

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has learned that an attempt is to be made to kidnap his wife, Mrs. Little, at the cinema ball. Terence knows that Ambrose Lawson, a friend of the Littles, is behind the plot. So he goes to the ball, tells the Littles through a clear vase, and then turns on the kidnappers and rescues Elsa. Meanwhile Lawson has announced Elsa's disappearance to Mr. Little, and Little has called the police. A knock is heard at the Little door.

Chapter Seven MURDER

MR. LITTLE left the room. Lawson waited. His dark eyes were glowing, and his fists were tightly clenched. All his muscles were taut with suspense. From inside the study he heard the front door open. Mahony's voice sounded in the hall.

"I've brought Miss Little home. She's unconscious. But I don't think there's much wrong with her."

Lawson's tensed muscles relaxed. Now he knew the worst. In the hall he heard Mr. Little's voice, hoarse and indignant.

"What does this mean? What have you been doing to her? Elsa! Elsa! ... What's the matter with her? Has she been hurt?"

Through the slightly open doorway Lawson could see a black-garbed monk in the hall, with Elsa in his arms. So that was what Mahony had done—pretended to be one of his own men. In that case he had probably carried out this business single-handed. And if so, there was hope for him yet.

He glanced around him quickly. Hanging over the mantelpiece was a small, sharp-pointed, ornamental dagger. He picked it up and crouched against the wall of the room, just inside the doorway.

Mahony saw the light in the study and made for the study door.

"She was kidnapped by your friend Lawson," he said grimly. "I managed to get her away from his clutches. Now for heaven's sake stop squawking; pull yourself together and try to be useful."

He thrust open the study door with his foot, entered the room, and crossed to a small sofa. He did not see Lawson crouched against the wall. Mr. Little entered almost immediately behind him.

"Lawson!" he exclaimed in an incredulous tone. "Lawson! I don't believe..."

His voice died away abruptly in a choking gurgle as Lawson's knife slid neatly into his back below the shoulder blade, piercing to the heart.

Mahony heard Mr. Little gasp as he was laying Elsa down on the sofa. He turned quickly, just in time to see the back of a tall figure vanishing through the doorway. The door slammed to as Mr. Little, already dead, subsided in a heap on the floor.

Mahony stepped quickly forward and bent over Mr. Little. The hilt of the knife sticking out of his back made clear what had happened. The front door of the house slammed. From outside came the sound of a car engine accelerating. The sound faded.

Mahony withdrew the knife from Mr. Little's back, found some brandy, and tried to revive him. But a couple of minutes effort showed him that it was useless, and he abandoned the attempt and passed to consider what his next move should be.

Again the front door-bell rang shrilly.

"Oh, damn!" said Mahony, and went to the window and looked out. On the front door-step stood a policeman.

From the sofa came a long, shuddering sigh. Elsa moved slightly; she stretched out her arms in the manner of one awaking from sleep and opened her eyes wide. The sound of a movement from Mahony caused her to look in his direction.

As yet she had not fully recovered from the effect of the drug; she had a dazed, sleepy look. Her blue eyes, wide open, stared at Mahony's masked, cowed figure with a bewildered question in them. She hardly seemed to know where she was, or how she got there.

The front door-bell rang again. Instantly, Elsa looked away from Mahony towards the door. Her glance encountered the still, ghastly form of her uncle lying stretched out near the door. The knife, bloodied up to the hilt, was by him on the carpet.

and dismay. Then her mouth opened wide; she was about to shriek.

Mahony sprang forward, grabbed her two wrists, and shook her slightly.

"No, stop it; you're not to," he said in a commanding voice. "Shrieking won't help."

She did not shriek. She did not even struggle.

"Let me go," she said. Mahony let go her wrists, and she rose from the sofa and dropped to her knees by her uncle's side. She still had a dazed air. Over her uncle's body she looked at Mahony.

"You... you've killed him," she said in a low voice.

"No I haven't," began Mahony.

