The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell-shock on the Western Front. Upon return to London from France he fails to recognize

NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he became engaged before leaving for France. Nan has returned to her home, but is still in touch with her friend

JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband is spending a few days in London on leave. Nan meets

JOHN ARNOTT, a fellow officer with Peter, who informs her that he is spending a few days at the home of his widowed sister and that Peter is with him. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister and annoyed by the attentions of

HARLEY SEFTON, a money lender who has been visiting her father. Sefton has now come to visit Nan. He tells her that although he and Peter were great friends, Peter failed to recognize him when they met on the road nearby. Nan turns from his advances, until he becomes aroused and indicates that her father is his debtor and that Peter also owes him a great sum of money. Nan becomes enraged and cries "It's a lie, a lie."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Sefton laughed sneeringly.

"You're a plucky champion," he said. "The more so as the man you are defending is nothing to you."

He watched her closely as he spoke, and it gave him a sort of satisfaction to see the color die from her face, to see the proud poise of her head falter.

"There are some people whom one defends instinctively from such a man as you," she retorted. "I wonder you are not ashamed to stand there and tell such abominable lies. Mr. Lyster is nothing to me any more, but—"

Sefton laughed.

"Or is it that you are nothing to him?" he asked insolently.

Nan's eyes blazed.

"Oh, if I were a man I'd thrash you within an inch of your life!" she said passionately. "To dare to come here and offer me your friendship and then insult me like this!"

She walked past him to the door.

Sefton watched her.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to fetch my father and ask him to turn you out of the house," she answered.

Sefton laughed.

"Do, by all means; but I'm afraid he won't oblige you."

There was a note of certainty in his voice that arrested Nan's attention. She looked back at him.

Sefton was leaning over a chair back, tapping the heel of his boot with a riding-crop he carried.

"You will find your father would infinitely prefer that I remain," he said coolly.

Nan's blue eyes search his face; she caught her breath.

"I suppose you will be telling me next that my father owes you money as well?" she said scornfully.

"It would be no more than the truth," he answered.

He raised himself suddenly from his stooping position, and crossing the room to where she stood stretched a hand above her head and shut the door.

"Look here, Miss Marraby," he said more gently. "I'm not out to quarrel with you—I admire you more than any woman I've met in all my life, and—"

"Thank you," said Nan furiously. "Your admiration is an honor which I can do without."

He smiled.

"Very well, let it go at that. You don't like me for some reason, but I assure you that I can be a very good friend to you and—your family, if you will allow me. My business I suppose, you despise—most women do. I believe—but I'm what you might call an unfortunate necessity. If your father was not borrowing money from me he would be borrowing it from somebody else, and I daresay I am treating him better than a good many people might in the same circumstances. With regard to Lyster—"

"I don't wish to listen to you—I believe you're lying—I don't believe my father ever borrowed a penny from you in his life, or from anybody else—"

She faced him proudly, but her heart was beating with unformed fear.

Sefton shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well—go and ask him—I will come with you, if you like."

He stood aside from the door, opened it, and looked at her. "Well? Shall we go and ask him?"

"No," said Nan.

Her courage seemed to have deserted her, though she did not show it, she was afraid of this man; it seemed to her that there was some underlying motive in all he was saying—that he was just leading up to a point which had been forming in his mind ever since their meeting in the train.

Sefton shut the door again and walked over to the fireplace.

"Will you listen to me for a moment?" he said, presently. He did not wait for her to speak, he went on:

"Many a man gets into difficulties through no fault of his own. There is no disgrace in getting into difficulties, as you would know, if you had seen the ruin brought about by this accursed war, as I have. Your father has been—unfortunate! I am telling you no more than the truth, Miss Marraby, when I say that I have saved him from absolute ruin. He is a weak man—but I suppose you know that. I advanced him money which would tide him over a temporary embarrassment—that is all."

Nan looked up then—her eyes were fierce.

"At a hundred per cent?" she asked, cuttingly.

"That is beside the point," he answered. "One has to pay for assistance nowadays. . . . But with regard to Lyster. . ."

She sprang to her feet.

"I refuse to discuss him with you—I refuse to allow his name to be mentioned. You pretended to be a friend of his—"

He raised his brows.

"If Lyster has played the game he must have told you what I was," he said. "Lyster is a very average man, though I don't expect I can

"Am I to let him go? It rest with you."

convince you that he is. Before you knew him he went the pace very much as the average man with no ties to steady him does go the once. I'm not quarreling with him for that—but he owes me money—more money than he can repay at present, anyway. And the question is—am I to ask him for it—or not?"

Nan did not understand what he meant.

Sefton went on:

"Lyster is suffering from loss of memory—so he says . . ."

"He is. How dare you suggest anything else?"

"Very well, then, he is. But with the other case, of which I told you in my mind I am naturally rather suspicious. I met Lyster yesterday down the road, and he did not know me." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well—He owes me money . . . if he has lost his memory, he has probably forgotten that he owes me money. This is what I wished to ask your advice about—am I to let him go? It rests with you."

He had moved closer to her again now; his head was craned forward in a peculiarly eager fashion.

Nan fell back from him.

"I don't know what you mean," she said breathlessly.

He laughed unpleasantly.

"I think you do. However, perhaps it is rather early days yet for me to explain, seeing that this is only the third time we have met."

He took up his hat and the riding-whip from the table.

"I wish you good-day," he said.

The gate creaked protestingly as he shut it, and then all was silence.

Nan stood where he had left her, her hands grasping the chair-back. She felt as if the afternoon had been a bad dream.

No wonder the boys had not liked Sefton; no wonder her own instinct had warned her against him.

