

See for Yourself

We are matching Patterns in Broadcloths bought elsewhere at 50c. Our Cut Price, yard.....25c

We offer you Striped Linings, some real Linettes, short lengths, yard.....25c

Broadway Stores sell Red Seal Gingham for more money—maybe it is worth more to you after a trip to the city. Our Cut Price, yard.....19c

"Hurrah" Sailors are giving away Towels three for a dollar. We offer you a good one—each.....25c

Kotex.....45c

Other Brands Sanitary Napkins.....39c

Pebeco Tooth Paste—3 for \$1.00.....39c

Woodbury Soap—3 for 50c.....19c

Another stock of McCall Patterns sold at a song for the benefit of creditors. 5000 in all—2 for.....10c

Heavy weight, good size, well made Hickory Shirts. Cash Price.....98c

Tennis Shoes, pair.....\$1.00

\$5.50 Arch Supports (Schools), a pair.....\$2.98

\$5.00 Arch Supports (Wizards), pair.....\$2.49

\$3.50 Arch Supports (several brands), pair.....\$2.29

Bleached Muslin, yard.....10c

Toweling, yard.....10c

Unbleached Muslin, yard.....10c

9-4 and 10-4 Pepper Unbleached Sheeting.....39c

9-4 Fruit of the Loom Muslin, yard.....39c

Costume Satin—3 yards \$2.00; yard.....79c

New Lot of Children's Hose, pair.....25c

J. P. Coats Crochet Cotton—10 for \$1.00.....11c

Pearl Cottons, J. P. Coats and Star brands, 3 for 25c.....9c

The Largest Assortment of 6-Strand J. P. Coats, D. M. C. and Star.....3 for 10c

Fancy Work at less than Wholesale Prices.

Buy your Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases here at Cut Prices any day.

Stamped and Hemstitched Pillow Cases, pair.....79c

"Lawrence" Men's Union Suits, ecru, short sleeves, long legs, less than wholesale prices—2 for \$2.00; a Suit.....\$1.19

Men's Work Sox.....2 for 25c

Men's Dress Sox.....5 pr. \$1.00

Ladies' Silk Hose.....3 pr. \$1.00

Ladies' Pure Silk Hose.....3 pr. \$2.00

Mission, Bear brand, Not-a-Seam, Cadet, and Van Raalte Silk Hose, Cut Prices.....79c to \$1.98

Men's Work Shirts, Uncle Sam and other Standard brands.....3 for \$2.00

Men's Dress Shirts, each.....\$1.00 to \$2.49

Men's Athletic Underwear—Why pay more.....49c, 59c, 79c, to \$1.29

San Silk.....a ball 5c

1/4 Tape—3 for 25c.....10c

1/4-inch Elastic, Good Grade, 6 yards.....25c

Men's 35c Garters.....25c

Men's 40c Garters, 29c; Men's 50c Garters.....35c

Men's 85c Suspenders, pair.....49c

Men's Overalls, pair.....98c

Plaid Blankets, Single, each.....89c

100 pair Pillows, pair \$1.50; each.....79c

6-oz. Cotton Batts.....2 for 25c

2-lb. Cotton Batts.....2 for \$1.25

All Linen Toweling, yard.....19c

New Voiles for Underwear, yard.....25c

\$4.00 Woolen Goods.....3 yards for \$5.00

\$4.50 Satin.....3 yards for \$10.00

\$1.50 65% Silk Crepe, 54 in.....3 yards \$2.00

We are the Pace-Makers when it comes to Lower Prices. Our Regular Prices are lower than so-called "Sail" Prices 9 times out of 10. We buy for Cash—sell for Cash. One bookkeeping system for 7 stores; no guess work; everyone in our organization must produce results. We have no figureheads. We have Conservative Bank Connections. We have ample funds to swing any deal at any time. Do not let any house-to-house salesman or sidewalk broker lead you up on fake stuff. We sell Standard Goods at Cut Prices every day in the year.

Come in at least once a week and check up and see for yourself if you are paying others more for the same goods than we ask.

EITHER STORE

The Sample Store

HAWKINS & OBERG
106 TO 108 DIAMOND ST., REDONDO
1319 TO 1321 SARTORI, TORRANCE
BE SURE YOU ARE IN THE RIGHT STORES
if you are not you will pay more, that is all



The LEADING LADY

by GERALDINE BONNER

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(Continued from Page One)

board nothing of him. The Faskings did not believe her statement, the police were uncertain.

