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About 4000 words.
Customary rates.

" PICK UP FOR SUSPECT ARSON "

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It was during the war, when the bay was lined with shipyards working around the clock, and the housing situation had gone from the acute to the frantic stage. This particular hotel was just like dozens or maybe hundreds of others walk-ups in the city -- dingy old high-ceilinged rooms, upstairs over cheap stores; a low-grade flop-house, but low. Anyhow, it had been like the others until maybe an hour or so ago. Now it was different in lots of ways, one being the row of stiffs on the wet sidewalk out in front. There had been twelve of them to start with, but now the morgue people had whittled the number down a bit.

So, there stood what was left of the place, and there wasn't any too much of it, at that. The roof had gone in and the rooms in back had sagged down into the stores on the ground floor and there wasn't enough glass left in the windows to make an aquarium for a guppy. It looked sort of like a stage setting, all lit up the way it was by the glare from a searchlight truck. The fire was out and some of the companies were starting to pick up their hose out of ankle-deep water that was all full of floating cinders and gunk. Inspector Boyle, of Homicide, came out of the wreck of the front door with Paddy Martin from the

