

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has come home from four years in China only to have his old friend Billy Ross seriously injured while the two of them were on their way into the country from London. Thinking he is dying, Ross confesses that he is one of a dope-kidnapping gang and that Ambrose Lawson is its leader. Mahony back in town is made curious by a funny dress costume sent Ross for wear at the Cinema Ball. Knowing an attempt may be made to kidnap Elsa Little, movie star, Mahony determines to attend the ball—and wear the costume.

Chapter Three CALL ON ELSA

TERENCE'S next vision, after changing his quarters, was to buy himself a car. He had returned from China with a sum of nearly fifteen hundred pounds, and he spent three hundred of this on a second-hand but tremendously fast sports car, which he bought with a guarantee that it would do eighty-five.



affair that—shocking. Obviously he was driving very recklessly."

This remark merely confirmed the opinion which Mahony had formed instantly—that Little was a pompous old fool. He turned to Elsa.

"I suppose you're going to the Cinema Ball tonight?" he remarked.

"Yes," she answered. "Though I don't want to a bit, after that horrible accident. Billy Ross was to have been in our party, you know. I tried to get out of going, but Mr. Lawson said it would be silly, and the company I work for wouldn't hear of my not going."

"Lawson was right," put in Little importantly. "Young Ross was no relation of yours, and the public have paid a guinea each for tickets to the dance, expecting to see you and other stars there, and you have no right to disappoint them. I don't wonder that the company insisted on your going."

"Are you going with Lawson?" asked Mahony.

At that Little raised his eyebrows slightly. But Elsa answered without hesitation.

"A man named Fordham is calling for me, and we're joining Mr. Lawson's party at the Albert Hall. Are you going?"

"No," answered Mahony untruthfully.

He paused.

"Who and what exactly is Law-

son?" he asked. "Where does he come from?"

Elsa's uncle looked slightly shocked.

"Lawson's a friend of ours—a very good friend," he said reprovingly. "He's an absolute first-class chap."

"Really," said Mahony.

He turned to Elsa.

"You like him, do you?" he asked.

At THAT question old Little's

eyebrows went up about half an inch. Evidently he thought the question highly impertinent. That did not disturb Mahony. He wanted information, and he did not care a hoot if old Little's eyebrows went right up through the ceiling.

Elsa hesitated, laughed, and shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Well, yes, I think he's all right. He's rather an extraordinary man, you know, terribly clever. There doesn't seem to be anything that he can't do. He speaks about four languages, and he's good at sports, and he's a marvelous musician."

She hesitated again.

"I don't think I altogether rave about him," she said judicially. "But he's been very nice to us."

"Nonsense, Elsa; you shouldn't say things like that; you know you like him," put in her uncle in rather annoyed tone. "Every one likes Lawson. He's most popular."

The door of the room opened.

"Did I hear my name mentioned?" asked a voice from the doorway.

A tall man of about forty stood on the threshold. He was strikingly good-looking. His hair was dark, with a central parting; his eyes were dark, with a slight upward slant to them; his features were clear-cut and keen; his lips, slightly parted in a smile, revealed a glimpse of singularly white and perfect teeth.

His clothes were beautifully cut and he wore them with an air of distinction. For a moment he stood quite still in the doorway, almost in the manner of an actor who pauses for a moment, after his first entrance on to the stage, in order to give the applause time to subside.

"I found the front door unlocked so I walked in," he said.

"Of course. That's all right, my dear chap; we're very glad to see you. Let's see, you've met—"

"How nice of you to call," she said. "You'll stay to tea, won't you?"

VINCENT LITTLE frowned, and cleared his throat slightly. He did not want Mahony to stay to tea. He disapproved of the manner in which Elsa became friendly with young men without making the least enquiry into their wealth or social position. While he was proud of Elsa's rise to stardom, he deplored the fact that her association with the film world brought her into contact with a great number of people who had never played polo or hunted in their lives.

Still, as Mahony was staying to tea, he supposed he ought to talk to him.

"Let me see," he began rather patronizingly. "You're a friend of young Ross, aren't you? A shocking

road at a cost of \$6000. H. C. Goldsmith was granted a \$3000 permit to build a residence and garage at 1610 East Main street, and Herman L. Ekerson was issued a permit to build a home and garage at 42 Groveland avenue at a cost of \$3000.

Helen Dixon, 526 West Tenth street, will build a residence at a cost of \$1000, and Arthur L. Brown will build a residence at 845 West 13th street at a cost of \$900.

Repairs to residences accounted for \$2925 of the total, most of that amount to go for re-siding and minor repairs, as well as for fire damage. Only \$850 of the total is to go for repair to business houses, and there were no permits issued for construction of business property during the month.

