

The One Who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

The monotonous whir-whir of the sewing machine that had been the only sound in the little room stopped suddenly, and Nan Marraby leaned her elbows on the table before her and ran her fingers through her rough hair with a weary gesture.

"Fed up, fed up, fed up," she said fiercely. Then all at once she laughed, looking across at the girl who sat in a low chair by the fire, with a newspaper spread on her knees.

Nan watched her for a moment in silence, a little frown bending her level brows; then she said gently:

"Leave that old casualty list alone, dear. What is the good of worrying yourself, when you know quite well that Tim is all right. It's no use crossing an imaginary bridge before you come to it." She pushed back her chair, and, rising, went over to her friend and, stooping, drew the newspaper gently away from her.

"I don't believe in meeting trouble more than half-way," she said briskly. "Heavens! what a sight I look!"

She had caught a glimpse of her reflection in a glass over the mantel-shelf, and she laughed, eyeing her roush hair ruefully.

"Why in the world didn't a kind Providence present me with a sleek head like yours?" she demanded. She glanced down at the smooth, fair hair of the girl beside her with envy. "I don't believe you're paying the least attention," she complained aggrievedly.

Joan Endicott raised her eyes. It was perfectly evident that she had not been listening.

"There are only three casualties in the—Middlesex today," she said. "Two wounded and one missing. Oh, Nan—"

"I absolutely decline to discuss the war," Nan broke in, curtly, though her eyes were very tender. "For heaven's sake let's pretend to be cheerful, even if we're not! Stand up, and let me try on your blouse—it's almost finished."

She took Joan's hand, dragging her to her feet.

"I should never smile at all if it wasn't for you," Joan said. And then she added:

"From all accounts Peter must be a wonderful man!"

Nan laughed.

"He isn't—not a little bit! I don't suppose you'd even call him good

looking. He's big—if you like a big man! I remember the first things that struck me about him were his eyes and the size of his boots." She laughed again, a tender little laugh of reminiscence, as she thought of the day when she had first met Peter Lyster; of the queer feeling that had seemed to shoot through every vein of her body; of the way that—for no earthly reason at all—she had felt the color rising in her face as she met the whimsical smile in his gray eyes.

She had known then, in a sudden flash of illumination, that this was the man for her, and he had told her afterwards that something of the same thought had crossed his own mind:

"This is the woman for me—this is the woman I have been waiting for all my life."

It was not often Nan allowed her thoughts to stray like this; she realized how necessary it was to keep a firm hand on herself during these days, for her own sake and also for the girl with whom she was sharing homes—the poor little wife of two happy years, who was wearing herself to a shadow for the sake of a man with a jolly laugh and a heart like a lion, who was facing death hundreds of times a day out in France.

But for Nan, Joan Endicott would have broken down under the strain of it months ago. It had been a kind

of Providence indeed that had sent Nan across her pathway just when Tim Endicott was called to face war with all its attendant horrors.

And it had been to Nan that trouble had come first.

Peter Lyster had been wounded seriously. Afterwards better news followed, and Nan drew a breath of relief and the strained look left her eyes a little, till now when she knew that he was out of danger and coming home.

"If it had been me I should have gone to France if I had had to walk every step of the way and swim the Channel," Joan said after a moment, her thoughts still with that fateful night when the yellow envelope had been put into Nan's hands.

Nan made a grimace.

"Ah, but then you're Tim's wife," she said ruefully. "And the war office don't recognize a sweetheart in the same way. I suppose it's all right, but..." She shrugged her shoulders. "Anyway, I shall see him soon," she added cheerfully.

She and Nan were a great contrast, for Nan was tall and straight; as a willow, with blue eyes that looked fearlessly at the world from beneath level brows, and a firm mouth with a whimsical line at one corner that gave it an odd, crooked sort of appearance, and a mass of thick brown hair that curled like a boy's about her face, and was caught up in a knot of artistic dishevelment at the back of her head.

The cotton overall she now wore was as blue as her eyes and the rather severely cut blouse was turned down at the neck, showing a white firm throat, and the glimpse of a thin gold chain on which, as Joan knew, hung Peter Lyster's big signet ring.

