

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

TERENCE Mahony has a group of kidnappers of a fancy dress ball. He has brought her on a couch in her home he sees only the back of the assailant as he escapes. Terence also realizes that he is in a dangerous position, when he sees that the police are at the door he makes a sudden dash. And then Ambrose Lawson, who really killed Little, drives up to the curb.

**Chapter Eight**  
**KENNEDY ARRIVES**  
MAHONY went through the front doorway with a rush, and put all his force into a right-hand punch that fairly lifted the unsuspecting policeman off the door-step and knocked him out flat on the pavement.

While the policeman was still falling, he lashed out again with his left in a punch that sent Lawson staggering, and followed it up with another right that put Lawson out for the count beside the policeman.

He sprang quickly across the pavement, stepped into the car which he had taken from the kidnapers, and drove off. He had little fear of immediate pursuit, for he knew that neither the policeman nor Lawson would be in any condition to follow him for several seconds, and by that time he would be well out of sight.

After Mahony's sudden exit, Elisa stared for a moment at the doorway through which he had gone. Then she ran out after him. Her idea was not to pursue him, but to get help. She heard the smack, smack of his punches as he knocked out the policeman and Lawson, and reached the front door just in time to see his car disappear down the street.

Two inanimate figures were lying in the pavement; by the light of a nearby street lamp she recognized one of them as Lawson. The sight terrified her, halting her abruptly in the doorway; she thought the two men were dead.

Then she conquered her terror and went forward quickly, and bent over Lawson. He stirred, opened his eyes, and muttered a word which cannot be printed. Then he slowly raised himself on one elbow.

"What the—?" he began.

"Mr. Lawson! Mr. Lawson!" interrupted Elisa. She shook his shoulder slightly.

Lawson blinked. But his brain was clearing now, and he recollected all that had happened. He had a part to play, and he played it.

"Elisa..." he exclaimed in a tone of the utmost astonishment. "Who was that fellow? How long have you been here? When did you get home?" But Elisa was in no state of mind to answer questions at that moment. She gripped his sleeve and tugged at it, trying to induce him to rise.

"My uncle—please come quickly—he's been murdered," she gasped.

"What's that? Your uncle murdered?" exclaimed Lawson in a startled tone.

At this moment the policeman stirred and began to sit up. Lawson took charge of the situation. He helped the policeman to his feet. Together they followed Elisa back into the house.

Lawson was kind and efficient. He took Elisa to the kitchen and insisted on making coffee for her, while the policeman dealt with the murder. The policeman did not waste time looking for clues or asking questions. When he was sure that Mr. Little was dead, he simply locked the room in which the murder had been committed and telephoned to his superiors.

Twenty minutes later another car drove up to the house containing two detectives, a camera-man, and a police doctor. The leader of the detectives introduced himself as Inspector Kennedy of Scotland Yard.

He was obviously one of the new, public-school type of detectives. In appearance he was a tall, lean man of thirty-four or five, dressed by a good tailor. His features were regular and good-looking, his dark eyes were a little sleepy, his hands were well cared for.

There was nothing brusque or bullying in his methods; his manner was civil and his voice well modulated. There was about him neither the appearance of an army man on leave, nor the appearance of a police officer before joining the force. He had for three years held a short service commission in the R. A. F. He seemed to know exactly what to do.

The study was examined, photographs were taken, and the doctor made his examination of the body.

Then Inspector Kennedy began to ask questions. To begin with he obtained Lawson's story, which, on the face of it, appeared to be quite simple and straightforward. Lawson stated that Elisa had been missed from the Albert Hall when the film stars were due to be introduced; that he had made inquiries for her and learnt that she had last been seen being carried toward the door by a party of black monks; that he had rung up Mr. Little, and that Mr. Little had announced his intention of calling in the police.

He had then driven to Mr. Little's house in his car, and had seen a constable on the door-step. He had been about to join the constable, when he door had suddenly opened and a man dressed in monk's costume had emerged and attacked him.

Taken by surprise, he had been knocked out before he had time to defend himself. He had recovered consciousness to find Elisa bending over him. He and the constable and Elisa had entered the house, and he had seen Mr. Little's body lying on the floor of the study with a knife near it. That was all he knew.

The Inspector's assistant took down this story in a note-book. The Inspector turned to Elisa.

"I'd like to have your story now, Miss Little," he said.

