

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: In the determined effort to bring Ambrose Lussor and his gang of kidnapers and dope runners to justice, Terence Mahony has worked deliberately into the net of Lussor's traps. He has gone to a quiet house in an un-suspected neighborhood, and is waiting for a mysterious Mr. Brown when suddenly a very angry Irishman breaks into the place. He accuses Terence of being Mr. Brown, and threatens to take the fifty quid out of his hide.

Chapter 21

DEATH STRUGGLE

WITH that it seemed the man's patience came to an end. His large fists clenched; he took half a pace forward; and at that Mahony's pistol came out of his pocket and he pointed it at the man's stomach.

"Better not," he said curtly. At the sight of the pistol pointed at him the Irishman paused. But only for a moment.

"So that's the game—twist me out of me money and threaten me with a gun!" he exclaimed in a tone of outraged astonishment. "Shoot, then, me foinie gentleman, if you've the pluck, and if you kill me, may you swing for it."

At that, with an agility astonishing in a man of his build, he darted suddenly sideways, in order to confuse Mahony's aim, and then sprang, his huge hands outstretched towards Mahony's throat.

Mahony did not flinch. The last thing he wanted was the noise of a shot, which would attract the attention of the whole neighborhood, including the police, to the house.

He ducked quickly under those outstretched hands, stepped nimbly to one side, and slipped the pistol back into his pocket. Then, as his opponent turned for another spring, Mahony stopped in and brought his right over in a crisp, hard punch to the man's face.

The man's head went back; before he could recover himself Mahony had hit him again with the left in the stomach and the right in the jaw, both good solid hefty punches that might easily have knocked an ordinary man out.

The big Irishman took them without flinching; then he gathered himself together and sprang again.

Once more Mahony slipped lightly to one side; again his fist thudded into his opponent's face. The big man's right cheek was cut; one of his eyes was fast closing; his lower lip was considerably swollen. It seemed that he had learnt his lesson; he no longer indulged in those mad rushes.

Instead he adopted a half crouching attitude and began to advance quite slowly across the room towards Mahony, watching him like a cat the while. His intention was evident; he meant to crowd Mahony into a corner where he could pin him and get a grip on him.

But Mahony was not having any. He realized very well that once he came to grips with his Herculean opponent he would stand little chance.

Smack, smack, his fists landed in rapid succession in the man's face, and he slipped away out of range. But the Irishman, it seemed, also knew something of boxing; though he could not avoid the blows altogether, he managed to turn his head slightly, so that none of them reached a vital spot.

Slowly, remorselessly, he shuffled after Mahony, taking all the punishment that Mahony dealt out to him, waiting his chance to come to close quarters and get a grip on Mahony with those huge hands.

His chance came as Mahony, stepping back quickly out of range, caught his heel in the edge of a rug. For a moment Mahony staggered, off his balance, and in that moment the Irishman leaped.

Mahony twisted desperately, trying to get out of range; he almost succeeded, but not quite. The Irishman's left hand got a good grip on Mahony's coat; with a sudden jerk he drew Mahony near to him; and his right hand, like a snake striking, closed round Mahony's throat.

"Now, me foinie gentleman, we can continue the argument more comfortably," said the Irishman in a triumphant tone.

For a moment, in that tremendous grip, Mahony felt utterly helpless. He struggled, hitting out with both fists at his opponent's body, but it was like battering at a brick wall. The Irishman was smiling; his eyes were blazing with a light of victorious exultation. Mahony's struggles grew weaker.

And then the rug which had been his undoing proved his salvation. As the two men struggled, the rug, which had become thoroughly matted up, became entangled between their feet. Still holding Ma-

hony, the Irishman tripped; the two men together staggered into a small chair, knocked it over, and came crashing to the ground.

As he fell, the Irishman had instinctively released his grip and flung out one arm to try to retain his balance. Mahony gave a desperate wriggle and got clear.

The two men rose to their feet almost simultaneously. Mahony's back was against a corner of the wall; his breath was coming painfully in sobbing gasps; and the Irishman barred his exit from the corner. In another moment that terrible grip would close on Mahony's throat again.

Mahony had neither the energy nor the breath remaining to dodge. There was only one thing to do, and he did it. As the Irishman sprang in again to the attack, he marshalled all his strength in one supreme effort and sprang to meet him.

