

# The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged before going to the front. Nan has since gone home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. She is still in touch, however, with her friend, JOAN ENDICOTT, in London, whose husband has just returned to the battle front. Joan has told Nan that she ought to forget Peter and encourage the love of his friend and fellow officer, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, not far from the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister and disgusted with the advances of HARLEY SEFTON, a money lender, who first met Nan through Peter prior to his departure for France. Peter does not remember Sefton, who insists that Nan must marry him or face the consequences of having both Peter and her father brought to account for large sums of money which he says they owe him. Nan has been encouraged, by her father, to marry Sefton.

In her father's absence Peter calls to see Nan. He has previously surprised Sefton in the act of forcing his kisses upon Nan, and now insists that Sefton is not worthy of Nan. Peter is about to leave when he turns to ask Nan whether she is one of the people he knew before he lost his memory.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

THERE was something so pathetic in the question that in an instant Nan's heart melted. The motherliness which is the best part of the love all women bear to a man rose uppermost in her heart. She forgot everything in her pity for him.

"You imagine these things," she said gently. "It's because you know there are some things you

have forgotten that you are always dreading to come across them." She tried to smile.

"It must be ages since I started to clear away the tea," she said briskly. "Are you going to help me?"

It was a daring challenge to herself; a mighty effort to get back to the normal.

Peter agreed at once; he picked up a pile of plates and followed her to the kitchen; he joked with the surprised little maid there; when the last cup had been carried out he looked at Nan laughingly.

"I shall apply for the job of batman if I'm no good for anything else," he said.

Nan's eyes grew startled.

"But—but you won't ever have to go back?" she said quickly.

His face sobered.

"I'm hoping to—I'm tired of being on the shelf already. At the present moment I am going about looking for some kind friend who will give me a tremendous shock," he said banteringly. "They told me before I came home that a shock might give me back what a shock had taken away..." He stifled a sigh. "I'm not very sanguine, though, I must admit."

Nan passed the road along which one went to Little Gadsden. She stood for a moment looking at the white signboard with a half smile. The road lay away out of her life. She had no business there at all.

Everything seemed just the same as it had done years ago when she was a child and living in duranville under her stepmother's sharp tongue.

A woman came out of a cottage as Nan passed and called to her. She knew the shrill, rather dominating voice long before she turned; and a little shiver of distaste passed through her as she met the cold, beady eyes of the vicar's sister.

"I was just thinking about you, Miss Marraby," she declared; her beady eyes seemed to take in every detail of Nan's attire at a glance; she held out to Nan her thin, cotton-gloved hand.

"I was wondering if perhaps you would come and help us decorate for Easter. I know you don't take much interest in parish affairs, but..."

"Some people are coming over from Gadsden to help. I don't know if you know any of the Gadsden people—but I always find them so exceptionally nice."

"I know a few," Nan admitted.

"Well, this is a Mrs. Mears I am thinking of particularly," Miss Dudeney said. "She is a war widow, poor thing! Such a very charming person, and so rich. She attends the Gadsden church, of course, but she is coming over to help us, and has promised to bring all the white flowers for the font. She has wonderful greenhouses, I believe, and is very good to charity; they say there are always quite a number of wounded soldiers staying in her house."

"Really?" said Nan.

"Yes—there are, of course, people who say that it is not quite proper—seeing that Mrs. Mears is so young—and a widow—but one must sink conventionalities in this war, don't you think, Miss Marraby?"

"I haven't thought about it," said Nan. "But it's very kind of Mrs. Mears to be good to the soldiers—they deserve the best anyone can offer them."

"Quite so—quite so... I entirely agree; but though I love dear Mrs. Mears and think she is simply too charming, I really think that it is perhaps—just a little—soon, don't you think?"

"Soon?" Nan's steps slackened.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Miss Dudeney shrugged her shoulders.

"Please don't think I am criticising her at all—she is a friend of mine, and I wish her every happiness. But I knew poor dear Captain Means, and, after all, it is barely two years since he was killed... one would have thought she might have grieved for him just a little longer, don't you think?"

"I don't understand you in the least," Nan said bluntly. "What has Mrs. Mears done?"

Miss Dudeney smiled, rather a frozen smile.

"Oh, I don't say that she has done it yet," she said hastily. "But it's only a matter of time—I refer, of course, to her second marriage."

"Second marriage!"

Nan's voice sounded stiff.

"Is she going to be married again?" she asked.

