

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony is only one jump ahead of Inspector Kennedy, who would have arrested him for the murder of Vincent Little but for Elia Little niece of the murdered man. She is a cinema actress and plans to catch the case against Terence by supplying him and securing additional information. Ruth Fraser has tried to warn Terence, now Lee-Ramsden. Ruth's scheming, tricky guardian, has betrayed Terence to Ambrose Lawson, the real murderer, and is blaming Ruth for his action.

Chapter 30 LEE-RAMSDEN'S PLAN

"BUT how did Miss Fraser know about Fatty Bassett?" asked Terence.

Lee-Ramsden shrugged. "She said she was going for a walk. She didn't go for a walk; she listened outside the door and heard all we were saying."

"But why has she turned against me?"

Old Lee-Ramsden shrugged his shoulders.

"Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned," he quoted. "Ruth is in love with you, Mahony. And . . . well, you did rather push Elia Little down her throat this morning. But I didn't suspect that her jealousy would lead her to such extremes. It was only a momentary madness. She's sorry for it now, and would give anything to undo what she's done."

"Oh damn!" said Mahony in a hopeless tone.

Things could not very well be much worse, he thought. Yet, in the middle of his own worry he felt sorry for Ruth. Poor kid, he reflected, she must be feeling pretty rotten.

He looked up at Lee-Ramsden with an air of decision.

"I must warn those men of mine, Bassett and the others, at once," he said.

"They've been warned," answered Lee-Ramsden. "While Mullins was telephoning you I rang up that number you told me and warned Bassett. He has promised to ring me later and let me know where they've all gone."

"That's fine," said Mahony in a tone of relief. "I suppose I'd better lie low and try to get into touch with them as soon as I can."

"Yes. And so far as lying low is concerned, I can fix you up. I own a house in the St. John's Wood Road which is empty at present. I'll give you the key and you can go there and wait (I'll you hear from me again. Here's the key; the house is number 518. You'd better get there as quickly and quietly, as you can before anybody spots you."

He handed over the key and they left the tea-shop. Lee-Ramsden returned to his own house. He was well satisfied with his morning's work. Mahony was out of mischief for the time being.

Ruth also was out of mischief. Lee-Ramsden calculated that, finding she could not get into touch with Mahony by telephone, she would go round to his digs and leave a note for him. That note would never reach him.

RUTH acted as Lee-Ramsden had calculated. To begin with, she tried to ring Mahony up. For ten minutes she tried to ring him up, only to find his number was engaged. Failing to get into touch with him that way, she got out her car and drove round to his lodgings.

His landlady told her that Mr. Mahony had gone out a few minutes previously in a great hurry; he had not said where he was going, but she was expecting him in for lunch.

Ruth debated in her mind for a moment; should she wait, or shouldn't she? She decided not to wait; every moment she waited meant a moment's delay in warning Bassett and the other members of Mahony's band in the East End. She left a brief note for Mahony, telling him what had happened, made her way to the next post office, and rang up the number that she had heard her guardian tell Lawson.

The number was engaged. She waited a couple of minutes and rang again. Still the number was engaged. Again she waited, and rang up, and yet again, and each time the number was engaged.

She waited nearly a quarter of an hour trying to ring Bassett. Lawson had taken his own precautions against anybody sending a warning to Bassett by telephone. Three men, in different call boxes in different parts of London, were ringing Bassett's number, putting in calls one after the other in rapid succession.

At last, thoroughly dispirited, she left the post office. Her car was outside the post office and she stepped into it and set off at once for the East End. Since she could not get Bassett on the telephone, she intended to warn him in person.

Her car was a long, rakish two-seater that could move, and she was a good driver; in spite of the traffic she made good time through the city. Pennyfields, she knew was somewhere off the East India Dock Road. A short distance down the East India Dock Road she stopped and asked a policeman the way to Royal Street.

He looked at her in some surprise. "You'll cause a bit of sensation, miss, if you drive along Royal Street in that car," he told her.

"I can't help that. I'm going there," she answered. "And I'm in a hurry."

He shrugged his shoulders and directed her. She drove a little farther along the East India Dock Road, turned to the right, and plunged into the maze of mean, narrow, crooked streets fringing the bank of the Thames.

In a few minutes she reached Royal Street and drove slowly along it. The house she wanted was next door to a small, dingy pawnshop. She stepped out of the car, crossed the pavement, and rapped on the front door. After a short delay the door was opened by a little, squinting, bow-legged man, dressed in a disreputable check suit. He stared at her and from her to the car in undisguised astonishment.

"An' wot can I do for you, Miss?" he asked with an air of exaggerated politeness.

"I want to see Mr. Bassett, at once; it's very urgent," answered Ruth quickly.

There was a sound of great urgency in her tone, and the man did not waste time arguing.

