

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony is well along toward catching Ambrose Lawson, murderer of Vincent Little and leader of a vicious gang. But Lawson, through his friend Lee Remondin, has tangled the skin and now Terence is successively scuffling in a house for almost certain death and his gang is about to be ambushed in their hide-out. Ruth Fraser, who loves Terence but won't admit it, has managed to get to Terence's friends, and has warned Fatty Bassett, however.

## Chapter 31 AMBUSH

WITH that Bassett turned away and made for the stairs that led down to the basement, Ruth hesitated for a moment. If anything was going to happen, she wanted to see it, so that she could tell Mahony all about it before he rang Bassett up. She slipped, quietly into the room in which Bassett had given directions to his men, and hid behind a curtain.

Bassett descended the stairs which led to the basement and crossed the kitchen to the back door of the house. As he was crossing the kitchen the three knocks, pause, and another knock, sounded again.

"Ort right, ort right, don't be impatient," he called out, and he opened the back door.

Immediately the barrel of an automatic pistol, was thrust into his stomach, and a stern voice said: "Stand back from this door and stick your hands up."



The punch knocked Flynn across the room.

"Wot the...?" exclaimed Bassett in a tone of utter astonishment; but as stepped back from the door, and as hands went up above his head.

Three men quietly entered the kitchen, closing the door after them. They were tough, hard-bitten, evil-looking ruffians and in their hands they carried small automatic pistols fitted with silencers. Their leader, the man who had already spoken, prodded Bassett roughly with his automatic.

"We've come for Lake," he stated harshly. "You know who sent us. Bassett's hands, held up above his head, were trembling visibly; his expression was one of utter terror.

"Lake," he stammered. "I ain't seen Mr. Lake. You can search the place, mister; you won't find 'im 'ere."

"I know damned well I can search the place and I shan't find him," returned the other man curtly. "If I thought I could find him by simply searching the house I'd have plugged you straight off."

Things were going exactly as Bassett had planned.

"Lead on," went on the other man. "And if you so much as squawk you'll get shot where it will hurt like hell, but won't kill you."

THERE was apparently no fight left in Fatty Bassett.

"If... if I take you to Mr. Lake, you won't shoot me afterwards," he whimpered.

"If you don't take us to him I'll shoot you right away, through the knee to start with," replied the leader of the invaders contemptuously. "Get on with it."

Shivering, Bassett led the way on the stairs. The three men followed close on his heels, their guns ready for instant action.

None of Fatty's friends appeared; the house seemed quite silent and empty. Fatty led the way through the hall and up a flight of stairs. There he paused for a moment on small landing, and then flung open the door of a room.

It was a long, narrow room, with a large, built-in cupboard stretching the entire length of one wall. Seat-

ed in a chair placed against the wall opposite to the cupboard was Lake. His hands and ankles were tied securely to the chair, and he was gagged.

The leader of the invading party gave an exclamation of satisfaction and hurried forward. His two men followed him. For one moment they were off their guard; their backs were towards the cupboard as they clustered round the chair, untying Lake. Fatty Bassett coughed.

Then everything happened with incredible swiftness. The top of the cupboard suddenly flew open, and Fatty's three men sprang out, their pistols in their hands. They did not shoot, since their pistols were not fitted with silencers, but in the same movement with which they left the cupboard they hurled themselves at the three invaders.

THE invading party, taken utterly by surprise, had hardly time to offer any real resistance. Before they could even aim their guns, Flynn's huge fist, with a big Colt clamped in it, had smashed one of them to the floor; Chippy had knocked another senseless. But the third man of Fatty Bassett's party was unlucky.

Just as he hit at the other man of the invading party, the man moved; the blow which had been meant for him

# Borah Is Confined To Bed With Cold

BOISE, Ida., Nov. 7.—(AP)—Senator William E. Borah (R-Idaho), re-elected Tuesday to a sixth term, was confined to his bed today with a cold.

She predicted he would be "up and around again tomorrow."

Fr. Coughlin Quits  
DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 7.—(AP)—B. F. Stephenson, Michigan supervisor of the National Union for Social Justice, said today that Rev. Charles E. Coughlin plans to "suspend all activities of his national union until there is again a demand from the people."

TVA Suit Upheld  
COOKEVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 7.—(AP)—U. S. District Judge John W. Gore refused today to dismiss a suit of 19 private power companies against the Tennessee Valley authority on the claim of the authority that the bill was vague and indefinite and raised no specific issues.

Closing Time for Too Late to Classify Ads to 1:30 p. m.

# 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 CAT AND THE CANARY...  
A CANARY, OWNED BY MRS. M. L. HOGG, OF POPLAR BLUFF MO., WAS FIRST BROUGHT TO HER BY THE FAMILY CAT. THE BIRD WAS CAPTURED OUTDOORS AND CARRIED UNINJURED TO MRS. HOGG.—1934—

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS 64 YEARS OLDER THAN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—YET THERE WAS A REPUBLICAN PARTY BEFORE THERE WAS A DEMOCRATIC PARTY



THE POES OF PRINCETON—  
6 GRANDNEPHEWS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE GREAT POET, ALL PLAYED IN THE BACKFIELD ON THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM: ARTHUR POE, S. JOHNSON POE, NELSON POE, EDGAR ALLAN POE, GRESHAM H. POE, AND JOHN P. POE

Princeton's football dynasty of Poes started with S. Johnson Poe, of the class of '84, a star halfback on the Tiger grid team and also a member of the first All-American lacrosse twelve to make a tour of Europe.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Exciting News!

FOR NINE YEARS THREE-POINT AIRWAYS HAS CONFINED ITS ACTIVITIES TO CARRYING AIR MAIL IN OPEN-PLACE PLANES. BUT YESTERDAY PAUL SMITH, CHIEF OF THE THREE-POINT AIR-DROME, LET A SECRET OUT... AND TODAY...



# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS ROUSED FROM ITS SLUMBER WHEN, A MOMENT AFTER FRIENDS HAD BROUGHT THE PERLEYS HOME FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE, FRED DISCOVERED HE HAD LEFT HIS TOP-COAT, WITH HIS FRONT DOOR KEY IN IT, IN THE CAR.

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# S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Introduction

By EDWIN ALGER



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# ELECTION BRINGS LIQUOR PROBLEM

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 7.—(AP)—Prohibition returns were made official and certified to the courts.

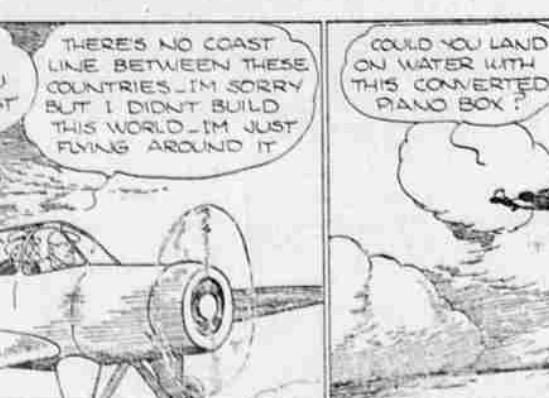
# 2 Ballot Victors Claimed By Death

KLAMATH FALLS, Nov. 7.—(AP)—Election success and death walked hand in hand for the second time since Tuesday's balloting.

# THE NEBBS—Destiny



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Introduction



# THE NEBBS—Destiny



By SOL HESS