# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

*SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has had a busy night. Since nine o'clock he has rescued two girls from Ambrose Lawson's gang of kidnapers: Elsa Little, the cinema star, and Ruth Fraser, wealthy young sportswoman and aviatrix. Unfortunately, Terence managed to make himself a suspect in the murder of Elsa's uncle when he returned her to her home; just now he is asking Ruth about her experiences, especially as to whether she had been drugged by the gang.*

Chapter 13

IT'S GOOD-BYE

"YES," said Ruth. "I noticed that after meals I always felt terribly queer—all light-headed, as if I didn't care a hoot for anything—but when that feeling had worn off I felt depressed and awful.

"I stood it for about a day; then I got desperate. The day before yesterday, when the fat man brought me my supper, I hit him on the head as hard as I could with a chair. It knocked him unconscious.

"I went through his pockets and found a pistol and took it. Then I heard one of the others coming, so I shoved him outside the door, got the key, and locked myself in. The other two men stormed and shouted a lot, but the window was too high for them to get in that way, and when they tried to break the door down I shot at them through it and nearly killed one of them, I believe. I wish I had killed him.

"After that they didn't try to break in any more. But every now and then they came and threatened me with the most horrible things if I wouldn't let them in, and promised me a marvellous time if I would. I think that what they really meant to do, when they found they couldn't get in, was to starve me out."

She paused.

"They'd have done it, too, if you hadn't turned up. I was getting to feel that I'd give anything for a chop, or even a plate of rice pudding. I'm terribly grateful to you, really."

The child certainly had some pluck, reflected Mahony. During his wanderings about the world he had known many women, but none who would have been capable of holding her own against a crowd of toughs as this girl had done.

"I wonder what happened to Billy Ross," she went on. "Did they get him too?"

"Yes," answered Mahony. "But not when they got you. Ross was smashed up in a motor accident yesterday. If he lives, which is very doubtful, he'll be a helpless cripple for the rest of his life."

He paused.

"You say you're grateful to me," he continued. "Then I can ask you a favor. You'll probably have to tell all that's happened to your parents and the police. You can't tell them my name, because you don't know it, but I'd be very grateful if you won't describe me too accurately to them. And I'd like you to leave out Ross's name altogether. He was partly responsible for the fact that you were kidnapped. But he can't be punished any more than he has been punished. If his name is dragged in the mud, his parents will be the only people to suffer. I want to prevent that. And that kidnapping gang won't get away with it. I'll deal with them all right."

"I BET you'll deal with them," she said. "I won't say anything about Billy Ross. If I tell my guardian that I got into a taxi, and a man jumped in with me and chloroformed me, that ought to do, oughtn't it? Anyway, I don't suppose he'll want a lot of police fussing around. He hates a lot of fuss and scandal."

"That story ought to be all right," agreed Mahony. "But mind you stick to it."

"I'll stick to it," she promised. "But won't you tell me who you are?"

"No," answered Mahony.

By this time they were passing through Hampstead, and in a few minutes they drew up outside the house in Upper Brook Street, Mayfair, where Mr. Lee-Ramsden, Ruth's guardian, lived. She got out of the car and stood for a moment at the edge of the pavement, looking rather wistfully at Mahony.

"Shan't we ever meet again?" she asked.

"Who am I that I should prophesy?" asked Mahony.

"Don't you want to see me again?" she persisted. "It's a bit impolite, you know, to rescue a girl from a lot of villains and then walk lightly out of her life just like that."

Mahony grinned. He liked her. In ordinary circumstances he would have been glad to meet her again. But the circumstances were not ordinary. He did not want any friendship with a girl hindering his activities.

"Sorry," said Mahony. "I expect I would bore you stiff. So really it's probably all for the best that it's impossible for us to meet again."

A slight smile touched the corners of her lips.

"Oh, you think it's impossible, do you?" she said. "All right. Well, I won't keep you now. So long. And thanks for the ride."

With that she waved to him, and turned and mounted the front doorsteps of her guardian's house. She rang the bell and turned and waved again. Mahony waved back. Then he drove away.

In answer to Ruth's ring the door was opened by an elderly butler clad in pyjamas and a dressing-gown. At the sight of her his eyes opened wider; he seized the door with his right hand as if he needed support.

"Miss Ruth!" he exclaimed in a startled tone.

"That's who it is, Mullins," answered Ruth. "Very hungry and very sleepy. Be an angel and get me some hot soup or something. And tell me, has the household been terribly agitated by my absence?"

"Mr. Lee-Ramsden has naturally been very worried," stammered the butler. "I must wake him at once and tell him of your safe return."

As Ruth advanced into the hall, there was a sound of movement at the top of the stairs, and a voice called out: "What is it, Mullins?"

THE speaker began to descend the stairs into the lighted hall. He was a tall, well-made, vigorous man, of between fifty-five and sixty, with the air about him of one accustomed to command.

His features were handsome and well formed; his white hair waved back from a broad, intellectual forehead; his eyes were blue and steady, with a hint of cynical humor in their cool glance; his nose was Roman, lending a touch of severity to his face; his mouth and chin were well shaped and determined.

One ugly feature he had which was not noticed by the casual observer—his hands. They were very broad in the palms, with short, ugly, dumpy fingers, varying little in length. A distinguished criminologist had once laughingly told Lee-Ramsden that he had the hands of a man conscienceless and implacable—the hands of a killer. Lee-Ramsden had merely laughed.

Half-way down the stairs, catching sight of Ruth in the hall, he stopped short with the air of a man who has received a sudden shock. In a moment he recovered himself and hurried on down the stairs.

"Ruth! My dear child! Where have you sprung from?" he exclaimed. "We thought you'd been kidnapped. Your aunt came round and made an awful fuss. Really, we've been worried to death about you."

"I've been a bit worried about myself," answered Ruth. "But I'm not going to talk till I've had some food. I'm almost dying of starvation."

She also wanted to get quite clear in her mind the story she was going to tell. Hot soup was brought into the dining-room, and when she had drunk it, Ruth related the story she had arranged with Mahony. Her guardian listened attentively until she had finished. Then he shook his head slightly and smiled.

"It's a good story, my dear, an excellent story—in fact it's been one of my favorite stories ever since I first read it as a boy," he commented, "but it won't do. Won't you tell me where you've really been?"

"But I've told you," she protested. "I got into a taxi and a man got in with me and chloroformed me. Then I was taken to a house somewhere outside London; I don't know exactly where because it was dark and I didn't pay much attention on the way back."

"And a gallant stranger dashed single-handed into the house and rescued you from the sinister trio and brought you safely home," observed Lee-Ramsden. He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"You don't know who kidnapped you. You don't know where you were taken. You don't know who your rescuer was," he continued in an ironic tone. "My dear, what a story to tell the police when they ask where you've been. I'm quite sure they won't believe you."

"But what else can I tell them?" asked Ruth.

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Lee-Ramsden gives Ruth another story to tell, Monday.

# NEW INSTRUMENT USED IN TEACHING SPEECH TO DEAF

LONDON (UP)—A treatment for teaching deaf-mute children normal speech was demonstrated to members of the Otological section of the Royal Society of Medicine by Philip Franklin in his clinic at the Infant hospital at Westminster.

The basis of the treatment is that children are taught to hear through the sense of touch, and then encouraged to repeat the sounds and words they hear.

Sound vibrations are picked up by the body—chiefly the fingertips and the head—and passed on to the brain. Since, however, this medium is only one hundred-thousandth part as sensitive as the ear mechanism of a normal person, a special instrument is necessary.

This is known as the telefactor. It consists of a vibrating diaphragm on which the child places its fingertips, highly amplified "ear-phones," a microphone for the child, and a microphone through which the instructor speaks.

The child begins to differentiate between the sounds uttered by the instructor, and when it begins to utter sounds itself, to notice the immediate reaction on the diaphragms, just as the normal person hears himself speak.

The apparatus also can be connected to gramaphone records, which reproduce nursery-rhymes—to induce a sense of rythm and tune—street noises, animal noises, and other sounds.

Animals, picture books and dolls are used in conjunction with the records to fix impressions in the child's mind and to enable it to recognize the objects when encountered in real life.

When the child begins to feel at home with the apparatus the speech-therapist begins work.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**Under Par Putting**

While smashing the course record with a brilliant 63 at Pinehurst, N. C., George T. Dunlap, Jr., is believed to have set an all-time record for tournament putting.

Engaged in the finals of the 1934 Men's North and South Tournament against Donald Parsons, he actually required less putts for the round than the number of holes played! On the first 17 holes Dunlap used his putter only 15 times, holing two 20-foot chip shots from the edge of the sanded areas which serve as "greens" on the course. He missed only one putt in the entire round—on the 18th hole, sinking his next one for a total of 17 putts!

**The Rebel Moon**

More than three and one-half times as far from Saturn as her nearest sister satellite, Iapetus, Phoebe is the most remote of Saturn's nine moons. It is also the smallest, being only about 180 miles in diameter.

Discovered by the great American astronomer, Pickering, in photographs taken at Arequipa observatory, Peru, it was at first believed that Phoebe was the only one in any group of satellites to move in a direction opposite to her sisters. Since then, however, it has been found that the eighth and ninth satellites of Jupiter also have a retrograde motion.

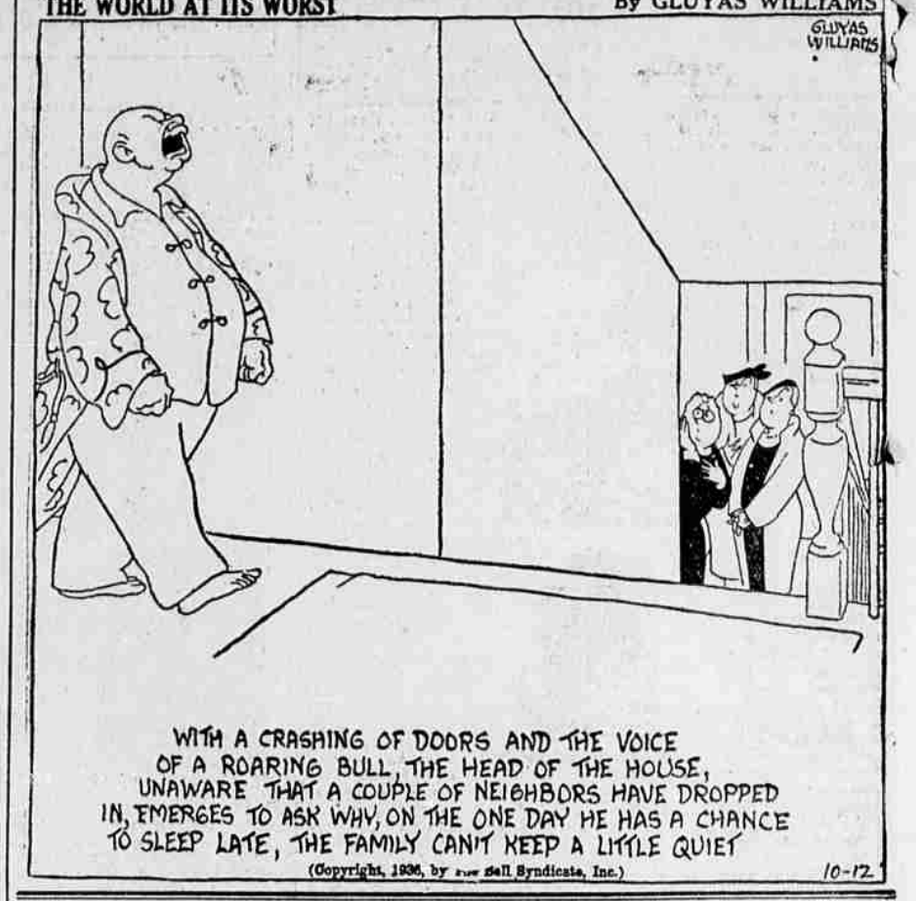
**Malaria**

Marcus Varro, a noted Roman scholar and author, hinted at the disease producting qualities of swamp lands more than 2000 years ago in one of his books. Yet, strange as it seems, it was not until 1897 that clues were found to indicate that swamps fostered spread of disease.

This was first brought to light by Sir Ronald Ross, a British physician, who discovered that mosquitoes, a swamp-breeding insect, carry the dread malaria germs.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

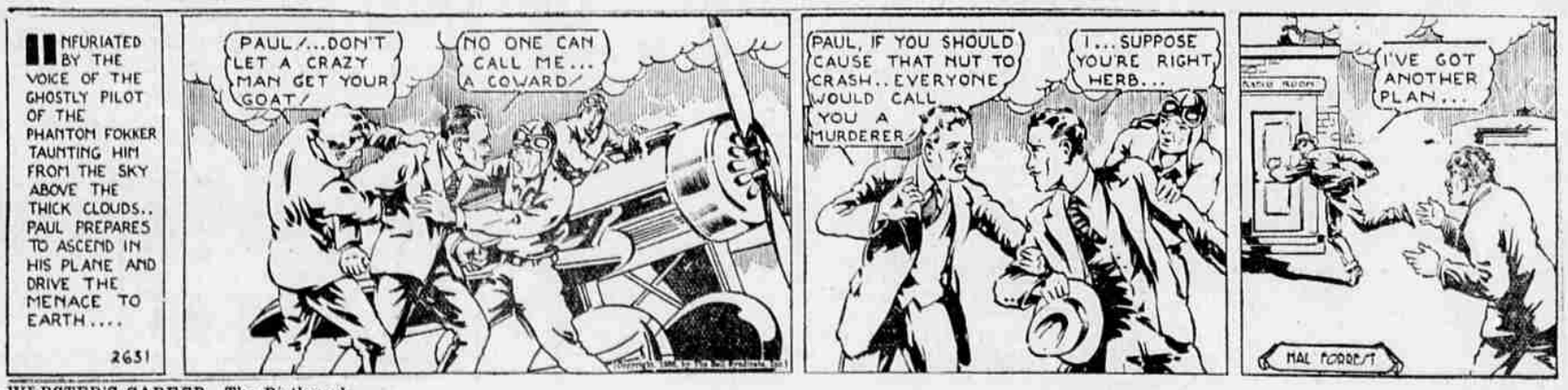



## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Herb Reasons With Paul!

By HAL FORREST




## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Birthmark

By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—That's Different

By SOL HESS