

# The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

**SYNOPSIS:** Although Inspector Kennedy suspects Terence Mahony of Vincent Little's murder, Kennedy is giving Terence a sporting chance to catch the man he knows is guilty—Amirone. Lawson, Lawson has lusted, Elia Little's plan to help Mahony into a trap to catch him and kill him. But Lawson finds an unexpected obstacle, which is that Elia insists on going to the fatal rendezvous with Lawson and his gang of supposedly benevolent kidnappers, who ostensibly only want to get Terence out of the country.

## Chapter 43 NEW PLAN

WHEREVER, thought Lawson, that house was situated, Mahony was not going to leave it alive. If possible, he had intended to kill Mahony, dispose of his body quietly, and then pretend to Elia that he had been captured, placed unharmed aboard a small steamer bound for South America, and would be looked after when he arrived there. Now that plan was completely spoiled by Elia's stubborn insistence on being present at Mahony's capture herself.

A slight, devilish smile touched the corners of Lawson's lips. It had occurred to him that perhaps, after all, it would not be a bad thing if Elia were to go to that house. Cer-

He came straight to the object of his visit.

"Look here, Lawson, I want to know what the devil you think you've been up to," he said bluntly. "So far as I can see, you've bungled things absolutely hopelessly."

"In what way?" asked Lawson.

"In every way," replied Lee-Ramsden. "You know perfectly well how I'm situated. In seven weeks' time from now, Ruth comes into control of her money. That means my ruin. We agreed together on a plan which would enable me to retain control of the money. You were to kidnap Ruth, make her into a dope addict, and then return her to her home."

"And a very good idea it was, too," put in Lawson. "She'd have been in control of her money, but you'd have been in control of her, and everything would have been very comfortable for everyone."

His manner was cool and indifferent; he had the air of a man with not a care in the world. Actually, he was feeling far from indifferent to the failure of his schemes; his airy manner was assumed to hide his own chagrin.

"YOU bungled that scheme," said Lee-Ramsden harshly. "You let that man Mahony get the girl away from you."



Mahony was to have been placed aboard a small steamer.

tainly she would witness his treachery, but what of it? What would that matter?

Lawson's smile broadened; a hard gleam came into his narrow eyes. He was a vain man, and liked to imagine himself the central and important figure in dramatic situations. The situation which he was now planning for the following night in that lonely house on Clapham Common pleased him greatly.

Mahony had once saved Elia from being kidnapped by him. Well, Mahony should see him kidnap Elia and be powerless to interfere. Elia had been trying to discover her uncle's murderer. She should learn the identity of that murderer from the murderer's own lips.

He imagined himself triumphant, with Elia and Mahony both helpless in his hands. Already in his mind he was savoring Elia's white-faced, terrified horror and Mahony's despairing, impotent rage. Mahony he would kill, there and then, with his own hands.

But Elia he would not kill. She should be taken away and held prisoner until she was a hopeless and incurable slave of the drug habit. Then he would release her, knowing that, as her only means of procuring the drug she craved, he held her in a captivity more secure than any prison.

HE turned from the window and looked at Elia, smiling, but now his smile was friendly and good natured.

"So you want to be in at the death, eh?" he remarked lightly. "I think it's unwise, but, of course, if you really insist . . ."

He made a little gesture as if to indicate that with him her wishes came first in all things.

"You'd better go to the house first, on your own," he went on. "I'll make my arrangements and close in on the house after you've entered."

Elia departed, well satisfied with her evening's work. Soon after she had gone, Lawson had another visitor.

"Mr. Lee-Ramsden to see you, sir," announced the butler.

"Show him in," said Lawson.

Lee-Ramsden was in a very bad temper. For once his customary snavity had almost deserted him.

"That was unfortunate," admitted Lawson. "But I haven't finished with Mr. Mahony yet. What are you worrying about? There's still another seven weeks to go. A lot can happen in seven weeks."

"Quite a lot has happened in the last week," retorted Lee-Ramsden angrily. "And most of it has been to your disadvantage. You told me days ago you hadn't finished with Mahony yet. It seems to me that the boot is on the other foot—that he hasn't finished with you."

"Why, you damned incompetent bungler, every time you've come up against that man he's bested you. And look at the position now. Half your tame crooks have deserted you. The police are after Ruth, and most likely they'll catch her. If they catch her, they may send her to prison; in any case they'll detain her for a time."

"In either case she'll come into her money when she's twenty-one, and she'll be after my blood. You know perfectly well that once any smart lawyer starts investigating her affairs it will mean about five years for me. And that is what will happen; there's no way of stopping it."

He banged his fist down suddenly on the table.

