

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Lee-Ramsden, guardian of Ruth Fraser, had engaged Ambrose Lawson and his gang of henchmen to make money with his wife. But Terence Mahony, much to everybody's annoyance, rescues Ruth, who returns the favor by providing Terence a false alibi against a murder he did not commit. Terence is on his way home from telling Lee-Ramsden things he should not have told him when he meets a shabby individual who claims to have known him in China. Terence does not suspect Lee-Ramsden; he knows Lawson is a crook but can't prove it.

Chapter 20 TERENCE TRAPPED

"HAVE you still got the note?" asked Mahony of the shabby man.

"Yes, I think so."

The shabby man tumbled in a breast pocket and produced a crumpled envelope.

"Here it is. I'm supposed to deliver it at ten tonight if I want that job, but I'm not taking any. I'd rather pick pockets or try my hand at a cat burglary."

Mahony considered for a moment. He looked the shabby man up and down.

"I'll give you a fiver for that note," he said.

"What...?" exclaimed Milson. "But... surely you're not thinking of trying for that job, are you?"

Mahony did not answer the question.

"Do you want that fiver?" he asked.

Milson shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course I want the fiver; I always want fivers," he remarked.

"And if you don't mind taking a job like that, I suppose that's your funeral. Here you are; deliver it to Mr. Brown, 137 Jamaica Road, Penrynfields, at ten tonight. And good luck to you."

Mahony handed over the fiver and received the note. He declined Milson's urgent invitation to come somewhere and have a drink, and left him.

When Mahony was out of sight Milson entered the nearest telephone-box. The man he telephoned was Ambrose Lawson.

"He fell for it all right," he stated. "That was all he said. Then he rang off."

MILSON was not altogether right in saying that Mahony had fallen for it. At the beginning of their conversation Mahony had been ready to believe that he might have met Milson in the Shanghai Bar and forgotten meeting him.

Then there had come a little discrepancy in Milson's story—the mention of Kosoff. Mahony had never known Kosoff in Shanghai. But he had mentioned the name of Shultz as a dope trafficker at the Little's that morning. And the fact that he had been a newspaper correspondent in China might easily be known to Lawson; Billy Ross might have mentioned it.

It occurred to Mahony that Lawson had put together all he knew about Mahony's career in China to try to lure him into a trap.

Mahony intended to walk into that trap, not blind and unaware, but with his eyes open, expecting trouble and ready for it. One precaution only he took; he wrote a note to Lee-Ramsden telling him what he proposed doing, and the address he was going to.

That note would reach Lee-Ramsden by the first post in the morning, and Mahony asked Lee-Ramsden to communicate with Inspector Kennedy if he should not ring him up before eleven the same morning.

Just before ten that night Mahony rapped at the door of 137 Jamaica Road, which was a tall, dingy, tumble-down house, in a row of dingy tumble-down houses. The door was opened by a bent, shriveled old man, who looked up at Mahony out of bleary eyes. Mahony handed him the note.

"I was told to bring this here at ten tonight," he said.

The old man took the note and looked at Mahony suspiciously.

"Wait here a minute," he said.

He closed the front door. Mahony waited. After about half a minute the front door opened again and the old man beckoned Mahony inside. His manner this time was more civil and conciliating.

"Mr. Brown says you're to come in and wait in his room," he said. "He won't keep you longer than he can help."

Mahony's hand was in his coat pocket; he was ready for anything that might happen. But though he strained his ears to hear the slightest sound near him he could hear nothing except his own footsteps and those of the old man; the house seemed surprisingly silent, almost deserted.

Cautiously, every sense on the

alert, he followed the old man up a dark, tumble-down staircase to a landing. The old man opened the door of a room.

"Wait in here," said the old man. Mr. Brown said you were to make yourself quite at home, and 'elp yourself to anything you want."

He ushered Mahony into a room that, by contrast with the rest of the house, was surprisingly well appointed and comfortable. The wallpaper was clean and fresh; there were a couple of comfortable arm chairs, a solid-looking roll-top desk, a good thick carpet, and on a mahogany table were whisky, soda, glasses, and a box of cigarets.

