

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has concocted a strange plan to trick Ambrose Lawson and his gang, kidnapers and dope runners. He has provided himself with a enormous quantity of drugged champagne and he plans to put everybody in Lawson's favorite night club sound asleep including Lawson himself. He has also brought along some thugs who are taking care of the front and back entrances of the club—and he hopes devoutly that the evening will provide a clue to the whereabouts of Ruth Prosser, who has tried to help Mahony, and got herself into trouble.

Chapter 37

LAWSON

The ugly intruder carefully bolted the club door so that nobody else could come in. Then with expert fingers he securely bound and gagged the commissionaire.

Mahony and his followers made their way unsteadily to the middle of the dance floor, and placed their big bottles down with the exaggerated carelessness of drunken men. Everybody looked at them. Mahony stood up, swaying slightly, and spoke.

"Ladies 'n' gentlemen. Today's my birthday. Wan' you all to have a drink with me."

From the tables round the dance floor came a sound of laughter and cheering. The secretary of the club came forward angrily.

in a last punch which finished the fight.

Lawson fell, bringing over the table in his fall, and Mahony and his gang of toughs were left in command of a night club containing between fifty and sixty unconscious people.

Mahony would have liked to spend some time in that club, searching the premises and all the people in it. He did not do so because of the urgency of Ruth's danger.

But certain things had to be done. He gave directions to his band of ruffians to get all burning cigarettes and to extinguish all the kitchen stoves. While this was being done he went to the club telephone and rang up Scotland Yard.

"I want you to give a message at once to Inspector Kennedy," he said. "My name doesn't matter; just tell him that if he'll raid the Golden Centipede Club at once he'll see something that will give him a shock. And if he'll search the club, and everybody in it, he may possibly find out something about the dope and blackmailing gang he's so interested in."

With the help of one of his ruffians he swiftly bound and gagged Lawson, carried him down the stairs and pushed him into one of the waiting cars. Half a minute later



"I don't want your damned wine," said Lawson.

"What's the meaning of this foolery?" he demanded. "You can't bring your own drink into this club."

Mahony blinked at him.

"What's good of shaying I can't bring my own drink into this club when you can shay I've brought it in?" he asked. "This fellow says you can't have drink with me on my birthday. What you all say?"

They were all in favor of drinking Mahony's champagne. They said as much, loudly.

"I'm willing to pay for use of glasses," Mahony declared. "Tell waiter to bring table and pour out drink. Everybody's getting thirsty."

Rather ill-humoredly the secretary took the five-pound note, and complied with Mahony's order.

"Take some wine to the band; take some to kitchen staff; everybody's got to drink on my birthday," he ordered drunkenly.

Gradually the wine went round to all the tables; the waiters, kitchen staff, and band all had their glasses. Mahony lurched across the floor toward Lawson's table.

"Drink up, ole corky," he said. "Don't be a spoil sport on my birthday."

"I don't want your damned wine, and I'm not going to drink it," said Lawson.

Mahony smiled.

"Just as you like," he said. "There are more ways of killing a cat than by drowning it in champagne."

Lawson looked up in a startled manner and then sprang to his feet.

FOR a moment Lawson simply stared at the club, full of sleeping people, thunderstruck by what he saw. Then he uttered a loud oath and his hand flashed to the side pocket of his dinner-jacket. But Mahony was too quick for him; the noise of revolver fire was the one thing which he wished to avoid.

Like a panther he sprang across the table, and slap, slap, slap his fists thudded in quick succession into Lawson's face. A spurt of red came from Lawson's mouth as his lip split; he flung up one hand in a feeble effort to protect himself from that smashing, relentless attack; and then Mahony's right came over

the two cars were away, bound for the East End.

At a rendezvous in Canning Town he was met by Bassett and Slippy, the little bow-legged man. There he paid off his band of ruffians and they departed rejoicing to rejoin their ship. By daybreak they would be out on the open sea.

The two cars were stowed away in a small garage, and Lawson was taken into a little office behind the garage.

Five minutes after Mahony and his band of toughs had left the Golden Centipede, the police, led by Inspector Kennedy, arrived hot foot in a police car. As Mahony had promised, the sight of the interior of that club gave the inspector

shock; he had never seen anything like it in his life before. But he did not lose his head; immediately he grasped the situation he began to issue swift orders over the telephone. Great interest was aroused that night in Soho, and a crowd collected in the narrow streets to watch what was to all intents and purposes a fleet of ambulances arrive outside the Golden Centipede Club, and remove a body after body.

The Inspector and Sergeant Dawkins remained in the club. They stayed there a long time, prying, searching, examining. What they found interested them greatly.

