

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Terence Mahony has been given two hours start of the police by Inspector Kennedy. Either Terence gets the evidence to convict Ambrose Lawson of the murder of Vincent Little, or he and Ruth Fraser stand trial for that deed. Lawson sees a good opportunity to do away with Mahony without too much excitement, and is instructing the leaders of his band of crooks about the means of doing it.

## Chapter 41 ELSA'S NEW IDEA

"BASSETT is hiding him," said Lawson. "It shouldn't be difficult to find out where. Bassett doesn't amount to much. I can suggest a couple of easy ways of finding out where Mahony is. Either send some of your men to pretend to join Bassett's crowd, and pass on any information they can get hold of, or capture one of Bassett's men and knock him out of him till he tells you where Mahony is. Now get on with it. As an encouragement to you to put your backs into it, I'm offering a thousand pounds for the proofs of Mahony's death."

He rose from his seat, nodded curtly to the men sitting round the table, and left the room, satisfied with the impression he had created. He re-entered his waiting car and drove back to his house. There he was told that Elsa Little wished to see him.

She was waiting for him in his study, and her face looked pale and worried. He smiled at her. "It's nice of you to come and see me," he said. "Inspector Kennedy told me about your interview with Mahony last night. That was a clever idea, and it seems to have had the desired effect. It can only be a matter of days, or even hours, before the police catch him."

"Yes, I know," said Elsa rather faintly. "That's what I've come to see you about. You see I don't want them to catch him."

"You don't want them to catch him?" echoed Lawson in a voice of genuine astonishment. "But why, what's happened. Only yesterday you were dead keen on bringing him to book for your uncle's murder."

"Yes, I... I know," said Elsa. "I thought he had killed my uncle then I don't think so now."

"I'm afraid I don't understand at all," he said. "It's rather difficult to explain. I know I laid a trap for him last night, and he fell into it—in a way. That talk Terence Mahony had with me last night has convinced Inspector Kennedy that he killed my uncle. But it has convinced me that he didn't kill him."

"Isn't that enough for you?" asked Lawson. "No, you see, I was in the room with him, watching his face, noticing his expression. I'd never had the chance of really talking to him before. I'm certain he was telling the truth when he said he didn't kill my uncle."

"I see," said Lawson. "He walked to and fro for a few seconds, frowning thoughtfully. This change of mind on Elsa's part was quite unexpected. But he could not see that it mattered much."

"In any case, if you believe he's innocent, and it will make you unhappy if he's hanged, I'm willing to do my best to help him," he continued. "Let's consider how you can set about it."

"To begin with, we've got to get into touch with him. That man Bassett will most likely know where he is. The best thing you can do is to see Bassett and try to arrange a meeting with Mahony."

"And what shall I say to Bassett?" asked Elsa. "Shall I just tell him I want to help Mr. Mahony to get abroad?"

"I don't think I should do that," answered Lawson. "He paused again. This business needed thinking out very carefully. 'As I say, I don't like Mahony, but I don't think I've seen of the fellow, I don't think I'll consent to go abroad,' he went on slowly. 'He's a fighter, and, whatever the consequences, he's the sort of man to stay here and fight things out to the end.'"

"Then what am I to do?" asked Elsa hopefully. "The only way will be to take things into your own hands and send him whether he wants to go or not," answered Lawson. "In other words, Shanghai him. Stick him on board a ship with instructions to the captain not to let him go till he's well out of harm's way. I think I can help you in that."

"YOU mean kidnap him and put him on board a ship?" asked Elsa in a horrified tone. "Exactly," said Lawson. "But... that would be rather treacherous," objected Elsa in a protesting tone. "I don't think I should care to do that. I've led him into a trap once; I hate the idea of doing it again."

"I know exactly how you feel about it," said Lawson sympathetically. "It may not seem very nice to trick him into meeting you again and then have him kidnaped and hidden out of the way, but, for his own sake, it's the greatest service you could possibly render him."

"His voice was very persuasive, and there seemed to be good sense in his arguments. 'I suppose you're right,' admitted Elsa hesitatingly. 'Of course I'm right,' replied Lawson. "You get in touch with Bassett and let me know what happens, and I'll make all the other arrangements."

"Very well," agreed Elsa. "I'll do that." Elsa's interview with Bassett was arranged with an ease that surprised her. The interview took place in the small front sitting-room of a house in Brixton. Elsa would tell Bassett nothing except that she had a communication of the greatest importance to make to Mahony.

"What's it about?" asked Bassett. "I can't tell anybody except him," answered Elsa. "I must see him myself. If I can't see him I shan't tell anyone what I have to say."

She looked at Bassett defiantly. She hated the thought that Mahony was banding himself with people like the man in front of her. "All I'm asking you is to give my message to him—tell him that I want to see him," she went on urgently. "I'll pay you for doing it if you like. How much do you want?"

Fatty Bassett did not answer for a moment. He merely looked at her. Then he spoke. "I'm a crook," he said. "I make my livin' dishonestly. I expect you know that, don't yer?"

# NEW TEXTBOOKS IN USE NEXT YEAR

SALEM, Nov. 19.—(AP)—New textbooks adopted by the state department of education after a two-day session of the committee will be placed in use in Oregon grade and high schools after July of next year, Superintendent Charles A. Howard announced today.

The elementary language books replaced by the new adoptions have been in use in Oregon for 14 years, while science and history books were out of date, he said. Howard pointed out that under the plan now in operation school districts are not required to discard good, usable textbooks they now own to purchase new ones.