The Atlanta Crackers, winners of the 1936 pennant in the Southern Association, held first place throughout the season.

The largest single classification was \$12,500 to be spent on five new residences. A permit was granted Dr. W. G. Bishop to construct a residence and garage at 2903 Hillcrest

Building permits in Medford keep steady increase

Building permits for the month of September showed continuation of the rise that has marked the building situation in Medford for most of the 1936 year, with a total of \$17,705, as compared to \$15,068 for September, 1935, and \$7119 for September of 1934.

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See Mail Tribune next ads.

MANY SIGHTSEERS AT BANDON OVER SUNDAY

BANODN, Oct. 4—(AP)—Sightseers from all sections of the state

drove through here Sunday to view the result of last week's disastrous forest fires.

Cars were allowed to travel over a designated route.

Although Saturday night's rains eased off a bit Sunday, the outlook for continued wet weather was good. Hundreds of CCC workers continued

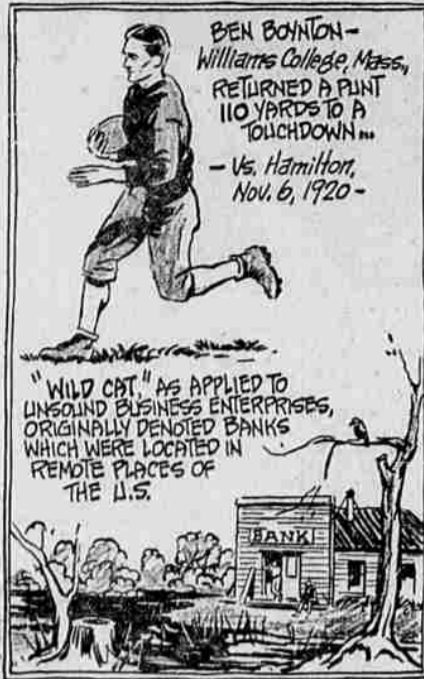
to patrol the fire lines and build protective trails.

Big and Lit (for Little) Durham, South Carolina footballers, are twins. Both won four letters in each of three sports in high school: Football, basketball and track.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



BEN BOYNTON—
Williams College, Mass.,
RETURNED A PUNT
110 YARDS TO A
TOUCHDOWN...
—Vs. Hamilton,
Nov. 6, 1920—

"WILD CAT" AS APPLIED TO
UNSOUND BUSINESS ENTERPRISES,
ORIGINALLY DENOTED BANKS
WHICH WERE LOCATED IN
REMOTE PLACES OF
THE U.S.

THE 4-RAIL
RAILWAY...
LAID TO CARRY
NARROW STANDARD AND
BROAD GAUGE TRAINS,
TRACKS OF THE DELAWARE
AND HUDSON WERE COMPOSED
OF 4 PARALLEL
RAILS...



THE BOY WHO PLAYED HAMLET!

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY—
AT THE AGE OF 11,
TOOK THE SHAKESPEARIAN ROLE IN A
PROFESSIONAL COMPANY AFTER HAVING
LEARNED IT IN 3 HOURS...
AT 13 HE WAS RECOGNIZED AS THE
GREATEST TRAGEDIAN OF HIS TIME!
—England, 19th century—

Betty as
"Young Hamlet"
in "Douglas"
—from an old engraving

The Boy Tragedian.
Born on September 13, 1791, at Shrewsbury, England, William Henry West Betty made his first appearance on the stage at the age of 11 in an English version of Voltaire's "Zaire." Chosen a short time later for the role of Hamlet with a professional company, the youthful actor learned his part, the longest in the play, in the astounding time of three hours. So successful was his performance that overnight he became acclaimed as one of the greatest Shakespearean actors of his time.

Honors and riches were showered upon "the boy wonder of the stage." Recognized by critics as the world's greatest living tragedian, Betty was presented to the Queen by George III himself. On one occasion the prime minister, William Pitt, adjourned the house of commons so the members might be on time to witness Betty's portrayal of Hamlet.

Retiring at 17 for an education at Christ's college, Cambridge, Betty sought to renew his stage career four years later. Strange as it seems, he was a complete failure. He again retired to spend the rest of his days living comfortably on the huge fortune he had made as a boy.

"Wild Cat" Origin.
During the early 1800's, unscrupu-

lous American bankers set up banks in undeveloped regions of the country, almost uninhabited except for wild beasts.

Called "wild cat banks" because of this, their operators issued notes on them and folded these off on the unsuspecting public in exchange for cash and sound bank notes. Few of the notes were ever redeemed for seldom did any of them find their way back to the remote regions where they were issued.

