

Torrance Herald

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

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LOCAL NOTES

Charles Comer of Long Beach was a weekend guest of Leroy Guiding of Almond street. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Trunnell of Oak street were Long Beach visitors Sunday. Matt Kerber of Cypress street is recovering from several days' illness. Charles M. Smith and J. A. Smith were business visitors in Glendora Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Northrop have moved from Sun street to Wilmington. Mrs. B. Oliver of Los Angeles was entertained Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Bunge, of Narbonne avenue. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thompson of Redondo boulevard were dinner guests Sunday of Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dudley, of Monterey Park. Oh, look! Fence lumber, \$15 per 1000. Consolidated Lumber Co. -Adv.

The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER, World War hero, has a memory for shock when a shell burst in the British front lines, killing a score of men. He has forgotten that just before leaving London he became engaged to marry NAN MARRABY, who is heart-broken because her attempts to rekindle his love have failed. Nan, forced from home by a cruel stepmother, has been living in a small London apartment with JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband is coming home on leave. Word of her stepmother's death gives Nan an excuse for going home and leaving the happy couple alone. On the train she meets HARLEY SEFTON, who claims to be a friend of Peter's. She tells him that her engagement to Peter has been broken. This seems to please Sefton. Sefton tells Nan of the case of a young man who married just before leaving for the front, and upon returning home used "loss of memory" as an excuse for not going home. He indicates that another woman was the cause of it all. Sefton also tells Nan that he is going to his summer home, situated near her own, and she realizes that Sefton will live not far from the home of LIEUT. JOHN ARNOTT'S sister, where the latter has told Nan he will take Peter. Sefton has taken Nan to the door of her home, and she is entering the land of her childhood for the first time in many years.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

NAN walked straight into the hall. Everything was silent. Outside in the garden a blackbird darted suddenly down from a tree and flashed across the lawn like a black shadow, piping shrilly. It sounded a great sound in the silence. Nan went into her father's study. There was nobody in the room. A letter lay on the blotting-pad, as if it had just been written and left there. It was addressed to "Harley Sefton, Esq., The Red House, Little Gadsden." Harley Sefton! The name caught Nan's eye. She had noticed the same name painted in small letters on the side of Sefton's suit-case as they drove through the village together. She took the letter up and looked at it curiously; instinctively she had not liked Sefton; even all those months ago when she and Peter had met him in London she had not been impressed in his favor. Peter had laughed at her when she told him. She dropped the letter again to the blotter. "I'm full of suspicions," she thought vexedly. "Whatever has come over me?" She had turned to leave the room when she heard her father's voice in the hall; she went out quickly—there was a moment of silence when they came face to face. Mr. Marraby was a tall, thin man, with shoulders that drooped as if they had a heavy burden to carry. Nan was not in the least like him—nobody would ever have thought they were any relation. "Well, my dear," he said. Nan said "Well, father." She was afraid to say she was sorry for her stepmother's death, because she felt that she would not be believed; she went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders, kissing him gently. "I came as soon as I could," she said. "Yes, yes..." She had the curious impression that he was hardly listening to what she was saying; she stood for a moment looking at him helplessly. "Shall I go up to my room?" she asked. "And where are the boys?" "The boys?" Mr. Marraby passed a hand across his eyes as if to try and collect his thoughts. "I really don't know," he said apologetically. "Perhaps one of the maids—" He looked so helpless that Nan's heart melted. "It finds them," she said. She took her suit-case and went up to the room that had always been hers. It looked bare and unfriendly. She took off her hat and coat. She went to the window and opened it wide. "I can't live here for the rest of my life." And yet there was a deep-rooted conviction in her heart that this was to be her fate—that she had just come back to take up the threads where she had snapped them three years ago to go to London and Miss Lyster. There was a sound of stifled whispers on the landing outside her door—whispers and a subdued giggle. Nan turned—the half-closed door was moving, gently—presently a tousled head was thrust round, followed by another and then another. He looked relieved, though he made no attempt to thank her. "It has worried me, wondering what would become of them," he said. "But if you will stay, of course that settles it." He went back to his writing, and Nan felt that she was dismissed. "Nobody seems to think of me or what I want to do," she thought rebelliously. "Why shouldn't I have some happiness of my own?" But the next moment she was laughing at herself. What happiness could there ever be for her without Peter? She walked on out into the country lane. "Good evening," said a cheery voice, and waking from her reverie with a start, Nan found herself looking into John Arnott's kind face. She gave a little cry of delight. She let him take both her hands. "I thought I was never going to see you," he said breathlessly. "We came right before last—I persuaded Lyster—London was knocking him but—" "He is here, then—with you?" "Yes." He looked away from the gladness in her eyes. He let her hands go. "My stepmother died suddenly, you know," Nan explained. "I had to come down at once—the same day that I saw you in Regent street." She looked up at him with a wry little smile. They were in the road that led to the village, and Nan stood still. "I must go back," she said. "It's the boys' tea-time. You'd be amazed if you knew the amount of bread and jam they can consume at one meal." He laughed. "I love bread and jam," he said mendaciously. "Ask me to tea, too, Miss Marraby." But Nan shook her head. "Not today—perhaps some other day, if you're very good." He looked disappointed. "And Davis," there's nothing I can do for you?" he asked. Nan laughed. "I wonder why people always think I want things done for me?" she said. He considered her gravely. "Do you?" "I'm not so sure. And who else has been wanting to do things for you?" he demanded, with a touch of jealousy. "By the way," she said casually, "do you happen to know a man named Harley Sefton?" "Harley Sefton?" Arnott echoed the name disgustedly. "What do you know about him?" he asked, with a note of suspicion in his voice. "I don't know anything—that's why I asked you. So you do know him, then?" (To Be Continued)