"Ave a drink or a smoke if you feel like it," said the old man, and he went out, closing the door after him. Mahony heard his slow footsteps going down the stairs.

Very puzzled, Mahony glanced round the room. So far as he could see, he appeared to be quite safe for the moment; the window was inaccessible from the road, the door was closed, there were no apertures or ventilators in the wall through which he could be shot at. He had no doubt that he had now walked into the trap prepared for him, but what was the nature of the trap? Was it in the drink or the cigarets on the table?

EVERYTHING was very quiet except for the slow tick-tock, tick-tock of a clock on one of the walls of the room. Minutes drag by very slowly when a man's nerves are strained and alert, waiting for something to happen. Five minutes passed, ten minutes passed, and still the house remained quite quiet.

Mahony smoked; he walked up and down the room; he glanced cautiously at the articles on the desk. At last, very softly, he pulled at one of the drawers.

It opened, and inside were a number of thin paper packets. One of the packets had burst slightly at one end, and from it had spilled a little shiny, white powder. Mahony wetted one finger slightly, and tasted a tiny particle of the powder. The cold, numb sensation on the end of his tongue told him instantly what the powder was. It was cocaine.

The silence of the house was suddenly broken. From down below at the front door came a sound of banging, and then of men's rough voices in the hall. Mahony closed the drawer swiftly. He had no doubt that whatever was going to happen would happen now, and he was ready and waiting for it.

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs leading up to the room. Mahony stood leaning back against the mantelpiece in an easy attitude, one hand in the pocket of his coat. The door of the room was flung violently open and a man stepped in.

He was a very large man, and very ugly. A shabby cap, pulled down at an angle over one eye, entirely failed to conceal his shock of untidy red hair. His brow was low; his eyes were small and deep-set, his lower jaw was underhung like that of a bulldog.

He closed the door deliberately behind him and stood in front of it scowling at Mahony, a huge, menacing figure.

"Good evenin' to ye, Mr. Brown," he said with a kind of savage politeness. "I just called in for me money."

"I'm not Mr. Brown," replied Mahony.

"Are ye not so?" said the man.

He took a pace forward suddenly and brought his huge right fist down with a loud crack into the palm of his left hand.

"What in hell do I care what ye're after calling yourself tonight?" he roared ferociously. "Isn't it enough trouble ye're after causing me, with the cops looking for me and all, without standin' there arguin' the toss about what name ye'd be passin' by? Give me me fifty quid and let me go—or have I got to squeeze the money out of you with me bare hands?"

It was obvious that he was in a real Irish temper; nothing would have pleased him better than a fight. The last thing Mahony wanted was a fight with a stranger at that moment.

"Don't be a damned fool," he said sharply. "I've told you I'm not Mr. Brown. I'm waiting for my myself." The Irishman made a gesture of disgust.

"Do you think you'll wriggle out of paying me that way, ye twisting clurleon?" he demanded angrily. "Didn't I have the tip that you'd be here at ten tonight? Wasn't you seen to come in at ten? Didn't the old fellow below tell me you was here?"

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But Terence has to fight, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



20-Minute Battle

A checked career was that of Sam Houston—statesman, military genius, school teacher and patriot.

Running away from home at 13, he crossed the Tennessee river and took up life with Indians of the wild region, being adopted as a son by one of the chiefs, Oolootka.

Houston returned to his family in Tennessee, 1811, opened a school, gave it up two years later and entered the army as a buck private. Within a year he rose from the ranks to win his commissions as a lieutenant.

Veteran of many an Indian war, he became fed up with the army in 1817 and went to Nashville to study law. Here he became consecutively district attorney, major-general of the militia, U. S. congressman and governor of Tennessee.

In 1820 Houston resigned as governor when his bride of three months, Eliza Allen, deserted him. Arrived in Texas, 1822, he was elected commander-in-chief of the Texan army at the outbreak of the Mexican war. The campaign was short lived.

Meeting the entire force of the Mexican army under General Santa Anna in surprise attack, Houston re-

venge the heroes of the Alamo with one of the most smashing defeats in military history.