3-Gauge Railway.
In the years before the standardization of American equipment, many of the railroads were built to accommodate three different gauges of rails. Such was the Delaware & Hudson railroad.

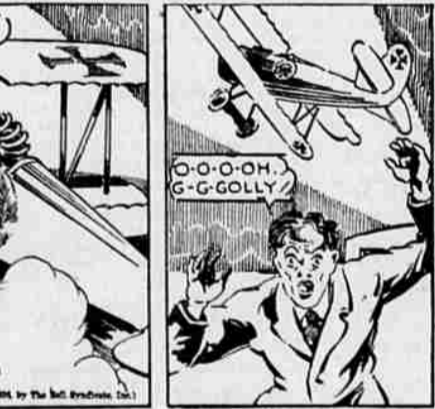
TALSPIN TOMMY—The Third and Final Warning!



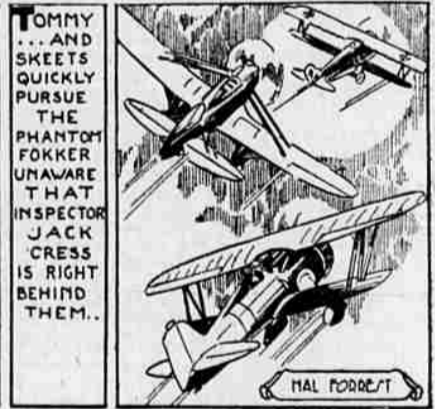
THE PHANTOM FOKKER HAS RETURNED FOR ANOTHER GHOSTLY VISIT TO THREE-POINT AIRDROME. BUT THIS TIME A TRAP HAS BEEN LAID TO CAPTURE IT. IN A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE FIELD, TOMMY SITS IN HIS PLANE... READY FOR FLIGHT. UNKNOWN TO TOMMY, ANOTHER FAST PLANE, MANNED BY A DEPARTMENT INSPECTOR, IS WAITING IN THE AUXILIARY FIELD ACROSS THE HIGHWAY...



G-G-GOSH... IT'S THE PHANTOM FOKKER... TELL CAPTAIN PAUL SMITH THIS IS THE THIRD... AND FINAL WARNING... FROM COUNT VON HOCHT...



O-O-O-OH... G-G-GOLLY...



TOMMY... AND SKEETS QUICKLY PURSUE THE PHANTOM FOKKER UNWARE THAT INSPECTOR JACK CRESS IS RIGHT BEHIND THEM...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A "Full Blower"



—AND WHILE MRS. PETTY, BLESS HER FOR THE LOVELY GIRL SHE WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO COME MICHAELMAS, BREWS A BIT O' TEA, (I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW OF JERRY KINLEY—



JERRY WAS A LOVELY BOY, A LOVELY, LOVELY BOY! BRIGHT AS A NEW CROWN, GENTLE AS A DOVE, BRAVE AS A LION, TRUE AS CHILLED STEEL—AND HE RAN AWAY BECAUSE HE JUST GOT TIRED O' BEING AN ORPHAN—

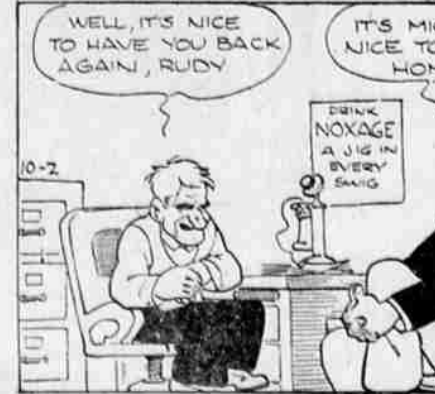


—AND DON'T GAV I DIDN'T KNOW HIM— DIDN'T OLD PERCY, THE GAME BEING ME, BRING HIM AS A CHERUB O' THREE FROM THE EMPIRE HOSPITAL WHERE HIS LOVELY MOTHER WAS—



—WAS WAFTED TO HEAVEN ON THE WINGS O' THE ANGELS—FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I MET THE INFANT HE WAS A FIFTY PER-CENTER, BUT WHEN I TOOK HIM IN MY ARMS HE WAS A FULL BLOWER!

THE NEBBS—Ingrate



WELL, IT'S NICE TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN, RUDY



IT'S MIGHTY NICE TO GET HOME



IF YOU HAD BOUGHT THAT FISH YOU SENT ME A FEW DAYS BEFORE I COULD HAVE GIVEN YOUR ADDRESS TO FANNY AND YOU COULD HAVE MADE THE TRIP



I DON'T FEEL LIKE I MISSED ANYTHING! I DON'T FIT INTO THAT BUYING THAT FISH! THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR A GUY SITTING OUT IN THE HOT SUN CATCHING A BIG FISH AND SENDING IT TO YOU PREPAID

AND ANOTHER THING SWIMM I DON'T LIKE THAT CRACK ABOUT BUYING THAT FISH!

