

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony is determined to bring Ambrose Lawson and his gang of kidnapers and dope runners to justice. He coils deliberately into a trap and is almost killed by an Irish bully who mistakes him for a mysterious Mr. Brown. Now Terence and the Irishman allies for the moment are both fleeing from the police. And they find the trapdoor leading to the rat roof of the house securely padlocked.

Chapter 22 FIGHT

"DAMN!" said Mahony. "Here, let me come," said the Irishman.

He sprang up beside Mahony on the ladder, and seized the lock. His ugly features twisted in a ferocious scowl. He braced himself, setting his feet firmly against the sides of the ladder, took a deep breath, and flung himself backwards, tugging the lock with all his immense strength.

There was a sharp, splintering crack of woodwork and a heavy crash as the Irishman fell bodily from the ladder to the floor below. But in his hand he held the padlock, still securely locked.

Mahony pushed the door open and mounted to the roof; the Irishman made haste to follow him. From where they stood a line of flat roofs

collided with a chimney stack, and came to rest. Immediately after him came the Irishman. He, too, cleared the distance, but only just; had not Mahony grabbed him, he would have slipped back and fallen. And then, with a defiant yell, the foremost of the pursuing policemen essayed the jump.

It was a plucky effort, but it did not succeed. As Mahony and the Irishman turned to run, the policeman struck the edge of the roof with his knee, grabbed frantically at the hard stonework to try to save himself, and then fell with a heavy thud to the ground thirty feet below.

The other policemen hesitated. Handcapped as they were by heavy boots and uniform, they did not feel inclined to risk their comrade's fate.

Mahony and the Irishman did not see the policeman fall; their backs were towards him, and they were intent on getting away. But other people saw him; there were cries of horror from the street below, and a crowd began to gather. Policemen forced their way through the crowd, and a couple of them laid their comrade on an improvised stretcher. He was unconscious and obviously badly injured, but he was still living.

Mahony and the Irishman tra-

He took a deep breath and flung himself backward.



stretched away on either side of them. They began to make their way quickly along the roofs away from the trapdoor.

The police were not far behind them; as they were crossing the roof of the house next door the foremost emerged from the trapdoor.

"There they go," he shouted, and started in pursuit. Three other policemen came hard on his heels. From the street below came a continued sound of excited shouting; police whistles were blowing shrilly.

They crossed about six roofs at top speed, gaining slightly on the pursuing policemen. Then Mahony stopped suddenly, and the Irishman gave a shout of dismay.

In the darkness of the housetops, it was not possible to see far ahead. But even in that darkness their eyesight carried far enough to show them that a couple of roofs farther on the line of houses finished with the end of the street.

With the police behind them, and a drop of thirty feet to the ground about twenty yards ahead of them, it seemed that their escape was entirely cut off.

ONE chance of escape Mahony saw—a slim chance. At the end of the line of roofs along which they were running, and at right angles to it, was another line of roofs covering the houses in another street. Between the end roof of the row on which they stood, and the nearest roof in the row running at right angles to it, was a wide gap. Mahony turned to the Irishman.

"Are you game to take a chance on it?" he asked.

The Irishman nodded. "I'm game," he answered.

From behind came an exultant shout; the pursuing police had seen the predicament in which they stood. Mahony laughed; he hurled himself forward at top speed, reached the extreme edge of the roof, and jumped for his life. For a moment he felt himself rushing through the air; below him he could see dimly the outlines of an untidy garden. Then his feet landed safely on the edge of the roof; he staggered a couple of paces

versed four or five roofs, and then paused. There was no sign of pursuit on the housetops now, though the street below was in a tumult; from every house people had rushed out to see what was happening. The Irishman started to the side of the roof to look over, but Mahony laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't let yourself be seen from the street," he said. "Listen, no one can see us at the moment; beyond knowing that we're somewhere on these housetops, no one can be quite sure exactly where we are. If we can only get down into one of the houses without being seen, and then get out of the front door and mingle with the crowd in the street, we stand some chance of slipping away in the confusion."

