he Leading Lady

ontinued from Page Three)

to it. The whole stretch be clear till nearly midnight."

liams gave his instructions to an Patrick—a watch on the way, any one stopped who from the mainland or at- ed to leave the island. Pat- a silent, massive countryman, a stolid bulldog face, thrust his chin and nodded. He ed off, the sound his boots loud on the rocks. others turned toward the , the light from its open falling outward in a long n square.

e occupants of the room heard and looked at one another. Cornell, with clenched hands, y stood up, and the rest, like e in church who see a figure and simultaneously follow its ple, got to their feet.

e three men entered and un- the shadow of the gallery ed for a moment surveying the ding figures much as they t have looked at some spec- arranged for their approval. ett, with no precedent to guide walked toward his associates announced:

adies and gentlemen, the au- ities have come. Mr. Rawson Mr. Williams."

ey bowed and then, not know- what to do next, subsided into r seats. The men came for- d, moving to the long table, re Williams sat down, fumbling his pocket for a fountain pen paper and clearing a space for taking of notes. Rawson, sur- ing the seated assemblage, said: This is the whole of your com- y, Mr. Bassett?"

All who were here at the time the murder. Several of the rs and assistants left at five- ty and Joe Tracy, one of the pany, at a quarter to seven." You saw them go?"

I saw the first lot go. I didn't Tracy." "But," he looked at e, "this is his sister, Miss cy. She probably t..."

Did you, Miss Tracy?" said wson.

Her voice was very low but ady and clear:

Yes, he went."

Well, that disposes of them," d Rawson.

There were a few formalities to through. A general agreement the time of the murder—a few nutes before seven—disposed of t, and the interrogation of Mrs. kes, the one eye-witness, fol- ved.

She began well, telling the story e had told Bassett. When she scribed her first view of Sybil nning to the edge of the Point, wson interrupted with a ques- n:

"Was she running fast, as if meone was after her, as if she s frightened?"

"Yes, she was running fast, but don't know whether she was ightened. I wasn't close enough see anything like that, and I dn't have time to see. Just as I s looking at her the shot came."

"Did you notice the direction it me from?"

"No—it was like a sort of loud ap in the air. I heard it and she aggered along a few steps and ent over."

"Did you hear any sounds—foot- eps? A person makes a noise on his rocky ground."

"I didn't hear a thing." She oaned toward Rawson with hag- ard insistence. "I couldn't hear nything. I was stunned. Mr. Bassett asked me that and you all eem to think I ought to have heard the person—the murderer— r tried to catch him. But I hadn't ny sense, I just stood there par- alyzed, not grasping what had hap- pened."

"Mr. Bassett says you went out on the rocks and tried to catch the body."

"Oh, yes. Then I came back to life. I ran down into the hollow and out on the rocks as far as I could go. And she was going by on the current—her hair and her dress all whirled about. Oh, God, why was I the one to see it!"

Stokes addressed her, his voice low and urgent:

"Flora, just try to answer quietly."

She paid no attention to him, her eyes riveted on Rawson.

"And then you came back to the house?"

"Yes, but I stood there watching her for a few minutes, I don't know how long, desperate, not knowing what to do. And then I started to run back here and I fell down. I suppose I was shaking so and the rocks were slippery. I think I fell twice, but I don't know. I seemed to be half crazy."

"You saw or heard nothing on your way back?"

She staggered along a few steps and went over.

"No, no, I keep telling you," her voice grew higher. "I never saw anybody. If anybody was there he must have been hiding. They could have heard me—I was screaming." She turned to the others. "Wasn't I screaming?"

Bassett confirmed her statement and she went on, her voice still higher, the cords in her neck starting out:

"Of course they heard me and hid—got out of the way. Some stranger. We were all in the house, everybody here was in the house. It couldn't have been any of them."

Stokes half rose. "Flora—please!"

She turned violently on him.

"Why shouldn't I say it? I'm not afraid. I was the only person outside and it couldn't have been me." She faced round on Rawson. "Nobody could think that. Ask them—these people. They'll tell you."

"That's not at all necessary, Mrs. Stokes." Rawson was mild and suave. "Now if you'll try to be calm—."

"Calm, calm," she groaned and bent almost double, dropping her face into her hands. Stokes got up, chalk-white in the lamplight.

"My wife's pretty well knocked out, Mr. Rawson."

"Quite understandable, Mr. Stokes. You won't trouble her any more just now. And if the rest of you ladies and gentlemen will refrain from saying what you think or offering suggestions we'll get on a good deal quicker."

They went on to Stokes, who was very clear and composed. He had walked about—down the path to the pine wood and round that end of the house. It was absolutely still and he had heard nobody. He was not sure of the direction of the shot, as he had been reading a paper at the time. Like the rest of them he had had no suspicion of anything serious or, of course, he would have investigated.

