

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

NOTE: Terence Mahony is usually, surprisingly enough, a member of a gang of dope runners and kidnapers, leading a tight against Lawson himself. Mahony knows that Lawson, ostensibly a gentleman, keeps written evidence of the crimes of his underlings in a black book, so that he may equal on their books, because it will give him control of Lawson. He just has left the hide-out of his new "gang" which last is supervised by Patty Bassett.

Chapter 26

THE HAT
DETECTIVE Sergeant Wishart had been in charge of the police raid in Jamaica Row. Late that night he returned to Scotland Yard to make his report. There he met Inspector Kennedy, just preparing to go home.

"Any luck?" asked the Inspector.
"Well—yes and no," replied Sergeant Wishart. "The tip was all right, sir; the man darney Flynn was in the house, but he got away. There was another man with him, and he got away too. It was too dark to identify him. We found evidence of a struggle in the room they'd been in, and we found these."

He produced the packet of dope which Mahony had seen in the desk. And he produced a hat.
Inspector Kennedy inspected the hat critically. Inside it, it had the maker's name: "Nicholson and Co. Shanghai," and the initials "T. M."
"Dope and this hat, I wouldn't call that doing so badly even if Flynn did get away," remarked the Inspector cheerfully.
He paused.
"I wonder what that man Mahony was doing in that house in Jamaica Row," he added.

ABOUT the time when Mahony was first interviewed by Lake, alias Milson, in the street near Nottingham Hill Gate, Elsa Little was sitting in the drawing-room of her house in Chelsea. The police had finished their investigations in the house and left; Lawson had also just left, and the house was quiet. Elsa was thinking.

She was conscious of a sense of gratitude to Ambrose Lawson. He had shielded her as much as possible from the unwelcome attentions of the public; he had interviewed policemen, directed everything in the household, and had in every way been kindness and thoughtfulness itself.

She was also conscious of an intense hatred of Mahony, and the very fact that she had instinctively liked him when she had first met him made her all the more bitter against him now. There was no doubt whatever in her mind that it had been his voice she had heard in the room when her uncle was murdered.

But Ruth, her best friend, had lied; she had made a false statement, produced a false alibi, in order to shield Mahony. That worried Elsa a good deal. It seemed to her that Ruth could only have liked to shield Mahony because she was in love with him, and she hated the thought that her friend could be in love with a man like Mahony.

Acting on a sudden impulse, she put on her hat and coat and went round to Lee-Ramsden's house. She was shown into the drawing-room where Ruth and Lee-Ramsden were sitting. Lee-Ramsden greeted her with his usual kindly courtesy.

"Come in, Elsa my dear. I'm very glad to see you. I don't suppose an old man's sympathy means very much to you, but if there's anything I can do to help you in this terrible business, you know you have only to ask," he said.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Lee-Ramsden," answered Elsa.
She hesitated, for she was a trifle nervous.
"I came to talk to Ruth about... about something," she went on. Lee-Ramsden knew very well what she had come to talk to Ruth about. But he gave no sign of knowing.

"Perhaps you'd like to talk to her alone," he suggested. "I'll go and smoke a cigar in my study."
He left the room. Elsa went and stood by the mantelpiece, looking down at Ruth.

"Ruth," she said gently. "I think you know what I've come to say."
"Yes," agreed Ruth. "And it won't be any good saying it. Elsa, you've come to talk to me about Terence Mahony, haven't you?"
"Yes," answered Elsa. "Ruth, are you in love with that man?"
That question was entirely unexpected. Ruth did not know how to answer.

"My dear Elsa, I hardly know him," she said, evading the question.

"Why did you lie about last night, and say he was with you when my uncle was killed?" asked Elsa gently.

"I didn't lie," answered Ruth. "He was with me last night. He brought me back in his car."

"He wasn't with you at twelve o'clock, when my uncle was killed," stated Elsa quietly. "I know he wasn't. I recognized his voice."
Ruth looked up. Her eyes opened wider. For a long second she did not answer. Then she looked up at Elsa, and her eyes were very clear and bright.

"I know Terence Mahony did not kill your uncle, Elsa," she said steadily. "For one thing, he's not the kind of man to stab anybody in the back. For another, he loves you too much to do anything which would cause you unhappiness. You think I'm silly to believe in Terence, but I'd believe in him if everyone else in the world was against him. I think you're silly to 'rust Ambrose Lawson. I think that Ambrose Lawson killed your uncle."

