

"FIRST NATIONAL WAY" —is co-operation way

RAPID PLEASANT AND EFFICIENT CO-OPERATION IN YOUR FINANCIAL PROBLEMS IS THE "SERVICE SIGN" OF THIS REAL COMMUNITY BANK—your neighbors

—as you'll find it at

The First National Bank

"BUILT WITH TORRANCE" "BUILT FOR TORRANCE"

AUTO MOVIES by Stapelfeld Tire & Rubber Co.



Vulcanize is the name of the arbitrator who stands in between you and new-tire expense. Our vulcanizing will make you believe in tire-repair shops that deliver the goods.

PHONE STAPELFELD TIRE & RUBBER CO. 1610 CABRILLO AVE.

101 back eastursions Reduced Round Trip Fares Santa Fe Ticket Office and Travel Bureau

The Leading Lady

(Continued From Page Three) "That's right," Bassett nodded in agreement. "She'd never have made a date with him. She shunned him like the plague. If you knew her you wouldn't see anything in that going out. She was restless and unhappy and the place here—the sea, the views—fascinated her. It was our last evening and it was like her not to want to miss any of it, slip out for a minute to enjoy the end of it."

CHAPTER VII Of all the people gathered in the house that evening Anne had been the most silent. Her ravaged face, the contours broken by great hollows, bearing the stamp of shock and horror, had been unnoted among the other faces. Now and then a pitying glance had been directed to her, grief as Sybil's friend must have added a last unbearable poignancy to the tragedy.

After her question to Flora her mind had seemed to blur and cease to function. She had run from the house not knowing what she did, gone hither and thither with the others, looking, speaking, listening, but her faculties began to clear and co-ordinate.

Her thoughts circled round the image of Joe as she had last seen him—the vision of him as some one



And the Boat—the Boat With Only Gabriel in It.

strange and sinister. And the boat—the boat with only Gabriel in it—kept coming up like a picture returning on a wheel—going and returning, going and returning. Had she stayed, and what for? That question revolved with the picture of the boat.

might have been on the boat. Joe might have got off the island some other way. Tomorrow something might come to light that would make these hideous fancies seem like the dreams of delirium. That was the state of mind she tried to maintain when she went upstairs and overheard a man was on guard at the causeway.

With that knowledge her outlook changed. Her passive role was over. If Joe had done it and if he was on the island he would try to get off at low tide. It was safe to assume that he was outside, hidden till the causeway was open. To go out to find him would be useless, he would never reveal himself to her, and if she was seen suspicion would instantly be aroused. She must get somewhere that would command the causeway and its approaches. The best place—the only place—was the living room entrance. From there she could see in all directions, the balcony end, the kitchen wing, the pine grove. She would try to wave him back, possibly get to him—she had to take her chances and trust to Heaven.

The tide was at full ebb at midnight. At a quarter before she had been ready. She took from the bureau a book she had been reading—if she met anyone she could say she had come down with the stealth of a burglar. A dead silence reigned as she stole down the stairs and into the living room. They returned to the living room, they returned to the living room, they returned to the living room.

She could hear the murmur of the men's voices from the open library windows, and like the throbbing of a muffled engine, the beating of her own heart.

Into that deep enveloping quietude came a sound, so faint, so infinitely small and hushed, that only expectant ears could have caught it. It came from the room behind her, and turning, she slid back against the wall, her body black against the shadow. The sound continued, the opening of a door opposite, the door into the kitchen wing. It seemed no door in the world had ever opened so slowly—creaking, stopping, resuming, dying away.

There was a footstep, light as the fall of a leaf, and she saw him coming toward her in that high luminous pallor from the windows. He was like a shadow, so evenly dark a shape without detail, moving with a shadow's noiseless passage. She saw the outline of the cap on his head and that he carried his shoes in one hand.

She came forward with a hand raised for caution, sending her voice before her in an agonized whisper: "Go back, Joe. The causeway's watched. You can't get over that way. Go!"

He was gone, a fleet flying, vanishing back into the darkness under the gallery. Out of it came the soft closing of a door.

The room swayed, pale light and darkness swam and coalesced. She knew she was near a table and put out her hand to steady herself to for it, something solid to hold to for

one minute. The polished surface slid under her fingers, and she groped out with the hand that held the book. The book slipped from her grasp, fell with a thud like a stone, and a grasping snatch to save it swept a lamp crashing to the floor. Panic dispelled her faintness and she made a rush for the door. She had gained it! Her fingers clutched the knob, the knob, and she heard the steps of the men in the hall and knew it was too late to escape.

They burst in, thrust into the room's dim quiet as if shot by a blast.

