The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony is spending the evening righting wrongs. He has seized Elsa Little, cinema star, from kidnappers and returned her home. His reward for that is to be suspected of killing Elsa's uncle. Now he has Mulgrave, a member of the same kidnapping gang in his car, threatening to kill the man unless he confesses the place Ruth Fraser has been hidden. Mulgrave is pretty sure Terence —one business.

Chapter 10

MAN KNOCKED OUT

"I—DON'T know where she is," he stammered. "How should I know?"

Mahony was not in a pleasant mood. Though outwardly he was quite calm and matter-of-fact, there was a hard, black core of savage anger deep inside him.

He thrust the pistol suddenly into his pocket, turned on Mulgrave quickly, grabbed him by the collar and waist-band and heaved him bodily out of the car. Then he jumped out after him, hauled him to his feet, and gave him a crashing punch in the mouth that knocked him down again. Then quite deliberately he picked him up and knocked him down again.

"Come out with it, you rat," he said in a low, savage voice. "Where is she? I'll smash you to pieces if you don't tell me."

"Ow . . . ow!" yelled Mulgrave. He blubbered like a big baby.

Mahony gave him a good kick in the pants.

"Talk," he said. "I didn't ask you to sing."

"Ow! . . . all right, I'll tell you," gulped Mulgrave. "She's in a house near Watford. There are three men guarding her."

"And doping her, I suppose," added Mahony grimly. "Well, you're going to take me to that house now. I'll kill you if you don't."

Mulgrave made a despairing gesture. But he realized he had no choice.

"All right," he mumbled.

"Get back into the car then," said Mahony. "And mind you don't bleed on the upholstery."

Over his body Mahony jumped into the house.

Five minutes later they were speeding the Great North Road towards Watford.

ABOUT four miles from Watford they turned off the main road along a little country lane. Another seven or eight minutes driving brought them to the entrance to a rough drive leading through a thick copse to a small house that stood in an isolated position about four hundred yards from the lane.

"That's the place. She's in there," said Mulgrave sullenly.

Mahony stopped the car just outside the drive entrance. The lights of the house could be seen gleaming through the trees.

"We get out again here," he said. "You first. And don't shout or try anything smart, or I'll plug you."

They got out of the car and stood in the roadway. Everything around them was quiet except an owl calling in the copse. Mulgrave stood sullen and uneasy. His face was hurting him; he suspected that he was going to lose a tooth.

"W-what have I got to do now?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Mahony quietly. "I shan't want you any more."

With that he suddenly hit Mulgrave a tremendous wallop full on the point of the jaw. Mulgrave's heels came off the ground; he crashed down and out into the ditch. Mahony bent over, hauled his unconscious body back into the lane, carefully bound and gagged him, and thrust him back into the ditch.

Beside Mulgrave he flung his own fancy costume. That was a thing he was well rid of.

For a few moments he considered: should he use bluff or stealth to get into that house and rescue the girl imprisoned in it? He decided upon bluff. The use of stealth and quietness would mean that he would have to leave the car where it was in the lane, four hundred yards from the house.

That four hundred yards might make all the difference between success and failure if he had to make a quick getaway with the girl. Bluff had served him well once that evening; it would probably serve him again.

He stepped back into the car, drove up the drive, and stopped immediately outside the front door of the house. It was evident that the occupants of the house had heard his approach. Hardly had the car stopped before the front door opened.

"Who are you, and what do you want here at this time of night?" demanded a voice harshly.

Mahony got out of the car. In his overcoat pocket his right hand was clapped on his pistol-butt.

"NEVER mind who I am," he answered equally harshly. "I've been sent to fetch the girl, Ruth Fraser. Bring her out here to the car, and get a move on. I'm in a hurry."

"Oh!" said the man blankly. "You want the girl."

The light from the car headlamps showed him standing in the front doorway of the house—a short, fat man, with his head heavily bandaged. He had a sheepish, nervous air.

"As a matter of fact . . . the truth is . . . there's been an accident. I—I didn't like to report it, because . . . well . . . you see . . ."

He did not appear to know quite what he wanted to say. Mahony felt a sudden quick chill of fear. What had happened. Had they killed the girl by any chance?

"What the devil do you mean?" he demanded. "What's happened to the girl. She's not . . . dead?"

"Oh, no. No, she's not dead. Far from it. But . . . the trouble is, we can't get at her. You see . . ."

At that moment, from an upstairs window, there came the sudden unmistakable high-pitched crack of a pistol shot. "Whit!"—a bullet flipped past Mahony's head and buried itself in the turf behind him. Mahony cursed loudly and moved swiftly. It was apparent to him that the game was up; his bluff was spotted. He had no wish to present a running target to anybody. Therefore his move was in the direction of the house, not away from it.

He simply hurled himself toward the front door, snatching his hand out of his pocket with his clubbed pistol in it. The man in the doorway was so surprised that he did not even attempt to move until Mahony's clubbed pistol came down on his head. Then he collapsed in the doorway.

Over his body Mahony jumped into the house, and his voice rose in a terrific shout: "Miss Fraser! Miss Fraser!"

A door on the left of the hall opened; a startled looking man came running out, almost colliding with Mahony.

"Here! Who the——" he began.

(Copyright, 1936, Hugh Clevely)

And tomorrow, Ruth Fraser tries to shoot Mahony.

