

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Through a tip from his friend Billy Ross, Terence Mahony has been able to rescue Lisa Little from a case of kidnapping headed by Ambrose Lawson, who is a respected friend of the Little family. But while Terence was returning Lisa home, Lawson killed her uncle. Terence has escaped from the house, knowing he could prove his innocence of the murder. But Lisa heard Terence's voice although she did not recognize him... and now Inspector Kennedy, investigating the murder of Mr. Little, believes Lisa is about to remember whose voice it was she heard.

Chapter Nine
LISA REMEMBERS
 INSPECTOR KENNEDY leaned forward slightly. "Have you remembered?" he asked eagerly. "I... but it can't be," she said slowly. "Why? I hardly know him at all. And, anyway, he was a friend of Billy Ross, who was one of my best friends." "What's his name?" asked Inspector Kennedy. "The voice sounded like Mr. Mahony's—he came to tea this afternoon," answered Lisa. "But he couldn't possibly have done it. Why should he? And he wasn't going to the dance. He told me so." "He was talking to you about the dance, was he?" asked the Inspector. "Asking you questions?" "Well—yes," admitted Lisa. "But why should he want to kidnap me and kill my uncle?" "Who is that Mr. Mahony, and where does he live?" demanded the Inspector. "He was a friend of Billy Ross, a friend of mine who was very badly hurt in a motor smash," answered Lisa. "He was staying with Billy when I met him. I don't know where he is now." "Nor did Lawson know where Mahony was living. In fact, nobody did. Mahony had not yet bothered to tell anyone his change of address." "I'll find his address all right before morning," said the Inspector. "Likely for Mahony, that statement was a trifle optimistic."

MAHONY'S first action after driving away from the Little's house was to return to the Albert Hall. He had left his own car in a park near the Hall, and in the men's cloak-room he had left an overcoat, a hat, and a pair of grey flannel trousers. He had worn the overcoat, hat, and trousers on his way to the dance, since an Arab kit is chilly wear in an open sports car on a cold winter evening. Since he intended to deny that he had ever been to the dance if anybody questioned him, it was essential that he should remove those things before the dance finished.

In a quiet street in Kensington he stopped the car and changed his costume round, so that he now appeared as an Arab instead of a monk. Leaving the car in a side street near the Hall, he returned to the Albert Hall and entered.

The dance was still in full swing when he arrived; the floor was still crowded; everything was just as he had left it before Lisa's kidnapping, except that now the dancers were unmasked. Mahony did not unmask. Avoiding the dance floor, he made his way towards the men's cloak-room.

Half-way to the cloak-room he felt a sudden touch on his shoulder. He turned. Facing him was the man dressed in the costume of Charles II who had taken Lisa to the exit where the men dressed as monks had seized her. From conversation he had heard in the car while Lisa was being taken away, Mahony knew that the man's name was Mulgrave.

Seen unmasked in the brilliantly lighted passage, he was a dispirited, cynical-looking man of forty-five, with a heavily veined face, small, calculating eyes, and a heavy, brutal mouth.

"So you've got back at last, have you?" he said gruffly. "Where the devil have you been all this time? And where are the others?" It was obvious that, judging from Mahony's costume, he mistook him for one of the kidnapers. Evidently those worthies had not returned to the Hall after their recent setback.

For a moment Mahony was undecided how to answer. Then he had an inspiration.

"The game's up," he said hoarsely. "The whole scheme's a flop. The others have all been copied by the police. I came here to grab my things from the cloak-room and make a quick getaway."

The red veins in Mulgrave's face showed up suddenly against a deathly pale background. "Copped!" he gasped. "But how the hell did that happen? Our plan was absolutely water-tight." Mahony laughed grimly. "It's wrecked now," he said. "And

"I'm going to beat it as soon as I've got my things. I've got a fast car outside, and I know where to go. You'd better grab your things and come with me."

"Put..." began Mulgrave. Mahony had no intention of arguing. For one thing he was too unsure of his ground. For another he wanted to get away as soon as possible before the police arrived at the Albert Hall. But he wanted to take Mulgrave with him if possible. He decided to bluff.

"Hell," he said. "What are you arguing the toss about? The police will be on their way here now. Are you coming, or are you going to stay and be pinched?"

And he resumed his progress towards the cloak-room.

That decided Mulgrave. He also made for the cloak-room.

