

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Using Elsa Little as a blind, a woman known as Terence Mahony, who knows much too much about Lawson's activities as head of a dope and kidnapping gang for comfort, Terence suspects the trap, but decides to make his own plans to deal with it, and leaves his own gang out. But Ruth, friend of Terence, has heard Fatty Bassett talk, and demands to know where Terence has gone.

Chapter 45 TERENCE AGAIN

BASSETT told Ruth briefly how Elsa had got into touch with him and asked for an appointment with Mahony, and how Mahony had agreed to meet her in that deserted house in Clapham at eleven o'clock.

When he had finished Ruth stood thinking. She did not understand it at all. How could Mahony possibly be laying a trap for Lawson and his satellites, if he had gone off to that house completely alone?

"Didn't he say anything at all about his plans?" she asked in a worried tone.

"Not a word," answered Fatty. "E wouldn't tell me nothing."

At that Barney Flynn spoke. He also had a hesitating air.

"He told me not to say anything, but yesterday evening he asked me could I get him some soup and a diamond drill," he put in. "Would that be anything to do with this night's scheme, I wonder?"

"Soup?" echoed Ruth.

"The big Irishman blushed slightly. 'Tis what we call nitro-glycerine," he explained. "In me old days, 'tis what I used to use for opening safes. 'Tis quite a simple matter when you know how, and if you can muffle the explosion with an old blanket or a coat, it is not very noisy. There's many a crib I have cracked with the aid of a teaspoonful of soup."

"But what could he use it for in an empty house?" asked Ruth. "It wouldn't be any good as a bomb, I suppose."

"It could cause an explosion, but a revolver would be handier in a fight," admitted the Irishman.

There was another pause. Ruth's brows were knit in a frown; her eyes had an anxious look; she did not seem to know what to do or say. Though she tried to repress it, she could not help a slight feeling of jealousy; she hated the idea of Terence going to meet Elsa without telling her.

But even more than that, she hated the idea of Terence incurring some danger which she was not allowed to share.

The frown faded from her face and was replaced by a look of firm decision. Ruth had made up her mind what she was going to do.

Possibly she was being foolish, but she did not care. If Terence was going into danger, she was going with him. She also would keep that appointment in the house in Clapham at eleven that night.

She did not mention her intentions to Fatty and Barney, for she feared that they might try to prevent her from going.

"I suppose Terence knows what he is doing," she remarked. "The only thing to do is to wait and see what happens. I think I'm going to take a walk round the house and get a bit of fresh air. I'm sick of being cooped up in the house all day, and nobody is likely to recognize me in the darkness."

She turned and left the room; they heard the front door of the house close behind her.

MAHONY had very good reasons for not wishing Fatty, or any of his band, or even Ruth, to take part in his expedition that night.

It was not his intention to walk into a death trap alone and be butchered like a sheep, but, at the same time, it was not his intention to have any sort of large scale gang fight in that lonely house with the numerical odds all against his own side. His plan was quite different from that.

He left the hide-out which Fatty had provided for him shortly before ten, but instead of making for that house in Clapham, he went on the road in which Lawson's house was situated. There he waited, watching Lawson's house.

His calculations were simple. He reckoned that if this appointment with Elsa was a trap set by Lawson, both Lawson himself and most of the men under his command would be taking part in it; they would be taking no chances of failure through any lack of numbers.

He also reckoned that Lawson would leave his house early in or-

der to be at Clapham in plenty of time to make his final arrangements.

His calculations were correct. As soon as he had received news of the time and place of Mahony's appointment with Elsa, Lawson had sent out orders to his subordinates to raise every man possible for a big job that evening. It was his intention to have that house in Clapham surrounded by a force big enough to deal with Mahony and any bodyguard which Fatty might have formed for his protection.

About the time that Mahony arrived in the road outside his house Lawson was sitting in his study waiting for a message. This message was to come from a traitor in Fatty's band, whom Lawson's subordinates had succeeded in bribing to give their chief away.

At ten past ten the expected message came; the telephone-bell rang, and Lawson lifted the receiver.

"What have you got to tell me?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said a voice at the other end of the wire.

"Nothing?" echoed Lawson angrily. "What do you mean, nothing? I want to know what Bassett's plans are for tonight, exactly how many men he's sending out, and what their orders are."