And her father and Peter both owed him money!

"I don't believe it!" she said aloud. "A man like that would say anything. I don't believe it!"

She began mechanically to clear away the tea-things. She carried them out to the little maid, who was straining her eyes by the twilight to read a noveletee; then she opened the side door and went out into the garden.

It was not dark yet. A breath of cool air stirred the trees and fanned Nans hot face.

The words Sefton had spoken to her burned her heart. No man had ever dared speak so to her before.

"And I've never been afraid of anyone in all my life," she told herself, trembling. "What has happened to me?"

She had even been afraid to go to her father and tell him what had occurred; why was this? Deep down in her heart she knew; knew that though she had called Sefton a liar and refused to believe what he had said, something had told her that he had spoken the truth.

Nan had never been on affectionate terms with her father.

She knew that, no matter how deeply involved he might be, he would never make a confidante of her.

And now the menacing figure of Harley Sefton had stepped in.

What had he meant when he said that it rested with her whether or not he asked Peter to repay the money he had borrowed?

Nan had not the faintest idea—she walked up and down in the dusky garden racking her brains for a solution.

What had he meant by hinting that Peter was shamming?—she remembered her own doubts and fear stabbed her heart.

She reached the gate, and for a moment leaned over it, looking down the road to the village beyond, where a few lights twinkled faintly through the darkness.

Peter! What was he doing now? Jealousy of Arnott's sister rose again in her mind; Arnott had said that she was one of the best—supposing Peter got to like her, and then to love her. . .

Unconsciously Nan figured the ring which she wore at her neck; she had always felt that she got courage from touching it, but tonight it left her cold.

"You've got no pluck, my girl," she told herself fiercely. She clutched her hands on the cold iron spikes at the top of the gate till they hurt her soft flesh.

"Nan—Nan. . ." One of the boys called from the house behind her.

(To Be Continued)

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Education Does Not Always Spell Success Says He

Mr. Elliott Thinks Vacation is Time to Steal and Smoke. Discusses Eight Months School.

(By J. C. Elliott for The Star.)

We note in The Star, under the caption "Dover, Falls and Newton, Urge Eight Months School System." This question is popular with teachers school board, etc., interested in a lrage school fund. Education begins at the dawn of life and extends far into mature age. It covers all that children should know for their well-being in all the affairs of life. A child under favorable conditions learns more in the first 7 years of life than the like period afterwards. They then begin to compare cause and effect, and can ask questions that the best scholars can not answer. Their education should not stop any day in any year. Text books at school are to enable them to carry on their education and gain knowledge useful to them. In school age they should work and play, and study school books every day. Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography, lay the foundation for any subject they may ever care to study. History may be read at leisure, enough to see the errors, mistakes and superstitions of their ancestors, so they may avoid them. Few of the most useful people are literary or classical scholars. Mr. Dover, one of Cleveland county's most successful business men only attended school eight months had he gone four years through high school and four years through college, he might have been a teacher, teaching boys how to keep clean hands and beating the world out of a lazy living or he might have been a pettafogger lawyer or a seedy politician or a statesman without a regular job. But the man that can make a good mouse-trap is more useful than all of them. Henry Ford the most successful business man in all history was less than a high school scholar and knew little of ancient history—but he is a great maker of modern history. When he was contesting a senatorial election he had been cheated out of—the lawyers had much fun exposing his ignorance. He could not tell the cause of the war of 1812—with England. Answering that he had not studied much history. Had he been able to answer that question he would have known less about automobiles and more people would still be walking. They say country children should have the same schooling as in the towns and cotton mills where children are not allowed to work until they are 14 years old the few hours they are given in school is all the time they are out of mischief. While country children are put to work at school age. If I was operating a cotton mill, with congregated idle children I would favor a 12 months school of ten hours a day six days a week and not give them four months vacation to smoke cigarettes and plan to rob stores. Children not put to work under 14 years will never learn to love it and will contrive to live without it. But the slogan is high schools and the tall brick buildings are going up on borrowed money at any cost. And children are loaded down with books that lead away from useful work.

Engineer Dreads Grade Crossings

As He Approaches One, Deep Down Is Feeling of Apprehension

Asheville.—How does it feel to sit in a cab of a locomotive and watch it go charging down upon a helpless automobile at a grade crossing?

That question has been asked a great many times and different engineers, giving their own personal reactions, have offered totally differents answers. All, however, have managed to express something of the hororr, the feeling of helplessness, that comes when tons of angry steel go hurtling stubbornly along, in spite of brakes and screeching rails, to crash into some car.

One engineer, here recently, sighed deeply when the subject was brought to his attention, and stated that he never blew for a grade crossing but that deep down in his heart there was not a feeling of apprehension—a feeling that perhaps some fool automobile driver would take a chance—would try to beat the flying locomotive over the grade crossing, and that grim tragedy would stalk into the little drama.

The nerve strain, made more intense by the increase in motor traffic on the roads, is felt keenly by the men behind the throttle of the locomotives, that much was made plain. The feeling that perhaps at the next crossing would come that staggering accident which almost all engineers dread almost worse than death itself, the slaughter of innocent persons through lack of vigilance on the part of the driver.

The majority of drivers are becoming more careful. That was the observation of one engineer who had spent many years with his gaze glued to the shining rails ahead of his flying engine. But the vast increase in the number of drivers causes the menace of the grade crossings to increase rather than diminish and there is often a prayer of thankfulness from the man at the throttle when an underpass or an overead bridge divided the grades and removes another death trap from his daily grind.

And that's the story of the Antinoe and the saving of her men from graves in mid-Atlantic as Michael Matthews, of the furnace room, told it to me.

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