Elisa was looking pale and ill. The shock of her uncle's death, on top of the effects of the drug which had been given to her at the Albert Hall, had left her dazed and hardly able to concentrate. The contrast between her gay Queen of Hearts costume and pale face and sad eyes made her look extremely helpless and pathetic. Inspector Kennedy felt very sorry for her. But he had his duty to do.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much," she answered. "A lot of monks started dancing round me at the Albert Hall. One of them picked me up, and then something pricked my arm and I lost consciousness. When I came to I was lying on a sofa in here, and a man dressed as a monk was standing by the window. Then the door-bell rang, and I turned my head and saw Uncle Vincent."

She blinked. A tear trickled slowly down her nose and dropped down on to the front of her dress. Crying did not make her look ugly; it only made her look helpless and child like. Inspector Kennedy felt very sorry for her indeed.

"And then, Miss Little?" he asked sympathetically.

"I—I think I was going to scream but the monk caught hold of my wrists and shook me and said: 'You are not to, or something like that. I said, 'You've killed him,' and he said, 'No, I haven't.' Then he picked up the knife and wiped it, and ran out of the room. I ran out of the room too, to try to get help for my uncle, and saw Mr. Lawson and the policeman lying on the pavement."

"I suppose you've no idea who this monk was?" asked the Inspector.

She hesitated, putting her hand to her head as if it pained her.

"No. At least... no. I don't know who he was. But... somehow his voice did seem a bit familiar," she answered.

"Oh! You knew the man's voice vaguely, but can't give a name to him," said the Inspector shrewdly. "That seems to suggest that it was somebody you've met but don't know very well. Think hard, Miss Little. Try to remember. Whose voice was it?"

There was a long pause. Elisa sat in a rather huddled position staring at nothing. Occasionally a tear ran down her face and trickled on to her dress. She did not want to think. She wanted to cry. She could imagine no greater luxury than simply being alone and crying to her heart's content.

She wished these people wouldn't make her think. Perhaps if she could think of the man's name quickly they would leave her alone. One after another the names of men she knew passed through her mind, but that voice did not seem to fit any of them.

"Think of all those beginning with B, and so on through the alphabet," suggested the Inspector.

Again there was a pause. Adamson, Arlington, Ashworth, Barrington, Barton, Bristow—a host of names passed one after the other through Elisa's mind. Every now and then, in the midst of the G's or J's she would think of another G or E; it was amazing the number of people she knew. Lawson, Lavertree, Lee-Rausden, Lessing, Mackintosh, Maddershaw...

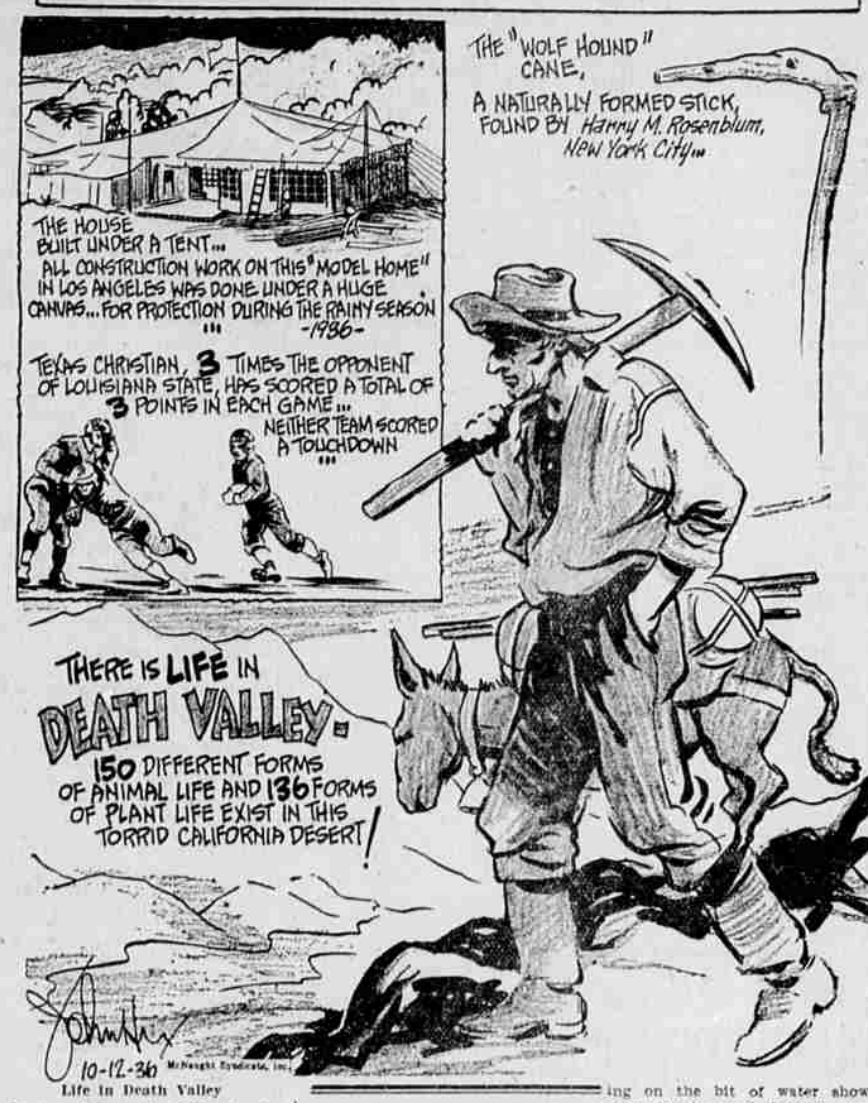
Her expression changed suddenly.