Mahony placed Lawson's unconscious figure in a chair in the little office behind the garage.

His first action was to go through Lawson's pockets. As he had an inflated, he found nothing in them that was in the slightest degree incriminating. But he found what he was looking for—a bunch of keys. He handed the keys to Bassett.

"I want an impression taken of all these keys; take it in wax, soap, or anything that's handy," he ordered. "And get a move on, because I want it done before he recovers consciousness."

While this was being done, Mahony replaced all the articles he had taken from Lawson in the pocket in which he had found them.

(Copyright 1936 Hugh Clevely.)
Lawson makes a daring offer, tomorrow.

JUSTICE BRANDEIS, HIGH COURT DEAN, IS 80 YEARS OLD

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Greetings from friends in America and abroad were received by Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis Friday as he observed his 80th birthday.

Oldest member of the supreme bench, Brandeis has long been a spokesman for liberal doctrine, a supporter of social experimentation and an upholder of much new deal legislation. Recently he passed his 20th year on the bench.

While the justice has been eligible for retirement for ten years, there was no indication that he planned soon to retire. Although he is the dean of the court in years, two other associate justices, Van Devanter and McReynolds, have served longer with the tribunal.

Brandeis looks many years younger than his 80 years. He is alert and always takes a particularly keen interest in cases involving social legislation.

Brandeis himself gives scant attention to birthdays, but admirers paid tribute to him today. The University of Louisville, Ky., called a special convocation in his honor. A native of Louisville, Brandeis has made frequent contributions to the university library, his latest being seven packets of personal papers to be opened after his death.

In Jerusalem, leaders of Palestine Jewry paid tribute to the justice as "perhaps the only Jew who belongs to the histories of two peoples, the Americans and the Jews."

WESTERN BUTTER PRODUCTION HEAVY

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Pacific slope butter production is running about 19 per cent higher

than a year ago, the market service reported today. The 68 creameries reporting to government authorities produced 936,750 pounds in the week ended November 7, compared with 789,554 pounds in the 1935 week. Butter prices were lower here Friday, being reduced late Thursday. Top grade or 92 score brought 33 cents at wholesale, off 1 cent in Thursday's decline, 91 and 80 score were off 1 cent at 32 cents and 80 score off 1/2 cent at 31 cents.

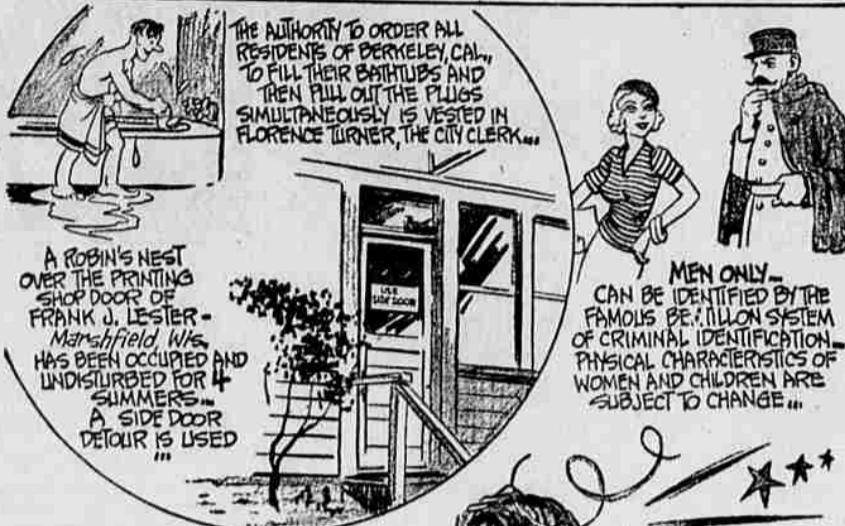
Receipts from central west shippers were heavy, running ahead of demand when combined with coast production.

Seventeen men died following mine accidents in Oklahoma in the 1935-36 fiscal year.

More than two-thirds of the total 1935 commerce at Gulf of Mexico ports was handled through Texas cities.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A ROBIN'S NEST OVER THE PRINTING SHOP DOOR OF FRANK J. LESTER - Marshfield, Wis. HAS BEEN OCCUPIED AND UNDISBURGED FOR 4 SUMMERS. A SIDE DOOR DETOUR IS USED.

THE AUTHORITY TO ORDER ALL RESIDENTS OF BERKELEY, CALIF., TO FILL THEIR BATHTUBS AND THEN PULL OUT THE PLUGS SIMULTANEOUSLY IS VESTED IN FLORENCE TURNER, THE CITY CLERK.

