

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony has been given "protection" by Lee-Ramsden in a vacant house the latter owns. But the protection actually is an ambush contrived by Lee-Ramsden and his vicious ally, Ambrose Lawson, leader of a kidnaping gang. Meanwhile Ruth Fraser, Lee-Ramsden's wife, has cornered Terence's gang, with whom he is fighting Lawson. But the chief difficulty is that Mahony is suspected of a murder, and must dodge the police as well as Lawson.

## Chapter 22 KENNEDY AGAIN!

TERENCE still had to decide what he was going to do. If, as Lee-Ramsden had told him, there was a warrant out for his arrest, the sooner he obtained a disguise the better. The best place at which to obtain a good disguise would be Clarkford's, the theatrical costumers, in Wardour Street.

He decided to get to Clarkford's as soon as possible. The quickest way to get there was by car, and the nearest car was that belonging to the two crooks. He entered it and drove away from the house.

Wardour Street was crowded with traffic. He stopped as near to the shop as possible, and walked along the pavement towards the shop. Just as he was turning into the doorway a hand tapped him on the shoulder and a well-known voice said: "I want a word with you, Mahony. I've been looking for you for some time."

The voice was that of Inspector Kennedy.

Mahony cursed under his breath. "I was told you wanted me," he answered calmly. "But before we go any further, let's have a look at your warrant."

It was his intention, as soon as the inspector put a hand into his pocket, to kick the inspector's feet from under him and make a dash for it. But the inspector did not put his hand into his pocket.

"Warrant?" he echoed in a surprised tone. "Who told you I wanted you, or that I had a warrant?" He paused.

"Whoever he was, your informant was quite correct. I have got a warrant for your arrest. I've had it in my possession since yesterday. And it will depend on the manner in which you answer one or two questions whether I put it into execution or not."

Now it was Mahony's turn to be surprised. He stared at the inspector, frowning.

"One moment, inspector," he said. "Let's just get things right. Did you leave Mr. Lee-Ramsden's house at about lunch-time this morning with the intention of arresting me?"

THE inspector shook his head.

"I wasn't at Mr. Lee-Ramsden's house at all this morning," he answered. "Somebody's been pulling your leg. I was there this afternoon, though, enquiring about Miss Fraser. Mr. Lee-Ramsden seemed to have an idea that you were going to try to get out of the country."

"Lee-Ramsden said that," exclaimed Mahony.

With the inspector's words the full realization of Lee-Ramsden's treachery had come to him. It was Lee-Ramsden who had given him away to Lawson; it was Lee-Ramsden and Lawson between them who had sent those two men to lay him out in the hours in St. John's Wood. But why?

"What's the excitement about Miss Fraser?" he demanded. "Why were you enquiring for her?"

"I am enquiring for her because she may be charged with being an accessory to a murder," replied the inspector grimly. "She was in a house in Pennyfields this afternoon where two men were killed. She was seen to enter the house, and her car was still outside after the murders were committed. The house is in Royal Road and belongs to a man named Bassett."

Mahony was accustomed to receive shocks, but this was about the biggest shock he had received so far that day.

"Miss Fraser—in a house in Pennyfields," he repeated incredulously. "But what the devil was she doing there?"

"Crossword puzzles, I suppose," replied Kennedy sarcastically. "Are you trying to pretend that you don't know she was there?"

"I'm not trying to pretend anything. I didn't know she was there. This is the first I've heard of it," answered Mahony truthfully.

The inspector simply did not believe him. Once more he was strongly tempted to arrest Mahony. But that would do no good. Once under arrest, he was quite convinced that Mahony would keep his mouth shut and refuse to answer any questions at all.

"So that's your line, is it, Mr. Know-Nothing?" he said. "All right, Mahony, I'll be seeing you again."

He nodded and walked away.

Mahony went to the nearest pub and ordered a stiff drink. He felt he needed it. This new turn in the situation was altogether startling and unexpected.

From the pub he rang up Bassett's number and had a brief conversation with him. The result of that conversation was that he and Bassett met in a bar near Charing Cross, and Bassett told him in detail all the events of the afternoon.

"But don't the police suspect you of being mixed up in all this business this afternoon?" asked Mahony.

"The cops 'ave been suspecting me of things for the last ten years," replied Bassett, grinning. "So long as it don't get no further than suspecting, I ain't worryin'. I told the cops my 'ouse was broke into by persons unknown while I was sittin' in Eli Solomon's back parlor, and I didn't know nothing about it till someone came in and told me there was a shemuzzle goin' on in my place, and bodies fallin' out of winders, and all to pay generally I ain't sayin' they believe me, but I've got witnesses that I was in Eli Solomon's, and they can't do nothin'.

The point is, wot's your next move goin' to be?"

MAHONY'S face was grim and set while he considered his answer.

"That rather depends on you," he said slowly. "Do you think you could find me half a dozen men, real toughs, who'd be willing to take a chance of a pretty long stretch of imprisonment for fifty pounds apiece? I shall want 'em tonight, at about half past eleven."

"I could find you the men all right," answered Fatty Bassett. "I wonder... How long are you goin' to want these men for, mister?"

