

Torrance Herald

Published Every Thursday by THE LOMITA-TORRANCE PUBLISHING CO. 1419 Marcolina Ave. Torrance, California

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Subscription Rates in Advance: Anywhere in Los Angeles County \$2.00 per year; Anywhere in U. S. outside of Los Angeles County \$3.00 per year; Canada and Other Foreign Countries \$6.00 per year; Single Copies 5c

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

Published weekly at Torrance, California, and entered as second-class matter January 30, 1914, at the Postoffice at Torrance, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

TORRANCE PERSONS AND PASTIMES

Comings, Goings and Doings of Folks Hereabouts

Harvel Guttenfelder and George Parr, and Charles Pignet of Los Angeles were on a duck hunt Sunday near Redlands.

Ed Shannon spent Saturday and Sunday with Los Angeles friends.

Mrs. F. M. Reuvie of Huntington Beach was a weekend guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woodington of Arlington avenue.

Guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bradford of Amelia street were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brady and family, Mrs. McLaughlin, of

Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Chambers and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Covett, of Torrance.

Mrs. Ada Parks and son Earl, of Los Angeles, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Webb of Amapota avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark have moved to Carson and Serrano streets.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Acree of Gramercy avenue were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dexter of Los Angeles.



BEGIN HERE TODAY

SIR DUDLEY GLENISTER, suspected of the murder of George Trickey, a cousin, to obtain his title and estate, has a friend in— DOCTOR WILLOUGHBY MELVILLE, who recognizes James Wragge, Scotland Yard detective assigned to the case, as one of his former patients, while— KATHLEEN GLENISTER, sister of the dead man, in a search for a clue to the murder, calls upon Mrs. Simon Trickey.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The chatter of the cinema actress meandered on, but with less animation, as if she had accomplished her purpose in concentrating the visitor's attention on herself. But still the husband of the major star of the film firmament came not, and Kathleen reverted to her old fear that the master of the house had been drinking. The vainglorious boasts of the gamekeeper's daughter suddenly petered out. The same idea had occurred to her. "Whatever is Simon up to?" she exclaimed.

She quitted the room, every movement studied as though in front of the camera, and Kathleen anxiously awaited developments. The discovery that John Grimes' daughter was the wife of the man who had offered his allegiance against Sir Dudley rather discounted the value of that aid. Kathleen suddenly felt out of her depth and began to wonder if she was the victim of a conspiracy.

She wished that she had brought Wragge with her, or even dear, under-headed Norman would have been a better companion in that meretricious house than none at all. Then, loud and clear from the passage a scream rang out, and away in the back of the house an electric bell whirred as though it would never stop. A quick patter of footsteps sounded in the hall, the bell ceased ringing, and a confused clatter of women's voices arose in the opposite room.

A minute later the beffled and hoydenish maid-servant stood in the doorway, white as paper. "Please, miss," she faltered, "the missis says will you kindly go away. The master's dead."

"Dead?" Kathleen repeated blankly. "Seizure or something of that sort. And missis says will you kindly stop your cab at Doctor Wilson's at the end of the street and leave word for him to step round. He's been attending the master for his 'heart'."

There was nothing for it but to comply, and Kathleen passed out to her waiting taxi, catching a glimpse of the famous "Maud Blair" bending over a crumpled heap of humanity in the dining room. Mr. Simon Trickey seemed to have started to meet his Maker from a spindle-legged Tottenham Court Road chair. His head lay on the table.

Kathleen gave the desired message at the house of the local practitioner and drove back to Cadogan Gardens. As she was paying the driver of the taxi an inspiration came to her.

"Did you," she asked, adding a generous tip, "notice a gentleman come out of the house at Brixton white as there?" "No, miss," was the prompt reply. "Only a lady. Stylish party, and seemed in a bit of a hurry."

CHAPTER XII The Purple Aigrette

ON entering the house, after ascertaining that Lady Murrables was out gadding as usual, Kathleen rang up Inspector Wragge at Scotland Yard. Within half an hour he was with her, listening to her story of what had happened during her call in the Lipscombe Road.

"A bad business," was his comment. "Mr. Trickey has been very inconsiderate."

"But don't you see, Mr. Wragge, that his death on the eve of further revelations is very suspicious?" Kathleen could hardly conceal her exasperation at official stolidity. "Trickey's death comes just right for Sir Dudley, and I should not be surprised if he had contrived it."

"We mustn't beg the question, Miss Glenister, but I shall certainly have to see that local medical man." Mr. Trickey being a Beechwood girl is a complication

that light," said Kathleen dryly. "You are convinced that Mrs. Trickey asserted that her husband was engaged with a man, whereas you saw a woman leaving the house?" "I did not say I saw a woman leave the house," Kathleen rejoined. "I said I heard the swish of a silk skirt in the passage and saw the tip of a purple aigrette departing from the front door. The taxi driver described the wearer as a stylish party in a bit of a hurry. But it might have been a man disguised as a woman."

Wragge expressed his thanks and took his departure, alleging the need for haste in seeing the local doctor before the death certificate was given. He found Doctor Wilson to be a sandy-haired young Scotchman, newly established, but with a fund of native shrewdness which Wragge was quick to appreciate. "I see," he said. "Your interest in Mr. Trickey's death is that he would have been an important witness in a case you are working on. Suspicious of foul play? Well, I think you can disguise your mind of anything of the sort. In fact I have already signed the death certificate as indicating cardiac affection. The symptoms of the body point to that, and I have been treating Mr. Trickey for heart trouble ever since I came here."