And this time, either from sheer carelessness, or because he thought that his opponent was exhausted, the Irishman left a vital spot unguarded. Mahony's fist, with all the skill and timing learned during many hours of boxing, and with every bit of bone and muscle in his body, and all the strength of desperation behind the blow, crashed fairly on to the angle of the big man's jaw.

The Irishman, coming forward at full speed, was knocked clean over in his tracks, landing on 'he flat of his back with a crash that seemed to shake the building. Mahony, panting and exhausted, leaned back against the wall. His right hand felt as though every bone in it was broken. The Irishman lay still.

From outside in the street came a sound of voices and a car drawing up. The big Irishman stirred. Slowly and feebly he raised himself into a sitting position. Mahony stepped forward from the wall. In case of any more trouble he meant to use the butt of his pistol.

The big man, sitting on the floor, stared up at him in a bewildered manner. His eyes wide with wonder. A hideous smile twisted his battered lips.

"THAT was a foinie punch, Mister," he said in a tone of awed admiration. "I don't know that anybody ever hit me as hard as that before."

"I'll hit you a damned sight harder, with the butt of this pistol, if you try to get up," said Mahony bluntly. The Irishman raised a protesting hand.

"Be aisy," he said. "You can keep the money, I know—"

He was interrupted by a knocking on the front door below. Mahony turned swiftly to the window and looked out. A car was drawn up in front of the house, and by it was standing a uniformed policeman; another was standing a few yards away down the street. Both of them were looking at the house.

"Hail! The Police!" exclaimed Mahony.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Irishman.

With an effort he staggered to his feet, and looked round him. The smile had left his lips; his expression was that of a hunted man.

"It will be me they're after," he went on. "Some dirty traitor must have seen me come here and given them the wire. Get me out of this, mister—you will get me out of it, won't you? Sure, a man like you, a fightin' man, wouldn't see a poor devil of a fellow sent to jail without stirring a finger."

"I don't know the blasted way out myself; I don't want to be caught here any more than you do," replied Mahony. "From what I can see, the place is surrounded. It will be no good going downstairs; I'm going to try my luck upwards. You can come if you like."

"I'm with you," said the Irishman. He reached out his hand, lifted the whiskey from the table, and took a mighty swig.

"Ah," he said, taking a deep breath. "Now I feel like a man again."

They left the room swiftly and ran up the dark, narrow staircase. From down below came a sound of loud thudding on the front door. The police were no longer content with knocking; they were breaking in.

At the top of the stairs was a small landing. And in the middle of it was a trapdoor in the flat roof of the house. Mahony ran up the ladder. To his dismay the trapdoor was securely locked with a padlock.

From down below came a loud crash as the front door burst open. Mahony seized the padlock and gave it a wrench. But it was a good strong lock and securely fixed; it did not move.

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Terence makes a thrilling dash for liberty across the housetop tomorrow.

OREGON DRIVERS IGNORE WARNINGS

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 27.—(AP)—The driving public of Oregon, cautioned in safety drives and warned

by authorities, has had more automobile accidents for the first nine months of this year than the corresponding period of 1935. The figures were revealed in a survey by the state motor association. There were 22,302 accidents for the first nine months, an increase of 40 per cent over a year ago. September alone had 3,152 mishaps, a jump of 66 per cent.

The year already has brought death to 215 and injuries to 6,051. One hundred and eighty-five persons were killed during the first nine months of 1935 and 3,927 injured.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

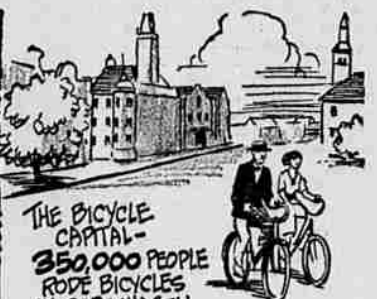
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE LEGAL COUNTERFEITER—GEORGE DERABIN—New York, HAS MADE HIS LIVING FOR 15 YEARS BY FORGING SIGNATURES



NICK BESSNER—Montreal golfer, SCORED 2 HOLES-IN-ONE ON THE SAME HOLE THE SAME DAY...—1936



THE BICYCLE CAPITAL—350,000 PEOPLE RODE BICYCLES IN COPENHAGEN CAPITAL OF DENMARK... ONE TO EVERY 3 OF THE CITY'S INHABITANTS...—1933