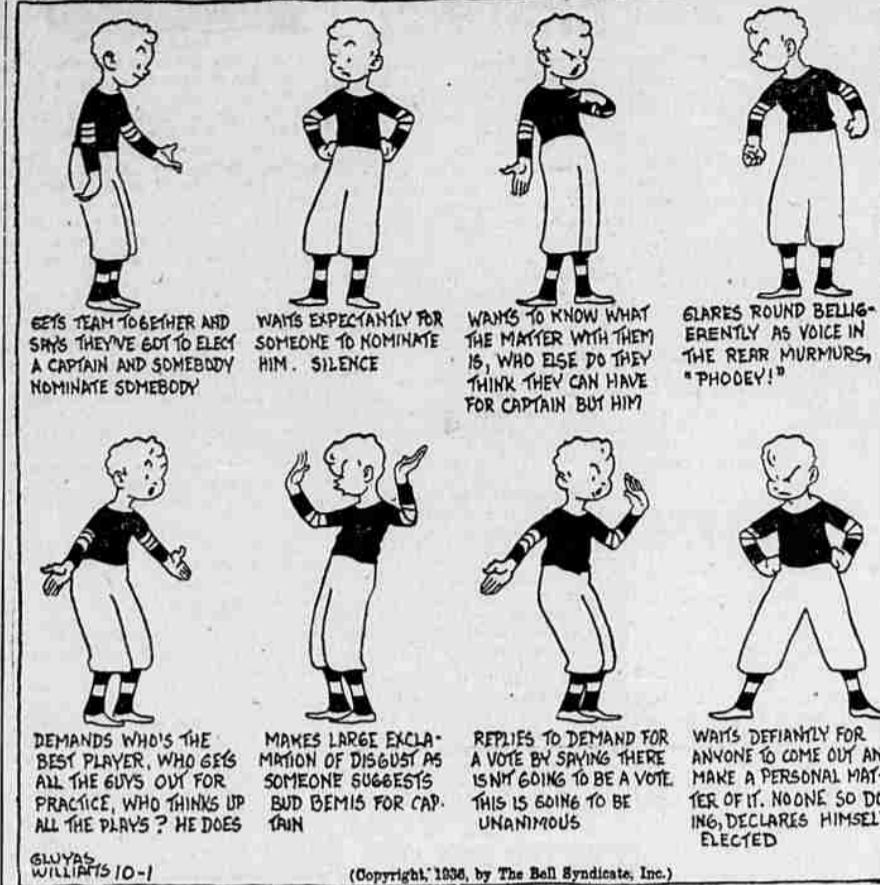
THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME— NEXT TIME YOU GO FISHING SEND A SPRING CHICKEN— I DON'T CARE FOR FISH

DRINK NOXAGE A GIG IN EVERY SWIG

See Mail Tribune next ads.

ELECTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GETS TEAM TOGETHER AND SAYS THEY'VE GOT TO ELECT A CAPTAIN AND SOMEBODY NOMINATE SOMEBODY

DEMANDS WHO'S THE BEST PLAYER, WHO GETS ALL THE GUYS OUT FOR PRACTICE, WHO THINKS UP ALL THE PLAYS? HE DOES

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-1

WANTS EXPECTANTLY FOR SOMEONE TO NOMINATE HIM. SILENCE

MAKES LARGE EXCLAMATION OF DISGUST AS SOMEONE SUGGESTS BUD BEMIS FOR CAPTAIN

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-1

WANTS TO KNOW WHAT THE MATTER WITH THEM IS, WHO ELSE DO THEY THINK THEY CAN HAVE FOR CAPTAIN BUT HIM?

REPLIES TO DEMAND FOR A VOTE BY SAYING THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A VOTE. THIS IS GOING TO BE UNANIMOUS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-1

GLARES ROUND BELLIGERENTLY AS VOICE IN THE REAR MURMURS "PHOOEY!"

WAYS DEFINITELY FOR ANYONE TO COME OUT AND MAKE A PERSONAL MATTER OF IT. NOONE SO DOING, DECLARES HIMSELF ELECTED

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-1

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



AMBROSE, WHAT IS AN INCUBATOR?

OH, H, YA DON'T KNOW?

WAIT, I'LL TELL YA IN A SECCOND!



INCUBATOR— THAT'S WHERE INK COMES FROM!

OH



WHEN YA DON'T KNOW A WORD, JUST FIGGER OUT HOW IT SOUNDS

THEN YA GOT IT!

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By EDWIN ALGER



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By SOL HESS



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