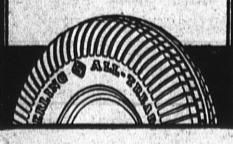




**BECAUSE THEY'RE
MORE THAN O.K.!**
**40% MORE
FOLKS EACH YEAR
FOR FIVE YEARS
HAVE BOUGHT**

**SEIBERLING
ALL-TREADS**

**HERE IS
SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY!!!**



**TORRANCE
AUTO SERVICE**
Mullin & Son
Western Avenue at Border



**HOTEL
RAMONA**
SAN FRANCISCO'S
ONE PRICE HOTEL
174 ELLIS ST. NEAR POWELL
ALL ROOMS ARE OUTSIDE
ALL ROOMS HAVE PRIVATE BATH
1 Person \$2.50 per day
2 Persons \$3.00 per day
TELEPHONE GARFIELD 1000

Start East May 22

— or any day thereafter
until September 30.

Low roundtrip fares via
Southern Pacific; return
limit October 31.

**For Example,
Roundtrips to —**

Atlanta, Georgia	\$113.60
Atlantic City, N.J.	153.34
Boston, Mass.	157.76
Buffalo, N.Y.	124.92
Charleston, S.C.	131.40
Chattanooga, Tenn.	107.48
CHICAGO	90.30
Cleveland, Ohio	112.86
Columbus, Ohio	112.80
Dallas, Texas	75.60
Denver, Colo.	67.00
Detroit, Mich.	100.92
Duluth, Minn.	99.00
For Worth, Texas	75.60
Houston, Texas	170.70
Indians, Ind.	75.60
Indianapolis, Ind.	103.34
Jacksonville, Fla.	124.68
Kansas City, Mo.	75.60
Knoxville, Tenn.	113.60
Louisville, Ky.	105.88
Memphis, Tenn.	89.40
Milwaukee, Wis.	93.90
Minneapolis, Minn.	91.90
Montreal, Que.	148.72
New Orleans, La.	89.40
Nashville, Tenn.	102.66
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.	151.70
Niagara Falls, N.Y.	124.92
Oklahoma City, Okla.	75.60
Omaha, Neb.	75.60
Philadelphia, Pa.	149.22
Pittsburgh, Pa.	130.00
Portland, Maine.	165.40
Providence, R.I.	157.76
St. Louis, Mo.	85.60
St. Paul, Minn.	91.90
San Antonio, Texas	75.60
Savannah, Ga.	127.24
Toronto, Ont.	125.72
Washington, D. C.	145.86
Wheeling, W. Va.	123.60

4 great routes for trans-
continental travel.
Go one way, return another.
For example east via Chicago,
return via New Orleans or San
Francisco or vice versa.

**Southern
Pacific**
C. H. Mueller
Agent
P. E. Depot
Torrance
Phone 20

**Our Want Ads
Bring Results**



**by GERALDINE
BONNER**
Copyright by the BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

THE LEADING LADY ★ ★ ★

PROLOGUE — While despondent over the enforced hiding of her fiance, Jim Dallas, slayer in self-defense of Homer Parkinson, member of an infamous family, Sybil Saunders, popular actress, sang to the "Old Twelfth Night" on Gulf Island, on the Maine coast. In the company are Sybil's mother, Anna, friend of Tracy's; Tracy's brother, Joe, young wastrel; and Alec Stokes, an actor infatuated with Sybil.

CHAPTER I. — After the play, which is a hit, Wall, Shine, official photographer, learns something of jealousy, professional and otherwise, existing in the company.

CHAPTER II. — Hugh Bassett, director of the play, and Anna, professional photographer, learn something of jealousy, professional and otherwise, existing in the company.

CHAPTER III. — Joe Tracy is arranging for a vacation trip. To Anne he betrays his secret. Bassett, who likes the sheriff, Abel Williams. He arrives with Rawson, district attorney, and a man called Patrick. All the company is invited, with the exception of Joe Tracy, presumably on his trip. Flora gives her evidence, and the authorities arrange so that no one can leave the island.

