

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: All Terence Mahony has done is to rescue two girls from Ambrose Lawson's gang of kidnapers, but now he finds himself in the unfortunate position of being suspected of the murder of Vincent Little, and Lawson is free and not suspected of anything. Ruth Fraser, one of the girls, has provided Terence on a list; but she does not suspect that she was kidnapped by order of her guardian, Lee-Ramsden, who now is trying to lead Scotland Yard off on a wrong scent.

Chapter 17 SUBTLE EVASIONS

THUS it happened that when Inspector Kennedy arrived at Lee-Ramsden's house, Lee-Ramsden was absent. The inspector was a patient man by nature; he sat and waited for nearly an hour. Then Lee-Ramsden returned. He greeted the inspector genially but with an air of some surprise.

"From Scotland Yard, are you? You're not the man who came before. I suppose you've come about my ward," he said. "I don't think you need have troubled. I rang up the police some time ago telling them of her return and explaining the reason for her absence. I'm very sorry to have caused the police all this unnecessary bother, and if a contribution of twenty guineas to the Police Orphanage would be of any use, I shall be glad to send along a cheque."

"Thank you, sir," said the inspector. "But I'd like to ask you a few questions all the same, if you don't mind."

"Not a bit," said Lee-Ramsden. "But you mustn't be disappointed if I don't know some of the answers." "On the afternoon of your ward's disappearance, I understand that she was going shopping," went on the inspector. "She left the house—and disappeared. Am I to understand that simply on the spur of the moment she went off down to her friend's house in Sussex without bothering to let anybody know, and without taking any luggage?"

"It seems like it, doesn't it?" said Lee-Ramsden carelessly. "That's the story she told me."

"Do you believe that story?" asked Inspector Kennedy.

Lee-Ramsden smiled.

"My dear fellow, whether I believe the story or not is quite beside the point," he answered. "As Miss Fraser's guardian I keep a very careful eye on all her financial investments—she will come into a large fortune when she is twenty-one, you know. But so far as her personal behavior is concerned, she has complete liberty to please herself what she does."

A somewhat cynical old gentleman, thought Inspector Kennedy.

"Is your ward the kind of girl likely to indulge in... er—rash and impulsive actions?" asked the inspector.

Lee-Ramsden smiled again.

"I wouldn't exactly call her a milk-and-water miss," he replied. "If she particularly wanted to do anything, I imagine she is the kind of person who would do it, and damn the consequences. I hope so. I hate timid people."

"And you think her story about staying with a friend in Sussex may not be the truth?" pursued the inspector.

"I don't think about it at all. It doesn't concern me whether it's the truth or not," answered Lee-Ramsden. "And unless my ward has been up to something criminal, I don't see that it concerns you either. If you want to find out whether the story is true or not, why not ring up Miss Dowson's cottage and ask her?"

"WE HAVE already put through a telephone enquiry to the Harfield police," stated Inspector Kennedy. "They report that Miss Dowson left the cottage this morning and they don't know where she has gone. They also report that, so far as they are aware, Miss Dowson has not had any guest staying with her during the last few days."

"Really. That's most interesting. Then my ward has not been staying with Anne Dowson," commented Lee-Ramsden. "But even so, inspector, I still don't see that the matter concerns you. I take it that you're not running a welfare department at Scotland Yard, or starting a bureau for supervising the conduct of young girls."

"Not exactly, sir," said Inspector Kennedy. "We're interested in your niece's movements because she claims that she was brought from Miss Dowson's cottage by a man named Mahony, whom we suspect of murdering Mr. Vincent Little."

"Suspect of...?" Lee-Ramsden's manner had suddenly become quite serious. "What's this you're saying, inspector?" he asked.

Inspector Kennedy told him briefly about the murder of Mr. Little. It seemed that Lee-Ramsden was greatly shocked by the news. Inspector Kennedy was very glad to see it.

Now, perhaps, he would get a little real information. "Are you acquainted with Terence Mahony, sir?" he asked. "Only by hearsay," answered Lee-Ramsden. "I've heard my ward talking about him. She seems greatly taken with him. So far as I'm concerned, though I've never met him personally, I must confess that I'm a little prejudiced against him. He's a friend of young Ross, you know, and I never cared for that young man. I believe that he doped."

Here was real information at last. The inspector's eyes glistened. He leaned forward eagerly. "And what makes you believe that, sir?" he enquired. "Lee-Ramsden spread out his hands slightly. "I don't know. Nothing very much, I suppose. Only I've knocked about the world a good bit in my time, and kept my eyes open, and there are signs by which one can often tell a dope addict."

