

TOBEY AND TYKE



By REDNER

W. E. Shelhart and daughter Sara, of Eshelman avenue, attended the Cabrillo theatre Saturday evening.
Mrs. C. F. Whitford of Woodard avenue and Mrs. H. H. Halladay of Oak street spent Wednesday in Los Angeles.
Mr. and Mrs. Hiram E. Hickman were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Beaver of 2622 street.
Carl Knudson of Compton and George Stark of Los Angeles were guests at the S. E. Thrapp home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thompson of Redondo boulevard were entertained Sunday at the home of Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dudley, of Monterey Park.
Mrs. A. F. Welton of Eshelman avenue spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Bentley Manley, of Bell.
Mrs. Ella Gretter of Los Angeles was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Whitford of Woodard avenue.
Mrs. Carter Murphy of Arroyo street has recovered from a week's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin of Beacon street were visitors Sunday at the home of Mrs. Martha Stocking of Long Beach.
Edward Kasal of Redondo boulevard was an overnight guest Sunday of friends in San Pedro.
Guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Trunnell of Oak street were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baker and sons Merle and Walter, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tumber and son Jack of Santa Ana.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mading of Pennsylvania avenue were Los Angeles visitors Saturday.
Mrs. T. J. Tonkin of Beacon street was a business visitor in Los Angeles Monday.

The SKELETON FINGER



BEGIN HERE TODAY
JAMES WRAGGE, Scotland Yard detective, assigned to the murder case of George Glenister, comes unexpectedly upon Simon Trickey, former clerk of—
SIR DUDLEY, believed to be the murderer of Glenister. From Trickey he learns that Sir Dudley made an appointment with Glenister to meet him on the estate, and that Glenister had not been seen alive since. Meanwhile Sir Dudley is holding—
KATHLEEN GLENISTER and her lover, Norman Slater, in prison.

the next time you're strolling along Lipscombe Road.
CHAPTER XXII
The Room Downstairs
NORMAN SLATER did not recover his senses till the small hours of the morning, and then for a long while only in the sketchiest fashion. In his present condition he had been gassed on one occasion and buried in a shell-hole for half a day on another, and his present sensations reminded him of both. His head was splitting, his throat was parched, and his limbs were so cramped that movement was almost denied him.
Not a ray of light shone on his misery.

By degrees remembrance came back, up to the point where he had succumbed to superior numbers and a most potent anesthetic in the keeper's cottage. From that event he began to remember the events of the day before and what had led up to them. He groaned in despair—not for his own plight, but because he feared for Kathleen.
At first he had not the faintest notion where he was. The sound of running water gurgling close by presently gave him a clue to his whereabouts, and at last the breaking of dawn on an iron-grated aperture high up in the wall of his prison confirmed it.
His treacherous captors had carried him to the basement, all across the street and had fastened him to a wall in the basement. As the light grew stronger he was sure of this. That pile of rotting sacks in the corner must once have held golden grain reaped in the pleasant countryside which he would never see again.
His gloomy meditations were disturbed by the grating of a key and the opening of the door of his prison. Judith Grimes entered, bearing a basin of porridge and a jug of milk. She went out as silently as she had come, a gaunt and forbidding figure with her scanty gray locks and angular shoulders.
The food and drink restored his body and mind to something approaching the normal.
He was straining his bonds painfully when once again the door of his dungeon swung open. He sank down again in a shiver of disappointment and disgust. It was Sir Dudley Glenister who swaggered into the noisome hole jingling coins in his pocket and exuding triumph in every pore of his great, coarse body.
"Well, my bold hero, you've bitten off more than you can chew," the baronet jeered the helpless man.
Norman made no answer. Where was the use? He was not going to plead to the lullaby for mercy.
"Sitting won't help you," the ruthless voice resumed. "The sentence of the court has been pronounced and no defense will prevail. Tonight, my dear Slater, an accident is going to happen to this utterly destroyed by fire. But before the flames catch hold I shall call again with a hunting-crop and repay with interest the dressing-down you gave me in Cadogan Garden. Makes your flesh creep, eh?"
If it did there was no sign. Norman preserved silence, gazing up at the dissipated face with weary scorn.
"There is just a chance that you may be spared the degradation of being thrashed as well as burned," the husky voice went on. "That's what your lady-love, who is my guest on the upper floor. If she consents to become my wife you will be spared the whipping. You will burn anyhow, as I have no other means of stopping the fuses you would make."
The threat fell flat, so far as any outward show went.
"I am now going up to present my terms to Kathleen," Sir Dudley concluded. "I hope I have made it clear that it rests with her whether you are flogged in addition to being cremated."
He went out, locking the door behind him.

