

# HER HIGHNESS

by JOHN A. MOROSO

**CHAPTER IV**

mob outside finally wearied drifted away, and at one "Flatfoot" Cassidy knuckled position on the outer gate for customary conference within. thought they'd tear down the Pop," he said as his host at out a bottle and a pitcher. "Well, here's how! Those guys got her picture all right—flashlights when some running' up to the gate. I 'em talkin' about it. Min be on the front pages by now. of the boys said it would be by wireless over the ocean and in the bun there was with spat—he is from a paper—offerin' all kinds of for an interview with her." the devil with 'em!" snorted

they'll be around before break- more," advised Cassidy. were you I'd get a lawyer to matters." use for lawyers!" snapped "One of them almost put me once after me payin' him hundred dollars." Listen, Pop. The other peo- already got a lawyer and drag you and Min to court, as shootin'." at other people?" "Fogartys." "Fogartys, Cassidy?" "Min's brothers and sisters. were here tonight to get their of the half million. And their has the case on commission. kes half of all he can get for the Fogartys are with us, they?" sneered the old man ugly looks could annihilate ly, the Fogartys—all except

Minnie—were as good as dead. "Fine business! They grow up and skin out, leaving the old folks and Min to scramble for a crust of bread, the old folks to die in pain and not a helping hand from one of 'em. Now they want to cash in on Min's luck. Swell chance! Swell chance!" "But they got one move they can make and they threaten to make it." "What's that?" "Take her to Children's Court." "What for?" "She's an orphan and Danny, the oldest boy, is twenty-three and is married, so the lawyer says, and will claim her." "What do you know about Danny, if anything, Cassidy?" "He runs with a blonde named Lizzie Smalls and, if he's married, it musta' happened after the afternoon papers printed the results of the sweepstakes." Pop walked the floor of the little room, pawing his big mustache and pushing in his ferocious white eyebrows nervously. "Take my advice, Pop, and get a lawyer," said Cassidy. "I'll get better than a lawyer, Cassidy, with your help. When you go off duty ask Captain Kennedy to let Duffy come 'round here to see me." "Bill Duffy, the Dudge Dick?" asked Cassidy, a grin sweeping his broad map, like sudden sunshine flooding all Ireland. "Him, indeed." "Lord help the Fogartys and their lawyer," laughed "Flatfoot," emptying his glass as he rose from the table.

At eight in the morning the siege

## RAF Marks Grave of Foemen



A Royal Air Force flier places a cross, made from the wreckage of an Italian bomber, over the grave of five airmen who died when the plane was shot down during a battle over Mersa Matruh in the Western Desert of Africa. Britain says a total of eight Italian planes were shot down in the battle.

"Some kid!" responded Duffy. "A queen, Pop! Min's cheeks were like lilies dipped in wine as the dapper detective sank into the big chair, touching his glorious cream-colored fedora fore and aft, to get it at just the right angle. "Well, Pop," announced Duffy, tapping a cigarette thoughtfully on a cuff. "I got all the dope from Cassidy and Captain Kennedy, see? The Queen lands on the chin of Dame Fortune for a loop. Everybody's looking for a cut—everyone from the district leader's lobbygows to the apple woman on the corner of Third Avenue who gives it out that she's the little lady's aunt, see? Now, there's only one guy you got to worry about and it's Danny Fogarty, the Queen's brother. He represents all the other Fogartys and is outside now with Maxie Greenblum, the mouthpiece. How old is the kid, Pop?" "Thirteen," spoke up Minnie, still staring at her hero. "Thirteen!" gasped Duffy. "I thought you was sixteen easy." "Hard work did that," explained Pop. "Never had time to play with a doll, if there was ever money enough in the family to give her one. Now she's got all the money in the world and knows enough to raise a dozen babies of her own." "What!" exclaimed Duffy. "And me a bachelor!" He studied the lovely child in her blue gown, for Minnie had dressed for company and was prepared to be treated as an heiress. She ain't human, Pop. She's an angel. Say, Minnie, I'll wait for you." "Well, how about Danny and the lawyer, when you get through with the mush?" reminded Pop. "I better go and bring 'em in," Duffy replied, rising and studying himself before a large mirror. . . . His fastidiousness, satisfied, he hurried forth and soon returned with Fogarty and Attorney Greenblum. "Oh!" exclaimed the barrister as he stepped into the impressive chamber. "Is Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan here yet?" "They're upstairs with Henry Ford," declared Duffy. "Sit down, boys, and make it snappy." "Hello, Min," said Danny Fogarty, with a sickly smile forced to his long, pimply face. His bony, white hands were twitching in his lap. "Hello, Danny." He had been carefully drilled by the crafty lawyer. "I've come to get you and make a home for you, Min," Danny explained. "The old folks is gone to their rest and, as I'm the oldest, the court will look to me to protect you." "That's the law, of course, sighed Maxie the Mouthpiece, smoothed a checkered waistcoat with his short, fat hands, a smile of benevolence on his oily, round face. Detective Duffy hitched his chair closer to Danny, a look of feigned admiration on his handsome countenance. Pop lay back in his chair with his eyes all but closed and watched and listened. Terry, not liking the company, moved about the big rug, whimpering, as if asking permission to take a piece out of some leg. "My wife—I'm married now, Min—is making a nice room ready for you and she'll take good care of you. Get your things ready soon as you can, Min, and we'll be going." "What do you think of that Min?" asked Pop. For answer Min-

can strong-arm me I'll show you sumpin'." "But, Danny," almost sobbed the detective. "We're thinking about your orphan sister, son. She needs care and guidance. Am I right?" "My wife will be responsible to the courts for that." "But how can she, Danny?" "What you driving at?" "Lizzie's locked up, locked up tight. She ought to be on her way right now over to the Island, just out there in the river. I see her taken out of a cell early this morning and started for Yorkville Court. Captain Kennedy got her during the night for peddin' snow." "Well, if that's so, Pretty Face," sneered Danny, "I'm still Min's brother and I take her, see?" "That's the law," snapped Maxie. "And anybody who harbors this girl is abetting kidnaping. Just get that Mr. Duffy. And you, to Mr. Dolan."

Outside the street was deserted. "Where's Pop Dolan?" demanded the officer. "Inside. We need you," replied Max. "My client has been knocked down and a terrible dog set on me." "Yeh?" The lieutenant was not impressed. "Well, here's more news. This reporter has the right dope. Minnie didn't win any handi-cap or sweepstakes or lottery or nothing. There was a mistake. Come on in for the conference. Maxie. You're out o' luck." "What?" grasped counsel. "No money?" "This young feller is the only reporter left outside. He says it's a good story—the little girl who thought she was rich for a day and a night." (To be Continued)

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The "palace chamber" was filled with sunshine, its paneled walls, mahogany furniture and rugs beautifully clean. Even the gold frames of the defunct presidents of the brewery—some of the portraits in charcoal and some genuine 'erl' paintings—had been cleansed.

The "Paper Collar Kid" blinked, stared around and exclaimed from the right side of his face, "Class!" Minnie offered him a great chair upholstered in crimson leather and stood gazing at him. In his tight-waisted purplish suit and cream-colored fedora, highly polished yellow shoes and dark green spats, he appeared "perfect" in her young eyes.

"This is Min," said Pop. "I hope to adopt her later on. She's . . ."

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