

We Give  
**S. & H.**  
GREEN TRADING STAMPS

# A HALF PAGE OF BARGAINS

We Give  
**S. & H.**  
GREEN TRADING STAMPS

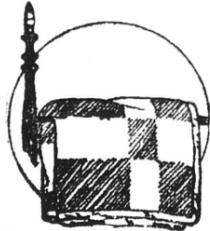
Profit by These Wonderful Reductions Now  
You Will Have To Act Quick, Too  
As the Stocks Are Limited

## Women's Sweaters



Many styles, all colors; nearly all sizes. Priced at a third to half off their former price.  
Now \$1.89 to \$9.95

## Sheets, Pillow Cases



81x90 Seamless Sheets, heavy quality and free from starch.  
SPECIAL at \$1.39  
PILLOW CASES  
42x36 Pillow Case, heavy quality, free from starch.  
SPECIAL, at 35c—3 for \$1.00

## Gingham Dresses

Collar, cuffs and pockets are trimmed in organdy, dotted swiss and embroidery. All sizes, all colors.  
VERY SPECIAL at \$1.69 EACH.

## Sample Dresses

Made in gingham, silk tissue and voiles. Priced at about one-half their former prices.  
Now \$2.50 to \$8.50

## Men's Summer Shirts



A timely arrival of new summer shirts. Priced from 98c to \$5.50. Genuine Soisette Shirts at... \$2.25

## Sample Bed Spreads

at about ONE-THIRD OFF their regular selling price.

We only have about 15 of these spreads to sell at these low prices—so don't delay.  
\$1.95 to \$4.95

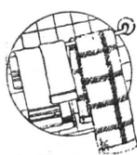
It will pay you to anticipate your future needs and buy now.

## Men's Hosiery Sale



A wide range of styles—all the leading colors and all sizes. Values to 75c pair.  
SPECIAL at 48c  
This price for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday only.

## Towels



Turkish and Huck Towels at reduced prices. Stock up now for your future needs.

14x25 Huck Towels at .....10c  
18x37 Huck Towels at .....22c  
23x45 Double Thread Turkish Towels at .....45c

# Furniture Department

Our furniture department has shown a substantial gain every month during the past year---there's a reason

**"Good Furniture at Lower Prices"**

See the New Ivory Bedroom Suite at \$67.75. This suite consists of Bed, Dresser, Rocker or Chair, Mattress and Springs.

New Gingham---Silk Tissues, Etc.---Just In

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**J. W. Barnes Co.**  
LOMITA, CALIFORNIA

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## OUT OF THE DARKNESS

(Continued from Last Week)

Bartley then analyzed the sister-in-law. He said he felt sure she was hiding something, for she had not been frank in telling what she knew, and seemed anxious to get him out of the house. Whether what she was withholding concerned Slyke's death or not he could not tell; but whatever it was, he was determined to discover it.

"Do you remember, Pelt," he asked, "that Currie told us she runs a ouija board? There is nothing startling in that; thousands are doing the same thing. Since the war all forms of spiritualism have made hundreds of converts. When she met King at the door this morning, she told him that the board had spelled 'trouble' the night before."

I stared at him in astonishment. He seemed to be regarding an ouija board seriously. He saw my look and chuckled.

"Oh, I'm not interested in the ouija board itself; what I am interested in is that word 'trouble' that it spelled out for her."

This was more astonishing still, and I asked, "Why, you haven't any faith in those things, have you?"

Again he chuckled, then became serious. "Sure I have, but not in the way you think. The messages people think come from another world, come from the subconscious minds of the persons who are fooling with the

self in the tower for over an hour and gone over the two rooms and the balcony almost inch by inch. The only thing that had escaped us in our first search, he said, was a small stopper, the end covered with red wax. He was not sure whether the finding of the stopper meant anything or not. His second examination had made him more positive than ever that Slyke had been murdered, and that the murderer wished his death to appear to be suicide.