Nan wondered why she kept think-

ing of Peter as he had been when they parted, seeing that for the last six weeks she knew he had been in a base hospital.

She had tried so hard not to be impatient—not to let the dread and longing overwhelm her, but this evening the shadow she had kept at bay so determinedly was very persistent. It seemed to be hovering all about her, waiting for an unguarded moment in which to envelop her with its stifling embrace.

"Let's go out, I believe I'm tired of the house—let's go to a picture palace and laugh..." She broke off suddenly. There was a knock at the outer door of the little unpretentious flat which the two girls shared together.

Nan dared not look at Joan. She dared not raise her eyes from the glowing heart of the fire.

It seemed an eternity till the little maid servant went down the narrow passage from the kitchen to the front door—a lifetime until they heard the door open, years of torture till she came back again.

Nan was on her feet then—she had crossed the room and flung the door wide—she felt as if she were suffocating.

"Yes, who is it?"

"If you please, miss—a gentleman... his card, if you please, miss."

Nan grabbed the card.

"John Arnott, Lieutenant—the Middlesex."



"What would you tell me?"

looking. He's big—if you like a big man! I remember the first things that struck me about him were his eyes and the size of his boots." She laughed again, a tender little laugh of reminiscence, as she thought of the day when she had first met Peter Lyster; of the queer feeling that had seemed to shoot through every vein of her body; of the way that—for no earthly reason at all—she had felt the color rising in her face as she met the whimsical smile in his gray eyes.

She had known then, in a sudden flash of illumination, that this was the man for her, and he had told her afterwards that something of the same thought had crossed his own mind:

"This is the woman for me—this is the woman I have been waiting for all my life."

It was not often Nan allowed her thoughts to stray like this; she realized how necessary it was to keep a firm hand on herself during these days, for her own sake and also for the girl with whom she was sharing homes—the poor little wife of two happy years, who was wearing herself to a shadow for the sake of a man with a jolly laugh and a heart like a lion, who was facing death hundreds of times a day out in France.

But for Nan, Joan Endicott would have broken down under the strain of it months ago. It had been a kind

Boy and Blind Dad Make Good in Life

Charlotte.—For more than a year now, George and his blind dad, partners in "The Shack," have become an institution in the neighborhood of the new municipal building, but next week the basket shop and confectionery on wheels is to be moved two blocks east of its present location to the old East avenue church yard at East Trade and McDowell street.

Every afternoon George, that's his dad's 14 year-old son, takes his wars of candy, sodapop, and sandwiches and makes his rounds among the employees of the various offices in the city hall—that's one way George has of helping dad.

Over the Counter

And dad, that's A. W. Banks, serves his customer over the counter at the shack, many of whom come to buy and linger to learn the philosophy this exceptional character, who though blind for eight years and forced to commence life over again has never known the meaning of the word "discouraged."

Banks, who was a master mechanic, having worked at the trade since he was 12 years old until eight years ago became blind as the result of the minute particles that found their way into his eyes. At first only one of his eyes was effected but later he became totally blind.

Basket Maker

He is an expert basket maker and with this trade which he learned after he became blind and with the small confectionery business which he has operated at this location for the past year, Mr. Banks has supported his family.

Because the section in which "The Shack" is located is becoming too congested with other commercial activities, Dad and George have decided to move down the street two blocks where their shop will be more accessible to residential trade.

Statistics Worth Remembering

Meeklenburg Times.

Knowing that hundreds of school boys and girls read The Meeklenburg Times, and the teachers, too, we are giving the following facts and suggest that they be posted in the history books or in the school rooms. Knowing these facts should make any one proud of our country:

The United States is the richest country in the world.

The bank deposits in the United States exceed by millions the combined bank deposits of the whole world outside of this country.

We have more actual cash than any other nation.

Our national wealth at the time of the Civil War was about \$7,000,000,000; at the present it is \$225,000,000,000.

In a single year we produce by manufacture and agriculture more than the entire national wealth of France.

England's wealth is only \$80,000,000,000, as against our \$225,000,000,000.

