

Torrance Herald

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

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Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE

Table with columns for departure times from Torrance and Long Beach. Includes times like 7:00 A.M., 8:15, 9:15, 10:20, 11:20, 12:20 P.M., 1:20, 2:20, 3:15, 4:20, 5:20, 6:25, 7:20, 9:20, S-11:25.

D—Daily except Sundays and Holidays. S—Sunday only. *Connects for Catalina Island.

The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSER, wounded in battle on the Western Front, has lost his memory. He has failed, upon returning home, to recognize

NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he became engaged before leaving for France. Nan has returned home from London, due to the death of her stepmother. She is informed by Peter's friend, LIEUT. JOHN ARNOTT, also home on leave due to injuries, that Peter will spend his leave in a small village on the estate of Arnett's sister, near Nan's home. Arnett, who is falling in love with Nan, has called to see her and rejoined Peter on the road near by, when they meet.

HARLEY SEFTON, who claims to be a friend of Peter's, fails to recognize him and explains his predicament. Sefton is a money-lender. He is apparently eager to know how much Peter has forgotten. As he is leaving he again turns to Peter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

MISS MARRABY told me you were home. "Did she?" Peter knit his brows. "Odd that you should know her, too," he said, rather unconcernedly. "She's a friend of Arnett's, you know—seems rather a nice sort of girl."

Sefton stared; for a moment he thought he could not have heard aright.

A nice sort of girl! And only a few months ago Peter and Nan Marraby had been engaged! For the moment he could think of nothing to say—then all at once the truth flashed across his mind.

If Peter had so completely forgotten him—Sefton—must also have forgotten Nan Marraby. Was this, then, the meaning of that little tremble in her voice when she had asked him never to speak of her to Lyster?

Sefton called at the Marraby's the following afternoon; as he stood waiting at the door, which was open to admit the fresh spring air, Nan crossed the hall.

She wore a big overall, and her sleeves were rolled up, showing her firm white arms.

She stopped short when she saw Sefton in the doorway.

"I suppose I may as well admit that I'm fairly caught," she said. She did not offer her hand to Sefton, but he took it and pressed her fingers warmly.

"You look the ideal Englishwoman," he said.

Nan shook her head. "If you mean by that I look domesticated, you're quite wrong," she told him airily. "I hate house-keeping and baking and dusting, and all those sort of goody-goody jobs."

He found himself very curious concerning this girl. After what Lyster had told him yesterday it seemed likely that there was some hidden tragedy between them, of which Nan would never speak, and of which Peter was not aware. It was largely curiosity on the subject which had forced his visit today.

"You are not going to send me away, are you?" he asked her, anxiously. She had not asked him to come in, and there was a sort of stiffness in her bearing that seemed to suggest that he should cut his visit short.

"Certainly—do come in," she said, but her words were not quite cordial. "You want to see father, I suppose?"

Sefton met her eyes smilingly. "No, not particularly," he said.

"Why?"

There was a sort of animosity in her regard. "You came to see him yesterday," she said, "and you must have known that I was his daughter, but you never told me that you knew him."

Sefton changed color a little. "Your father and I are business acquaintances, that is all," he said. "You might have told me, all the same," she protested. "It would have been a natural thing to do. However—please come in."

She purposely led him into the kitchen; she was not going to put herself out in the least for this man.

"Miss Marraby, why don't you like me?"

A little flush flickered into Nan's pale cheeks.

"How do you know that I don't like you?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I remember suspecting it that first night I ever saw you—with Lyster, before he went to France. I thought then that perhaps it was because I was making an unwelcome third. But, if you remember, it was Peter who insisted that I join you."

Nan remembered it all perfectly, and her heart gave a little throb of pain. Peter had excused himself to her afterwards.

"It wasn't, that I wanted the man," he said, in his careless way. "I'd much rather have had you to myself. But it seemed the only decent thing to do to ask him."

"By the way," Sefton went on, not giving her time to answer him, "speaking of Lyster, I met him in the lane yesterday."

"Did you?" Nan's voice was unconcerned. She put up her arms and began unbuttoning the blue overall. "I knew that he was staying here—with the Arnotts," she added.

"I thought Lyster looked ill," Sefton was saying behind her. "Jolly hard luck, isn't it?"

"Being wounded—yes," said Nan. Her voice was like steel. She was praying desperately that somebody would come in to interrupt this talk—a-talk. The little maid had gone upstairs to dress after her day's work. Mr. Marraby was shut in his room.

"I didn't mean being wounded," Sefton said deliberately. "In fact, I

didn't know that he had been—I thought it was just shock."

