

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Although his activities last night included rescuing Miss Little and Ruth Fraser from Ambrose Lawson's vicious gang of kidnapers, Terence Mahony finds all his activities settled in to be suspected of the murder of Miss Little. But Ruth shows up just as Inspector Kennedy is ready to arrest Terence, and provides him a shaky, but sufficient alibi. Ruth says Terence has been with her the night before. And Lawson, whom Terence does not accuse for lack of evidence, is watching the whole proceedingardonally.

## Chapter 16

### NOT CONVINCED

"Didn't you find out from the newspapers that the police were searching for you?" asked the Inspector.

"No," said Ruth. "Anne is a queer sort; she has a tiny cottage miles from anywhere, and she doesn't bother about newspapers. I didn't either, while I was with her," said Ruth.

"And what time did you get back to London last night?" asked Inspector Kennedy.

"I suppose we got back at about four," she answered. "You see, the ignition went wrong and it took... it took us about two hours and a half to put it right."

She was feeling hot and cold all at once. In the middle of the speech, when she had been about to refer

"I'm terribly sorry about you, uncle, Elsa," she said. "You will let me know if I can do anything, won't you?"

"Yes. Thank you, Ruth," replied Elsa, and then to Mahony: "I owe you an apology, Mr. Mahony. I'm sorry if I've suspected you unjustly."

She spoke a little stiffly, as if she had made the apology with great reluctance.

"That's all right, Miss Little," said Mahony. "Please don't think about it any more."

He and Ruth Fraser left the house. When they had gone there was a short silence. Then Inspector Kennedy shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"It seems that you were mistaken, Miss Little, in thinking that Mahony was the man in the study with you and your uncle last night," he observed.

"Yes," said Elsa, in a doubtful voice.

She looked at the Inspector, her blue eyes full of an acute bewilderment.

"I... I still don't think I was mistaken," she said falteringly. "I've got a very good memory for voices. And why did Ruth say that she was staying with Anne Dowson?"

"Have you any reason to think



"I needn't detain you longer," said Kennedy.

that she was not staying with Miss Dowson?" asked the Inspector keenly.

"Well... yes. The day after Ruth disappeared I had a letter from Anne about a picture I wanted to buy from her. In her letter she asked after Ruth. I don't think that even Anne would have done that if Ruth had been staying with her, though she is very absent-minded."

**LAWSON'S** first action after leaving the Little's house was to ring up Lee-Ramsden. He found Lee-Ramsden in a somewhat irritable mood.

"I've rung you up twice this morning already," said Lee-Ramsden. "I want to know what happened last night. How did my ward manage to turn up here suddenly like that at four in the morning?"

"I don't know," answered Lawson. "I'm ringing you up to try to find out what happened. I didn't know she'd got away till I saw her a minute or two ago. I also want to warn you that detective is on his way to interview you now."

"I don't care if the whole of Scotland Yard is on its way to interview me," replied Lee-Ramsden. "I've already rung them up and told them that Ruth has been staying with a school-friend in Sussex. They can believe it or not, just as they like. That's all the information they'll get from me or Ruth."

"But..." began Lawson. He did not quite know how to go on. "Is Ruth seriously going to try to keep up the story about staying with Anne Dowson?" he asked.

"Yes. She seems to have some reason for wanting to hide the real story of what happened last night. She won't even tell me the name of the man who got her away."

"I know who he is all right," answered Lawson. "He's an interfering devil named Mahony, who is beginning to know a damned sight too much about my affairs. You'd better slip out of the house and meet me quietly somewhere before that detective arrives. There are a lot of things I want to tell you before you meet him."

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Lee-Ramsden spends some time, tomorrow, trying to distract Kennedy with red herrings.

to her rescuer, she had suddenly remembered that she did not even know his name. She hoped she had passed it off all right.

Inspector Kennedy made rapid calculations. It was a good two hours journey by road to Harfield in a fast car. Two hours going, two hours coming back, and an hour and a half—allowing for a certain exaggeration on her part—spent in repairing a breakdown—that meant that Mahony could not possibly have been in London at the time when the murder occurred.

But was her story truthful? It seemed to the Inspector that there was something very queer about very nearly everything that had taken place. What was the meaning of it all? It simply did not make sense. And who had killed Mr. Little, and why?

He sighed. He had decided, after all, not to detain Mahony for the present.

Lawson also was very perplexed. He could not understand why on earth Ruth should have told that story about staying with a friend. Mahony could not understand it either.

"You say that the name of the friend with whom you were staying is Anne Dowson. Would you mind giving me her address?" asked Inspector Kennedy.

"The White Cottage, near Harfield, Sussex," replied Ruth without hesitation. "But you won't find her there today, I'm afraid. She told me she was going away."

SHE did not mention that Anne Berlin had said that she was going to Berlin, she hoped that Anne, with her well-known carelessness, had not told anybody where she was going. Heaven only knew what would happen if Anne were to be questioned severely by the police. She would probably throw tubes of paint at them and end up in prison herself. She was like that.

"Thank you," said Inspector Kennedy. "I don't think I need detain you or Mr. Mahony any longer."

So that's his name, thought Ruth. And she wondered what sort of a Christian name he had. Something really Irish, like Shawn or Padraig, she hoped.

