

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has arranged for the police to find out a good deal about Ambrose Lawson's gang of kidnapers and drug runners. He also has captured Lawson. But Terence is not free of suspicion of having killed Vincent Little, whom Lawson really killed. And he fears for the life of Ruth Fraser his friend. So he bargains to release Lawson in return for Lawson's surrendering Ruth. Ruth has arrived. Terence is speaking to her for Lawson's benefit.

Chapter 39
FATTY KICKS

"WHAT the devil do we care if the police are after us, so long as we're together again," Mahony said. "They haven't caught us yet, and I'm going to take good care they don't catch us."

He turned towards the little office and made a motion to Fatty Bassett. "All right, let that man go," he said.

Reluctantly Fatty cut through the cords that bound Lawson; from his expression as he did so it was easy to judge that he would rather have cut Lawson's throat. Lawson stretched his cramped limbs and rose somewhat unsteadily.

"Thank you," he said. "That's much better."

He turned to Mahony and Ruth, who had just entered the little office. "You two seem rather pleased with each other," he observed. "Well, make the most of it while you have the chance, because I don't think your pleasure will last very long. If the police don't get you both, I shall."

With that he turned away with the intention of walking out. But he had only taken a step when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder; he felt himself twisted round to stare into the red, enraged features of Fatty Bassett.

"Art a mo, mister Big Boss," he said thickly. "You fancy yer chance like 'em, don't yer? You reckon you're the great big noise 'oo gives the orders wot other people obey. Maybe there was something in that a fortnight ago. But that's all finished now. Your number's up, see? An' now 'op it, an' take that for a keepsake."

With that he gave Lawson a shove forward towards the office door, and at the same time thrust out his large right foot in a hearty kick. Lawson shot through the office door as if propelled from a large catapult, pitched forward on his hands and knees, and rolled over twice on the oily garage floor. Then, his face contorted with rage and pain, he rose slowly to his feet.

"I'll have you killed for this!" he gasped.

"We've heard that sort of yarn before, an' it don't do us no ice with us at all," said Fatty Bassett jeeringly. "Op it now, before I kick you really 'ard."

Lawson withdrew, with what dignity he could muster. Ruth and Bassett and Mahony were left in the office.

Bassett sat down on the edge of the table, dangling his legs. He had recovered his temper and was looking cheerful now.

"I reckon we handed Lawson a good old foot tonight," he remarked. "I don't mind tellin' you I've had one or two anxious moments today. Some of my blokes was a bit windy about buckin' up against the Big Boss. Now they know 'e can be knocked about an' kidnapped, just like anybody else, they won't be scared of 'im no more."

"And his own people won't be so convinced that he can't be beaten, and they may start getting a bit windy in their turn," added Mahony.

HE turned to Ruth. "What happened to you, Ruth?" he asked.

Ruth's story was brief. She had gone to the house in the St. John's Wood Road, and had found the two men Mahony had left there tied up on the floor. Rashly, without bothering to ask questions, she had cut their bonds.

One of them had recognized her, and they had repaid her for the good turn she had done them by tying her up and leaving her while they fetched a car to take her away. She did not know where they had taken her. After being imprisoned for some hours, she had been thrust into a car and brought to the garage. That was all she knew.

"What's going to happen next?" she asked when she had finished her story. "What do you think I ought to do?"

"I hardly know," admitted Mahony. "You see, Inspector Kennedy only let me go tonight on condition that I reported to him at Scotland Yard at ten in the morning, and told him if I had any news of you."

Mount McKinley, highest peak in North America, has two summits, designated North Peak and South Peak.

"Wot's that?" exclaimed Fatty Bassett. "You've got to go to the Yard in the mornin' and tell 'em wot you know about Miss Fraser? 'Ave you got to take 'er with you?"

"The Inspector didn't say I had to," answered Mahony.

"Right," said Bassett promptly. "If you don't know where she is, you can't tell 'im, can yer?"

He turned to Ruth. "You trust yerself to me, Missie. I'll hide yer away so that the cops will never find yer."

Ruth shook her head. "Thank you very much, but I'll stay with Terence," she said. "If Inspector Kennedy hadn't let him go tonight, he wouldn't have been able to rescue me; I'm grateful for that. I don't want the Inspector to think that Terence and I have cheated him after he did us a good turn."

"I shan't actually take you with me to Scotland Yard, Ruth," put in Mahony. "But if the Inspector wants to know where you are, I shall have to tell him."

She smiled at him. "I'll do exactly what you tell me to," she said.

Fatty Bassett shrugged his large shoulders. "Of course, if you blin'kin' well insist on givin' yerself up to the cops, there's nobody can stop yer," he remarked gloomily.

Mahony lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "No," he answered. "But things may not turn out so badly as you seem to think they will. Kennedy is clever, and a pretty decent chap too, and I've got a proposition to put to him that may make things a good deal better for us. Anyway, it's no good arguing about it now. We'll have to see what happens at ten to-morrow."

MAHONY was still in disguise when he presented himself at Scotland Yard. Inspector Kennedy looked tired, as if he had spent a sleepless night.

"So you've turned up," he remarked. "You've got a narva. That was a hell of a show you pulled off at the Golden Centipede Club last night."

