

SPREE WITH LEMONS

written and illustrated by
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The skirmish of the Mole in Montmartre! When P. Pinkham, hero of the Ninth, engineered that one, the action on the Mole at Zeebrugge looked like a game of drop the handkerchief in comparison. Only this time it was La Tosca who got dropped. And Fraulein Interne? Well, her big idea was aero surgery without anesthetics—but by the time the knives quit flying, she was back in her pre-med course.

F ROBERT THE BRUCE, Scotch warrior, had not been given a lesson in the art of how to take it by a persevering spider, he would never have licked the old-time Limeys at the battle of

Bannockburn. Holland remains on the map of Europe simply because of the fact that many long years ago a little Dutche boy found a hole in a dike and stuck his finger into same until a labor battalion reached the

scene. And history tells us that Waterloo never would have been lost to Napoleon if his reinforcements had not been given a bum steer by a peasant boy.

All of which brings us to the inside story of the first Yankee kayo of the Kaiser's boys in the World War. You see, had it not been for an apache dance in the Montmartre Latin quarter of Paris, Chateau-Thierry might have been a far different story in the record books. And the apache, believe it or not, was Phineas Pinkham, lieutenant extraordinary in Major Rufus Garrity's Ninth Pursuit Squadron operating in and about Bar-Le-Duc, France.

In June, 1918, Phineas Pinkham, due to some amazing stunts with a Spad and a pocketful of tricks in his own sector, was given credentials that would take him to Paree and back over a period of two weeks. The Boonetown, Iowa, joke mill product reached the Frog metropolis at *quinze* minutes short of *tres heures*. In English that means quarter of three. By seven o'clock Phineas had taken a gander at most of the places of interest in that old part of Paree, the Isle de la Cite—including the Bastille, an old Frog klink that once held Madame duBarry before she had her noggin lopped off by an over-sized razor blade that slid down between a couple of salvaged Gaulic tent poles. As a matter of fact, Phineas missed staying overnight in that klink by a whisker. It seems the Boonetown miracle man found out that the Frogs had no sense of humor when he began tossing marbles from the top of the Eiffel Tower to find out how long it would take before they hit something. A gendarme convinced the Yank that if he did not make a quick *descendu* to terra firma, he would be tossed into the Bastille until he gathered mildew.

"Awright, awright," Phineas chirped. "I know where I ain't wanted. It is a dead town you have here, anyways. I will go over to Notre Dame and see what kind of a backfield they have this year, huh!"

And so our hero wandered off down a big thoroughfare that cuts through the old part of Paris and goes down into Latin Montmartre, where citizens fight a wolf or two every morning when they open their doors to bring in the milk—if they can afford milk. This street is called the Boule Miche and it is choked with all kinds of cafes where the tired and thirsty can find sanctuary. Phineas Pinkham walked into one of the Frog oases just as darkness began to sneak over Paris. It was a place slightly beyond the limits of the Latin quarter and from its wide open portals oozed sounds of revelry that tickled the ample

ears of Phineas Pinkham. Spick and span in his best military livery, the Yank on leave strode in and took a table near a party of four. Two of the quartet were of the male gender; and Phineas eyed them warily, for they were American brass hats with ranks far above his own. Two *mademoiselles* were with the officers, and Phineas found himself particularly intrigued by the blonde who was cooing into the ear of the colonel.

"Garson!" Phineas called. "Veet! Icy!"

"*Oui, M'sieu*," the Frog waiter husked. "I have ze nize legs from ze frog an'—"

"They sure ain't nothin' to brag about," Phineas told him. "Maybe it is rickets you had when you was a kid, huh? Donny moy some ham wiz ze oofs, nest pa?"

The Frog bristled, curled his fingers over the neck of a water carafe, thought better of it and, under control, minced away. Phineas reached into his pocket, pulled his hand out again. The brass hats and their femmes were just getting up to toss off a fox trot or two. The blonde, seeing something scurry across the floor, threw up her arms, yelled "*E-e-e-e-e-ek!*" and climbed to the table. The other Parisian eyeful threw her arms around her escort's neck and hung on for dear life.

Frog waiters flocked to the scene and began stamping on the little rodent that ran around in tight little circles until it could circle no more. One diminutive flunkey picked up the offending thing by the tail and gazed wonderingly at the kind of giblets that puffed out through its split sides. Cotton batting—and a little twisted spring.

"Somewan he ees ver' smart, *oui!* He mak' heem ze jork! Bah!"

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed Phineas with a sniff. "Why—er—somebody oughta be arrested. I never heard of such—why—!"

AFTER the brass hats had fanned their bits of fluff back to normal the *mademoiselles* hied to a ladies' parlor to do a bit of preening. Phineas watched them go and noticed that the blonde sported a dark mole between her shoulder blades. The high officers settled themselves and began to talk shop while the lone Yank listened closely. They exchanged opinions about a rumor that had been rife behind the lines for weeks. Allied brain trusters had been informed through mysterious channels that a very astute Potsdam secret agent had a finger or two in the Chateau-Thierry "pocket." Not *Fraulein* Doktor, because she had already been bagged. Not Mata Hari, because Mata

had already found out that the law of averages is not a thing to sneer at and had crossed the River Styx with a case of lead poisoning. Nevertheless, rumors had it that *Fraulein* Doktor had run a school for snoopers across the Rhine and that one or two of her pupils had graduated with high honors.

"Heard that Mata Hari had a sister," the square-jawed colonel said. "Swore she'd get even with the Allies. If a spy gets the real information regarding the position of American divisions in the Chateau-Thierry sector, the proposed drive will go to pot. Already things have happened that are giving Chaumont the jitters. Troops coming up have been getting bombed by Heinie planes. Camouflaged roads, too. How do they know where to drop those eggs, huh? Got to be careful what we say, y'know, Hamby. Spies might be anywhere in Paris. Can't drink too much, either. Might let somethin' slip that a Jerry agent would pick up. Well, here's the girls, Major. Nice to look at! Might as well have our fun tonight. Tomorrow we go back to the front."

Phineas dabbled with his dinner while the quartet were getting organized again. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the brass hat called "Hamby" pour out some more champagne. Both *mademoiselles* giggled as they sipped the fermented grape of their native land. A Frog waiter came over and placed a fish course in front of the blonde. Major Hamby leaned toward the colonel and began to trace something out on the table cloth with a pencil. He took time out to gulp some more champagne and then continued his scribbling.

"Yep, Colonel, right there—Third and Twenty-Sixth in region of Chateau-Thierry. Twenty-eighth with the French, same region. The second and fourth in reserve near Meaux, and the First is near Beauvais ready for use in ease of counter attack. The Ninety-First is arriving at Havre and the Eighty-Ninth is coming up from Brest. Now right here at Belleau Woods—"

"Oh, the bum," Phineas gulped, "if any Kraut snoopers—" He reached into his pocket just as he caught a glimpse of the blonde taking two quarters of a lemon from her plate and rolling them in her napkin. He got up and made a quick motion with his hand.

"Now, Major, better rub that diagram out," the colonel advised the other brass hat, "you've had a little too much. You—"

"Who me? Why I could drink your whole fam'ly un'er the—"

"*E-e-e-e-e-ek!*" One of the femmes shrieked and threw up her eating utensils. The fork came down

prongs first into the noggin of the colonel. The blonde fell over backwards and washed out a waiter who had been staggering along under a tray loaded with filet mignon. Another waiter took one look at the wriggling black spider, which was now the center of the stage, then he turned upon Phineas.

"I see heem, ze *chien!*" he yowled. "He ees ze wan! Gendarmes! ever-bodee, *ite! Ici!* Ah, you try to get away, *non?* I stab you weez ze—"

"Nuts to voose!" hollered Phineas and he started running. He had to swat the colonel who got in his way.

THE Boonetown Spad pusher on leave left the cafe via the kitchen and dived out into a dark alley. While all the whistles of the M.P.'s in the neighborhood were shrieking, Phineas emerged onto the Boul Miche just as a big car started away from a sidewalk oasis. Major Garrity's stormy petrel glued himself to the spare tire affixed to the rear, whereupon six A.E.F. cops and a squad of gendarmes commandeered adjacent Frog cabs. The big car accelerated speed and inside of two minutes the taxicabs were left behind as if they had been glued to the pavement. But near the mouth of a twisted, narrow street in the Latin quarter, the tire and Phineas Pinkham broke loose from the gas buggy. The Yank got to his feet and started to run when two gendarmes oozed out of a doorway and yelled for him to throw up his hands.

"Go fry a snail!" the fugitive hooted, and he legged it deep into Montmartre. He spotted a small alley, skidded into it. An open door yawned and invited him in. Phineas found himself in a dimly lighted hallway and from somewhere near came the sound of tinny music vieing with a muffled charivari of voices. Above both sounds the fleeing Yank could hear the shouts of the Paree cops. Phineas opened a door, dived through into a little room and barred the door behind him.

"What's the idea—bustin' in here?"

The Boonetown pilot turned on his heels. He saw a bosco who wore a loose blouse and a pair of velvet pants that flared out at the hips. A beret graced the fellow's head on the bias and he was pasting a small pointed black beard to his chin. Around his middle was knotted a crimson sash.

"What're you supposed to be?" Phineas gasped. "Mike Angelo?"

"I am an Apache dancer," was the reply. "Git outa here or I'll smack ya one!"

"Kiddin' me, huh? Apaches come from Arizona,"

Phineas snapped. "Anyways, I am in desperate straits and I want that play suit of yours, Monsewer. Comprenny?"

"Talk English, ya homely cluck. I'm from Brooklyn, Long Island, New York, U.S.A.—an' lissen: It's me foist night in this here jernt, see? I gotta be on in five minutes, see? Cops chasin' ya, huh? Well, ain't that just too bad! Ha ha ha! Beat it, ya mug, or I'll slap ya down. I ain't lettin' no tin soljer spoil me foist toin in dis jernt. I—"

SMACK!

ANY man can be wrong. Phineas Pinkham began stripping the pseudo-Apache without further ado. The Boonetown flyer had always prided himself on being a quick change artist of no mean ability but on that night of nights he outdid even himself. When the gendarmes pounded on the door, the imported Apache from Brooklyn was trussed up and gagged and lost in the depths of a closet along with the Pinkham uniform. Phineas pasted a small mustache and beard over the lower part of his facial assembly. He was spreading something over the freckles on his face when the gendarmes lunged in.

"Bon swar," he chirped. "Imagine seein' you bums icy. What ees thees you want, *non*?"

"Ah, *M'sieu*, ze Americaine officer," clipped one of the gendarmes. "He runs thees way, *oui*. Ah, *mon Dieu*, all Paree she ees chase ze peeg! Hemak' ze riot et—*excusez moi, s'il vous plait, M'sieu, oui*?"

"I'll think about it," Phineas chuckled as the door closed. "Well, it's a pretty kettle of eels I am in. I wish I was flyin' a Spad over the Meuse. Even if there was eight Krauts chasin' me, I would be a lot safer. Boys, what an Apache I make! Haw-w-w-w-w! Well, now to walk out an—"

He opened the door upon a corpulent Latin who stuck his prop boss in and husked: "*Vite, vite, M'sieu!* La Tosca she ees ver' mad, *oui*. Only wan minoot she wait, *oui*. Ah, *sacre bleu*, all ze bes' apaches zey join ze army an' I have to get ze Americain—*mon Dieu! Vite,*

M'sieu, you do ze dance weez—"

"H-huh? Ze dance? Aw cripes! Uh—er—oh, awright, I weel be right out in ze shakes of ze lamb's tail." The cornered Yank wiped away some sweat that had oozed right out through the grease paint. An apache dance! He had seen movies of one, that was all he knew about it. He recalled that the apache tossed a dame from one side of the room to the other, dragged her across the floor by the hair of her head, then swung her around a few times and let go.