Her taxi rolled into the sweltering heat, incespant streets roaring under the blinding glare of the sun. Her destination was the office of Stroud and Walberg, those real managers. Mr. Walberg offered her a friendly hand and a chair. Mr. Walberg, a kindly Hebrew, was kinder than ever to this particular visitor. He was sorry for her—as who in his profession was not?—and wanted to help her along, and here was his proposition:

A committee of ladies, a high society bunch summering up in Maine, wanted to give a play for charity. Thomas N. Driscoll, the spool-cotton magnate, who was in California, had offered them his place up there—Gull Island, was the name—for an outdoor performance. The ladies had wanted a classic, which Mr. Walberg opined was all right, seeing the show was for charity and people could stand being bored for a worthy object. "Twelfth Night" was the play they had selected.

The ladies had placed the matter in Mr. Walberg's hands, and he had at once thought of Sybil Saunders for Viola. She was, in his opinion, the ideal person. Compensation was not so munificent, but then Miss Saunders was not yet in the star cast, and all expenses would be covered, including a week at Gull Island.

He had no need for further persuasion, for Miss Saunders accepted at once. She was grateful to him and said so, and looked as if she meant it. So, in a glow of mutual satisfaction, they walked to the door. Mr. Walberg telling over such members of the cast as had already been engaged: Sybil Saunders for the Duke, Isabel Cornell for Maria, John Gordon Trevor for Sir Toby—no one could beat him, had the old English tradition—and Anne Tracy for Olivia. At that name Miss Saunders had exclaimed in evident pleasure. Anne Tracy would be perfect, and it would be so lovely having her, they were such friends.

"And I'm going to give you my best directions," said Bassett, "with you and him they don't pull off a success, the Maine public's lumber than I thought."

Her business accomplished, Miss Saunders went home. She lived in one of those mid-town blocks of old brownstone houses divided into flats. Letting herself in with a latchkey, she ascended the two flights at a rapid run, unlocked her door, and entered upon the hot, empty quietude of her own domain. She threw her hat on a chair and, falling upon the divan, opened the paper that she had carried since she left the Grand Central station.

She folded the pages back at the personal column and settled over it, bent, motionless, her eyes traveling down its length. Suddenly she stopped, focused on a paragraph. She took a pen and pencil from the desk, drew a small table up to the divan, spread the newspaper on it, and copied the paragraph onto the pad. It ran as follows:

"Sister Carrie: "Edmund stony broke, but Al—able to help him. Think we ought to chip in. Can a date be arranged for discussing his affairs?"

"Sam and Lewis." She studied it for some time, the pencil suspended. Then it descended, crossing out letters after letters, until the words remained: "Edmonton, Alberta, Canada." The signature she guessed as the name he went by.

She burned the written paper, grinding it to powder in the ash tray. The newspaper she threw into the wastebasket, where Luella, the mulatto woman who "did up" for her, would find it in the morning. She was certain Luella was paid to watch her. But she had continued to keep the evil-eyed creature, fearful that her dismissal would make them more than ever wary, strengthen their suspicion that Sybil Saunders was in communication with her lover.

The deadly danger of it was cold at her heart. She had heard directly from him once, a letter the day after he had fled; the only one that even he, reckless in his detour, had dared to send. In that he had told her to watch the personal column in a certain paper and had given her the names by which she could identify the paragraphs. She had watched, and twice found the veiled message and twice waited in sickening fear for discovery. It had not happened. Now he had grown bolder, telling her where he was—it was as if his hand beckoned her to come. She could write to him at last, do it this evening, and take it out after dark. Lying very still, her hands clasped behind her head, she ran over in her mind letter boxes, postoffices where she might mail it. Were the ones in crowded districts or those in secluded byways the safest? It was like walking through grasses where live wires were hidden.

A ring at the bell made her leap

to her feet with wild visions of detectives. But it was only Anne Tracy, come in to see if she was back from her visit on the sound. It was a comfort to see Anne, she always acted as if things were just as they had been and never asked disturbing questions.

She was Sybil's best friend, was to have been her bridesmaid. But she knew no more of Sybil's secrets since Jim Dallas had disappeared than anyone else. And she never sought to know—that was why the friendship held.

Joe came in, his Panama hat low on his brow. He gave no sign of greeting till he saw Bassett, then he emitted an abrupt "Hello" and snatched off his hat.

