

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Inspector Kennedy suspects Terence Mahony of knowing more about the Little murder than he should, and he also suspects Ruth Fraser of guilty knowledge. But he is agreeing with Terence that Terence and Ruth may have too many hours start of the police, for Mahony has a plan to catch the man he knows did the murder—Ambrose Lawson. And although Lawson is ostensibly a most upright gentleman, even Kennedy is curious about certain things he does.

Chapter 40 LAWSON CALLS

"All right," Kennedy said briskly. "I'll give you a couple of hours' start after you leave this office. Then if you're arrested, that will be your look-out. You'll simply be charged and brought up for trial in the ordinary way; any evidence that I shall give will necessarily be against you. Does that suit you?"

"That suits me," answered Mahony.

"I see your idea all right," went on the inspector. "But I'm not certain that it's a good one. Obviously, with a hue and cry out after you, you hope to lure Lawson into a false sense of security. Well, suppose he does feel secure, and just sits tight and does nothing. What then?"

He was sitting waiting for him: six hard, crafty specimens of humanity. They were weighing him up, prepared to turn on him as a pack of wolves will turn on its leader when he gets old and his strength falls him.

Lawson was fully aware of their attitude, and had his own plans for dealing with them. He entered the room nonchalantly, glanced with a cool, haughty indifference round the circle of faces turned towards him, and took his place casually in a seat at the head of the table round which the men were sitting. His manner when he spoke was cold, precise, and dignified.

"I want to talk to you men," he said. "I've called you here because you're all important members of my organization, and I want to tell you



"If you're arrested, that'll be your look-out."

"That might be a bit awkward," admitted Mahony. "But I have an idea that he won't sit tight and do nothing. I don't think he's at all anxious that Miss Fraser and I should be arrested; he has an uneasy suspicion that we know a bit too much."

"Perhaps you're right," agreed the inspector. "I'll take a chance on it, anyway. I'll do more than that. If you like to ring me up here every morning at ten, I'll give you a hint or two what's happening. But this is all quite unofficial, mind. If you're arrested, you'll have to look out for yourselves."

I'm not satisfied with you. I've put you in the way of making a lot of money in the last year, and now you've got slack and lazy. The result is that things are going wrong. That's got to stop at once or there's going to be trouble."

HE PAUSED. His opening had taken them by surprise. Before they had recovered he went on.

"Before we go any further, I want you to understand this: I'm your boss. If I fail, you all fail. I'll tell you why. You all know my name, but you know practically nothing about me. On the other hand, I've got written evidence that would send half of you to prison for at least seven years, and would hang the other half of you if anything happens to me, or if my organization breaks up, the police will get that evidence."

This news may be a shock to some of you, but Carford will know that it's true. He's seen the evidence. Ask him."

He made a gesture towards one of the men; the man nodded.

"He's got it all in a big book," he said. "I've seen it."

Lawson smiled. He enjoyed the effect which his announcement had created.

"I've told you that just to show you that, so far as you're concerned, there's no question of any of you getting out from under. Now I'll tell you something else. The man who has been causing most of the trouble is Terence Mahony. He's on the run now; the police are after him for murder."

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon the early editions of the evening papers contained large headlines, and below these headlines were descriptions of Ruth and Mahony, and all the information the newspaper reporters had been able to dig up about them.

"In the circumstances, if anything happens to him, if he gets his throat cut or is found with a knife between his ribs, there aren't likely to be many awkward enquiries. I tell you plainly, I don't want the police to get Mahony."

Lawson read his evening paper while seated in his car on his way to keep an appointment. He read it with some pleasure, though the news contained in it was already known to him. Earlier that afternoon he had had a talk with Inspector Kennedy.

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During that talk the inspector had told him that, owing to the conversation he had overheard between Mahony and Miss Little the previous night, he was now fully convinced that Mahony had murdered Mr. Little, and that he intended to arrest him and Ruth as soon as possible.

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"I hope you'll soon get hold of them," said Lawson. "They're a dangerous pair to be at large, particularly that man Mahony. I was pretty sure he was a wrong 'un the first time I met him. I wish you'd let me know if anything turns up. Naturally, as a friend of the Littles, I'm very interested."

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"I'll let you know what progress we make," promised the inspector. Lawson was not only pleased, but delighted with this interview. As he sat in his car driving to his appointment, he was reflecting that things were not quite so bad as he had supposed the previous night. The fact that the police were con-

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There was a murmur of voices round the table. But one voice was raised slightly above the rest.

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Tomorrow, Lawson offers a reward for Terence's death.

