

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony is accused of murdering a man and of being in with a group of kidnapers, among other things. But although he has important evidence, Inspector Kennedy has decided to give Lisa Little, the cinema actress, a chance to worm damning information out of Terence before arresting him. Lisa is the niece of the murdered man, and because she recognized Terence's voice at the scene of the murder is the most important witness against him.

## Chapter 29 RUTH'S WARNING

WHEN the inspector had gone, Mahony left his lodgings and went round to Lee-Ramsden's house. He was shown into the drawing-room where Ruth and Lee-Ramsden were seated.

"Hallo," said Lee-Ramsden cheerfully. "You're looking rather pleased with yourself this morning. What's been happening?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm feeling rather pleased," answered Mahony. "I've just had a visit from Miss Little. She doesn't suspect me of murdering her uncle any more."

"That's good," said Lee-Ramsden. "I don't wonder that you're pleased. But Ruth frowned, and looked at Mahony in a puzzled manner."

"She doesn't suspect you any longer. Are you sure? What makes you think that?" she asked.

"She said so," replied Mahony. "She told me she was all wrought up and nervous yesterday, and hardly knew what she was saying."

"She told you that she didn't suspect you any more?" asked Ruth incredulously.

"She told me so herself," answered Mahony impatiently. "And she invited me to dine with her this evening. That doesn't look as if she still suspected me, does it?"

"I don't know," said Ruth slowly. "There was something very wrong here, she felt. Was Lisa setting a trap for him?"

"Don't you go to dinner with her," she said impulsively. "I'm sure she still suspects you. She's got some reason for inviting you to dinner."

Mahony felt very awkward; he thought Ruth was being silly. He did not quite know how to tell her politely that he had no intention of refusing Lisa's invitation.

Ruth saw what was passing in his mind. She realized that nothing would induce him to refuse Lisa's invitation.

"All right; do what you like. I'm going for a walk," she said in a somewhat muffled voice, and turned hastily and left the room, slamming the door after her.

Mahony looked astonished. Old Lee-Ramsden made a slight gesture as if to indicate that there was nothing to be astonished about.

"Women, my dear Mahony, are queer creatures; they have these moods, you know," he remarked airily. "What else has been happening to you during the last twelve hours?"

"Quite a lot," answered Mahony, and he began to tell Lee-Ramsden about his adventures in Limehouse.

Ruth did not go for a walk. She went into the hall, put on a raincoat and hat, opened the front door, and then changed her mind. She wanted to be alone, to think. She closed the front door again, went up to her guardian's study, and sat down in a large arm-chair.

SHE felt very miserable and helpless, and as she sat huddled in the big arm-chair, the tears ran slowly down her cheeks. What could she do; how could she save Mahony? After a time she heard the front door open, and her guardian's voice in the hall below bidding Mahony good-bye. The front door closed; she heard her guardian's footsteps ascending the stairs to the study. He opened the door and entered.

Ruth shrank back in the big chair and remained quite still. She hoped Lee-Ramsden would not see her; she did not want him to know that she had been crying.

He crossed the room, humming a little tune, went to his desk, raised the telephone receiver, and gave a number. In a second or two she heard him speaking.

"Is that you, Lawson? I've just been having a talk with our young friend Mahony. I can tell you what has happened to you: missing man, Lake; he's imprisoned at number seven, Royal Road, Pennyfields. Mahony has engaged the services of some of your own toughs led by a man named Bassett, and they're after your blood. He gets into touch with Bassett by ringing Limehouse three-two-five, which is a pawnshop next door to Bassett's house, where Lake is imprisoned. Does this interest you at all?"

answer, sounding very thin and faint.

"It interests me a lot. Thank you I'll take steps to deal with those people," and Mahony, straight away."

Ruth sat quite still, absolutely horror-stricken. She found it almost impossible to believe that her guardian, who had pretended to be so firmly on Mahony's side, was betraying him to his enemies.

Lee-Ramsden replaced the receiver and resumed his humming. Then, for half a second, his humming checked. Sticking out from the side of a big chair which had its back towards him, he had seen a small piece of blue material—the material of which Ruth's frock was made. Ruth was in that chair. Obviously she had heard every word he had said.

He gave no indication of having seen her. Much better let her think for the moment, that she had not been spotted. Still humming, he turned away from the desk and walked out of the room.

As he left the study his mind was working very quickly. He knew that Ruth's first action would be to warn Mahony of what she had overheard. And he made up his mind that his first action must be to prevent her from doing so.

At the bottom of the stairs that led down from the study he stopped and spoke a few words to Mullins, his butler. Then he went into the drawing-room and waited for a moment. After that he emerged into the hall again and called: "Ruth, my dear, are you anywhere about?"

Ruth, still in the study, heard him call. As Lee-Ramsden had guessed, her one idea was to warn Mahony of his danger. Very cautiously she emerged from the study, walked quietly a few paces along the corridor, opened and closed her bedroom door, and called back as naturally as she could: "Did you call, Uncle Gerald?"