"Hey, Fatty," he bawled. "Well, wot is it, Chippy?"

"Greta Garbo's called," answered Chippy.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, and the frowzy, disreputable figure of Fatty Bassett appeared at the top of the stairs leading down to the basement kitchen. He too looked in surprise at the dainty figure of Ruth, and past her at the luxurious car outside.

"Struth!" he observed.

"Ruth went forward quickly.

"Are you Mr. Bassett?" she said. "I've come to warn you, a man named Ambrose Lawson knows all about you. He knows that Terence Mahony was here last night, and that you've got a prisoner named Lake and that you're hiding a man named Flynn."

"The 'ell 'e does!" exclaimed Bassett in a startled tone. "An' 'ow 'd you know this?" he demanded. "Let's ave the yarn, quickly. Lord knows that if you're right we ain't got no time to lose."

"I'm a friend of Terence Mahony," answered Ruth. "I heard a man named Lee-Ramsden, who pretended to be friendly to Mr. Mahony, telephone to Lawson. I tried to get you on the telephone to warn you, but the number was always engaged."

"That's right enough. Some blighter's been ringing me in the pawnshop next door for the last hour, and I can't get any sense out of 'im," answered Bassett. "Maybe 'e was only ringing me so that nobody else couldn't get at me. In that case something is going to happen pretty soon. Hey, Barney, Slim."

There was a further sound of footsteps as his men hurried to answer his call. Then, from the back door in the basement, the same door by which Mahony had entered the house the previous night, there sounded three sharp raps, a short pause, and then another rap.

"Now, I wonder 'o 'ell that is," said Bassett, frowning. "There's none of my blokes likely to be calling now. I dare say it isn't one of my blokes; maybe it's somebody 'oo knows the signal and 'as a nasty surprise for us. Well, we'll see if we can surprise 'im, or them. 'Ere, you three."

He drew his men aside into a small room and gave them low-voiced directions which Ruth could not hear. They began to mount the stairs that led to the upper portion of the house. Then Bassett turned to Ruth, and in that moment she could see the qualities which made him the leader of this ruffian-looking gang. There was an air of shrewd, business-like efficiency about him; his manner was curt and decisive. He jerked his thumb towards the front door.

"You go on it, laddy," he commanded. "An' tell your bloke, Mahony, to ring me up at that number 'e knows some time this evenin'. I want a talk with 'im."

(Copyright, 1936, Hugh Clevely)

The surprised get a surprise, Monday.

STOCK VALUATION LEAPS IN MONTH

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—(AP)—Value of the 1,116 stock issues listed on

the New York stock exchange as of November 1 was \$58,507,236,527 compared with \$55,105,218,320 for 1201 issues on October 1 the exchange announced today.

On November 1 last year 1,168 issues had a market value of \$43,002,018,069.

Total borrowings against collateral by members of the exchange November 1 were 1.67 percent of mar-

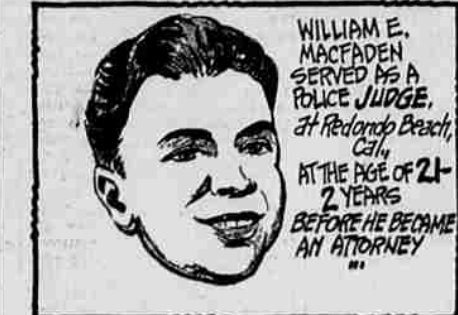
ket value of all listed shares compared with 1.76 percent October 1.

Be Correctly Corseted
In an ARTIST MODEL for \$5.00. \$7.75. \$10.00. \$12.75.
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN.

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



WILLIAM E. MACFADDEN SERVED AS A POLICE JUDGE, at Redondo Beach, Cal., AT THE AGE OF 21-2 YEARS BEFORE HE BECAME AN ATTORNEY

IN 12 YEARS OF FOOTBALL THE BETHANY COLLEGE WRESTLING FOOTBALL TEAM WON A TOTAL OF ONLY 12 GAMES, 1923-1934

"DIXIELAND" WAS ONCE ON MANHATTAN ISLAND!

OWNED BY A SLAVE-HOLDER NAMED DIXIE, A LARGE PLANTATION ON MANHATTAN ISLAND WAS KNOWN AS DIXIE'S LAND AND CAME TO BE REGARDED AS A "HEAVEN" BY THE WELL-TREATED NEGROES. AN ANTI-SLAVERY FEELING FORCED REMOVAL OF THE SLAVES TO THE SOUTH WHERE THEY PINED FOR THEIR NORTHERN "DIXIELAND PARADISE"



11-6-36
Northern Dixie
"I wish I was in de land on cotton . . ."

But, strange as it seems, the original "Dixie" was not a land on cotton! It was situated on Manhattan Island, New York.

