

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

"Why did you blackmail me into having dinner with your father last night?"

"Because I fell in love with you. But that isn't the point. The point is, will Van Arden believe that? Or shall I cook up something more along his lines?"

She said huskily, "You have to be late for work."

"Very well, my pet." He picked up his hat and went to the door. "The Pelican at five? I want to discuss something with you this afternoon — something I'll be working on most of the day — of the most vital importance to you."

"All right," she decided. "The Pelican at five."

The special messenger from Washington had come and gone, leaving a bulging worn brown briefcase Eric opened it and glanced at its contents. It was packed with letter-files containing a chronological record of Stefan Zorane's daily activities for the past three months.

He said to his valet, "I'll be at the public library for several hours. Call up Barney Teel at the Globe. Ask him if he is the reporter handling the Zorane case. He will say yes. Tell him if he will drop in at the Pelican at about five-thirty this afternoon, he will find something of great interest. When he asks who you are, tell him you're a special agent in the Department of State."

When Douglas had repeated these instructions and was sure of the details, Eric telephoned John Featherly.

"The senator's head investigator said: 'I switched the best man we have in the Middle West, Sam Green, who's been working in Flint, Michigan, to Fort Bend. He left Detroit on the six o'clock plane. He is one of the slickest articles in the business. He was on the Capone case, and Lindbergh case and the Dillinger case. If he doesn't bring home the bacon, there isn't any bacon.'"

CHAPTER XV

At twelve-thirty, Sally's secretary said: "A Mr. Kresco is calling, Miss Porter. He says it's very urgent."

Sally picked up her telephone.

"Yes, Mr. Kresco? This is Miss Porter."

A soft whispery voice said: "The girl that does the Let's Be Smart column?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where the Cafe Riviera is? Meet me there as quickly as you can and we'll have a bit of lunch. Miss Porter, I want to talk to you about a little matter that came up yesterday afternoon. Buckle on your roller skates and get here fast."

A click in her ear ended the conversation. The telephone slipped out of her hand and fell to the floor. Sally picked it up and put it back on its base.

"Jane, will you call up the business department and tell Mr. Gibney I can't have lunch with him? I've something important to attend to."

She had never seen Pop Kresco, but she recognized him from newspaper photographs. He was waiting just inside the entrance of the Cafe Riviera, smiling with his mouth but not with his eyes.

"Miss Porter? Right this way, waiter." He led her to a booth and said to a waiter, "Nobody to sit in the booth on either side of us."

"Okay, Mr. Kresco."

He settled down across from Sally Porter and spread his elbows on the tablecloth. "You've been in here before?" he said in his whisper.

"Yes." Sally was trying to remain alert at the very beginning, but she was still rebellious. If this heavy-eyed man wanted to quarrel, she would meet him half-way. She was sick of being put upon.

"Well, I own this place. And I don't like the way you sneer at it in your column."

"Then Sally said briskly, "why don't you make it a kind of restaurant I can't sneer at?"

"Never mind working for the laughs," Pop Kresco said. "You're a friend of Guy Van Arden, ain't you? He put you up to that interne gag, didn't he? Sure I know all about that."

"Then there's no argument, is there, Mr. Kresco?"

He looked at her mouth for several seconds and said, "There's something phony about this, waiter!" he called, "plug in a telephone."

The waiter went away and was

The Central Guardian

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"PRETTY SMOOTH" is descriptive of a picture of a beautiful girl by Rolf Armstrong which illustrates the calendar of Fisher Bros. Ltd. being distributed to their customers.

CITY POLICE COURT — At the Stipendiary Magistrate's Court yesterday, a man pleading guilty to a charge under the Prohibition Act was remanded until today for sentence, while a second party charged under the same act was fined \$50 and costs or one month in jail. A man charged with possession of stolen goods was remanded until Saturday and a case under the Income War Tax Act was further heard and adjourned until December 22nd.

PAINFUL INJURIES — Relatives and friends here will regret to learn that Mr. Wallace Stewart of Portage la Prairie formerly of Bethel, Lot 48, was badly injured a few weeks ago. While at his work he accidentally fell from a staging breaking his spine and pelvis bone. He is at present under treatment in the Winnipeg Hospital, where it is hoped his condition will gradually improve. Mrs. Stewart, formerly Miss Florence Winchester, had just recently returned from a holiday trip to Charlottetown when the accident occurred. Mr. Stewart is due for railway pension next February when it was hoped he might visit his old home Province.

WEDDING BELLS — A pretty but quiet wedding was solemnized at the Central Christian Mansie, Charlottetown, on Nov. 20th, when Miss Cecelia Mae White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace White, Murray Harbour, became the bride of Mr. Gordon Russell Carver, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Carver, Hazelbrook. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. D. Dunbar, in the presence of the immediate families. The attendants were Miss Belle Oillis of Charlottetown, who wore an aqua suit with matching brown accessories and a corsage of yellow roses, and Mr. Murray White of Murray Harbour, brother of the bride. The bride looked charming in a brown gabardine suit with matching accessories, a triple squirrel fur neck piece and corsage of pink roses. After the ceremony the bridal couple were showered by confetti, following which they left for a trip through the Maritimes. They will reside in Hazelbrook.

back in a moment with a telephone which he plugged in.

"What's his number?" Pop Kresco asked.

Sally hesitated, and told him. He dialed the number.

"Van Arden?" he said in a moment. "This is Pete Kresco. Look I've been thinking that maybe the time has come when you and I can do a little dickering. You see, if I could settle with this Zorane without any trouble, nice and quiet, I'd prefer it. Maybe you and I can get together. You keep your mad dog away from me and I don't do any talking."

Sally was watching him with round and steady eyes.

"You see, Van Arden, the world is full of people who know things. Now, there's a beautiful babe having lunch with me right this minute, who knows a lot of things. She's a friend of yours, Sally Porter. Know her? What has she got to do with Zorane? Listen, Van Arden, shall we stop playing simple? Because she told me with her own beautiful red lips. She told me a lot of things and she may tell me more."

"Yeah, You see Van Arden, she's obligated to me, in a way, and anxious to please. But to get back to this business of you and me getting together in a mutually helpful way — I am peddling what? Goofer feathers? That's a good one and quiet, I'd prefer it. Maybe you and I can get together. You keep your mad dog away from me and I don't do any talking."

He yanked out the plug. "He said he was no longer fascinated, Miss Porter. And so what? It's a mystery. Things don't fit together the way they should. He was too sure of himself."

"Why shouldn't he be?"

(To Be Continued)

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