"The eyes, and muscles of the face," suggested the inspector.

"Yes," agreed Lee-Ramsden. "And a certain habit of boasting. I remember him telling me that he and a friend of his abroad had hit on the easiest and quickest way of making money ever invented. He wouldn't tell me what it was. Not that I was particularly interested."

"He and a friend of his abroad," echoed the inspector. "He didn't mention the friend's name, I suppose?" "No. But I imagine he meant Mahony. Mahony was in China at the time, and Ross was always saying what a fine fellow he was," answered Lee-Ramsden.

The inspector asked no more questions; he departed in a very thoughtful mood. Lee-Ramsden watched him go with a smile of satisfaction. His thoughts were disturbed by the entry of Mullins into the butler.

"Miss Ruth just rang up, sir," he announced. "I didn't disturb you because you were busy with the gentleman. Miss Ruth is bringing a friend, Mr. Mahony, to lunch."

"Bringing Mr. Mahony to lunch, is she?" said Lee-Ramsden. "That's excellent—excellent. Mr. Mahony is a gentleman whom I am particularly anxious to meet. I shall have to try to think of something really bright with which to entertain him."

AFTER leaving the Little's house, Ruth and Mahony got into Ruth's car and drove to a small café in the King's Road. They found an empty corner and sat down. Mahony ordered coffee.

Ruth glanced speculatively at him.

"You're angry with me, aren't you," she said.

"No," said Mahony.

"No, perhaps you're not," she admitted. "You don't look really angry. Just a little pained and grieved, and terribly patient. I suppose you think I'm an awful half-wit."

"Well—yes, I do rather," said Mahony. "You see, as an impromptu effort, that's very good. You put up about as at the Little's was quite a bright effort. But what good is it going to do? All that stuff about me fetching you from the cottage, the inspector will disprove that in no time. And what are your people going to say about it? It seems to me you've got yourself into an unholy mix-up."

"No worse than the mix-up I was in when you fetched me out of that house," she answered. "And I couldn't very well stand by and see you arrested for a murder you hadn't committed. You see, my guardian has told the police that I was staying in the country with Anne Dowson. He wouldn't believe that I'd been kidnapped."

"He wouldn't believe you'd been kidnapped?" echoed Mahony. "The whole earth did he think you'd been doing?"

Ruth gave him a brief account of her interview with her guardian the previous evening, and her arrangement with Anne Dowson.

"That's why I said all that about your bringing me back from the cottage in your car," she finished. "What else could I say?"

"Nothing very much," admitted Mahony. "But it's an infernally complicated situation."

It was an infernally complicated situation, and he simply could not imagine what was going to happen next.

"I wonder what your guardian is going to have to say when he finds out what's happened," he observed.

"Why not come back to lunch and meet him, and find out?" said Ruth.

"After all, I've told the inspector that we're pretty friendly; we'd better act up to it."

"I'll come," said Mahony. "Though it's rather problematical whether I shall stay to lunch."

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Lee-Ramsden shrewdly sums up the case against Terence, tomorrow.

Story Of Christ On Screen Friday

First M. E. Church

The Lift of Christ, Passion Play, the famous portrayal of the story of Christ in a motion picture, will be shown at the First Methodist Episcopal church Friday at 7:30 p. m. It was announced today by J. Knotts, pastor.

This is one of the most magnificent Bible spectacles ever seen, according to Rev. Knotts, with pictures of the Holy Land and Egypt, portraying Christ, His disciples, Pilate, King Herod and all ancient characters with thousands of Roman soldiers. The entire film is synchronized with the finest electric pipe organ music. Everyone is invited to attend. There will be no admission charge, but a free-will offering will be taken.

FUEL OIL, all kinds. Call 1184 Petroleum Heat & Burner Co. Better clothes for less. Klein the Tailor, upstairs.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, famous English racing driver, HAS DRIVEN 100 MILES PER HOUR FASTER THAN ANY OTHER LIVING MAN...



THE PACIFIC OCEAN HAS BEEN KNOWN AS BOTH THE NORTH SEA AND THE SOUTH SEA...



WHAT'S A PYGMY? ORIGINALLY IT WAS A GREEK MEASURE OF LENGTH... INDICATING THE DISTANCE FROM ELBOWS TO KNUCKLES...



