

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony has walked knowingly into Ambrose Lawrence's trap in an effort to bring that worthy and his gang of kidnapers and dope runners to justice. But he is mistaken for a mysterious Mr. Brown by an equally mysterious Irishman, and has to fight for his life. Then police arrive and Terence and the Irishman, allies for the moment, escape over the rooftops. One pursuing policeman falls to the ground, while the crowd watches him, the two fugitives slip down through a house, to the street.

Chapter 23

ATTY BASSETT

The injured constable had been removed into a house to await the arrival of an ambulance, and the constables who had been attending to him were hurrying up the street to join in the hunt. The danger now was that, even in that crowd, the tall hulking figure and ugly features of the Irishman would be recognized. He evidently realized the danger.

"You slip along, Mister; don't stay with me; let me take my chance on my own," he urged Mahony. "The cops aren't likely to know you, I'm thinking; you'll get away much better without me."

But Mahony wasn't having any of that. "I'm damned if I will," he said. The Irishman grinned.

"Right you are, me boyo," he replied. "But I'm thinking you'd do better..."

He broke off as a dirty hand plucked at his sleeve. The hand belonged to a little, squinting bow-legged man, dressed in a disreputable check suit and a red muffler.

"Get along to Fatty Bassett's," said a hoarse voice. "Slip away quietly mate. I'll give the cops something to think about while you're gettin' away."

The bow-legged man edged away from them through the crowd and suddenly raised his voice in an excited shout.

"There they go! Look on that roof! I seen one of 'em dodge behind that chimney stack!" he yelled shrilly, and raised a pointing hand.

"Where? Where?" A dozen voices asked the question. A police sergeant grasped the bow-legged man by the arm.

"You saw them?" he demanded. "I seen one of 'em, large as life behind that there chimney stack," declared the bow-legged man in a voice of excited conviction. "E popped 'is 'ead out, took a deeko, and ort again. I seen 'im as plain as I see me and."

The sergeant ran in the direction of the house at which the bow-legged man had pointed. For the time being the attention of the crowd and police was directed towards that house. That gave Mahony and the Irishman the opportunity to slip out of the crowd and make their way along a dark side street.

But the danger was not over yet; the police in the whole district would be on the lookout for the two fugitives. For five minutes they dodged cautiously about the dark, narrow streets, keeping a wary eye open for growling policemen. Then they drew into the shelter of an arch overhanging a massive gateway.

"This way," said the Irishman. "Follow me."

He led Mahony along a narrow passage that ran between the back of a warehouse and a row of small, grimy back gardens. Halfway along the passage he turned off to the left, crossed a small garden, and descended half a dozen stone steps into a dark area.

In front of him was a door, the kitchen door of a house. He rapped on it sharply three times, paused and rapped once again. The door opened very slightly, and a gruff, suspicious voice said: "Who's there?"

"Barney Flynn and another," answered the Irishman. "The cops is out after us."

"Come in," said the gruff voice, and the door opened wider.

They entered through a dark pantry into a trowsy kitchen lighted adequately by a flickering gas jet. Three men were seated at the kitchen table drinking beer and playing with a greasy pack of cards; another chair and mug had obviously just been left by the man who had opened the door. The three men looked up as Mahony and Barney entered. One of them, a very fat, disreputable-looking rascal, spoke.

"Lo, Barney," he said. "Wot the 'all you duns' over 'ere? I thought you was 'yin' low in Joe Walton's doss 'ouse over the other side of the river."

"I was so," answered the Irishman. "But I was given the tip where Mr. Brown was to be found tonight, and I slipped across the water to see if I could get me money."

"And who's yer pal?" asked the fat man. "I don't remember to 'ave seen 'im before."

"Why, 'tis Mr. Brown himself," answered Barney with some pride. "We had a bit of a friendly argument, and the spalpeen laid me on the flat of me back. After that the police came and we got out by the roof."

"Wot, 'e laid you on the flat of your back!" exclaimed one of the other men. "Wot with?"

"With his fist," said the Irishman, and he laid his hand almost affectionately on Mahony's shoulder. "Begob, he's a foine fighter is Mr. Brown."

The fat man turned to Mahony. His eyes were cold, and his expression was unfriendly.

"So you're Mr. Brown, eh?" he demanded.

"No, I'm not," answered Mahony. "I told Barney I wasn't, but he wouldn't believe me."