"Oh, no—he was wounded; oh, yes, he was wounded," Nan said. Her voice sounded jerky. "I believe he was wounded in the shoulder," she said again.

"He didn't tell me that; he merely said that he had had a bad shock, and as a result he—well—I understood him to say that he had lost his memory."

Nan did not answer; she felt sure that there was some underlying motive for this questioning; she shut the oven door with a slam and turned.

"I believe there have been many cases like that, haven't there?" she said. "Weren't you telling me of one the other day when we came down in the train together?"

"But that was not a genuine case," Sefton reminded her. "If you remember, I told you that the man was shamming—to get rid of a woman of whom he was tired."

"So you did," Nan laughed constrainedly. "How queer! Perhaps Mr. Lyster is doing the same thing," she added flippantly. She hardly knew what she was saying—she met Sefton's eyes desperately.

For a moment there was a little silence, then he said: "I—wonder!" There was a short pause between the two words.

Nan turned sharply away; she felt as if she could have struck him; she put up her hand almost unconsciously and felt for Peter's ring which she wore beneath her frock.

"That's not a very polite thing to say to me, is it?" she asked; she was surprised at her own calmness. "You know that I was once en-



"I told you the man was shamming to get rid of a woman of whom he was tired."

gaged to Mr. Lyster. Fortunately, our engagement was broken off before this happened," she added. It was a deliberate lie, but she felt as if she must say something to protect Peter.

"I hate this man," she was saying in her heart. "I hate him, and I don't know why. I should like to tell him that I hate him, but I'm afraid to—I wonder why I am afraid to?"

Sefton was apologizing hurriedly. "I give you my word that such a thought never crossed my mind," he said. "If I said anything to lead you to suppose so, it was quite unconsciously. I assure you, Miss Marraby—"

"Here are the boys," said Nan. There was unutterable relief in her voice; she turned eagerly as the door burst open and the three boys precipitated themselves into the kitchen.

They stopped short when they saw a stranger there.

Nan went forward. "Say 'how-do-you-do' to this gentleman, boys—are you clean enough to shake hands?" She seized Buster, who was nearest to her, and uncupped the fingers which he had promptly put behind his back.

"Black!" she said tragically. "Boys, whatever do you do with yourselves to get into such a mess?"

Nobody answered.

"If you'll excuse us for a mo-

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ment," Nan said to Sefton. "I'll go and make them presentable. Go into the schoolroom, will you. We'll be down in a moment."

She bustled the boys upstairs, and the last Sefton saw of the little group was Nan's slim figure with two arms round her waist as they disappeared round a bend in the staircase.

"As soon as they were safely in the bathroom the temporarily silenced tongues began to wag."

"Is he going to stay to tea?" "To tea?"

Nan said "Yes." She scrubbed away at Claude's grimy face. "Nice objects he must have thought you all. You're all to shake hands and say 'How-do-you-do' properly when you get downstairs."

"It's the man who hit us with his whip," Jim said darkly. "I shan't shake hands with him."

"Nor me," said Claude. "Nor me," echoed Buster.

Nan tried to look angry. "Hit you with the whip? What-ever do you mean? He's Mr. Sefton, and a very nice gentleman."

She felt obliged to say so, because it was the last thing she thought. "He hit us with his whip," Jim maintained doggedly. "I told you about him—he was on a horse."

Nan knit her brows; she remembered now that the boys had come in a day or two previous, full of righteous wrath because a man on horseback had lashed at them with his whip for running across the road dangerously near to his horse's feet.

Claude had been crying, too—and Claude was Nan's favorite. "Oh, are you sure?" she asked. Three shaggy heads nodded a solemn affirmative.

(To Be Continued)

Guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steigh of Narbonne avenue were Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Heller and Mrs. C. J. Eitor, of Los Angeles.

Billy Buker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buker, has recovered from an operation in the nose and throat.

Mrs. R. S. Frownfelter and daughter Ardis, of Elgin street, attended the Coliseum in Los Angeles Saturday.

Oh, look! Fence lumber, \$15 per 1000. Consolidated Lumber Co.—Adv.

Professional Directory

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Mr. and Mrs. Glenn West and their mothers recently enjoyed a 400-mile trip through the desert.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Herd of Wilmington, were weekend visitors at Terra Bella.

Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Perry of 257th street and John Archer of Pennsylvania avenue spent Saturday in Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haworth and family, of Arizona street, were San Diego visitors Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Wheaton, Mrs. Ted Loggins and Mrs. W. W. West were Long Beach visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cutting of Redondo Beach were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Thistle of Arizona street.

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Monday, May 31, 1926

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The 30th of May every year we dedicate to them. Once again the final salute of the rifle volley is heard as "Taps" commands our attention.

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