

Merchants Lose To Sonora Nine In Sunday Game

Tigers Get to Mills for 14 Hits, Winning 9 to 6

The Torrance Merchants lost to the Sonora Tigers Sunday by a score of 9 to 6. The game was played on the High School diamond. The Tigers found Mills' delivery for a total of 14 hits. The score:

Table with 2 columns: Merchants and Sonora. Rows include players like Vonderahe, Lovler, McBride, George, Atwood, Fisher, Drew, Milligan, Mills, Soto, Gomes, Rivera, Ortis, Art, Oibares, Gusman, and Angel with their respective statistics.

DeBra Radio Co. In Large Store; Business Good

Local Firm Features Service on All Makes of Sets

Increased business has necessitated the taking of enlarged quarters for the DeBra Radio Company. The firm is now housed in spacious and attractive quarters, twice as large as the room formerly occupied. Entrances to the DeBra store are now on both Cravens avenue and Carson street.

Table with 2 columns: Onopa, p. c. and Games. Rows include Onopa, p. c. (2 2 1 1 2 0) and Games (Sacrifice hits—Art, Lovler, Struck out—by Mills, 5; by Onopa, 3; by Gusman, 5. Bases on balls—by Mills, 3; by Onopa, 6; by Gusman, 2. Stolen bases—Vonderahe, George, Gomes, Soto.)

The SKELETON FINGER

by Healdon Hall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

SIR DUDLEY GLENISTER, suspected of murder when a crowd drops a skeleton finger on his lands, is further involved when a searching party finds the body of Sir Dudley's missing cousin, and...

STEPHEN COLNE, former cabinet minister, tells James Wragge, Scotland Yard detective assigned to the case, that Sir Dudley had faked evidence to the effect that the cousin had died in Montana, United States.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY "Is that the Harley street nerve specialist, sir?"

"Yes. Do you know him?" "Not in the sense of his being known to the police. I consulted him once as a patient."

Mr. Colne laughed. "You with nerves, Wragge?" he said.

"You forget, sir, an occasion on which they were somewhat highly tried," he replied with a certain smile.

Mr. Colne regarded the speaker from under half-closed lids. "Oh, that!" he said, as if with an effort recalling some bygone incident. "I was not aware that you were so hard hit as that, Wragge, but as you have referred to that little lapse, I will take advantage of the opening to impress upon you that this Glenister case must be conducted along the line indicated."

"I am not likely to do anything detrimental to my career in the newspaper reports that Mr. George Glenister left England on bad terms with his father. It might help if you could throw any light on the cause of their quarrel. A woman at the bottom of it, possibly?"

Mr. Colne raised his eyebrows. "Really, Wragge, you jump too readily to conclusions," he replied. "Drop that line like a hot coal. The cherechez la femme wheeze doesn't hold here. Old Sir Philip Glenister and his young hopefuls came to legends over a much more prosaic matter—pounds, shillings and pence."

The inspector rose from the chair. "Thank you, Mr. Colne," he said. "You have saved me a lot of spade-work and will get busy at once. I must go back to town this afternoon and start on Sir Dudley's record of his former City office, but first I can put in a useful hour or two at Beechwood. I should like to see the head keeper who conducted the search party, and if I could run up against Doctor Wragge, I might play on his sympathy for an ex-patient."

CHAPTER VII The Red-Nosed Blackmailer THE same train which brought Inspector Wragge to Colbrook Towers deposited at the wayside station another passenger for whom no grand motor car was waiting.

Not a prepossessing person by any means was the middle-aged, flashily dressed individual bearing down on Sir Dudley Glenister's country seat. Signs of dissipation on his bloated face culminated in one big red knob at the end of a prodigious nose. His gait as he trod the pebbly road in thin shoes bespoke him a town-dweller, more used to pavements.

He came at length to the scrolly iron gates giving access to Beechwood Grange. The gates were shut and he halted in his tracks. Just inside was the lodge-keeper's cottage, embowered in the shade of giant elms. In the distance the old mansion was partly visible.

"Not exactly Capel Court and Brockmorton street. A trifle gloomy to my way of thinking," murmured Mr. Simon Trickey as he pushed open the small gate intended for pedestrians and proceeded up the drive.

Mr. Trickey had been a clerk in the stockbroking office of Coningsby and Glenister, and subsequently after the senior partner's death, in the employ of Dudley Glenister alone. On the latter's

succession to the Glenister title and estates the business connection of the firm had been sold to a new combination, with whom Mr. Trickey could have remained had he so desired. He elected, however, to retire from city life and live on his savings—a proposition which struck his intimates as strange.

The cronies of the wine bars and lunch counters had been surprised to find him, two years after his severance from ostensible work, still "going strong." Once in a moment of bibulous confidence he had imparted to an acquaintance

the startling fact that he was married to a film actress of amazing fame and beauty.

Mr. Simon Trickey meandered up the drive. He suddenly came face to face with two gentlemen who had sauntered out of a side walk—Sir Dudley Glenister and Doctor Willoughby Melville.

The baronet parted with a rage that for a moment threatened to be ungovernable. Then he broke into a cackle of harsh laughter.

"Hello, Simon!" he exclaimed. "Not drunk yourself to death yet, then? I thought we had agreed that all communications between us should be by letter."

The ex-clerk tried to induce a pained expression. "There are some things best not put on paper," he said, with a side glance at Doctor Melville.

