

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has converted part of Ambrose Lawson's going to the plan of "getting" Lawson, the racketeer chief of a kidnapping and dope running band. But Terence believes that he should help Lawson in return for his rescuing her from Lawson's gang. Now Lawson has given a false alibi for him which does harm. Now Elsa, believing Lawson an honest man and a friend, is telephoning him for help against Terence.

Chapter 27

THE SLY ELISA

LAWSON'S impatience was increasing to get off the line; he hardly thought what he was saying. "You could get him away from her all right, my dear Elsa, if you liked," he replied. "I think he's a lot more interested in you than he is in her. If you could make her jealous she might turn against him."

Lawson smiled. Actually the remark he had just made had, on the spur of the moment, struck him as an idea with possibilities in it. But he didn't want to go into that now. "Don't you bother your head any more tonight about Miss Fraser, or anybody else," he said in a firm but kindly tone. "You go to bed and get a good night's rest. I'm not going to talk to you any more now. Good night, Elsa."

With that he rang off. Elsa replaced the receiver slowly, and then sat down to think some more. Lawson's suggestion had started a curious train of thought working in her head. A prominent film actress, noted for her beauty, can hardly fail to be conscious of her powers of attraction. Elsa was not conceited, but she knew from experience that men fell easily in love with her. Both Ruth and Lawson had suggested that Mahony was attracted by her. If he was...

A curiously intent, set look came over her lovely face as she sat there alone in that room thinking. She was considering a plan which she hated, but which she meant to carry out. If Mahony was attracted by her, she meant to use that attraction to free Ruth from his clutches, and to bring about his own downfall and avenge her uncle. It would be hateful doing it, but her only weapons were her wit and beauty, and she was entitled to use them in the fight against her uncle's murderer.

At last, with a sigh, she rose from her chair, walked wearily to her bedroom, and went to bed. Meanwhile Lawson sat on in his study, smoking cigars after cigars, and waiting for a telephone call which did not come.

MAHONY had just finished breakfast, and was smoking a cigar, when his landlady announced that a lady wished to see him.

"Please show her in," he said. His landlady withdrew. There was a sound of footsteps crossing the hall. The door opened, and Elsa Little stood in the doorway.

Mahony rose quickly from his chair. He felt confused and awkward, and uttered astonished. "Miss Little!" he exclaimed, as if he could hardly believe it was she. Elsa was not an actress for nothing; she knew how to play a part. She entered the room shyly, hesitatingly, as if unsure of her welcome; her voice, when she spoke, was subdued and timid.

"I—I don't suppose you want to see me, but I had to come," she said falteringly. "I want to say how sorry I am for the things I said yesterday morning. I—I was upset; I hardly knew what I was saying."

"You mean you don't suspect me of killing your uncle?" said Mahony in a delighted tone.

Mahony's heart beat faster with excitement as he waited for her answer. "Well... I did think I recognized your voice in the room," she admitted hesitatingly. "But I couldn't have if you were with Ruth when it happened. It must have been somebody with a voice something like yours."

That made Mahony feel rather awkward. He had a momentary impulse to tell her the whole truth—that it had been his voice, but that all the same he had not killed her uncle. Better not, though, he thought—not yet.

"I can't tell you how glad I am you don't suspect me any more," he said. "I hated your thinking that it was I who had killed your uncle."

His voice and manner gave the impression of absolute sincerity, and for a moment Elsa was puzzled. If

this was acting, it was very good acting. And then she decided that it was acting. But she smiled charmingly.

"I didn't like suspecting you," she said. "You see, I—I rather liked you when I met you before, and it was an awful shock to me to think that—that you'd done that."

"I'm just as anxious to bring the murderer to justice as you are," said Mahony.

He hesitated. "Now that you don't think I did it, may I see you again some time?" he asked awkwardly. "Oh, yes, I'd like to see you again. Come to dinner at my house tonight. That will show everyone I don't suspect you," she answered promptly. "Thank you very much," said Mahony gratefully.

There came a knock on the door; the landlady announced a gentleman to see Mr. Mahony. The gentleman was Inspector Kennedy, accompanied by another plain-clothes man; they entered in an abrupt, business-like manner, but stopped short in surprise on seeing Mahony and Elsa together in the room, apparently engaged in friendly conversation.

