

Guns of Gangland

By FREDERICK BORDEN

They say the big racket can't last. "Spend-a-Thousand" Eddie, glamorous Underworld king, who followed the smoke of his own six-gun from the gutter to the peak of gangland power, knew of other ways to beat the racket; and when he sent that fatal bullet into the heart of Big Trip Kennedy, he was taking it for granted that the blonde dancer would be happy after all.

“SPEND-A-THOUSAND” Eddie Fogarty, big time racketeer who had come by his nickname more honestly than he had acquired most of his worldly goods, leaned forward across the small, secluded table which he nightly occupied in the Seven Roses Club.

With him were two companions—swarthy Joe Martelli, owner of the club, and a slim, pale-faced youth, one of Martelli’s hoofers. The admiring eyes of the youngster as he watched the big racketeer would have told volumes to anyone interested in watching him.

But as usual Spend-A-Thousand Eddie drew the eyes of all those seated at the nearby tables. To the habitués of the night-club world, the racketeer was almost as well known as he was to the police.

There were many of the “wise ones” who believed that Eddie Fogarty had reached the limit of his power. The life span of a gang chief is never very long and Spend-A-Thousand Eddie had already ruled his mob for eight hard and bloody years.

And yet anyone, to look at the big racketeer’s face as he pushed his chair back with an easy grin on his lips, would have found it hard to believe that here was a man who still carried the marks of a score of shootings on his powerful body.

But the grin faded from his lips and his heavy lidded eyes took on a new interest as he stared at the slim, blonde-haired girl that had come forward to the center of the dance floor.

“Who t’hell is the new one, Joe?” he asked.

Joe Martelli eyed the girl as she went through

the song number. The wop nodded his round head in approval. The girl would prove to be a big drawing card.

“Clever kid, ain’t she?” he growled hoarsely.

The gang chief watched her in silence for a few minutes. He had an eye for women, and this kid appealed to him as different from the ordinary run of “skirts” that frequent the night clubs.

Spend-A-Thousand Eddie, who could take his pick of most of the girls that made the Seven Roses their nightly hang-out, found pleasure in watching the lithe, youthful movements of the girl as she went through her song, finishing up with a tap dance that brought down the house.

“Great kid, eh?” growled Joe Martelli again. “Wait a second an’ I’ll send her over to yuh. Maybe you’d like to meet her?”

The Italian got to his feet. At the same moment the young hooper who had been seated between the wop and Spend-A-Thousand Fogarty leaned across the table and spoke rapidly:

“She’s a straight kid, Mister Fogarty,” he cried in a slightly husky voice, “I’ve—I’ve only known her since she’s been workin’ here but she’s a straight kid I tell yuh!”

“What t’hell is that to you?” asked the Italian night club owner coldly, his little black eyes snapping dangerously. “What t’hell is it to you, kid? Go tell her I wanta talk to her.”

The young hooper got quickly to his feet. His momentary courage had left him. But Spend-A-Thousand Eddie stopped him with a single gesture of his hand. The racketeer laughed.

“Never mind the moll just now, Joe,” he said.

"The first thing I want you to do is to telephone to Trip Kennedy to run that truck load of booze through tonight. Give him the 'come-on' right.

"I'll see that there'll be two or three of the boys waitin' for him where he least expects to find 'em—the dirty rat. After that they'll take care of Kennedy himself."

The racketeer laughed again grimly. Then he turned to the young hooper.

"What's your name, kid?"

"Jimmy Halloran."

"All right, Jimmy," grinned the racketeer. "Beat it over to the girl friend an tell her that Eddie Fogarty wants her over here at his table in one hour. I'll show you just how straight she—or any other moll is. Who is she anyway?"

"Name's Mamie Driscoll," grunted Joe Martelli.

"Okay with me," laughed Fogarty. "Tell Mamie that Eddie Fogarty wants her over here in one hour. That's all."

WHILE JOE MARTELLI went over to the telephone to put the wires to use that would bring Trip Kennedy into the trap that Spend-A-Thousand Fogarty had prepared for him, the racketeer remained seated at the table. Three of his mob were ready to hijack the rival gang chief's threatened run of booze. A telephone message would put them into action.

Meanwhile the young hooper, Jimmy Halloran, had sought out Mamie Driscoll in the large room in the back of the building that was used as a dressing room by Martelli's girls. The hard, young eyes that stared back into his own grew softer as she listened to the hooper's pleading. But her painted lips only laughed.

"Aw, lay off the sob stuff, Jimmy," she interrupted, "I c'n take care of myself."