Bullitt Presents Papers As Envoy

PARIS, Oct. 14.—(AP)—Ambassador William C. Bullitt pledged himself to efforts to reinforce Franco-American friendship on the basis of loyalty to "liberty, democracy and peace" in presenting his credentials to President Albert Lebrun today. Lebrun replied he would find the French unanimously in accord with his efforts.

The United States envoy, who succeeds Jesse Isidor Straus, resigned prior to his recent death, brought greetings to President Lebrun from President Roosevelt "for the happiness and prosperity of your great country."

Seeks Divorce.

RENO, Nev., Oct. 14.—(AP)—Charging cruelty, Mrs. Catherine Farmer Vanderbilt, formerly of New Rochelle, N. Y., filed suit in district court here today to divorce George Y. Vanderbilt, wealthy Greenville, N. Y., dairy farmer, and a great grand nephew of the late Commodore Vanderbilt.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Long Beach House Hit By Air Bomb

LONG BEACH, Cal., Oct. 14.—(AP)—Navy officials investigated today circumstances by which a five-pound practice bomb, apparently released from a seaplane, fell on a beach cottage leased by Mrs. I. B. Flack of Seattle.

The bomb, without a powder charge, crashed through the roof and floor, burying itself in ground underneath the house shortly after Mrs. Flack and her daughter, 3, had stepped into the back yard.

TEXTILE WORKERS PLAN NATIONWIDE DEMAND

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 14.—(AP)—The United Textile Workers of America will demand a nationwide 20 per cent wage increase, a 40-hour week, and a "return to the so-called work load that prevailed during the NRA period," its president, Thomas F. McMahon, announced today.

He said a wage increase . . . is "justified" by business conditions throughout the industry, and by rising living costs.

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 Book of Hate

Upon his succession as chief of the Manchu branch of Niuche Tartars in the 17th century, Nurhachu vowed that he would celebrate the anniversary of his father's funeral with the massacre of 200,000 Chinese.

Strange as it seems, he made his formal declaration of war in his famous book, "Seven Hates of the Tartars Against the Chinese," which he had published in 1617. Included in the book was an outline of the reasons for the hate he held for the Chinese.

Organizing a powerful army, Nurhachu massacred thousands of his foreseworn enemy but died in 1625 after changing his name to Tien Ming, without leading his army into China proper.

Soon after their leader's death, the formidable army that Nurhachu had built up, linked forces with a rebel Chinese force and were successful in overthrowing the weakened Ming dynasty, seating a Manchu prince on the throne of the Chinese empire.

It was not until 1912 that the Manchu dynasty was overthrown and China became a republic.

The House of Cards

Claimant of the world's championship for "house of cards" building, Raymond Smith of Schenectady, N. Y., reached his all-time "high" in constructing a card house of 11 stories.

The cards used are of the ordinary playing-card variety and are held up entirely by their balance. They are not notched or tampered with in any way.

Fainting Goldfish

Goldfish have a "high-strung" nervous system. When frightened they wear themselves out by darting wildly about their bowl or tank.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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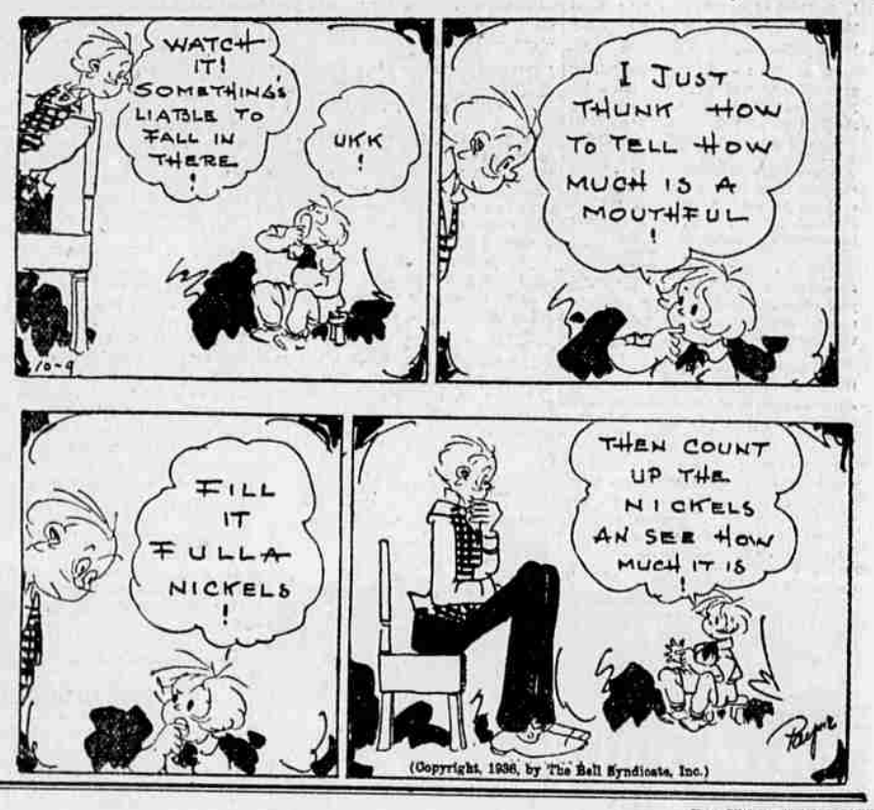
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Challenge To an Aerial Duel!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At the Hospital

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Scandal Seeker

By SOL HESS