"She is, indeed—and quite soon, I believe—to that good-looking young officer who has been staying there—Mr. Lyster, I believe his name is."

(To Be Continued)

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This Is National

## Palmdayl Week



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### Modes Miniatures

By way of saying that youth is in her heart Milady wears a gray brilliant silk scarf—wears it most quietly across the front and pulled loosely across the front and back. By means of a pearl ring the two ends are held in place on the left shoulder.

The "Apache" scarf it is known as to many, while others term it merely the well known "bandana." On frock and tailored suit alike you will see them and though all are vividly colored, most are as washable as a handkerchief.

—Copyrighted.

#### LOCAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Northrop have moved from Wilmington to Anaheim boulevard, Harbor City.

Mrs. Henrietta Hespe of El Monte spent last week at the home of her son, H. E. Hespe of Narbonne avenue.

Mrs. T. J. Tonkin of Beacon street is reported on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. William Straub and family and Mrs. Mary Stier and daughter Mary of Flower street, spent Sunday with friends at La Verne.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Hess and daughters of Poppy street attended the State Theatre in Long Beach Saturday evening.

A beach and supper party at Redondo Beach Saturday included Mr. and Mrs. John Theaker and daughters Glendora and June, and Miss Mary Harrison and Mavis Seckler.

Mrs. Louise Verbach and son of Hollywood were guests Friday of Mrs. R. M. Jones of Sun street.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Martinson and family of Moon street were visitors in San Bernardino and Loma Linda.

Recent guests of Miss Fanny Northrop of Oak street were Miss Fay Finney and William Simpson of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kerber and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stanton were Catalina visitors Sunday.

Miss Juanita Sutton of 26th street is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Farquhar of Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gregory have moved from San Pedro back to their own home on Pennsylvania avenue.

John Waite, junior, was a weekend guest of Neil McSwain of Long Beach.

Mrs. J. B. French of Star street returned Wednesday from a two weeks' visit with friends in San Francisco.

Guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lyons of Eshelman avenue were Mrs. Julia Norcross and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Norcross and son of Long Beach. The Norcross family leave this week for a three months' visit in Mr. Lyons' home town, Woburn, Mass.

M. L. Masterson of Long Beach visited Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bantle of Pennsylvania avenue Saturday.

Waldo Mallory of Pennsylvania avenue was a business visitor in Whittier, Saturday.

For All Kinds of

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There are both small and medium size hats in this shipment, which includes Felts, Velvets and Silk Hats.

Don't judge the quality or style of these new Hats by the price—as they are selling elsewhere at TWICE our Special Prices:

### \$2.50 to \$5.50

#### QUILTING CHALLIES

First quality—NOT seconds or short-lengths. New patterns—

17c Yard



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Just received another beautiful lot, all strictly FAST colors and appropriate for School Dresses. 36 in. wide—

24c Yard

New Patterns and New Colors in

#### Devonshire Cloth

Nationally Famous

Acknowledged to be the best wearing material that you can buy. Absolutely fast colors. Nothing better for children's clothes. All first quality—no seconds. Special

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## Another Lot of New Dresses

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It just seems as though we cannot get enough of them and that every shipment surpasses previous ones in beauty and quality of materials.

This shipment is mostly ENGLISH PRINTS and the styles are suitable for AFTERNOON STREET WEAR. SPECIALLY PRICED, \$1.98.

#### FINAL CLEAN-UP IN BATHING SUITS

You can afford to buy a bathing suit and hold it over until next season at these UNHEARD OF PRICES.

WOMEN'S—\$1.19 to \$4.95  
MEN'S—\$2.95 to \$5.50  
Regular Values \$3.75 to \$7.50  
Genuine BRADLEY Suits.

White  
TERRY CLOTH BEACH COATS  
Closing Out at  
1.95  
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# J.W. BARNES Co.

NARBONNE AT WESTON ST. PHONE, LOMITA 304  
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### CATALINA ISLAND

THE MEMORY LINGERS  
Beautiful Hotel St. Catherine on the ocean front at Avalon. Transportation, room over night, four meals and Glass Bottom Boat ride (two to a room) leaves 6th and Main, L. A. 8 & 11. Motor Coach via Torrance at 9:15 a. m. direct to steamers, 10 a. m. with orchestra for dancing. Also afternoon sailing at 3:45 p. m. daily to Catalina via 6th & Main, L. A., at 3 p. m.; Long Beach 3:15 p. m. Nightly concerts by Catalina Marine Band.

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