"True, you're not," answered the fat man roughly. "I know wot Mr. Brown looks like; I seen 'im once when I went to the 'ouse in Jamaica Street."

Here was a chance of getting information, and Mahony took it. "What does he look like?" he demanded.

"Taller than you, and darker, with a little moustache. And 'e's got a little scar on the back of 'is left and, answered the fat man.

He scowled at Mahony sullenly. "Oo 'e'll are you, anyway, askin' questions?" he went on suspiciously. "Suppose you tell us a bit about yerself."

Mahony did not answer for a moment. The fat man's description of Mr. Brown had given him a sudden shock. Tall, with a little dark moustache, and a scar on the back of his hand—that description exactly fitted his friend Billy Ross.

"Well?" demanded the fat man. "Ain't you got a tongue. Wot was you doin' in that 'ouse?"

"I was sent there by a fellow named Milson; he told me that if I called there at ten Mr. Brown would give me a job," answered Mahony.

"Milson?" said the fat man. "Milson? I never 'eard of 'im. Wot's 'e look like?"

Before Mahony could answer, there came three sharp raps on the outer door, followed by another rap. The man who had admitted Mahony and Barney went to the door and opened it. A man entered.

He came into the room, stopped short, and stared at Mahony and Barney with the expression of one who cannot believe the sight of his own eyes. Mahony stared back at him; there was a smile about his lips but the expression in his eyes was hard and dangerous.

"Hello, Milson," he said. After Mahony's words there was a pause. The air of the cellar was charged with a kind of dramatic tension. Milson stood just inside the doorway, an expression of amazement and fear on his face, staring at Mahony and Barney.

Just behind him, in the doorway, was the man who had led him in. The fat man had risen; his expression was one of hard, scowling suspicion as he stared from Mahony to the man called Milson.

Mahony had moved back slightly and was standing against the wall; his expression, too, was keen and hard, and his hand had slipped into the side pocket of his coat.

During the pause, the bow-legged man also quietly entered the cellar and stood looking with some curiosity at the men in there.

The fat man was the first to speak. "Milson?" he demanded roughly. "Wot d'yer mean, Milson? That's Mr. Lake."

"He told me his name was Milson and he sent me down to that house in Jamaica Street to see Mr. Brown about a job," stated Mahony.

Milson, or rather Lake, made a little nervous movement with his hand. He was afraid of Mahony and the big Irishman, and to conceal his fear he tried to bluster.

"Well, and supposing I did?" he said shrilly. "I had my orders and I carried them out. And it's a nice thing you've done to let them in here. I'd like to know who's responsible for that. There's going to be some trouble about that, I can tell you."

"I sent 'em along 'ere becoss the cops was arter 'em," put in the bow-legged man. "Wot else was I to do?"

"You damned fool. The cops were arter them because..." began Milson. Then he broke off as if he had said too much.

"Mahony talks, tomorrow, for his life."

## REMODELED CHATEAU WILL OPEN SATURDAY FOR DINING, DANCING

Herman Burgoyne, former manager of the Rex cafe here, today announced the opening Saturday night of the Chateau, a dine and dance place ten miles south of Medford on the Pacific highway.

The Chateau was built about three years ago but continued in business only a few weeks. Burgoyne has completely remodelled the place and has put in a large dance floor in the center of the building formerly given over to a creek and rustic bridge. The walls have been celled inside with natural knotty cedar and new heating and light fixtures have been installed.

The balconies have been remodelled. The kitchen has been completely modernized with gas equipment, including a range, deep fat fryer and broiler and a large cold storage room for vegetables and meats.

Innovations include a 40-foot giant slide running from the balcony to the main floor and a 20-foot bar at one end of the building. Burgoyne announced that Gene Purvis and his swing band will furnish dance music each night.

The Chateau has table accommodations for 350 guests. The parking space around the building has been improved with 500 cubic yards of gravel and will accommodate more than 100 cars.

Terminal Fund Granted. PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 29.—(AP)—C. C. Hockley, state public works administrator, said today approval had been received from Washington of a \$391,041 grant for the partial reconstruction and enlarging of Portland municipal terminal No. 1 and the construction of a warehouse. Total cost of the project was estimated at \$869,978.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows seasonally. Knowledgeable Workmen. Utmost care for You. Late to Classify 404 to 120 p. m.