It would be almost impossible to make a jury believe that it was murder on the slight evidence that we had, and I said as much to Bartley. He agreed with me, and admitted he would not be surprised if King, as coroner, brought in a verdict of suicide. I pondered on this a while; then a thought struck me.

"Suppose, after all, he did kill himself, Bartley. You base your theory of murder on the position of the bedclothes and the way the gun was held. Suppose he did kill himself, and some other person, not the murderer, came into the room and pulled the bedclothes up around his neck."

He shook his head in denial. "We would still have, Pelt," he said with a rather sarcastic smile, "the other questions to be answered. First, we would ask how the blood-stains got on the balcony of the tower. We would also want to know why the hand did not grasp the gun as tightly as it should. Then we would demand to know why there was no blood on the pillow where his head rested. It won't do. There is no doubt of it. He was killed."

I interrupted to ask if, as Miss Potter admitted, she had closed his eyes, why she might not have been also the one who pulled the bedclothes up around his neck.

Bartley replied, "It is true that she did close his eyes, but she insists she touched nothing else."

"But," I broke in, "what was her real reason for doing it?"

"She said, you remember, that the eyes frightened her. Let a nervous woman come suddenly upon a dead body and it is very possible that the eyes staring at her might so frighten her that she would close them. Her confession cleared up a point that bothered me. The accounting for the eyes being closed does not prove that he committed suicide, however. There is little enough evidence one way or another, but what there is points to murder and to nothing else."

"There is another thing," I said. "Why was the revolver taken from him while we were upstairs? It seems a very foolish thing to have done. Who did it? Was it the butler or Miss Potter?"

Both the butler and Miss Potter had been out of the tower room, Bartley reminded me, for some time before we suspected Slyke's death was murder and not suicide. As to who had taken the revolver, it was impossible to say as yet. If we believed that the butler had seen Briffleur on the stairs while we were on the balcony, then he might be the one. The finding of the gun in the vault and his appearance almost immediately afterward seemed to point to him. Whoever had done it had been very foolish.

The next matter that he spoke about did not seem to have any relation with what had preceded it. It was the robbery of the year before. He had learned from the step-daughter Ruth that she had not positively identified the men now in jail, but had thought that one of the men was similar in height and build to one of the men she had seen in the room. The room had been too dark for her to see very clearly. Nor was that all that she had told him which had disagreed with the accounts of the burglary that Rogers had given us. He had said that she had aroused Slyke and told him that burglars were downstairs; while in her story to Bartley she stated that, after she heard the noise in the living room, she went to the door of Slyke's room to call him, but found it empty. When she saw him he was standing on the lower step of the stairs leading to the living room. There had evidently been a struggle, and a gun went off just before she reached him. It was she who

had called the police, and Slyke had opposed her doing so "as nothing had been taken."

"You see how it looks, Pelt," he said with a grin. "Slyke did not want the police in at all. He did not wish any action taken, either then or later. He was nearer the men than anyone else, yet he swore he could not identify them. That makes me believe that he knew who they were and did not want the matter looked into."

"Did the girl tell you who found that piece of newspaper?" I asked.

"She said it was the chauffeur who had called their attention to it. The police do not seem to have made any search that night, or in fact until noon the next day. Then, with the help of the chauffeur and the butler, they searched the living room, and the chauffeur directed their attention to a piece of paper lying on the floor, half under a rug. Of course, you see what that leads to. For hours that room had been unguarded, and any one who wished could have gone in there. Even the piece of cloth was not found for several days, strangely enough; nor did the police find the footprints under the window until three days later, although they claimed they had searched the spot before."

I broke in with, "That looks, in other words, as if—"

"As if some one wished to send those men to jail," he finished for me.

He sighed, gave a little laugh, and remarked: "There are at least three things I would like to know. First, was the robbery a plant?"

"A plant?" I asked, looking at him in wonder.

"Yes! There may have been no robbery at all."

"What do you mean by that?"

