

Torrance Herald

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

Published weekly at Torrance, California, and entered as second-class matter January 30, 1914, at the Postoffice at Torrance, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SPORT COAT



Here is a pleasing vivid orange, gray and white sport coat, trimmed with racoon. It is worn by June Marlowe, screen star.

NOTICE OF PUBLIC WORKS

Public notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, did, at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 8th day of March, 1926, pass a resolution of intention, No. 281, to order the following work to be done and improvement to be made, within said City, to-wit:

1. The abandoning, vacating and closing up of a portion of the alley in Block 15, Torrance Tract, as per map thereof recorded in Map Book 22, pages 94 and 95, Records of Los Angeles County, and particularly described as follows: That portion of the alley in Block 15, Torrance Tract, lying northwesterly of Lot 1, in said Block, being from the northwesterly prolongation of the southwesterly line of Lot 1, Block 15, to the intersection of said alley in said Block 15, with Cravens Avenue.

2. The exterior boundary of the district of lands to be affected and benefited by said work or improvement and to be assessed to pay the damages, costs and expenses thereof, are hereby specified and declared to be as follows: All of Lots 1, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 15, Torrance Tract.

3. The proceedings for the above mentioned improvement shall be taken under an act approved March 6th, 1889, being entitled "An Act to provide for laying out, opening, extending, widening, straightening, or closing up in whole or in part any street, square, lane, alley, court or place within municipal limits, and to condemn and acquire any and all lands and property necessary and convenient for that purpose," and under all acts supplementary thereto and amendatory thereof.

For a more particular description of said improvement, reference is hereby made to said Resolution of Intention No. 281, on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Torrance.

Dated, March 9, 1926. WM. GASCOIGNE, Street Superintendent of the City of Torrance, California.

The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

THE monotonous whirr-whirr of the sewing machine that had been in the room since the little room stopped suddenly, and Nan Murray leaned her elbows on the table before her and ran her fingers through her rough hair with a weary gesture.

"Fed up, fed up, fed up!" she said fiercely. Then all at once she laughed, looking across at the girl who sat in a low chair by the fire, with a newspaper spread on her knees.

Nan watched her for a moment in silence, a little frown bending her level brows; then she said gently: "Leave that old casualty list alone, dear. What is the good of worrying yourself, when you know quite well that Tim is all right. It's no use crossing an imaginary bridge before you come to it. She pushed back her chair and, rising, went over to her friend and, stooping, drew the newspaper gently away from her.

"I don't believe in meeting trouble more than half-way," she said briskly. "Heavens! what a sight I look!" "Why in the world didn't a kind Providence present me with a sleek head like yours?" she demanded. She glanced down at the smooth, fair hair of the girl beside her with envy. "I don't believe you're paying the least attention," she complained aggressively. Joan Endicott raised her eyes. It was perfectly evident that she had not been listening.

"There are only three casualties in the—Middlesex today," she said.

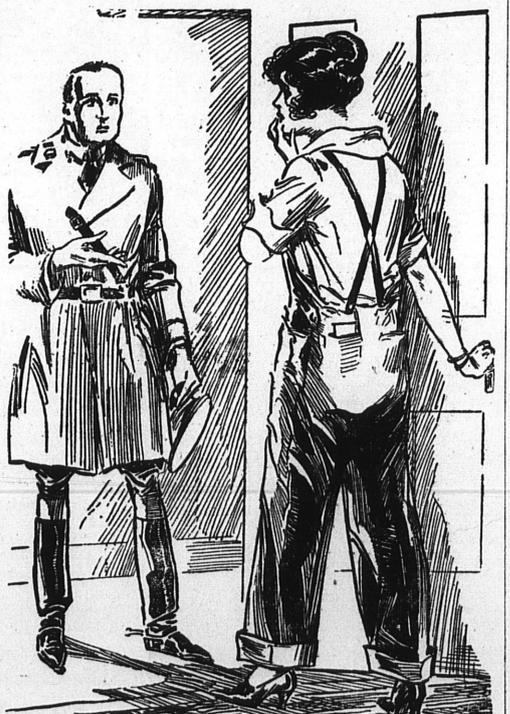
"Ah, but then you're Tim's wife," she said ruefully. "And the War? Office don't recognize a sweetheart in the same way. I suppose it's all right, but..." She shrugged her shoulders. "Anyway, I shall see him soon," she added cheerfully.

She and Nan were a great contrast, for Nan was tall and straight as a willow, with blue eyes that looked fearlessly at the world from beneath level brows, and a firm mouth with a whimsical line at one corner that gave it an odd, crooked sort of appearance, and a mass of thick brown hair that curled like a boy's about her face, and was caught up in a knot of artistic dishevelment at the back of her head.

The cotton overall she now wore was as blue as her eyes, and the rather severely cut blouse was turned down at the neck, showing a white, firm throat, and the glimpse of a thin gold chain on which, as Joan knew, hung Peter Lyster's big signet ring.

She had tried so hard not to be impatient—not to let the dread and longing overtake her, but this evening the shadow she had kept at bay so determinedly was very persistent. It seemed to be hovering all about her, waiting for an unguarded moment in which to envelop her with its stifling embrace.

"It's his go out. I believe I'm tired of the house—let's go to a picture palace and laugh..." She broke off suddenly. There was a knock at the outer door of the little unpretentious flat which the



"What is it? ... It's Peter—tell me... tell me."

said, "Two wounded and one missing. Oh, Nan—" "I absolutely decline to discuss the war," Nan broke in curtly, though her eyes were very tender.

"For heaven's sake let's pretend to be cheerful, every time we're not! Stand up, and let me try on your blouse—it's almost finished."

She took Joan's hand, dragging her to her feet.

