

"THE CLEAN-UP"

A Young Evangelist Uses Gangster Methods to Clean Up Harlem Cabarets

Evangelist Fred Harris is Doomed, So the Underworld Says. They Fix the Night to Kidnap Him when He Leaves His Meeting. Linda will be Taken Along too, According to the Plans. Will they Succeed? Read this Week's Installment.

By NICK LEWIS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED:

Linda Allen, singer in Ace Hinds's cabaret, the Tom-Tom Club, falls in love with Fred Harris, a young evangelist from her home town, who is carrying on a campaign from his gospel tent to rid Harlem of its gangsters and racketeers. Visiting the Tom-Tom to see Linda, Fred is shot at, but the wounds are not fatal.

Linda quits the Ace to work with Fred and Al Collins, her partner, goes with her. The movement gains such headway that Harlem's gangster chiefs hold a meeting and decide that Fred is due to be taken for a ride.

Now go on with the story:

CHAPTER II

The following evening Fred conducted his Gospel Tent meeting as usual, Linda and Al Collins adding attractiveness to his program with their Southern songs. The crowd had grown enormously; the huge tent was packed to overflowing long before the scheduled time of the meeting. Every type of Harlem society was represented here, from the ultra-smart of Sugar Hill to the ragged unemployed of 125th Avenue. There were grocers, bankers, musicians, artists, office workers, bums. And all joined in the long round of applause which greeted Fred's words.

"We'll fight these gangsters to the last ditch," he cried out from his



HAIR

Thrills With Beauty

To make your hair more beautiful than it has ever been, make it softer, more glossy and easier to comb, make this simple, inexpensive test: Use La-Em-Strait Hair Dressing for one week. If it does not amaze you with its new life, shimmering beauty, gloss, and ease in dressing, get your money back.

La-Em-Strait is the only triple-softening, double-glossing hair dressing on the American market today. It has an effect that will positively thrill you. It is unconditionally guaranteed to be better than anything you have ever used. It is just right. Not too heavy—not too light. Non-greasy. Will not soil the clothes. Pure white and delightful in fragrance. Ends scalp itch. Promotes growth of hair. Easy to use. Keeps the hair neatly in place all day long. In tins 25c and 50c. In jars 50c and \$1.50. Sold everywhere. FREE: Send 10c for a 3-Day Package of La Em Strait and a 3-Day Package of Tantalizing Brown Skin Face Powder will be enclosed free. Ho-Ro-Co Mfg. Co., Desk B, St. Louis, Mo.

makeshift pulpit in the front of the tent. "We'll put them out of business if it takes our lives!"

Far back in the tent, huddled together in a sinister little group, four men sat listening. Four men who represented the real power, the real government of Harlem.

Ace Hinds smiled blandly at his three companions. The program was drawn to a close. "Come on," he suggested, "let's get out of here. It's getting hot." The four arose slowly and filed down the aisle to the exit. Outside, they climbed into a high-powered black touring car.

A man in a chauffeur's cap and gloves came to the side of the car and saluted briefly. The Ace leaned over and gave him his orders.

"You fellows go around to the side exit and park there until all this shouting's over. About ten minutes after this thing ends, Fred comes out that door with Linda Allen, that sweet, brown-skin girl that used to sing over at my place. You hustle 'em both into your car and meet us just outside of Jersey City. You can do anything you want with the guy; he's due for a rubbing out anyway. But watch out for the moll; she belongs to me, see?"

"O.K., chief."