"It's nothing," she called, hearing her voice thin and hoarse. "Nothing happened. It's only Anne Tracy."

The lights leaped out and she saw them, Bassett with his hand on the electric button, stricken still, looking this way and that. His eyes found her first, backed against the door, a small green-clad figure with an ashen face.

"What's this mean?" said Rawson. "Nothing." She was afraid the handle would rattle with the shaking of her hand, so let it go. "I upset the lamp in the dark. I didn't see it. It's all."

"What were you doing here?" "I came down to get my book. I forgot and left it when I went upstairs."

She could get her breath now, and her voice was under control, her body and with it courage. "You're as white as a sheet," Williams blurted out.

"Did something frighten you?" demanded Bassett. "No, but a sort of faintness came over me there by the table, and I grabbed at it and upset the lamp."

Rawson looked at the table with the shattered fragments of the lamp beside it. It was not far from the entrance door. "Did you see anything—anything outside?"

"No, not a thing, and I didn't hear a sound." "What do you suppose made you feel faint?"

"Oh!" She dared to make a gesture, upraised hands that dropped limply. "Hasn't there been enough here to make anybody faint?"

"You've got to remember, Rawson," said Bassett, who thought the man's insistence unnecessary, "what a shock this has been—especially to Miss Tracy, who was Miss Saunders' friend."

"I remember." Then to Anne: "It's true, if you should withhold any information from us you'd get yourself into a very uncomfortable position."

"I wouldn't, I wouldn't," she breathed. Rawson's glance remained on her, doubtfully intent. Bassett noted it with a resentment he found it difficult to hide.

"You can absolutely rely on Miss Tracy," he said. "She would be perfectly frank with you if she had anything to tell."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the other, and walked to the entrance. "I'm going out to have a look around." On the sill he turned and addressed Anne. "I gave some instructions to you ladies and I expect to have them followed. You'll please remember them in the future."

He passed out into the brilliancy of the moonlight. Now that he was gone Bassett felt he must make her understand. He had been astonished at what she had done. It was so unlike her, a disobedience of orders at such a time as this.

"You must do what they tell you, Anne. They have to make these rules, and it's up to us to keep them." "I will now, you can trust me. Mr. Williams, you can see how it was. I couldn't sleep and my mind was full of this awful thing, and I thought if I could put it on some thing else—get free—from my thoughts even for a few moments!"

Williams granted his comprehension. He felt rather tenderly toward her, she looked so small and wan, and her voice was so pleading. "Where is your book?" he asked.

"On the table behind you. I was feeling round for it and I think I pushed it off with the lamp."

"What was the name of it?" "Victory," by Joseph Conrad."

He went to the table. His back turned, she and Bassett exchanged a long look. Williams picked up the book and came back with it.

"Here it is," he said, giving it to her. "And just make a note of the fact that you're not to go round the house at night after books or anything else."

She assured him she would not, she would give them no more trouble, and opening the door she slipped away. They remained without speaking till she came out into the gallery, and walked to her room.

"Well," said Williams, "her book was there."

Bassett stared at him. "Was there? Why shouldn't it be? Good God! You have any idea she was lying? If you have, get it out of your head. I've known Miss Tracy for three years and she could go no more say what wasn't true than—well, she couldn't, that's all."

"I can't think she did. It sounds to me like a perfectly straight story."

"Why? You can take my word for that."

"I've very back in the library when Rawson reappeared with Miss Shine, unable to sleep, had been sitting up by his window when he awoke, seeing, had stopped to inquire if he had seen anyone. Shine had not, but had volunteered to join in a hunt, and the two had been about the house and the immediate vicinity. Nothing had been discovered and Patrick had seen no sign of life or heard no sound."

"But he had come back for the electric torch, and were going to extend their search. A person entered on the scene, and one of the men might be moving at this time when the causeway was free. Bassett said he would go with them."

"I'll open the library door and turned off the lights. The noise of the departing trio would suggest to anyone on the watch that the house was free of police supervision and there might be developments. He took the desk chair as easier to rise from than the deep-seated leather ones and settled himself to a resume of what they had so far gathered."

He was convinced of Mrs. Stokes' guilt and ran over the reason. A hysterical woman, frantic with jealousy—that alone was enough, but that woman had been the only member of the party who at the time of the shooting had been some distance from the house. She had taken the pistol with the intention of using it if an occasion offered. The occasion had offered. Miss Saunders, unable to resist the beauty of the evening, had gone to the Point alone. He set no store by Rawson's opinion that the woman's state of mind was too generaly distracted. He considered it as part of a premeditated plan carried through with nerve and skill. She would have known that the report of the pistol would have been heard at the house. This would have suggested foul play. And she, Mrs. Stokes, was the only person out on the island. A later entrance, with an assumption of ignorance, would have turned suspicion on her like a pointing finger. She was too intelligent for that.