LEE-RAMSDEN, down below in the hall, smiled. He saw through that little trick of opening and shutting the bedroom door.

"Yes, I'd like to have a little chat with you. I won't keep you long," answered Lee-Ramsden.

Ruth descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room. She was possessed of a wild impudence to get out of the house and telephone to Mahony.

"What is it?" she said. "I was just going out."

"I won't keep you for more than ten minutes, my dear," said Lee-Ramsden. "I want to ask you some advice about re-decorating this room."

For ten minutes he talked to her on the subject of decorations, asking questions which she managed to answer somehow. When the conversation was over, she slipped on a hat and coat and left the house.

Lee-Ramsden heard the front door close behind her, and went into the hall.

"Well, Mullins?" he asked.

"I rang up Mr. Mahony's house," answered Mullins. "I told him you wanted to speak to him at once, most urgently, and he was to leave the house at once and meet you in the Lyons tea-shop in Park Street. He said he'd go right away."

Excellent," said Lee-Ramsden. "When Ruth rings she'll find he's gone. Just to make quite sure she doesn't catch him, ring up again and talk to the landlady for a few minutes—it doesn't matter much what you say so long as you keep the number engaged for a few minutes."

He himself put on a hat and coat and took a taxi to the Lyons tea-shop in Park Street. Mahony was already there, seated at a table. Lee-Ramsden's face wore an expression of anxious concern as he made his way towards him.

"I'm afraid I've got bad news for you—very bad news," he said. "When my butler rang you up, Inspector Kennedy had just left my house and was on his way to arrest you."

"Oh!" said Mahony. "Why has he suddenly made up his mind to arrest me?"

Lee-Ramsden hesitated, as if he hardly liked to go on.

"I fear that was Ruth's doings," he went on. "The poor child is terribly sorry now for what she's done; she was in tears when I left her."

"What has she done?" asked Mahony.

"She's told Kennedy that you didn't see her till some time after the murder and she also told him that you employed a gang of criminals in the East End who had imprisoned a man named Lake and were hiding a wanted man named Flynn. She gave him their address."

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Lee-Ramsden purposely tangles the skein still worse, tomorrow.

# BANK CLEARINGS UP SIX PER CENT

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—(AP)—Bank clearings in 22 leading cities totaled

\$5,298,156,000 during the five day week ending Nov. 4, Dun & Bradstreet reported today.

This was a gain of 6.2 per cent over clearings of \$4,987,404,000 in the same week last year. The agency said the figures during the period last year included four days of the first of month settlements, whereas this year there were but two.

In the week preceding, clearings showed an increase of 19.5 per cent over the 1935 comparative.

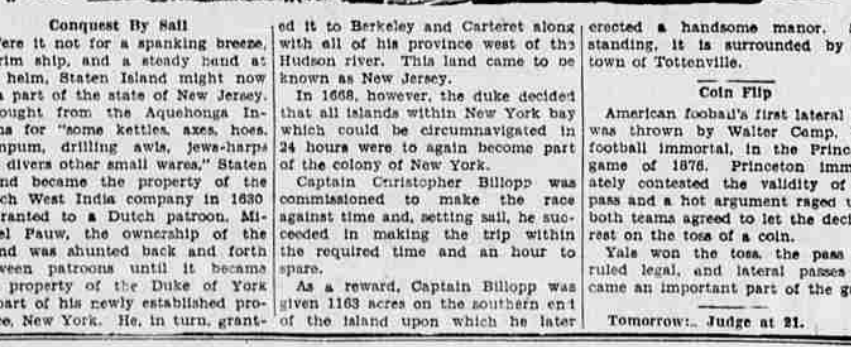
Clearings at New York City aggregated \$3,337,718,000, an increase of 8.4 per cent over \$3,087,022,000 in the same week last year. The total of \$1,974,440,000 at outside centers was higher by 2.8 per cent.

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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.



**Conquest By Sail**

Were it not for a spanking breeze, a trim ship, and a steady hand at the helm, Staten Island might now be a part of the state of New Jersey.

Bought from the Aquehonga Indians for "some kettles, axes, hoes, wampum, drilling awls, jews-harps and divers other small wares," Staten Island became the property of the Dutch West India company in 1630.

Granted to a Dutch patroon, Michael Pauw, the ownership of the island was shuttled back and forth between patroons until it became the property of the Duke of York as part of his newly established province, New York. He, in turn, granted it to Berkeley and Carteret along with all of his province west of the Hudson river. This land came to be known as New Jersey.

In 1668, however, the duke decided that all islands within New York bay which could be circumnavigated in 24 hours were to again become part of the colony of New York.

Captain Christopher Billopp was commissioned to make the race against time and, setting sail, he succeeded in making the trip within the required time and an hour to spare.