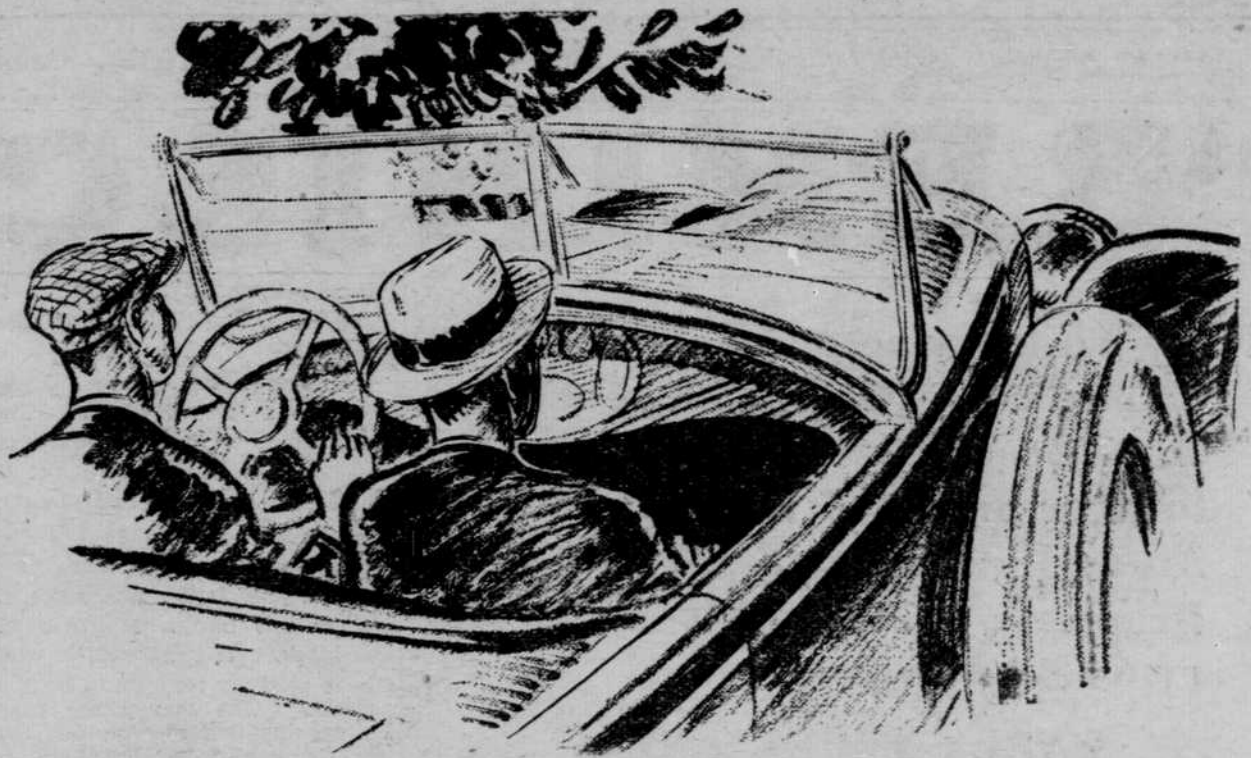
The Ace settled back and the big car swirled away from the gospel tent, taking the elevated road downtown. A second car pulled out of the long line of parked automobiles and threaded its way slowly to the side of the big tent, where it parked in the semi-darkness. Three men got out casually and lit cigarettes. "Remember, he'll be with the girl," the one in uniform said. "Don't give him a chance to make a squawk, and be sure you get the girl while you're gettin' it."

The meeting ended a few minutes later and the crowd drifted homeward. Still three men hung about the side exit, waiting patiently, smoking.

Then with appalling suddenness they sprang into action, sweeping down the man and the girl who appeared at the exit. Linda Allen fought and clawed at her assailant, but could not free herself from the grip which he had upon her arm. Her companion, she saw, was being forced swiftly into a sleek, black limousine by two other men. She tried to scream, but a heavy hand clamped over her mouth. Then with sudden fury she wrenched loose and ran toward the tent flap, screaming, but once again she was caught, dragged back toward the car.

Then suddenly something happened. There was a sickening thud and the vise-like grip about her arm relaxed. She broke loose as her would-be captor dropped cowering to the ground.

There was a shot from the sleek, black limousine, then another. Both went wild. Someone grabbed Linda and pulled her inside the gospel tent where she would be safer. Her assailant, she could see, was making for the big car now. As



Two men sat in a high-powered touring car waiting.

soon as he was upon its running board it sped away.

She turned in the darkness and murmured "Thanks, Fred. You saved my life."

The young evangelist said, "But Linda, do you realize what happened? Those were gangsters. They were after me. They figured I'd walk out of this exit with you just about this time like I always do. It was just lucky for me that Al was with you tonight instead of myself. But what're they doing to Al? Are they taking him for a ride, thinking he's me? Linda, we've got to do something!"

CHAPTER VIII

Just outside of Jersey City a black limousine drew up beside another and almost identical machine, one which had been parked there for perhaps an hour.

"Didja get the lousy bum?" the Ace's voice rasped across the space between the two cars.

"Yeah, we got him, all right," came the reply. "But the moll got away. Screamed, and somebody started a fight. Monkey here got clunked over the head trying to get her into the car, so we had to leave her and beat it."

"I told you to get the girl, too, didn't I?" the Ace's voice grew strident. "Will you carry out my orders or won't you?" He started to get out of the car. Rod Johnson pulled him back. "Don't start no row," he cautioned. "We got the guy; what more do you want?"

"Oh, all right." The Ace was not easily placated. "Dump the dirty bum in here; we'll take care of him ourselves."

The two men in the rear of the second limousine emerged, dragging a man, heavily tied and gagged, between them. They tossed him, struggling, into the parked car. The Ace handed one of them a bill and they left quickly.

"There's some nice marshlands between here and Rahway," Rod Johnson said sarcastically. "Maybe we could put our young hero to bed out there in the open, under the stars."

"How is he, tied all right?" Big Joe Wilson wanted to know.

Rod reached over and turned on the light. The Ace gasped breathlessly as the man's figure was revealed to him.

"What's a matter?" Rod asked. "Why, it ain't Fred Harris at all! It's Al Collins! Oh, those punks!" He let loose a long string of oaths.

The Rod and Big Joe were plainly disgruntled. "Now we got the whole thing to do over again," Big Joe moaned. "Well, you can leave me out of it."

"What's a matter, you turning yellow?" the Ace snapped.

