

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony has returned from four years in China to London, and the apartment of his friend Billy Ross is a mess. Ross is nervous, irritable, fearful. And then the friends start down to Ross' father's country place for dinner and Ross' car is forced mysteriously into the ditch and Ross himself is seriously injured. Ross confesses that he knows who tried to murder him and that the man, as well as Ross himself, is a crook. He is hurrying to finish his story before losing consciousness.

## Chapter Two FANCY DRESS

"THE man behind the whole thing is Ambrose Lawson," he said in a strong, clear voice.

Ross' grip on Mahony's sleeve relaxed. He gave a faint sigh and lay still.

Far away in the distance a glow in the sky announced the approach of another car. Mahony rose to his feet. His obvious next move was to stop the approaching car. And then what?

If Ross were not dead already, he would probably die from his injuries. Mahony hoped that he was already dead. A man who had been a member of a dope-peddling and kidnapping outfit was better dead. He had no doubt whatever about that.

of anything like a complete recovery. Whatever happened Billy Ross would be a helpless cripple for the rest of his life.

TERENCE MAHONY was not a man who would strike the casual observer as being remarkable to look at. His age was twenty-six. He was of tough, stringy build, stood about five feet ten in height, weighed about 175 pounds, and was inclined to be careless what clothes he wore.

He carried himself with a slight slouch that made him look shorter than he really was. His eyes were grey, and very calm and unworried; his smile, though infrequent, was good-natured; his chin was obstinate; his hair was a reddish brown color and inclined to wave.

His manners were quiet and self-contained; when he was bored he was apt to show it by inattention. There were certain contradictions about him which puzzled, and sometimes annoyed, people with whom he came into contact. He was an excellent natural athlete, and had represented his school at football and boxing, and his county at lawn tennis, but he was incapable of taking any game really seriously.

From his father, an Irishman who had been Professor of English literature at a minor English university,



Billy Ross was still unconscious.

Yes, that was quite clear, as far as it went. But it did not go far enough. Standing there, waiting, Mahony thought of another Ross, Billy Ross as he had been four years ago, reckless, unstable, but generous and good-natured to a fault. The Billy Ross who had saved his life.

He knew perfectly well what he was going to do. He wasn't going to the police. If he went to the police with his story about Ross and Lawson, they would certainly believe the story about Ross, but it was not so certain that they would believe the part about Lawson, or even if they did believe it, they might not be able to get proof of Lawson's complicity in the dope trade.

Ross had wanted things hushed up for the sake of his parents, and Mahony proposed to see that his wish was carried out. As for Lawson and his associates, he would deal with them himself. It would give him something to occupy his mind before he went abroad again.

As the approaching car came nearer, he stepped out into the roadway and held up his hand. At the scene of the crash the car stopped; a couple of men sprang out and came running forward.

"What happened?" asked one of them excitedly. "Good heavens, what a frightful crash! Is anyone hurt?"

"Yes, I think my friend has been killed," answered Mahony quietly. "We burst a back tire and the car overturned."

He paused.

"There was another car just behind us, but it didn't even stop," he added.

The three of them got busy. Ross was lifted into the newcomers' car and taken to a hospital. Mahony telephoned to Captain Ross, telling him of his son's accident, and had a long interview with the police. The story that he told them was simply that a back tire burst at speed and the car overturned. After that he returned to the hospital to await Captain Ross.

At a late hour that night, Billy Ross was unconscious but still alive. There was, the doctors said, a faint chance that he might survive. But they held out no hopes whatever

he had inherited a love of reading. Sometimes, for long periods, he remained silent; at other times, with the most serious air, he talked the most fantastic nonsense.

If he made up his mind to do anything, he did not waste time talking about it; he simply set about doing it. He liked to make his own plans and act on them, and the opinions of other people did not worry him.

THE day after the smash he returned to London, took a couple of furnished rooms for himself, and removed all his things from Ross' flat. He also took the opportunity of going thoroughly through Ross' possessions in the hope of finding something which might shed light on his criminal activities. But he found nothing. One possession only of Ross', however, he took away with him—a fancy costume which Ross had intended to wear at the Cinema Ball.