"At the same time I expect you would have found it healthier to embody the object of your visit in a letter," rejoined Sir Dudley savagely. "Melville, you will excuse me, please, while I deal with this fellow. He won't take more than a few minutes."

Sir Dudley led his obviously unwelcome visitor into the dining room through an open French window. With studied brutality the baronet went to the sideboard, mixed himself a strong whiskey and soda, and drank it off.

"Now, Simon, rent it out," he said. Mr. Trickey's parched tongue dove to the roof of his mouth at sight of that gurgling draught, but there were bigger things in view and he recovered his poise.

"In his bloodshot eyes even suggested that he saw the funny side of Mr. Simon Trickey being introduced to a whiskey decanter merely as a bowing acquaintance. "I've been reading the papers, Mr. Glenister—I beg pardon, Sir Dudley," he began. "There seemed to be—"

"A damned good chance for blackmailing me," Sir Dudley cut him short.

Mr. Trickey ignored the interruption. "There seemed to be," he persisted, "more than a chance that you might need my help."

"What for?" demanded Glenister roughly. "The visitor glanced significantly at the closed door and the open French windows through which they had entered. "Unless you are prepared to talk on your fingers, I should prefer to leave that to your imagination," he said.

"Keyholes and garden paths harbor listeners sometimes." "There is nothing more that you can do to help me, and you have been well paid for what you have done already," the baronet responded angrily. "No evidence that you could give would amount to a row of pins so far as easing the situation goes. Nobody ought to know that better than you."

Mr. Trickey was thoughtful. "You were always one to catch on quickly," he said in a tone of real regret. "It must be the dull country life that's taken the edge off your understanding. I wasn't referring to evidence I could give, but to what I could withhold."

"You infernal scoundrel, now I've got you cut in the open," retorted Sir Dudley. "I knew you were after blackmail. Just listen to me, Simon. Not one halfpenny more than the settled annuity will you get from me, and at the first sign of treachery I will kill you for the faithless dog you are."

The ex-clerk began to breathe heavily. "I don't doubt you'd try," he sneered. "Pretty good at killing people, ain't we? All the same—"

Mr. Trickey's speech was curtailed by the entry of the old butler. "I beg pardon, Sir Dudley," he announced. "The Rev. Mr. Branson has called to see you."

Inspector Wragge, still clerically camouflaged, stepped quickly into the room in Hinkley's wake, precluding all possibility of a refusal to receive him. At the same moment Doctor Willoughby Melville entered by the French window, his impassive countenance quite unmoved at finding his host doubly engaged.

Slowly and very thoroughly, from the crown of his scantily covered head all over the loud check suit and right down to the heels of Mr. Trickey's inadequate boots, the doctor's remorseless monocle played. The ex-clerk met the searchlight with impudence rapidly yielding to craven fear, and finally bolted through the open window.

Melville lifted his eyebrows towards the clerically attired visitor. "I really beg your pardon, sir," said the baronet. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

TENTH DISTRICT NOTES

Mrs. Bella Hopps, first vice-president and past chairman of councillors, is in the Osteopathic Hospital in Los Angeles, recovering from the effects of a major operation.

Mrs. Gordon L. Groves, councillor of Section D, attended the business session and luncheon of the Tenth District executive board, held last Wednesday at the home of the president, Mrs. F. O. McColloch.

At the presidents' conference of Section D, held in Los Angeles last Friday, with Councillor Groves in the chair, presidents from the following associations were present: Canal, Gulf, and Fifth Avenue Schools, Wilmington, Fifth Street and Barton Hill Schools, San Pedro; Ninety-fifth, Ninety-seventh, and Amestoy Schools, Los Angeles; Magnolia Park and Gardena Grammar Schools, Subcouncillors Hartman of Wilmington, Welton of Lomita, Brucker of San Pedro, and McFarland of Ninety-fifth street also attended.

Conferences are really schools of instruction for association presidents, where problems of the various organizations may be discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Manning and family, of Indianapolis, Ind., are guests at the home of Mrs. Manning's sister, Mrs. C. A. Thompson, of Redondo boulevard.

Dinner guests last Friday of Miss Ruth Greenlund were Ed and Ivan Johnson of San Luis Obispo; their sister, Mrs. Lester Pulte, of Fullerton; and Mrs. Kate Dales and Miss Helma Greenlund.

O. W. Stone has returned from a two-weeks visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Anderson of Sun street have acquired a cabin at Silverado Canyon.

Mrs. L. C. Walker of Narbonne avenue was a luncheon guest Wednesday of Mrs. Richard Jaffray, of Fullerton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blue and daughter Doris, of Poppy street, attended Hoyt's Theatre in Long Beach Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Golding and sons Lyle and Leroy, and Mabelee Bascom enjoyed "Little Annie Rooney" at Grauman's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thompson of Redondo boulevard were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard B. Dudley of Long Beach.

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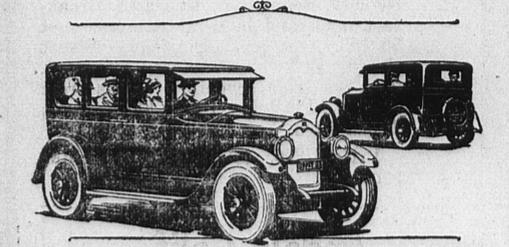
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