As a reward, Captain Billopp was given 1163 acres on the southern end of the island upon which he later erected a handsome manor. Still standing, it is surrounded by the town of Totientville.

**Coin Flip**

American football's first lateral pass was thrown by Walter Comp. Yale football immortal, in the Princeton game of 1876. Princeton immediately contested the validity of the pass and a hot argument raged until both teams agreed to let the decision rest on the toss of a coin.

Yale won the toss, the pass was ruled legal, and lateral passes became an important part of the game.

Tomorrow: Judge at 21.

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Old Enemies . . . Now Friends!

IT IS THREE MONTHS SINCE THE PHANTOM FOKKER CRASHED . . . DUE TO THE REMARKABLE SKILL OF DR. GREY MATHER, EMINENT BRAIN SURGEON, AND FINANCIAL AID OF PAUL SMITH . . . COUNT VON HOCHT HAS BEEN RESTORED TO SANITY . . . THE PRESENT SCENE IS A BANQUET, HELD BY THE WORLD WAR BIRDS' INTERNATIONAL

WAR BIRDS, I PRESENT TO YOU . . . THE MOST COURAGEOUS FLYER I EVER MET IN COMBAT . . . COUNT ERIC VON HOCHT . . .

SPEECH! SPEECH!

THIS MEDAL WAS CONFERRED UPON ME FOR "KILLING" VON HOCHT . . . DURING THE WORLD WAR . . .

LONG LIVE VON HOCHT!

BUT I DON'T DESERVE THIS MEDAL . . . THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT . . . THE LIVING FRIENDSHIP OF A COURAGEOUS . . . ERSTWHILE FOE . . . RATES HIGHER WITH ME THAN MERE METAL TROPHIES . . .

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A SUGGESTION . . . WHY NOT CONFER THAT MEDAL UPON . . .

2648

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Booking Passage

GO JABBEI THORPE PUTS HIS CONFIDENCE IN A MERE BOY, DOES HE? A BOY AND AN OLD BOAT OF A LABORER FROM THE ORPHANAGE!

HUMPH! WELL, GERALD KINLEY, YOU MAY BE FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD AND A LOST ORPHAN BY BOOT, BUT THE THORPE MILLIONS ARE INTERESTED IN YOU BUT—

AND YOU SAY BEN WEBSTER AND PERCY PETTY HAVE RESERVED PASSAGE ON THE OGCAROOD? WELL, SIR, I'D LIKE TO BOOK A FIRST CABIN FOR MY EMPLOYER, SIR SPEARMAN LEWIS.

BEN, I'VE ALWAYS HEARD TELL THE ATLANTIC MIGHT BE WHAT'S CALLED A FIRST CLASS OCEAN—A TOP NOTCHER, I MEAN—

IT SURE IS, PERCY—

# THE NEBBS—Let's Go

JUST MISSED THE PLANE FOR MIAMI AND NOT ANOTHER FOR 48 HOURS. HAVE I GOT LUCK? WHO EVER PUT THE BEE OF MISFORTUNE ON ME WAS AN ARTIST!!

DO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WANT TO FLY TO MIAMI? I'LL TAKE YOU THERE FOR 200 BUCKS IN MY PLANE.

BOY, YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER! AND IF YOUR PLANE STAYS UP LIKE YOUR PRICE WE WON'T SCAPE ANY MOUNTAINS ON OUR WAY BACK!!

# SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# 8 MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



# THE GRANGE

Griffin Creek Grange.

Grange met in regular session November 2, the date being advanced one night on account of the election being held in the school house. There were 33 members present.

Main business for the evening was election of officers, as follows: Master, J. D. Brown; overseer, W. B. Britton; lecturer, Beale Snyder; steward, Robert Milner; assistant steward, R. E. LeVander; chaplain, Ira Harper; treasurer, Winnie Brown; secretary, Jessie Minear; gate keeper, Henry Hunkill; Cereus, Lulu Sturgill; Pomona, Sarah Judy; Flora, Isabelle LeVander; L. A. Steward, Helen Snyder; executive committee, R. Sweeney, Clyde Sturgill and John Darby.

Lecture hour was prepared by the ladies of the H. E. club, which consisted of community singing, a reading by Ira Harper, two selections by

# THE NEBBS—Let's Go

By SOL HESS

H. E. club meets Thursday afternoon with slater Ira Harper. A good attendance is expected.

Plans are under way for an open meeting in the near future. Several requests have been made to have more recreation parties, so all are working together to have a real community party.

**EARLY MAILING URGED FOR XMAS PRESENTS**

PORTLAND, Nov. 5.—(AP)—"Mail early for Christmas."

This annual warning went out from Portland today as Postmaster E. T. Hedlund called attention to the nearness of the Yule season. He pointed out that packages for foreign countries could not carry Christmas stickers on the address side.

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