

The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY
 NAN MARRABY, driven from home by an unsympathetic step-mother, goes to London and obtains employment as companion to Miss Lyster, an elderly woman. She holds this post until the death of her mistress two years later. This is at the beginning of the Great War.

JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband is also departing for France, offers to share their small London apartment with Nan. Here several months later Nan learns of Peter's injury; and after six weary weeks meets LIEUT. JOHN ARNOTT, who tells her that Peter is again sound in body but that he has lost his memory. Informed that Peter is in London, Nan insists on seeing him. He fails to recognize her.

Nan is brooding over a fate which has granted Joan her husband and left her nothing but memories.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
 SO often they had talked of the future, and what they would do when their men came home from France, and now all Nan's dreams had been shattered, and she was left alone in an unsympathetic world where even her one friend had failed her.
 She put the little bundle of letters returned to her by Arnott away in a drawer and locked them there.
 She tried to forget that Arnott had suggested that she should go down to his sister, but the thought kept coming to her mind again and again.
 Why shouldn't she go? What harm would she be doing to anybody?
 At least if she went she would

see Peter every day. She would hear his voice and speak to him, whereas if she stayed away—
 "Nan, are you going out?"
 "Nan, are you going out?"
 "I will if you want me to." She glanced towards the window. She had realized that the sun was shining.
 "I thought perhaps you would go and get my new hat," Joan said. "It was promised for today, and I should so love to have it. Tim might come sooner than he says, you know. Things are always so uncertain in the army."
 The tone of her voice was unconscious, but it sent the angry blood to Nan's cheeks. She turned away to keep herself from answering angrily.
 "I'll go if you like," she said. "But won't you come, too? It's such a lovely morning; it would do you good to go out."

But Joan would not; she had a great deal to see to, she said with a touch of importance.
 Nan, put on her hat; she was really glad to be going alone; she did not feel as if she could be very patient with Joan; she walked down the road quickly.
 Nan felt very lonely amongst all the crowds; so many girls had men in uniform with them—Nan could not bear to look at them—she went on quickly.
 A man coming out of a shop almost ran into her; he pulled up short with a laughing apology, then broke off with an exclamation of delight.
 "Miss Marraby—"
 It was John Arnott, and a little behind him was Peter Lyster.
 "Odd we should run across one another again," Arnott said, trying to speak casually; he held out his hand to Nan, and took hers in a warm, friendly grasp. He hesitated,

glancing at Peter, but Lyster was looking from one to the other, obviously expecting to be introduced, and after the barest possible hesitation Arnott presented him.
 "My friend, Peter Lyster—Miss Marraby." He did not dare to look at Nan, but he need not have feared; after the first natural blenching she met the position calmly, though she was quite pale, and now and then there was a little catch in her voice when she spoke.
 "I think I've seen you before," Lyster said.
 Nan held her breath in an agony of hope.
 Had the unexpected sight of her stirred some faint chord in his mind?
 But his next words soon dispelled her illusion.
 "You came into the hotel last night, I think," he said. "I was in the reading room."
 "Of course," said Nan. She forced a smile to her pale lips. "I had left my gloves, hadn't I? And you—and your friend were kind enough to help me look for them."
 Lyster frowned.
 "She was hardly my friend," he said, rather shortly; his voice sounded as if he were annoyed. "I only met her casually in the hotel; I know her father slightly."
 Nan turned her face away to hide the look of relief that flashed into her eyes.
 "Let's go and get some coffee," Arnott struck in; he was anxious.

