Ten Detective Aces, August, 1946

Who Killed Caught Robbin'?

"Dizzy Duo" Yarn

By Joe Archibald

Because a crook's suit looked green to a jewel-snatch witness, things looked black for Snooty Piper. For nobody but Beantown's half-baked newshound would be caught dead in such an emerald outfit—and Snooty seemed well on his way to fill that cadaver requirement.

ME AND SNOOTY PIPER are in Graymond's on Washington Street. Snooty is gazing quite rapturously at a rack holding seven green suits. A salesman reminds Snooty of the terrible clothing shortage and informs the crackpot it will be the last collection of burlap he will ogle for some time. "Yeah, it is a good thing we had these in stock, gents. It is a number that never went too good."

"You must be new here," I says to the salesman. "You always had a customer for those reconverted pool-table covers."

"Yes, I just got out of the Army," the citizen with the carnation says.

"I have been a customer here for years," Snooty says. "I never wear any other possible model if I can help it."

"I can, so I don't," I says.

"Well, what is holding you back, my friends?" the salesman says. "Here you are, two to a customer."

"I must see the credit manager," Snooty says, "Wait here, Scoop."

"I don't think you'll get a sale, Bub," I says very frankly. "We got fired last week. We brought in a story for our sheet that was full of more libel than a herring is of bones, and the *Evening Star* is being sued. But you never know, Snooty has a way with him—"

Snooty comes stomping across the rug and says, "Come on, Scoop! I'll never enter this rummage sale joint ever again, not if I have to wear a grass skirt or a rain barrel.

Of all the insulting, rabbit-faced jerks I ever met, that credit manager—and you stop sneerin' at me, monkey ears!"

"Why, I was just standin' here," the salesman said, quite hurt. "I never saw nobody so sensitive."

We go over to the Greek's where there is no credit manager except Nick the owner. We sit in a booth and wonder what is going to become of us now that we are unemployed.

"The breaks we been gittin'," Snooty says. "That rub-out over on Atlantic Avenue, where the watchman was liquidated with only one clue that we couldn't do nothin' with, Scoop. And that dame in Chelsea swore she could give us proof the chief of police was peddling black market butter in the prowl car. Look at me, Scoop. I am threadbare, and there are seven swell green suits on a rack at Graymond's. What I wouldn't do for one!"

"Wait a minute, Snooty Piper! Back up a little," I says. "You said something about a clue. As far as I can remember, there wasn't even one."

"Huh? Oh, well, I found something at the scene of the crime which wasn't worth mentionin', I didn't think, especially to Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy, Scoop. Unless that big monstrosity has the murder weapon and the assassin's home address, he does not consider anything a clue. So I just kept it to myself."

The slaying took place more than a month ago. The cops found a character in the office of the Plastic Elastic Corporation early one morning as stiff as a night-club bite, the victim having been thoroughly expunged by an object much heavier than a toy balloon. The take was about six grand. The guilty tough had covered his tracks quite as efficiently as if he had ridden in and out of the joint on a flying carpet.

"What is the clue, Snooty?"

"Just a piece of paper out of a notebook with a gin-rummy score on it," Snooty says. "Who could possibly do anything with that?"

"Look," I says. "I am swallowing my pride, Snooty. I am going over to the *Evening Star* to ask for my job back, right away."

"I will git a hand organ and a monkey first," Snooty says flatly.

WE GO up in the elevator and walk out into the city room. Most of the serfs have gone home. I do not see Dogface Woolsey, our city editor, in his chair. Snooty asks a sob sister where he is. She tells us he is in conference with the publisher, Mr. Guppy. Snooty goes over and puts his ear against a door that has Guppy's name on it.

"I never saw more brass," the sob sister sniffs at me, "since I was in the Wacs."

"I would never call Snooty an introvert," I admit and gesture quite impatiently at the halfwit. He waves back, and gives me a nasty look.

A few seconds later he gets away from that door faster than a greyhound on a dogtrack. He is sitting down at a desk, nonchalantly examining his nails when Dogface steps out.

The city editor stops dead in his tracks, then swears and snatches up a paste jar from the Lonely Hearts desk. Snooty dives over another desk and goes headfirst into a wire wastebasket. The paste jar sails through the door of an adjoining office and splats up against the sport cartoonist's drawing board.