Again there was the sound of a car drawing up outside the house. Mahony broke off his speech abruptly, cursing himself for a fool. What the devil was the good of hanging about trying to explain things? His only sensible course of action would be to get away as quickly as possible.

Elsa would certainly remember having been kidnapped by a masked



"Lawson!" Little exclaimed incredulously.

man dressed as a monk. He himself was masked and dressed as a monk, and her uncle was murdered. It would be impossible to explain his presence in the room and clear himself of a charge of murder without telling all he knew about Billy Ross.

And even if he told all he knew about Ross, there was a good chance that he would not be believed, for he had no proofs of his story.

The front door-bell began ringing again. Mahony wasted no more time arguing with Elsa. He ran across the room, wiped the dagger quickly on his robe, opened the door, crossed the hall quickly, and opened the front door of the house.

On the front door-step, stood a constable. Another man had just got out of a car and was mounting the steps to the front door to join him. By the light that streamed from the open door, Mahony recognized the new arrival as Lawson.

"Hallo!" said Lawson in a surprised voice. "Who are you? And where's Miss Little?"

His intention obviously was to pretend that he knew nothing of Elsa's deliverance from the kidnappers or of her uncle's murder.

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Inspector Kennedy takes charge of the Little case, tomorrow.

Inclement weather and rising temperature slackened the advance in some districts," he replied, "but the increase over the previous week's showing ranged from 2 to 7 percent."

Percentage increases over 1135 in the major geographical areas included: Pacific coast, 12 to 20.

CORN AND WHEAT PROSPECT SHOWN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—(AP) The department of agriculture reported today the corn crop, severely damaged this year by the drought, would be 1,609,382,000 bushels, as indicated by conditions October 1, and announced the preliminary estimate of all wheat production as 827,232,000 bushels.

While coming too late to benefit many of this year's crops, rains during September increased the prospective potato crop by 10,000,000 bushels and the corn crop by 51,000,000 bushels.

Production of other crops as indicated by October 1 conditions, was announced, including pears, 23,936,000. Last year 22,035,000 bushels. Apples, 104,842,000. Last year, 107,283,000 bushels.

ASTORIA, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Walter Raulto, Seaside, suffered amputation of his right leg at a hospital here today after an accident at the M. & M. logging camp Thursday in which a tractor crashed into a stump, crushing his foot.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

and brought into the president's camp for that purpose. Inspired by the story, Clifford K. Berryman, well known newspaper artist, drew a cartoon labeled, "Drawing the Line in Mississippi," showing Roosevelt with uplifted arm refusing to kill a small bear attached to a rope.

So similar in appearance was the cartoon's bear and the recently introduced "rag bear" that the two became popularly associated. Linked with the president's nickname, the toy soon came to be known as the teddy bear.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE TEDDY BEAR WAS NAMED AFTER A U.S. PRESIDENT—THEODORE "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT...

FREDDIE MULLER—Seattle Indians, WAS A MEMBER OF 3 DIFFERENT BASEBALL TEAMS IN 3 DIFFERENT CITIES, IN 3 DIFFERENT STATES, ON THE SAME DAY!
Boston Red Sox, New York Yankees, Newark Bears, May 15, 1934

ONLY 2 1/2 OUNCES OF FUEL ARE REQUIRED TO HAUL A TON OF FREIGHT ONE MILE IN THE AVERAGE TRAIN

JONAS F. BURCHAM—75 YEARS OLD, HAS BEEN LIFE GUARD FOR THE MUNICIPAL SWIMMING POOL AT BLAIR, Neb., FOR THE PAST 4 YEARS... HE HAS SAVED OVER 100 PERSONS!