"You're just like all the rest of the skirts," cried Jimmy angrily, "Yuh been workin' here in this joint for less than a week an' the very foist time a big time guy like Fogarty looks at yuh you go an' fall all over him. He's been here every night an' this is the first time he's even noticed yuh. An' yuh fall for him right away—"

The girl tightened her lips and drew her slim body erect.

"That ain't none of your business," she snapped.

"An' I thought you an' me was gonna be pals," said Jimmy gloomily. "Why the foist day yuh came to work here I figures to myself that here's a little broad that's different from the rest. An' then yuh go an' turn out just like the rest of 'em—nothin' but a damn little gold-digger."

"Aw, Jimmy, be a regular for once in your life," sighed Mamie. "You an' me ain't nothin' to each other. I like you—but—"

"You like me—hell!" sneered Jimmy. "All you're thinkin' of is the money a guy like Eddie Fogarty can spend on yuh. Think I ain't wise? What d'yuh think they call him Spend-A-Thousand Eddie for?"

"Well," snapped the girl, "why don't you go an' get some of it? You'll never be anything but a small time hooper if you live to be a thousand. I'm only a girl, an' I want some fun while I'm living. I ain't gonna spend the rest of my life jumping from one tank town to another. If Mister Fogarty wants me to—"

Jimmy Halloran turned his back on her with a curse. His heroic stride carried him as far as the door. There he turned and shook a finger at Mamie Driscoll, whose small, painted lips had broken into a smile again.

"All right!" he roared, "I'll show yuh I don't give a damn for guys like Eddie Fogarty. I'll get the dough—watch me. Small time hooper, am I? Don't worry—I'll show yuh a wad of dough yet that'll open your eyes."

Then his voice cracked slightly as he added, "An' here I was gonna ask yuh to come with me some Sunday to meet my married sister over in Jersey."

Mamie Driscoll's laughter died away again.

"Don't be like that, Jimmy," she said softly, "I like you, Jim—"

"Then yuh ain't goin' over an' get into Fogarty's party after all?" cried Jimmy eagerly. "Yuh been kidding me—yuh ain't goin' over?"

"I certainly am!"

Mamie's careless, happy laugh rang in his ears as he slammed the door behind him

JOE MARTELLI'S small black eyes were almost lost in folds of fat as he came back to join Fogarty at the table. With a brief nod he let the racketeer know that the telephone call had been a success.

Trip Kennedy and two of his men had started off on the booze run that would mean their death and the hijacking of their truck load of liquor.

Three seconds later Fogarty got to his feet and wandered off in the direction of the telephone booths. Five minutes passed. Then Fogarty returned, smiling grimly.

Now, satisfied that his plans were working out successfully, he looked around for new amusement. Two other girls and a sleek-haired young Sicilian had joined Joe Martelli at the table.

Fogarty smiled as he saw Mamie Driscoll approaching. The crashing jazz of the orchestra was beating out the dance that marked Jimmy Holloran's big moment as an entertainer in the Seven Roses Club,

The hooper scowled as he saw Mamie join the racketeer. There was no doubt in his mind that Jimmy Halloran's act was going to be a flop that night.

As the night wore on others joined the group that surrounded Spend-A-Thousand Fogarty and his party. Several tables had been pulled together. Hard faced; painted women and men whose expressions seldom changed talked and drank.

The rest of the customers nodded their heads knowingly. Spend-A-Thousand Fogarty was at it again—some new racket had been pulled off.

In the midst of it all Joe Martelli, who had been called to the telephone, hurried back to whisper a message into Fogarty's ear. The racketeer got to his feet with a curse, his eyes ablaze. Instantly all conversation at the tables stopped. With a brief nod of his head Eddie Fogarty called one of the men to his side.

"Tell him," he snarled to Martelli. "Tell him what you just told me."

Martelli turned to the Sicilian youth who had left the table at Fogarty's command. Then, lowering his voice so that none of the others could hear, the wop whispered hoarsely:

"Trip Kennedy got away—Burned down two of our boys an' made a clean getaway. The bulls hustled Lombardi and Moran to Bellevue. Lombardi died ten minutes ago an' Moran is goin'—. An' Trip got his load of booze through safe—"

The grim lipped gang chief stood for a moment lost in thought. Then he turned sharply to the sleek-haired Sicilian.

