

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony has rescued two girls from Ambrose Lawson's gang of kidnapers the same night. When he took Miss Little, the film star, to her home he unfortunately made himself a suspect in the murder of her uncle. And now he has left Ruth Fraser at the home of her guardian, Leo-Ramsden, and departed without telling her who he is. And Leo-Ramsden tells Ruth that the police will never believe the story she has told him of her experience.

Chapter 13  
**THREAT FROM LAWSON**  
LE-RAMSDEN rose from his chair.  
"Why not tell them the old story that you went to stay with an old school friend and forgot to let us know you were going," he suggested. "Then they won't have to pretend to be busy investigating a lot of kidnapers who, they will be quite sure, don't exist. I don't suppose for a moment the police will believe the story of the old school friend, but at least it will relieve them of further responsibility, and it will look much better in the newspapers than that ridiculous kidnapping story."  
"Perhaps you're right," she replied. "I'll tell the old school friend story if you think that will cause less fuss. Now I'm going to bed. Good night, Uncle Gerald."  
She always called him uncle, though he was not her uncle. But

ed, put the car away in a 10' by 12' garage he had rented in a nearby mow, and entered the house where he lodged.  
He wakened fairly early in the morning, and during breakfast he studied the morning papers. Nothing was in them about the murder of Vincent Little.  
After breakfast he rang up the hospital to which Ross had been taken to enquire about him. Ross was still alive and still unconscious; he might remain unconscious for several days. The doctors did not know yet whether he would live or not.  
Mahony decided that it would be best to leave the next move to his enemies. He wondered what form that move would take. Lawson could hardly tell the police that he, Mahony, had been in the Little's house when Mr. Little was murdered, and he thought it extremely unlikely that Elsa could have recognized him.  
Nevertheless his enemies, not knowing what he knew about them, would be pretty sure to make some move against him for their own protection.  
In the meantime it might not be a bad idea to have a bit of a look round. When he had finished his second cigar, he consulted the telephone directory and looked up



Mullins feared Leo-Ramsden with a mortal terror.

he had been her dead father's best friend.  
"Good night, my dear," said Leo-Ramsden. "And next time you're thinking of going off for a day or two just let me know. I shan't ask where you're going. But I shan't start the police hunting for you."  
Ruth did not answer; she went to bed. After she had gone Leo-Ramsden remained for a few minutes leaning back against the mantelpiece with his hands in the pockets of his silk dressing-gown. The butler entered to remove the things from the dining-room table. Leo-Ramsden glanced at him.  
"Well, Mullins, this is a surprise, isn't it?" he observed cheerfully.  
"Indeed it is, sir," replied Mullins. He had an uneasy air.  
"Our friend Lawson seems rather to have made a mess of things somehow," went on Leo-Ramsden. "I wonder who that young man was who fetched my ward back. You didn't see him, by any chance, did you?"  
"No, sir. He drove away before I had the door open," answered Mullins.  
"That's a pity. A great pity," said Leo-Ramsden, and his voice became more genial and cheerful than ever. But a little pulse was beating strongly in his forehead.  
"A great pity," he repeated. "Because we shall have to find out who he is and deal with him before we can do anything more about Miss Ruth. And in two months' time she will be twenty-one. Which does not give us a great deal of time, does it, Mullins?"  
"No, sir," said Mullins.  
"Time enough, though, I hope," said Leo-Ramsden.  
Mullins picked up the tray and hurried from the room as though anxious to get out of it as quickly as possible. He was frightened.  
For twenty-five years he had served that large affable, cynical, pleasant-mannered man, Gerald Leo-Ramsden. He worshipped Leo-Ramsden; he would have done anything at his command; and at the same time, he feared him with a mortal terror.