MEN ONLY - CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY THE FAMOUS BERTILLON SYSTEM OF CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION. PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

THE ONLY MAN INJURED IN THE ENTIRE GAME BETWEEN GEORGIA TECH AND VANDERBILT, 1932, WAS EDDIE LAWS, A GEORGIA TECH GUARD, AND HE WAS SITTING ON THE BENCH!



11-14-36

Football Casualty

"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech..."

And well did Eddie Laws live up to his school's famous fight song—through one of the strangest incidents in football annals.

Taken out of the game for instructions when a series of plays over his right guard position netted considerable yardage for Vanderbilt, Laws parked himself disconsolately on the Georgia Tech bench.

A few minutes later Dick Roberts, Vanderbilt back, plunged down the sideline, totting the ball on the return punt. Forced out of bounds immediately in front of the Tech bench, he was unable to stop himself and

attempted to hurdle it. As he sailed through the air, one cleated foot swung down, caught Laws over the eye and knocked him unconscious.

Strange as it seems, Laws was the only man injured in the entire game!

Bath Tub Queen

While looking through a number of old ordinances, Florence Turner, city clerk of Berkeley, Calif., found that in her position lay the legal power to order all citizens of the city fill their bath tubs and then to pull the plugs out all at the same time.

A sudden deluge of droven rats in the city's sewer system was the purpose of the odd law.

Bertillon System

As a means of human identification by criminologists, the once important Bertillon system has been largely superseded by the modern system of finger printing.

Invented by Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, French scientist, in 1870, the system was based on measurements of such physical characteristics as the length of the head, width of ear, height, color of hair, etc.

Because many of the classifications can be changed, and because in women and children identifying characters are subject to constant change, the method has been found to be inaccurate in many cases.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeet's Suspicions Seen Justified!



SKEEPER BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF THE QUEER ACTIONS OF THE NEW MECHANIC... LET'S FOLLOW MOE AFTER HE LEFT PAUL SMITH'S OFFICE WITH ORDERS TO SERVICE TOMMY'S SHIP FOR THE FLIGHT TO SAN DIEGO.

I JUST GOT TIME TO GIT WORD TO MORT.



TAILSPIN AN' HIS PARD ARE LEAVIN' FOR SAN DIEGO TOMORROW...



TAILSPIN'S PLANE MUST NOT REACH SAN DIEGO ON TIME. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



OKAY, MORT! I GETCHA!

BEN WEPSTER'S CAREER—Not a Nugget



WITHIN SIGHT OF MONTREAL, BEN AND PERCY PACKED THEIR BAGS—BRIAR SENSED THE EXCITEMENT—



PERCY, OUR REAL JOB IS GOING TO BEGIN NOW—AND ALL WE KNOW IS THAT GERALD KINLEY CAME TO CANADA TO PROSPECT FOR GOLD—



AN' FROM ALL I'VE HEARD TELL, THERE'S A HEAP O' GOLD MINES IN CANADA—LEASTWISE, SO SIR SPEARMAN TOLD ME—



YOU HAVEN'T TOLD HIM WHAT WE CAME TO CANADA FOR?

I TOLD HIM WE MIGHT TAKE A BIT OF A LOOK AROUND FOR GOLD BUT I DIDN'T TELL HIM THE "GOLD" WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR IS NAMED GERALD KINLEY!

THE NEBBS—The Traitor



WHAT'S THAT GUY EATING—IT LOOKS LIKE COOKIES, THE DOUBLE-CROSSER!



WHAT ARE YOU HOLDING OUT ON ME? WHAT ARE YOU EATING? IT'S COOKIES, YOU'VE GOT COOKIE CRUMBS ON YOUR LIPS!



WELL, I HAD A FEW COOKIES BUT THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH TO GO AROUND



AROUND WHAT THE WORLD? YOU'RE A FINE FAL—FROM NOW ON YOU'LL CLIMB FOR YOUR COCONUTS—AND I HOPE YOU GET RHEUMATISM—YOU'VE BEEN A FINE INSPIRATION FOR ME—I'LL NEVER HATE ANYBODY ELSE!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



UNHAPPY DINER, WHO IN A RASH MOMENT HAS SUMMONED THE MANAGEMENT IN ORDER TO COMPLAIN OF THE SERVICE, TRYING DESPERATELY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE TO SAY

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



CANDLES AND CAKE



POP! I JUST THUNK UP THE MOST WONDERFUL IDEA FOR BIRTHDAY CAKES!



CANDLES AND CANDLES



WHAT THE SAM HILL IS BROWN LOOKS?

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By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS