientals are very tidy and will not let even a tong war interfere with their domestic chores, will they?"

"You got me, Professor Quizzle," I sniff. "You go alone, though. I am allergic to tommyhawks. I am going to *The*

*Evening Star* and keep my job down, Snooty. When I see a perfect alibi wrapped up in a herringbone suit, I am convinced. Good afternoon.”

Snooty reports for work early the next day. He is walking with a limp and his green hat is just balanced on top of his noggin. He takes it off and there is an igloo on his scalp as big as an alligator pear.

“Look,” I says. “You can’t stand much more.”

“Scoop, I thought it was Japs who used that Juice Jitsu or whatever it is,” Snooty says. “He surprised me last evening.”

“China is not far from Japan,” I remind the halfwit. “Maybe the rage spreads. So Sum Tan expected you—?”

“I am not sure, Scoop. What is the latest news from the Crock rubout?”

“Iron Jaw is quizzing the late Big Ben’s closest pals. It seems one of them is suspected as he was only a week out of a healing hacienda for a nervous breakdown when Big Ben was bumped. He could not stand many Confucius sayings. He is being watched quite carefully.”

“I must go into the morgue,” Snooty says. “Did you ever remember a certain character named Tessie LaFlamme?”

“I did once but I forgot to remember. Now you remind me. So what?”

“She was the moll for a very rough character who plied his trade here in the twenties,” Snooty says. “She was called Tiger Tessie. Does that make you think of ear crockery?”

“Yes, it does. What about it?”

“The rough character in those days was known as ‘Curtains’ Calotti and he took a powder out of the Hub and spent some time out on the Pacific coast matching wits with the gendarmes. Then he dropped out of the picture along with Tessie the Tiger Woman.

“So couldn’t he have appeared again as a very opulent character with plenty of

rocks to boss a lot of citizens in Chelsea? Don’t answer me, as I have made sure he could. His prints show he is Curtains Calotti as they took them down at the corpse chamber.”

“I get it. An old pal he gave the well known fast brush to caught up with him,” I says. “Remembered him by a strawberry birthmark he saw on Big Ben’s torso while Big Ben was taking a dip at Revere. An old plot, isn’t it? And here you have been chasin’ Chinks. Ha, ha.”

“I am still puzzled about the motive for the crime,” Snooty says. “Calotti was changed too much from what he used to look like as his pan was lifted. Tessie has changed too as she was once a blonde. I hope to crack this thing wide open before long, though. I am waiting to hear from the gendarmes in ‘Frisco about Curtains.”

“So you wired them, huh? Does headquarters know it?”

“Of course,” Snooty says. “They thanked me for thinking of the idea. We should hear very soon. They promised to call me.”

**B**ELIEVE it or not, Snooty got a buzz from LaGrange street. They said that Curtains Calotti had been quite well known around ‘Frisco up to 1935 and was suspected of smuggling Celestials into the U. S. They could not get anything on the character though.

“It is boilin’ down, huh?” Snooty says. “Ha, ha. Chinks have come into it at last.”

“A China boy would not rub out a character who helped him get into this land of plenty,” I point out. “You are still screwy.”

“Confucius say: ‘Don’t leave even one stone unturned as it is maybe velly stone under which scorpion hide.’ But I must have your help tonight, Scoop.”

That night we go down in the Hub’s Chinatown again and Snooty has his new

green coupe. It is new to Snooty but old even to a citizen who deals in second-hand Maxwells. We cruise around for an hour or two and then Snooty jams the brakes and it is a good thing there is no glass in the windshield as I scrape my chin on the radiator cap.

“Stop growlin’, Scoop,” Snooty says as I drop off a fender. “The citizen I am trailing just went into that doorway with a doll. I hope he is ending a date and not starting one. I will drive over to the curb and we will get out and nail Sum Tan.”

“Didn’t he massage you enough last night? Listen, this is assault or robbery or kidnaping or something. If there was something worse, I would say you were going to commit it. Why didn’t you get the rice hound last night? Oh, he got away?”

“Sh-h-h!” Snooty says. “You want to tip him off we’re here?”

“Snooty, this jalopy is not sliding along on pillows and the concrete mixer under the hood is no whisper,” I says.

The wreck stops at the curb and we wait. In about five minutes who comes out but Sum Tan. We gang up on the little yellow-skinned character and Snooty pulls a sugar sack over his dome and bangs him in the chops for good measure.

“Into the cab, Scoop. Hurry with him!”

“This is a shanghai, Snooty Piper. It is illegal an’ we will git the hot seat.”

“Oh, yeah? We will take this citizen to the hoosegow. Then I will go and see if Sum Tan is locked in the closet in Chelsea.”

“Are you nuts? This is Sum Tan, you crackpot. How can he be in two places at once?” I yelp.

“Now I will tell you what else Confucius say. He say: ‘If honorable people of Siam have twins why not China couples?’ This was quite a plot, Scoop. I bet I know why Sum Tan was throwing hatchets at his twin. But I am still stuck on

the motive even if one of these two Sum Tans did knock off Big Ben Crock. I am sure one of the little lemon colored taxpayers will squawk.”

