

# Strike Me Pink

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:** Eddie Pink, ex-tailor, and manager of Ma Carson's Dreamland Park, is threatened by racketeers who want to install slot machines. With the courage gained through a correspondence course on how to become master of men, Eddie outfaces the racketeers. Attempts at his life are unsuccessful. The head of the mob decides to trap Eddie through his infatuation with Joyce Lennox, night club entertainer.

## SLOT MACHINES

### Chapter IV

In Joyce's dressing room, the conspirators were waiting for Eddie Pink. With them was a good-looking chap in immaculate evening clothes, whom they called Chorley. As Eddie was sighted approaching the Club Lido, Vance turned to the young man.

"O. K.," he said, "lay down and play dead, Chorley."

Chorley stretched out prone on the floor. Vance took a revolver from his pocket, fired, and then

one of the men, started the third degree.

"Come on, let's have it—why did you do it?"

"It's the hot seat for the young lady," said the second of the fat detectives. "We found the body in your dressing room."

"Come on, Vance continued, "why did you kill Chorley?"

It was more than Eddie could stand. He burst out passionately.

"She didn't do it! She couldn't have done it! You've only got to look at her to see that she couldn't do a thing like that."

"Perhaps you did," said Vance, pointing an accusing finger.

"Yes," Eddie cried out wildly. "I did it, I killed him!"

Joyce intervened dramatically: "Don't believe him," she cried. "He's only acting like a gentleman."

The "detectives" went into a consultation and then called Eddie aside.

"Between you and me," Vance said, confidentially, "the police won't shed any tears at getting rid of Chorley. He was the last of the public enemies. I think this thing can be fixed."

He handed Eddie a cigarette.

"Now all you have to do to save the woman you love, is to put 150 slot machines in Dreamland Park."

Eddie jumped at the offer, but suddenly remembered Ma Carson.



"You put a quarter in and four come out."

handed the gun to Joyce.

"Go ahead," he said, "and lay it on thick."

Eddie was approaching the stage door as Joyce came out, the revolver in her hand and fear and panic written plainly on her face.

She stopped when she saw Eddie, stared at him a moment through wild eyes and then, with a sob, stumbled forward into his arms.

"I didn't do it," she wept. "I tell you I didn't do it. Oh, it's awful—too awful!"

Eddie swallowed painfully. "What happened?"

Joyce pointed towards the stage entrance—"In there—a man has been murdered!"

### The Frame-up

Eddie, to her genuine horror, slumped down in a faint. Through frenzied efforts, she managed to revive him. She resumed her moaning as soon as she saw that he was coming to.

"I didn't do it," she wept. "I swear I didn't. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Of course, I believe you," Eddie said. "You wouldn't hurt a fly. Did anyone see you do it?"

Joyce drew away from him—"Oh, you don't believe me."

"Look," said Eddie, "I'd better go home. I forgot something—forgot to stay there . . . And he had already turned away when Joyce suddenly let out an amazing shriek.

"Oh, please," she said, "my handbag . . . It's inside . . . In there . . . beside the body . . . the police mustn't find it. Quick, quick!"

"Quick, what?" asked Eddie.

"You've got to get my bag," said Joyce. Eddie swayed slightly, but then remembered the book and straightened up.

"Miss Lennox," he said, "for you I'm willing to shed the last drop of Pink blood in my body. And with trembling knees but resolute soul, he marched with Joyce into her dressing room and picked up the bag on the ground near the corpse.

Having completed this heroic action, his knees suddenly gave way under him, but Joyce supported him.

"You hero," she cooed. "You wonderful man. Do see me to my apartment. I'm so afraid."

Vance's mobsters were waiting for them. As Eddie and Joyce got out of the elevator to her apartment they were followed by four grim looking men who walked behind them into the very apartment.

Ignoring Eddie, they turned upon Joyce and began to grill her in conventional notice fashion. Vance

"But Ma Carson! She's against gambling. She says the machines are crooked."