Of all the wheat in the world we produce 22 per cent.

Of all the oats in the world, 25 per cent.

Of all the cotton, 60 per cent.

Of all the corn, 80 per cent.

Of all the horses, 25 per cent.

Of all the cattle, 27 per cent.

Of all the hogs, 40 per cent.

Of all the world's dairy products 25 per cent.

One-half of the world's pig iron

is made from ore mined in the United States of America.

America produces 50 per cent. of the world's copper.

And 60 per cent. of the world's petroleum.

Besides this, we produce 25 per cent. of the total production of woolens of the earth.

Twenty-five per cent. of the linens

Twenty-five per cent. of the cotton cloth.

Forty-five per cent. of the paper.

Twenty-five per cent. of the glass.

Thirty-six per cent. of the shoes.

And fifty per cent. of the steel products.

And we do this, having but five per cent. of the world's population.

Where Money Fails.

(From the North Carolina Christian Advocate.)

It is good to have money. Even the man who values it least will agree to that. And it is good to have many of the things that money can buy. But did you ever take an inventory of the things that money cannot buy? The list is a very long one and they are the treasures of life that enrich the treasure-house of the soul. Money cannot buy love. More than one millionaire can bear witness to this mournful fact. Money cannot buy peace. The spirit of the rich which is like the troubled sea that cannot rest will testify that such is true. In fact, most of the furnishings of the spirit, those riches that abide, are far beyond the purchasing power of money. A man is not necessarily poor who can in say, "Silver and gold have I none." Peter and John at the temple gate were not poor. For they had gifts to offer that could send the crippled beggar on his way "leaping and praising God." Gold can turn to dust, silver becomes ashes, and the spirit of man, starved and distressed, die amid the inevitable desolation of materialism. "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which is satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

Randolph farmers did not have a good local market for their turkeys, so County Agent E. S. Millsaps sold 10,000 pounds to a New York firm. This, with a previous carlot shipment made before Thanksgiving, relieved the existing surplus.

J. O. U. A. M.
Meets Every Tuesday Night
WEBB'S HALL
Visiting Brethren Welcome.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Amanda Costner and husband, Frank Costner, to the undersigned trustee for G. H. Stamey on July 31st, 1924, which deed of trust is registered in the office of the register of deeds of Cleveland county, N. C., in Book 124, page 271, as security for \$300.00 due November 15th, 1925, and the same not having been paid when due, and the undersigned having been called upon to execute the trust therein specified, the undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash at 12 m.,

Monday, February 15th, 1926,

the following described property:

Lying in No. 10 township, Cleveland county, North Carolina, on the waters of Buffalo creek, adjoining lands of Marvin Lutz, C. L. London and J. L. Sain and Buffalo mill tract.

Beginning at a poplar by the side of the old Shelby road, and runs S. 75 W. 9 poles to a stone in the old line; thence with it S. 23 1-4 E. 40 poles to a stone, the old corner; thence with the old line N. 64 1-4 E. to a stake on the west bank of the creek; thence up the creek as it meanders to the mouth of the mill race; thence S. 2 1-2 W. 9 poles to a pine now down; on South bank of the creek; thence N. 87 3-4 W. 13 2-5 poles to the beginning, containing 6 acres, more or less.

This January 15th, 1926.

BYNUM E. WEATHERS, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S RE-SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a Deed of Trust, executed to me on December 11th, 1920, by George R. Champion securing the balance of the purchase price of real estate to Sallie J. Mauney, guardian of Elizabeth O. Moss, and default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness and being called upon to execute the trust, I, as trustee, will sell for cash at public auction to the highest bidder, at the court house door in the town of Shelby, N. C., on

Saturday, February 6th, 1926,

within legal hours the following described real estate, situated in No. 5 Township, Cleveland county, N. C., and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a large hickory, the old corner and runs thence with the old line North 52 1-2 West 75 poles to a stone in said line, thence a new line North 56 1-2 East 87 poles to a stone in Dr. Goode's line, thence with his line South 36 East 49 poles to a stone his corner in the old line, thence with the old line S. 38 W. 69 1-5 poles to the beginning, containing 30 1-8 acres more or less, the same being the southern portion of the M. Moss tract of land, being one-half of said land and being all of the J. F. and George M. Moss entire interest in said tract of land and being that same tract which was conveyed to W. H. Moss by Joe. F. Moss and George M. Moss and wife by deed dated February 6th 1904 and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, N. C. in book of deeds, "NN" page 269. Bidding will begin at \$787.50.