10-10-36 St. Joseph, Mo. Septuagenarian Life Guard

In a treacherous undercurrent of the Elkhorn river. Naming the Teddy Bear. "Mother of the teddy bear," Margaret Steiff, a crippled German dressmaker, devised the toy in 1888 from left-over materials. Imported as a "rag bear" to the United States in 1902. It was received with open arms by the nation's children. Later in the same year a news dispatch from Bismarck, Miss., gave a humorous account of how Theodore "Teddy" Roosevelt, engaged on a hunting trip in the locality, had refused to shoot a small bear, captured

Monday: Life In Death Valley!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY GOT IN A PICKLE WHEN, ACTING AS PEACE MAKER, HE TOOK THE DOLL AWAY FROM THE GRIGSBY CHILD WHO HAD JUST REDUCED THE PLUMER GIRL TO TEARS BY WRESTING IT FROM HER, AND DISCOVERED SOON AFTER BOTH CHILDREN HAD FLED HOME WAILING, THAT THE DOLL BELONGED TO THE GRIGSBY GIRL

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SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

SINCE LAST WEEK, I'VE GROWN 'BOUT A INCH

GROWN!

WHAT THA?

OO-OO-OO-OO! SMATTER POP, HOW COME YA AAST HIM TO GROWN?

OO-OO-OO-OO!

Monday: Life In Death Valley!

By HAL FORREST

WE'LL BE PREPARED... JUST THE SAME... IN CASE HE DOES HE'.

VERY LOW CEILING, PAUL... I DOUBT IF HE'LL TRY TO LAND.

WE'LL BE SNARED PLENTY, SKEETS, IF HE HITS THIS CABLE

BE READY TO DROP IT QUICK, TOM... IF A TRANSPORT LANDS

IT'S JUST FLEVEN FIFTEEN O'CLOCK, HERB

WE'LL KNOW IN JUST... ONE MINUTE... IF THIS PHANTOM IS FOOLING OR NOT

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Mystery Grows

AFTER THE BABY'S PITCHER WAS TAKEN, AN' THE NEWS SPREAD TO THE FOUR WINDS, THE ORPHANAGE WAS CALLED TO TAKE LITTLE JERRY IN HAND AN' THAT'S WHERE I COME IN-

I WENT ON THE DOUBLE-QUICK AN' JUST IN TIME TO HEAR THE GAD NEWS O' THE LOVELY MOTHER'S PAGGIN-

WELL, LITTLE JERRY GREW UP UNDER MY WING, GO TO SPEAK—WE WAS CHUANG 'TIL HE LIT OUT-AN' FROM THAT DAY TO THIS, I'VE NEITHER SEEN NOR HEARD A BLESSED THING ABOUT HIM-

GO OLD PERCY COMPLETED HIS STORY, YET AT THAT VERY MOMENT AT THE ORPHANAGE-

WHY, MR. TUTTLE-

THE SAME, MRS. JIMMY, AND DESIRING TO TALK TO YOU ON A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE!

EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Kitchen Philosophy

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GUY, NEBB? I SAID, 'GOOD MORNING,' AND HE DIDN'T EVEN GRUNT AN ANSWER, AND HERE IS YOUR HAM AND EGGS BACK NOW HE WANTS MILK AND CRACKERS.

HE'S MAD AND JEALOUS ABOUT HIS WIFE 'CAUSE SHE WENT ON THIS YACHT TRIP—HE LEFT HERE IN A HUFF AND HE THOUGHT WHEN HE GOT HOME, SHE'D BE HERE TWIRLING HER THUMBS

BELIEVE ME, I WAS LUCKY WHEN I STAYED SINGLE—MY MOTHER WAS A SLAVE TO MY FATHER—LINCOLN FREED THE SLAVES—ALL MY MOTHER HAD TO DO WAS TO BLACKEN UP AND SHE COULD OF PUT FATHER IN JAIL

10-7

By SOL HESS

BUSINESS BRISK IN ALL RETAIL LINES

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—(AP)—The broadness of consumer demand for practically all lines of merchandise featured retail distribution this week, Dun & Bradstreet said today in the weekly review.

Infant Killed In Automobile Crash

FENDLETON, Oct. 10.—(AP) Jackie Levey, 18-month-old, aged 3 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ingalls of Adams, was instantly killed in an automobile accident last night near Adams in which the father suffered serious injuries to his back and shoulders and the mother sustained a double break in the right arm and painful bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls were returning to Adams after a short trip in the country when the car struck loose gravel and turned over.