THE FIREMEN'S QUADRILLE... FLAMES BURST FROM THE CEILING, FIREMEN SPRAYED WATER AND WINDOWS WERE SMASHED TO ADD ATMOSPHERE TO A CONCERT DIRECTED AND STAGED BY LOUIS ANTOINE JULLIEN IN NEW YORK'S CRYSTAL PALACE...



1853-

The Firemen's Quadrille Believed to be the first man to put real showmanship into music, Louis Antoine Julien, a 19th century French bandmaster, was the creator of some astounding extravaganzas.

His all-time peak along this line was a performance he gave at the Crystal Palace in New York entitled "Night" or "The Firemen's Quadrille," during his American tour.

An unsuspecting audience heard the concert open with quiet, soothing music. Gradually it stepped up a bit with a flutter of violins. Suddenly, as its tempo rose to a fast pace, the clang of fire bells was heard outside. Tongues of flame broke out from the ceiling. Firemen came dashing in, smashing windows

on their way. Water poured from the nozzles of their hose. Women fainted or burst into hysterics and panic was narrowly averted by ushers rushing through the audience to about that it was all part of the show.

The director gave a signal. The blaring, rapid fire music stopped, then burst into a triumphant Doxology that ended the performance.

Julien returned to England, went violently insane, and died in a madhouse.

Sir Malcolm Campbell Strange as it seems, no living man has driven a car within 100 miles of the speed record established by Sir Malcolm Campbell when he shot his six-ton 1450-horsepower "Bluebird" came dashing in, smashing windows

rate of more than 300 miles per hour in 1935.

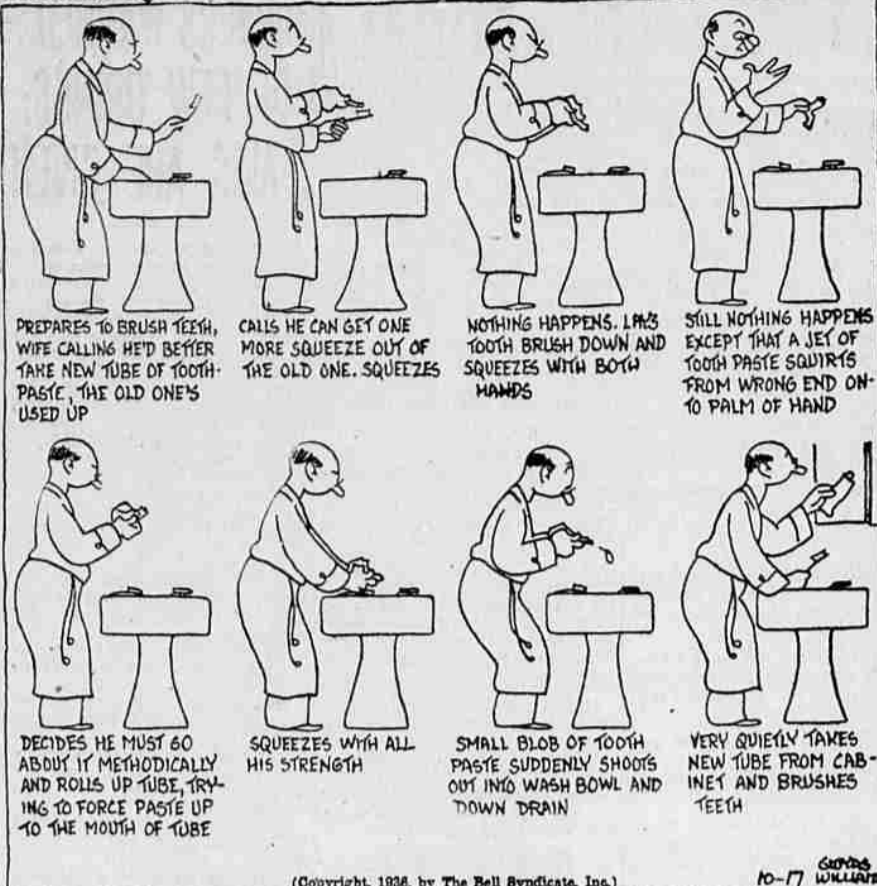
Four other men surpassed 200 miles per hour but all are dead, sacrifices to the god of speed. They were: Ray Keesch, killed in an automobile accident, 1928; Major Seagrave, killed in a speedboat crash, 1930; Lee Bibb, killed when his car crashed immediately after having bettered 200 miles an hour, and Frank Lockhart, killed in 1928.

Naming the Pacific First named the South Sea by Balboa because he stood on the isthmus of Panama and saw the sea to the south, it became the North Sea a short time later. Magellan first named it the Pacific.

