

TOBEY AND TYKE



banquet at the Biltmore and this here bull will be served to the guests. It won't be the only bull handed out.

The Bat says it looks like this here Mah Jongg is gonna be as dead pretty soon as his name sake.

The Bat went to a dinner in N. Y. and they was a lot of Iowa folks there. At the end of the dinner the toastmaster says he wishes the Iowa folks would sing their state song. And an Iowan says why we have been singing it all evening. It's entitled "That's Where the Tall Corn Grows." The toastmaster says Oh is that so, I thought it was "California Here I come."

The Bat sends Christmas greetings to one and all.

Scotty Mackenzie says all this talk about Scotchmen being close is the bunk which he says is proved by the fact that the most generous giver in the world is named Sandy Claws.

Bob Deininger, better known as Harry Mayer, brings in this clipping:

Now if Luther Burbank would only try to cross a cake eater's mustaches with a he-man's beard he'd be doing something worth while.

They is gonna have a holiday. Merry Christmas—and may the

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
SIR DUDLEY GLENISTER, believed to be the murderer of his cousin, George Glenister, following the finding of a skeleton finger of the dead man, asks the hand of—
KATHLEEN GLENISTER, sister of the dead man, in marriage. He is refused by Kathleen, who believes him a murderer and who is in love with—
NORMAN SLATER. Kathleen is tricked by Sir Dudley into visiting a lonely place to obtain insurance, follows on a motorcycle.

had left at the curb, when the throaty voice of the waiter stopped him:
"Art a mo', sir. I dunno if this has to do with you. I found it when I was sweeping up after the luncheon people were gone."
"This" was a scrap of paper, the creases in it suggesting that it had originally been twisted into that homely form of communication, a three-cornered note. It bore a few words in pencil:
"Prevented at last moment from joining you. Come to keeper's cottage. You will find me there without fail."
Putting the note in his pocket, Norman added a pound to his first tip. Then he went out and started his motorcycle, the drone of it drowning the chuckle with which the wheezy waiter retreated into the hotel.
CHAPTER XVIII
The Trap Closes
The ancients who named Cupid "the blind god" were wise in their generation. No one not under the influence of that divinity would have behaved quite so rashly as did Norman Slater after "picking up his clues" at the Bull. It never occurred to him that they had been planted on him as a card is planted by three-card tricksters. All Grinstead's selection of a motorcycle had been sound, and the seven miles of road vanished like a lurid dream. With a blast from his horn he tore through Beechwood village, past the lodge gates of Beechwood Grange, and so into the network of lanes that led to the stile, beyond which wound the woodland path to the cottage of the head keeper.
The cycle had earned its rest. Norman bestrode it among the bracken in a dry ditch close to the stile and of necessity set out to finish his journey on foot. Eventually he came out into the clearing. The diamond-paned windows of the cottage were laced with light from within, but there was no moon to show the old mill across the stream.
He walked up to the door and rapped with his knuckles. The scrape of a chair sounded within and a sour-faced woman opened to him.
"Bless us and save us! I thought 'twas the man with the poultry food," she exclaimed. "What might you please to want, sir?"
"I came to inquire about Miss Glenister," replied Norman. "I have reason to believe that she was here this afternoon."
Mrs. Grimes moved away from the doorway in an implied invitation to enter, which Norman instantly accepted.
"I dunno nothing about Miss Glenister," she said. "I've been out all day. You'd best ask me husband. There he sets!"
At the other end of the low-celled living room John Grimes sat on a stool warming his hands at a wood fire. His great shoulders were hunched in an attitude of dejection. Norman, who was quicker

in action than at arm-chair theory, noticed this, and he also noticed two other things. On the wall was a telephone. And Mrs. Grimes was struck with sudden solicitude for an oil lamp which stood on a table in the window-bay. She went over to it and moved the lamp three times before she got it to her satisfaction.
Norman had got to know the silent head keeper rather well during the short period when he had been a shooting guest at the Grange.
"How are you, Grimes?" he said, forcing the cordial note. "You can't have forgotten me yet."
The keeper reared his giant bulk from the stool and glanced his visitor. But he ignored his visitor's outstretched hand and avoided his eye. "I mind ye well enough, sir," he said in surly fashion. "Come to stay with the master again?"
"No. I just wanted to ask you a few questions," rejoined Norman. He did not like the look of things. The man's manner was furtive. The woman's action with the lamp might have been a signal.
"We've got a rare pack of pheasants left," Grimes remarked with

TOWNE
TALKE
"Just for Fun"
By RAS BERRY

Dr. Lancaster took three little boys up to the wilds around Riverside to hunt mudhens. The three lads was George Lancaster, Freddie Shidler and Harvel Gutenfelder. Sixteen mudhens bit the dust and two rabbits. Horse liniment was prescribed for three sore shoulders, George's, Freddie's and the doctor's.

