

The Judge - It's All Provided In The Passport - by M.B.

GEORGE, YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS COURT FOR ABOUT EVERY PETTY CRIME IN THE CODE!

I NEVER BEEN 'RESTED FOR SPEEDING!

AND YET YOU EXPECT TO GO TO HEAVEN AND BECOME AN ANGEL!

IT'S WORRIED ABOUT BEIN' AN ANGEL, JUDGE!

WHY IS THAT?

I CAN'T FIGGER HOW I'D GIVINE TER GIT MY SHIRT ON OBER MAH WINGS.

I GUESS YOUR PROBLEM IS GOING TO BE HOW TO GET YOUR HAT ON OVER YOUR HORNS!



Mrs. Dannelly Has Irwin Hotel Again

Mrs. Marie Dannelly announces that she has taken a long-term lease on the Irwin Hotel and will operate the cafe at 1213 El Prado in connection. Both the hotel and restaurant are under Mrs. Dannelly's exclusive control.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Luck of 257th street and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Luck of Palm street were weekend visitors at Oakwild.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mulder and family, of 257th street, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeVries of San Pedro.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Stephenson were Mr. and Mrs. Archer Pausen and Mr. Pausen Sr. of Oakland.

GENUINE WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE

Consisting of Bed, Chiffoniere, Dresser

Special - \$107.75

Strictly New—Very Rich and Attractive

"Your Credit Is Good at Ripple's"

Lewis Ripple

New and Second Hand Furniture Store

1927 Carson St., Torrance

Phone 78-W

REPORT OF DEPOSITS OF THE BANK OF AMERICA TORRANCE BRANCH

As of Close of Business on the 30th Day of June, 1926

COMMERCIAL \$165,009.99

SAVINGS \$118,354.26

TOTAL \$283,364.25

State of California, County of Los Angeles.—ss.

J. W. Leech, Manager of the Torrance Branch of the Bank of America, being first duly sworn, says he has a personal knowledge of matters contained in the foregoing report of condition and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

J. W. LEECH, Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me the 12th day of July, 1926.

(Seal)

J. R. JENSEN, Notary Public in and for said County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Statement of Condition OF THE Torrance Mutual Building and Loan Association

Of Torrance, Los Angeles County, California

AS OF THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 30TH, 1926

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Los Angeles.—ss. James W. Post, vice-president, and W. E. Bowen, assistant secretary of Torrance Mutual Building and Loan Ass'n, being first duly sworn, each for himself, deposes and says he has a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report of conditions and that every allegation, matter and thing therein contained, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

JAMES W. POST, Vice-President. W. E. BOWEN, Assistant Secretary.

Several subscribed and sworn to before me by both deponents, the 12th day of July, 1926.

(Seal)

JAMES L. KING, Notary Public in and for said County of Los Angeles, State of California.

The One who Forgot by RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER Lyster has suffered the loss of his memory due to shell shock on the Western Front. He has fainted, upon returning to London, to recognize.

NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged prior to his departure for France. Nan has gone home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers, but is still in touch with.

JOAN ENDICOTT, a friend in London, who suggests that she forget Peter and encourage the budding love of Peter's friend and fellow officer.

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is spending his leave at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, situated near the Marbaby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister, while thoroughly disgusted with the attentions of HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, who has told Nan that it is up to her to say whether he shall press payment of large sums of money which he claims Peter and Nan's father owe to him.

Nan is in a wood near her home when she meets Sefton, who again presses his suit with threats and pleas. He has succeeded in forcing her to his arms and is kissing her when Peter appears on the scene.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Peter looked from one to the other in blank astonishment—then his face changed; he took a step forward— "Can I—can I be of any assistance, Miss Marbaby?" he asked, hesitatingly. "If—if this man has been annoying you—I thought I heard somebody call..." Nobody answered; Nan could only shake her head.

Harley Sefton laughed. "Your appearance is a little inopportune, my dear Lyster," he said smoothly. "And I can assure you that you can be of no assistance whatever—to either of us." Peter looked at him steadily. "I spoke to Miss Marbaby," he said curtly.

Nan found her voice. "No—no; it's all right; there is nothing you can do, thank you." She could not look at him. She wished that the earth would open and swallow her up. She hated Sefton. She could gladly have killed him as he stood there so unmoved; and yet she knew that if she told Peter the truth—that this man had insulted her—Sefton would keep his word and tell him—oh, what would he not tell her? That she would crush her to the earth with shame and break her heart afresh.

"Go away—oh, please go!" she said in a whisper. But Peter stood his ground. He did not believe what she had said. "If you are going home, I will walk with you," he said obstinately. "I am going that way." He waited a moment, but she did not answer, and he said again: "If you are going home, I will walk with you." There was a defiance in his voice. Sefton might not have been there at all for the head Peter paid to him, but it was he who came forward and answered for Nan.