Never had Phineas Pinkham been more homesick for Major Garrity's spread with Bump Gillis and the rest of the Spad nurses who made

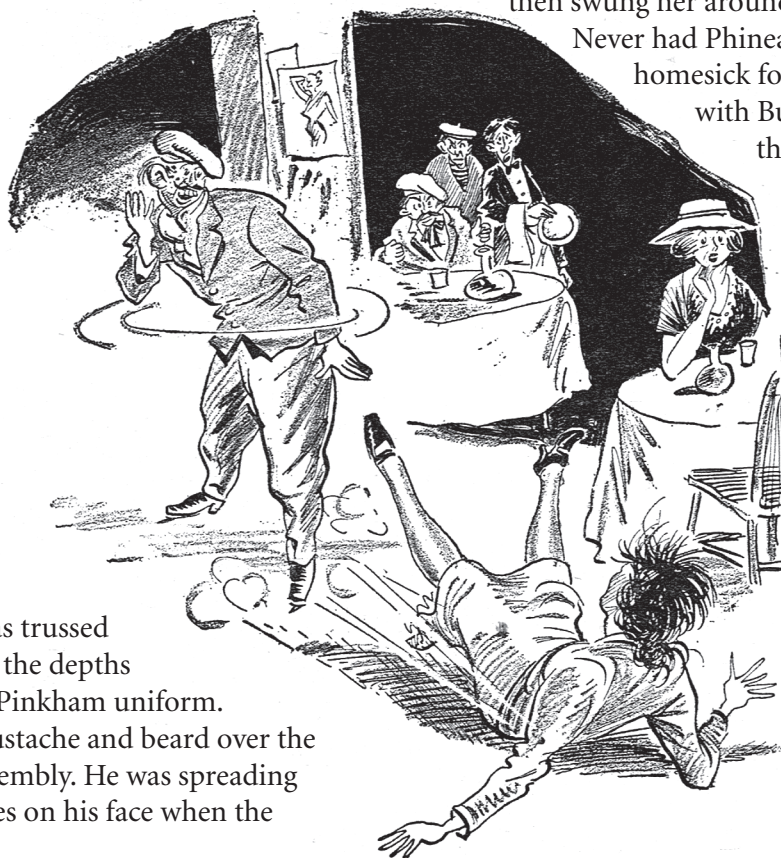
Bar-Le-Duc interesting for a professor of the arts of legerdemain, ventriloquism, practical joking, and the like. On shaking pins he went out of the room, gingerly walked down a corridor in his high-heeled patent leather boots, and finally emerged in a Montmartre hot spot that would make a murderer's den look like Little Bo-Peep's parlor. In the middle of the floor stood a girl, arms folded. She wore a red sweater and a skirt, quite short and tight. A cigarette

hung from her lips. Her black hair was pulled back over her ears and most of it hung loosely down her back. There was a nasty expression on the dame's face.

"So, *M'sieu*, you come!" she whispered sarcastically. "La Tosca she ees not lak' ze standup, *non*! Bah! Ze Americaine Apache! You spoil ze dance an' I steek ze knife in ze ribs. *Voila*!"

"Excelsior!" yipped Phineas as the crowd yelled for the doll-tossing to begin. He put his arm around the Frog spitfire and spun her like a top. Before she stopped spinning, he lifted her up like a sack of meal and started sliding across the floor. "Al-l-l-l-ly o-o-o-op!"

Phineas brought his dancing partner to the floor, set her undercarriage down with such gusto that the dizzy femme's teeth clicked like castanets. He dragged



her across the floor, tossed her into a heap near a table where a big Frog brass hat was sitting.

"Oh, you peeg!" shrilled La Tosca. "*Chien!* I geet up, I keel you. You keek La Tosca 'roun' lak' ze feetsball, *oui? Ai-i-i-i!*"

Phineas lifted her up by the hair of the head and let her drop again, and La Tosca emitted an "Ugh," her eyes starting from her head. When the Yankee novice of Terpsichore completed several more dizzy spins in the middle of the floor and let her loose from his grasp, her eyes were crossed. La Tosca skidded twenty feet sans sweater. Her partner of the dance was still holding it in his grasp.

"Haw-w-w-w!" he yipped. "Somebody toss her an overcoat. It is only her camisole she is in from the waist up. *Voila!* Eureka—*banzai!* Uh—eh—awk!" The Boonetown flyer's brain executed an Immelmann inside his cranium. Eight between the shoulder blades of La Tosca was a dark mole. "I am seein' spots in front of my eyes tonight," Phineas gulped. "It must be the coneyac I got on the Boul Miche. Huh, well—" La Tosca was now getting up, and he was preparing.

The dame wobbled a little but she was gripping a knife in one hand very firmly. She let it fly and the blade missed our hero by the thickness of a potato chip. By now the Frog gallery was getting into the spirit of the thing. Another knife—this time from the audience—took the Pinkham beret off, and one ugly Latin zealot tossed a *vin rouge* bottle.

"*Ze fakir—sacre bleu!*" howled a Frog strangle expert. "*Ze black beard an' ze light hair on ze tete, hahah! Keel ze chien!*"

La Tosca was now stalking Phineas Pinkham with another bread carver. "Pull out ze hair from *mon tete, oui?* You wave me 'roun' lak' ze flag, *non?* I cut off ze ears, Yankee peeg! I—"

A Yankee M.P. poked his head in the door and yelled: "We have caught up with you, Lieutenant, huh? You're under arrest, Pinkham! Throw up your hands—"

"Adoo, everybody!" howled the cause of it all as he dived through an open window. An exploding bottle of *vin blanc* sprayed him with giggle water as he went out. A knife twanged by his ear and a Frog cop out in the street caught the point of the blade on the buckle of his belt, thereby being saved from *hara-kiri*. Whistles blew again. M.P.'s howled, and Phineas started going places once more. He thrust his hand into his pocket three blocks away from the Apache den and took out a roll of bills. He waved them at a Frog taxicab pilot and

hollered: "All of this is yours, *mon ami*, if you get me out of here veet. Drive into an alley somewheres and hide. Veet, Monsewer!"