Quadruplets Born. KAUNAS, Lithuania, Oct. 29.—(AP)—Quadruplets, two boys and two girls, were born today to the wife of a laborer in Marijampole, southern Lithuania. The same woman in 1934 bore triplets, all of whom died almost immediately after birth.

Catholic Pastor Dies. PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 29.—(AP)—Father George C. Chabot, 81, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic church, St. Paul, Ore., died here today. He was born at Lazare, Quebec. Before taking the pulpit of the St. Paul church he was at Roseburg and Tillamook.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—(AP)—Sir Newton Moore, 63, former premier of Western Australia and ex-president of the Dominion Steel and Corporation of Canada, died today following an operation. He sat in the house of commons as a conservative from 1918 until 1932.

## 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 WRITER WHO FORGOT WHAT HE WROTE!

SIR WALTER SCOTT DICTATED HIS IMMORTAL "BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR" WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRUGS... WHEN FINISHED HE DID NOT REMEMBER EVER HAVING WORKED ON IT AND DID NOT RECOGNIZE ANY OF ITS CONTENTS!



**HANK - THE WORLD'S TALLEST BARTENDER, 7 FT. 8 IN., AND TERRY - THE WORLD'S SHORTEST BARTENDER, 4 FT. 11 IN., BOTH WORK AT THE LONGEST BAR IN THE WORLD - 176 FEET... - Bradley's, San Francisco -**

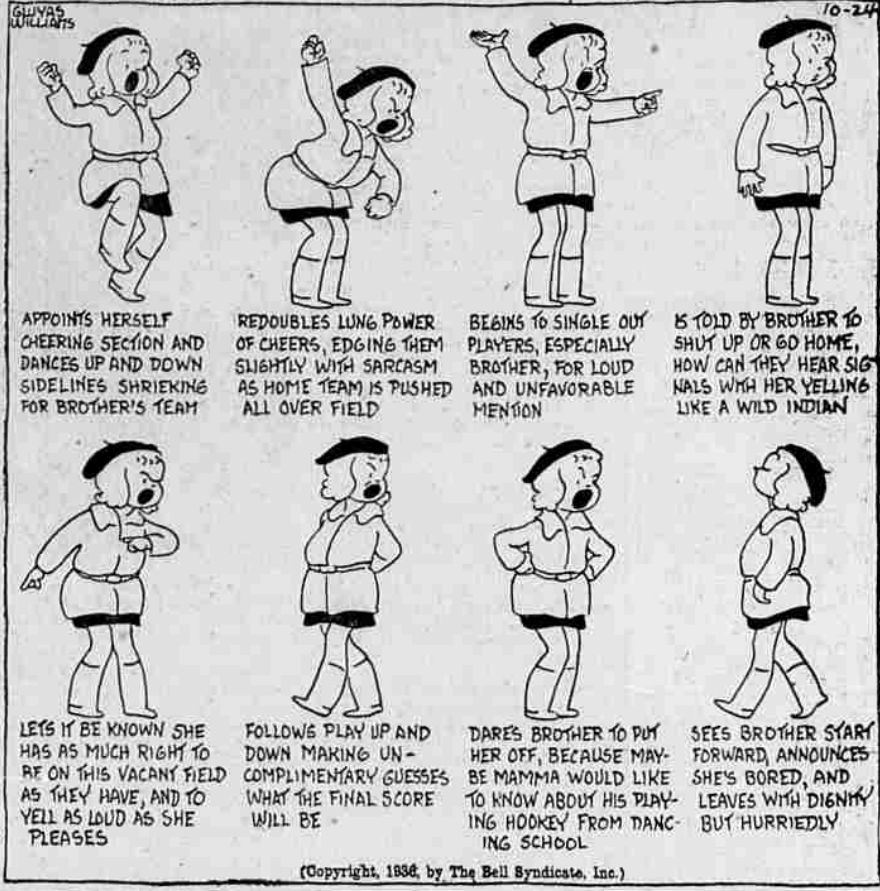


**BYRON HAINES - Washington U. halfback, SCORED ALL POINTS FOR BOTH SIDES WHEN HIS TEAM DEFEATED U.S.C., 6-2... - 1995 -**

The Forgotten Masterpiece. Racked with pain as he lay tossing on a sick bed in 1818, suffering from severe stomach trouble, Sir Walter Scott begged to be allowed to rise and continue his writing. Opium was administered by his physicians in an attempt to quiet his patient's burning ambition and to relieve his terrific physical agony, but to little avail. Scott insisted on continuing his work. Finally in desperation the doctors summoned two of the author's close friends, William Laing and John Ballantyne. The two men pacified Scott by agreeing to take his dictation while he lay in bed. Between groans of agony Sir Walter poured out his immortal story, "The Bride of Lammermoor," stopping only when his pain was too great for him to speak or when he sank back in moments of lethargy. His great mind dulled by the influence of the drugs he had been given, Scott forgot entirely ever having written it. In the words of Ballantyne: "The Bride of Lammermoor" was not only written, but published before Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that when it was first put in his hands in complete shape (1819), he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained and he had been acquainted with the incidents of the story since his boyhood."