"Hand me that big boiler plate," Dogface snaps at a sob sister. Snooty Piper runs for the elevator, the wastebasket still over his noggin. He slams the door shut and turns on the power.

"Er, Mister Woolsey," I says in humble tones. "I am askin' for another chance, as now I know the company I have been

keeping an'—"

Dogface is about to stab me to death with some shears when something changes his mind. "Awright, Binney, you ain't a bad little cluck. You come to work in the mornin', and on time, understand?"

"Thanks, Mr. Woolsey," I says, feeling like I have changed my name to O'Sullivan who makes heels.

I meet Snooty out on Portland Street. Two guys are helping him get the wire basket off his dome. "Well," I says. "I got hired again as then I can at least keep a roof over your head, Snooty. Two can live as cheap as one but only half as good."

"Why, you scab, Scoop Binney!" the ingrate says. "You go your way and I'll go mine!"

"Look, Snooty!"

"Mr. Piper to you!"

"Don't forget you are always welcome at the roomin' house," I says. "You are just bein' temperamental. Maybe you should go in business with a monkey an' a—"

"That does it, Scoop. Never speak to me in public again."

I walk away from Snooty Piper, feeling like a poached egg with not a piece of toast in sight. Me and Snooty were always that close. Well, I says, I like to eat too well to cut off my nose just to spite handkerchief makers.

I report for work the next day. Dogface Woolsey, at lunch time, comments on the terrific improvement in me now that I have rid myself of bad influences. He even sits down and chats and says he bets I do not know who Mrs. Guppy was before the boss rushed her to an altar.

"Sure, she was a spinster," I says.

"You better get over that lousy sense of humor, too," Dogface says. "She was of the Philadelphia Drexel-Dribbles and fell heir to a basket of jewelry that came all the way down from a pirate ship. Mr. Guppy was asking me yesterday should he put them in a vault or keep them in his wall safe at home. Of course I said he should move them to a vault right away. It is nice to know he would ask my advice on such things, Binney. Now, if you work hard and try and improve yourself you'll get as far as me someday."

"I can't wait," I says, my tongue swelling up in my cheek.

"Piper looks shabby, doesn't he, Binney?" Dogface says. "You know somethin'. I think I'll let him starve for about a month, then offer him his job back—at a cut of course."

"You sure are a swell egg," I sniff.

Next day I pass Graymond's as I feel lonesome. There is Snooty, coming out of the emporium with a terrible woebegone look on his pan, He sees me and stops. "Scoop," he says. "Forgive me, old pal. Let's bury the hatchet."

"You got one, you drop it," I yelp, "or I shall call the police!"

"Oh, don't be so suspicious," Snooty says. There is a strange look in his eyes like you see in those of a citizen who does not know whether to cross a bridge or jump from it. "Loan me five bucks, Scoop."

"Here," I says. "I only got two right now."

"You owe me three," he says.

"And you owe me two," I remind him,

"Then I figure you better pay me the buck back on pay day," Snooty says. "Well, I will see some more fair weather friends and see what I can do."

"Look, let's figure this out again," I snap, "Somethin' here don't add up!" But Snooty is already on his way. I go to the Greek's and count my fingers.

SOMETHING terrible happens the next morning. When I get down to the office a half hour early, Dogface is there. He grabs me by both lapels and shakes me.

"Know what, Binney? Mr. Guppy's

house got robbed last night of all them jewels. His butler is in the hospital with something they think could be a fractured skull. The cops got a witness, an' they say it was Snooty Piper."

"Well, he should of put the rocks in the vault like you said—er—what did you say? Snooty P—?"

"You go over to Mr. Guppy's right away, Binney. Oh, that dirty snake-in-the-grass! Robbin' the hand that feeds him!"

"You forget. He got fired," I says. "Oh, there must be a big mistake." Then I think of Snooty drooling in front of the rack with the green suits on it, and how he eavesdropped on Dogface and Mr. Guppy. I shut up like a clam with tetanus and run out.

There is quite a scene in Mr. Guppy's parlor in Watertown, Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy is sitting in a big easy chair looking like a fat tiger full of antelope. Snooty is in a chair with the State bracelets on him.

"This can't be," I gulp, "You got to stick with me now, Scoop," Snooty says. "I am a victim of circumstance. This overgrown slob says if the butler succumbs I can easy get the sizzle chamber."