## President Signs Red Cross Rolls

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—(AP)—White House officials said today President Roosevelt wanted very much to go to Indiana the final week of the campaign, but they were uncertain whether it would be possible.

He took time out this morning to enroll in the annual Red Cross membership drive and expressed hope that "every man and woman who is able to do so" will do likewise.

**Woman Yells Loudest**

LENBANYON, Oct. 21.—(AP)—A lone woman entrant, Mrs. Lockett Carlson, yelled her way to victory over dozens of the male sex in a spirited contest at the annual harvest festival held here. She proved she could call hops better than any of the alleged peers in this art. She didn't enter the husband calling contest.

Gloating time for Too Late to Classify Ada is 1:30 p. m.

## Republicans Hail Hopkins To Court

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—(AP)—Harry L. Hopkins, works progress administrator, was ordered by the federal district court here today to show in court Monday why he should not be compelled to open records of his office to New Jersey Republican leaders.

Charging a "breach of trust" and that WPA records had been used by the Democratic administration for campaign purposes, a group of the New Jersey Republicans asked the court to direct Hopkins to make WPA's files available to them.

**MEALESTER, OKLA., Oct. 21.—(AP)—**A district court jury decided today that sterilization would not harm the health of a convict who attacked the law permitting it, while Warden Roy Kenny disclosed six convicts had fled a state sub-prison in fear of the operation.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**Justice at the Bar.**

"Hear Ye, Hear Ye, this honorable court is now in session and if anybody wants a snort before we start, step up to the bar and name your poison!" With these words, spoken by "His Honor" himself, proceedings in the court of Roy Bean, justice of the peace, precinct No. 4, Val Verde county, Texas, were regularly and officially opened.

Proprietor of the "Jersey Lilly" a saloon in the hell-roaring, swash-buckling railroad town of Langtry, Bean was elected justice of the peace in 1885. With a pistol butt for a gavel, a single law book, "The Revised Statutes of the State of Texas," serving as his entire law library, and with his saloon serving as his courtroom, "Judge" Bean well lived up to his self-styled title, "The Law West of the Pecos." He held office with a firm hand.

There was no jail in Langtry, but none was needed. All persons found guilty before the court were given one of two penalties—hanging or flogging! The proceeds of the latter always found their way to "His Honor's" own pocket. Any form of stealing was punishable by hanging.

Bean served an unbroken term of office until 1894, when he was defeated by a Mexican. Elected to the office again in 1900, he served until his death in 1903.

**Exploding Trees.**

Explosion and moisture in the tissues of a tree struck by lightning are frequently turned to gas. The sudden expansion of the gas causes an explosion which often blows the tree to pieces.

**Washington's Mule.**

The exportation of full-blooded jackasses was once forbidden in Spain. This ban was lifted by the Spanish king who, in answer to George Washington's request, agreed to let him have a pair. One of the beasts died during the journey, but the other arrived safely at Mt. Vernon.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Rendezvous... With Death!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The "Bugle"



## THE NEBBS—Logic



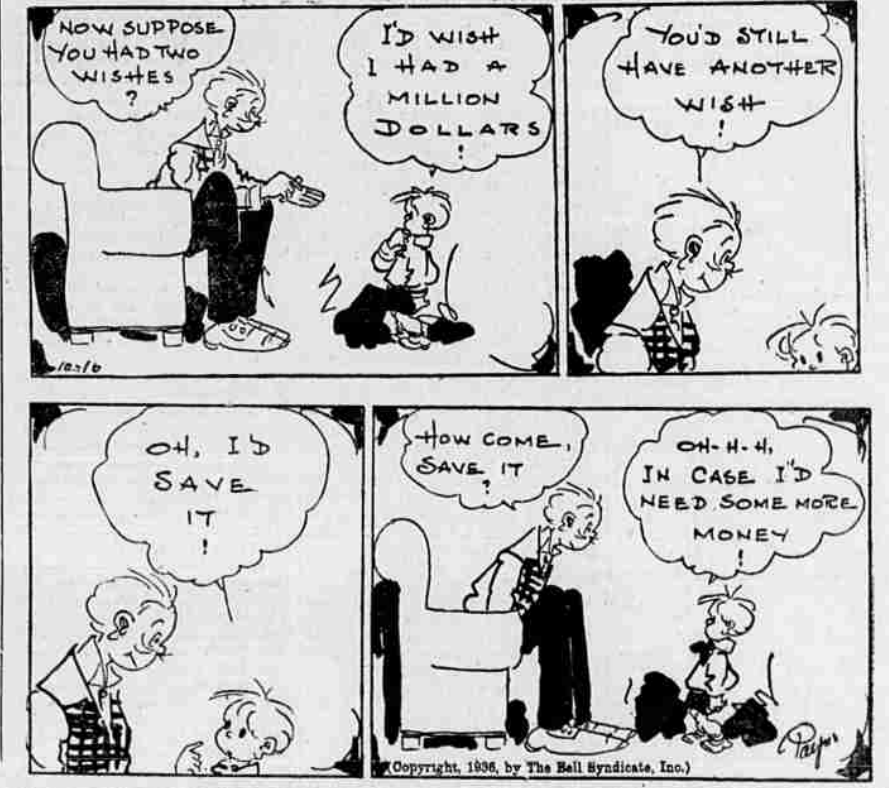
# THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



## By HAL FOREST



## By EDWIN ALGER



## By SOL HESS

