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## SAM LEVY

NEW AND GREATER STORE  
SARTORI AVE. TORRANCE

Easter  
Shipment  
Florsheim  
Shoes

### The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY.  
NAN MARRABY and JOAN  
ENDICOTT are sharing a small  
London apartment, awaiting the  
return of

PETER LYSTER, betrothed to  
Nan, and TIM ENDICOTT, Joan's  
husband, both serving their coun-  
try on the battlefields of France.  
Peter is reported seriously in-  
jured six weeks later, just as  
reports to Nan are telling of her  
lover's improvement.

JOHN ARNOTT, lieutenant in  
Peter's regiment, brings the news  
that Peter is in London but that  
the shock of his injury has  
caused him to lose his memory.  
He tells Nan that Peter does not  
remember her. Contrary to Ar-  
nott's advice, Nan insists on see-  
ing Peter.

They arrive at the hotel to  
find Peter in the library engaged  
in sprightly conversation with a  
pretty young woman. Nan steps  
into the room—she sighs audibly—  
Peter turns—his eyes meet  
—Peter turns—their eyes meet.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
THERE was a moment of tragic  
silence; the first throb of ex-  
quisite joy that rushed through  
Nan's whole being slowly died  
away, leaving her cold and stunned.  
Her eyes went past Lyster, to  
the girl perched on the wide  
fender; then she forced them again  
to his face.

She thought she cried his name  
in anguish; but her lips did not  
move and no sound escaped them.  
She thought she held out her  
arms to him, but they still hung  
limply at her sides. She thought  
that the intolerable pain in her  
heart must kill her. She prayed  
frantically that she might drop  
dead rather than suffer any more,  
as she stood there in the silent  
room, staring back at this man  
who looked at her with the casual  
eyes of a stranger.

It was the girl on the fender  
who spoke first.

"Are you—are you looking for  
anything?"

She had a pretty, rather childish  
voice, and her eyes were interested  
as they took in the pallor of Nan's  
face and its unconscious tragedy.

Nan found her voice then, and  
she answered incoherently:  
"Yes—my gloves—I—I must  
have left my gloves—"

Lyster walked over to the paper-  
strewn table and moved a heap of  
magazines.

"I don't think they're here," he  
said, and at the sound of his voice

She walked quite firmly and  
steadily, and he glanced at her  
curiously in the light of a street  
lamp.

So there was to be no scene!  
He was faintly amazed; almost any  
other woman in the world would  
have fainted, or broken down, he  
told himself with a vague feeling  
of discomfort; when they had gone  
some way he asked if she would  
like a taxi.

"It's a good way back to your  
flat," he said. "And if you feel  
tired—"

She laughed.  
"Tired! I don't think I shall  
ever feel anything again," she said.

"I wish you had not seen him,"  
Arnott stammered. "I did my best  
to prevent you—"

"I know—you were very kind,  
but I had to—" Just for a moment  
her voice shook, but she went on  
steadily: "What am I to do? Oh,  
Mr. Arnott, what is there left for  
me in all the world?"

He tried to comfort her in his  
clumsy way.

"Things will come all right—the  
doctors say that he may get quite  
right in time. Not that he isn't  
right now—I don't mean that—but  
it's so difficult to explain; it's just  
as if a slice has been cut clean out  
of his life. If you'd been out there  
in France, I think you'd realize  
more how it happened; it's impos-  
sible to try and describe it for  
you. The shell that got Lyster  
killed so open; it was a marvel he  
wasn't finished, too."

He gave a little apologetic laugh.  
"We get so used to it out there,"  
he explained. "Each day and every  
day seeing men you've lived with  
for months, and stood drinks to,  
and chummed with, brought in  
dead or dying. It all gets to be in  
the natural course of events. Don't  
thing I'm trying to make things  
worse for you," he added, as he  
felt the little quiver that passed  
through her. "I'm only trying to  
make you understand how a man  
gets worked up till all his nerves  
seem like fine wire, and then—"

anything happens—any shock—  
crash! and the whole lot is shat-  
tered."

Nan tried to understand, but her  
brain felt like wool; she could only  
think of Peter as she had seen him  
in that anguished moment laughing  
with another girl.

He had not forgotten how to  
laugh! He had not forgotten how  
to talk and amuse other women!—  
it was only she, who loved the very

ground on which he walked, who  
had been wiped out of his memory.  
"But he hasn't forgotten you,"  
she said with sudden harshness.  
"He hasn't forgotten you, I sup-  
pose."