"He ain't got no plans," replied the voice at the other end of the wire. "He ain't given no orders. Most of his blokes are scattered about here and there on their own, goin' about their own business; I don't suppose he'd be able to get 'em together in less than a couple of hours or so, even if 'e wanted to. But I don't think 'e does want it. Anyway 'e don't show no signs of it."

"I see," said Lawson.

He hung up the receiver and turned away from the telephone. His eyes were shining, and an ugly smile of triumphant malice parted his thin lips. He was thinking that this was going to be easier than he had anticipated even in his most optimistic moments.

It was evident that that fool Mahony still trusted Elsa absolutely; he was going alone to keep his appointment with her, without taking even the most elementary precautions for his own safety.

In a high good humor he poured himself out a short whisky-and-soda, drank it, donned his hat and coat, and left the house, Mahony hidden in the dark shadow of a doorway a short distance down the street, watched him go.

As the tail-light of Lawson's car vanished into the distance, a nearby church clock struck the half-hour-half past ten.

Mahony had no time to waste. He emerged from his hiding place, walked the short distance separating him from Lawson's house, and calmly mounted the steps to the front door. From his pocket he took a bunch of keys.

That bunch of keys had been made for him in quick time by one of Bassett's men, and they had been made from the wax impressions which he had taken of Lawson's keys during the short time that Lawson had been lying unconscious in that East End garage after the raid on the Golden Centipede.

Mahony glanced quickly through the bunch of keys, selected one of them, and inserted it into the lock in the door. It fitted a little stiffly, but quite well enough; he gave a slight twist and a push, and the front door opened. Mahony stepped through the doorway into the hall and closed the door behind him.

The hall was deserted when he entered, but the sound of his entrance brought the butler hastening from the back regions of the house.

For a moment he stared in frowning astonishment at Mahony's somewhat disreputable figure.

"Who the devil are you? How did you get in?" he demanded in a tone of angry astonishment.

"My name is Mahony—Terence Mahony," answered Mahony politely. "I've just come in to have a look around."

"Mahony..." exclaimed the butler. His hand flashed to his pocket. Mahony sprang almost before the man's hand had even reached his pocket, Mahony's right came over in a hard, crisp wallop, landing full on the point. The butler's head went back, his heels lifted clear of the ground, and he fell sprawling flat on his back with a thud that seemed to shake the house. Mahony lifted his voice in a stentorian shout.

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Mahony does a neat job of burglary, tomorrow.

SAN QUENTIN CONVICT SHOT IN ESCAPE TRY

SAN QUENTIN, Calif., Nov. 24.—(AP)—Fog failed to save Harry Smith, one-time minor Chicago gangster, from the aim of a San Quentin prison guard after an attempted escape. The guard W. P. Geddes, left a party yesterday celebrating his 58th birthday, to join in the hunt for Smith. He peered through the fog, spotted Smith in a clump of bushes, and after repeated commands to halt were ignored by the fleeing convict, pulled the trigger of his gun. Smith was reported critically wounded at the prison hospital.

DR. REICHAUT TO PREACH AT ROGUE RIVER SUNDAY

ROGUE RIVER, Nov. 24.—(Sp.)—Dr. Reichart of Grants Pass will conduct evening services at 7:30 in the Presbyterian church of Rogue River, Sunday, November 29, in the absence of Rev. P. Bancroft, who will be attending the dedication of a new church at the scene of his former pastorate in California. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST

GOES DOWNSTAIRS, VERY HUNGRY, TO SEE WHAT IS HOLDING SUPPER UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE BROTHER GOVERNORS!

LEVI LINCOLN, JR., of Massachusetts, and ENOCH LINCOLN, of Maine, SONS OF LEVI LINCOLN SR., SIXTH GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS— BOTH BECAME GOVERNORS OF THEIR STATES AND BOTH SERVED AT THE SAME TIME! 1827-29

BERNON'S PRENTICE of New York, HAS WON 80 TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE Seabright Lawn Tennis Club and the Rumson Country Club, New Jersey, OVER A PERIOD OF 35 YEARS

PUBLIC SCHOOL STUDENTS at Whitehouse, Texas, OUTNUMBER THE TOWN'S POPULATION BY OVER 900!