This sudden accusation against Lawson was not based on any actual knowledge which she possessed. But she had sensed the bitter hostility between Lawson and Terence in Elsa's house that morning, had guessed that Lawson was somehow the villain of the piece.

"Really, Ruth," Elsa expostulated. "I never heard anything so ridiculous. Mr. Lawson was a great friend of my uncle. You oughtn't to say things like that."

But Ruth also was indignant. "Ambrose Lawson isn't a friend of anyone, except himself," she answered hotly. "He's the kind of man who'd stab anybody in the back if it suited his plans and he thought he could put the blame on somebody else."

"YOU'RE talking wildly, you know," Ruth. Elsa said in a reasonable tone. "Lots of people know who Mr. Lawson is, and like him, but what do you know about this man Mahony? How do you know he isn't just a clever scoundrel making use of you for his own ends?"

Her reasonable tone did not succeed in calming Ruth.

"Lots of people know who Mr. Lawson is and don't like him," she countered promptly. "You weren't so terribly keen on him yourself a week or two ago. Terence Mahony is quite different. If you must pry into my affairs, I don't mind telling you that I'd only seen him once before I met him at your house this morning. But that once was quite enough to show me what kind of man he was. He's straight and decent; he proved that; and I'll go on believing it whatever you or anybody else may say about him."

"You only met him once before that meeting in my house this morning," echoed Elsa in a tone of astonishment. "But..."

Ruth perceived that in her indignation she had said too much. She didn't propose to run the risk of saying any more.

"I'm not going to argue about him, anyway," she put in decisively, and went to the door.

"You can come down again, Uncle Gerald," she called up the stairs. "We've finished discussing private matters."

That finished the conversation between the two girls, and shortly after Elsa went home.

Elsa did not know what to do. At last, though it was getting pretty late, she went to the telephone and rang up Ambrose Lawson.

As it happened, when she rang up, Lawson was eagerly expecting a telephone call from the East End to tell him what had happened in Jamaica Street. When the telephone-bell rang in his room he rose and went eagerly to the receiver.

"Hallo! Is that you, Lake?" he said.
"It's Elsa Little," said a voice from the other end of the wire.

"Oh!" said Lawson in a displeased voice. He was annoyed with himself for having jumped too quickly to the conclusion that it must be Lake, and mentioning Lake's name. He was also wondering impatiently what the devil had happened to Lake.

"What's the trouble, Elsa?" he asked.
His voice sounded more friendly now. But he hoped she'd be quick and say what she had to say, and get on the line. He did not want Lake to find his number engaged when he rang up.

"It's nothing much," said Elsa. "I've just been round to see Ruth—to talk to her about that man Mahony. She seems to be completely under his influence. I wish we could do something to get her away from him."
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Lawson waits tomorrow, for a phone call which does not come.

The Grange

Central Point Grange

Central Point Grange has completed arrangements for the dinner dance they are sponsoring November 5.

Roast turkey, with all the good things that go with it will be served from 6 to 8. Ladies of the Home Economics group have made arrangements so that all guests can be served promptly. Dancing will start at 8 and continue until 12. Silva's 4-piece orchestra will furnish music.

Tickets for the dinner are on sale and can be secured from several of the Central Point Grange members, among whom are Haron Head, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bohner, Velma McCredie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foley, C. F. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Maust.

A large crowd is anticipated, as these dinner dances are an annual affair at Central Point, and have been very popular in the past.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Collins Works

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 TWO-PARTY CANDIDATE -

HORACE GREELEY RAN FOR U.S. PRESIDENT ON THE TICKETS OF 2 PARTIES - DEMOCRATIC AND LIBERAL REPUBLICAN - AND WAS DEFEATED!

FRITZ BRENNECKE CARRIED THE BALL ONLY ONCE IN 3 YEARS OF VARSITY FOOTBALL AS A GREELEY STATE BACK... AND GAINED 49 YARDS COMING WITHIN ONE FOOT OF A TOUCHDOWN! vs. Colorado Mines - Nov. 10, 1934



Two-Party Candidate

Strange as it seems, Horace Greeley, great American journalist, not only ran for president on two different tickets at the same time but was also one of the chief organizers of two different political parties.