## CHEERING SECTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



APPOINTS HERSELF CHEERING SECTION AND DANCES UP AND DOWN SIDELINES SHRIEKING FOR BROTHER'S TEAM

REDOUBLES LUNG POWER OF CHEERS, EDGING THEM SLIGHTLY WITH SARCASTIC AS HOME TEAM IS PUSHED ALL OVER FIELD

BEGINS TO SINGLE OUT PLAYERS, ESPECIALLY BROTHER, FOR LOUD AND UNFAVORABLE MENTION

IS TOLD BY BROTHER TO SHUT UP OR GO HOME, NOW CAN THEY HEAR SIG NALS WITH HER YELLING LIKE A WILD INDIAN

LET'S IT BE KNOWN SHE HAS AS MUCH RIGHT TO RE ON THIS VACANT FIELD AS THEY HAVE, AND TO YELL AS LOUD AS SHE PLEASES

FOLLOWS PLAY UP AND DOWN MAKING UN-COMPLIMENTARY GUESSES WHAT THE FINAL SCORE WILL BE

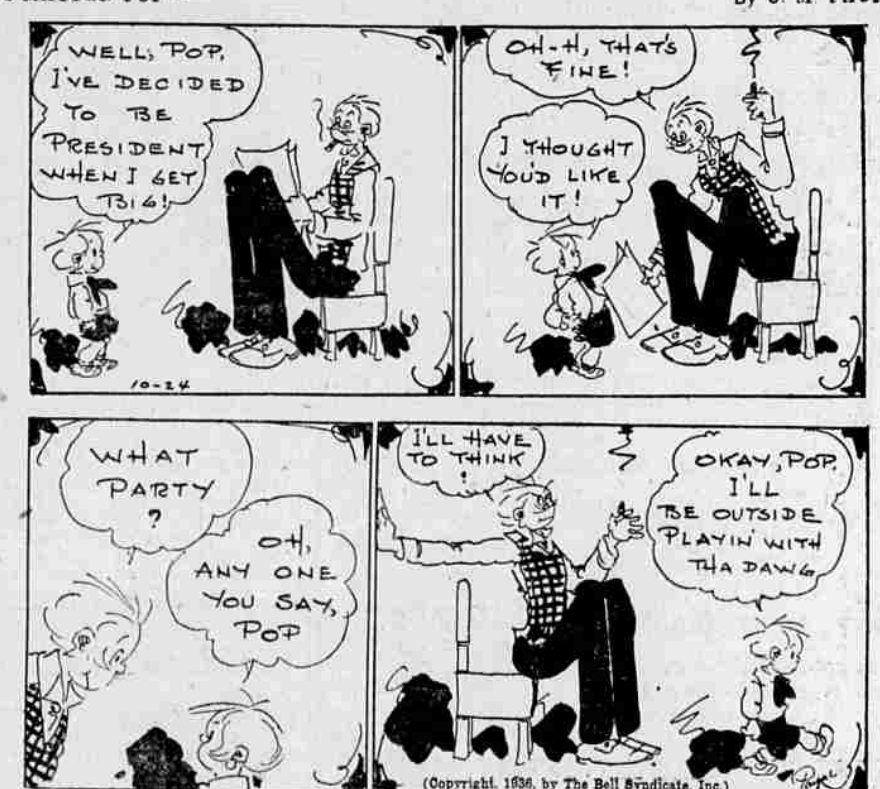
DARES BROTHER TO PUT HER OFF, BECAUSE MAYBE MAMMA WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT HIS PLAYING HOCKEY FROM DANCING SCHOOL

SEES BROTHER START FORWARD, ANNOUNCES SHE'S BORED, AND LEAVES WITH DIGNITY BUT HURRIEDLY

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## 5 MATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE



WELL, POP, I'VE DECIDED TO BE PRESIDENT WHEN I GET TO 316!