Mahony reclaimed his belongings and fairly hustled Mulgrave out of the cloak-room and out of the Albert Hall to the car park where his Aston Martin was waiting. With a roar they shot away, heading north.

"Tell me exactly what happened; how did things go wrong?" asked Mulgrave excitedly as they drove along.

"Don't talk; I'm busy. You'll learn all about it when we get where we're going," replied Mahony shortly.

"THERE was a slight smile about his lips as he drove the car at high speed through the silent and empty streets. He was reflecting that, as a piece of kidnapping, his abduction of Mulgrave had been rather neat.

Leaving Hampstead behind him, he headed out across the lonely heath. Half-way across the heath he brought the car to a standstill. All round them was bare grass, and away in the distance the lights of Hampstead and Highgate twinkled brightly. Mahony switched off his headlights and turned to Mulgrave.

"This is our first stopping-place," he stated. "Get out of the car."

"Get out of the car?"

It seemed that Mulgrave did not understand.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean get out of the car. I don't want you to bleed all over the upholstery," said Mahony.

During this speech he quietly produced his pistol. Mulgrave looked at it, and from it to Mahony, rather as a rabbit, paralyzed with terror, looks at a deadly snake.

"But w-what—" he began.

"Shut up," said Mahony, his voice suddenly cold and savage. Mulgrave shut up.

"You've been kidnapped," went on Mahony in the same cruel, biting tone. "And now you're going to be murdered. At least, I think you are. But maybe you're not. It will all depend on how much information you can give me."

"But you can't bring me out here, and murder me in a cold blood," protested Mulgrave in a terrified tone. "You can't do it."

"But I can," said Mahony. "Quite easily."

He spoke quietly and naturally. And yet, somehow, the manner in which he spoke made it quite clear that he would not have the slightest hesitation in shooting Mulgrave if he considered it necessary. The realization made Mulgrave feel slightly sick.

"W-what is it that you want to know?" he quavered.

Mahony thrust a hand into his hip-pocket and produced from it a newspaper cutting. The cutting was from a copy of the evening paper which the barmaid in the wayside pub had been reading just before the motor smash the previous night. It consisted of one small paragraph:

Mrs. Ruth Fraser, a popular young society girl, has been missing from the house of her guardian, Mr. Gerald Lee-Ramsden, of 174 Tiger Brook Street, since yesterday afternoon. Miss Fraser, who is twenty years old, is an intrepid swimmer and a well-known tennis player. Mr. Lee-Ramsden states that she left home with the intention of going shopping, and has not been heard of since. It is feared that she may be suffering from loss of memory.

Since the barmaid's comment on this paragraph had agitated Billy Ross considerably, Mahony concluded that Billy had known something about the young woman's disappearance. And Mahony felt that if he was going to shield Billy, it was certainly up to him to try to undo as far as possible any harm that Billy had done. That was the chief reason why he had kidnapped Mulgrave. He wanted to ask questions.

"I want to know where that girl is," he said. He leaned forward and switched on the dash-board light in his car so that Mulgrave could see the cutting clearly.

"Mahony tries, tomorrow, an outrageous bluff."

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DRESSMAKING SCHOOL SCHEDULED OCT. 26-31

A county-wide cost and dressmaking school will be held at Medford, at the court house auditorium, October 26 to 31 inclusive, under the direction of Mrs. Mabel C. Mack.

county home demonstration agent. The plan of work for this adult extension course, Mrs. Mack stated, is to teach clothing construction, tailoring, and finishes for better dresses, through construction of individual garments. Mrs. Mack will be assisted by Miss Aileen Perdue, home demonstration agent-at-large, and Mrs. Imogene Smith of Corvallis.