That costume had arrived the previous morning, and Mahony had examined it with some curiosity. It was a long, brightly colored garment, with a colored head-dress, and was obviously meant to disguise its wearer as an Arab sheik. But, Mahony noticed, both robe and head-dress were lined with black and were made reversible, so that they could be worn equally well inside out.

Worn thus, with a slightly different arrangement of the head-dress, the costume transformed its wearer into a black-garbed, cowled monk.

He had asked Ross where, and for what reason, he had obtained such a curiously made costume, and Ross had become fidgety and irritable and had replied crossly that he didn't see anything curious about it and he neither knew nor cared where it had originally come from, he was wearing it because it had been sent along to him by a friend.

Recalling that Elia Little was to have been kidnapped at the Cinema Ball, Mahony connected the costume with the deed. He decided to attend the ball—and to wear Ross' costume.

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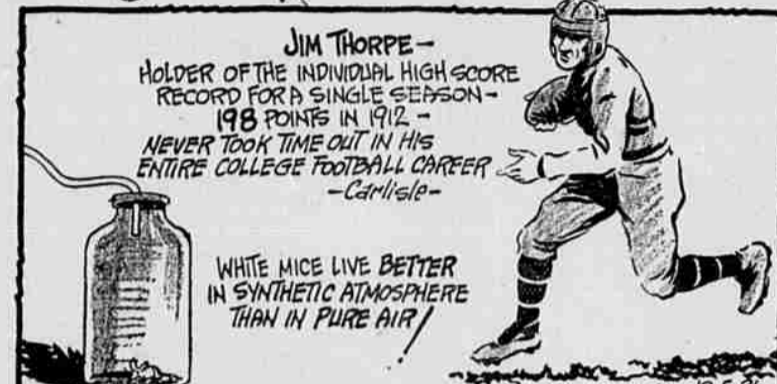
Mahony makes a call on Elia Little, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**JOHN V.**  
King of Portugal,  
PLUNGED HIS COUNTRY INTO FINANCIAL RUIN TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST SON... HE SPENT \$20,000,000 IN ERECTING THE FAMOUS MARTA CONVENT IN HONOR OF THE EVENT...



**JIM THORPE**—  
HOLDER OF THE INDIVIDUAL HIGH SCORE RECORD FOR A SINGLE SEASON—  
198 POINTS IN 1912—  
NEVER TOOK TIME OUT IN HIS ENTIRE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CAREER—  
—Carlisle—

WHITE MICE LIVE BETTER IN SYNTHETIC ATMOSPHERE THAN IN PURE AIR!

## The Most Costly Birthday.

Today, used as barracks for Portuguese soldiers, Marta Convent stands as a monument to the improvidence of a king—John V. of Portugal.

Vowing that he would convert his country's most humble monastery into the most magnificent upon the birth of his first child, King John fulfilled his pledge of six years after his queen gave birth to a boy.

The poor Franciscan friary at Marfa was chosen and on November 17, 1717, the first stone was laid for the structure that was to cost \$20,000,000 and employ the work of 46,000 men before its completion in 1735.

Portugal's national treasury, already shaky, collapsed on the expenditure of this amount and the nation was plunged into bankruptcy.

## Synthetic "Air."

So far as is known, no single gas will sustain animal life, according to J. Willard Hershey, noted chemistry instructor of McPherson College, Kansas.

In a series of painstaking experiments, in which he used various animals as subjects, Dr. Hershey found that the average animal died within a period of two to six days when liv-

ing in an atmosphere of pure oxygen. Possibly the most significant result of the experiments was the fact that white mice were found to actually show signs of living better in a synthetic atmosphere than in pure air itself! This atmosphere was composed of 79 per cent helium and 21 per cent oxygen.

"Iron Man" Thorpe.  
Jim Thorpe, rated as the greatest all-around athlete of all time, starred in running, kicking, passing and tackling in his four years at the Indian school, Carlisle. His entire football career lasted 20 years. After college, he became a professional.

