

# The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

The World War brought great sorrow to untold numbers, none more bitter than that allotted to NAN MARRABY, who had parted from her sweetheart, retaining only his promise to make her his bride on his first leave home. She had learned of his serious injury. She had lived somehow through the weeks of waiting with news fragmentary and infrequent.

PETER LYSTER had finally returned to London, but when he faced his betrothed, he failed to show signs of recognition—the shell which laid him low had also robbed him of his memory. JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband is also serving, is living with Nan in a small London apartment. There we find

LIEUT. JOHN ARNOTT, pal of Peter's, attempting to persuade Nan to go down to his sister's home with him and Peter in the hope that Peter might under these favorable circumstances regain his memory. Nan finds it impossible to accept. Arnett starts to leave while Nan is lost in reverie.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

NAN tried to smile. They had planned such a time when he got his leave; his last letter to her before he was wounded had been full of all that he meant to do when he came home—one sentence he had written seemed to leap out of the past and stare at her:

"We'll spend our honeymoon in London, I think, Nan. There are such lots of places I haven't seen, and I shall love doing the rounds of the shops with you and buying you lots of things. I suppose you know that you haven't got a proper engagement ring yet, madam? That's the first thing we'll do the morning after I get home—go and choose a ring."

And now he was home, and he had forgotten her. He was quite content to go the rounds of the shops with John Arnett instead.

She went to the door with Arnett and bade him goodby.

"But I shall see you again, shan't I?" he asked anxiously. "We shan't be going down to my sister's just yet. I hope you will let me see you again."

Nan answered that she would be very pleased. At the back of her mind she was wondering if she dared ask Arnett where he and Peter were going that morning—if she dared go in the same direction herself, in the hope of meeting them. If she could just see Peter, just watch him from a distance, it would be something.

She shook hands with Arnett mechanically.

A telegraph boy ran up the steps as they stood there. He handed Nan a telegram.

"Name of Endicott?" he said laconically.

"For Joan," said Nan. A little pang of envy went through her heart. Once the sight of a telegram sent all her pulses racing, but now she cared less than nothing. She bade Arnett a hasty goodby and went in to find her friend.

Joan was only just dressing. She looked very frail and childish standing there with her hair tumbling about her shoulders. Nan spoke to her gently.

"A telegram, dear," she said.

Joan turned sharply, her face chalk-white. She dropped her brush with a clatter.

"For me? Oh, Nan, you open it—I'm so afraid!"

Nan laughed—she tore open the envelope carelessly, and drew out the message.

"Home on Friday, five days' leave—Tim."

She read the message aloud.

Joan gave a little hysterical scream.

"I don't believe it—you're teasing me... I just don't believe it!" She snatched the paper from Nan, read it, and burst into tears.

"Oh, it's just too wonderful—I'm so happy. Oh, Nan, you must hurry up and finish that pink blouse for me."

Nan walked out of the room without answering; she did not mean to be unkind or unsympathetic, but her heart felt like a stone.

She passed Joan's room and went into the little sitting room where the small bundle of letters returned to her by Arnett still lay on the table.

She picked them up and held them mechanically. It was quite time now that she woke up, she was telling herself. "I have had dreams like this before—not quite so bad, perhaps, but still very bad..."

Then steps sounded along the little passage outside, and Joan came into the room.

"I hope you won't think me very horrid," Joan said, in a sort of

Nan sighed her mother died and her father married again. That was years ago now; Nan had been a small child of nine then, but she could remember, as if it were yesterday, the night when her father brought his second wife up to the nursery and told Nan that she must love her.

For ten years she had been forced to stand it; ten years during which three small stepbrothers appeared to add to her burdens and push her more and more out of favor, till at last she had begged her father to allow her to leave home.

So Nan went to London with nothing but £10 and her own pluck to help her, and for a whole week she sat in the bed sitting room which she had taken in an



"I have had dreams like this before."

whisper. "But, of course, when Tim comes home he'll want me all to himself—he has said so so many times, and I was just wondering—you won't be hurt, Nan?—I was wondering if you'd mind going away for just those few days?"

Nan did not answer.

"You could go home just for a few days, couldn't you?" Joan went on. "Or to some friends—I'm sure you won't mind me asking you, but..." She looked up anxiously.

"No," said Nan; she gave a queer little laugh. "As you say, I can go home... or to some friends." And the thought of John Arnett's embarrassed invitation crossed her weary mind.

Joan gave a little sigh of relief. "I was sure you'd if I asked you," she said. "It was the first thought that came into my head after I read Tim's telegram. I've been without him so long, and we used to be so happy here just by ourselves."

Nan said yes, but she felt curiously hurt that Joan should be so anxious to get rid of her.

"I should have offered to go, anyway," she said, with a touch of dignity. "I quite understand how you feel."

But the tears smarted in her eyes as she went to her own room with her little parcel of letters. Home had never been home to her.

unattractive suburb and answered advertisements and tramped to and from agent's offices.

And then one day she answered an advertisement for the post of companion to a delicate lady, and got it.

The delicate lady proved to be one of the few women who did not regard a companion as someone to be treated not quite so well as a servant, and Nan stayed with her for two years.

Happy years they were, of uneventful, not at all exciting monotony, but it was better than being at home. Nobody ever spoke unkindly to her or made her feel that she was not wanted, and it was a real grief to Nan when one morning she went to Miss Lyster's room as usual to wake her, and found that the little lady had died in her sleep.

Mr. Rook, Miss Lyster's solicitor, came and went and was kind to Nan in his dry sort of way.

"You had better stay on for the present, my dear young lady," he said. "It is impossible to make final arrangements till I hear from Miss Lyster's nephew. Yes, there is a nephew, as, of course, you know."

"You will find that you have not been forgotten," Mr. Rook told her gently, and, later, when Miss Lyster's will was read, Nan found that she had been left a sufficiently large capital to bring her in sixty pounds a year.

Everything else went to Peter Lyster, but it was many weeks after Miss Lyster's death, and after the war had broken out, that the little maid who had stayed on with her came to the door to say that a soldier was asking to see Miss Lyster.

And that was how Nan met Peter.

Nan had also met Joan Endicott while she was with Miss Lyster, and when Tim joined the army the two girls went to live together, and had lived together ever since.

(To Be Continued)

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**LOCAL NOTES**

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blue of Rose street were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Reed of San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sandberg of Rose street are entertaining Mr. Sandberg's sister, of San Francisco.

Read Our Want Ads!

Mrs. Myrtle Barron and Mr. Martin, of Los Angeles, were entertained at dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Randles.

Miss Alice Johnson and Russell Northrop, of Hollywood, visited friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Ann Phillips entertained the members of the Methodist choir of San Pedro Tuesday evening. The respective husbands and wives of the choir members were also included in the party.

Several days of discomfort for Mrs. O. L. Pink of Chestnut street followed a bee sting on the eyelid.

W. C. Bright plans to leave Florida today for his home in Lomita. Mr. Bright will make the trip by auto, visiting in Nebraska and Wyoming en route.

## Professional Directory

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110 First National Bank Bldg.  
Phone 159 Torrance

**Dr. Norman A. Leake**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office, First National Bank Bldg.  
Telephone 90  
Residence, 1525 Marcelina Ave.  
Telephone 19-M

**J. R. JENSEN**  
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