HER HIGHNESS" by JOHN A. MOROSO

CHAPTER IV

mob outside finally wearied rifted away, and at one "Flatfoot" Cassidy knuckled tition on the outer gate for stomary conference within. hought they'd tear down the Pop," he said as his host t out a bottle and a pitcher | chance!" er. "Well, here's how! Those guys got her picture all all right-flashlights when me runnin' up to the gate. I 'em talkin' about it. Min be on the front pages by now. f the boys said it would be by wireless over the ocean don and in the bun there was

ey'll be around before breaknce more," advised Cassidy. were you I'd get a lawyer to

with spats-he is from a

paper-offerin' all kinds of

for an interview with her."

the devil with 'em!" snorted

use for lawyers!" snapped "One of them almost put me once after me payin' him ndred dollars.

listen, Pop. The other peoalready got a lawyer and drag you and Min to court,

at other people?" e Fogartys." nat Fogartys, Cassidy?" n's brothers and sisters. ere here tonight to get their

of the half million. And their has the case on commission. es half of all he can get for the Fogartys are with us,

ey?" sneered the old man ugly looks could annihilate y, the Fogartys-all except

Minnie-were as good as dead. was resumed, the crowd of neigh-"Fine business! They grow up and bors and newspaper people milling skin out, leaving the old folks and about Pop's stout little side gate. Min to scramble for a crust of In the tabloids, and even in the bread, the old folks to die in pain large and heavy journals, crowds and not a helping hand from a one know these people were milling, the of 'em. Now they want to cash in people didn't know they were millon Min's luck. Swell chance! Swell

"But they got one move they can them to mill for the sake of the make and they threaten to make members of the press, they would

ing and, if some splendid orator

had mounted a box and besought

not have known how to go about it.

Dictionaries might have been pass-

ed around like hymn books but

they would have found in them

nothing that would warrant "mill-

ing." Further up the street they

valloni's gin mill, perhaps, but not

before the gate of a closed brewery.

to foot and gaped at Pop's door,

with that soul-bliss which is the

New Yorker's when he arrests his

rush about business and fastens

his eyes on a mole in the ground

From the precinct station house

Open up. It's me, Duffy!"

the besieged were safe.

The "palace chamber" was filled

with sunshine, its panelled walls,

So the mob just shifted from foot

"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 might have "milled" in Tony Cacawill 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 or a woman in a window demonroom, pawing his big mustache and strating exercisers. pushing in his ferocious white eyebrows nervously.

'Take my advice, Pop, and get awyer," said Cassidy. "I'll get better than a lawyer, Cassidy, with your help. When you police circles as the man who go off duty ask Captain Kennedy to let Duffy come 'round here to see

"Bill Duffy, the Dudge Dick?" asked Cassidy, a grin sweeping his formed force, Duffy leaned his head broad map, like sudden sunshine against the gate, displaying a Greflooding 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



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.

A queen, Pop! Min's cheeks were like lilies dipped in wine as the dapper detective sank into the big chair, touching his glorious creamcolored fedora fore and aft, to get

it at just the right angle. "Well, Pop," announced Duffy, tapping a cigarette thoughtfully on arrieved Bill Duffy, young and a cuff. "I got all the dope from Cashandsome, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, sidy and Captain Kennedy, see? terly. husky, fair of locks, fastidious of The Queen lands on the chin of raiment in a loud way-famous in Dame Fortune for a loop. Everybody's looking for a cut-everyone changed his collar three times a from the district leader's lobbygows day; hence some dubbed him "The to the apple woman on the corner Paper Collar Kid." With a nod to of Third Avenue who gives it out that she's the little lady's aunt,

the lieutenant in charge of the unisee? Now, there's only one guy you got to worry about and it's Danny cian profile, and yelled: "Pop! Pop! Fogarty, the Queen's brother. He represents all the other Fogartys As the gate opened the crowd and is outside now with Maxie surged forward, nearly milling, but Greenblum, the mouthpiece. How the blue line bulged to meet it and old is the kid, Pop?"

"Thirteen," spoke up Minnie, still staring at her hero.

"Thirteen!" gasped Duffy. thought you was sixteen easy."

mahogany furniture and rugs beautifully clean. Even the gold "Hard work did that," explained frames of the defunct presidents Pop. "Never had time to play with a doll, if there was ever money of the brewery-some of the porenough in the family to give her traits in charcoal and some genuone. Now she's got all the money in the world and knows enough to aise a dozen babies of her own."

"What!" exclaimed Duffy. 'And me a bachelor!" He studied the lovely child in her blue gown, for upholstered in crimson leather and |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 awyer, 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 Green-

"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

"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 ou. 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-

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"Some kid!" responded Duffy, nie ran to him with a cry of fear and threw herself in his arms. "Now, little one," coaxed Maxie, "you don't know what a fine woman

your new mother is, how she'll love you. She's just crazy about chilrolling his eyes in an ecstacy of admiration and clasping his lavender silk tie. Minnie was sobbing bit-

'What do you think of it, Duffy?" asked Pop. 'Be quiet, Min. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"It's just beautiful, this family love of these Fogarty," sighed Bill. "I never see anything like it lice lieutenant who entered, followoutside of the pictures. Honest!"

"Oh, help me! Help me!" Minnie appealed aloud, thinking her hero was trying to tear her away from her only friend.

"She sure need the care of a mother," said Lawyer Maxi softly. "She's just at the age when she'll need a woman guidance most." "But can Lizzie guide her?" ask-

ed the detective, putting a hand on Danny's knee. "Can she, Danny— boy? Tell us?" Danny looked up furtively and

suspiciously. Was this fancy-clothes 'bull" kidding him? "Lizzie, who?" he asked. "Why, the girl you married yes-

terday, Dan! Lusher Lizzie Smalls, ome call her Gas House Gertie." "Lissen, bo," came back Danny, I gotcha, but you ain't in no police station now and if you think you

"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?" 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 peddlin' 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.

"Minnie's distress was exciting her pet bulldog and the sudden change in the lawyer's voice from a half whine to command evoked a sharp, warning bark from Terry. Pop just reached the dog's collar in time to prevent a canine assault.

"Better get the cattle out o' here," remarked Pop. "This ratcatcher's going to tear somebody to pieces pretty soon."

The lawyer leaped to the hall, as Duffy turned to the lawyer, Terry tried to get free. Danny, terrorized, had whipped out a revolver only to be caught by a crack on the jaw from Duffy which laid him low.

"I'll put Terry down in the cellar," said Pop. "He ain't safe, this old fighter."

Maxie, the lawyer, trying to reach the street, was pushed back into the brewery premises by a poed by a tired and sleepy young man.

can strong-arm me I'll show you Outside the street was deserted. "Where's Pop Dolan?" demanded

"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-"Lizzie's locked up, locked up 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 good story-the little girl who thought she was rich for a day and a night."

(To be Continued)



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ine 'erl" paintings- had been The "Paper Collar Kid" blinked, stared around and exclaimed from the right side of his face, "Class!" Minnie offered him a great chair stood gazing at him. In his tightwaisted purplish suit and creamcolored fedora, highly polished yellow shoes and dark green spats, he appeared "perfect" in her young "This is Min," said Pop. "I hope to adopt her later on. She's

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