TORRANCE NEWS ITEMS

Miss Ruth Beckwith is spending a few days in Los Angeles, the guest of friends.

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Children—Read the "Lost Sisters" Story in this issue.

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Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stone returned Monday evening from a fishing trip near Bishop.

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Geo. Probert expects to move his family to their ranch near Hesperia next week. He will still remain in Torrance.

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Children—Read the "Lost Sisters" Story in this issue.

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Mr. and Mrs. Otly returned Saturday from a month's visit in Kelker, Washington.

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Mr. Geroff of Vista Highlands was kicked by his Ford while trying to crank it. He now carries his arm in a sling.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

He who passing through life has made the world better for his having lived in it, is a success.

MRS. HOUSEKEEPER

Paved streets lighten your work, eliminate dust and mud, beautify homes, make boulevards out of wagon trails.

Boost for paved streets in Torrance.

Nute Millican visited at the home of H. F. Beckwith this week. Mr. Millican just returned from a trip through the canal to New York on a boat and then home to Long Beach by rail.

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Children—Read the "Lost Sisters" Story in this issue.

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W. D. Russell of Cota street celebrated his birthday at his home Sunday, August 7, with a lovely dinner, prepared by the "good cook," his wife. Many tasty dishes were enjoyed by all. He received many gifts, and we can safely say he won't go sockless. Those who attended the dinner were Misses Ruth and Kathleen Vaughan (nieces of Mr. Russell), Mr. C. H. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Harris, Russell Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

TORRANCE OPPORTUNITY

The influx of homeseekers to Southern California offers Torrance an unequalled opportunity for rapid growth and development.

The homeseeker is looking for the community, tributary to the larger city, that offers a home site upon a well-paved, well-lighted street—a community that is progressive and that has a spirit of welcome and cooperation.

Torrance has exceptional advantages and should get its share of investment and homeseekers. It will get its share if it paves and lights its streets and does all that it can to offer city advantages without the noise, turmoil and confusion of the larger center of population.

Pave Torrance streets and watch it grow.

PROPERTY SALES IN TORRANCE INCREASES FIFTY PER CENT EACH WEEK

The oil boom which hit Torrance two weeks ago is still "hitten," and it looks as if it was going to hit harder.

Land sales have increased about fifty per cent over the previous month, and there are more "OIL MEN" in Torrance than there are stores or factories.

Many of the larger oil companies have representatives calling in Torrance every day in an endeavor to lease the land for drilling purposes, since the large lease of the Dominguez Land Corporation seems to have been only a starter.

It is reported that an oil company from Long Beach offered the officers of one of the Holding Companies $25,000.00 on the first oil and a one-fourth royalty. This proposition is under advisement, but owing to the absence from the city of one of the officers nothing can be settled in the matter until his return.

It is reported that various oil companies are offering to pay up a number of land contracts held on lots west of town and give the persons who hold the contracts a deed for their property and also a royalty for any oil produced.

This certainly ought to prove to the most skeptical that the future of Torrance is assured. Those who have invested have figured it that way and will have the land anyway at a fair price if oil is not found.

Land sales for last week at the office of the Dominguez Land Corporation last week amounted to nearly $25,000, which proves that TORRANCE MEANS BUSINESS.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

MY LOST SISTER—PART III.

At the close of school the teacher asked me if we knew the way home and walked on ahead of us. When he was out of hearing I said in a harsh, upbraiding tone: If it was not for you I could walk home with Mr. Williams. I'd a great deal rather talk to him than such a simpleton as you. Do come along. What a great poky you are.

You're Poky, she said, with a little laugh. To that clever rejoinder I flew into a passion and said: None of your impudence or I will run off and leave you. This threat silenced her and caused her to send nervous and timid glances into the dark, shady wood through which we were passing, for our fear was of runaway negroes. Then I hurried along as fast as I could, forcing Fannie to a run. After a while I noticed the thump, thump of her little feet and the quick, short breathing, and every now and then a fall on the rough road, but there was no complaint from the patient child. Why don't you come along? You needn't think to keep me traveling at this snail's pace any longer. It will be dark before we get home. I won't wait any longer and I started off in a run.

Oh, wait for me, Poky, please do. I heard my little sister's pitiful cry, but I ran faster. However, I dared not go home without her, so at a turn in the road I hid behind a clump of bushes to wait. Soon I heard her frightened sobbing and I saw her coimng, but, oh, so heavily as though her next step would be her last. My first impulse was to jump out on her with a wild, frightful noise, but I then thought: No, I'll let her plod on. So I did, and as she went on I walked leasurely behind her enjoying her pain. A little child weary, frightened, foot sore and alone in a darkening woods sobbing pitiously. Oh, there is torture in the memory of it.

After a while from sheer weakness she slowed up and I ran softly behind her, giving an unearly scream. Fannie sank to the ground, but not until she saw that it was me. She looked up to me and tried to smile. For the rest of the walk I tried to behave myself, for I knew if she told on me a severe punishment awaited me. My father was a severe man, and I feared him.

Well, how do you like school, Fannie, asked mother as she came to her in her long nightdress to kiss her good night. I like some things. I like Latin. I like to see the girls play and I like the dinner. Mother, I think it tastes better than a hot one. I expected to hear the whole story out, but not a word concerning my cruelty was spoken. Thus emboldened I renewed my persecutions day by day. Studied slights and cruel wrongs were heaped upon the patient sufferer. Still she did not lose her confidence in me. She deferred to my judgment and yielded her will to mine, and when I would relent in my persecution there was a return of her quiet kind of affection. But she always had that thoughtful look in her big blue eyes that seemed to say: What will be the next blow?

In the meantime she went right on with her Latin. She was the pride of my mother and the wonder and the talk of the neighborhood. If she had sometimes failed I might have oftener forgotten to be cruel, but her recitations were perfect.

It was not long before she came home full of enthusiasm and said: Father, I have to have a Latin Reader. We are going to begin to translate. A Latin Reader! What good is this Latin going to be to you, he cried with severity. It won't help you to earn your bread. It won't buy you a frock. No man will marry you any quicker for having your head stuffed with Latin. I don't intend to work myself to death to fill the house with Latin books. Here I've been picking cotton like a nigger all day. I don't mean to spend it all on Latin books.

Fannie stood still with a solemn kind of a hurt look in her face at this rain of words, while I secretly enjoyed her mortification. Poor mother! She always stood between a stern father and his children; so it was decided that Fannie should have a new Latin Reader. Although I longed to side with my father, which I could have done with propriety, for my toes were out of my shoes and I had that morning been refused money for a new pair.

When the new book came I was in a rage. There were my toes staring in my face through my open shoes. I could have torn it into pieces. I was hungry for my sister's happiness.

AUNT HANNAH.

(To Be Continued)