Lawson's home address. Then he set off, on foot, in the direction of Lawson's house.  
A S luck would have it, at the end of the street in which Lawson lived he met Lawson himself.  
Both men stopped. For a moment they eyed one another warily, like strange dogs meeting, their hackles bristling. Then Lawson smiled.  
"Good morning, Mahony," he remarked. "And what are you doing in this part of the world?"  
"Walking," answered Mahony. "Do you mind?"  
"Not at all," said Lawson. "Walk as much as you like, my dear fellow, while you have the chance. You may not have the opportunity of walking very much longer."  
He paused.  
"I'm just going to call on Miss Little," he went on blandly. "You've formed a habit of dropping in at her house, I believe. Why not come along too?"  
There was a kind of insolent challenge in his tone; he seemed to be daring Mahony to come. Mahony was irritated.  
He took up Lawson's challenge.  
"That's quite an idea. I will come along with you to see Miss Little," he said.  
At the same time he wondered about the object of Lawson's invitation. Why should Lawson invite him to come along and see Elsa Little?  
"What have you been doing to your lip?" he asked. "It looks as if you ran into something."  
Lawson ignored that.  
"Good. I'm sure Miss Little will be glad to see you after you so gallantly rescued her last night," he said in a mocking tone. "Unfortunately, though, she doesn't appear to know that it was you who rescued her. I should tell her if I were you."  
That was plain speaking enough Mahony smiled.  
"Does she know that it was you who murdered her uncle?" he asked.  
"No. Fortunately she doesn't know that either. You can tell her that too, if you like. Here comes a taxi. I suggest that we take it."  
They entered the taxi.  
Tomorrow, Mahony rides straight into a trap.

AFTER leaving Ruth Fraser, Mahony returned to Notting Hill Gate, where his rooms were situated.

## Declares Device Will Locate Ore

D. S. Luper of Medford has what he declares to be the first scientific instrument in southern Oregon for detecting ore bodies and metal objects hidden beneath the surface of the earth.

metalscope, with a transmitter radiating waves to underground metal and a receiver to pick up the waves as they are reflected back. He said that he has recently located ore veins underground as well as mineral objects which had been buried. He is now willing to use the instrument to locate missing ore veins or buried treasure, he stated.

Plan Pheasant Farm.  
ONTRAILO, Ore., Oct. 17.—(AP)—George K. Aiken, state game commissioner, said today that a state pheasant farm probably will be located here in the future. Land for the farm has been purchased.  
Be correctly cosseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

## 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 INTERNATIONAL PRODUCT—**  
THE FINEST CUT GLASSWARE IS MADE OF AMERICAN SAND, GERMAN CARBONATE OF POTASH, CANADIAN MANGANESE, SPANISH ARSENIC AND OXIDE OF LEAD MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND...

**WILLIAM C. HAND—**  
ENGINEER FOR 58 YEARS ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, TRAVELED 1,750,000 MILES IN THE SAME STATE—MARYLAND...

**F. B. TERRELL—**  
of Swarthmore—(Penn.) SCORED 101 POINTS IN A 9-GAME SEASON...—1900—

**THE GANNET HAS NO NOSTRILS... IT BREATHES THROUGH ITS MOUTH...**

**Maryland Engineer**  
Engineer on locomotives of the B. & O. Railroad for over half a century, strange as it seems William C. Hand did little actual traveling.  
Though he ran up a total mileage of more than 2,000,000 miles, a distance equal to approximately 80 trips around the earth, Hand took nearly 14,000 trips to do it. At least seven-eighths of the miles he clocked off on the rails were confined to the State of Maryland. His chief run was between Washington and Cumberland, and seldom did his trips take him farther out of Maryland than the nation's capital.  
Engineer Hand comes from a truly railroad-minded family. Two of his brothers were employed by the B. & O. for a combined total of 40 years and his father was an engineer with the company for 50.  
Retired in 1928, William "Old Bill" Hand decided to really do a bit of traveling. He recently returned from a trip to Florida. Mr. Hand is now 81 years old.  
**Mouth Breather**  
A member of the Steganopodidae family, the gannet shares peculiarities of that group, common to no other birds.  
Examinations of embryo and very young gannets show a tiny passage through the beak that might possibly be used for breathing but on the old-

## KID BROTHER By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**RUNS ONTO FIELD WHERE BIG BOYS ARE PLAYING TAG FOOTBALL AND SHOUTS CAN HE PLAY?**

**IS TOLD BY OLDER BROTHER HE'S TOO SMALL AND HE JUST GETS IN THE WAY AND GETS OFF THE FIELD**

**WANTS TO KNOW WHERE HE GETS THAT "SMALL" STUFF, ADDING SOME PERSONAL OPINIONS ABOUT HIS BROTHER**

**FINDS IT ADVISABLE, HOWEVER, TO RETIRE TO SIDELINES, STILL MUTTERING**

**BURSTS INTO PEALS OF RAUCOUS LAUGHTER AT EACH MISPLAY**

**VOICES HIS OPINION OF THE PLAYERS, SINGING OUT HIS BROTHER AS BEING THE WORST OF THE LOT, IF POSSIBLE**

**DEPARTS ASSURING THEM HE WOULDN'T PLAY WITH A BUNCH OF PALOOKAS LIKE THAT IF THEY BEGGED HIM TO**

**FEELS THAT HE SHOWED THEM UP PRETTY SMARTLY, AND WISHES HE'D HURRY UP AND GROW**

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-13 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## SMATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

**IT'S TOO LATE TO GO OUT A KIDNAPER MIGHT GRAB YOU!**

**YA WOULDN'T FOOL ME, WOULD YA, POP?**

**OH-H, NO!**

**TAKE YER FOOT DOWN, SO I KIN SEE YA.**

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Acts Mysterious!