BOTH MEN WON! "TO WIN" MEANT "TO FIGHT" IN EARLY ENGLAND (From the Anglo-Saxon "WINNAN")

Brother Governors. Zealous American patriot during the War for Independence, U. S. congressman from Massachusetts in 1800, attorney-general in the cabinet of President Jefferson, and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts from 1807 to 1809, Levi Lincoln, Sr., became sixth governor of his state upon the death of Governor James Sullivan. Death also elevated his oldest son, Levi, Jr., to the post of governor of Massachusetts when William Eustis, sixth governor of the state, died in February, 1825. Levi Lincoln, Jr., was elected to the office and held it until 1834.

When Maine separated from Massachusetts to win admission to the Union as an individual state in 1820, Enoch Lincoln, the younger of the brothers, allied himself with the new government, and was elected to congress in 1821. Resigning in 1826, he was elected fourth governor of Maine and was twice re-elected, serving till his death, October 8, 1829. Thus, strange as it seems, from 1828 until 1829, Massachusetts and Maine had brother governors, sons of another governor.

Student Town. With a population of only 240, the town of Whitehouse, Texas, boasts five public schools with a total enrollment of more than 1150 students. The student bodies are made up largely of children from surrounding rural districts who are picked up and taken home daily in buses.

80-Time Champ. Bernon S. Prentice, now president of the Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket club, won his first tennis championship there in 1901. Since then, between this club and the Rumson Country Club, he has annexed a total of 80 championships. His last was won this year.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Slim Chance!

TOMMY, UNAWARE OF A PLOT TO PREVENT SKEETER AND HIM FROM MAKING TEST FLIGHTS TO QUALIFY AS PILOTS OF LARGE PASSENGER PLANES, IS AT A LOSS TO KNOW WHY A CONTROL WIRE ON HIS PLANE WAS DAMAGED SO THAT WHEN IT SNAPPED AND GROUNDED THEM IT WAS BEYOND REPAIR.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Telling Percy

HOW'S THAT FOR SPEED, GOV'NOR? ALL PACKED AND READY—

WE'RE OUT OF LUCK, PERCY—WE CAN'T GO UNTIL TOMORROW—

—BUT HERE'S A FUNNY THING—SIR SPEARMAN, I LEARNED, WAS NEXT DOOR TO US IN THIS HOTEL—HE LEFT TODAY—BY PLANE FOR THE PORCUPINE DISTRICT—

HUMPH! AN' HE WAS RIGHT IN THAT ROOM? 'SPOSE HE HEARD US TALKIN'?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HOPE HE DIDN'T—

ALL I KNOW IS THAT THERE ISN'T ANOTHER PLANE 'TILL TOMORROW—

BEN, I CAN SEE YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THIS HERE TOFF, SIR SPEARMAN—WELL, AN' SO AM I NOW, TOO!



THE NEBBS—Hello, Everybody!



FINISH WRITTEN FOR FAMED OLD HOSTELRY OF MINE BOOM DAYS

SILVER CITY, Ida., Nov. 24.—(AP)—Doors of the Idaho hotel—known for Andrew Mellon and hundreds of other gold seekers during Silver City's mining heyday three-quarters of a century ago—are closed for the first time in 75 years.

Diminishing activities in the mines that produced millions before the turn of the century have brought about abandonment of the old institution, landmark of a one-time frontier city that teemed with 2000 residents.

Mellon, years later secretary of the United States treasury and ambassador to the court of St. James, was a guest of the hotel during frequent visits in connection with mining interests.

The wooden building still presents mute evidence of a more rugged era—bullet holes and scarred saloon characteristic of early western establishments of its kind.

In its dining room guests were served eggs that cost \$3 a dozen in 1867, butter at \$1.25 a pound, sugar at 60 cents a pound, bacon and ham at 75 cents a pound.

Miller Unchanged

TILLAMOOK, Ore., Nov. 24.—(AP)—The condition of Edward W. Miller, manager of the Coast Highway association, whose lung was punctured in an automobile accident near here last week, remained about the same today, hospital attendants said. Mrs. Miller, also hurt in the accident, was showing improvement.

Exciting Ride

SALESBURY, N. C., Nov. 24.—(AP)—What began as a prosaic ride to work turned into a harrowing brush with death for John Pless. His car left the highway, ran into a cemetery, bowled over five tombstones and snapped off an 18-foot monument before turning over. Pless' only injury was a broken arm.