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"That you, Wragge?"
"I was hoping to reach the Towers before you, sir, but I have had a very busy day," the inspector replied respectfully.
"Jump up alongside the chauffeur. It will save you half a mile," said the great man affably.
On arriving at the house Mr. Colne at once led the way to his study.
"Now, what does this mean?" He stood up and faced the detective. "I had your message in Downey Street and hastened here at once. You have found the letter written by Sir Dudley Glenister to his cousin."
"Not the original, sir," replied Wragge. "As I told you, that was hopeless from the first. But I have got a man who took a press copy of it, which he will produce, and in the meanwhile he has informed me of the contents."
"Which were?" snapped the cabinet minister.
"Sir Dudley made an appointment with Mr. George to meet him at Beechwood on the 7th of June two years ago, the indictment being that Dudley would put up the money to run a gold mine which George had discovered near Lone Wolf City in Montana."
Mr. Colne looked hard at the inspector.
"That is genuine, Wragge?" he said after a pause. "You didn't have to write the letter yourself to save your bacon?"
"Sir!" rejoined the Scotland Yard officer, and there was a world of virtuous protest in his tone.
"Then I fail to see the urgency which caused you to drag me from my public duties in London," said Mr. Colne haughtily. "Why don't you go and arrest your man? The case is complete."
Wragge dropped his eyes under the rebuke and raised them again at the grudging compliment.
"I am sorry to have disturbed you, sir, but in the chief commissioner's opinion the case is not quite ripe for an arrest," he replied suavely. "I have been in communication with Sir Donald at the Yard this afternoon. It is a question of the date—the 7th of June two years ago. We shall have to prove that Sir Dudley Glenister was at the Grange on that day and was therefore in a position to have killed his cousin if the latter kept the appointment made in the letter. As a neighbor and friend of the family we thought that you might be able to help us—if you were spending the weekend covering that date at the Towers. It was Sir Donald who made the suggestion."
"The Right Honorable Stephen Colne was very angry now."
"Sir Donald is an idiot," he blustered. "And you, too, Wragge, for acting on such folly. How can I remember where I was on a certain day more than two years ago?"
"Of course you couldn't, sir," replied Wragge humbly. "But your secretaries or someone might have a record."
Mr. Colne's wrath was blazing to white heat, for nearly a minute rendering him speechless.
"What would that avail?" he hectoring. "It is Sir Dudley Glenister you have to pin down for that date—not me. Supposing I was at the Towers on the 7th of June that year, it wouldn't be evidence against him unless I had seen him, and I cannot recall that. The chances are that I was not here that weekend."
"Quite so, sir," said Wragge soothingly. "I expect the chief commissioner only suggested asking you as a sort of forlorn hope."
Mr. Colne spluttered and muttered, but seemed to be partly pacified by the reply.
"I can see that I shall have to teach you your business," he laughed. "Why don't you ask Miss Kathleen Glenister? She was living at the Grange then. She didn't clear out till over a year later, when the present upstart took possession."
It was Wragge's turn to laugh, but there was no good humor in his effort. It rasped like a rusty file.

(To Be Continued)
HIGH
Lieut. John A. Macready, U.S.A., will attempt to break the existing world's altitude record in a flight at McCook Field, Dayton, O. He is shown in his electrically heated, fur-lined "altitude suit."
Dance, Jan. 16, Odd Fellows hall, Lomita. Piekell's orchestra.—Adv.



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Apricots —extra choice —the lb. 30¢
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Peaches —fancy-peeled —the lb. 20¢
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Raisins —Peter Pan—seedless 15 oz. pkg. 10¢
Raisins —Sunmaid—puffed 15 oz. pkg. 14¢
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