Tomorrow: 4-Rail Railway.



# THE FAMILY ALBUM—BANG!

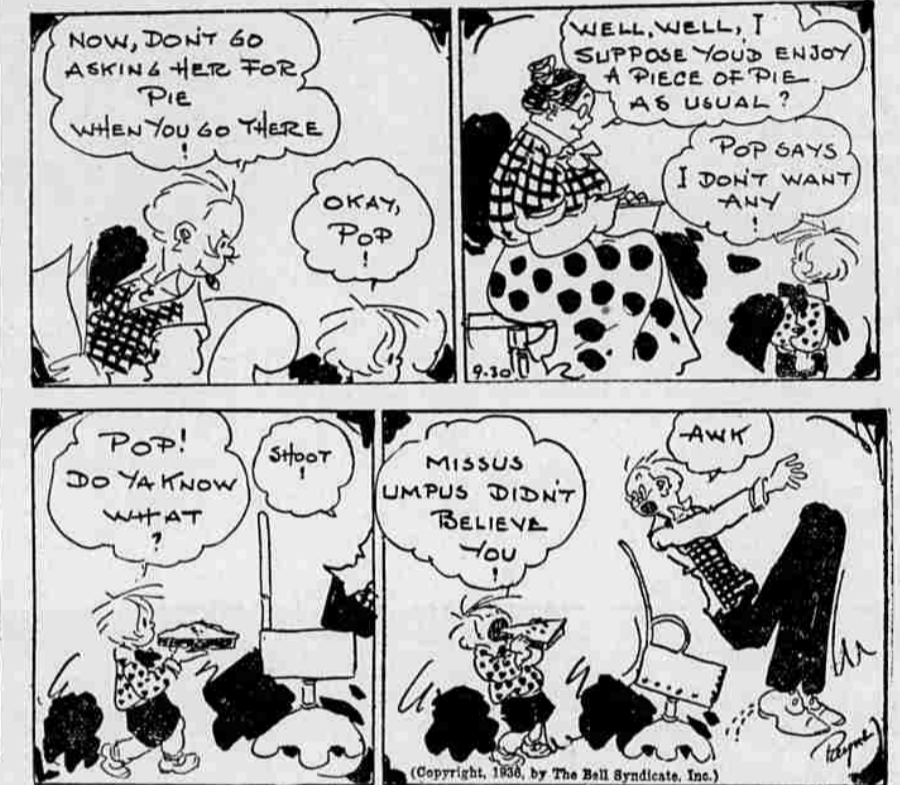
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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# SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Waiting for the Phantom Fokker!

By HAL FORREST



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Some Information

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBES—Lonesome and Blue

By SOL HESS



# AUGUST BUSIEST ON COAST AIRWAY

August was the busiest month in the 10-year history of the Pacific coast airway between Seattle, Medford and San Diego, with a total of 10,268 revenue passengers, 94,721 pounds of air mail and 86,466 pounds of air express having been flown over the route, it was reported by L. G. Devaney, field manager of United Air Lines here. The passenger total represented a gain of 4.5 per cent over July.

On the Pacific Northwest-Salt Lake division of United Air Lines' coast-to-coast route, 1768 revenue passengers, 41,966 pounds of mail and 7381

pounds of express were carried in August, also marking new records. Here the passenger gain was 8.3 per cent over July. On this division planes completed every mile of the 104,842 miles scheduled for them out of the company's monthly total of 1,623,726 miles.

For United's entire Pacific coast and coast-to-coast system, August figures showed 24,976 revenue passengers, 366,859 pounds of air mail and 178,000 pounds of air express, representing substantial increases over August of 1935 and approximately the same volume of traffic as that carried in July.

Lakeview Postal Site  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—(AP)—The treasury post office committee accepted today the proposal of Ira A. Thilington for property situated at Center and G streets, Lakeview Ore., for a new post office building. The price was \$3,000 for a plot 200 by 100 feet.