"Not more than a couple of hours," answered Mahony.

"Well, see here," said Fatty Bassett, with the air of a man who puts forward a brilliant idea. "The 'Amy Robsart' is sailing from the port of London at six in the mornin'. I know the skipper 'ot. I know the crew, there's not one of 'em as wouldn't sell 'is soul for fifty quid down, and they're as tough a bunch as I know. Wot about 'aving art a dozen of 'em, and they does their job, and you gives 'em their money, and they gets back to the ship in time to sail first thing in the mornin'?"

"That's a damned fine idea," said Mahony. "About the time the police are beginning to look real earnestly for them they'll be somewhere out in the North Sea. And now there are some other things I want. Listen carefully, Fatty: you've got to get this right."

"I want a couple of those men in evening dress—the most presentable two, because I'm going to take them into society. I want a couple of big cars. I want some drink—some good drink; I should think champagne would be about the mark, and I want enough for about fifty people."

"That'll mean about fifteen bottles, if you're goin' to give 'em a good drink each," put in Bassett.

"Yes. A Jeroboam holds about the equivalent of six bottles; three Jeroboams would do it, I should think. And I want enough knock-out drops put into that drink to put the whole fifty people to sleep for a good couple of hours. One more thing, I want a place where I can hide a prisoner, if necessary. Can you manage all that?"

"I can manage it," said Bassett. "But wot's the idea? Wot are you goin' to do?"

"With any luck I'm going to stage a hold-up at the Golden Centipede Club that will set London talking for a week, and Lawson swearing for a month," answered Mahony calmly.

After parting from Mahony, Inspector Kennedy returned to Scott and Yard. From there he rang up Miss Little.

"Terence Mahony is dining with you this evening, I believe, Miss Little," he said. "Are you going on with your original plan of trying to fool 'im into committing himself?"

"Yes," answered Miss Little.

"Right," said the inspector. "I didn't think much of the idea at first, but perhaps it may come in useful. Would you mind if I send along a couple of men to fix up a microphone so that I can listen in on the next phone to what you say?"

"No, you can do that if you want to," agreed Miss Little.

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Mahony goes to a dangerous dinner, tomorrow.

# FARM PAIR HELD IN CHILD'S DEATH

POCATELLO, Idaho, Nov. 10.—(AP)—A farmer and his housekeeper, accused by a coroner's jury of "criminal neglect" in the death of the man's four-year-old daughter, were lodged in the Bannock county jail here early today for safekeeping.

The farmer, L. W. Evans, 44, of Rockuand, Idaho, and the woman, Lela Broadhead, 38, were arrested today.

Deputy Sheriff Joe Gallett of Bannock county quoted Davis as saying "there had been talk of lynching" at American Falls, 30 miles northwest of Pocatello.

Davis said yesterday the child's body was covered with bruises and scars. Physicians testified death probably was due to septicaemia developing from an unhealed broken finger.

Davis said the couple told him the child was injured in a fall. Evans' wife died four years ago.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabline 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 FIRST BALLOON TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WAS EQUIPPED WITH A PARACHUTE AND WINGS!**  
-1785-

**BABY CONTEST VETERAN -**  
JOAN RIDER, of Hollywood, Cal., WON EVERY BABY CONTEST SHE EVER ENTERED - 16 IN ALL - AT 7 SHE KNOWS 10 DANCE ROUTINES AND SINGS 200 SONGS FROM MEMORY...

**BOBBY ROSE - GEORGIA**  
IN A GAME AGAINST YALE, LOST 17 POUNDS IN 45 MINUTES OF FOOTBALL... -1929-

**CAPITAL FOR A DAY!**  
LANCASTER, Pennsylvania,  
WAS THE SEAT OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FOR A SINGLE DAY!  
-Sept. 27, 1777-

Capital for a Day.

With a large part of the British army under Howe pounding at Philadelphia's gates, in September, 1777, the American congress which had made the city its headquarters on May 10, 1777, was forced to take hasty flight.

Retreating into the interior of Pennsylvania, they reassembled in the town of Lancaster and held session there on September 27, 1777, thus making it the American capital for a single day.

Three days later congress convened at York, Pennsylvania, where it remained until June 27, 1778, when its members returned to Philadelphia. Strange as it seems, America has had nine different capitals: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Annapolis, Trenton, New York and Washington, D. C.

**Balloon Crossing.**

In the light of the comparatively recent development of parachutes in aeronautics, it seems startling that as early as 1785 Jean Pierre Blanchard included a parachute in the construction of a balloon.

Whether or not the device would have proved of any great safety value in the event of a forced landing, is questionable, but his knowledge of the principle still followed today is clearly evidenced.

The parachute balloon, also equipped with wings of rather doubtful value, successfully negotiated a crossing of the English Channel, January 7, 1785. As a passenger, Blanchard took along Dr. J. Jeffries, an American physician. When about one-third of the trip was completed, disaster almost struck. The balloon lost altitude rapidly. With everything movable thrown from the car, the balloon held its altitude, but once again started to drop after the completion of about two-thirds of the crossing. This time even the men's clothes were sacrificed to the waves below. The balloon rose and a while later descended safely on French soil for the first airway crossing of the English Channel.