"There's sense to that," said the Irishman. "What we have to do is to find a trapdoor that we can break open from the outside pretty easily," went on Mahony. "Come on, and keep your eyes open."

Luck was with them; the next house they came to had better than a trapdoor leading to the roof; it had a skylight. The Irishman put one massive foot down hard on it twice; with a sharp tinkle the glass caved inward, falling down into the house. Mahony and the Irishman dropped through the opening to the landing at the top of the house.

Swiftly, but cautiously, they made their way down a dark, narrow staircase towards the ground floor. Luck was still with them; all the inhabitants of the house except one had gone out into the street to see the fun.

The one person left in the house was a very old woman, crippled with rheumatism; she came hobbling to the door of a downstairs room just as they gained the hall. Her feeble bark of alarm was lost in the clamor from outside. They opened the front door quietly and slipped out, mingling with the excited crowd in the squalid, ill-lit street.

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Tomorrow, Terence and his Irishman find a friend in the street.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

GEORGE ELLIOT FLINT—Long Beach, Cal., PUSHED UP TWO 80-LB DUMB-BELLS 13 SUCCESSIVE TIMES AT THE AGE OF 61... THEN PUSHED UP TWO 70-LB DUMB-BELLS 15 SUCCESSIVE TIMES 4 YEARS LATER... —1936—

THE FISH THAT WALKS/ BAT FISH of Central America HAVE 4 LEGS WITH WHICH THEY WALK ON THE SEA BOTTOM

NATURAL TUNNEL—Scott County, Va., CARVED BY A RIVER THROUGH 1557 FEET OF SOLID ROCK... THIS WORK OF NATURE IS TODAY USED AS A RAILROAD TUNNEL...

"WHISKEY" ORIGINALLY MEANT "WATER OF LIFE"... (From the Gaelic "uisgebeatha")

Natural Tunnel. Situated far back in the rugged regions of Powell mountain, the existence of the huge natural tunnel in southwest Virginia has in the past been little known.

Cut through solid walls of limestone by a small stream, it required countless centuries for nature to complete her work. The entire length of the tunnel, including a naturally formed amphitheatre and a small adjoining tunnel, is 1557 feet. The tunnel's height varies from 100 to 200 feet. Through the natural passage runs a railroad, telegraph line and a good steel stream, Stock creek.

Its railroad, originally the South Atlantic and Ohio, was put through in 1882 and now forms part of the Southern Railway system. Roads recently constructed through the district afford an opportunity for automobile travelers to visit the natural formation.

Walking Fish. The quadruped flat fish (Maithe vespertilio) a native of Central American and Cuban waters, is a true fish. In spite of its strange leg equipment, believed to be unduplicated in all fishdom.

Science declares that in no way does the queer denizen of the deep represent a link between ordinary fish and amphibious animals such as frogs and beavers.

A bottom feeder, the bat fish walks along the ocean floor, now and then using its powerful hind-legs to spring upward and forward while its tall fin performs lateral swimming movements.

Strongman at 65. George Elliott Flint gave striking illustration of the physical fitness a man may retain at an advanced age through a life of strict training habits. On August 26, 1932, the Long Beach cluster pushed up two 80-pound dumb-bells 13 successive times without jerking them in any way. January 10, 1936, at the age of 65, Flint performed the same feat 17 successive times with two 70-pound dumb-bells.

FOR A DRY AND DUSTY THROAT TRY WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

STEADIES THE NERVES

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys in Grave Danger!

AS THE PHANTOM FOKKER LANDS AT THE ABANDONED COMET AIRPORT, WHERE ITS GHOSTLY PILOT EXPECTED A NOTE FROM PAUL SMITH APPOINTING A TIME AND PLACE FOR AN AERIAL DUEL, THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF THE WEIRD SHIP STRUCK A GOPHER HOLE... AND THE PLANE IS NOW IN A HELPLESS "GROUND LOOP..." 2641.