Vance smiled indulgently. "Crooked? That's very amusing. I'm afraid Mrs. Carson is hopelessly old fashioned."

"But I promised her," said Eddie.

"It's up to you, Mr. Pink," said Mr. Vance. "If you want to sacrifice this beautiful innocent girl in the next room . . ."

"No!" cried Eddie. "No!"

"Then," said Vance, "I'll be glad to prove that these machines are on the level. And turning to one of his men, he said, 'Bring in that machine from the car, the one we're taking over to the police headquarters for the boys' entertainment.'"

The machine was brought into the room. "Now," said Vance, "put a quarter in."

Eddie put in a quarter, pulled the lever and eight quarters tinkled into the pay-off cup. Another quarter and the jack pot came scattering out of the machine.

"Well, Mr. Pink," said Vance with dignity, "does that look like a crooked gambling device?"

"What this country needs," said Eddie, snapping up the jack pot, "is more of these slot machines!"

Four for One

In this fashion and by this trick Vance's crooked slot machines were installed without Ma Carson's knowledge in Dreamland Park.

Eddie meanwhile was seeing a great deal of Joyce, and for a while it seemed as if his fondest dreams were to come true. He had declared his great love for her and she hadn't altogether rejected it. From this paradise, however, he was rudely awakened by Claribel and Ma Carson who had just learned that slot machines had been installed by order of Eddie Pink.

"You have double crossed us," Claribel screamed at Eddie. And Ma Carson was overcome with grief.

"Son," she said, "for over twenty years I have kept out these crooked machines and now you—"

"But they're not crooked," Eddie protested. "You put in a quarter and four come out, and sometimes more." And to illustrate, he put in a quarter and pulled the lever.

Nothing happened. Another quarter, and still nothing. Heartbroken, he agreed to return the machine. But first they must give him a chance to rescue the girl of his dreams; to get her out of town.

"All right," said Claribel, with spirit, "and take the train with her! Nobody around here wants any part of you!"

(To be continued)

This Week's thought

## VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

The best way to overcome an obstacle is to dig into it—not circumvent it.

## RYLAND

Mrs. T. W. Dilday has been quite ill, but her condition is reported as somewhat improved.

Mrs. Stephen Knox, of Oxford, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Jordan.

Miss Thelma Ward is nursing at Colerain again, her patient being Mrs. Forehand.

Little Phyllis Anne Rogers, who is spending sometime with Mrs. Harriett Parks, spent the week-end in Portsmouth, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Ward, William, Lehman and Lelia Faye, and Mrs. Julian E. Ward and son, George, of Edenton, spent Friday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. N. Q. Ward, near Belvidere.

Mrs. Cleaton Harrell, of Colerain, has been the recent guest of her father, O. C. Ward.

Hattress Ward has been quite sick with mumps, but is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks, Mrs. Harriett Parks and little Ramona Hanley attended the party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ward, near Sign Pine, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Cornie Spivey and Mrs. Penina Ward visited Mrs. Louisa Ward Sunday afternoon.

Garland Byrum, a student at Wake Forest College, is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gyrum, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Jordan and

family visited Mr. and Mrs. McErie Jordan, near Suffolk, Va., Sunday.

Mrs. Tommy Boyce and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Byrum Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Davis and daughter, Lois, from near Sign Pine; Mrs. R. S. Ward and children, Lehman and Lelia Faye, were among those who visited Mrs. Harriett Parks Sunday afternoon.

Friends from Virginia were guests of Miss Gertrude Jackson at the

home of Mrs. Roy Parks Sunday afternoon.

Work on Merrill Copeland's new bungalow is progressing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nixon, of Oak Grove, visited by mother, Mrs. Ella Mae Ward Friday afternoon.

O. C. Ward was in Edenton Saturday afternoon.

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**\$5.50**

4.50-21

**\$5.00**

4.50-21

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