Tomorrow: The 9-in-1 Island!

**BEDTIME**  
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GOES RELUCTANTLY TO BED AFTER LISTENING TO ONE OF UNCLE GEORGE'S SPOOKIER STORIES

CALLS TO MOTHER TO ASK IF SHE WOULD LIKE TO COME UPSTAIRS WHILE HE'S GETTING TO BED. MOTHER IS BUSY

UNDRESSES IN HALL WHERE HE CAN HEAR THE COMFORTING SOUND OF THE VOICES DOWNSTAIRS

ASKS MOTHER COULD HE LEAVE THE LIGHT ON IN HIS ROOM UNTIL SHE COMES UP TO BED?

SIGHS, PICKS UP CLOTHES AND GOES VERY SLOWLY TO HIS ROOM

CALLS WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT IF HE LEFT HIS DOOR OPEN? JUST A CRACK?

SIGHS, SHUTS DOOR, LOOKS ROUND ROOM, FIXES EYE ON BED, TAKES A DEEP BREATH, AND TURNS OUT LIGHT

WITH ONE AND THE SAME MOVEMENT LEAPS INTO BED AND PULLS BLANKET OVER HEAD

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**S MATTER POP—**  
By C. M. PAYNE

HAND LAUNDRY?

THAT'S WHAT THE SIGN SAYS

BUT, POP.

NONSENSE!

WELL, LL, YOU COULD HAVE MY HANDS DONE AT A LAUNDRY!

YA COULD SO!

NO!

I SAW—

POP AN ME—

NO!

NO!

PLOP!

HOLD STILL!

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**TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Pseudo-Reporter!**

THE TALL, THIN MAN, WHO CLAIMED TO BE A NEWSPAPERMAN, ACTED RATHER STRANGELY WHEN PAUL SMITH SUGGESTED THAT HE INTERVIEW TOMMY AND SKEETER, WHO WERE JUST LANDING IN THEIR PLANE. THE MAN MADE AN EXCUSE OF HAVING TO GET HIS STORY ON THE WIRE, AND LEFT QUICKLY... WE SEE HIM NOW.

MOE!

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**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Chance Meeting**

HOW DO YOU DO, GIR SPEARMAN—

AH! I MISS YOUR FRIEND, MY FINE, OLD HONEST COUNTRYMAN.

MR. PETTY'S GONE BELOW FOR A WAP—HE HADN'T QUITE GOTTEN USED TO THE OCEAN YET—

TO BE GURE, TO BE GURE! HIS FIRST CROSSING, I IMAGINE—THE WATER DOES BOUNCE ONE AROUND A BIT, YOU KNOW—

I SUPPOSE THAT AS SOON AS WE REACH MONTREAL YOU'LL MAKE TRACKS FOR AMERICA EH?

NO, WE'RE GOING TO STAY IN CANADA FOR A LITTLE WHILE—

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**THE NEBBS—And Then What?**

I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER HAVE A BEARD AGAIN. I'M NOT CUTTING 'EM OFF—I'M PULLING 'EM OUT!

WHAT ARE YOU SHAVING FOR?

I WANT TO AT LEAST LOOK CLEAN WHEN I MEET MY WIFE

YOU'RE AN OPTIMIST—YOU'D BE A WHOLE LOT BETTER OFF IF YOU WENT LOOKING FOR COCONUTS WHILE WE HAVE THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THEM

SAY, WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT 200 BUCKS, IT WASN'T FOR ADVICE, IT WASN'T FOR YOUR COMPANIONSHIP—IT WAS FOR TRANSPORTATION... I'VE GOT EVERYTHING BUT THAT. NOW GO BACK AND TICKLE THAT OLD LAND SCOW WITH THAT WRENCH—MAYBE YOU'LL FIND A RESPONSIVE SPOT!

W. 20

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**BANANA UNLOADING WAITS LEGAL EDICT**

SAN PEDRO, Calif., Nov. 10.—(AP)—Chief Deputy Federal District Attorney William Fleet Palmer said today he was awaiting word from Washington before advising the marshal's office as to its course of action on a federal court order that 4218 stems of bananas be unloaded from the strike-bound Panama-Pacific liner California here.

Raymond A. Ransdell, chief deputy marshal, sought advice as to whether he should employ non-union longshoremen to discharge the cargo, under the possession title issued in federal court at Los Angeles Saturday. Striking union men have declined to supply workers to unload the ship.

**SAFETY PIN REMOVED FROM GIRL'S THROAT**

BELLEVILLE, Mo., Nov. 10.—(AP)—Mildred Vander Yacht, 14, was resting comfortably at a hospital here today after removal of a large safety pin from her throat. The pin lodged point upward.

Dr. H. Fielding Wilkinson forced the pin down into the girl's stomach. She was placed on a diet of bulky foods and pronounced out of danger.

OSC Farm News With CORVALLIS, Ore., Nov. 10.—(AP)—Second place nationally for short farm news paragraphs supplied to weekly papers has been awarded the extension editor at Oregon State college at the year's meeting of the American Association of Agricultural College Editors.

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