

TOBEY AND TYKE



Mrs. Edna Green of Los Angeles spent Saturday with her sister, Mrs. J. O. Stalcup, of Elgin street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilkey and son, of Los Angeles, were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Francis of Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Gray have moved from Long Beach into one of the Whitford cottages on Wood-ard avenue.

Mrs. T. J. Tonkin of Beacon street has fully recovered from a serious illness.

Guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ganster of Redondo boulevard were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Erickson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bussman, Oscar Hovel and sister, and Joseph Dietrich and daughter, Mrs. Paul Sparks, of Los Angeles.



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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

SIR DUDLEY, English baronet, believed to be the murderer of his cousin, George Glenister, consents to a moving picture company setting fire to an old mill on his estate and filming the spectacle.

NORMAN SLATER and his sweetheart, Kathleen Glenister, are Dudley's prisoners in the building, but—

ALF, a friend of Slater, is one of the picture group, and he meets Hinkley, Dudley's butler, who tells him of Dudley's plans.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

With a wary eye for the cottage, he crossed the clearing and reconnoitered the bank of the stream. At first he was at a loss how to reach the mill without swimming the race, but he soon discovered the stepping-stones above the weir and so gained his goal.

To his surprise the outer door of the mill house stood open.

Like a wraith the ex-rifleman slipped from the fitful moonlight into the dark entry, and he had only taken two steps when his feet brushed against a pile of loose straw. Another step and his foot struck metal. Stooping down, he was informed by his sense of touch that he had kicked a petrol can. There had always been a glimmer of hope in his mind that the baronet's threat to set fire to the mill empty bluff, but these combustibles told him that he was up against the real thing.

Alf's impulse was to gather the beastly things up and stamp out the peril by tossing them into the mill-race. But the project was no sooner formed than the execution of it was arrested by the sound of voices on the upper floor. The words were indistinguishable, but one of them was undoubtedly that of a woman. Suddenly they ceased in a tinkle of laughter like a silver bell, as a door was slammed, and heavy footsteps began to descend the stairs.

The man with the keys was coming down, and Alf wanted those keys as he had never in the course of his life wanted anything before.

With the tread of a cat he stepped back and out on to the bank of the mill-race and waited, joyously expectant.

A brief five minutes on a tame mill-wheel was child's play for her. The hero hastened back to the bank, shouted to the camera man, retraced his steps along the miniature causeway in the best Wommersley style—a hero every inch of him. But as he flung himself down to hoist the heroine up he saw that something had gone wrong. "Miss Blair," instead of turning an enraptured gaze on her rescuer, was staring at the bank which he had just left.

Following the direction of her frightened eyes, he broke into blasphemy as he saw that two men had walked into the electric beam. "The wheel has moved!" wailed "Miss Blair." "Oh, my God! I'm being crushed to death!"

Mr. Wommersley wrung his hands in despair, but a tall man with great hefty shoulders raced along the top of the dam and brushed the actor ignominiously aside, nearly hurling him into the turbulent water that had forced a passage past the broken wheel.

"Out of the way, you monkey," cried John Grimes in his thunderous bass. "I'll get her out."

**CHAPTER XXV**

The Fight in the Dark

THE end of the second day of captivity found Norman Slater mentally and physically nearly at the end of his tether.

A hundred times Norman cursed his folly in delaying Alf Grimstead's start for twenty-four hours after the commencement of his own search for Kathleen.

Norman realized that he was "for it," as the boys used to say in the trenches. But what of the brave girl upstairs? That was what really mattered. Would she have the wit to recognize that since she could not save his life she had better save her own by feigning acceptance of the enemy's atrocious terms so that she could repudiate them afterwards?

Very soon he heard steps coming down the stairs and a great terror seized him. For the purposeful tread on the stairs told of a rebuff in the room above and of an im-

zero, my lad. Over the top and upstairs!"

"Lead on," said Norman. "You're in command this push."

Master and servant left the room, and as soon as they began to mount the stairs the prone figure rolled over on its side. Inch by inch and with infinite agony, his teeth clenched to stifle too probable groans, Dudley Glenister dragged his bruised form along the floor. More than once he had to stop and collect his failing strength, but hate urged him on and at length he reached the doorway. Like some huge reptile he wriggled across the entry till his questing fingers touched straw. He smiled and, groping further, touched tin. Then he tumbled in an inner-vest pocket which Alf had missed and

found a silver match box. And again he smiled.

In the meanwhile a strange reunion was taking place upstairs. The rescuers discovered Miss Kathleen Glenister standing at the window, and to their astonishment the sordid room was as light as day.

"Well, well!" the girl exclaimed drily. "Better later than never. Considering that the festivities have been going on for at least ten minutes, you have been rather slow in thinking of poor little me."

Alf stepped to the window and in a glance took in the scene in the clearing, where people seemed to be running about aimlessly in the electric glare.

"It's them blighted picture actors," he inadequately explained. "They've caught up quicker than

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12:20 P. M.	12:40 P. M.
1:20	1:40
2:20	2:40
3:15	3:40
4:20	4:45
5:20	5:40
6:25	6:45
7:20	S-7:45
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