thought," he said again, "there was a question of your getting married. Some months ago you wrote me that you were engaged—a Mr. Lyster, I believe, the name was?" Nan's face quivered. "Oh, that's all finished with, father," she said, with forced cheerfulness. "I'm not engaged to anyone now, and... and I am quite willing to stay here for a time and look after the boys if you wish me to." He looked relieved, though he made no attempt to thank her. "It has worried me, wondering what would become of them," he said. "But if you will stay, of course that settles it." He went back to his writing, and Nan felt that she was dismissed. "Nobody seems to think of me or what I want to do," she thought rebelliously. "Why shouldn't I have some happiness of my own?" But the next moment she was laughing at herself. What happiness could there ever be for her without Peter? She walked on out into the country lane. "Good evening," said a cheery voice, and waking from her reverie with a start, Nan found herself looking into John Arnott's kind face. She gave a little cry of delight. She let him take both her hands. "I thought I was never going to see you," he said breathlessly. "We came right before last—I persuaded Lyster—London was knocking him but—" "He is here, then—with you?" "Yes." He looked away from the gladness in her eyes. He let her hands go. "My stepmother died suddenly, you know," Nan explained. "I had to come down at once—the same day that I saw you in Regent street." She looked up at him with a wry little smile. They were in the road that led to the village, and Nan stood still. "I must go back," she said. "It's the boys' tea-time. You'd be amazed if you knew the amount of bread and jam they can consume at one meal." He laughed. "I love bread and jam," he said mendaciously. "Ask me to tea, too, Miss Marraby." But Nan shook her head. "Not today—perhaps some other day, if you're very good." He looked disappointed. "And Davis," there's nothing I can do for you?" he asked. Nan laughed. "I wonder why people always think I want things done for me?" she said. He considered her gravely. "Do you?" "I'm not so sure. And who else has been wanting to do things for you?" he demanded, with a touch of jealousy. "By the way," she said casually, "do you happen to know a man named Harley Sefton?" "Harley Sefton?" Arnott echoed the name disgustedly. "What do you know about him?" he asked, with a note of suspicion in his voice. "I don't know anything—that's why I asked you. So you do know him, then?" (To Be Continued)

Professional Directory

Drs. Lancaster and Shidler PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Office, 14 Res., Cor. Post and Astington Torrance. House, 15 and 113 Office, First National Bank Bldg. Res., Cor. Post and Astington California

Dr. A. P. Stevenson Physician and Surgeon. Office, Sherman Bldg., 1337 El Prado Torrance, Calif. House, 185-W Office, 96 Torrance, Calif.

DR. MAUDE R. CHAMBERS Chiropactor 320 Cota Ave. Torrance Phone 109-W Hours 9 to 7, except Thursday

Dr. C. E. Hotchkiss Chiropractor X-Ray and Laboratory Service 1311 Sartori Ave., Levy Bldg. Torrance Phone 186

DR. R. A. HOAG DENTIST New Edison Bldg. 1419 Marcelina Ave. Just West of Postoffice Complete X-Ray Service Torrance Phone 198

Dr. O. E. Fossum Dentist X-Ray Service Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sam Levy Bldg. 1311 Sartori Ave. Phone 184—Torrance, Calif.

PERRY G. BRINEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 140 First National Bank Bldg. Torrance Phone 159

Dr. Norman A. Leake Physician and Surgeon Office, First National Bank Bldg. Telephone 99 Residence, 1525 Marcelina Ave. Telephone 18-M

J. R. JENSEN Attorney at Law State Exchange Bank Bldg., Torrance, California Phone Torrance 3

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Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE Leave Torrance for Wilmington and Long Beach: 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. Leave Long Beach for Torrance: D-6:45 A.M., 7:40, 10:00, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40 P.M., 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:45, 5:40, 6:45, S-7:45, 8:45, 10:50. D—Daily except Sundays and Holidays. S—Sunday only. \*Connects for Catalina Island.



"Who was the man who went out just now, father?"

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