With 743 raw troops, the Texas general completely routed approximately 1600 Mexican veterans, April 21, 1836, in 20 minutes on the banks of the San Jacinto river. Nearly half the Mexican soldiers were killed and the rest captured, including Santa Anna himself. Only six Texans were killed!

Houston was elected president of the newly formed Texas republic, subsequently becoming U. S. senator upon the admission of Texas to the union. Elected governor in 1859, he was deposed because of northern sympathies during the Civil war.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM STEADIES THE NERVES

TAILSPIN TOMMY—On the Trail of the Phantom!

IN A SECRET RADIO CONTACT WITH THE PHANTOM, PAUL AGREED TO LAND AT THE ABANDONED COMET AIRPORT AND LEAVE A NOTE INSTRUCTING THE GHOSTLY PILOT OF THE WEIRD SHIP WHERE THEY WOULD MEET IN AERIAL COMBAT. OVERHEARING THIS, TOMMY AND SKETER KIDNAPED THEIR CHIEF... TO SAVE HIS LIFE... AND ARE NOW ON THE TRAIL OF THE PHANTOM FOKKER.

THERE'S THE OLD COMET AIRPORT, SKETERS!

YOU MEAN... WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, TOM!

WE'LL SIT DOWN BEYOND THOSE HILLS!

AND MAKE IT ON FOOT TO THE FIELD!

LOOK, SKETERS! WE'RE JUST IN TIME.

GOLLY! ...TH PHANTOM FOKKER!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Further Details

YOU SEE, JERRY DUCKED OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE LONG BEFORE THEY LET ME GO—BUT I COULD NEVER FORGET HIM BECAUSE, BEN WEBSTER, JERRY WAS A CHAMP IN EVERYTHING—

HE WAS NO ORDINARY ORPHAN LIKE MYSELF—I DIDN'T GEE HIM FOR YEARS 'TIL I BUMPED INTO HIM IN LIVERPOOL—HE TRIED TO DODGE ME, BUT I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM—

I WAS PROSPEROUS THEN AND I WANTED TO HELP HIM BECAUSE OF ALL HE'D DONE FOR ME, BUT NOT JERRY! HE'S NOT THE KIND WHO'D ACCEPT HELP—

TRULY SPOKEN, BUGLE—TRULY SPOKEN!

AND IT WAS THEN HE TOLD ME HE WAS OFF FOR CANADA—

THE NEBBS—The Sad Lines

HERE'S MR. NEBBS' BREAKFAST BACK OUTTOUCHED—HE SHOODE ME OUT OF THE ROOM—HE COULDN'T EAT WHEN HE WAS MAD AT HER—NOW HE CAN'T EAT GRIEVING OVER HER.

IF HE DON'T EAT OR CAN'T SLEEP THEY'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN SOON.

YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND MEN—HERE I'VE BEEN ENGAGED TO BASIL FOR SIX YEARS AND HE'S WORKING ON A FARM FOR \$20 A MONTH AND BOARD—HE ALWAYS SAYS WE'LL GET MARRIED WHEN HIS SHIP COMES IN BUT HE NEVER GOES DOWN TO THE DOCK.

HE'S GOT AMBITION LIKE A PORCUPINE'S GOT FUR—IF YOU WAIT FOR HIM, THE UNDERTAKER'S GOING TO BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT.