still laughing with the girl at the counter.
 "What is Arnott doing?" he asked with a touch of impatience in his voice.
 Nan rose at once; she choked down the suffocating feeling that rose in her throat. She went over to where Arnott stood; she felt in some way that Peter was weary of her, and even while the knowledge hurt she knew that she would be wiser to end the little tete-a-tete. She spoke to Arnott quietly.
 "Are you coming to have your coffee? Peter—Mr. Lyster—is wondering what you are doing."
 She waited for Arnott before she went back to where Peter sat; she devoted herself to Arnott for the rest of the time.
 "I'm trying to persuade Lyster to come down into the country with me for a week," Arnott said suddenly. "London's all very well, but we've got to remember that we're both more or less crocks for the present. The noise outside the Grosvenor last night was maddening. I hardly slept a wink. Now down in the country where my sister lives—"
 Peter struck in rather irritably. "Your sister probably would not thank you for foisting two more or less sick men on her," he said.
 "Oh, that's because you don't know Doris. Nothing's too much trouble for her; she'd have the whole of the British army to sleep in the house if he could." He looked at Nan and smiled. "Peter's a disagreeable old beggar," he said cheerily. "Seems to have got it up against women for some reason or another." He spoke without thinking, and the next moment he would have cut off his right hand to take back the carelessly spoken words, for Peter said sharply:
 "Well, I've no great reason to care for them." He looked at Nan, half apologetically.
 Nan's crooked smile twisted her lips for a moment, and vanished like a pale ghost.
 She pushed back her chair and rose.
 "I'm going to buy some sweets for Joan," she said. "You two stay here." She went over to the counter just as an excuse to get away from Peter's eyes. She could not rid herself of the thought that all the time Peter must know—that behind those troubled eyes of his he knew that this was Nan, the woman whom he had adored, and that he was criticizing her and despising her because she was able to play the game of pretense so well.
 When she was out of earshot Peter looked at his friend.
 "Who is she?" he asked with faint interest.
 (To Be Continued)

SCHOOL NEWS

HIGH SCHOOL

Tentative plans for the new addition to the school have been worked out, and an architect will be appointed this week. Construction will begin some time in the summer months, and the building should be ready for occupancy by February.

Interclass basketball began Thursday, April 15. There will be two games, Freshmen vs. Sophomores and Juniors vs. Seniors. All four teams are evenly matched, and several close games are expected. The games will be played on the outdoor court. No admission.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

By special arrangement with the producers, the elementary school will show the four-reel feature picture, "Wild Life of the Colorado Desert," on Friday, April 23. This is a very fine production and was shown to the high school students a few months ago. It will be shown at cost—5 cents per child.

First news of the plans for the summer school for Torrance has been received by Mr. Bell. It is expected that the elementary building will be open for all grades from the first through the eighth. Some special work, such as sloyd or home economics, will be given. The school will open July 5 and run for six weeks. Based on the popularity of the school last summer, the superintendent's office has assigned six teachers to the school in addition to special teachers, playground supervisor, and principal. This is double the number who began work last July for the summer session.

The sixth grade, with some assistance from the teachers, has purchased a set of 40 music books, for which they gave a candy sale several weeks ago. The books arrived this week and have already added materially to the interest of music study in the fifth and sixth grade rooms. The books have been presented to the school as a permanent library.

Mrs. Fred Palmer left Friday for Oakland, where she will visit her mother, father, and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bale were recent guests of the son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bale, of Los Angeles.



The many Torrance people who are stockholders in the Randsburg Development Company will be interested in knowing that the 50-ton mill has been ordered and will be in operation at the company's Windy gold mine as quickly as it can be shipped and erected. With a capacity of 50 tons a day and with so much rich ore already in shape to be run through, it won't be long now before we'll be taking out plenty of gold.

The company has had no trouble at all in financing the purchase and installation of modern equipment. Only a small amount of stock remains to be sold and the money that comes into the treasury from future sales will be used to insure even greater and faster development than is already assured us at The Windy.

We believe without reservation that The Windy is going to make a lot of money for the Randsburg Development Company and its stockholders—and so do the many Torrance people who have investigated the mine right on the ground. For the sake of those who have not yet visited the property

for a first-hand study of its possibilities, we are offering in Torrance the small amount of stock still left to be sold.

Those who avail themselves of this last opportunity will come right in "on the ground floor" and will participate share for share with all who have already interested themselves.