"The Golden Centipede Club?" echoed Mahony innocently, as if he had never heard of the place. "Why, what happened there?"

The Inspector smiled with an air of grim satisfaction. "You know damned well what happened there," he replied. "And incidentally that club will not be opening again. We found evidence on the premises that it was one of the principal dope distributing centres of London, and we've made six arrests."

"Good," said Mahony. "Did you find any evidence against our friend Lawson?"

"Still harping on Lawson, eh?" commented the Inspector. "No, we didn't find any evidence against him. So far as we're concerned, we haven't any evidence, except your word, that Lawson is not an entirely blameless citizen. What's happened to Miss Fraser? Any news of her?"

"Yes," answered Mahony. "I suppose you'd like me to tell you where she is?"

"I certainly should; I'm very anxious to get hold of that young woman," said the Inspector.

"She won't tell you anything you want to know if you get hold of her," said Mahony coolly. "And if you arrest me I shan't tell you anything you want to know either. So that won't do you an awful lot of good. Listen; are you willing to take a sporting chance, Inspector?"

"What is the chance?" asked the Inspector.

"This," answered Mahony. "I've come here according to your bargain, and I'm willing to tell you where Miss Fraser is, and you can arrest the two of us if you like. We'll be safe in prison, and nobody will be able to get at us, and you won't be any nearer to finding the head of the dope and kidnapping ring, the man you're after."

"What I want you to do is not to arrest either of us at present. Give us a couple of hours to make ourselves scarce, and then set all the policemen in the country looking for us. Then, if you catch us—we'll tell you all we know. And if you don't catch us, and we shall do our best to see that you don't—you'll stand a good chance of catching somebody else—the man you really want."

Inspector Kennedy considered for a few moments. His keen, clever face was very thoughtful. Then he nodded slightly.

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Lawson keeps a dangerous rendezvous, tomorrow.

DOOM OF TWO MINERS SEALED BY MUD SLIDE

SUPERIOR, Mont., Nov. 17. — (AP) Hope for two miners, trapped since Saturday night in a tunnel of the Windfall placer mine near here, was virtually abandoned today as shifting mud hampered rescue crews.

The miners, Antonio Gustafson, 40, and Oscar Gevatt, 45, were trapped in a narrow horizontal shaft they were boring into the snow covered mountainside. The slide apparently crashed down just before they were to have ended a work shift at midnight Saturday.

Vegetable Outlook Good
CORVALLIS, Ore., Nov. 17. — (AP) L. E. Brichtauf, extension economist at Oregon State college, told the 109 delegates at the vegetable growers' session today that all indications point to at least as strong a demand and as high prices next year as have been noted in 1936.

Cousins' Place Filled
LANSING, Mich., Nov. 17. — (AP) Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald of Michigan today appointed Prentiss M. Brown, Democratic senator-elect, to fill the unexpired term of the late Republican Senator James Couzens.

Women workers in Texas WPA sewing rooms manufactured more than 4,700,000 garments last year for distribution to the destitute.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



11-17-36 McWright Syndicate, Inc.

When you see rain and snow falling upward you might be inclined to feel that you are either suffering from violent delusions or standing on your head. However, neither of these eventualities need be the case at Blowing Rock.

Located in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina, the rock juts over into a deep chasm. Due to a peculiar formation of the valley below, a continual stream of air flows past the rock, sufficiently strong to hurl upward any light objects that are thrown over the chasm.

Originated by a soldier of the 7th regiment of New York, the popular college cheer now known as the "Sky-rocket" was first adopted by Princeton university students when they heard the soldiers yelling on the night of April 30, 1861, following the mobilization of the Union forces for the Civil War.

Tagging it on to their "three hurrahs and a Tiger" the combination soon became the school's official yell and was featured by Princeton rosters in the first American intercollegiate football game—their game against Rutgers, November 8, 1869.

Since then variations of the "Sky-rocket" have been adopted in the cheering routine of almost every American university.

Reverse English
The modern English word "beam," as applied to a piece of lumber, first meant the tree itself, as taken from the Anglo-Saxon word, "tree," on the other hand, was taken from the old English word, "tree," and meant the lumber or hewn product of the tree. The meanings of the words have thus been exactly reversed.

Tomorrow: Backward First Down!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty's Been Holding Something Back



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Still Tagging Along



THE NEEBES—Rescue



BREAKING AWAY EARLY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty's Been Holding Something Back



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Still Tagging Along



THE NEEBES—Rescue



THIRD VICTIM OF AIR CRASH DIES

SYRACUSE N. Y., Nov. 17. — (AP) John H. Shobe, Boston airplane pilot injured in a crash of his ship that took two other lives, died today while his wife sped to his bedside by airplane from Boston.

FORGER SUSPECT LOSES LONG FIGHT

ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 17. — (AP) Frank Harper, who since his arrest at Crescent City in March has been fighting extradition to Douglas county, was brought to the county jail here today. Arrested on a warrant charging an attempt to obtain property by false pretense, Harper fought through the state and federal courts to prevent service of the order of extradition given Douglas county authorities by Governor Merriam. He was surrendered to Sheriff Percy Webb Sunday after the court Saturday dismissed his appeal.

By SOL HESS