**VERB PREVENTED PAUL FROM ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE OF THE PHANTOM TO AN AERIAL DUEL, BY THREATENING THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW PAUL IN ANOTHER PLANE AND INTERFERE. PAUL SUDDENLY STRIDES TOWARD THE RADIO OFFICE....**

**VIC BILL... CLEAR OUT FOR FIVE MINUTES... AND CLOSE THE DOOR!**

**CHIEF, I KNOW... YOU'RE THE BOSS HERE... BUT... IT'S AGAINST DEPARTMENT RULINGS...**

**VIC'S RIGHT, CHIEF WE'RE HAVING DIRTY WEATHER RIGHT NOW... AND WE'VE GOT TO...**

**IT'S PERFECTLY O.K., BOYS... I'M A DEPARTMENT LICENSED RADIO OPERATOR... MYSELF...**

**WELL... ERR...**

**AND BE SURE TO KEEP THAT DOOR CLOSED... FOR FIVE MINUTES...**

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Tuttle" Tale

**BRIGHT AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, CUTBERT TUTTLE WENT TO THE ORPHANAGE—HE PAGED OLD PERCY IN THE GROUND—**

**IT MEANS, OF COURSE, THAT PERCY PETTY IS TALKING TO THE WEBSTER BOY—**

**INDEED IT DOES, MRS. TUMMY!**

**WHAT DID YOU TELL THE WEBSTER BOY ABOUT GERALD KINLEY?**

**ALL I KNEW, M'UM, WHICH WASN'T MUCH, BUT I WAS HOPE 'IT'D BEEN MORE—**

**YOU'RE HIRED TO RAKE LEAVES, NOT GO SPUTTERING TO EVERY TOM, DICK OR HARRY WHO COMES IN HERE—**

**BUT HE AIN'T A TOM, DICK OR HARRY, M'UM—HE'S A BEN—**

## THE NEBBS—I'm Going Away

**NOW THE SCANDAL-MONGERS HAVE US SEPARATED!! WELL, YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME THEM, WHEN A WOMAN GOES YACHTING WITHOUT HER HUSBAND'S PERMISSION, THERE'S ROOM FOR IT!**

**I USED TO WRAP MYSELF UP IN MY BEST RAIMENT TO MEET HER AT THE DEPOT WHEN SHE RETURNED FROM A TRIP, BUT AFTER HOB-NOBBING WITH YACHT UNIFORMS, BRASS BUTTONS AND GOLD BRAID, I'LL LOOK LIKE "DID I MARRY THAT?"**

**WELL, I WON'T MEET HER! I'M GOING TO EUROPE OR SOME PLACE— I'LL TAKE THE BIGGEST BOAT THERE IS— ONE THAT YOU COULD HANG HIS YACHT ON FOR A SPARE. I'LL GET THE FINEST STATE ROOM ON BOARD— I MAY NOT BE HAPPY, BUT I'LL BE COMFORTABLE!**

## By HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGEE

By SOL HESS

## PLAN NEW DRIVE ON DOPE TRAFFIC

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Plans for a redoubled fight against narcotics traffic into the United States from the Orient were outlined here today by J. Walter Doyle, Honolulu customs collector, after conferences with treasury officials.  
The coast guard, he said, is sending three fast, small boats to Hawaii a day with smugglers of rum. The new boats will increase the fleet there to seven units and Doyle predicted the smuggling centering about the islands soon would be blocked entirely.  
"One of two points which at Honolulu is being smashed and the other is afraid to operate,"

## Smaller Dailies Make Big Growth In Recent Years

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Stephen Bolles, editor of the Janesville (Wis.) Daily Gazette declared today "nothing in the history of any development, except perhaps the radio and automobile, has compared with the growth of the daily newspaper in the city of from 8000 to 25,000 in the last two decades."  
Speaking at the 23rd annual convention of the audit bureau of circulation, Bolles said mechanical marvels and expansion of press association reports had slashed the small city paper to show overnight "from a baby to a basky manhood."