The Frog understood no English but he knew Frog banknotes when he saw them. Accordingly he stopped the hack and Phineas plunged into it. Taking the Pinkham roll, the cabby peeled off a franc note, saw that there was another one under it. If he had kept on peeling, he would have come to a flock of green and yellow certificates such as hide in each box of soap flakes put out by a certain American company. But he didn't.

Thrusting the bills into his pocket, the Frog drove deeper into Montmartre. Phineas pointed to a dead-end thoroughfare and the Frog nodded and drove his boiler into it. When he stopped, he folded up. Something had hit him.

"Sorry, *mon ami*," Phineas apologized. "It is another change I got to make. This hurts you worse than me, Gaston. In five minutes you'll be an Apache, haw-w-w-w-w!"

PHINEAS PINKHAM backed the Frog cab out of the blind alley, swung it around and headed for a street that he figured should get him out of the quarter. He emerged into a dimly lighted thoroughfare that looked very familiar. It should have. A sign hung over the door of a cafe and the big letters shouted right at the Yankee fugitive. *LE CHAT MORT!* Three gendarmes were chasing a man in the uniform of a Yankee flying officer right across the street in front of the *jilopi* driven by a fellow-countryman by the name of Pinkham.

"I tell ya I ain't an orfiser!" the fleeing Yank protested between gasps as he ducked swings from the Frog cop's truncheons. "I'm Mike O'Reilly from Brooklyn. A guy come in an'—cut it out or I'll bust somebody in the nose! I am a U.S. citizen who—ohh-h-h-h!"

"This is a hell of a *guerre*," Phineas moaned. "It is worse in Paree than on the front. There goes my best suit. Uh—er—why—" A couple standing out in front of the Cafe de le Chat Mort was waving at Phineas, hack driver pro tem. It was a Frog officer he had seen in the Apache den and the dame was none other than La Tosca herself. Phineas remembered that the Frog colonel was the one who had slipped that last bread knife to the nettled dancer.

"*Ici! Taxe-e-e-e-e! M'sieu! Taxi!*"

Phineas lowered his head into his collar, pulled the visor of his cabby headpiece down over his eyes. Then

he drove the hack up to the curb and the colonel and La Tosca got in.

"Drive until we say you stop on ze Rue de la Petit Cheval, *nombre neuf, oui. Vite, M'sieu! Comprenez vous Anglais?*"

"Non," muttered Phineas. "Nest pa trays bon, ossie, *Je suis de all sauce Lorraine, oui.*"

"Tres bien," the Frog colonel beamed and turned to La Tosca. "Zen we talk. Lemons zey are ver' high in ze price, *Ma'mselle*. None I fin' in all Paree. *Mon Dieu!*"

La Tosca snickered. "In ze bag I haff ze lemon, *mon brave, oui*. She mak' ze juice *assez, mais non?*"

Wham! Phineas had made a cushion shot off a lamp post, only managing to twist the wheel in the nick of time.

"Chien! Have ze care!" the Frog officer growled. "You want for we are keel in ze cold blood?"

Phineas mumbled something, his brain perking in high. Lemons, eh? A mole between a blonde Parisian's shoulder blades. And one also marking the upper spinal column of dark La Tosca.

"It is quite a coincidence," he said to himself as he

turned the cab into a side street at a gesture from the subject of his thoughts. "What a night! From a U.S. looey to a Frog Apache dancer to a hack driver in less than two hours. It's better than learnin' to play an orchestra in ten easy lessons. I—"

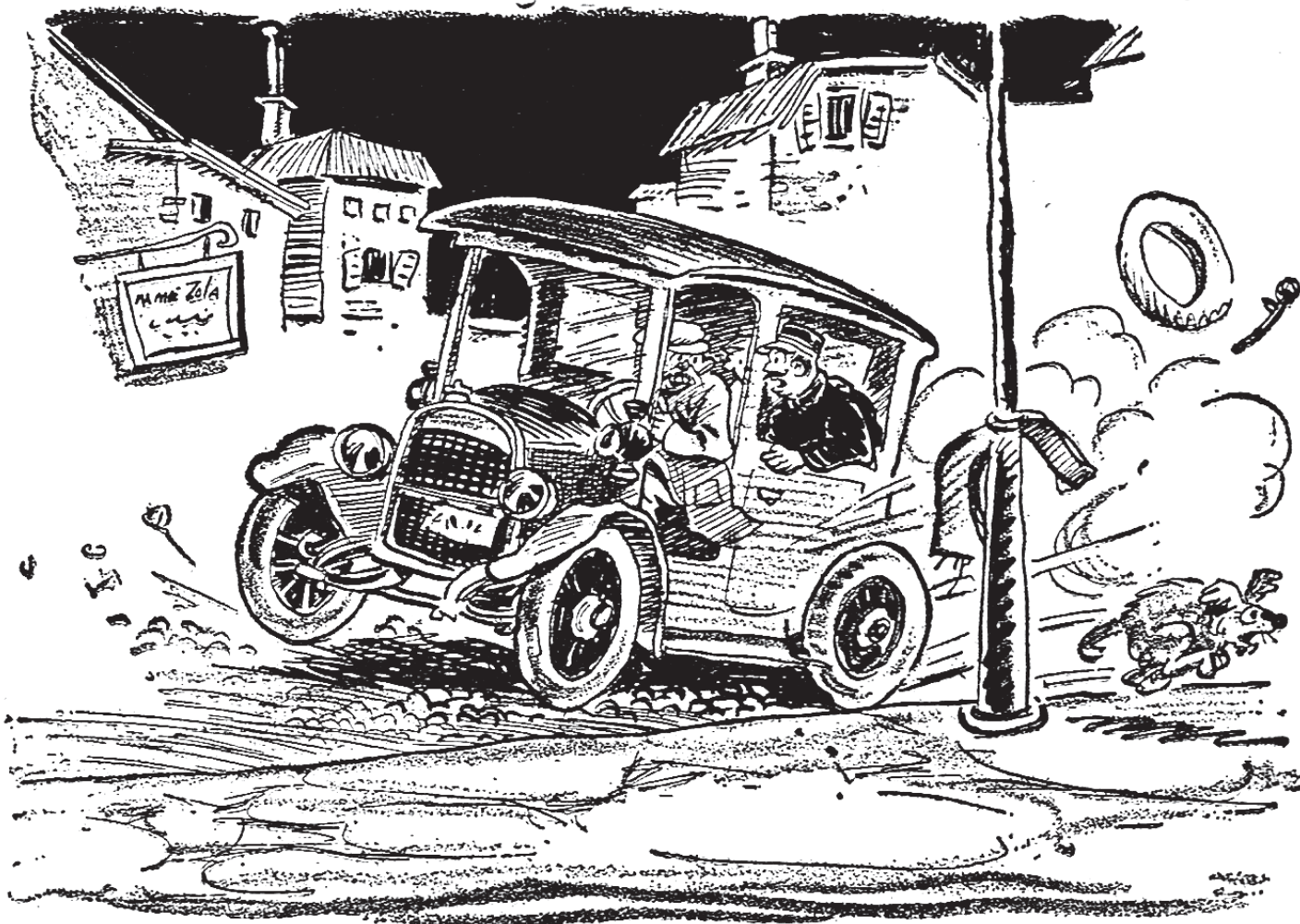
"We mus' hurry, Colonel," the Frog dancer said to her companion. "I mus' return to Le Chat Mort for a dance in one hour. The propaganda is going out tomorrow, *non?*"