"GOOD morning, Inspector," said Elsa. "I've just been telling Mr. Mahony how sorry I am for all the silly things I said about him yesterday."

Inspector Kennedy did not know what to make of this at all. Actually, he had come to the house in order to arrest Mahony. But now he thought he would wait a bit.

"You mean you've withdrawn the accusations you made yesterday," he said. "I expect Mr. Mahony is pleased."

"I am. Very pleased," answered Mahony. And he looked pleased. The fact that Elsa said she no longer suspected him was a great weight off his mind.

"I must be going now," said Elsa. "I'll see you this evening, Mr. Mahony."

"I'll walk with you to your car, Miss Little," put in Inspector Kennedy quickly.

He escorted her to the car, and held the door open for her to enter. Then he stood for a moment with one foot on the running-board, eyeing her keenly.

"Am I really to understand that you have abandoned your suspicions of Mahony, Miss Little?" he asked. Elsa shook her head. Her face was pale; the interview with Mahony had been a strain on her.

"No," she answered in a low voice. "I haven't abandoned any of my suspicions. But I want him to think I have."

Inspector Kennedy said nothing; he merely looked at her enquiringly. It seemed she felt that some further explanation was called for.

"I—I think he likes me," she went on in an embarrassed manner. "I want to get him away from Ruth—to save her from him, and to—to try to make him feel quite confident, and relax his guard, and say more than he means to."

"I see. You mean to vamp him, get him where you want him, and then hand him over to me?" suggested the Inspector.

Put like that it did not sound very nice. Elsa flushed.

"Do you think I care what I do, if I can convict my uncle's murderer?" she asked passionately. "Besides, what's going to happen to Ruth if things go on as they are? She's much too nice to ruin her reputation and get herself into all kinds of dreadful scandals for the sake of a man like him. Somebody's got to interfere between her and him."

"You think she's completely under his influence at present, do you?" said the Inspector.

"Yes, completely," answered Elsa. "Though how he obtained such an influence over her in one meeting I don't know. But he's clever, horribly clever; he seems so honest and decent, and he's such a rotter underneath it all."

Inspector Kennedy's quick mind pounced immediately on one sentence in her last speech.

"You say he obtained his influence over Miss Fraser in one meeting. I certainly had no such impression—in fact, I had a very different one. What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Ruth told me that before they met yesterday at my house, she'd only seen him once," replied Elsa. "At least, she didn't exactly tell me. It sort of slipped out."

The young Inspector's keen face was alight with interest. Evidently he regarded what Elsa had just said as very important indeed.

GRADE CROSSINGS TAKE HEAVY TOLL

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The interstate commerce commission reported today there were 21 grade crossing accidents in Oregon involving collisions between trains and motor vehicles during the first six months of 1936, compared with 12 during the corresponding 1935 period.

Grade crossing accidents for the nation during the 1936 period totaled 1,719, compared with 1,625 during the 1935 period. The national daytime toll was 451 killed, 962 injured; night time, 199 killed, 1,198 injured.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

12 OF THE 37 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS HAVE BEEN WON BY CANDIDATES WHOSE NAMES ENDED IN "ON"

MELVIN BURKHART—of New York, N. Y., CAN BREATHE THROUGH ONE LUNG AT A TIME! HE HAS A CHEST EXPANSION OF 12 INCHES!!!

**1789 - WASHINGTON
1792 - WASHINGTON
1800 - JEFFERSON
1804 - JEFFERSON
1808 - MADISON
1812 - MADISON
1828 - JACKSON
1832 - JACKSON
1840 - HARRISON
1868 - HARRISON
1912 - WILSON
1916 - WILSON
1936?**

AN OCEAN LINER GOT A SPEEDING TICKET. OWNERS OF THE R.M.S. CAMERONIA HAD TO PAY \$700 FINE WHEN THEIR SHIP WAS "TAGGED FOR EXCESSIVE SPEED" IN Clyde River, Scotland, June 11, 1932.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE. THE RIGHT TO VOTE - EVEN FOR PRESIDENT - IS NOT CONFERRED UPON ITS CITIZENS BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT!

Right to Vote. Strange as it seems, the U. S. government does not give the privilege of voting to the citizens of the United States. Today the right to vote is conferred upon the citizens by the individual state governments, but at one time even the states did not authorize their citizens to vote.