This January 20th, 1926.

JOHN R. MULL, Trustee.

Ryburn & Hoey, Attys.

What America Has Learned from Greeks

We have with us learned gentlemen sent to settle the Greek war debt to the United States, Messrs. Eulambie, Coffinas and Diamantopoulos.

Some red blooded Americans may suggest that those are "queer names." Let them learn from R. W. Livingston, of Oxford, that Greek names are nobler than our own, with real meaning. "Aristocrates means noble power, Aspasias means welcome, Cleomenias means famous might."

That is better than being called "Butts" or "Ramsbottom" or "Moo" or "Peabody," says the learned Livingston.

Never judge others by their names hastily.

As for the money that Greece owes the country we might well say to the Greeks, "Keep it, in return for what your ancestors have taught us about government, philosophy, abstract ideas and words to describe them."

"Politics, tyranny, democracy, anarchism, philosophy, physiology, geology, history"—all those are Greek words, What would our orators, "statesmen" and scientists do without them?

When Maimonides, great Hebrew scholar, sought to translate Aristotle and other Greek philosophers into Hebrew, no words existed in that language to express abstract ideas, and he had to manufacture them, giving a Hebrew form to Greek words. For that the great synagogue in Spain excommunicated him, but his reputation has survived.

Feminism won't worry us a great deal until somebody begins to hold beauty contests for males.

You can always tell a one-eyed head. It is cracked.

The intelligent use of lime will improve the soil and will help to produce better yields of legume crops in North Carolina. Magnesium limestone under tobacco makes better quality and yield of weed.

The Usual Result.

"What are those terrible yellow, officer?" demanded an excited pedestrian, as unearthly screams issued from an office window.

"I investigated and it's all right," assured the cop. "A painless dentist is trying to operate on himself."

That Air What?

Daughter had just returned from finishing school. "That air—" her father began as they sat down in the dining room.

"Father dear," the girl interrupted, "You should say that something or preferably just that. It's vulgar to say that air."

"Well, this air—" the father began again.

"No," said the daughter; "You must avoid such expression as 'this Here.'"

"Look here my girl," said the father "I'm going to say exactly what I mean. That air is bad for this ear of mine, and I'm going to shut the window."

Tom Tarheel say he enjoys his work as a member of the county board of agriculture, but it made him hustle to do the things on his place that he was pushing for the county.

Twice the value of manure is obtained when spread with a spreader to say nothing of the saving in hard disagreeable work. The spreader puts out the manure evenly and assures an even stand of grain, says D. S. Weaver, agricultural engineer at State College.

WHERE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST

J.C. Penney Co.

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION-
DEPARTMENT STORES
—MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING—
SHELBY, N. C.

New Spring Millinery

The Last Word in Style

You can easily tell by one glance that these distinctive new Hats will be captivating when tried on! The lines are smart and the trimmings new and beautiful! Silk and straw combinations. Ranging in price from,

98c to \$4.98

WHERE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having purchased the stock of merchandise and Hudson-Essex agency from Hoey Motor Company, we desire to say to patrons of that concern that we will continue the business in the same building and along the same lines. We assure you we shall try to give the highest class service and endeavor to take care of your needs in a satisfactory way.

We will greatly appreciate the continued patronage of the many friends of the Hoey Motor Company and all Hudson-Essex owners as well as all car owners.

We will make a specialty of repair work, washing and greasing cars and carry a full line of supplies, accessories, tires, tubes, Etc.

Arey Brothers

—DEALERS—
113 & 115 South Washington Street. Phone 265.
—HUDSON-ESSEX— —CHEVROLET—
(Best Six Cylinder Value On The American Market.) (Best Four Cylinder Value On The American Market.)