

The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return he falls to recognize

NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged before he went away. Nan, heart-broken, has returned home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. She has been in constant communication with her friend,

JOAN ENDICOTT, in London. Joan insists that Nan ought to forget Peter and marry his friend and fellow officer.

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter has been spending his leave at the home of Arnot's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate. Nan, however, driven to desperation by her father's financial difficulties and Peter's maddening ailments, has agreed to marry

HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, who has told her that Peter is also his debtor.

Peter goes to London, where he meets Joan and for the first time learns that he is the man for whom Nan is grieving. She is on her way to see Nan, and Peter

decides to join her and get the details of the whole affair. Joan asks Peter whether if Nan were not engaged to another man he would go back to her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

THAT is a question which I have been asking myself ever since I met you," he said. "And it is a question which I cannot answer. After all—he laughed mirthlessly—"it is for her to say, isn't it?"

"I don't think there is much need to worry about what she will say," Joan answered.

"And, at any rate, you won't tell her that you met me," Lyster went on presently. "Or that we spoke—or that you know anything—or that I do."

"I promise I won't say a word," said Joan eagerly. "I won't even know you when we meet. But how can I see you again—to tell you, if Nan tells me anything?"

"I'll come over—I do call sometimes—it won't look at all strange. I think we are nearly in."

He rose and let down the window. He looked eagerly out along

the platform as the train came to a standstill. "Supposing Nan is here to meet me?" Joan said in a panic. "She is not here," Peter answered. "But perhaps you had better get out first, in case she should be anywhere about."

He held his hand to her. "Thank you so much," he said. Joan's eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"You haven't anything to thank me for," she said with unusual humility. "I only hope you'll be happy—both of you."

Nan was not altogether pleased to receive Joan's wire announcing her arrival. She rather dreaded the seeing anybody associated with the past, and she did not want to be subjected to Joan's volley of questioning.

Sefton had been to the house continuously. She had arranged to go out in the car with him when Joan's wire came.

Sefton was furious. "You put me off for anybody and everybody," he said, "and I won't have it. Who is this Joan Endicott? You've never told me about her before."

"I've never told you about any of my friends," Nan said with dignity. "You forget that I've known you such a little while. She is a very old friend of mine—I lived with her in London till I came

"Oh, Nan!" said Joan. There was a world of reproach and sorrow in her voice.

"I never thought you would marry anyone for money," she added.

"I'm not," said Nan sharply. "At least—she pulled herself up quickly and tried to laugh. "Don't let's talk about it any more. You'll see him for yourself soon. He haunts the house from morning till night," she added.

"And—and Peter Lyster?" Joan asked timidly.

Nan looked away. "Oh, he used to come around sometimes. The boys love him."

"And so do you, my poor soul," Joan thought pityingly.

It was not until they went to bed and Nan came to Joan's room for a few moments that Nan herself broached the subject.

"I suppose you've been thinking what a heartless brute I am," she said with an attempt at lightness. "I mean—about being engaged. After all I've said, do you remember the what we would do if—anything happened to Tim—or—Peter?"

"Joan shivered. "It's unlucky to talk about it," she said. Nan made an impatient gesture. "Nothing can change my luck unless you wish. I just about it unless you wish. I just wanted to say—that isn't not because I've forgotten that I'm marrying Mr. Sefton. I shall never forget as long as I live."

Her cheeks were fiery, her eyes burned. "It wasn't any use waiting—and struggling—and hoping," she said, in a strangled voice. "After—after I'd seen Peter down here once or twice I knew it was all up. Besides . . ." She stopped, and there was a long silence which Joan did not dare to break.

Nan went on: "Then Mr. Sefton came. He's rich, and father owes him money. I'm only telling you this, Joan, because you are my friend, and I know you'll never tell anyone. And so, as I—I knew I couldn't be happy any more, I thought I might as well do the best I could for—for the family."

"There are the boys to think of, you see," she added. "And I love them . . . especially Claude . . ."

"Is Claude the little one?" Joan asked helplessly.

"Yes . . . and so—that's why. I had to tell you; but you won't tell anyone, will you, Joan?"

"You know I won't," Joan said. She got up, stood on tip-toe and kissed Nan more warmly than she had ever done before. "You're a brave darling," she said softly.

"I'm not brave at all," Nan said. "If you only knew. Good-night. I'm glad you came," she added.

The boys made friends with Joan very quickly. "How long are you going to stay?" they asked her in a chorus when she appeared at breakfast.

Joan laughed. "I'm not going to stay at all—at least I don't think so—Nan has enough to do to look after you without me as well."

They did not agree with this, and she received prompt invitations to stay as long as she liked.

"We'll take you in the woods," Jim promised. "And find you birds' eggs."

Buster added, "Mr. Lyster's gone away," said Nan quietly.

"No, he hasn't," shrilled Buster again. "I saw him this morning before breakfast—he came down the road when I was out in the garden—he said he'd meet us in the woods when we'd had our breakfast."

Joan looked quickly at Nan. "I think you've made a mistake," Nan said evenly. "We saw him driving to the station yesterday with Mr. Arnot, you know."

"He's come back," Buster insisted. "I saw him."

Nan changed the subject hurriedly. Later, Joan followed the boys out into the garden. The weather had taken a turn for the better—it was as warm and sunny as a May morning. She sniffed the country air deliciously as she went.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "To find Mr. Lyster," came back to her in a chorus. "You can come too, if you like."

Joan hesitated—she looked back at the house. Nan had come to the door and was calling to her. "I'm coming—in a minute," Joan caught hold of Claude and detained him.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked in a whisper. Claude's eyes shone.