Greeley first became prominent in politics as the editor of the "Jeffersonian," a Whig campaign newspaper, in 1838. A frank, vehement crusader, he made many enemies and as a result held but few political offices in spite of his importance in politics. Believed to be the man who gave the modern Republican party its name, he was also one of the founders, but dissatisfied with the Republican administration under President

Grant, Greeley quit the party to organize a new one—the Liberal Republican. Nominated as the party's candidate for president in 1872, Greeley was given the opportunity to carry the ball until the game against Colorado Mines, November 10, 1934.

On a special play, called the "Brennecke Special," Brennecke was given the ball on the 50-yard line, darted around end, and was not doped until he reached the one-foot line in Colorado Mines territory. Strangely enough, this—the only play in which he carried a ball—went for naught. Greeley State was penalized and the ball was carried back to midfield.

One-Play Wonder Fritz Brennecke, now football coach

Tomorrow: The Right to Vote.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Mystery Begins to Unfold

THE BOY SUCCEEDED IN OVERCOMING THE MAD PILOT OF THE PHANTOM FOKKER AND TIED HIM UP. MEANWHILE... TOMMY MADE A DISCOVERY.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Tuttle Learns Something

MOMENTARILY WHILE BEN AND PERCY ARE ARRANGING THEIR PASSAGE TO CANADA, WE MUST STEP BACK TO THE OFFICE OF CUTHBERT TUTTLE—REMEMBER HE WAS THE MAN WHO MATCHED THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MISSING BABY, MARK MONTROSE, WITH THAT OF THE ORPHAN, GERALD KINLEY—



—MAKING A BOTCH OF WHATEVER IT IS THORPE HAS HIM AFTER—MAYBE THORPE'S REPLY WILL GIVE ME AN INKLING AS TO WHY—



WHAT? PERCY PETTY AND THE WEBSTER BOY ARE LEAVING FOR AMERICA? ARE YOU POSITIVE?

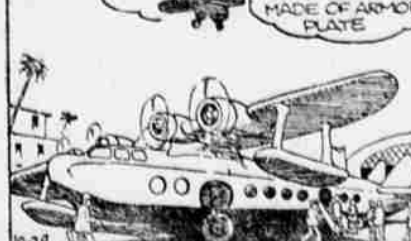


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THE NEBBS—Wasted Energy

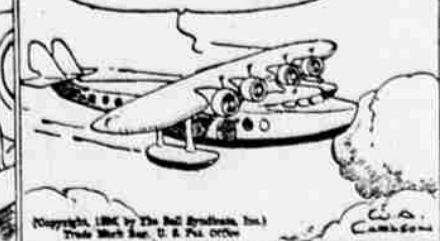
WELL, YOU'RE HERE IN TIME, MR. NEBBS. ALL YOUR FRETTING AND FLUMING WAS FOR NOTHING ONLY TO MAKE ME NERVOUS. IF YOU HAD A SEAT IN YOUR PAWTS THEY MUST BE MADE OF ARMOR PLATE



I'M FLYING TO MEET MY WIFE—SHE WAS A GUEST ON THE VAN MIDAS YACHT WHICH WAS REPORTED LOST IN THAT TERRIBLE STORM THEY HAD OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA—



I GOT A CABLE FROM TAYLOR VAN MIDAS THAT MY WIFE IS SAFE—YOU KNOW TAYLOR AND I ARE GREAT PALS—WE SPENT A GREAT WINTER AT BALM SPRINGS



NO ENTIENDO INGLÉS, SENOR—NO SPEAK HIM NEITHER



25 COUNTIES CUT SCHOOL DEBTS IN PAST TWO YEARS

SALEM, Nov. 2.—Twenty-five counties in Oregon decreased their school indebtedness the past two years, while the remaining 11 added to the debt loads, the biennial report of State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman will show.

\$5,000,000 was lopped off the state debt.

Multnomah county made the best showing reducing its out-standing obligations by \$1,655,236, down to \$7,721,076. Lane, Cook, Jackson and Deschutes counties reported reductions of \$102,000 to \$117,000. Other counties which made reductions of more than \$100,000 were Clatsop, Columbia, Klamath, Umatilla and Washington.

Marion county, with an increase in indebtedness of more than half a million exceeded all other counties in adding to the school debt. Other counties whose indebtedness were large included Clackamas, Linn, Benton and Baker counties. These increases, the report explained, were due primarily to new building construction under public works administration projects.

Counties reporting small decreases included Douglas, Josephine, and Union.

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