CHAPTER IV. — The sound of a pistol shot startles the assembled company. Investigation shows a revolver bullet taken from a dead library. Flora, shocked, bursts in with the announcement that Sybil has been shot and her body carried off by the swift tide that races by the island.

CHAPTER V. — Flora Stokes tells Bassett she saw Sybil shot but did not betray her secret. Bassett informs the sheriff, Abel Williams. He arrives with Rawson, district attorney, and a man called Patrick. All the company is invited, with the exception of Joe Tracy, presumably on his trip. Flora gives her evidence, and the authorities arrange so that no one can leave the island.

CHAPTER VI. — Discussing the tragedy with Rawson and Bassett, Williams voices the opinion that Flora Stokes is the guilty person. She denies it, acting out of jealousy. While they are talking, the sound of a crash in the living room makes them hasten there.

CHAPTER VII. — Anne Tracy, shocked at her friend's awful death, is also uneasy about Joe. Remembering the tragic end of her mother, she is not sure he left the island, her imagination pictures him as Sybil's murderer, and hiding in the house under the floorboards. Seeking to inform him of the close watch kept, she descends to the living room. There she finds Joe, who has been trying to escape. He disappears, and in her agitation she knocks over a lamp. She tells the three men she made downstairs for a book, and her explanation is accepted.

CHAPTER VIII. —

THE night search of the island had given up nothing and a daylight exploration was set for the morning. Before this, however, Rawson wanted to go through Miss Saunders' room, which by orders had been locked and untouched.

Stepped in the morning sun-warm and still, it extended its welcome as if waiting for her entrance. The signs of feminine occupancy caught the eyes of the men and led them childishly on the threshold. A delicate perfume filled the air, the fragrance of her passing habitation still lingered in ghostlike sweetness still after the living presence had gone.

Rawson moved first, shaking off the spell. He looked into the open wardrobe trunk, completely packed but for the last hinge. "Going to put her costume there," he said, touching it with his index finger. He pulled out the drawers and ran his eye over their contents. A gray crepe dress lay across the foot of the bed, beside it a cloak and a black hat with a water-color garnishing the brim. "These," he said, "were the clothes left out to wear."

Bassett nodded. He could see Sybil in the gray dress with her hair a golden fluff below the edge of the black hat. She had worn them on the way up and been pleased when he had admired her costume.

"Frightened," said Bassett.

"So frightened that she tore the fringe off. That scared her up from the seat and sent her flying through the doorway for the Point."

"Hold on now," said Williams. "If she was as scared as that, why didn't she go for the house, where there were people?"

"Because she was too scared to think. Some one with a pistol was on the other side of the table." He rose and went to the entrance facing the Point. "And the person with the pistol shot at her from here—winged her as she ran." He turned to Bassett. "That's why you saw no one when you looked out after you first heard the shot. The murderer was in here lying low."

"Yes," Bassett thought back over the moment when he had stood in the living room doorway. "That's the only place he could have been or I'd have seen him. But they wouldn't have been any time together—couldn't have had a quarrel or a scene." According to Mrs. Cornell, it was only six or seven minutes after she saw Sybil go out that she heard the shot. That would give them only two or three minutes in here."

"Time enough to draw a gun and back it up with a few sentences. It bears out what I've thought from the start—not an accidental meeting. The men grouped about, following her indicating hand, stopping her now and then with a question. Stokes stood back watching his face in the searching day-

light smoothly yellow like a face of wax."

Williams' questions were many and pointed, and it soon became evident to Bassett what he had in mind—the explanation of her actions did not account for the length of time she had been on the shore. Whether she saw it or not he could not tell; checked in her story, she would answer patiently reiterating her first statement that her stunned condition had robbed her of the power of thought or motion. But he was sure Stokes had grasped the trend of the query; he drew nearer, his flexible lips working, the hand hanging at his side clenched and unclenched. Once he essayed to speak, a hoarse sound throttled in escape. It pierced the strained attention she was giving her questioners and, for the first time, she hesitated and fumbled for words.

When it was over and they returned to the house Stokes dropped to her side and drew her hand through his arm. She dropped against him; her narrow body looked nerveless, as if but for his support it would have crumpled and sunk. But he planted his feet with a hard defiance, each step drew a ringing echo from the rocks and he held his head high. Bassett, following them, noted his rigid carriage, and when he turned his profile, the wide nostril spread like that of a winded horse.