"Yeah? The sob sister at the paper says you overheard Mr. Guppy talking to Dogface about the jewels, Piper," Iron Jaw says. "An eye-witness saw you jump from this winder here last night at midnight while the Guppys were at the fights. And don't tell me no other suit shines so green under a street lamp, Piper. Guppy fired you and you got hunk. That is all the motive anybody wants. Oh, I will never stop bein' thankful I lived to see this day."

"Snooty, you got an alibi, so give it to the big tomater!" I plead.

"Ah—er—I will not tell everybody my private life," Snooty says. "They can go jump in the Charles River. I am innercent, an' I'll not tell things that are nobody's business."

"Where did you stash the treasure trove, Piper?" Iron Jaw says, "I'll make it easier, if you'll own up an' if the flunky don't slip over the edge. Instead of the chair, maybe ninety-nine years."

"I want a lawyer," Snooty says.

"I don't think Clarence Darrow is around practicin' no more," Iron Jaw grins. "Only he could have a chance with you."

"It is an open-and-shut case," a cop says.

"I suppose I am the only guy in Boston wearin' a green suit like this!" Snooty snaps, and I groan.

"Any jury would not believe otherwise," I says.

"What a pal you turned out to be, Scoop," Snooty wails. "I am close to scorchin' an' you git sarcastic. Awright, I'll stand trial. I'll be my own lawyer."

"This gits funnier every minute," Iron Jaw says, and I toss a cigarette stub in his derby. He picks the lid up and puts it on and says, "Come on, you crook!" to Snooty Piper.

"I'll come to see you," I says.

They take Snooty away, and I could have cried. To think he would come to such a pretty pass. Mr. Guppy comes in and says, "Binney, you would know, if anybody would, where Piper would think to hide the loot."

"I do not think he is guilty," I says.

"Come now, Binney. Who else would wear a suit like he does? Where is his alibi?"

"That puzzles me," I admit. "Stop askin' me things I can't answer. All I know is he come in last night about two o'clock—I mean in. the A.M. He seemed kind of out of breath and—what am I saying?"

"They'll call you as a witness," Mr. Guppy says.

"If they can find me," I retort. Then I

think of something and snap my fingers. I get out of Watertown as fast as possible. It is about ten A.M. when I go into Graymond's. I ask how many green suits are left on the rack. A salesman says six and to count them myself. A couple of days ago there were seven.

"Where is the character who always wears the posy?" I ask.

"You mean Cuttleby? Oh, he quit last night as his wife found another job. If you care to put one of these—er—suits on for size—"

"I am quite befuddled, Junior," I says, "but not that bad. I wonder could Cuttleby describe the purchaser to me if I could find the citizen?"

"'We were going to fire him, anyway," the suit purveyor sniffs. "He was so absent-minded he kept dating the female clothes dummies. I don't think he would remember. I'm positive it was a silly-looking person who has been hanging around here most of the week. A mop of light hair and a chin that recedes like the tide on its way out."

"Thanks," I choke out and leave Graymond's. I tells myself it is possible Snooty put the bite on enough citizens to buy a nineteen dollar green suit. Snooty knew loads of incorrigibles who were experts on safe-cracking and could have got some tips on the nocturnal racket. The crackpot has no alibi. I am not worried too much about that as he would do anything to aggravate Iron Jaw.

I go over to the *Evening Star* and write of my old pal's descent into the crooked and wide path. Later, I get a story from a legman in Chelsea that has to do with a gambling raid.

"Well," Dogface says as he blue-pencils my rewrite. "They picked up Frankie the Flit in that palace of chance. Wondered what had become of the crumb."

"I think I'll go over and see Snooty," I says.

"Give him my love," Woolsey snaps, then looks at the clock. "You got another hour of workin' time, Binney. You can't go until five o'clock. That creep will wait, I'm sure. You think they'll fry him? How's the butler? Call up the hospital, as I must know."

Dogface is worse than a ghoul. He would have had a lot of laughs at the Dachau rub-out camp. I buzz the healing hacienda and inquire as to the health of one Percy Bottomby. They say he is as well as could be expected.

"What do you expect?" I ask, and they hang up on me.

NEXT morning I am allowed to see Snooty Piper. He does not look in the pink, as Mr. Guppy's butler expired that A.M. at seven. There is a character in the next cell to Snooty who looks quite crude indeed.