(Copyright 1936, Hugh Clevely)

Mahony has, tomorrow, an important inspiration.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



First applied to the California desert by an emigrant of '49 who had seen 18 members of his party perish there, Death Valley has done well in living up to its gruesome name. A land of scorching heat and stark desolation, it has claimed the lives of many thrash-crazed prospectors and adventurers who came to search for its fabulous gold deposits and remained to leave their skeletons bleaching on its burning sand.

Yet, strange as it seems, this arid region actually supports more than 180 forms of arid plant and animal life. Hardy mountain sheep, wild jackasses, snakes, coyotes, tarantula lizards, skunks, gophers, badgers, quail, and wild geese are among the animals which manage to subsist on the water found in the few small water holes that dot the valley's floor. Carnivorous animals obtain their food by preying on weaker fellow denizens of the desert while the others depend on the sparse vegetation found there.

The species of plants found in Death Valley are a strange assortment, some of them found nowhere else in the world. Most of the vegetation is arid flora, capable of existing on the bit of water showered down by the area's infrequent rains.

**3-Point Team**  
Louisiana State and Texas Christian University have met on the gridiron three times—1931-1932 and 1936. In these respective games, T. C. U. defeated its opponent 3-0, tied, 3-3, and won 8-2—a total of 14 points scored without a touchdown.

Racing against time, three shifts of workmen labored night and day for 47 days to complete a home constructed for exhibition purposes to Los Angeles.

To offset possible delays during the fall of rain, the entire job was done under a huge canvas, covering about a quarter of an acre.

**DISCOVER WRIGLEY'S LASTING FLAVOR**

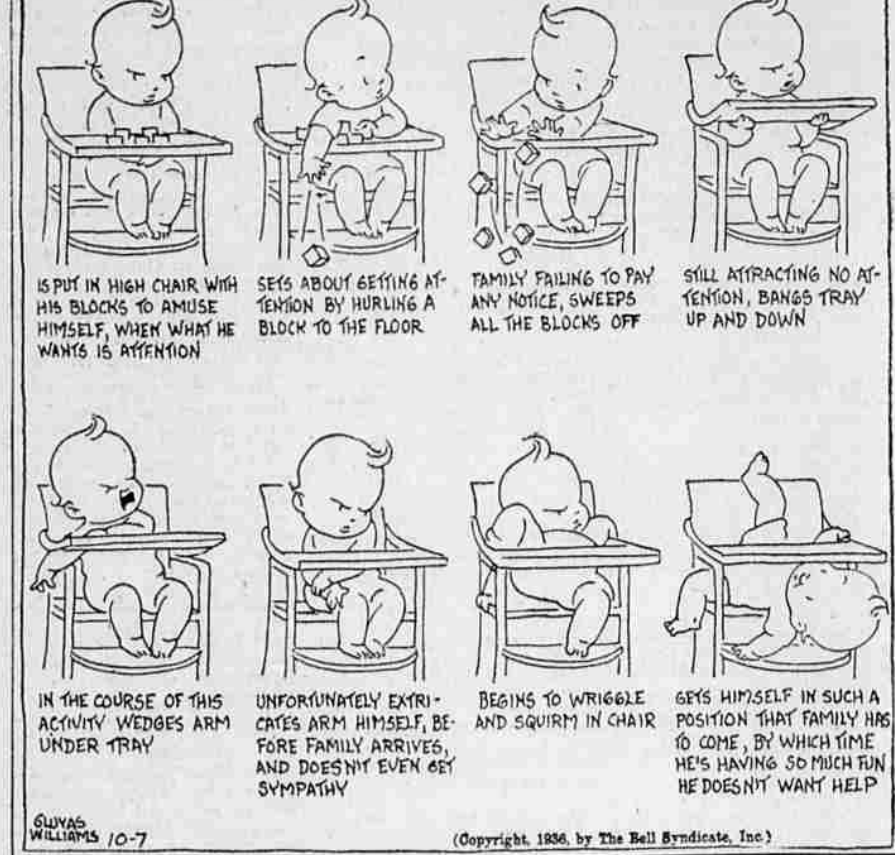
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM

**STEADIES THE NERVES**

OCT 12 COLUMBUS DAY

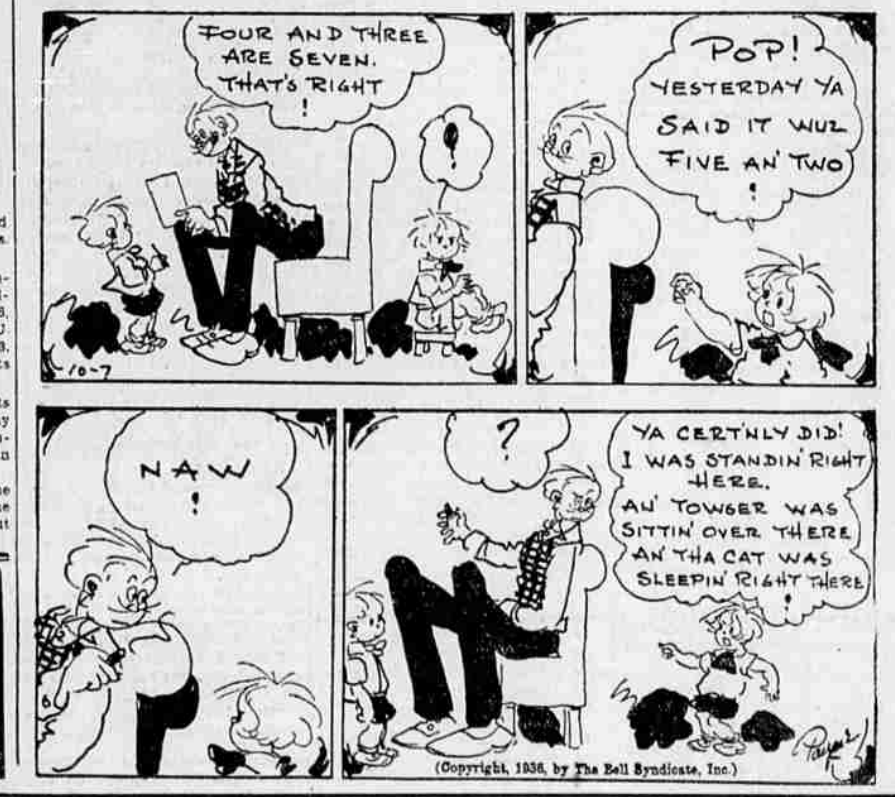
# ATTENTION GETTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Voice From the Sky!

By HAL FORREST



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Matter of Importance

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—You Tell Him, Obie

By SOL HESS



# HAWAII 27 HOURS FROM MEDFORD

Days will be slashed from existing travel times between Medford and Pacific ocean points with inauguration, October 21, of regular weekly passenger plane service from San Francisco to Honolulu and the Orient, according to a bulletin released today by L. G. Deraney, field manager of United Air Lines here.

Only three hours are required for United's planes to fly from here to San Francisco where connections are made with Pan American's overseas clipper ships. Through this all-air service, passenger time to Honolulu will be twenty-four hours and to Manila, five days.

The flight from Honolulu to Manila will be made in daylight only with intermediate stops at Midway, Wake and Guam. Until airplane service is opened between the Philippines and China, passengers will board steamers at Manila, making the elapsed plane-steamship time from Medford to Hongkong and Canton seven days and to Shanghai, ten days.

Although air passenger fares across the Pacific are approximately twice those charged by steamship lines, the service to Honolulu is five times as fast. Deraney said. Air mail postage to Honolulu is 25¢ per half ounce and to Manila, Hongkong and Shanghai, 75¢ per half ounce. The rate on air express to Honolulu is \$2.77 per pound and to Manila, \$3.35.

Jailed As Vagrant  
ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Herbert Lawrence Knott, alias King, a vagrant, was arrested today by Sheriff Frank P. McCarty and H. E. Cox of Imperial county, California.