"Ja—er yes," the Frog colonel said and Phineas almost climbed the facade of a bakery with his cab. "Together with what we already haff sent out, *ma petit*, it should be enough!"

The Pinkham brain was whirling faster than had the Pinkham undercarriage in the late Apache dance. He turned the cab into another street at the feminine passenger's direction.

La Tosca now said: "Bah, stupid *Americaines*, *tres dreenks* of ze champagne an' zey tell every'theeng, *oui*. Ze propaganda our friends zey read between the lines, *non?*"

"Ja, und der prisoners also read behind the lines, *mein liebs—*"



"Fool! You slip from the character, Colonel," La Tosca snapped. "This stupid driver might hear. You—"

"But thees ees ze good joke I mak', *oui?*"

"Krauts!" gulped Phineas and his scalp lifted. The trick spider had led him into skulduggery and no mistake. Suddenly La Tosca called a halt and pointed to a doorway. She tossed Phineas a banknote as he stepped on the brakes.

"You go now!" she said. "*Comprennez?* You go!"

"*Oui?*" said Phineas, grinning as though a great light had just dawned. He started up the wheezing hack and guided it around the block. Then he walked back to Number 9 Rue de la Petit Cheval, opened the door which was unlocked, and went boldly in. As quietly as he could he ascended a flight of rickety stairs at the top of which he saw another door. That one was locked, but there was a large crack in the panel and he planted a curious optic against it. He saw a place that looked like a printing shop and there were packages of printing matter heaped up on the floor against the wall. While he was taking in these details the voice of the man in the Frog uniform reached the acute ears of Phineas Pinkham. Then the miracle man from Boonetown, Iowa, saw the pseudo-Frog colonel rip open one of the packages and take out several sheets of printed matter.

"*Ja*, here *ist*, *mein Freund*. In the place where Allied propaganda *ist* printed, *non?* Ze Americain officer he shows me here around *ein—zwei—drei* times, *ja*. Listen, *mein Freund* what *der verdammt* Yangkees print for *der* Kaiser's soldiers. Ho! Ho! Questions for *der* German soldier! Vill you efer be as strong as you vas in 1914? Did your terrible losses bring *der* victory promised by your leaders? Haff you *der* slightest hope of victory in *der* future? Do you know your *Mudders und Faders* are starving yedt midout *der* food, also? How mooch longer vill you throw away lifes in *der* hopeless struggle? Hah! Here *ist der* figures dey print of how many Chermans haff been killed, too. *Und der* map shows *der* ground lost *und—Verdammt Amerikaners!*"

"Shut up, *Herr Klutz*," countered La Tosca's voice. "Geeve to me ze papers an' I weel write in ze lemon juice. Between the lines, so!"

"The bums!" Phineas yipped. "Well, a Pinkham is here to— Oh, that fat-headed Colonel! Wait until I see Pershin'. I—"

"By tomorrow, *Lieuschen*," the bogus Frog husked. "*Der* first batch should drop down ofer *der* lines by Neufchatel *und* Laon. Ha, *der* Yangkee flyers send

our offiziers news vhere they are at, *hein?* *Ach, das ist smardt, ja?*"

Phineas' spine jellied for a moment. He saw La Tosca take the two pieces of lemon from her bag and squeeze their juice into a small cup. When this was done she dipped in a pen and began to write on the printed papers that the Kraut spy had taken from the packages.

"I get it," the watching Yank sniffed. "Invisible ink. I read it in a book I've got. Smart, huh? Well, no idiots was weaned in the Pinkham homestead either. Play all you want to, you fatheads, as I will be waitin' when you stick out your domes. You'll wish you had that blonde wig on for padding when you step out, mone cherry. Mole on the fuselage, haw-w-w-w! She goes to the swell cafes to ogle the brass hats and get them boiled with giggle water. Then she comes down to dance with apaches and meets the dirty bum with the Frog soldier suit—boys, am I doin' Intelligence work!"