"Well, it looks like I git my noggin shaved, Scoop," Snooty says, but he still doesn't look scared. "Meet my pal in the next room, Frankie the Flit."

"How ya," Frankie says. I just grunt.

Snooty motions me in close, and whispers in my ear. "Look, Scoop, it is up to you to see justice is done as I am innercent. What do you think? Frankie the Flit and me got into a friendly argument last night about gamblin'. I told him about the time you an' me took Iron Jaw in that precinct house for twenty-six hundred and four points an' told him it was a record. Was Frankie burned, huh! 'Look, lemonhead,' he says, 'I happen to see a guy pile up three thousan' an' seventy points in one gin game. This character is knowed as Yipsy Schmidt. He lives over Mike's Tavern in South Boston, if you want to prove it'."

"Well, so what?" I says.

"Just as dumb as ever, Scoop Binney,"

Snooty whispers. “This clue I got has that exact score on it. So before they usher me into the rotisserie, I can do my last job for law an’ order, Scoop. You go, look up Yipsy Schmidt, and tail him to see where he keeps the Plastic Elastic payroll.”

“Even when you are in the bastille, they can’t stop you from messing with the law, huh?” I snap, but take the folded sheet of paper from Snooty Piper. “Look, Snooty, tell them where you was that night.”

“Let them find out,” the crackpot sniffs.

Iron Jaw comes along and says for me to get out of the cell block. “You slip Piper anythin’, Binney?” the big lunkhead growls.

“Only a bottle of strychnine and a black widow spider,” I says.

“So long, Snooty. You got one thing on your side. Iron Jaw made the arrest. Up to now he is batting a thousand when it comes to prosecuting the wrong crooks, I mean citizens. But I have to be goin’, Snooty. Keep your chin up.”

“Without one, how can he?” O’Shaughnessy quips. “Don’t you dast leave town, Binney!”

It looks bad for Snooty Piper. It does not look too good for Scoop Binney. I go to my rooming house and sit down to figure out what to do next, and even think of going out to buy an astrology book. I remember Snooty telling me once he was born under Pisces, which are fish, so it looks like he is hooked.

After quite a bull session with myself, I think of a suit I have in the closet. It is a loud plaid ensemble I was very sorry I purchased after I brought it home. It is definitely on the race-track side. The only time I wore it, I scared a horse pulling a produce truck along Blackstone Street. For days citizens were retrieving beets, carrots, etc.

AROUND nine P.M. I go over to South Boston and enter Mike’s Tavern, wearing the plaid burlap and smoking a cigar which would upset the digestive organs of Gargantua. It is not a joint that would get the nod from the civic improvement biddies. By the looks of the characters patronizing it, I am sure they all carried at least a shiv or a liberated Betsy.

I go up to the bar and order a beer. The fat dispenser of alcoholic beverages bangs one down in front of me and says brazenly, “I don’t never remember you before, pal.”

“Just got in from Toledo,” I says, chewing on the cigar at the same time. “Maybe you read about the hijackin’ gang they caught a week ago, hah? Well, they didn’t git ‘em all. My name’s Chipso Darb. Heard there was some pretty hot gin players in this neighborhood. Me and another guy invented that game. Gimme another beer.”

‘Yeah? Look, Darb, first thing go find a barrel. You’ll need it fore the boys git through wit’ you.”

“That I gotta see,” I sneer, my legs feeling like wet ropes. I wish I’d never known Snooty Piper. I have three beers, then the barkeep calls three characters over to the bar and introduces them.

One is Yipsy Schmidt who looks like he has no more principle than a defunct bank, and who would pluck a radish or slit a trachea with equal aplomb. The other two wastrels are Egghead Ginza and Willie the Wombat. Ginza has a diamond the size of a tokay grape in his cravat and looks very much in the chips.

“So you t’ink you can play gin, Buster,” Yipsy says, smiling like a hyena near some carrion.

“Yeah,” I says. “Do you?”

“Le’s go upstairs, Chipso,” Schmidt says, and winks at the barkeep. ‘Ten cents a point too steep?”

"Awright to start with," I gulp, and my knees turn to two gobs of butterscotch pudding. I measure the distance to the door and am about to run for my life, when I think of Snooty shuffling along the last mile and hear the hum of a generator. I says to myself, are you a man or a mouse, Scoop Binney? Wishing I was at least a moose I follow the uncouth citizens upstairs.