They is plenty of kidding about Freddie Palmer being chaplain of the American Legion post, but Freddie don't care because he goes up to the new Legion clubhouse the other day and Verne Babcock and W. Post is carrying big timbers around and shoveling cement and they give Freddie the signal to join in the work and Freddie says nothing, did you ever see a chaplain do manual labor. No-buddy was hurt.

Dick Malone says these days when he has got to go around a corner of a bldg. he shows his hat ahead of him around the corner and if nobody shoots why he goes around the corner his self.

- *****
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Up to the Kiwanis dinner the other nt. why they had a contest to see who could sing the farthest in a song without taking no breath and of course it being a long winded contest why a bozo from L. A. win.

The Bat has give up trying to make me think she is stopping at the Biltmore in N. Y. and sends a letter that shows she is at 421 West 121st st., which is about as close to the Biltmore as the Appalachian Mts. She enclosed a picture of Mah Jongg—a bull which

"Why should Grimes want to kill my cousin?"
"I don't say he did; it is only a conjecture," replied the inspector soothingly. "There might have been the old melodramatic motive of the outraged father who wants to get square on his daughter's seducer, eh?"

Sir Dudley broke into a cackle of harsh laughter. "That's a bad break, Wragge," he said. "I was beginning to be impressed with your cleverness, but now you've gone and spoilt it."
"We will rule Grimes out, then," said Wragge, rising to depart. "Good day, Sir Dudley, and many thanks."
(To Be Continued)

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WILD TO GO!

His hand flew to the pistol in his pocket.
baffling irrelevance. He lifted his gaze now, but it was directed over Norman's shoulders—toward the door. The keeper's hard gray eyes seemed to put a question and to receive an answer.
Norman took the warning of that interchange a fraction of a second too late. His hand flew to the pistol in his pocket but the bear's hug of John Grimes pinioned his arms and a jiu-jitsu kick in the small of his back did the rest. He was borne to the floor and a moment later he was vainly fighting the fumes of a chloroformed sponge pressed to his mouth and nostrils.
CHAPTER XIX
The Art of Finesse
IN the train, going down to Beechwood next day, Inspector Wragge was not in the guise of a subscription-hunting clergyman. On this occasion he was in his own natural semblance, since he wished Sir Dudley to recognize him at sight as the police officer who had pulled Norman Slater off him in the fracas at Cadogan Gardens.
He alighted at the little wayside station, went to the lodge gates of the Grange, walked up the avenue, and rang the bell at the great oaken front door. Hinkley rather jibbed at admitting him, but yielded at once on being informed of his visitor's official position.
There was no one in the library, and Wragge had to wait a long half-hour before Sir Dudley joined him.
"Come to arrest me for murdering my cousin?" Sir Dudley sneered.
Wragge assumed a servility he was far from feeling.
"You will have your little joke, Sir Dudley," the inspector laughed. "I am after Mr. George Glenister's murderer all right, but it is your help I want—not you."
"The object of my call, Sir Dudley," said Wragge, "is to beg you to tell me if you have heard the names of any local gentlemen mentioned in connection with the keeper's daughter. You must have all the local gossip at your finger tips."
The baronet shook his head. "They don't tell me much, these village clods," he said. "No, I never heard who Sally's mashers were except that there were plenty of them. The talk is that she was married to some fellow in London."
Wragge made a wry face expressive of disappointment. "That's not very informing," he said. "I seem to have had my journey for nothing. But I should value your opinion on one other point, Sir Dudley. How about your keeper, John Grimes, as the murderer?"
Had a high explosive shell burst within a hundred yards of the house the effect on its owner could not have been more marked. He sprang to his feet, his face gone all purple and working strangely. "What on earth put such tommyrot into your head?" he hectorred.

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