

The One who forgot

RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER loses his memory from shell shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize NAN MARRABY, to whom he had become engaged prior to his departure for France. Nan has since left London to go home and care for her three motherless stepbrothers. She is still in touch with her friend, JOAN ENDICOTT, in London, whose husband has been on leave and who has suggested to Nan that she encourage the very apparent love of Peter's friend and fellow officer, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, situated not far from the Murraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister and disgusted with the attentions of HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, who has told Nan that him great sums of money and that payment will be demanded unless she agrees to marry him. In the woods near the Murraby home Sefton is surprised by Peter in the act of forcing his kisses upon Nan. Nan, afraid of what Sefton might say to the brain-sick man, tells him to go

away, and rushes back to her home. Later Peter calls, but Nan refuses to see him. She is beginning to regret this impulsive action, when she hears her father calling. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY NAN went out into the hall; Mr. Murraby stood there, his spectacles up over his forehead. "I am going to London tonight," he said abruptly; he seemed to avoid meeting Nan's eyes. "I may be away some time—you will be all right here without me." A little ironical smile crossed Nan's face; all right without him! Why, she hardly ever saw him from one week's end to the other, save when she went to ask about his meals, or for money for household expenses. "Quite all right," she said. "Have you got enough money to get on with?" he asked. Nan colored; money had been her chief bugbear ever since she came home; she had soon found that there were many bills owing for household expenses, and Nan hated debt; she had insisted on their being paid. "Father, what do you know about Mr. Sefton?" "Sefton!" he echoed. "Sefton! Nothing—except that he is a busi-

ness acquaintance of mine. Why do you ask?" Nan did not answer at once; then she said, clearly: "Because this afternoon he asked me to marry him." Mr. Murraby swung round—for fully a moment he stared at his daughter with sheer amazement—then he took an uncertain step forward and peered into her face. "Asked you to marry him! Are you sure?" Nan looked away with a sudden sick feeling. "Quite sure," she said coldly. "And you—what did you say, Nan?" She realized that he would



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be quite willing to sell her—on the offered terms. "I told him that if he insulted me again I would tell you and ask you to forbid him the house," she said clearly. "You told him—that!" He fell back from her with anger in his eyes. "You dared to tell him that!" He tried to pull himself together. He went on hurriedly: "There is no insult in asking a woman to marry you. I don't know what the girls of today expect. Sefton is a rich man; he could give you everything you want." "Yes, so he told me." "Well—well," he stammered in his anxiety, "what more do you require? He's a very decent fellow; he has been a good friend to me. I should like to see you married to him." Nan's face flamed. "I haven't the least doubt that you would," she said bitterly. Mr. Murraby began pacing up and down the room. "You mean to tell me that you sent him away?" he demanded truculently. "You don't realize what this means to me; you don't—" "I realize perfectly well," Nan said steadily. "Mr. Sefton told me." "Told you!" his angry eyes fell before hers. "He told me that you owed him money," Nan said. "And that he would be willing to cancel the debt in exchange for—me!" "He told you—that!" There was no shame in his voice, only a sort of incredulous gladness that turned Nan sick. He clutched her arm— "And you refused?—you didn't refuse, Nan? Even you could not be so selfish." Nan's eyes blazed. "Then it is true?" she said. "True—of course it's true—how do you imagine I can live on the few pounds I've managed to make since this infernal war broke out?" "Father!" said Nan. "If you were a dutiful girl you'd marry Sefton and secure me," he went on furiously. "But you never cared what became of me or your mother and brothers, as long as you were free to do as you liked and go your own way. This is my one chance—it's more than I dared hope for." "And me! What about me and my happiness?" Nan asked. Her eyes were cold as stone. Nan turned and walked out of the room. There were some letters lying on the hall table. One was for her from Joan Endicott; she broke the flap and drew out its contents. Four pages of the usual small, superfluous chat, she supposed, wearily. But today Joan seemed to have struck a deeper vein than usual; there was a very real anguish in the first few words—the wonderful "Tim, it appeared, had gone back to France—his leave was at an end, and the world was desolate in consequence. "I'm all alone again, Nan—Tim has gone, and I feel as if my heart will break. To have to stay in the house where we have been so happy—without him—to have nothing to look forward to—" Nan crumpled the letter angrily. Nothing to look forward to!—when she had just lived through perfect happiness! Nothing to look forward to!—when she herself would have sacrificed all the future for just one day out of the happy past. For two days Nan saw nothing of Peter. John Arnott came over once, but he seemed distrustful and nervous; he had lost his usual cheerfulness. During the short while he was in the house he fidgeted about the room a good deal and talked jerkily; Nan was surprised to discover that he rather bored her; she was relieved when he rose to go. "When shall I see you again?" he asked. Nan was faintly amazed. "Whenever you like," she said. "Come over when you like; I am always glad to see you." "I wish I could believe that," he said bluntly. "How is Mr. Lyster?" Nan asked.