Yipsy wastes no time. Inside of an hour I am out half my week's insult from Mr. Guppy, and wish his spouse had kissed her parents good-by in a poorhouse before she took the oath of allegiance with Guppy.

"He says he can play gin," Yipsy cracks. "When you goin' to start in, Chipso?"

"I'm a slow starter," I says. "Deal the cards."

"He looks like he needs a drink," Egghead Ginza says, and gets up and opens a closet. He is reaching up for a bottle on a shelf when I casually glances at the mug. My fingers turn to strips of wilted lettuce and all my cards spill all over the floor. Little gnomes armed with icepicks run up and down my spine. There is a lump under my wishbone colder than a polar bear's foot.

"What ails you, Chipso?" Yipsy snaps at me.

"Huh? Why, it is a spell I git when I'm anywhere near geranium plants," I says fast. "Does that one on the radio have to be there?"

"Willie's doll brought it," Egghead says, putting a bottle and some glasses on the table. "Guess everybody is allergic to somethin'. Me, I can't stand wardens, ha! Put that plant on the winder sill, Willie, where the air can git at it."

I take a drink and then lose three more bucks. It is a cinch I am in a den where Ali Baba would have looked like an evangelist, and also where the citizen is who rubbed out Mr. Guppy's butler and stole all the trinkets. As what did I get a gander at hanging from a hook on the closet door? A green suit identical to the ones Snooty Piper has worn ever since I knew the crackpot.

"Er, it looks bad for that gee who knocked off the Guppy heirlooms huh?" I remark. "When you got a eye-witness with a camera for a brain—"

THE ice in Egghead's glass tinkles and he spills grog on his cravat. Yipsy nods. "He must have been a dumb cluck. Newspaper guy, wasn't he? I—I—" Yipsy Schmidt pushes his face across the table until his chin is almost resting on my top vest button.

"Say, I seen you before. And not in Toledo as I never been there. Couple of months ago two reporters was in Ricco's Purple Parrot when it got raided for having a wheel and—you was with that Piper character. Git over in front of the door, Willie! This punk is the worst gin player I ever saw—"

Egghead Ginza pulls a Roscoe. Before I can say Stanislaus Wichencihowski, I am looking right down the barrel. I am sure I could see the nose of a very ugly bullet. Yipsy says, "search the punk, boys!"

They do. They find my fire-badge and a card saying I am a member of the Beantown Newspaper Guild, and a letter which says I am far back in my dues. Egghead says I have got to go.

"That is all right with me," I says. "Where did I put my hat?"

"Not where you t'ink!" Willie snaps. "When you leave, pal, it'll be in a concrete houseboat. How did he suspect—that lousy green suit! I told Egghead it was like wearin' a fire hat an'—"

"What you gonna do when you can't buy nothin' else?" Egghead squawks. "These crooked black markets. The govern'ment oughter do somethin' about

them suits in the warehouse. Didn't I try to find the warehouse? But let's take care of this punk."

"After that we make the split an' separate for awhile," Yipsy says. "Just in case some more of this gee's pals have suspicions, too. You call Porky at the warehouse on C Street, Willie. Awright, Egghead, we better bop him with that educated blackjack of yourn. Shootin' would make a noise."

"Let me shiv him," Willie says as he picks up the phone. "You guys been hoggin' all the fun lately."

"Let's not fight over the bum," Egghead says.

It is quite plain that I have fallen into the clutches of the fiends who not only did the Guppy job but also the Plastic Elastic things. It is like a guy who has got hold of a grizzly bear's tail but who is also underneath the bruin. I do not need a crystal ball to see Snooty strapped in the sizzle armchair and me reposing on the bottom of Boston harbor in a concrete kimono.

Egghead unlimbers his persuader. I can see it is a home-made job of lead pipe wrapped around with heavy tape.

"Who tipped you off, lemonhead?" Egghead says as he hefts the blackjack. "Come on, talk! Or we'll broil your arches with a blowtorch."

"Just a gin-rummy score we found at the Plastic Elastic job," I says. "The one Yipsy made. A crook by the name of Frankie the Flit bragged about it in the city cooler."

"Another guy who is goin' to git the works," Yipsy says.

I am sitting next to the window which is three stories from the street. I could have taken a chance with a Steve Brodie but the pavement looks quite uninviting. I says I would rather die quick than linger for the rest of my life with both clavicles broken, at least one leg—to say nothing of a fractured noggin.