OH-H, THAT'S FINE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!

WHAT PARTY?

OH, ANY ONE, POP

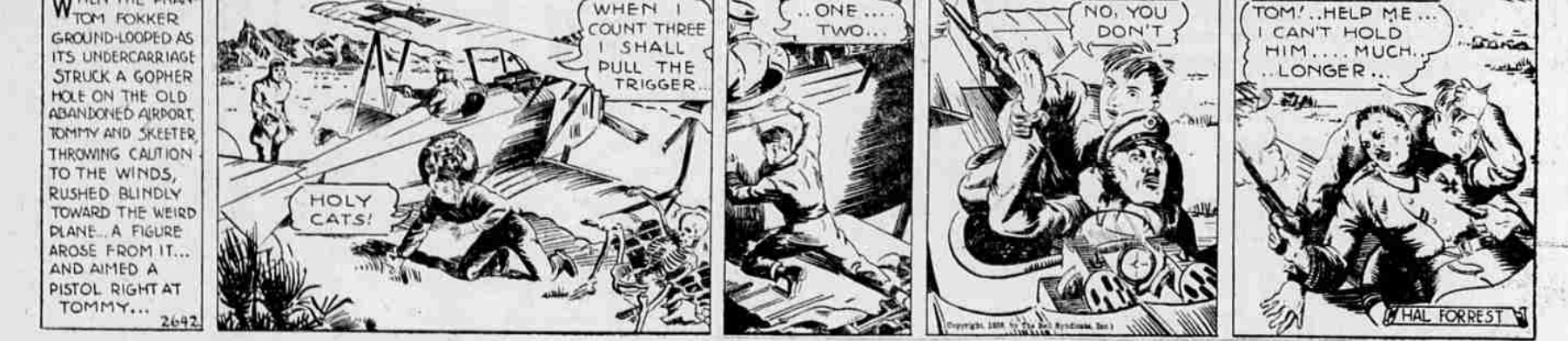
I'LL HAVE TO THINK

OKAY, POP, I'LL BE OUTSIDE PLAYIN WITH THE DAWG

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## TAILSPI NTOMMY—A Struggle... With a Madman!

By HAL FORREST



WHEN THE PHANTOM GROUND-LOOPER AS ITS UNDERCARRIAGE STRUCK A GOPHER HOLE ON THE OLD ABANDONED AIRPORT, TOMMY AND SKEETER, THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, RUSHED BLINDLY TOWARD THE WEIRD PLANE... A FIGURE AROSE FROM IT... AND AIMED A PISTOL RIGHT AT TOMMY...

HOLY CATS!

WHEN I COUNT THREE I SHALL PULL THE TRIGGER...

...ONE... TWO...

NO, YOU DON'T

TOM!...HELP ME... I CAN'T HOLD HIM... MUCH LONGER...

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Resignation?

By EDWIN ALGER



PERCY PETTY, ARE YOU CLEAN OUT OF YOUR HEAD?

TIME IS PRECIOUS, GUARD PLUM-ANY BAG IF YOU PLEASE, AING- PETTY?

WHAT IS THIS WILD-GOOSE CHARGE YOU'RE ON? WHO IS THIS BEN WEBSTER? WHY IS HE LOOKING FOR GERALD KINLEY, AN ORPHAN LOST IN A HANGBACK? PERCY PETTY, YOU MUST BE MAD!

YOUNG MR. WEBSTER IS MY NEW EMPLOYER - HIS BUSINESS, MY LOLLIPOP, IS HIS BUSINESS - AND NOW MY BAG, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR BEN WEBSTER WILL BE ALONG DIRECTLY-

HOW'D DO, MRS. PETTY - IS PERCY READY?

PERCY HAS RESIGNED FROM YOUR EMPLOYMENT, YOUNG MAN!

## THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day!

By SOL HESS



A CABLE GRAM! GIVE IT TO ME, BOY!

WE ARE SAFE IN THE HARBOR OF PORTO GARCIA YOUR WIFE IS HAPPY, HEALTHY AND THINKING OF YOU.....VAN MIDAS

SO YOU SEE, FOLKS, MOST OF YOUR TROUBLES NEVER HAPPEN - ALL THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS AND EATLESS DAYS WERE THE PRODUCTS OF JEALOUSY - NEVER LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON A QUARREL

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