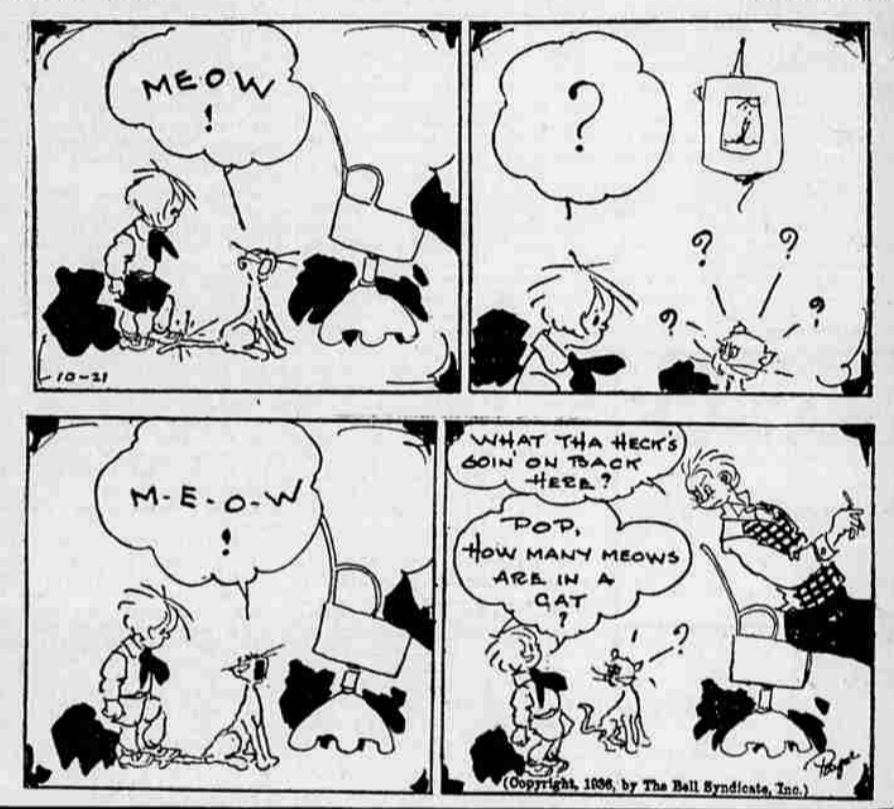
GETTING TO SLEEP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

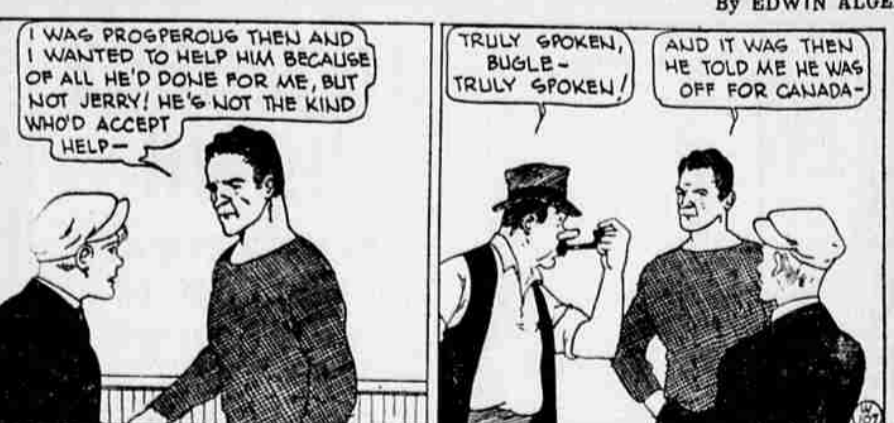
By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALOEB



By SOL HESS



FIND 11 GUILTY ABORTION RING

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 26.—(AP)—A superior court jury today convicted 11 of 13 defendants who have been on trial for a month charged with conducting a coastwide illegal surgery ring.

The jurors, after seven hours of actual deliberation, agreed on 11 separate verdicts, covering all counts charged to the defendants. Court attaches said this was the largest total ever recorded in a criminal trial in Los Angeles county.

E. L. Rankin, who the prosecution contended was the business head of the operation, first was convicted of conspiracy and complicity. Joseph Shinn and John Creeth were con-

victed of conspiracy, as was William Byrne, former state medical board investigator.

Doctors Valentine St. John, Jesse C. Ross and George E. Watta and Miss Grace Moore and Miss Lillian Wilson were found guilty of conspiracy.

Wife Slayer in Cell

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 26.—(AP)—Cell bars replaced a hospital cot today for Fred Weidner, asserted by police to have attempted suicide by firing a bullet into his brain after the strangling of his wife, Frances, in their Burnside street beer parlor September 23.

Pioneer Editor Passes

ST. HELENS, Ore., Oct. 26.—(AP)—Oregon lost one of its most colorful pioneers and newspaper men with the death of Emmenthal H. Flagg at his home here. Since coming to the state from South Carolina in the '80s, Flagg had been identified with numerous newspaper enterprises in western Oregon.