"Yes," he said, with an emphatic nod. Joan produced a letter from her pocket—she folded it and crushed it into his fat little hand. (To Be Continued)

SOCIETY

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS PLAN BRILLIANT SEASON

Beginning an epoch of brilliant social activities, the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus of the southern jurisdiction of the state of California will hold their first annual banquet, entertainment and dance de luxe at the Edgewater Club, Santa Monica, on the evening of Admission Day, Sept. 3, at 8:30.

Knights and their ladies from Fresno to San Diego, which includes the entire southern jurisdiction of the state, are already arranging parties of the kind to enjoy this brilliant social affair.

Among the many patronesses throughout the southern jurisdiction are: Los Angeles—Mesdames Purcell, Frank Barry, Thomas Dockweiler, Isador Dockweiler, D. Joseph Coyne, Joseph Ford, Dr. Charles Kennedy, Charles Jenel, Gordon McDonough, Frank Jenel, Charles DuFrene, John Mott, Paul J. McCormick; Hollywood—Mesdames Henry J. Ernster, John W. DeMott, George Caldwell, Patrick Cooney, William McNichols, Fred Arnoldy, Dr. McCann, Arnold Burgleman; Pasadena—Mesdames Joseph Scott, Martin Giebel, Harold B. Leddy, Oscar Patchick, B. J. Leonard, William O. Pierce; South Pasadena—Mrs. Charles Treff; Monrovia—Mrs. Baker; Alhambra—Mesdames Joseph Britt, Joseph D. Strong; Glendale—Mesdames Peter Perry, Jessie Smith; Long Beach—Mesdames P. J. Quinn, John Shinn; Redondo Beach—Mesdames R. M. Garbe, T. A. Gould, J. H. Mellich, Henty Hiss, William Niland, Gordon MacDonald; Torrance—Mesdames L. J. Smith, T. Foley; Brantley, W. A. Dobrott, L. J. Bristow, A. E. Gorman, F. A. Gasper, J. H. Hayden, Thomas Maher, L. A. Miller, E. T. Milligan, L. J. Murry, M. J. Molloy, Eugene Power, W. W. Pelty, C. E. Rooney, A. S. Gallagher, A. C. Verge, F. Whalen, John Deck, H. G. Kranz, M. S. Murray, C. E. Mayer, Miss S. M. Hart; Ocean Park—Mesdames J. B. O'Neil, Rosa M. Cameron, A. J. Barnard, J. W. Feeney, Joseph M. Kearney, M. C.

Tynan, James W. Anderson, Oscar Anderson, C. W. Vallant, M. J. Taugher, W. J. Lowery, Anna O'Neil, Miss Catherine T. Burns, E. Venice—Mesdames P. J. Burns, E. Zapf; Riverside—Mrs. Tieskotter; Inglewood—Mesdames B. A. Byrne, John Lavelle, Louis Wilhelm, William Pender; Hawthorne—Mrs. Basil F. Milostan; Whittier—Mesdames J. D. Stall, J. E. Waldenfel, Sadie Cutshall, Miss Barbara Volkmer; Pomona—Mrs. M. C. Kenney; Ontario—Mesdames C. S. Hase, Col. Caldwell.

A brilliant program of the evening will open with a banquet at 6:30 p. m., during which Sir Knight Joe Scott, K. S. G., will be heard in a brief patriotic address; also Judge Thomas P. White, newly elected supreme director, will be heard.

Following the banquet the guests will dance to music furnished by California's famous ten-piece orchestra, while during intermissions several prominent movie stars, members of the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic Actors' Guild will appear in special numbers.

The entire program is carefully arranged and the affair will be by invitation and strictly formal.

Sir knights and patronesses are active in arranging their parties, and reserving special tables for the banquet.

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"After I'd seen Peter down here once or twice I knew it was all up."

down here. "Then she knows about Lyster?" "Yes," said Nan. "Have you told her that you are engaged to me?"

"No." He flew into a rage. He would not have people coming down and taking up all her time.

The train was in before they reached the station and she met Joan just outside.

Joan flung herself at Nan with a rapturous cry. She looked up at Nan's pale face.

"Have you been ill?" she asked. "Oh, Nan, you have got thin."

Nan tried to laugh. "My dear, I have to work now I am at home," she said.

"You look as if you've been really ill," Joan insisted. "I dare say it's worry, though—worry makes one look ill sooner than anything."

"I haven't worried," said Nan in a hard voice; Joan was getting on her nerves already. After a moment she said: "I may as well tell you—as you'll hear it sooner or later—I am going to be married."

She kept her face averted—she waited for the scream of amazement which she thought would come, but Joan was not much good at acting—she just gasped once, and then said, rather lamely:

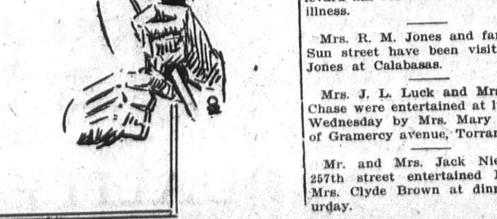
"Oh, good gracious!" "You don't seem very surprised," said Nan; "I thought you would be."

"So I am—of course I am—after all you've said about never marrying anyone except—" she broke off in a panic. "Oh, I'm so sorry, dear—I'm afraid I'm very clumsy."

"It doesn't matter at all," said Nan. "Mr. Lyster is staying down here, and I often see him; at least—he has been, but he went away today. We are—we are quite good friends," she added.

"I am engaged to a man named Harley Sefton," she went on after a moment. "He isn't young—or good-looking—but he's rich, and he's got a town house, and a place down here—and a motor car, and he's given me a diamond ring that must have cost hundreds of pounds, I should think."

She spoke with a sort of monotony.



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