At LaGrange street, the cops ask us what is the idea bringing in Sum Tan.

Snooty says: “If we bring in another Sum Tan in about an hour, wouldn’t you think something was screwy, huh?”

“You are telling us!” a very doubtful desk sergeant sniffs.

“Well, you lock this character up and be sure he stays there until we come back. Oh, if you would lend us a car. My coupe is out of gas and anyway the other Sum Tan is quite a problem—I found out.” Snooty adds: “The other China boy will be dressed just like the one we handed you. Do you begin to see?”

Iron Jaw looks quite ill about everything. “Y-you mean I had the right guy all the time?”

“Ha, ha. I never stopped suspecting Sum Tan after you didn’t arrest him. If you had, he would have been not guilty. It is strange how you work, Iron Jaw. But we cannot lose time as if the other citizen gets a Juice Jitsu hold on that closet door—Well, let’s go!”

“If Sum Tan did escape—er—he could be the one we’ve got, Snooty,” I point out. “You have not got spots in front of your eyes, they are in your dome—soft ones. We will git ten years at least.”

“You are very cheerful, Scoop Binney! You would bring a tonsil case in a hospital a bottle of lemon juice, wouldn’t you? Don’t pay any attention to him, fellers.”

**I**T IS quite a relief I feel when we get to Chelsea and let another little China boy out of a closet. He is very nettled and tries to lick me and Snooty and Iron Jaw and six cops single-handed. But he is not that good and he is finally subdued and dragged out to the squad car with state jewelry on.

“Was I right?” Snooty asks on the way to headquarters. “You own up, Sum Tan, as you rubbed out Big Ben Crock because—well, you give him the shiv in the brisket. Why? We can tell you.”

“Sum Tan ain’t tlalkin’. Go hellee!”

“Oh, no?” Snooty sniffs. “You better, as the citizen you have been trying to assassinate has already took his queue down. You remember, don’t you? The China boy who lookee just like you? The one you purchased the suit like you are wearin’ for? So he could be your alibi while you skewered Big Ben?”

“The only difference is that you did not have soy bean sauce, pigeon blood spattered on your rompers because you was not in the joint when the soy juice was spattered. Ha, ha. No wonder I was dizzy for awhile.”

“I klill that rat!” Sum Tan says. “All light, I tell. I klill Blig Blen alslo. I say to Swing Low: ‘You alibi for Sum Tan. I bluy you sluit an’ shirtee an’ hlat likee mline an’ you flakee Jennie Ling out so people see you an’ thlink it is Sum Tan. But when it is over, Swing Low dlont want to give up sluit an’ Jennie Ling.’”

“Keep goin’,” Snooty says. “You are doin’ fine.”

“I have to glet sluit so noblody get wise about alibi,” Sum Tan says. “I have to get Jennie Ling back ‘cause Sum Tan cannot sleep an’ eat thinking of lotus flower.”

“You still haven’t the motive, Snooty.”

“We will get it when we get to the cooler,” he says. “What can Sum Tan lose now—more than his future, huh? Ha, ha.”

We get the motive out of Sum Tan after we show him Swing Low in a nice cozy cell. It is a very bizarre story any way you look at it. It is one day in ‘Frisco harbor

that Curtains Calotti has got a boatload of China boys and he has got them in big burlap sacks to sneak onto the dock on a very dark night.

But Uncle Sam had a cutter watching Curtains’ tub and the cutter breezed toward Calotti’s scow. Curtains knew if he was caught with the goods it would mean plenty of seasons in a Federal can, so he dumped the evidence overboard. Sum Tan was in one of the sacks. His pa was in another but his pa did not have a shiv like Sum Tan happened to have.

“Yep. I cuttee my way out of blag like Monty Clisto an’ swim ashore. Long time no slee Clurains. Then one day I am hired by rich man in Chelsea for house boy. Even then I do nlot leckernize Clurains as he is velly much changed.

“Blut one nlight, a sweet clookie come see Clurains who is Blig Blen. They dlink much blooze an’ talkee so much. I hear velly plain an’ then I know who is Blig Blen. I think of honorable flather an’ plan to murder bloss. I do. You catchee me. I am here. That is all. I go hot sleat chop-chop, yep?”

“I am not bettin’ you won’t,” I says.

We tell Swing Low that Sum Tan has squealed. “The big rat!” Swing Low says. “I was only alibli. I glet out ‘flore Sum Tan. I take Jennie Ling an’ go China, yep. I want velly smart mouthpliece. Swing Low read Clonstitution.”

Iron Jaw bangs his derby against the wall and acts very childish all around.

“Confucius say,” Snooty says, “ ‘You want to flind Ilon Jaw, lookee behind eight blall.’ Ha, ha!”

“I am gettin’ awful sick of that almond-peepered brain truster,” I says. “Who could spare an aspirin?”