"Get the hell down to the Glass Slipper, that's Trip Kennedy's hangout. Find out where he is. He'll probably lay low for a while, but he's part owner of that joint an' somebody around there'll know where he is. Find out all you can. I'm gonna get that baby myself—"

The Sicilian hurried out and Eddie Fogarty returned again to the table. Mamie Driscoll's hard, little face reflected the tenseness that had fallen over the group. Everyone knew that something had gone wrong.

Then suddenly the racketeer turned to Mamie. His voice was even again; his eyes expressionless.

"Come on, kid, I'm gonna take you home," he said.

No one at the tables appeared to be surprised. One woman laughed drunkenly. Only as the girl and the gang chief left the table Jimmy Holloran's sullen eyes watched them from across the room.

THE NEWSPAPERS played up the story of the gang killings. True to the code of the gangsters, both Lombardi and Moran had passed out with their lips sealed. For a time Trip Kennedy's name was mentioned as being wanted for questioning by the police.

The police commissioner announced on three different occasions that he would be picked up within twenty-four hours following. But Trip Kennedy had disappeared.

Through it all Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty went about his usual haunts. Of course his name had been mentioned in connection with the killings. Even Red Flynn, the detective, kidded him about his part in the gun-play that had followed the attempted hijacking. But Fogarty's angry snarl brought a choleric flush to the flatty's beefy face.

"Keep the hell away from me, Red," advised the racketeer. "When I find Trip Kennedy I'll give you something to kid about."

"Why don't yuh try the Glass Slipper?" the detective taunted him. "Yuh ain't afraid to go there lookin' for him just 'cause he's part owner of the joint, are yuh? Besides there'd be an easy chance for yuh to stick up the joint the way it's laid out—plenty of cash an' Trip Kennedy—Cripes! But maybe you ain't takin' any chances now that you've got a new dame to take care of."

"You go to hell!"

Red Flynn's face was all seriousness again.

"On the level, though—that's where Trip is hanging out. But yuh better not go bustin' in there with him an' his mob just waitin' for yuh to come."

The detective laughed. Ever since the attempted hijacking the "wise ones," had renewed the stories of Spend-A-Thousand Fogarty having reached the limit of his power in the Underworld.

Was he slipping? Would the same fate that had overtaken so many of the other big time racketeers of both Chicago and New York overtake him? Maybe the very next slug from some killer's automatic would have his name written on it—

Here was a cheap little flatty that he could crush into the mud kidding him. And yet night after night, unaccompanied by a body-guard, he came and went. Night after night the same small table in the Seven Roses Club served as the gathering place where he met his lieutenants. The sullen eyes of Jimmy Halloran the hooper still followed him.

"Wise guy!" Jimmy would growl, as he slammed the door behind him and retreated into the dressing room.

But one night he strode in there and found Mamie Driscoll admiring a platinum bracelet that circled her slim wrist. Jimmy stopped short at the sight. Then he sneered.

"Ten cent stuff," he snarled, "Your boy friend must be tryin' to make yuh look like one of Woolworth's windows."

Mamie Driscoll's hard little mouth twisted in anger.

"He isn't a cheap little hooper like you anyway," she cried. Then more softly she added, "Aw, Jimmy, can't you see me be happy once in a while?"

"Did he give you that?"

"Certainly he did," the girl answered, as she held her arm out at full length under the light. "An' that isn't all. Jimmy, I'm quittin' this joint at the end of the week."

Jimmy glared at her.

"I s'ppose he's gonna put yuh up in a swell hotel. That's the kind of a broad yuh are, is it? Give your old friends the air just 'cause yuh got a piece of tin around y'er wrist?"

Suddenly Mamie Driscoll's painted mouth

curved into a smile.

"Don't you wish that you could've given me a present like this?"

When Mamie had left the dressing room Jimmie Halloran sat down and buried his face in his arms.

When he got to his feet he removed an ugly looking automatic from his pocket and gazed at it almost tenderly. A second later he replaced the gun in his coat and swaggered to the door. Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty might have carried himself just like that before he shot his way to the top of the heap.

MAMIE DRISCOLL had been gone from the Seven Roses Night Club for almost two full weeks. And Mamie Driscoll, looking back over those two short weeks, could scarcely believe that all of these things had come to pass since the night that she had left the Seven Roses. She had returned there twice during those two weeks with Eddie Fogarty.

Jimmy Halloran had refused to speak to her at first.

"Why in t'hell should I speak to yuh?" he had snorted when she went in back to look him up in the old familiar dressing room. "Look at yuh—You look more like the five an' ten cent store every day wit' them rings an' bracelets all over yuh." Then he stopped short, but finally added; "Gawd, Mamie, you sure do look bee-yootiful!"