Tomorrow: Inspired by a Nightmare!

THE LAST SQUEEZE

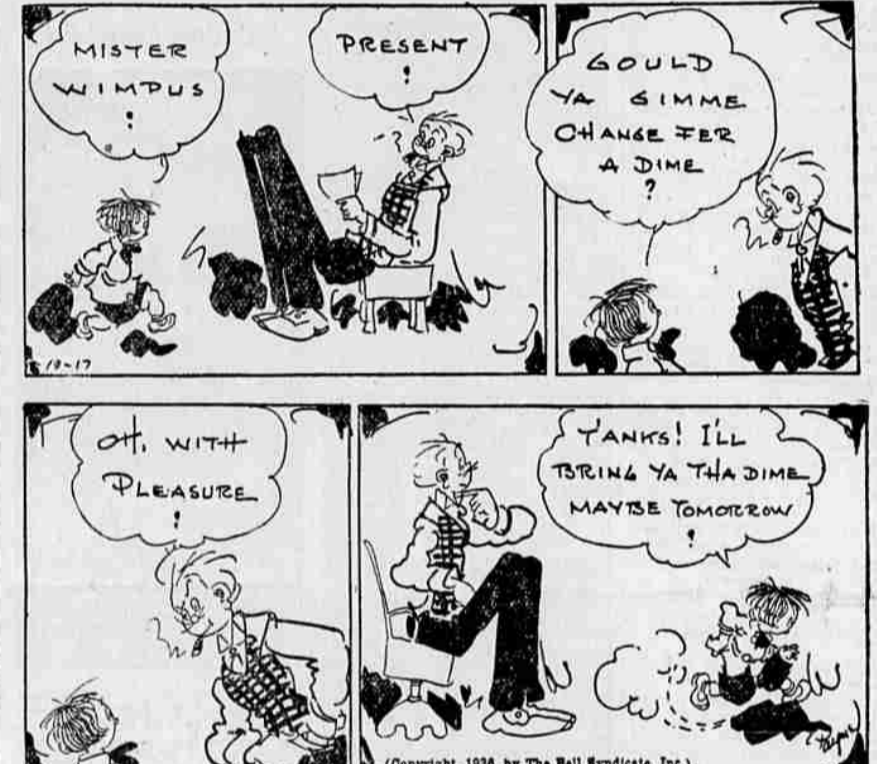
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Secret Leaks Out!

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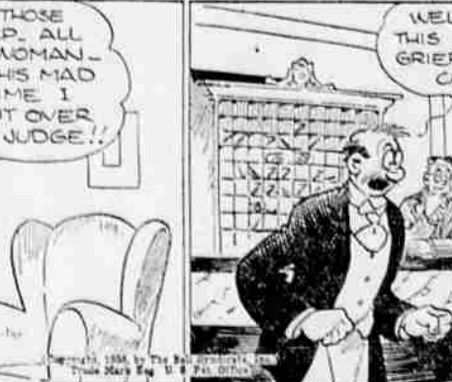
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Next Step

7-21



THE NEBBS—Bad News

10-19



STRIKE MAY CLOSE PLANT AT LONGVIEW

LONGVIEW, Oct. 22—(AP)—The Longview Pulp Co., a paper manufacturing firm employing 1,000 men, today faced the possibility of a strike Nov. 1. Locals of the boilermakers, electricians and teamsters unions already have voted to strike. Charges the company violated the national labor relations act were filed in Washington, D. C. Charles L. Hope, Seattle, regional federal labor board conciliator, was here today.

SLAYER OF TWO IS KILLED BY OFFICER

MT. PLEASANT, Utah, Oct. 22—(AP)—Henry Olsen, 30-year-old farmer who killed his wife and stepdaughter, was shot to death by Deputy Sheriff Ulysses Larsen late last night. Mrs. Emma Kenward, at whose home in the central Utah town the shooting occurred, told officers that Olsen, from Mayfield, Utah, attempted to see his estranged wife yesterday and departed uttering threats. Mrs. Kenward asked police protection and Olsen was locked in the Mt. Pleasant jail. He escaped late night, however. A few minutes later his stepdaughter, Miss Barbara Blay, was shot through the head as she

sat near a window in the Kenward home. Officers were organizing a posse when Olsen pushed through a crowd at the Kenward home and fired point blank with a revolver, killing Mrs. Olsen, 30. Deputy Larsen shot Olsen, killing him instantly.

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