"Little Anne's got a caller. Howdy, Bassett. How's things?" He was like Anne, the same delicate features, the same long eyebrows and the same trick of raising them till they curved high on his forehead. But his face had an ethereal, almost malign quality lacking in hers, and the brown eyes, brilliant and hard, were set too close to his nose.

He launched forth with a suggestion of pouncing eagerness on the "Twelfth Night" performance. He had heard this and that, and Anne had told him the other. His interest surprised Anne; he hadn't shown much to her—only a few inconic questions. And she was wondering what was in his mind, as she so often wondered when Joe held the floor, when a question enlightened her.

"Have you got anybody to play Sebastian yet?"

"No. I wanted that boy who played with Sybil on the southern tour last year, but he's in England. He gave a first-rate performance and he surely did look like her."

"That was a lucky chance. You'll search the whole profession before you'll get anyone that looks like Sybil's twin brother, Wray. Mr. Claverty, the English actress, when she was over here, had a boy to play Sebastian who looked as much like her—well, not as much as I look like Sybil."

Bassett had seen his object as Anne had, and was considering. He had been looking forward to the week at Gull Island with Anne. It loomed in his imagination as a festival. There would be a pleasant, companionable group of people, friendly, working well together. But Joe among them—

The boy looking down at his feet said slowly: "What's the matter with getting me to it?"

"Nothing the matter. I've no doubt you could, but you and she have about as much resemblance as chalk and cheese."

Joe wheeled and, gathering his coat neatly about his waist, walked across the room with a mincing imitation of Sybil's gait. It was so well done that Bassett could not contain his laughter. Encouraged, the boy assumed a combative attitude, his face aflame with starry anger, and, striding out at imaginary opponents, shouted: "Why, there's for thee, and there and there and there. Are all the people mad?" Then as suddenly melted to a lover's tone and, looking ardently at Anne, said: "If it be thus to dream, then let me sleep."

"Oh, he could play it!" she exclaimed, and Bassett weakened before the pleading in her eyes.

He understood how to manage Joe; he could keep him in order. The boy was afraid of him, anyway, and by this time knew that his future lay pretty well in Bassett's hands. If there was anything Anne wanted that was within his gift there could be no question about its being hers.

She was very sweet, murmuring her thanks as she went with him to the door, and assurances that Joe would acquit himself well. Bassett hardly heard what she said, looking into her dark eyes, feeling the soft farewell pressure of her hand.

Joe had left the sitting room where she went back there and she supposed he had gone to bed. But presently he came in, his hat on again, and said he was going out. She was surprised. It was past 11, but he swung about looking for his cane, saying it was too hot to sleep. She tried to detain him with remarks about the new work. He answered shortly, as was his wont to her, treating it as a small matter, nothing to get excited about—also a familiar pose. But she noticed under his nonchalance a repressed satisfaction, the glow of an inner station in his eyes.

The bell rang, she pushed the button, and presently he was at the door saying he was passing and thought he'd drop in for a minute. He was a big, thick-set man with a quiet, reposeful quality unshaken even by the heat. He had dropped in a great deal this summer, and as the droppings became more frequent Anne's outside engagements became less. They always simulated a mutual surprise, giving them time to get over that somewhat breathless moment of meeting.

They achieved it rather better than usual tonight, for their minds were full of the same subject. Bassett had come to impart the good news about Sybil, and Anne had seen her and heard all about it. Finally, when they had thrashed out all the matters of first importance, Bassett said: "Did you tell her that Walberg wanted Alec Stokes for the Duke?"

"No, I didn't say a word about it. I was afraid she'd stop it."

"You can always be relied on, Anne, to do the tactful thing. Walberg was set on it. Stokes can't be beaten in that part, and he's at liberty. But I wasn't going to take any chances of her refusing, and if Stokes was in the company I was afraid she might."

"I don't know whether she'd have gone that far, but it would have spoiled everything for her and for the rest of us, too. It's all plain sailing now except for one thing"—she stopped, and then in answer to his questioning look—"about the police. If they have her under surveillance, as people say, what'll they do about it up there?"

"The big man shrugged: "Camp in the village on the mainland—they certainly can't come on the island. We've special instructions about it—no one but the company to be allowed there till the performance. Did she speak to you about that?"

"No, she hardly ever alludes to the subject. But they would keep a watch on her, wouldn't they?" He nodded, frowning a little at a complication new in his experience. "I should think so—a woman in her position. Men under sentence of death have been unable to keep away from the girl they were in love with. And then she may know where he is, and be in communication with him."