That was her first visit to the Seven Roses as a guest of the notorious Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty. Her man! The thought had somehow never clicked. In spite of herself she found herself thinking and laughing about the little tenth-rate hooper, Jimmy Halloran, his crude and boyish outbursts of anger and hatred against the big racketeer. And then the night of her second visit—

"That damn lousy little punk," Joe Martelli had cursed as he came over and pulled a chair up to Eddie Fogarty's favorite table.

"Can yuh imagine that rat, Halloran, runnin' out an' leavin' me flat? Not that his act is any good—the kid is a worse flop each night, but it's somethin' anyway for the suckers to look at. An' here he goes runnin' out on me."

Somehow a feeling of fear had come over Mamie at the wop's words. This wasn't like Jimmy to run off that way. And almost at the

same minute the sleek-haired Sicilian had entered. Quickly he came up to the table. Fogarty looked up, his face expressionless. The Sicilian pulled up a chair.

"Gawd! This is rich," he laughed. Then turning to Martelli he went on, "I just met that hooper of yours, Halloran, loaded up with booze an' carryin' a rod an' headed for a big stick-up—Got to get plenty of cash at once—tonight—that's what he tells me."

At mention of the automatic Mamie Driscoll grew pale.

"Stick-up?" Martelli cursed.

But the Sicilian's hard laugh interrupted him.

"That ain't all, Joe. D'yuh know where he's gonna stage this stick-up? D'yuh know where he was headed for? The Glass Slipper, so help me Gawd—says that some flatty tipped him off that they always keep a lotta loose cash in that front office." He roared with laughter, "Course it was only the booze talkin', but—"

Mamie Driscoll leaned forward, her small right hand drawn up into a hard fist with which she pounded the white clothed table before her.

"He'll do it, you fool," she whispered, her small face tense. "He'll do it—for me—Why don't you stop him somebody?—Eddie—He'll try it, I tell you. An' with Trip Kennedy an' his mob of killers there. Can't you do something to stop him?"

For a full ten seconds no one answered her. Then Eddie Fogarty reached across the table and caught her fingers. His words came evenly, almost monotonously.

"Don't worry, kid. It was probably only the booze in him that was talkin'. He'll wake up in some speakeasy after he sleeps it off. But if it'll make yuh feel any better I'll send the Sicilian here around to a few of the joints to see if he can pick him up, an—I'll take a ride down to the Glass Slipper myself." He got to his feet. "Don't worry, kid, that's all. You stay here with Joe, an'—"

"I will like hell. I'm goin' with you."

Mamie Driscoll was on her feet, facing him, as she spoke.

THE TWO taxicabs rattled down one of the streets in the Forties. In the gray light of the early dawn the street was deserted. The first cab was headed east, then swung sharply down Sixth

Avenue, and pulled up to the curb.

Within the cab the Sicilian waited for the second car to pass, then, with a hurried command to the driver of the cab he stepped out and walked quickly down the silent street. At the next corner he turned west. There, a few doors ahead of him, was the unlighted entrance to the Glass Slipper.

The Sicilian shivered slightly in the early morning chill. The job he had undertaken was a dangerous one. While he waited he mentally timed the progress of the second cab.

Inwardly he cursed the little hooper, Halloran, who had forced Fogarty into action. The big racketeer's plans for a raid on the stronghold of Trip Kennedy and his mob were well made, but with this forced action the rival gang chief had every chance in the world of making his getaway again.

"The damn little idiot," the Sicilian grunted, and then he started forward with a curse.

There was no mistaking that sound—the muffled crash of an automatic from behind the Glass Slipper's closed door. Again a gun barked—twice—three times. Someone swung the door partly open and the roar of hoarse curses, mingled with women's screams, broke the silence of the deserted street. The Sicilian hesitated, uncertain of what to do. Fear gripped him.

At the panic moment the partly open door ahead of him was swung wide open. Full in the stream of light a man staggered out into the street. It was Jimmy Halloran, the automatic still gripped in his twitching fingers. The little hooper was badly wounded. Swaying drunkenly he swung around and again his gun went into action. Full into the stabbing flame sprawled Trip Kennedy's bartender. Behind him appeared four men—and last of all the ugly, drawn face of Trip Kennedy himself.

The little hooper was running wildly down the street now, scared stiff and cold sober. A whining slug nipped him in the shoulder, spinning him around. But before Trip Kennedy and the four gangsters could reach him he was up again and running on. And at the same moment a heavy closed car swung into the street from Broadway.