Everybody else was in the house, Bassett indicated their positions, pointing them out as he explained their whereabouts.

Miss Saunders' movements followed. She had spent the earlier part of the evening sitting on the cliffs with Miss Tracy. Miss Tracy had left her some time after six, Miss Saunders saying she would follow but wanted to see the end of the sunset. No one had seen her come back but she had come back, for shortly before seven Mrs. Cornell had noticed her leaving the house.

Mrs. Cornell, invested with the grisly excitement of the hour, was eager to tell what she knew. She had been standing at the window of her room, and she saw Sybil on the path below passing the end of the balcony. Mrs. Cornell was surprised, for it was not far from supper time and Sybil was still in her Viola dress. She had not watched her, but had gone back to lock her trunk. Both she and Miss Pinkney agreed that the shot had followed soon after—about six or seven minutes, they thought.

They diverged to the place of the murder, the Point. The last person who had been there was Shine, somewhere round six-thirty, though he couldn't swear to the time. He'd stayed there perhaps ten minutes, walking round, and had then gone up to the garden. As far as he could see the place was deserted. In answer to the question, had he seen any one on his way back, he said he had seen Mr. Stokes, reading a paper on the balcony.

This ended the interrogations for the time being. The company was told they might retire to their rooms. But they were to understand that they were held on Gull Island for the present, no going off on any pretext or holding communications with any one on the mainland. Also—and Mr. Rawson was emphatic—once in their rooms they were to stay in them unless sent for by him. He did not want any wandering about in the halls or talking together.

They rose wearidly and prepared to go. Stokes helped his wife to her feet and Bassett edged between the chairs toward Anne.

"How are you?" he murmured, for her appearance shocked him.

"All right. There's nothing the matter with me."

"Try to get some rest."

"Will they want us any more tonight?"

"I don't think so—not you, anyway."

Stokes and Flora moved toward the hall door, the woman limply hanging on her husband's arm. Rawson's voice arrested them:

"Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, just wait a minute. Where is your room or rooms?"

"We're together in a room on this floor out in the hall here opposite the stairs."

"I'd rather Mrs. Stokes went up to the second floor." He turned to Bassett. "You have space up there, I suppose?"

"Space!" It came from Miss Pinkney before Bassett had time to answer—these hirelings of the law did not realize where they were. "We've put up more people here than you could get into one of those flea-bitten hotels up your way."

"Take her things up there. You help her."

Flora turned stricken eyes on her husband. He said nothing, but very gently loosened her fingers on his arm. They trailed away, Miss Pinkney stalking ahead. Mrs. Cornell and Anne made their exit by the opposite door. Both were silent as they climbed the stairs. Mrs. Cornell's door opened and closed on her, and Anne fared on to hers on the side stretch of the gallery. She looked down into the lighted rood, saw Shine move toward the entrance, heard his voice, loud and startled:

"Why, there's some one down by the dock!"

The other men wheeled sharply, on the alert. She stopped, head bent, listening.

"Patrick—the d—d fool." It was Williams. "Told to watch the causeway and standing up there like a lighthouse."

"Oh, it's your man. I'll go down and tell him." Shine wanted to help all he could before his retirement to the butler's bedroom. "He ought to be where he won't show, isn't that it?"

"Yes, tell him to stow his carcass somewhere out of sight. He ain't there to advertise the fact he's on guard."

"If he gets in the shadow under the roof of the boathouse," said Bassett, "he can command the whole length of it and not be seen from either side."

"That's the dope. The neck of the bottle's the causeway, and it's going to be corked good and tight tonight."

Anne's door closed without a sound.

The three men turned back from the entrance. "Is that woman gone upstairs yet?" Rawson murmured to his assistant as Williams stepped to the middle of the room and watched the gallery. He continued to watch it till Flora and Miss Pinkney appeared and finally were shut away behind their several doors, then he looked at Rawson and nodded.

"Now," said the district attorney to Bassett, "I want you to show me where that pistol was."

Bassett indicated the desk.

"In the third drawer of the desk. Miss Pinkney is certain it was there this morning."

"And you know it wasn't there when you looked, after the shooting?" Rawson went to the desk as he spoke.

"I can swear it wasn't."

Rawson pulled out the drawer and thrust in his hand.

"Well, it's here now," he said, and drew out a revolver.

He held it toward them on his palm. They stared at it, for the moment too surprised for comment. Rawson broke it open; there was one empty chamber.

"Can we get into some room where there's more privacy than this place?" he said. "I want some more talk with you, Mr. Bassett."

Bassett directed them to the library. He put out the living room lights and followed them.