"Understand this, you pitiful, cheap charlatan!" he shouted. "If I am ruined, I'll take good care that you won't get off scot-free. I know enough about you to ensure that you'll get a heavier sentence than I shall, and I'll see that you get it. And once you're in prison, the police may find out a thing or two more about you than I can tell them, and then you'll hang."

Lawson listened, leaning back against the mantelpiece in a casual attitude. His face had gone slightly paler, but his expression was cold and disdainful. Actually he was surprised that a man of Lee-Ramsden's normally cool temperament should have so far lost control of himself; he failed to take into account the nerve strain under which the old man had been living during the last week.

But, though he concealed it, he was furious at the insults Lee-Ramsden had hurled at him.

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The two men meet in a death struggle, tomorrow.

# WATCH IN APPLE PUTS MAN IN PEN

WENATCHEE, Wash., Nov. 21.—(UP)—Dorrell Biedler today was under sentence to 18 years at Monroe re-

formatory because a deputy sheriff accidentally picked up an apple from a table in Biedler's room.

The apple contained a watch which Biedler admitted he stole and hid there after digging a hole in the bottom large enough to hide the watch.

The deputy sheriff said he went to the suspect's room on a "hunch" and was invited to search. Judge W. O. Parr sentenced Biedler to the reformatory.

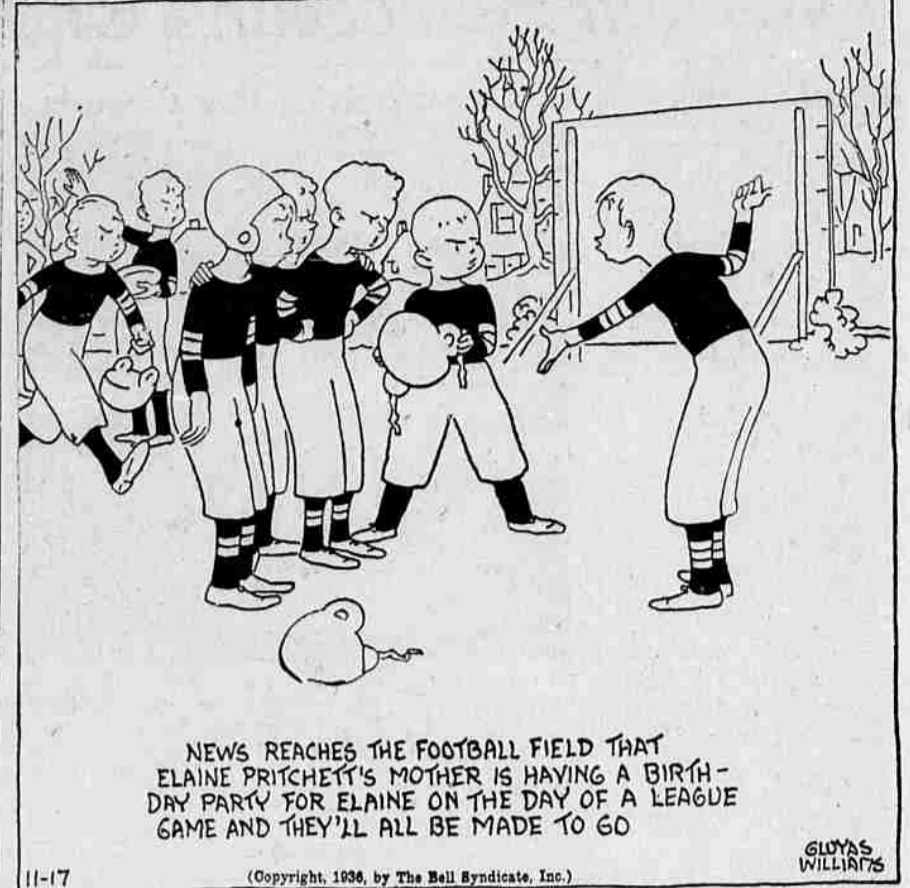
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# LIVER FLUKE CONTROL BEGUN BY R. F. CHASE

PRairie City, Ore., Nov. 21.—(AP)—R. F. Chase of Medford, working under a \$3,000 WPA allotment, began the supervision of a liver fluke control program in this area. Twenty men were employed. Ranchers said the liver fluke took a heavy toll of sheep.

# THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



NEWS REACHES THE FOOTBALL FIELD THAT ELAINE PRITCHETT'S MOTHER IS HAVING A BIRTH-DAY PARTY FOR ELAINE ON THE DAY OF A LEAGUE GAME AND THEY'LL ALL BE MADE TO GO

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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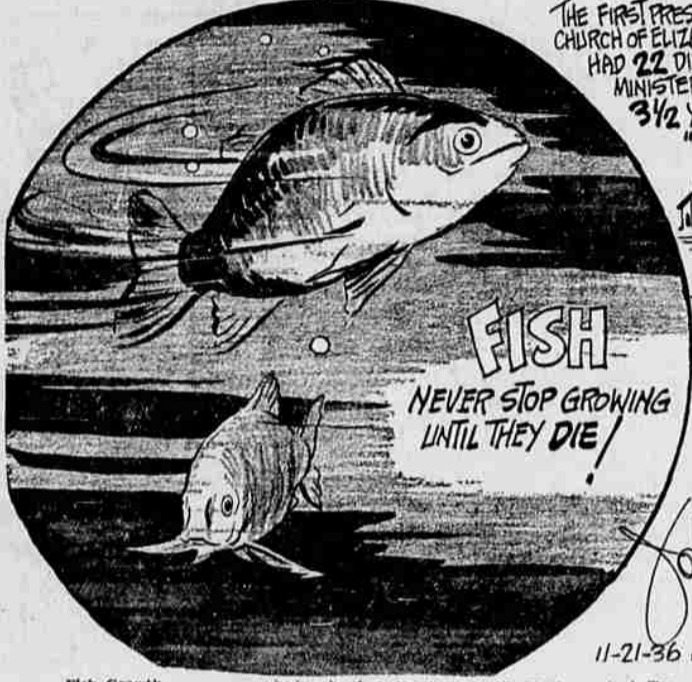


AT YOKUM HIGH SCHOOL—TEXAS, STUDENTS SIT IN DEWITT COUNTY WHILE THEIR TEACHER LECTURES FROM LAVACA COUNTY. THE SCHOOL IS SITUATED ON THE COUNTY LINE...



TIE TEAM—WHITE SWAN HIGH SCHOOL—Yakima County, Wash., PLAYED 5 CONSECUTIVE TIE FOOTBALL GAMES!—1935—

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ELIZABETH, N. J., HAD 22 DIFFERENT MINISTERS IN 3 1/2 YEARS



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## Fish Growth

If you should hook that fish again that got away last year it will be even bigger than you said it was—or at least bigger than it was. Strange as it seems, regardless of age, fish never stop growing until they die. After they attain maturity the rate of growth in nearly all species slows down considerably. In very old specimens, the rate of growth is slight.

On an entirely different basis, it might be said that all living things continue to grow until death since new cells are constantly replacing old ones. It has been estimated that human beings have an entirely new

body about once every seven years, all cells present at the beginning of this period being replaced by new ones. This theory has never been definitely established however. It is believed by some scientists that certain parts of the body, including the nerve cells and skeletal muscles are composed of the same cells throughout the life of a human.

## Tie Team

Meeting the Granger high school team, September 27, 1935, White Swan started compiling one of the strangest score records ever made in football when they tied their opponents 7-7. In their next game, October 11, a 13-13 tie was played

against Toppenish. A game against Wapato brought a scoreless tie, a return match with Granger was played to a scoreless tie on November 1, and another game against Wapato, played November 8, ended without either team scoring—five consecutive ties in all!

Monday: Non-seasonal Tie

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Down in the Desert!

SPINNING HELPLESSLY EARTHWARD, AS A RESULT OF A BROKEN CONTROL WIRE, TOMMY, BY SKILLFUL HANDLING, JUST AVOIDED STRIKING THE CREST OF A MOUNTAIN... AND HE AND SKEETS ARE NOW ABOUT TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING.

2662



By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEPSTER'S CAREER—On the Way



By EDWIN ALGER

# AUNT DROPS DEAD BEFORE BIER OF VALLEE'S EX-WIFE

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Nov. 21.—(UP)—Death struck a final dramatic blow today in the tragic career of Fay Webb Vallee, divorced wife of crooner Rudy Vallee, striking down her aunt as she gazed into Fay's open coffin in a crowded funeral chapel.

Miss Winifred Webb, middle-aged spinster sister of Fay's father, collapsed and fell dead beside the bier, throwing into confusion the thousands who were filing past the casket for a final glimpse of Fay—lying with

head of a floral pillow sent by Rudy from New York.

Miss Webb stood beside the coffin alighting with sobs, then turned and collapsed. She died in the arms of Fay's father, Clarence E. Webb, former Santa Monica police chief, who saw his wife as well as his daughter die during the last few months.

Webb carried his sister's body into another room and attempted artificial resuscitation, but a doctor pronounced her dead.

Word of the new tragedy passed in a hushed whisper through a crowd of several thousand jamming the chapel and spilling out into the street and it was with hesitant steps that the long single file resumed its slow passage by the bier.

Soon after, in deference to Capt. Webb, the honor escort of Santa Monica policemen carved a passage through the crowd and carries the body of Rudy Vallee's former wife to Woodland cemetery for burial.

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## THE NEBBS—Grief



By SOL HESB