This is the first and only advertisement that we have ever published. And if you are interested in knowing more about the company and its prospects and properties you can find out all details by communicating with Hurum Reeve. You might even be interested in going up to Randsburg and looking over the property with your own eyes. That can be easily arranged. A number are planning to go up Saturday. If you want to be one of the party, see Mr. Reeve.

And even if you can't go, but think you might be interested in a well-managed, money-making gold mine located where you can drive up and watch the mill work, call Mr. Reeve.

This is positively the last chance and there isn't much left.

The Randsburg Development Co.

Box 945, Torrance, California

Officers
 WM. QUACKENBUSH, President
 HURUM E. REEVE, Vice-President
 RICHARD C. KITE, Secretary and Treasurer

Directors
 WM. QUACKENBUSH, JOHN HEFFERLIN,
 HENRY MARCH, HURUM E. REEVE,
 E. M. BEATTIE



"Has Arnott told you about me?" asked Peter.

to keep Nan and Peter together as long as possible. "There's a Fuller's quite close—what do you say, Peter?"

"Anything you like—"
 Nan walked back between the two men. She felt as if she trod on air.

She dared not look at Peter. She kept up a running fire of small talk with Arnott. She forced herself to laugh and appear to be merry; and the thought went through Arnott's mind again how wonderful she was.

When they got to the shop he went off to see what sort of cakes there were. He entered into a totally unnecessary argument with the girl behind the sweet counter, so as to give Nan and Peter a few moments together.

Nan knew that he had done it on purpose, and hardly knew if she hated him for it or loved him. She looked at Peter with eyes that hid their feelings bravely. He was leaning back in his chair, and now, with the sunlight falling full on his face through the window with its blind of colored glass beads, she realized for the first time that he had altered tremendously.

She knew that her eyes were melting into tenderness; she plunged into speech.

"Mr. Arnott tells me that you are on leave—"

"Yes." He had taken off his service cap and passed a hand rather wearily across his forehead.
 "It beats me," he said, after a moment, "why fellows always make such a fuss about leave." He laughed half shamefacedly. "It makes me wonder if I ever did—before this." He looked at Nan with a sort of anxiety in his eyes. "Has Arnott told you about me?" he asked.

"He told me that you had been wounded," she answered gently. It gave her a sort of comfort to be able to talk to him; for the moment pain was pushed out of sight; she tried to make the most of these few poor moments.

Lyster shrugged his shoulders. "The wound was nothing," he said. "I've often wished since that it had finished me." He smiled ruefully, meeting her eyes. "I suppose you despise me for saying that."

"No," said Nan; her heart felt full of tears. "I believe everyone feels like that sometimes," she said after a moment. "I know I have—I mean, I have felt that I didn't want to go on living, that there is nothing to live for." She laughed, to cover the tragedy in her voice. Lyster was watching her gravely; a little puzzled look in his gray eyes.

"I should not have thought you would ever have felt like that," he said presently. "You look so gay and smiling." He stopped and glanced over his shoulder to the end of the shop, where Arnott was

RAW MILK!

The Government Says,
 "Your Milk Tests
 100%"

For four consecutive years we have scored 100% in the official Government Tuberculin test—a most remarkable record

Phone Lomita 146-J for Us to Start Delivery Anywhere in Torrance or Lomita

TORRANCE SANITARY DAIRY

Your old Furniture Can Seem New!

EVEN new furniture doesn't seem new against a background of dull, dirty walls. But even old furniture will seem new when rooms are freshly papered with beautiful, attractive

NIAGARA BLUE RIBBON WALL PAPER

With the new patterns you can freshen-up every room—and at small cost. We'll gladly help you select the correct patterns from our extensive stock.

Ask for our NEW Sample Book—It's FREE. Panels are the latest styles. Come and see the new "Fresco Blends."

Wilmington Paint Co.
 710 West Anaheim St.
 Phone, Wilmington 209-W
 Wilmington, Calif.