She felt that it was a safeguard to thrust Peter's name between them. "He hasn't been up to the mark lately," he said. "Chap seems to be worrying about something." Nan caught her breath. "Worrying!" "Yes," Arnott did not look at her. "If I didn't know him so well, I should say he was worried over business matters, but as it is..." "You mean money?" Nan asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "I've always found him most scrupulous; one of the straightest chaps I know." He glanced down at her. "But you don't want me to tell you that," he added. "No," said Nan. "I don't need you to tell me that." They were walking slowly down the garden. And Arnott suddenly turned, looking at her with pleading eyes. "Miss Murraby—you won't think I'm an awful rotter if—I ask you a—personal question?" "No—please do." She thought she knew what was coming. He ran an agitated finger round his soft collar. "It's about Lyster... I—would it be possible for any other fellow—to—stand a ghost of a chance... I mean—a ghost of a chance—with you?" The words were incoherent; his face was fiery red long before he had finished. "Of course, I know people don't ever care twice in the same way—but... but if you met a decent chap—just a chap who would go straight—and—be good to you—perhaps... in time... oh, I hope you don't hate me for asking you?" "I don't mind you asking me," she said frankly. "Though I should hate it from some people. And I don't mind telling you—though there is hardly anyone else in the world I would tell—that I'm afraid I'm one of those poor creatures—who can't forget. I've never cared for anyone except Peter in my life..." A little sigh shook her. "I don't think it's likely that I shall ever care for anyone else," she added. Arnott squared his shoulders. "Thank you," he said quietly. "I understand." He stood beside her for a moment, then suddenly he caught her hand in his and raised it awkwardly to his lips. Nan gave a little protesting cry, but somehow she was pleased, and before she could say a word he had opened the gate and was striding down the lane at a tremendous rate.

There was a suspicious moisture in Nan's eyes as she looked after him. "He'd make somebody a splendid husband," she thought. "I wish—I almost wish..." but she did not finish the sentence. What was the use of wishing anything? She heard the boys' voices down the road, and the next moment they had turned the bend and were coming towards her, with Peter Lyster himself. It was too late for Nan to escape. They had all seen her, she knew, and Claude ran forward from the others towards her, calling out that he had found a bird's nest with four eggs in it. Nan opened the gate. She felt as if she were walking on air. "Oh, Claude!" she said reproachfully. She bent over the child to hide her face from Peter. "Oh, I hope you didn't take them," she said. "He wouldn't let me," he said, with a backward jerk of his head in Peter's direction. "Quite right, too," Nan declared; she had to meet Peter now; she forced her eyes to his face. (To Be Continued)

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Munger of Chestnut street were Mrs. Ella Riley and Mrs. Stevens, of Long Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steigh and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Parsons attended the Redondo Eastern Star picnic held Sunday at Bixby Park, Long Beach. Rev. H. A. Thompson, who has been a guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Paul Edwards, of Weston street, left Sunday for his home at Alheda, Tex. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lyons of Eschelman avenue were business visitors in Los Angeles Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Mills, who have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nielson, spent Sunday at Venice. Mr. and Mrs. Murdo C. Smith of San Pedro were recent guests of former neighbors on 257th street. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram E. Hickman of Weston street were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Beaver of 261st street. C. A. Thompson of Los Angeles was a weekend visitor at his home on Redondo boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Johnson and daughter Melva, of 257th street, enjoyed the program at Hoyt's in Long Beach Friday evening. An all-day hike in the Palos Verdes Hills was enjoyed recently by Misses Clara Haslam, Pety Weaver, Alice Rugraff, and Le-vonne Geist. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crawford of Arizona street and Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Perry of 251th street report a wonderful two-weeks camping trip to Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Mills, who have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nielson, spent Sunday at Venice. Mr. and Mrs. Murdo C. Smith of San Pedro were recent guests of former neighbors on 257th street. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram E. Hickman of Weston street were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Beaver of 261st street. C. A. Thompson of Los Angeles was a weekend visitor at his home on Redondo boulevard.

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Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE

Leave Torrance for Wilmington and Long Beach	Leave Long Beach for Torrance
7:00 A. M.	D-6:45 A. M.
8:15	7:40
9:15	10:00
10:20	10:40
11:20	11:40
12:20 P. M.	12:40 P. M.
1:20	1:40
2:20	2:40
3:15	3:40
4:20	4:45
5:20	5:40
6:25	6:45
7:20	S-7:45
8:20	8:45
S-11:25	10:50

D—Daily except Sundays and Holidays.
S—Sunday only.
*Connects for Catalina Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brown of Orange street left this week for a month's camping trip in the High Sierras. Miss Mildred Roepeke of Los Angeles was a weekend guest of her sister, Mrs. L. C. Luck, of Palm street. Mr. and Mrs. William Stinebaugh and family of Gillette Manor were luncheon guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Burnett of Redondo boulevard. Mrs. Lee Heath of Big Tujunga was entertained at luncheon Thursday by Mrs. John Waite of Highland avenue. B. W. Flanders of Santa Ana was a weekend visitor at the C. M. Smith home on Lucile street.

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