EAGLES HAVE NEW BACK DUES POLICY

Under a new national ruling, delinquent members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles may not be reinstated

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



TO membership after December 1 unless they pay the usual initiation fee and go through the full initiation ceremony, it was stated today by William Peck, chairman of the delinquent membership committee of the Medford aeris.

Members are considered delinquent if their dues are in arrears for four months or more, Mr. Peck explained. Under the present policy, delinquent members may be reinstated to full membership by payment of the back dues, he said.

To take advantage of the present policy, delinquent members of Medford aeris were urged by Mr. Peck to seek reinstatement immediately. He emphasized that only two meetings remain before the new ruling goes into effect December 1. The aeris meets at the West Main street lodge hall every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Initiation of new members will be held Friday, Mr. Peck said.

Until 1899, the town of Wichita Falls, Texas, had a 6-foot waterfall near the present site of the Burnett bridge. It was destroyed when a nearby dam washed out, filling in the river bed beneath the diminutive "falls."

According to a fairly authoritative version of the naming of the town, many years ago a Comanche Indian squaw was delegated to test the depth of the river now known as Big Wichita river. The woman waded out to its greatest depth and, finding it came up to her waist, expressed "waist deep" in the Comanche tongue by shouting "We-chee-taw." The river was so named and later the town.

The Black Lighthouse. One of the oddest memorials to a U. S. President's death was that accorded by the citizens of Biloxi, Mississippi, upon the death of Abraham Lincoln. Strange as it seems, the town's lighthouse was painted black in mourning. A year or two later the structure was returned to its original color.

Backward Turned Down. Early football turned into a dull game under the rules allowing a team to retain possession of the ball until fumbled. The team first getting the ball would push over a score, then simply hang on to it until the end of the game, making little or no effort to again score.

Disappointed with this "blocking" type of game, an official ruling was passed in 1892 providing that: "If on three consecutive fails or downs a team shall not have advanced the ball 5 yards or lost 10 yards, they must give up the ball to the other side at the spot where the fourth down was made."

Frozen Breath. Sounding like a pack of exploding firecrackers, Polar explorers actually hear their own breath freeze during unusually cold weather, according to Lieutenant Commander G. O. Noville, executive officer of the recent Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

Tomorrow: The Lost Temple!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Weasel" Is Pleased!



UNEXPECTED HEADWINDS ENCOUNTERED BY TOMMY AND SKEETS ARE GIVING THEM SOME CONCERN; BUT THEY HAVE MADE AN EARLY START FOR SAN DIEGO AND THIS MAY BE IN THEIR FAVOR.

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AFTER THE TESTS ARE OVER, WHAT SAY WE FLY HOME TO LITTLEVILLE FOR A VISIT, TOM?

SWELL!... BUT IF THIS HEADWIND GETS ANY STIFFER, WE MAY NOT REACH SAN DIEGO IN TIME TO TAKE THE TESTS...

MEANWHILE... LET'S TAKE A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN DIEGO, AND LINDBERGH FIELD, WHERE THE TESTS ARE TO BE HELD.

IT'S A WIRE FROM MORT. HE SAYS... "THE EXPECTED PARTY WILL BE UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED..."

NICE GOING, WEASEL!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Checking In



WELL, WELL, WELL! THINK OF MEETING YOU HERE, PETTY—

SAY, THE WORLD'S A SMALL PLACE AFTER ALL, AIN'T IT, SIR SPEARMAN—

WE SAID GOOD-BYE SO HASTILY ABOARD SHIP I WAS FEARFUL I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU— BUT IT'S MY GOOD LUCK TO CHOOSE THE SAME HOTEL—

YOU AND BEN WEBSTER ARE STOPPING HERE, I PRESUME?

I GUESS THAT'S THE PLAN— ALL I KNOW IS WHERE BEN LEADS, PERCY PETTY FOLLOWS!

BY CHANCE HAVE YOU A VACANCY ADJOINING THE QUARTERS OF MY TWO DEAR OLD FRIENDS BEN WEBSTER AND PERCY PETTY? THEY'VE JUST CHECKED IN—

I BELIEVE SO, SIR—

THE NEBBS—The Allibi



THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE. A RAG IN YOUR FEED LINE— YOU WEREN'T GETTING GAS, COULDN'T YOU TELL THAT?