He threw out his hands. "I don't quite know myself, but let that pass. There is another thing that puzzles me, and that is the chauffeur. I can tell by the way Miss Potter acted when we mentioned his name that she does not like him. He it was who took from the library the book with the account of the English crime in it. He had words with Slyke the day before the murder, and was missing when we wanted to question him. A few minutes after he was seen near the tower room the revolver was missing. I believe he is well worth watching. And lastly, what was the motive for Slyke's murder?"

A wild thought struck me. I knew at the time how absurd it was, yet a desire to hear what Bartley would reply made me voice it.

"Perhaps the girl killed him."

Bartley gave me a surprised look, started to speak, then decided to wait and hear what I had to say.

(To Be Continued)

### RECORD PRICES

Land values reached a new high level last week for property east of Harbor boulevard and north of Wilmington, according to Mrs. G. H. Sapp of Keystone, who reports the sale of several acres belonging to J. H. Hilbert to Mr. Hoover of Los Angeles. The price was \$3500 an acre, according to Mrs. Sapp, and was bought for oil prospects. Mrs. Sapp's real estate agency is located at 216th street and Grace street at Keystone.

### MILLER TIRES REDUCED

The Miller Rubber company of California announces a price reduction on tires and tubes of from seven to ten per cent, effective immediately.

### TORRANCE

Dr. Maude Lathrop and Mrs. Frank Gibson motored to Sunland Tuesday.

H. C. Roque and family and Mrs. George Namens and children had an enjoyable week-end at Brent Crags Camp.

### SEE PAVING TEST

On Monday the Torrance trustees witnessed a laboratory test of National paving at the Independent laboratory in Los Angeles.

## CONFIDENCE

Confidence in yourself and your ability, only comes as a result of constant progress and gradual growth. If you, by patient effort, are acquiring a competence, you are at the same time becoming more confident and care free.

Our Savings Department will aid you in making constant progress, and should any occasion arise where expert advice would be of benefit, it is yours for the asking. We add 4% to your savings.

## State Bank of Lomita

"THE FRIENDLY BANK"

H. V. ADAMS, Cashier

**Bartley Then Analyzed the Sister-in-Law.**

board. They do not realize that they themselves are subconsciously directing its movements and spelling out their own messages. Now, that board wrote for Miss Potter, 'Trouble is coming,' not once but many times. What I want to know is this: What was the something that, deep in her mind, told her that trouble was coming? What was the cause of her fear?"

He lighted another cigar before he continued: "There is still another thing that shows she knew some danger was threatening. You remember she also told us that she had dreamed that Slyke had been killed."

I knew what he was driving at now. Freud, whose theory of psycho-analysis was well known to Bartley, had worked out the interpretations of dreams. The theory of psycho-analysis is that in our sleep the subconscious mind has full play; our repressions come to the surface and express themselves in dreams. The psycho-analyst is thus often able to explore the secret places of our minds through them and tell the cause of our trouble.

"Shakespeare was right when he said, 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,'" Bartley added in a quizzical tone as he paused to relight his cigar. "Miss Potter dreamed more than once that Slyke had been killed. We are told a dream is a suppressed wish, and that in our dreams our wishes are often hidden by symbols. This woman probably did not wish Slyke actually dead. She had no quarrel with him as far as I know. What she did wish was entirely different. She wished that he might be away so that he would be out of some trouble, and her suppressed wish caused her to dream that he was dead. That's the reason why I believe that she knows more than she will tell."

"What can it be?" I asked.

"I don't know, but it is something that was causing a great deal of trouble to Slyke, perhaps to all of them. It might even be something that will bring dishonor. Anyway, it was so serious that, sleeping or waking, it was on her mind. I wish she would talk; we need all the light we can get."

"But that does not actually prove that she knows anything about his death," I suggested.

Bartley turned quickly and glanced at me to see if I were serious. Seeing that I was, he explained: "I don't say that it does. The ouija board performances and the dreams were before his death, not after it. Of course, the fact that the dog did not bark throws suspicion on everyone that was in the house at the time."

He was silent for a while, glancing thoughtfully out of the window, and then resumed his story.

After I left him, he had locked him-