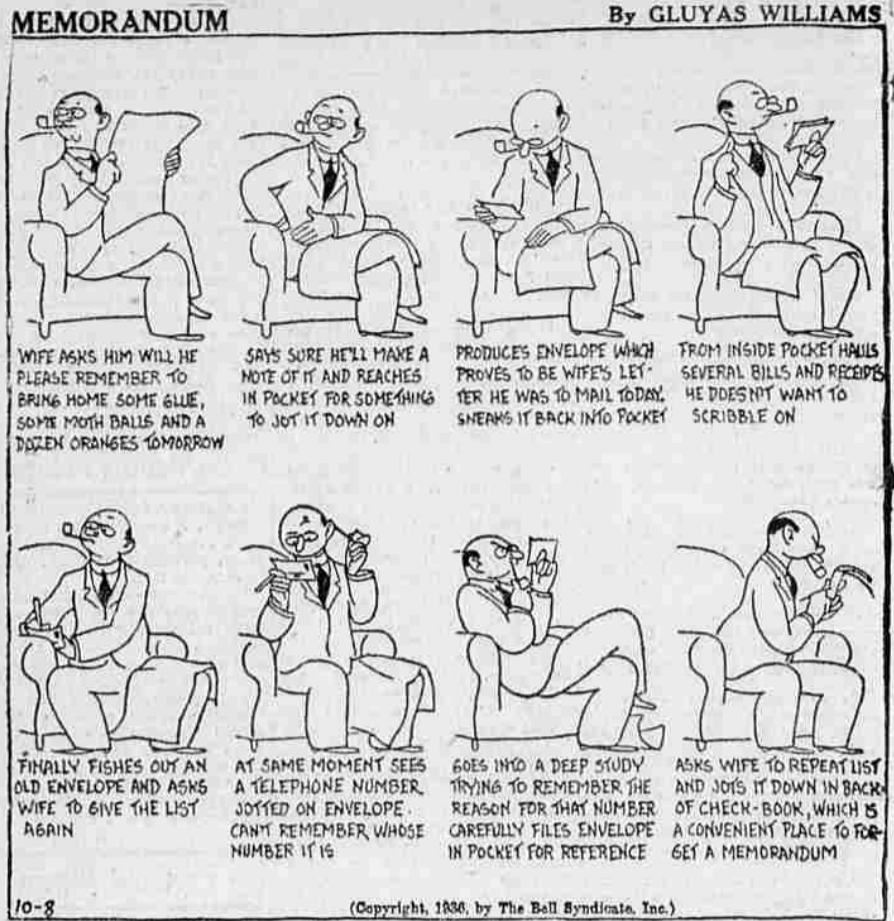
Any homemaker of Medford, Ashland and rural districts is eligible to enroll. The enrollment will be limited to 16 and should be made by October 16. There are no class fees, therefore the cost of materials used will be the only expense involved.

Any homemaker interested in making a winter coat, for herself, or a child's coat, remodeling a coat or in making a better dress of silk or wool should call or write the home demonstration at an early date for further information.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

MEMORANDUM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Balloon Record
 Hailed as the highest altitude ever attained by man, the history-making ascent of Captain Albert W. Stevens and Captain Orville B. Anderson on November 11, 1935, is often erroneously referred to as having been the highest balloon ascent of all time.

Strange as it seems, it has been surpassed by 12.30 miles! Write the "Explorer II," the balloon of Anderson and Stevens, reached a height of 13.17 miles, it is reliably reported that a balloon released in November, Russia, on April 8, 1936, attained an altitude of a full 26 miles. It carried no human freight but was

equipped with instruments for determining altitude and atmospheric conditions.

Balloons of this sort are sent up regularly by weather bureaus throughout the world and often attain a height of over 20 miles. Most of them are composed of two separate gas bags so that if one of them breaks the other will provide enough buoyancy to land the attached instruments gently.

Bell Pitch
 A bell's pitch depends on the number of its vibrations or sound waves that reach the ear per second. An approaching bell crowds the

vibrations into the ear, producing a high pitch, while a receding bell tends to lengthen the sound waves and draw them out, causing a lower pitch.

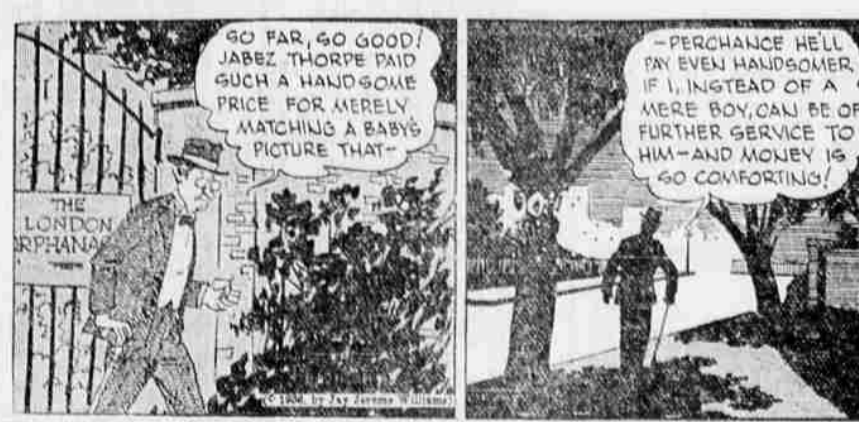
Telephone Builder
 Though Alexander Bell discovered the principle of the telephone and drew up the designs for the first successful one, he did not build it. To Thomas Watson, the inventor's young assistant, goes that distinction for it was he who actually constructed the instrument, following Bell's directions.