"Oh, I don't think that," Anne breathed in alarm. "She'd never take such a risk."

A slight grating noise came from the hall. Anne held up a quick, cautioning hand.

"Take care," she murmured, "here's Joe."

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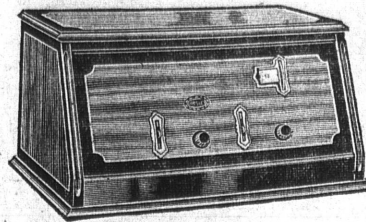
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Come and See the Marvelous New Crosley 5-50



\$88.40

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5 Tubes

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Amazing Selectivity

Crosley radios are noted for their selectivity. This is one of the pre-dominating features of this model. Ability to tune out local, high-powered broadcasting stations, and bring in distant stations, and to reduce all types of interference to a minimum, pleases all owners.

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All stations found instantly on ONE single control. It revolves smoothly under slight pressure. Once stations are found they are easily written on the drum. No log book to fuss with. Stations from one end of the wave band to the other are easily brought in at all times—IN THE SAME PLACE. This advanced improvement in station finding has heretofore been found only in the highest priced radios.

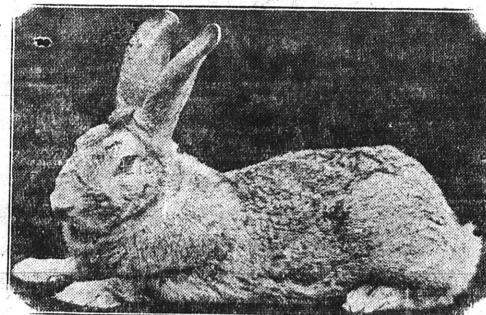
De Bra Radio Co.

Carson and Cravens, Torrance

Phone 73-J

FUR RABBITS

AS YOU JOURNEY THRU LIFE, OWN A HOME BY THE WAY



We are off on a grand start, sold two houses yesterday and got orders for two more. There is no question but what this small tract will sell out in a hurry. We only have 87 lots altogether and located as the great industrial district of Torrance, it will not last long as our prices are very low and terms to fit your pocketbook.

We sell some lots as low as \$775.00 and will build you a nice 2-room apartment cottage with lights, water, gas, large clothes closet, lavatory, built-in features in kitchen, all conveniences, same as first class apartment, all for \$1275, on a lot 50x100. Have others that cost a small amount more, on better located lots, or will build a 3-room cottage on the same sized lot for \$1275. We have lots facing on two streets. One street, the Los Angeles boulevard, 100' feet wide, runs along the entire north side of our tract. These lots are 50x142 feet, long enough so you could build a house on each street, for \$1450; house on same, \$2250. On the west side of our property is the proposed 225-foot boulevard that will run from the heart of Los Angeles to Palms Verdes Hills. (The Planning Commission tell us that it is a decided fact that that wide

street is going through.) The are large enough so you can add chickens and in a short time the rabbits and chickens should make the payments on your home. We only require you to make a small cash payment, balance like rent.

We have a large demonstration rabbitry right on the ground and teach you how to care for Fur Rabbits. We also make beautiful garments from the fur rabbit skins. You will see these on display at our rabbitry.

We are starting at once to put in water, light, gas, and are grading and graveling the streets and are building 10 houses now. We feature the 2- and 3-room apartment houses, but will build you a larger house if you want it. The husband can stay on the payroll and his wife, with his assistance in the evening, can take care of the rabbits.

Our grand opening is on Saturday and Sunday, March 26th and 27th, but we are making reservations any time up to then, so those who come out first will get their pick. We assure you you will see one of the real live subdivisions of the county.

Carpenters or painters who want homes can apply for work.

HOW TO GO

Go west from the P. E. Co.'s shops at Torrance about 1000 ft., turn north on Cedar Street 1000 ft., and you will be at our Tract office. Those not having cars of their own can come on street car and it is only a short walk out to the tract.

Salesmen with cars wanted T. J. NESTOR, Owner, Main Office, 28 American Ave., Long Beach, Phone 633-388.

MAIL COUPON

T. J. NESTOR, 28 American Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

Send me complete information about Fur Rabbits. Understand that this doesn't obligate me in any way.

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Address.....
City or Town..... Phone.....

Our Want Ads Bring Results