MANN'S BEAUTY SALON Thursday Special Finger Wave and Shampoo for 75c. Phone 842. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

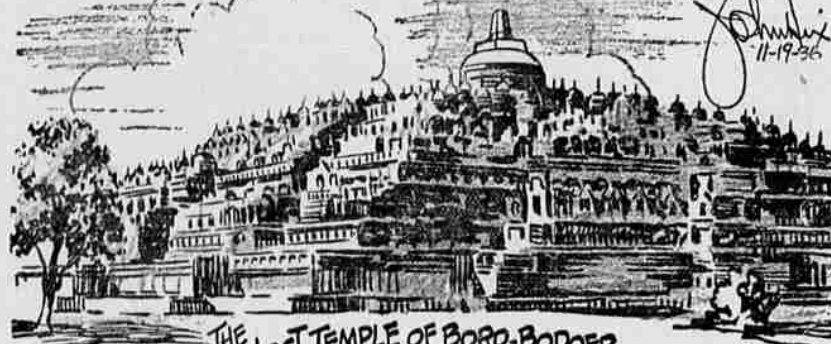
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"STONEWALL" JACKSON Famous Confederate General, was SHERIFF OF HARRISON COUNTY, W. Va., AT THE AGE OF 18!



BUDDY BOYLE—of Pittsburgh, age 12, CAN DO A HANDSTAND ON A ROLLING BALL!



THE LOST TEMPLE OF BORO-BODOER... near Djakarta, Java, 100 FEET LONGER THAN THE GREAT PYRAMID AND ONE-THIRD AS HIGH... IT WAS UNSEEN AND FORGOTTEN FOR OVER 5 CENTURIES THOUGH SITUATED IN A WELL-POPULATED REGION! 13th-19th centuries

**The Lost Temple**  
South of the seaport Samarang, midway between the two seas that surround Java, the Temple of Boro-Bodoer is situated in a well-populated area—yet strange as it seems, was unknown except for native legend for more than five centuries. Monstrous in size, the Buddhist shrine was built some time before 800 A. D. during the reign of the Calendras kings. Native folk-lore attributes the building of the temple to a prince named Gunadharma, who had it erected to show his devotion to the woman he loved.

It was Stamford Raffles, English governor of Java, who returned part of the temple to the light of day. In 1814 he sent an expedition to dig in the vicinity of Boro-Bodoer hill in search of relics of the past. A rounded cupola was exposed by one digger; feverish excavation exposed more. But interest waned. No serious attempt to fully uncover the huge edifice were instituted until 1907 when, under the direction of the master archaeologist, Van Eyr, the temple was fully dug out and returned to as near its original state as possible.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Disaster!**  
DESPITE STRONG HEADWINDS ENCOUNTERED ON THEIR FLIGHT TO SAN DIEGO, TOMMY AND SKETER HOPE TO LAND AT LINDBERGH FIELD... IN TIME TO TAKE THE DEPARTMENT TESTS



# THE FAIRY TALE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS READING GOOD BOOK WHEN JUNIOR ASKS WILL HE READ A FAIRY STORY ALOUD PLEASE



POPS BOOK ASIDE WITH A SIGH, PICKS JUNIOR UP IN LAP AND BEGINS TO READ STORY OF THE PRINCESS AND THE OGRE



TRIES TO HURRY ALONG A LITTLE, JUNIOR ANNOUNCING THAT HE'S SLEEPING



HEARS JUNIOR HUMMING AND STOPS TO ASK WHAT'S THE USE OF HIS READING TO HIM IF HE DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION



JUNIOR PROVES HE HAS BEEN LISTENING BY RECYCLING STORY TO DATE, AND CREATES UPHEAVAL BY CHANGING POSITION IN LAP



SKS WHY DOES DADDY PRONOUNCE THE NAME OF THE PRINCESS DIFFERENTLY THAN MOTHER DOES, AND IS TOLD NOT TO INTERRUPT



JUNIOR SUDDENLY DECIDES HE WANTS TO SEE THE PICTURES WHILE DADDY IS READING



IN MIDDLE OF STORY JUNIOR SLIDES OFF LAP, REMARKING HE'S GOING TO PLAY WITH HIS FIRE ENGINE NOW



HAVING GOT INTERESTED IN OUTCOME OF STORY, FATHER FINISHES IT TO HIMSELF

# S MATTER POP—

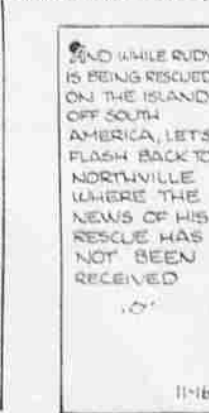
By O. M. PAYNE



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Percy Reports



# THE NEBBS—Gone!



By SOL HESS

# FARMER LOSES SUIT TO COLLECT DAMAGE FROM EUGENE PAPER

EUGENE, Nov. 19.—(AP)—After 15 minutes' deliberation, a circuit court jury dismissed the \$25,000 libel suit of Charles Clements, farmer, against the Guard Publishing company. Booth Cason, Portland attorney representing Clements, indicated he would appeal the case. The jury's finding was on that portion of the suit which claimed Mr. Clements had been libeled by publication in the Register-Guard of stories stating he had made threats of violence against road workers on the route of the project should they enter his property prior to a right-of-way settlement. The jury held the statements sustained by evidence as to facts. That portion of the suit in which it was claimed Mr. Clements had suf-

# CRITICS SAY SHAW PLAY GOOD BUT LONG WINDED

BEVILL, Eng., Nov. 19.—(AP)—Professional critics today displayed qualified appreciation of George Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Millionaires," following its premiere in this seaside town. The play is a satire on wealth and dictatorship. "It is frankly not one of his greatest achievements," says the London Morning Post, "but even as an octogenarian he cannot write anything really dull." The London Daily Telegraph thinks the arguments interesting and often witty, but long-winded. Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.