The inspector nodded. "Bit of bad luck then, doctor, and that's all there is to it," he said. "We are up against too many coincidences at the Yard to disbelieve in them." "His appearance was a fairly truthful mirror of his habits, inspector," replied the young doctor. "Well, doctor, Wragge said, 'I am very much obliged to you for saving me a wild-goose chase. As you have granted a certificate there will be no inquest, and consequently no interference by the police.'"

Drawn by an irresistible impulse, Wragge walked along Lipscombe Road in the direction of Number 16. He knew that the blinds would be drawn at the house of mourning, but there was the chance that one of the inmates might be peeping. Sure enough, the blinds were all down, but as he walked quickly past he detected no signs of peeping, nor was any sound audible from within. He went on toward the end of the street and was nearing the corner when a cab swung into the Lipscombe Road and flashed by him. Looking back, he saw it stop at Number 16. A lady got out, paid off the driver, and vanished so quickly into the house as to suggest that someone had been waiting to admit her. Not so quickly, however, that Wragge had failed to notice that her smart hat was adorned with a purple aigrette.

From her having dismissed her cab he argued that she was going to remain some time. He dared not risk recognition by hanging about the house, so he repaired to a public-house in the main thoroughfare and phoned headquarters for an assistant. While waiting he kept observation on Number 16 from the end of the street, and when his subordinate arrived he was able to assure him that the lady he had to shadow was still inside.

"Find out where she lives, Peter, and report to me at the Yard directly you have located her," was his instruction. "Name and address are all I want from you. I will deal with the matter then."

The young detective, whose spurs were yet to win, promised results. He was as good as his word. About 10 o'clock that night he turned up in Wragge's room at Scotland Yard with the information that the lady in the purple aigrette lived in a flat in Vectis Mansions, Grosvenor Gate, and that her name was Mrs. Coningsby. "Fine!" Wragge commended his junior. "Good night, Peter."

But the young detective lingered a moment. "I hope I did right, sir, in bringing this along," he said nervously, laying a book on the desk. "She dropped it as she entered the block of flats. I reckoned that it could be returned to her anonymously through the post if you had no use for it." Wragge took up the volume and his eyes snapped like stars. "No error there," he said quietly. "Chalk yourself up another twenty points, my son."

CHAPTER XIII A Dead Man's Diary

HIS assistant having left him, Inspector Wragge quickly confirmed the value of the book which fortune had placed in his hands. His first glance had told him that it might have a bearing on the case. It was a "Scribbling Diary" with the name of Simon Trickey scrawled on the cardboard cover. Further examination showed that it covered the period of Trickey's mission to America, disclosed by him to Kathleen Glenister and repeated by her to Wragge himself.

A still closer scrutiny showed that six months afterwards, but in the same year, Trickey had paid a second visit to the Montana mining camp, also at the instance of his employer, Dudley Glenister. It was this second journey to the west that the neatly dressed and spry eyes out of his head as he perused it.

The perusal did not take long. Mr. Simon Trickey had no literary style, confining his entries to mere scrawpy information, but pieced together it gave a lurid record of what he had been up to in Lone Wolf City on behalf of the present baronet.

(To Be Continued)

Merchants Beat Forty-Niners by Score of 10 to 5

Local Team Makes Four Runs in First Inning of Sunday Game

The Torrance Merchants turned in the Duke's 49ers by a score of 10 to 5. Three errors, a sacrifice hit, a hit batter and Watson's single to right were good for four runs in the first inning. The Merchants didn't score again until the 49ers had brought the count 5 to 4 in their favor, getting one

run each in the second and third innings, and five solid blows were good for three runs in the fifth. This was all the scoring for the Duke's. In the sixth Block and Ferrick both reached first on errors and Lovell scored them with his second two-bagger, and he then counted on Atwood's single over second. In the seventh George and Fisher singled and scored on Block's double, who went to third on Ferrick's single. Vonderahe dropped a fly in right for a single, filling the bases. Lovell then sent a long fly to center. After the catch Block scored with the third run of the inning and the last of the game. Ferrick pitched a good game, being in trouble only in three innings. The locals didn't get to Burns until the fifth, and finally made him retire in the seventh. Every man on the Merchants got at least one hit, and Ferrick, George and

Score by innings: Duke's 49ers... Merchants... Summary: Two-base hits—Lovell (2) Leonard, Block, Ferrick. Three-base hits—Randon, Flores. Struck out—by Ferrick 4, by Burns 8, by Randon 1. Bases on balls—off George, 11; off Ferrick 1. Double play—Ferrick to Lovell to Atwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Boice were entertained at dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boice of Cabrillo avenue. Marshall Mathews is a business visitor in San Luis Obispo this week. Mrs. Dudley B. Hutchins of Los Angeles was the guest of Mrs. Jessie M. Boljes of Gramercy avenue over the weekend. Mrs. Hutchins is leaving shortly for San Francisco.

J. W. BARNES COMPANY LOMITA, CAL.

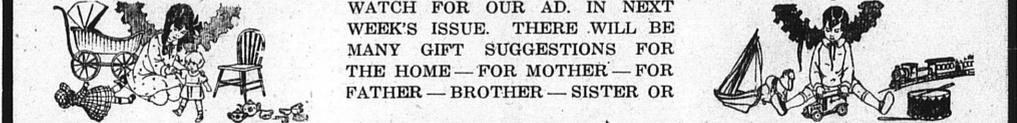


OPENING of TOYLAND

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Wragge noticed that her smart hat was adorned with a purple aigrette, which will either add to or lessen our difficulties. "I am glad that you see it in