When lunch was over Williams and Rawson took up the trail again. They were now going to direct their attention to the Point, especially the summer house, from which a path led to the summit of the bluff whence Sybil had fallen. Bassett, who had hoped to get a word to Anne, was bidden to join them and the three left the house, step by step tracing the passage of the dead girl.

They began with the pine grove. Needles carpeted the ground, slippery smooth, a beaten trail winding between the tree trunks. Beyond it the path ascended the bare slope to the summer house, a small, six-sided building, covered by a thick growth of Virginia creepers that swathed its rustic shape. In four of its walls the vines, matted into a mantle of green, had been cut away to form windows. The other two sides held the entrances, one giving on the path that descended to the pine grove, one to its continuation to the Point. A circular seat ran round the walls, and a table in the same bark-covered wood was the only movable piece of furniture. This was drawn up against the seat at one side. Rawson moved it out as the other two ran exploring eyes over the walls, the stor-sills, and the floor of wooden planks upon which a few leaves were scattered.

"Here," he cried suddenly, "what's this?" and drew from a crevice where the logs crossed, some scraps of a coarse burlap material.

He held them up against the light of the opening—three short strands of what might have been the gilt strings used to tie Christmas packages.

"What do you know about this?" he said, offering them to Bassett's gaze.

Bassett looked, and Williams with craned neck and lifted brows looked too. They were exactly of a length, broken filaments of thread attached to the end of each.

"They've been torn off something," Rawson indicated the threads, "caught in that joint of the table legs and pulled off. Did she have anything like this on her dress anywhere, a trimming or—" "Fringe," Bassett interrupted, "the fringe on her sash."

"Ah!" Rawson could not hide his exultation. "Now we've got something we can get our teeth into."

"Yes," Bassett took the pieces and studied them in the light. "That's what it is. She wore a wide sash round her waist with ends that hung down edged with gold fringe. This is a bit of it."

"Well," said Williams, "that's a starter anyhow. She was in here."

Rawson sat on the bench and drew the table into its former position.

"It not only proves she was in here, but it proves a good deal more. This is the way she was, with the table as we found it close in front of her. The ends of her cash would have been in contact with the table legs. Now she jumped up quickly—do you get that? If she'd gone slow or had time to think she'd have felt the pull and unloosed the sash—but she sprang up, didn't notice." He looked from one to the other, his lean face alight.

"Frightened," said Bassett.

"So frightened that she tore the fringe off. That scared her up from the seat and sent her flying through the doorway for the Point."

The Chevrolet Truck is one of the handsomest haulage-units seen on the streets and highways, while Chevrolet dependability under every condition of usage has long been traditional.

If you use trucks in your business come in! Learn for yourself why Chevrolet performance has proved so satisfactory for every type of user.

Let us explain.

L. B. KELSEY

"Where INSURANCE is not a side line"

1405 Marcellina Ave., Torrance Phone 135-M

See TOM FOLEY

INSURANCE

1405 Marcellina Ave., Torrance

Phone 135-M

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

110 First National Bank Bldg.

Phone 159

Torrence

You will like—

LOS ANGELES

Better if You Stop at

Hotel Hayward

SIXTH and SPRING STREETS

Catalina Island

The Memory Lingers

Get the Hayward Habit!

New Million Dollar Annex

550 Comfortable Rooms

\$2.00 per day up without bath

\$2.50 per day up with bath

PERSONAL SERVICE

Popular Priced Coffee Shop

and Grill

WE CHECK YOUR CAR

AT THE DOOR

(To Be Continued)

Everything in building materials.

Consolidated Lumber Co.—Adv.

Try Our Want Ads

In All the World No Trip Like This

W

TICKETS

Torrence, May 12

Phone Torrance 3-J

Also Catalina Terminal

Wilmington 127

in the famous Submarine Gardens at Catalina through Glass

Boat ride

\$1.10; from Harbor \$1.50

Lunch \$1.00

Orchestra \$1.00

Dancing