And at sight of that car the Sicilian's nerve partly returned to him.

"Gawd! If that's Fogarty," he whined, "we might have a chance yet."

WHEN THE Sicilian's cab pulled up to the curb on Sixth Avenue the second taxi, carrying Fogarty and Mamie Driscoll and Martelli, had swung to the right on the next block and continued far over to the west side.

The racketeer's one chance was in speedy action. Leaving the Sicilian outside of the Glass Slipper to head off Jimmy Halloran's drunken attempt. Fogarty sent a hurry call to a garage far over on the west side. When he returned to the taxi his grim smile reassured Mamie.

"We'll head him off, kid, don't worry," he said evenly; "I've sent two or three guys around to the joints where he might be found. They'll bring him back—to you—"

"Gee, Eddie," the girl sobbed. "It's all my fault. I kidded him about not having any money. I knew he wanted me. He threatened to do something like this, but I didn't believe him. I didn't think he had the nerve."

The hard face of the gang leader was close to her own. For a brief moment he seemed about to say something. Then the cold laugh that she knew so well by now broke from his lips.

The taxi pulled up in front of the west side garage. Fogarty leaped to the ground as a heavy black-curtained car rolled out to the street. The driver of the car turned to speak to two men who were dimly outlined behind his bulky shoulders. A second later Mamie Driscoll was standing beside Fogarty on the sidewalk.

The racketeer made only one more effort to stop the girl in her stubborn determination. His eyes were filled with admiration as he watched her hard, little painted lips curve into a disdainful smile at the thought of the risk she was running.

The death car with motor racing was all ready to pull away from the curb. There wasn't a second to be lost. With a grim laugh Eddie Fogarty watched the girl climb into the car.

JIMMY HALLORAN stumbled and fell face forward. The sidewalk seemed to jump up and hit him full between the eyes. All the effects of the cheap booze he had been drinking, and that had sent him out with the wild idea of gathering in a quick bankroll, had left him.

Dimly he was aware that this was his finish—those running feet behind belonged to Trip Kennedy and his four gangsters. A half sob

broke from his lips. Right then and there he knew that he wasn't cut out to be a crook. Easy money? He didn't want it for himself. It was for Mamie—always for Mamie.

Suddenly, with a grinding of brakes, a car pulled up at his side, a heavy black hulk of a car—Someone jumped to the sidewalk, almost stepping on him. He was dragged, thrown into the gutter in the rear of the automobile. Down the street somewhere a man's voice cursed. A bullet sang past Jimmy's head. And then followed the deadly, rattling sound of a machine gun going into action.

Wiping the mud and blood from his face he staggered to his feet. From a narrow slit between the curtains of the car the stabbing flame told him where the machine gun was. Two of Trip Kennedy's men were sprawled out on the ground.

Trip himself, with his back to the wall and an automatic in his hand, sent slug after slug into the car. The driver toppled over, blood trickling from the side of his face.

Suddenly Trip Kennedy turned and ran. Half way down the block, just outside of the Hotel Ingleton, he stopped again, finding shelter behind the stone figure of a lion. Jimmy Halloran, looking for the automatic that had fallen from his hand when he stumbled to the ground, heard a woman's scream. Mamie Driscoll! Quickly he turned to find the girl at his side.

She screamed again, "Eddie, come back!"

The racketeer had jumped from the car and was running down the street. Trip Kennedy's gun went into action again. Another of Kennedy's men went down and the fourth one turned and ran.

The machine gun inside of the closed car was silenced. The driver was dead. The men sprawled on the street lay where they had fallen. And Mamie Driscoll, clinging to Jimmy Halloran's arm, watched wide eyed the pistol duel that was taking place between Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty and big Trip Kennedy.

The gun fight ended as quickly as it had started. Jimmy had been called to help the sleek-haired Sicilian drag the body of the driver from behind the wheel.

By the time the Sicilian had taken his place and brought the motor to life with a roar, Mamie Driscoll was running forward to where Eddie Fogarty stood in the middle of the street, the smoking automatic still in his hand. Before she

could reach him Trip Kennedy had crawled forward. Slowly—wearily—he raised his gun hand—

Both automatics cracked out a flame of death at the same instant. Kennedy pitched forward—dead. But Eddie Fogarty too had gone down. He tried to raise himself as he heard Mamie's voice calling to him. With a curse he set his lips and tried to answer. But the effort was too much. When the car pulled up to his side he willingly let Jimmy Halloran and the girl help him in.