"I should never smile at all if it wasn't for you," Joan said. And then she added: "From all accounts Peter must be a wonderful man!"

Nan laughed. "He isn't—not a little bit! I don't suppose you'd even call him good looking. He's big—if you like a big man. I remember the first thing that struck me about him were his eyes and the size of his boots." She laughed again, a tender little laugh of reminiscence, as she thought of the day when she had first met Peter Lyster; of the queer feeling that had seemed to shoot through every vein of her body; of the way that for no earthly reason at all—she had felt the color rising in her face as she met the whimsical smile in his gray eyes.

It was not often Nan allowed her thoughts to stray like this; she realized how necessary it was to keep a firm hand on herself during these days, for her own sake and also for the girl with whom she was sharing homes—the poor little wife of two happy years, who was wearing herself to a shadow for the sake of a man with a jolly laugh and a heart like a lion, who was facing death hundreds of times a day out in France.

And it had been to Nan that trouble had come first. Peter Lyster had been wounded, seriously. Afterwards better news followed, and Nan drew a breath of relief and the strained look left her eyes a little, till now when she knew that he was out of danger and coming home.

"If it had been me I should have gone to France if I had had to walk every step of the way and swim the Channel," Joan said after a moment, her thoughts still with that fateful night when the yellow envelope had been put into Nan's hands.

Nan made a grimace.

two girls shared together. Nan dared not look at Joan. She dared not raise her eyes from the glowing heart of the fire.

It seemed an eternity till the little maid servant went down the narrow passage from the kitchen to the front door—a lifetime until they heard the door open, years of torture till she came back again.

Nan was on her feet then—she had crossed the room and flung the door wide—she felt as if she were suffocating.

"Yes, who is it?" "If you please, missa—gentleman... his card, if you please, miss."

Nan grabbed the card. "John Arnott, Lieutenant, —th Middlesex."

She read the name aloud—the

Optometrist Opens Torrance Office

Dr. Charles W. McQuarrie, for the past four years an optometrist of Gardena, will open offices at 1333 El Prado, Torrance, beginning March 15. He will be in his Torrance offices every morning from 9 to 12 noon. Afternoon and evening appointments may be arranged by telephoning 100-J.

Dr. McQuarrie has equipped his Torrance office with modern appliances for testing and treating the eyes, and states that the local office is for the convenience of his growing practice in this community.

blood drumming at her temples. "It's John Arnott—the man who wrote to me when Peter was wounded," she said breathlessly. She passed the girl and went out into the narrow hall. A man stood in the open doorway—a man in khaki; he turned rather stiffly as he heard her step; he saluted gravely.

"Miss Murray?" "Yes," Nan felt as if all her breath had gone out in that little monosyllabic answer; something the matter—he had come to tell her... to tell her... she swayed forward with momentary loss of self-control, gripping his arm.

"What is it?... It's Peter—tell me... tell me." "The man answered hastily. "No, no—I'm sorry if I startled you; it's nothing—nothing like that. Please don't be afraid. I promise you that Peter is all right—he is quite well."

Nan forced a shaky laugh. "I'm sorry—I'm not often such a fool. Won't you come in?" "Joan, this is Lieutenant Arnott—Mrs. Endicott." She pulled forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

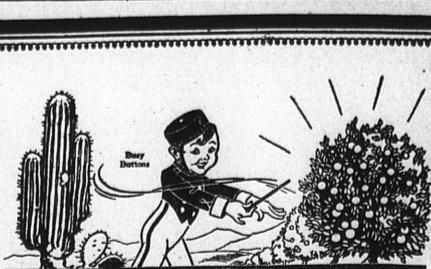
But John Arnott shook his head; he was a square-jawed, rather clumsy-looking young man with a freckled face and reddish hair cropped close to his head. He seemed ill at ease.

Nan watched him closely. Deep down in her heart was the conviction that this man's visit was in some way connected with Peter. After a moment she said: "Oh, do please sit down."

Arnott started. "Oh—er, thanks." He went on: "I—er—I'm a friend of Lyster's. We went out to France together last October." He paused and cleared his throat violently. "I—er—of course, you know he's been wounded."

"Yes," Nan's fingers were clenched, the nails cutting deep into her soft palms. "But he's out of danger now," she went on. "They told me that he was quite out of danger."

(To Be Continued)



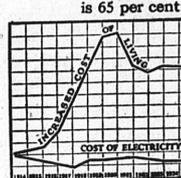
Cactus or Oranges?

WHEN the first Edison water-power plant was built in 1893 the coyote lurked in the shadow of cactus and chaparral. These same hills, covered with orange groves, are now valued from \$1000 to \$5000 an acre.

Water pumped by electric power is responsible for the change. Over 1,000,000 acres, previously unproductive, are now supplied with Edison power.

American initiative and the western pioneering spirit have given California the greatest electric system in the world.

And, best of all, the cost for this service is less than before the war while the average of all other commodities is 65 per cent higher.



Think of this the next time you see an orange tree.

R. H. Colwell, Executive Vice-President and General Manager

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON COMPANY Owned by Those it Serves

Use Our Want Ads for Results!

There Is A Licensed Graduate Pharmacist On Duty At All Hours At The Torrance Pharmacy Bring Your Next Prescription Here. Malone & Probert Carson at Cabrillo Phone 3-J

Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE. Table with columns for departure times to Wilmington and Long Beach, and arrival times at Torrance.

DEPENDABLE INCOME FROM A SAFE INVESTMENT 6% Preferred Stock at \$99 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS CO.

Dr. Charles W. McQuarrie Optometrist Announces the Opening ...of... Offices at Torrance 1333 El Prado - - - Next to Torrance Flower Shop Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 12 Noon—Every Day Afternoons and Evenings by Appointment. Phone 100-J

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