THE Boonetown jokester tiptoed down the rickety stairs looking for a weapon. Finally he pulled a loose rung out of the support for the stair rail. Then he returned to his post and waited. Hours seemed to hotfoot it past Phineas before that doorknob rattled.

Then the Kraut in Frog livery poked his head out. *KERWHACK!* He nose-dived to the floor and Phineas hopped over him to meet the goggle-eyed La Tosca.

"Bong sour!" yipped the Yank. "I will show you an apache caress that is a beaut, mone poteet! Lieutenant Pinkham has spoke!"

"Pingham? *Ach, Gott!*" La Tosca lapsed into her mother tongue at the shock. She tried to get at a Luger that was in her pocket. "*Das apache—das cab—Himmel!* I shoodt—"

KERWHOP!

"A Pinkham don't hit a dame without cause, lady, but you got to admit I was in danger," remarked the Spad pusher. He dragged La Tosca to a printing press and hunted for rope to tie the mumbling spy to the press. While he was trussing her up he kept up his chatter. "*Fraulein* Doktor taught you, huh? Your name must be *Fraulein* Interne, *mon ami*, as you wasn't quite ready to operate yet, haw-w-w-w-w!"

Phineas then dragged the male part of the snooping duo across the floor and tied him up as tight as traffic on the Rue de la Paix on a Folies Bergere first night. Then he took the bundle of printed matter and ripped it open. He put the top sheet into his pocket and tore the rest of them into small pieces which he tossed into a big waste container.

The Krauts had their marbles picked up by the time he had about finished his chore.

“*Verdammt Schwein!*” yowled the phony Frog. “Budt too late *ist* you for *der* propaganda vhat hass already vent oudt, hah!”

“Bummer!” yelled the disheveled *Fraulein*. “I shouldt haff killed you—I shouldt haff knew. *Der* trick mouse *und der* spider! Tricks, *hein? Ach, Himmel!*”

“It is never too late for a Pinkham,” Phineas flung back as he hurried out of the printing establishment. “Once I had an aunt who could pick up spilt milk. Adoo, mine froids. Oh-h-h, I must change again. I got to have your monkey suit, *mon ami*,” he said after a little thought. “I’ve got to untie you for a minute, but you will never know it, you Heinie bum!” Phineas picked up his wooden spindle and conked the Potsdam ferret over the cranium once more. Ten minutes later the Kraut, clad only in his underwear, was securely trussed up again and Phineas Pinkham was garbed in the Frog uniform. “Bye bye, Hans!” he cried and hustled out.

Back in his purloined cab, the Yank headed out of Paris post haste. He paused once on his way to Le Bourget to telephone Yankee headquarters at the Crillon. “Hello,” he said to the brass hat who answered, “this is Lieutenant Pinkham. Huh? Stay where I am? I’m under arrest? Haw-w-w-w! Three guesses—how will you find me? Listen, I have caught two Kraut spies. They are tied up at Number Nine, Rue de la Petit Cheval. They have been doctoring our propaganda with lemon juice writing. You will find the dame there with two hunks of a lemon in her bag. Get Major Hamby and tell him to look at the mole on the *Fraulein’s* upper back-bone. Adoo, sir, as I have to be on my way. Huh? I will get shot if you find me? Haw-w-w-w, I would dig for gold if I knew where there was a mother lode. Haw-w-w-w!”

As Phineas continued his drive toward the Frog air field Paris was in a turmoil. M.P.’s were running wild. Gendarmes combed Montmartre. But all they could find of Phineas was his uniform draped on the rebellious person of one Mike O’Reilly who insisted that he be released from the bastille so that he could get a boat back to Brooklyn.

It wasn’t long before Intelligence officers found the two prisoners where Phineas said they would be. Major Hamby felt a little bilious when he identified the mole on the back of *Mademoiselle* La Tosca, but he denied that the apache dancer was the playmate with whom he had been sipping the juice of the grape

in the Boule Miche. To himself, however, he admitted that she was one and the same. The bogus Frog demanded his release when nothing incriminating was found upon him. La Tosca hotly denied the charges of skulduggery against her and said that she carried the lemons with her to clean grease paint from her hands. The Yankee brass hats, however, advised the two connivers that they would be locked up until further word came from Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham.

MEANWHILE Phineas Pinkham, his Frog livery covered by the cabby’s coat, was arriving at the airdrome, where all kinds of Allied rolling air stock was at hand. He had donned a fake walrus mustache after his telephone call to the Yankee brass hats, but this he discarded along with his tattered overcoat and cabby skypiece when he got out of the hack several yards from the entrance to the air field. He paused and looked through the pockets of his borrowed tunic and brought out papers that told the world that the wearer of the martial duds was one Colonel Francois de Rochemont, French Intelligence Corps. Phineas turned his back for a moment on a squinting sentry and when he about-faced, he was wearing a new black pointed mustache under his big proboscis.

“It’s a good thing I happened to bring them pieces of face fuzz from Barley Duck with me,” Phineas grinned. “They don’t take up much room in a guy’s pocket—and oh how useful they are!” Then he strode toward the sentry and handed him the credentials.

“Veet, veet, *mon homme!*” he said crisply. The sentry offered no objections, so Phineas went out to the field. Soon he was demanding transportation to Epernay. Flying officers assured him that they would try to arrange for it. While they scurried to and fro the Boonetown exponent of everything that was not what it seemed spotted a trim Nieuport with guns peeping along its snout. The prop was whirling and three mechs were busy tightening wires and examining struts. A big searchlight stabbed at the sky. A plane came swooping in and Phineas felt the lure of the air lanes. His blood quickened and so did his step. He went to the Nieuport and legged into the pit while the ackemmas stood staring. Phineas gave the LeRhône plenty of pep juice and two of the grease monkeys made a leap for terra firma. The other hopped toward the pit—only to get a fist in his dental assembly. The Nieuport started tearing across the field and everybody started to holler.