Not a second too soon did the big car pull away. The shrilling of police whistles and the pounding of night sticks on the pavements followed as the Sicilian swung the wheel and the car roared off toward Sixth Avenue. Just around the corner the Sicilian pulled the car up short beside the taxi that had carried him from the Seven Roses Club earlier in the morning.

"Joe," he yelled to the driver of the cab, "Give me a hand here quick—they 'got' Eddie—"

Three minutes later the heavy closed car was weaving its way between the L pillars on its way uptown while the Yellow Taxi, with the wounded racketeer and the hooper and Mamie Driscoll inside, picked its course through the early morning traffic. When the cab had reached 72nd Street Eddie Fogarty's head fell forward wearily. And Mamie Driscoll drew him to her and cradled his head against her breast.

THE NIGGER elevator boy in Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty's uptown hotel opened his sleepy eyes in alarm as the gang lender was all but carried into his car. With him were the little hooper and Mamie Driscoll.

Quickly they got him up to his room and made him as comfortable as possible. Twenty minutes later Joe Martelli arrived with the information that the police had already found the death car, ditched, up in the Bronx.

"Red Flynn'll be up here any minute now—the lousy flatty," the wop grunted.

"Let 'im come!"

The snarling words were almost more than the racketeer had strength for. And yet he stubbornly refused any medical attention. Mamie Driscoll's tear stained face bore but little resemblance to the smart little dancer of the Seven Roses Club. Jimmy Halloran had nothing to say. It

was the big racketeer who did all of the talking—gasping out each word painfully—

"Listen to me, kid," he said, his hard eyes searching out Jimmy Halloran's face, "I told this little girl here that I'd bring yuh back—to her. Well I did. You ain't got the makin's of a racketeer, kid. Lay off that stuff."

Mamie Driscoll placed a hand on Fogarty's forehead but the racketeer shook it off. His lips twitched faintly in a smile.

"I came damn near—marryin' you, kid. If you woulda had me. That's how hard I fell!"

The girl's sobs broke the silence that followed.

"For God's sake get a doctor—somebody," she cried.

Joe Martelli shook his head. The fat little wop knew death when he saw it coming, and he had seen it many, many times in his racket.

"Yeah," Fogarty gasped, "I was all set for marryin' you, kid. Hell! I've even got an apartment further uptown." He laughed, a harsh, choking rattle. "Well I guess the two of you kids can have it now. You like her, don't you, Jimmy?"

Halloran nodded his head.

"I've got an apartment further up town, I tell yuh—a real swell joint. Go up there an' get a new start, you kids. Joe Martelli will keep an eye on yuh for me. There'll be the apartment an' a coupla gran' right now, an' more if yuh make good."

A faint trickle of blood came from his lips. Then, motioning for Mamie and the hooper to step aside, Eddie Fogarty called Joe Martelli over to the bed. To him he repeated a great part of what he had said to Jimmy and the girl. The fat little wop nodded his head.

"I'll keep my eye on 'em, Ed—"

The slow, easy rap of heavy knuckles on the door drew the eyes of everyone in the room. Eddie Fogarty's hard lips tightened. At a sign from the racketeer Mamie Driscoll walked over and opened the door.

The beefy red face of Red Flynn, the detective, looked into the room. With a half smile crossing his lips he entered, deliberately stopping to kick the door shut. Then he walked slowly over to the bed.

"Got yuh, Eddie, eh?" he drawled. "I warned yuh to keep away from the Glass Slipper, an' Trip Kennedy."

With an amused smile the detective watched the grim tightening of Mamie Driscoll's crimson lips. From her his gaze wandered to Jimmy Halloran, then to Joe Martelli.

"All of your friends here, eh?" he grinned.

Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty grinned back at him—an ugly fighting grin. But suddenly the detective bent forward over the bed. The racketeer's eyes were glazed with the death that was creeping on him. This wasn't what Flynn had come for. He had come to make a pinch—the biggest pinch of his career—Spend-A-Thousand Eddie Fogarty was caught at last, and in a killing

too. And now he saw the honor of making that pinch slipping from him.

"What d'yuh say, Eddie? I've got the goods on yuh at last, an' if yuh'll only say so in so many words on paper I'll get the credit for it yet. What d'yuh say?"

"What do I say?" whispered Eddie Fogarty, but the grin still clung to his lips, hard even in death, "You can—go to—hell!"

And Mamie Driscoll, who had drawn nearer and nearer to the bed until she touched the racketeer's hand, felt the icy fingers tighten around her own.