It was at this juncture that he suddenly cocked his head and let his hands drop softly to the arms of the chair. From the stairs outside came a faint creak, a pause and then again, step by step a bare or stocking foot in gradual descent.

The big man arose as noiselessly as he could and made for the hall. But his bulk and his boots were not adapted to rapid movements or silent surprise. As he reached the hall he heard the pattering flight of light feet and cursed under his breath as he felt for the one he had seen Miss Pinkney put her in—was just beyond the stair head to the right. And her husband—he turned and faced the secretive panels of its closed door.

Williams dropped his head and trod thoughtfully back to the library, but this time he left the hall lights burning. He also lit the library ones and allowed himself the solace of a cigar. "She won't try that again tonight," he said to himself and dropped into an easy chair.

Sanitary, Easy to Clean Fullerglo for WALLS WOODWORK and FURNITURE

Walls, woodwork and furniture, finished with Fullerglo, can be washed repeatedly without harm. Yet this is but one of the superiorities of this remarkable new enamel-like finish.

Fullerglo's sanitary qualities and durability are combined with unusual beauty. With its ten delicate tints (and white) you can produce the most charming and artistic room effects.

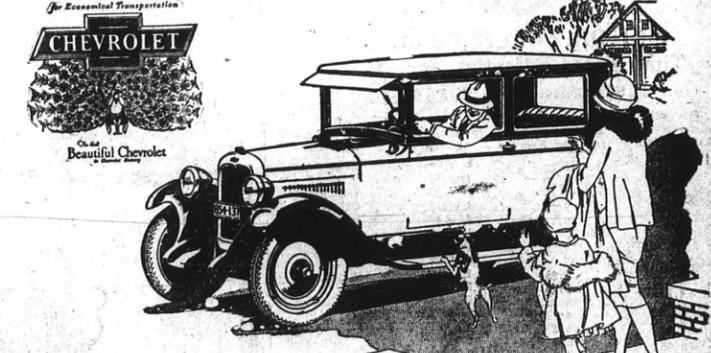
And Fullerglo is so easy to use, you'll be delighted with your handiwork. You won't know what fun it is to paint—until you've tried Fullerglo!

W. D. FULLER & CO., 125 E. Third St., LONG BEACH. Branches in 27 Pacific Coast Cities; Factories in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. Distributors of Valparaiso on the Pacific Coast.

Free The New FULLER PAINTING GUIDE with COLOR CHART—unique, practical, useful. Ask your Fuller Dealer, listed below.

Torrance Wallpaper & Paint Co. FULLER PAINTS VARNISHES GLASS LACQUERS PIONEER WHITE LEAD

STONE & MYERS LICENSED EMBALMERS AMBULANCE SERVICE LOMITA TORRANCE 1732 Carlillo Phone 195 1204 Narbonne Phone 347



Never before — So many fine car features at such low prices!

The Most Beautiful Chevrolet embodies the largest number of fine car features ever offered in a low-priced automobile. Bodies by Fisher, for example... beaded, paneled and finished in attractive colors of genuine Duco... smartened by narrowed front pillars, upholstered in rich and durable fabrics... completely appointed—and enhanced by such marks of distinction as full-crown, one-piece fenders and bullet-type headlamps. And, in addition, the Most Beautiful Chevrolet provides many mechanical improvements. A new AC oil filter and AC air cleaner add to the performance and dependability of the Chevrolet motor. A full 17-inch steering wheel, coincidental steering and ignition lock, improved transmission, new gasoline gauge, new tire carrier—all of these are now standard equipment on the new Chevrolet. Come to our salesroom and see the new car that is breaking every precedent for popularity. Learn for yourself why it has everywhere been acclaimed as the greatest automobile value of all time.

- COACH \$595 SEDAN \$625 CABRIOLET \$715 LANDAU \$745 TOURING \$525 TRUCK \$495 TRUCK \$395

TORRANCE MOTOR COMPANY Salesroom at DAY AND NIGHT GARAGE 1608 Cabrillo Avenue, Torrance Phone 127

QUALITY AT LOW COST



Now That Motor Cars Last So Much Longer

—there's more reason than ever for equipping them with truly reliable batteries—also more reason for giving those batteries the care they deserve. Willard 5-Point Service makes batteries last longer and give more uninterrupted service per dollar of battery cost.

Torrance Auto Electric Marvel Guttenfelder 3312 Cabrillo, Torrance Phone 163

The Willard Battery men

Torrance, Calif. 2354 Carson St. Phone 244