(To Be Continued)

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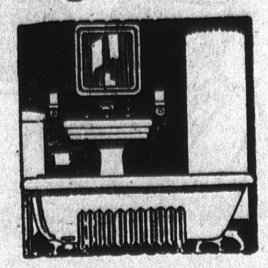

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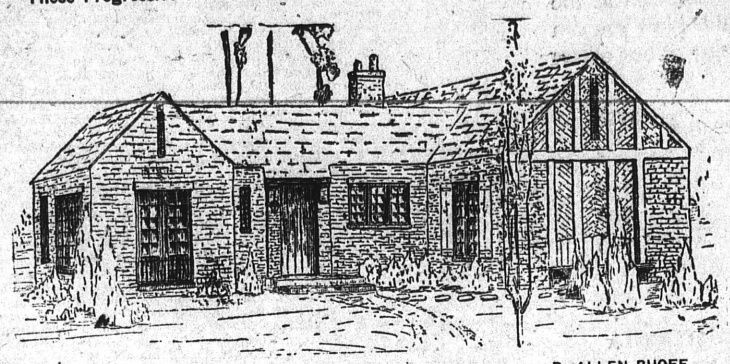


By ALLEN RUOFF
Architect

Brick, which is the oldest of all man-made materials, is today as strongly as ever entrenched in the favor of home builders in town and countryside. There are, of course, many reasons for this general popularity. Brick is so widely varied as to hue and texture that it opens up numerous possibilities in interesting methods of laying.

As a rule, it is also easy to obtain. Properly laid, it is dry, sanitary, durable, substantial, fire-resisting, and non-conducting. It calls for nothing in the way of paint or other applied finish at the outset, nor does it later on demand heavy maintenance expenditure. Brick, on this account, has an economic phase that cannot be disregarded.

Red Brick

Red brick, laid with white mortar joints, is suggested as a suitable exterior wall material for the pictured house of English treatment. The front of the house is adorned by a gracefully detailed half-timbered gable to accord with the finish of all the other exposed woodwork; and the artistic interest is added to by a roof of greyish green. The sense of balance created by the studied placement of the wall openings is agreeably intensified.

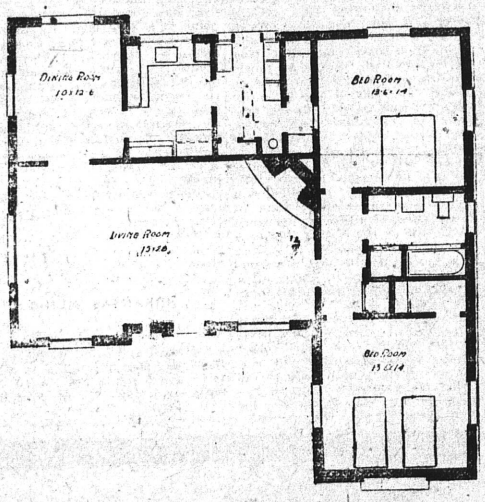
The main entrance opens from the quaint settle-flanked stoop to a living room that occupies the entire front.

The small house today of five rooms consisting of two lovely bedrooms, separated from the living portion by a small hall, with the bathroom conveniently arranged between the two bedrooms, is a very well planned house for home lovers. The living room is attractively arranged with a large fireplace in one corner commanding an excellent view upon entering the house.

This room is admirably lighted by windows and French casements. It is arranged to communicate directly with the small dining room by a large arched opening, which indirectly forms a part of the living room.

One of the outstanding features of this small house, built of brick, is the fact that it can be built for about $5000.

The plans and specifications may be obtained in Los Angeles at 600 Metropolitan building, "The Small House Plan Service."



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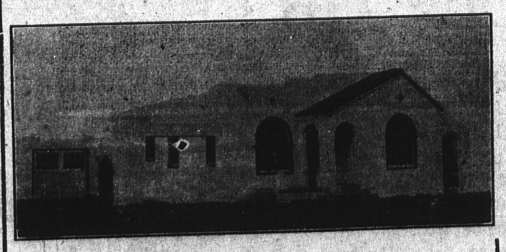

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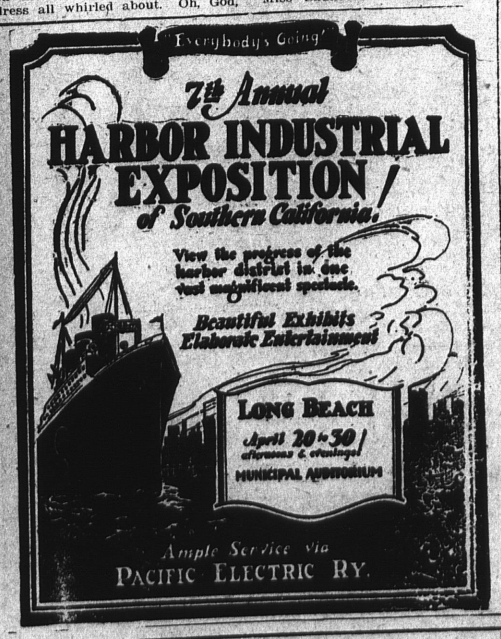

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