I KINDA THOUGHT THAT MIGHT BE IT— I KNEW I WASN'T GETTING GAS

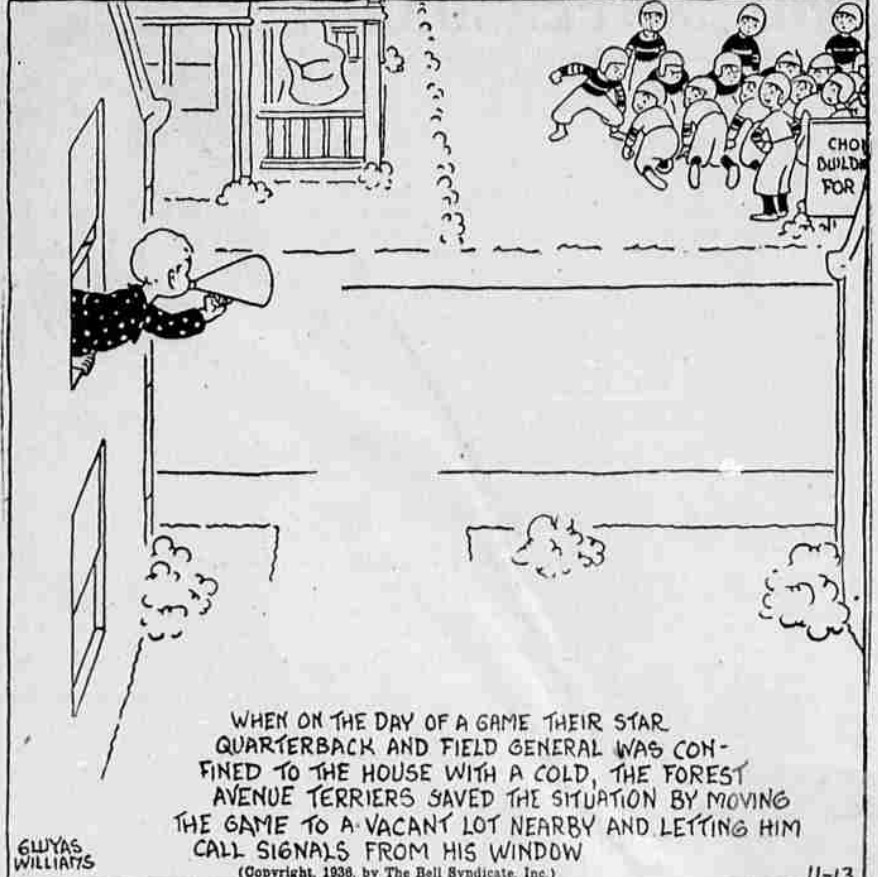
YOU KNEW YOU WEREN'T GETTING GAS! THAT'S WHY YOU TOOK THE OLD PEANUT ROASTER APART A DOZEN TIMES— YOU'RE A GREAT GUN BUT WHEN IT COMES TO MACHINERY, YOU NEVER GOT PAST A WHEELBARROW

HOW ON EARTH DID THAT RAG GET IN THERE?

I DON'T KNOW UNLESS THIS GUY TALKED IT IN— HE'S BEEN CHEWING THE RAG CONSTANTLY EVER SINCE I LOADED HIM ON AT PORTO GARCIA

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN ON THE DAY OF A GAME THEIR STAR QUARTERBACK AND FIELD GENERAL WAS CONFINED TO THE HOUSE WITH A COLD, THE FOREST AVENUE TERRIERS SAVED THE SITUATION BY MOVING THE GAME TO A VACANT LOT NEARBY AND LETTING HIM CALL SIGNALS FROM HIS WINDOW

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S MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



POP, MAY I BORROW YOUR MAGNIFIER GLASS?

WHY?

MUH CHAWKLET CAKE IS NEARLY EAT UP

I JUST WANTA LOOK AT IT FOR AWHILE!

POP, YA OUGHTA HAVE A MAGNIFIER WHICH'D MAKE IT TASTE AS BIG AS IT LOOKS

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SPEAKERSHIP ASSURED FOR HARRY BOVIN IS SALEM PAPER'S CLAIM

SALEM, Nov. 18.—(AP)—The Capital Journal said today Friends of Harry Bovin, Klamath Falls, Democrat, predicted his election as speaker of the house of the Oregon legislature based on an assured 33 votes and a prospect of from 5 to 8 more.

Thirty-one votes of the 60 members are required for election.

The Journal said its informant stated that "the pledges to Bovin were unequivocal and so certain that he already is proceeding with the problem of house organization."

Bovin's strength embraced many members from eastern and southern

HUMANE HUNTER KILLS MISGUIDED CIVET CAT

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Nov. 18.—(AP)—The story goes that at least one hunter was willing to waste a bullet, intended for an elk, to save from a starvation death a much-avoided skunk.

Scores of hunters sped passed the civet cat, its head stuck firmly in a discarded food can, as it raced blindly along the John Hay highway. Then a more humane sportsman (sprayed along and the episode ended.

By SOL HESS