QUICK!... HE'S GROUND LOOPING, SKEETS

BOY! WHAT LUCK!

BULLETS!... DOWN, SKEETS!

G-GOLLY!... I SPOKE TOO... SOON!

HAH!... A TRICK!... NOW... MY FRIEND, YOU SHALL DIE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Breaking the News

TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO, PERCY—YOU GO AND GET READY, I'LL PACK MY DUGS AND BRIAR AND I WILL MEET YOU AT YOUR HOME—

ORDERS IS ORDERS!

ME CROSSIN' THE OCEAN— THAT IS AN ADVENTURE! OH, BUT WHAT WILL MY GUGARLUM SAY TO IT ALL?

GO, YOU GOT THE GACK AT THE ORPHANAGE. EN? DON'T TRY TO HIDE THE BAD NEWS FROM ME, PERCY PETTY! A GENTLEMAN, WHO'S JUST LEFT, SAID YOU'D BEEN BOUNCED FOR DISLOYALTY—

MRS. PETTY, MY SWEET, WILL YOU PLEASE BE PACKIN' MY BAG? DUTY CALLS ME TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC—

RUDY! I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

AN AIRPLANE HAS SIGHTED THE DISABLED MIDAS YACHT ABOUT 100 MILES OFF THE COAST OF URUGUAY— NO COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE YACHT BUT THERE IS HOPE THAT EVERYBODY ON BOARD IS SAFE...

I HOPE MY DARLING IS SAFE... LONG DISTANCE THE VAN MIDAS COMPANY, MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME DEFINITE INFORMATION... WHAT AN EMPTY WORLD THIS IS WITHOUT HER. IF SHE COMES BACK TO ME, I'LL NEVER SAY A WORD TO HER THAT WOULD TICKLE HER EARS WHEN SHE LISTENS TO IT!!

THE NEBBS—Good News?

COQUILLE, Oct. 28.—(AP)—Discovery of oil-soaked tags led forest officials to blame incendiaries for a dozen flare-ups near Gold Beach. All blazes were checked almost immediately.

Federal agents are in the vicinity checking up on alleged firebug activities.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GUYAS WILLIAMS

CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD WILL BE GLAD WHEN THE ELECTION IS OVER SO THAT AT THE HOUR OF A FAVORITE PROGRAM THE FAMILY WON'T ALWAYS BE MONOPOLIZING THE RADIO TO LISTEN TO A POLITICAL BROADCAST

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

I'M SITTING BULL!

Y'AIN'T! Y'AIN'T!

HOW COME?

YA KNOW VERY WELL WE COULD NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HE'S ON!

AN' IF YA CAN'T BE HIM, YA CAN'T SCALLUP ME!

HUH, POP?

THAT'S RIGHT!

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By HAL FORREST

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4 Burn To Death In Farm Residence

WALL, S. D., Oct. 28.—(AP)—Four persons, including the bed-ridden mother of a seven-day-old baby, burned to death today when their farm home was destroyed by fire.

The dead: Wesley Galbraith, 25, his wife, 28; two children, ages five and 3, daughters of Mrs. Grace Hemness, sister of Galbraith, who made her home at the farm.

Mrs. Hemness rescued the baby of her sister-in-law, but her own children, trapped on the second floor, could not be reached.

Hemo Divorce Asked. BEND, Nev., Oct. 28.—(AP)—Divorce suits filed here today included: Rose S. Bragdon vs. Jeretta Bragdon; married Grants Pass, Ore., November 11, 1930; separation for more than five years.

Body Of Missing Captain Is Found

NEW LONDON, Conn., Oct. 28.—(AP)—The body of Captain James W. Giffin, 55, master of the freighter "Golden Mountain," lay in a morgue here today pending funeral arrangements by the San Francisco man's family.

Reported missing from the vessel Sunday, Captain Giffin's body was found at Waterford yesterday.

Dr. Frank M. Dunn, medical examiner of Waterford, performed an autopsy and said heart disease caused death.

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