Whether or not the name "Dixie," as applied to the South today, was derived from the kind hearted northern slave owner of that name is difficult to ascertain but it has been conclusively proven that he had a plantation on Manhattan Island in the late 18th century known to his negroes as "Dixie Land" long before the South was called "Dixie."

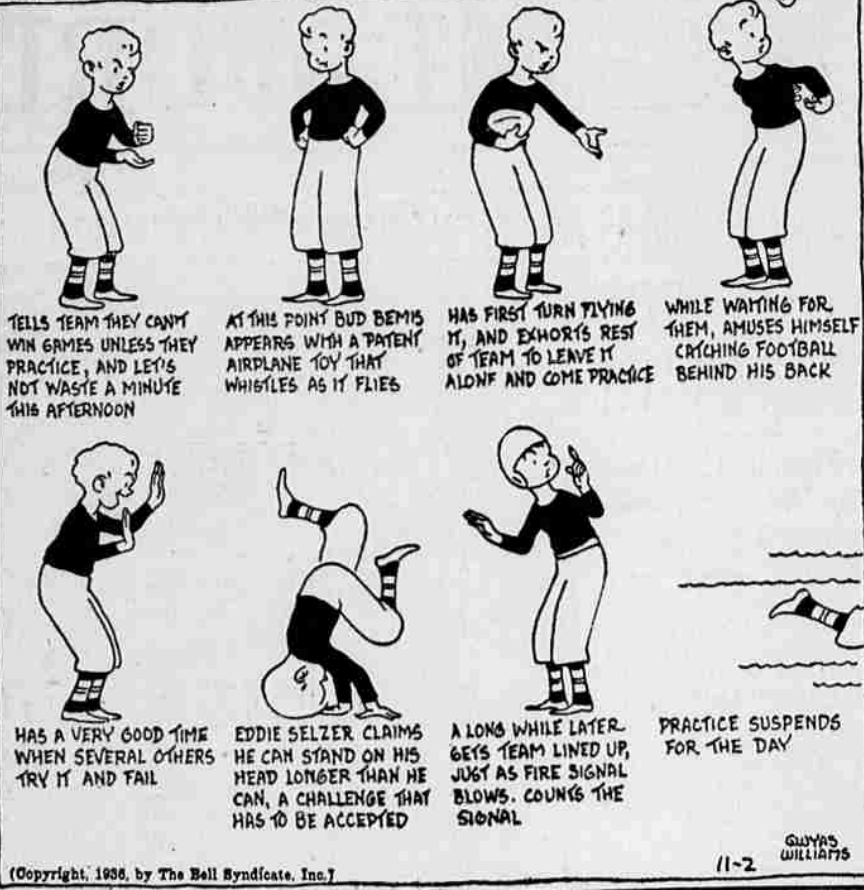
Dixie was forced to send his slaves south at the outbreak of the anti-

slavery sentiment in the north. It seems quite plausible that these negroes might have lauded their one-time "slave haven" on Manhattan Island to their fellows in the South. Thence through the strange evolution which changes words and expressions, it is easily possible that it was this "Dixie" name that came to apply to the South itself.

Other versions of the name derivation conflict, however. It is believed by some authorities that "Dixie" was a corruption of the name for the dividing boundary between the North and the South, the Mason-Dixon line. Others contend that because in old Louisiana a French ten-dollar bill bore the French word, "Dix," on their

FOOTBALL PRACTICE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Has Another Surprise For the Boys!

By HAL FOREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On the High Seas

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—200 Bucks

By BOL HESS



MYSTERY TRIBE IS BLAMED FOR ARCTIC LOOTING

BARROW, Alaska.—(UP)—Tales of massacres, robbery, revenge, and man vanishing in the northwest states are being whispered among the Eskimos of the Arctic coast after one of their legendary stories of a tribe of Indians dwelling in an unknown valley in the interior was revived.

Some Eskimos blamed the mysterious tribe for the robbery of Charles Edwardson, 16, and Rex Lloyd, 23, who were collecting rare birds on the tundra, 12 days from Barrow.

Others of the coast dwellers barked back to an old feud between the Eskimos and the Indians from south of the Baird mountains.

White persons in the district were inclined to blame Indians driven out of Canada by the royal Canadian mounted police, for most of the depredations committed during the past year.

Dr. Henry W. Greist, surgeon at the Presbyterian mission, said the original Eskimo-Indian feud dated back more than 100 years and it was kept alive by occasional robberies and murders.

Six years ago, Dr. Greist recalled, two Eskimos left Wainwright with dog teams for a short trip to the interior and were never seen again. Rescuers trailed the dog to their camp and found tracks convincing them the two men were victims of an Indian raid, and this started the feud again.

Posting time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.