I lean over the sill and look down while Egghead, Willie, and Yipsy huddle to decide just how I will be expunged. There is a big cop right below, and I open my mouth to let out a scream for help. Suddenly I think of a safer routine. I tip the big geranium plant with my elbow. It goes straight down and bops the policeman square on the pate.

"Awright," Egghead says, "We take him out to the jalopy and stiffen him on the way to the concrete mixer. Come on, punk!"

"I want a union mason," I gulp. "Wait for a second, huh? I got a foot asleep here."

"Stop stallin'," Yipsy says and yanks me out of the chair. We are halfway downstairs when quite a commotion hits the joint. Up the stairs comes a very irate cop with a drawn Roscoe. Egghead screeches, "They was tipped off before this gee got here. It is every man for himself, yeah! Head for the roof, boys!"

EGGHEAD takes his first shot at me, but I go over the bannisters and fall into a basket of laundry on the floor below. The cop shoots Egghead in the leg. The tough boy howls and takes a swipe at the cop with his blackjack. He misses and falls off the stairs too.

I pull the basket away quick and Egghead hits the hard floor all spread out like a bear-rug. All the air pops out of his bellows. I get a tin pail out of a closet and hit Egghead right over the scalp when he shows signs of breathing again. There is shooting going on overhead. After awhile the cop comes down with Willie and Yipsy.

"Conk me with a pot of flowers, hah?" he says, waving his revolver like the late General Patton.

"Is that what you come up for?" Yipsy

wails.

"What you think, to sell you a police ball ticket?"

"Look," I says, "I am Scoop Binney of the *Evening Star*. You have not only captured the gang that knocked off the Plastic Elastic payroll and watchman, but the one that also raided the Guppy residence and liquidated a butler. There is a warehouse on C Street where there is another one of the gang named Porky, and where the loot is most likely being cached. There is a green suit hangin' upstairs in a closet. I'll go get it, but first we had better call some more cops, as you have only got one pair of bracelets, huh?"

Yipsy tries to make a break for the back door and the cop shoots him in the rear, and I know Yipsy will have to stand up to play gin for quite some time. Egghead tries for an exit also. I throw the heavy pail and knock him crosseyed. Snooty Piper will never get over missing it all. Willie the Wombat stays put and yells he will give all the State's evidence that is needed if he is promised a deal.

Before we leave the joint, I go upstairs and get the green suit. I am sure it will fit Snooty. It has up to now and nearly put him on the broiler.

Two carloads of cops close in on an old warehouse on C Street and comb it as a choir boy's conscience. They find Mr. Guppy's heirlooms and part of the Plastic Elastic payroll. Porky tries to elude the gendarmes and ends up with a slug deposited between two of his ribs.

We get the D.A, out of bed. He comes down to look over the exhibits A, B, and C. A blackjack, the gin-rummy score, and a green suit. Willie the Wombat dictates a confession longer than a dry spell in Death Valley. When he is half way through, Iron Jaw O'Shaughnessy comes in and sits down. He listens to the end and begins eating his third new derby hat in as many months and keeps mumbling like two gossips at a Ladies' Aid meeting. He stares at the fruits of the pair of heinous crimes and still says it can't be so.

Two cops bring Snooty into the office. The crackpot throws his arms around me. "I am sure proud of you, Scoop. I could not have done better myself. Looked bad for awhile, huh?"

'Why didn't you give an alibi?" I yell at him.

"Is it any more fun gettin' broke in half and put in an empty lot at dead of night than frying on the hot plate, Scoop? I was out with a doll. If a certain pro wrestler had found out—well, I shudder when I think of it. I am off dames from now on. Look, a green suit! It is one just like I—I will buy it. How much?"

"You got to wait until after the trial," the D.A. says.

"And they said I didn't know anythin' about gin-rummy, Snooty," I says. "Remind me to look up Willie's babe as I must buy her a geranium plant."

"Gin," Iron Jaw sighs, a psycho if I ever saw one. "Yeah, gin," He gets up and staggers out.

Next morning, we report for work at the *Evening Star*. Mr. Guppy is there, and a big strip of oilcloth hangs on the wall which says, *Welcome Back, Piper!* Mr. Guppy begs Snooty's forgiveness and gets it after promising a five dollar raise. He says he wishes they gave out bronze and silver stars for newspaper reporters.