"No," said Arnott reluctantly.  
"But then, you see, I've been with  
him all the time; I've been with  
him so much that even if he had  
forgotten me, I should have created  
a fresh place for myself in his  
mind, if you understand what I  
mean. I talked to him, and tried  
to help him remember things—we  
were always pals, you know—"

"Mr. Arnott," she said suddenly.  
"Would you—if there was anything  
else that you think I ought to  
know—you . . . you wouldn't keep  
it back from me, would you?"

"I give you my word of honor  
that I would not."  
"Not from a mistaken sense of  
honor—to try and spare me?"  
"Miss Marraby, I promise."  
Nan choked back a sob.

"Thank you," she said. "And  
now—I wonder if you will be very  
kind and promise me something  
else?"

"If I can . . ."  
She gave a little weary laugh.  
"Oh, you can—if you will—never

speaking of me—to Peter. Don't  
try to make him remember me;  
just . . . just behave as if—as if  
I wasn't in the world—as if . . .  
as if we'd never been engaged—  
never . . . met . . ."

"If you wish it."  
"Please; and now . . . tell me  
just what he said when you re-  
minded him about me—before you  
came home."

He gave a little exclamation of  
distress.  
"It rather not—it's no good—he  
didn't know what he was saying—  
you've got to remember that—and  
I know you'll find it difficult."

"I shall only find it difficult if  
you try and hide anything from  
me," she said steadily. "Please—"  
"I told you that I found your  
letters," he said at last. "Of course,

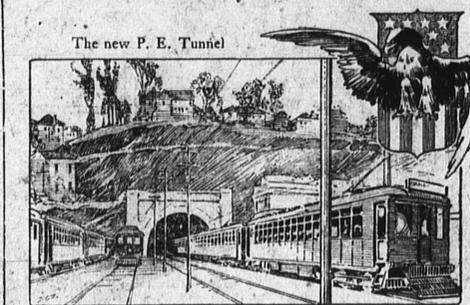
Mrs. Frank Baker, Mrs. E. W.  
Brumpton and Mrs. Tim Terrell  
were Los Angeles visitors Thurs-  
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wentz of  
Eshelman avenue spent Sunday at  
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney  
Shoemate of Pasadena. Mr. Shoemate is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tonkin of  
Beacon street were entertained  
Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. C. C.  
Patterson of South Park Gardens.  
Mr. and Mrs. Patterson formerly  
lived on Eshelman avenue.

Ph heard about you from Lyster—  
there was a photograph he showed  
me . . ."

(To Be Continued)



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—by the President

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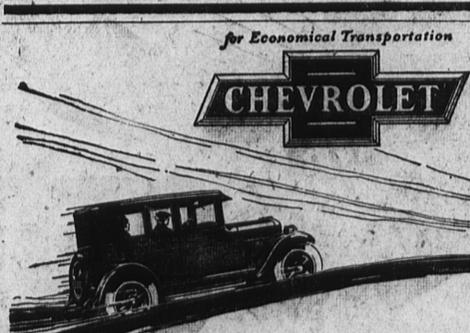
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Peter stared at Nan with a puzzled sort of look

—the voice of which she had been  
dreaming night and day since last  
she heard it—a sudden faintness  
came over Nan; she swayed a little  
towards the table, clutching it with  
both hands to steady herself.

She could not bear it—she could  
not! For an instant her nerves  
stampeded; all her natural com-  
posure fled! It had not been for  
the presence of the girl she knew  
she must have flung herself at  
Lyster's feet and implored him to  
remember how he had loved her—  
how much they had been to one  
another.

With a mighty effort she pulled  
herself together; the girl turned  
away and was lifting the cushion  
from a big armchair in a friendly  
attempt to find the gloves, but  
Lyster stood quite still on the  
other side of the table, staring at  
Nan with a puzzled sort of look  
in his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid  
they're not here—I'm sorry," he  
said again, almost stupidly, and  
broke off.

"Things soon get picked up if  
you leave them about," the girl  
said lightly. "I expect they've been  
pinched."

Nan supposed she must have  
answered something, but she never  
knew what she said; her one long-  
ing was to get out of the room be-  
fore she broke down; she turned  
blindly to the door.

Lyster reached it before she did  
—he opened it and held it for her;  
his eyes searched her face again  
as she passed; she saw, when she had  
gone, he stood for a moment look-  
ing after her, before he turned  
back into the room.

Arnott was waiting on the other  
side of the lounge. He took her  
hand, drawing it through his  
arm, led her out of the hotel.