"You will tell Lyster that you prefer to go with me," he said quickly. "You will tell Lyster that he is intruding—that we do not desire his company." Nan raised her eyes—such blazing eyes they were. Hot words rushed to her lips, but something in his glance cowed her. "Please—go!" she said dully. "I am going home with—Mr. Sefton." She heard the little triumphant breath which Sefton drew.

of a woman did he imagine that she was?

The doubt and uncertainty in his eyes cut her to the heart. She paced up and down the room, wringing her hands.

She forgot how the time was flying—forgot that the boys must be wanting their tea—it was only when Claude thrust a toiled head round the door and looked at her with large, apprehensive eyes that she realized how long she had stayed up in her room.

"Aren't we—aren't we going to have any tea today, Nan?" he asked plaintively.

She turned away from him and straightened her ruffled hair. "Of course we are, old man—I quite forgot—I'm just coming down."

Her voice shook. Claude came across the room



She broke away from him before he could stop her and fled home.

and leaned on the edge of the dressing table, staring at Nan in the mirror.

"You've hurt your face," he said, after a moment.

"Have I?" Nan put up her hands to the hot, crimson patches which a man's hateful kisses had left on her cheeks.

"Yes, miss." "He didn't say he would come back later—or tomorrow?"

"No, miss." "He'll never come back," Nan told herself despairingly.

She was standing looking out into the garden when she heard the door of her father's room open, and presently heard him calling to her.

(To Be Continued)

hopelessly. "I shall never be able to escape any more—I've got to be here all my life."

The garden gate creaked as if beneath the push of a hand; Nan raised her eyes to the window, then all the blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart, for Peter Lyster was walking up the path to the house.

Peter—here! when only such a little while ago he had turned away from her in the wood.

She would not see him—she was afraid to see him; she rushed out into the hall to tell the little maid that she was not at home—as she passed the door she could see the dark outlines of his tall figure through the glass panels.

"She flew to the kitchen; at that moment she dreaded Peter Lyster more than anyone on earth; she startled the little maid with her breathless excitement.

"There is a gentleman at the door—I am not at home, be sure and tell him I am not a home—go and answer the door at once, I will wait here."

The little maid rose from her chair slowly. "What shall I say, Miss?" she asked, with provoking stupidity.

Nan stamped her foot. "Say I am not at home—say I am dead, if you like—anything, except that I am in."

She closed the door as the girl departed; she stood listening in a trembling impatience.

Now it was too late she wished that she had seen him, a wild impulse came to her to go out into the hall and say that it was a mistake—that she was in all the time; her fingers tightened on the door handle—almost she had dragged it open—then she heard the shutting of the front door, and after a moment the maid came back.

"I told him, Miss, and he's gone," she hesitated, and a half smile crossed her face. "He didn't seem to believe me," she added deprecatingly.

Nan flushed. "I don't care if he didn't," she said sharply.

She flew up the stairs two at a time to her own room—she peered out, screened by the curtain.

She could just see Peter's tall figure walking away down the road—he was walking rather slowly.

The tears rushed to Nan's eyes. "You fool!" she told herself savagely. "Why didn't you see him—you had your chance—and now you've lost it."

She stood there till he had gone, then she went downstairs again—she made some pretext to go into the kitchen, and presently asked the girl what Mr. Lyster had said.

"Did he ask for me? What did he say?"

"He just asked for you, miss—he seemed disappointed when I said you was out—asked if I knew where you had gone."

"And you—what did you say?" "I said I didn't know."

"And is that all?" "Yes, miss."

"He didn't say he would come back later—or tomorrow?" "No, miss."

"He'll never come back," Nan told herself despairingly.

She was standing looking out into the garden when she heard the door of her father's room open, and presently heard him calling to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell of 257th street have been at Chula Vista for several days, where Mr. Powell's mother is seriously ill.

Short casing and base, \$50 per 1000. Consolidated Lumber Co. -Adv.

CHARTER NO. 10596

Reserve District No. 13

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

AT TORRANCE IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA. AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 30, 1926

RESOURCES

Table of resources including loans, discounts, deposits, and other assets with their respective values.

LIABILITIES

Table of liabilities including capital stock, surplus fund, undivided profits, and other obligations with their respective values.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Los Angeles.—ss. I, R. J. Deininger, Asst. Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R. J. DEININGER, Asst. Cashier.

Correct—Attest: JAMES W. POST, GEO. W. NEILL, MRS. GEO. W. POST, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1926.

(Seal)

JAMES L. KING, Notary Public.

CATALINA THE MEMORY LINGERS Beautiful Hotel St. Catharines, on the ocean front at Avalon. Transportation room over night, four meals, and Glass-bottom Boat ride (two to a room). Trip leaves 6th and Main, L. A., at 9:15 a. m. Motor Coach to Torrance at 9:15 a. m. direct to steamer, 10 a. m. Night starts dancing. Also afternoon sailing at 3:45 p. m. daily except Sunday. Boat leaves 6th and Main, L. A., at 3 p. m. Long Beach 3:15 p. m. Nights by Catalina Marine Band. IN ALL THE WORLD NO TRIP LIKE THIS TORRANCE PHARMACY Torrance 3-J