Article II, section I, part 2, reads in part: "Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the congress..."

condition still stands. It is entirely up to the governments of the individual states as to whether or not its citizens, as a whole, may vote for any candidate for office in the United States government!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Recognizes an Old Enemy!

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE WRECKED PHANTOM FOKKER DISCLOSED TO TOMMY AND SKEETS HOW IT HAD BEEN FLOWN BY ITS PILOT... UNSEEN, WHILE LYING PRONE ON THE FLOOR OF THE SHIP, OBTAINING VISIBILITY BY MEANS OF PEEP HOLES EQUIPPED WITH INVERTED MIRRORS... MEANWHILE...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Tuttle's Decision

Price Of Copper Jumps In Export

Find Charred Body Of Brandon Victim

THE NEBBS—Good Advice

THE CRUMB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

BEAMS AROUND HAPPY FAMILY DINNER TABLE AND NIBBLES PIECE OF BREAD

CHOKES ON DRY BREAD CRUMB

MAKES QUEER SPUTTERING NOISE, FAMILY CRYING TO TAKE A DRINK OF WATER

GROPE BLINDLY FOR WATER, GETTING ONE FINGER INTO IT, AND ALMOST UPSETTING GLASS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-29 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE

I RECKON YOU KNOWS OF NOBODY WHAT DONT WANT TO HAVE NO DETECKATIV SHADOW NOBODY, DO YA?

NO

THEN YA AINT GOT NO SUSPICION ABOUT NOBODY DONT NOTHIN TO NOBODY?

NO

SO, YA DIDNT FIND NOTHIN MISSIN FROM NO PLACE, NEITHER NOT WITHSTANDIN'?

NO

OKAY, ILL TAKE THA CASE!

?

Tomorrow: Puppet of Mystery! (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

WHAT... HAPPENED, BOYS?

WE BEEN HUNTIN'... AN WE BAGGED THIS KU-KOO BIRD!

IT IS LIKE...LOOKING AT ONE WHO HAS RETURNED...FROM THE GRAVE...BUT IT IS INDEED COUNT VON HOCHT!

GEE!

TOMMY, YOU FLY HIM TO 3-POINT. SKEETS, YOU WAIT HERE!

GOSH! HE'S BEEN OUT COLD...A LONG TIME... YOU DONT SUPPOSE...

By HAL FORREST

BERATED ME FOR GIVING PERCY THE SACK—SAY YOUVE KICKED MY OLD MAN RIGHT INTO THE LAP OF A MILLIONAIRE'S AGENT, BUT BAD LUCK TO YOU FOR HAVIN MISTREATED OLD PERCY!

MRS. TUMMAY, THERE'S BIG MONEY IN THIS SOME PLACE—IM GOING TO AMERICA, TOO!

By EDWIN ALGER

NEBB COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL HIS WIFE GOT HOME... HE FLEW TO HER... HE WASNT SO MAD AT HER AFTER ALL

MAD AT HER? HE MIGHT OF TRIED TO MAKE OTHER FOLKS THINK SO BUT HE COULD NOT ARGUE IT INTO HISSELF

THATS ROMANCE... MY, I WISH MY BASIL WAS ROMANTIC... I WISH I KNEW HOW TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS

MEBBE HE WOULDN'T GET JEALOUS AND WOULD WALK OUT...AND YOU GO ON YOUR KNEES TO GET HIM BACK...WHEN YOU ONCE GET ON YOUR KNEES TO GET A MAN YOU NEVER LOOK RIGHT TO HIM STANDING UP

YOU DONT KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT YOU AINT MARRIED—WHEN YOU GET MARRIED YOU GOT A STEADY JOB THAT LASTS AS LONG AS YOU DO

By SOL HESS

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Portland, Ore., Nov. 2.—(AP)—August Berg, 75, widely-known Portland grain exporter and art patron, died in a hospital here following a long illness. Berg, who retired from active business in 1920, was born at Frankfort am Main, Germany, May 14, 1861, and came to Portland when 30 years old.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—P. Hannan, secretary of the Junior Bar conference of the American Bar association, announced today Richard P. Morris, Portland, had been appointed state chairman of the Oregon junior conference.

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