An “alarm” communication hit the Operations

office on the drome just as the Frog fighting bus was taking off. It read:

"Keep close watch for man in French colonel's uniform. Thought to be Lieutenant Phineas Pinkham of American Air Corps. Wanted for assault, inciting riot, stealing taxicab, impersonating apache dancer, assaulting partner. Believed heading for your airdrome."

"*Mon Dieu!*" groaned the Frog C.O., and he clapped both hands to his head. "Pinkham! Wan time he han' me ze fire in ze seegar, *oui!* I watch for ze peeg. I—"

Another officer barged into the Operations office and yelled: "A Colonel de Rochemont have steal ze Nieuport. Look, *mon commandant*, zere he go! What I shall do, eh?"

"*Sacre bleu!*" screeched the C.O. "Lieutenant Peengham!" He plopped down but there was no chair and a thud accompanied his grunt. "Always she ees jus' too late. *Mon Dieu!*" He held his head in his hands, rocked back and forth.

A mech came in, tossed a small black object on his superior's desk, then saluted. "Ver' funnee ees thees, *mon commandant*. Ze mustache of ze *homme* she drop off, *oui!*"

"Ze joke, *oui?* So you theenk, *non?*" howled the Major from the floor. "Firs' I am rise up, zen I keeck you out by ze seat from ze pants! Funnee, *oui!*"

IT WAS just after dawn. At a two-seater squadron outside of Lucy, two Yankee pilots, bundled up in flying leather, were watching a couple of greaseballs load three bundles of propaganda into the pit of a D.H.4.

"Nutty, huh Mike?" said one. "Tossin' mail down to the Krauts. Tellin' 'em they better quit! What a screwy *guerre* this turned out to be!"

"I'm goin' to ask for a transfer," the other replied disconsolately. "This ain't no way to fight the Boche. We can git our pants burned easy carryin' bill posters. Figure it out. If we git shot down, what will the report be? 'Lieutenants Sully and Trollop, while dropping handbills on the Krauts, went west today over Fismes. Services will be held at the Congregational Church, if and when the corpses are recovered.' Huh! Well, come on, Joe, let's git over an' dump 'em an' try to git back."

"Yeah, try is right. I know a guy over near Bar-Le-Duc," said Joe, "and he flies a Spad. Maybe you've heard of him—Phineas Pinkham. That baboon would

laugh if he could see me now. Eight years ago I moved out of Boonetown, Iowa, but I ain't fergot him. He loaded some bonbons with soapchips once that I was takin' to a dame. I'd like to meet that bum just once before I go west."

The D.H. rolled out on schedule, lifted its trucks, and flew toward the palpitating Chateau-Thierry pocket. The crew looked down on the doughs digging in preparatory to the big push that was due to come off in a few days. The two-seater skimmed over Brecy, the pilot squinting aloft for signs of Boche. One by one, shellacked Frog hamlets slipped by under the belly of the droning D.H. Still no Boche.

Joe Sully peered overside at the ruins of a Frog village tagged Branges on the map. Mike Trollop, wedged in the rear pit with his bundles of scareheads for the Huns, suddenly let out a howl. He was sure he had seen a small speck coming out of the haze to the west. He could not make the pilot hear, so he took a heavy iron washer from his pocket and hit Joe on the head with it. The pilot swung his head around and Mike pointed.

Yes, it was a crate. A single seater coming in fast. Mike Trollop began to swing the Lewis on its Scarff mounting. He sent out a burst or two to make sure the piece of ordnance was in the pink. Now the D.H. was over Fismes and it skimmed along further into hostile ether. Mike began to get ready to kick a bundle of printed matter over the side.

In the Nieuport, Phineas Pinkham went full throttle at the D.H.4. He wagged his wings and dived under it. He zoomed and then came down to skim close over Mike Trollop's head. A burst of Yankee lead kissed the Nieuport's fuselage close to the tail assembly and the pride of the Pinkhams felt his heart gallop up into his throat.

"Listen, you bums," he yipped, "don't unload that—oh-oh-oh!" One package was already hurtling down and was beginning to disintegrate. Sheets of paper rained down on the Boche. The Boonetown patriot tripped his guns at the D.H., and the lead spittle chewed a lot of fabric up on the top wing.

In the two-seater Mike was trying to ask Joe why in hell a Nieuport should be trying to knock them off. "Oh, you dirty Boche fathead!" Mike yowled. "Stole a ship somewhere, huh? Well, we will show you! We'll—" He took another crack at the Nieuport and the wail of his Vickers blended with the chatter of his observer's Lewis.

Phineas had goose pimples all over his torso as he

tried in every way he could think of to make the Yank D.H. lay off the handbill dropping patrol. Suddenly his desperate brain clicked out a wild message. That was a two-seater. Aunt Agatha had written Phineas several weeks back that Joe Sully who used to go to school with him was in France near Lucy somewhere. Joe was an S. of P.I.F. of N.A.! Phineas figured upon giving his wild stab a try, so he hurled the Frog pursuit buggy down on the D.H. while the bullets pumping out of the latter threatened to send him galley west any second.

"Lucy, huh?" he tossed out as he maneuvered close. "That's where Joe would be, haw-w-w-w! His dame's name was Lucy." He raised himself in the pit and described a circle around the top of his scalp with a forefinger. Then he began to tap his lips with the flat of his hand in the manner of an Indian sounding a call to a scalp-lifting spree.

Joe Sully stopped shooting. He twisted around in his office and bellowed at Mike Trollop who was trying to get a bead on the rocking Nieuport. Joe sideslipped the D.H. and Mike swung his face toward the pit and cursed the pilot out. But Joe Sully was signalling for him to lay off and Mike's jaw dropped. When the two-seater was on even keel again, Phineas Pinkham was flying off its left wing about a hundred yards away. The Boonetown pilot pointed at the observer in the D.H. and shook his head. Then he made a gesture to Joe that told the pilot to get back to Lucy.