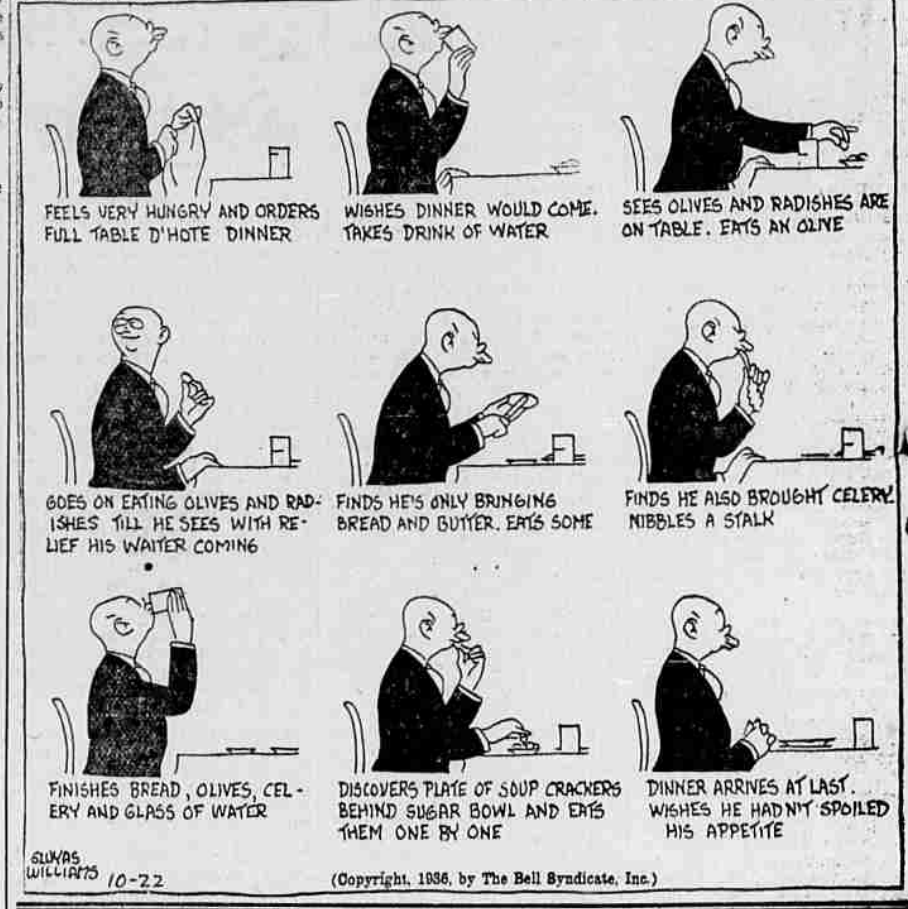
THE METHOD OF PRODUCING SILK WAS KEPT A SECRET IN CHINA FOR NEARLY 3,000 YEARS—WITH DEATH THE PENALTY FOR BETRAYAL... A FEW SILKWORM EGGS, SMUGGLED OUT OF THE COUNTRY IN A HOLLOW BAMBOO CANE, ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE FOUNDED THE ENTIRE SILK-MAKING INDUSTRY OF THE WESTERN WORLD...—6th century A.D.

The "professional forger." Working for Hoover Letters, Inc., Mr. DeRabin has for the past 15 years earned his living by signing other people's names to letters in direct-mail campaigns, motion picture star photos, holiday greetings, etc. Strange as it seems, he has been offered more money for single signatures than he earns for the past 15 years earned his living by signing other people's names to letters in direct-mail campaigns, motion picture star photos, holiday greetings, etc. He has offered more money for single signatures than he earns for the past 15 years earned his living by signing other people's names to letters in direct-mail campaigns, motion picture star photos, holiday greetings, etc. He has offered more money for single signatures than he earns for the past 15 years earned his living by signing other people's names to letters in direct-mail campaigns, motion picture star photos, holiday greetings, etc.

The Snuggled Industry. No silk was produced outside of China until about 550 A. D., though the industry was then nearly 3000 years old. For the entire period the Chinese had guarded the secret of the silkworm—with death the promised penalty for betrayal. Two stories as to the way the first Chinese princess, betrothed to an Indian prince, concealed silkworm eggs and mulberry leaves in her head dress when she left the country to travel to her new home. Legal Counterfeiter. The more complicated or "fancy" a signature is, the more easily it is forged, according to George DeRabin.

HUNGRY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FEELS VERY HUNGRY AND ORDERS FULL TABLE D'HOTE DINNER. WISHES DINNER WOULD COME. TAKES DRINK OF WATER. SEES OLIVES AND RADISHES ARE ON TABLE. EATS AN OLIVE. GOES ON EATING OLIVES AND RADISHES TILL HE SEES WITH RELIEF HIS WAITER COMING. FINDS HE'S ONLY BRINGING BREAD AND BUTTER. EATS SOME. NIBBLES A STALK. FINISHES BREAD, OLIVES, CELERY AND GLASS OF WATER. DISCOVERS PLATE OF SOUP CRACKERS BEHIND SUGAR BOWL AND EATS THEM ONE BY ONE. DINNER ARRIVES AT LAST. WISHES HE HAD N'T SPOILED HIS APPETITE.

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S MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYN



HEY! DON'T GULP. EAT LIKE A BIRD—A PECK AT A TIME. AW-W! WHO WANTS TO EAT CANDY LIKE A BIRD? MAW, HOW MUCH IS A PECK? LET'S SEE—A PECK IS FOUR QUARTS—ABOUT SO MUCH! OKAY, POP!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Phantom Ground Loops!



TOMMY AND SKEEKER REACHED THE ABANDONED COMET AIRPORT AHEAD OF THE PHANTOM FOKKER... LANDING IN AN ADJACENT FIELD, HIDDEN FROM VIEW OF THE OLD AIRDROME THEY MAKE THEIR WAY AFOOT TOWARD A BROKEN DOWN HANGAR WHERE THEY HIDE AND WAIT... HE NEVER STOPS HIS MOTOR WHEN HE SITS DOWN... WE'LL SHOOT RIGHT AT HIS WHIRLING PROP... AND SHATTER IT... NOW!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Bombshell!

By EDWIN ALGER



NOW THEN, BEN, YOU'VE MET ONE OF OUR BEST ORPHANS, THE BUGLE-LOVELY LAD-LOVELY, LOVELY, LOVELY—HE'D TOOT THE HORN FOR BREAKFAST—THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HIS NICKNAME. PERCY, THE DOCTOR WHO ATTENDED JERRY'S MOTHER IS IN CANADA AND, AS FAR AS WE KNOW, SO IS JERRY. YES, GIR, BOSS—THAT'S RIGHT—THAT'S WHAT I CALL TAKIN' TWO AN' TWO AN' MAKIN' FOUR— WELL, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO GET READY TO GO TO CANADA WITH ME? WHAT?! ME CROSS THE OCEAN? HOLD ON! IF MRS. PETTY IS WILLIN', IT'LL TAKE SOMETHIN' UNDER FORTY-SEVEN AN' A HALF MINUTES!

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THE NEBBS—What To Do?

By SOL HESS



MY FANNY GIRLS GONE! WHAT CAN I DO, FUZZ, WHAT CAN I DO? YOU CAN BE BRAVE... IT WAS AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE OVER WHICH YOU HAD NO CONTROL. BRAVE? I'M BRAVE... IN MY PRESENT MENTAL CONDITION IF I WAS IN A WAR, I'D CHARGE A MACHINE GUN HOPING THE GUY COULD SHOOT STRAIGHT!!

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PEAR BUREAU ISSUES NEW DISPLAY POSTER FOR AID OF DEALERS

"Luscious looking" is the comment on the new Bosc pear display poster just issued by the Oregon-Washington Pear Bureau as one of its pieces of dealer help material this season. The poster features a huge Bosc pear in natural colors, and at its base a tempting piece of pear pie and cheese. Members of the pear bureau have sent in scores of names of pear buyers and prospective buyers to be sent the poster, in eastern markets. While the bureau advertises the earlier part of the season is devoted to Bosc, advertising on Anjou will blend in before the Bosc season is over.

DEATH ON HIGHWAY IS RESULT OF HEAVY FOG

CORVALLIS, Ore., Oct. 26.—(AP)—Oliver B. Hardwick, 42, West Salem, was instantly killed last night five miles south of here on the Eugene highway when struck by a car driven by Roy Thomson of Eugene. During a dense fog, Hardwick had stopped on the road to wipe off the windshield on his car. Thomson was not held.