"I got some sense," Big Joe growled. "I got sense enough to know when things get too hot for comfort. What's happened tonight didn't do us any good and it's gonna get the whole of Harlem stirred up against us. And what're we gonna do with this punk?" He

kicked Al Collins contemptuously in the ribs.

"I'll tend to him myself," the Ace said. "And tomorrow night we'll get that fool evangelist. We'll shoot up his whole camp meeting if we have to, but we'll get him some way. And we'll get that girl, too. I'll see to 'em myself."

The long limousine turned in a successful and sped back toward New York City, stopping only when it had reached the side entrance of the Tom-Tom Club, the Ace's headquarters far uptown. Al Collins, still bound, was carried into the Ace's private office. As the three gangster chiefs tossed him onto the floor consciousness slowly began to return to his benumbed brain.

He writhed and twisted in the ropes that held him, but in vain. He groaned and relaxed. Perhaps he could outwit his captors in some way. Or perhaps he could strike some sort of a bargain with the Ace. They had been pals for many years before their fight over Linda. And now that she was definitely lost to them both, so far as love was concerned...

The four gangster chiefs gazed down upon him contemptuously. "He's still out," Rod Johnson said.

"Too bad we didn't get the girl instead of him," the Ace moaned. "This guy ain't doin' us a bit of good here."

"We'll get 'em both tomorrow night," Scar Short put in. "And there won't be no playing this time. We'll all be there in person, and we'll all be ready for whatever decides to happen. There'll be no hired bum this time to gum up the works."

"But tomorrow night..." Big Joe wavered. "Say, ain't that a little bit too soon, after what happened last night? Hadn't we ought to let things cool off a bit first?"

"Say," Rod growled, "you quit worrying 'bout what gonna happen. These punks are smart; they figure that we surely wouldn't try the same thing twice in succession like this. That's where we'll fool 'em."

"Maybe you right," Big Joe growled.

"What'll we do with this guy?" the Ace wanted to know. "Let him go?"

"Not until after we've grabbed off this evangelist. You take care of him, he's your friend. Just don't give him a chance to blab."

"I'll take care of him all right," the Ace said. "Now about tomorrow night—is that all settled?"

"Yep," Rod said. "We'll all meet here at ten-thirty. We'll do our job ourselves. Scar, you bring along some quicklime; we want this guy to disappear completely—hear?"

"O.K.," muttered the numbers king.

Five minutes later the party had broken up.

CHAPTER IX

The following morning Linda Allen received a letter, a brief note

scrawled on a torn scrap of paper. She read it quickly.

"Honey: they got me locked up here in the Ace's office, but don't worry, they ain't killed me yet. Just tell Fred to look out sharp tonight. We're after him for sure this time. I'm slipping this out by Nick, the waiter, who's still my pal. I fed me last night in spite of the Ace's orders, so I'm feeling O.K. now."

It was signed simply "Al."

Enclosed was another torn half-sheet. "Nick got his," this cryptic message read, "and so will your very good friend. I hope you don't come over to the Tom-Tom and pay me a little visit right away." This was signed "Ace."

The envelope was postmarked at 7 a.m. Al had evidently written his note in the middle of the night and slipped it to Nick, one of the Ace's chief lieutenants. Nick had evidently been caught; had "given his." Then the Ace had read the letter, added the postscript of his own to it, and mailed it to her.

Linda knew the Ace's cruel methods of torture. She knew his diabolical schemes for ensnaring those whom he desired into his trap. She knew that if she went to his office in the Tom-Tom she would place herself in his power. The chances that the Ace would double-cross her by refusing to release Al were great. Yet she could not stand the thought of anyone, even Al, being tortured for her sake. She decided to step directly into the trap which she knew the Ace had set for her, and then to trust to luck.

Is the Ace planning to double-cross Linda? What will happen to Fred? These and many other questions will be answered in next week's action-packed installment.

FREE SAMPLES

and sample case. Complete line-toilet articles, medicines, flavorings. Opportunity to earn \$10 daily. Write DARBOUT LABORATORIES, DeSoto Sta., Dept. XXS, Memphis Tenn.

How Cardui Helps Women

"Mal-nutrition" means that your body is not getting enough to keep it up, so that what it has to do is not done well. You may not be eating enough to keep up the work of the body, or there may be something wrong that keeps you from getting full value from the food you eat. Because of mal-nutrition, some women have aches and pains every month. Such pains should not be neglected.

Take Cardui to give you a better appetite, to give you more strength from the food you eat—to build up and increase your feeling of well-being. Aches and pains go away as you build up with the help of Cardui.

LIGHTEN AND WHITEN YOUR SKIN IN 1/2 THE TIME

HERE'S THE ONLY Bleaching Cream with the Exclusive DOUBLE STRENGTH Feature

Penetrates to skin's fourth layer to regulate coloring. Lightens, brightens skin in half time; clears up bumps, mole discolorations like magic.

For best results use Black and White Skin Soap (25c) before applying this amazing bleach.

Genuine BLACK AND WHITE BLEACHING CREAM



Large Opal Jar

50c