"Somethin's screwy," Joe concluded, "but I know my lodge sign when I see it." So he headed the prop boss toward the drome just as two Vons came knifing down from a top shelf.

Phineas Pinkham swallowed hard and held the Boche off until the D.H.4 had a good start for home. The Nieuport was groggy when Major Garrity's absentee made a run for the Yankee side himself. The crew of the two-seater watched him until he finally had shaken the Boche off. They watched the Frog ship head for the carpet with an aileron flapping like a hangnail. Joe Sully tagged the spot where Phineas was going to set his Nieuport down. Immediately Joe front-sticked and went down to see if he could be of any help in identifying the pilot. He was pretty sure that he knew who was in that Nieuport and he held his breath.

The scion of the Pinkham line did not land like a hen feather. He was a little uncertain as to who he was by the time Joe and Mike had dragged him out of the heap of junk and propped him up against the trunk of

a tree not far from a Yankee divisional headquarters. Officers and doughs came running.

"It's Pinkham, by Godfrey!" yipped Joe Sully. "I knew it. When he give me that lodge sign of the Sons of Pioneer Indian Fighters of North America, I was pretty sure. He was warnin' us about somethin', that's what. Maybe about them Boche. Mike, he looks a little alive. Hey, Phineas! It's Joe—Joe Sully. Remember?"

"H-Huh? Oh, h-hello, Joe," Phineas gulped. "Uh—er—lemme up. Where am I? Did you drop that propaganda, huh? If you did, we're sunk. We're—"

"Only one bundle," Mike said. "The others are in the crate pit. What in hell is the idea, you homely bab—?"

Phineas limped toward the D.H., scorning any help from the two-seater's crew. He was climbing to the rear pit to lift out a bundle of papers from it when he was dragged to the ground. Then he got slightly nettled.

"Listen, you bums," the Boonetown flyer yipped, "I've been through a lot tryin' to save the Allies. Now don't you try and stop me or I will bust somebody—that stuff has been doctored with invisible writing. Lemon juice. I caught the spies in Paree and nipped the second batch of handbills in the bud. Git some of them handbills out of both packages, take 'em to Lucy, and give 'em the heat test. It will bring out ink made of lemon juice. Oh, if you guys dropped the right package for the Vons, the brass hats better shake up all the divisions in the sector as—"

"Nuts!" barked a brass hat. "The crackup made him goofy."

"Nossir," objected Joe Sully. "He was warnin' us before he got washed out. We'd better do like he says, Colonel or—"

PHINEAS PINKHAM and the crew of the D.H.4 piled into a big car with three officers and tore at top speed to the town of Lucy. Soon they had two sample sheets of the propaganda subjected to the heat of a candle flame. One simply turned brown, but the other drew the goggle-eyed gaze of everyone in the room. Writing had appeared—writing that should not be there. A woman's script it was and it brought a triumphant chuckle from Pinkham.

"Look, you bums," he howled. "Am I right, huh? It tells where the Yankee troops are comin' from and the roads they will march over. *Wait!*" He took a crumpled sheet from his pocket, the one he had confiscated from the print shop in Paris. That, too, he waved over the candle a few seconds and then the evidence of Kraut

skullduggery was glaringly apparent. La Tosca had written “*2nd and 4th near Meaux. 1st near Beauvais ready for use in case of counter attack. The 3rd and 26th in region of Chateau-Thierry—*”

One of the brass hats mopped his pate and sat down weakly. “Gad!” he breathed. “That was a narrow squeak. Pinkham, you’ve sure saved this push. You’ll get yours for this.”

“Yeah?” retorted Phineas. “I wouldn’t be surprised. I assaulted an officer to start with; but he better not prefer charges, as I will just ask him at the court martial, ‘Do you know a dame with a mole on her back?’” Haw-w-w-w-w! “Well, I impersonated an apache dancer, a Frog hackman, and a Frog colonel, and I stole a cab and a Nieuport. I poked a couple of other bums in the chops, I disturbed the peace in Paree, and—well, I’ll think of some other things. But I got *Fraulein* Interne, or whatever her name is, and I saved the Yanks from—do you think that will make things fifty-fifty, huh Colonel?” He grinned broadly.

The word spread faster than rumor of a scandal in a fishing village. Into the Crillon in Paree, into G.H.Q. at Chaumont trickled the word of the Pinkham coup, and into the Bastille in Paris where La Tosca was learning that the jig was up. She finally admitted that she had been carrying on the work of *Fraulein* Doktor and that the boy in the underwear who was with

her was none other than Wilhelmstrasse’s A-l skull-duggerian, Kapitan von Klutz to the brass hats.

And so, *Herr Obersts* on the other side of the lines watched for messages from the *Fraulein* in vain and tramped up and down in their quarters chewing big chunks out of their knuckles.

Into the Operations office of the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, Major Garrity commanding, the news finally seeped. The Old Man reeled out into the big room of the farmhouse where the buzzards were munching on mess.

“Lookit!” Bump Gillis gasped. “The C.O. is havin’ a stroke. Git an aspirin, Goomer. Git—”

“Evenin’, men,” Garrity mumbled. “Ha! Ha! Pinkham . . . at Chateau-Thierry . . . brought in two Jerry spies . . . with lemon juice. Taxicab . . . an’ an apache dancer. With Pershin’ this minute—lookin’ over medals! Ha! Ha! An interne named *Fraulein* . . . she stole a cab. Run over with a Nieuport and stopped them from putting up handbills in Potsdam. Ha! Ha! Excuse me. In the wrong room. Sorry—very sorry.” The C.O. right-ruddered, shuffled back into his sanctum, and shut the door.

“Listen,” Captain Howell, leader of “A” Flight, hissed. “Quick, git an ambulance, Bump. I giss the reaction of not havin’ Pinkham around was too much for him. Poor ol’ tomatater. Step on it, Bump!”