Tomorrow: War Declared In a Book!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—From Beyond Death's Portals!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Tuttle's Plans



THE NEBBS—Mischievous Art Afoot



CLAIMS COUGHLIN MISLEADS FLOCK

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—(AP)—A charge by Congressman John A. Ryan that Father Charles E. Coughlin is misleading Catholic voters by misquoting papal writings was buried today into the controversy between the two clergymen.

Renewing his defense of Roosevelt measures against the attack of the Detroit radio priest, Father Ryan, a professor at Catholic university, took to the air last night to point out what he termed misquotations of an encyclical of Pope Pius XI.

Last week he declared that Coughlin's monetary views were "90 per cent wrong" and said charges of communism against President Roosevelt were "absolutely untrue."

SERUM RUSHED BY AIR MAY SAVE TWO LIVES

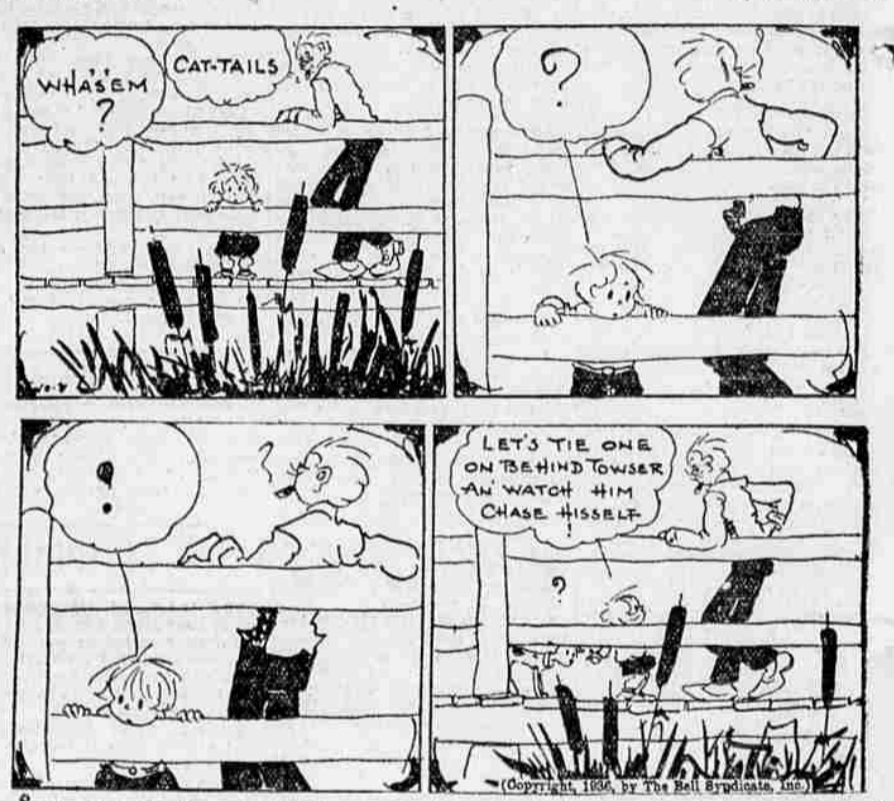
SUNDANCE, Wyo., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Serum rushed from Denver by airplane gave a ranch woman and her physician a chance for life today.

Physicians said Mrs. William Vines and her daughter, Wilma, a teacher, were responding to treatment from the serum, first here yesterday by Maj. Virgil Stone of the Colorado National Guard.

Vines died suddenly at his ranch Saturday night and his wife and daughter became critically ill. Dr. J. P. Claenbach diagnosed their illness as food poisoning.

Beryl Gets Game
 WEBSTER, Miss., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Wallace Berry, film star, came out of the rugged Chamberlain barn country at central Idaho today with three marksmanship trophies—a bear, a deer and an elk.

S MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

