

The One who Forgot

By 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 became engaged prior to his departure from France. Nan has since returned to her home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. Nan is still in touch with

JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband has just returned to London on leave. Joan hints that Nan ought to stop grieving over Peter and encourage the budding of love of

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is staying at the home of the former's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister while very much disgusted with the attention of

HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, whom she first met through Peter before he joined his command. Since his return Peter has failed to resignify him. Sefton has told Nan that both Peter and her father owe him large sums of money and that it is up to her to say whether payment shall be demanded.

ARNOTT and his sister have stopped in for tea, they are discussing the love of children (he had left the auto to walk in with Nan's stepbrothers) when Arnott announces their arrival.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
Nan turned her head to the window. The boys and Peter were coming up the garden—Claudie and Buster were hanging on to either arm. Jim was walking backwards a little in front, and all three were talking at the top of their voices.

"I must make some more tea," she said hurriedly. "If you will excuse me for a moment..."

She went quickly away; she wanted to compose herself a little before meeting Peter. As soon as she had gone Doris looked at her brother. "Well?" he said rather awkwardly, meeting her eyes, "what do you think of her?"

Mrs. Mears shrugged her shoulders.

"I think she is quite—nice," she said reluctantly. "How long have you known her, John?"

"Oh—years!" Arnott said hurriedly. "At least, if it isn't, it seems like years."

"You've never told me about her before."

He ran an agitated hand over his crooked head.

"No; you see, I never thought you'd meet; and one gets to know so many people when one knocks about the world like I do." He seized upon the cake plate. "Have some more cake?"

"No, thank you." She leaned back in her chair and looked at her small reflection in a long, old-fashioned glass opposite.

"And how long has Miss Marraby known Peter?" she asked suddenly.

Arnott was spared the embarrassment of a reply by the entry of Peter himself with the three boys. The boys stopped on the threshold in confusion when they saw that Nan was not there. They were not allowed in the drawing room, as a rule.

"But if you are very good, you may have tea here today," Nan said, appearing behind them. "But no jam, mind, and no sticky fingers on the cushions."

She turned to Peter with a friendly little smile. She put down the fresh teapot she carried and shook hands with him.

"I don't know how you are off for servants," she said to Mrs. Mears, "but we only have one small maid."

so I have to help her." "It's getting a most serious question—this shortage of maids," Mrs. Mears answered. "Fortunately I have three excellent ones, but I'm always dreading that they will give notice and go and make munitions or something."

"You don't want three maids," her brother struck in bluntly. "It's absurd."

Doris colored in faint annoyance. "My dear boy!" she protested. "Arnott laughed."

"Well, if the war goes on much longer you'll all be doing your own work," he said. "How would you like that, Miss Marraby?"

"There are a great many things I should like more," Nan told him calmly. "I'm rather fond of housework. When I was with Miss Lyster—" She pulled herself up sharply. She shot a frightened look at Peter, hoping he had not heard, but it was too late. He was looking across at her inquiringly.

"Miss Lyster?" he echoed. "What Miss Lyster were you with, Miss Marraby?"

Nan's hand jerked suddenly, knock



"Are You Engaged?"

ing over her teacup; its contents trickled over the cloth and fell dripping on to the rather shabby carpet—the boys screamed with delight—Arnott produced a handkerchief and went down on his knees.

Nan gave a little cry of protest. "Oh, please, don't—it won't hurt the carpet at all; I'll fetch a cloth."

She fled from the room; the blood was singing in her ears; when she reached the kitchen she forgot what she had come for—she stood there staring helplessly before her till the little maid asked timidly what she wanted.

Nan aroused herself then with a start.

"Nothing—at least—I've spilt some tea."

"It's all soaked in," Jim said as

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Nan arrived. "Soaked in," Claudie echoed. "Nan went down on her knees; she mopped the little pool up vigorously. "It won't show at all," she said breathlessly. "How clumsy of me! It's a good thing it wasn't one of you boys," she added, with pretended severity.

She hoped desperately that Peter had forgotten his question; she suggested a walk in the garden. She unbolted the long French window and went out on to the grass with Doris Mears.

"I hope you will come and see me, Miss Marraby," Doris said. "I live very quietly—I lost my husband two years ago, you know."

"Yes," said Nan. "Mr. Arnott told me—I am so sorry."

"It was dreadful at first," Mrs. Mears said, with a sigh. "I thought I couldn't go on living at all—but—well, I have, you see. I try to do what I can to help others..." She raised her dark eyes to Nan with disconcerting suddenness. "Are you engaged?" she asked.

Nan was looking straight ahead of her.

"I was," she said, steadily. "But it is at an end now."

"And was he in the war, too?" Mrs. Mears asked.

"Yes," said Nan. "There was a little silence."

"He was not—killed?" the elder girl asked, again.

"No."

Mrs. Mears touched the little military ribbon Nan still wore.

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"Who is the Miss Lyster you spoke of at tea-time?" he asked suddenly. "Nan colored."

"Oh, it's only somebody I used to know a long while ago," she said evasively. "It's not a very uncommon name, you know."

"He kept his eyes downbent moodily."

"I thought perhaps it might have been someone I ought to have known," he said. "I suppose I have some relations somewhere or other."

He looked at her suddenly.

"Are you feeling happier today?" he asked abruptly.

Nan flushed scarlet.

"I don't want to be reminded of last night," she said, vehemently. "I made an utter and complete fool of myself. Please, try and forget it."

There was a silence.

"Do you often walk in the woods?" he asked.

"Sometimes—I haven't much time."

"And do you like Mrs. Mears?" Peter asked then.

Nan hesitated.

"Well, I can hardly say—I've never seen her before, you know. She's pretty isn't she?"

She longed for him to disagree with her.

Peter glanced across to where Mrs.

Mears was talking to her brother. "Yes; I suppose one would call her pretty," he said, at last. "She is small and dainty..."

"And men always like small and dainty women," Nan said. She hated herself for having said it, but she could not help it.

"Do they?" Lyster asked. "Nan went with them to the gate. The car was drawn up at the roadside, and the chauffeur was half-asleep in his seat."

"She must have plenty of money," Nan thought with a pang.

"And you'll come over and see us?" Mrs. Mears was asking her. "I should love you to see my boy. John must drive over one day and fetch you. Will you, John?"

John would be delighted, he said. Which day should he come? Any day would suit him.

"I think we had better leave it for a little while," Nan answered. "I am so busy; there is such a lot to do."

"If you leave it too long I shall be back in France," he told her ruefully.

Nan glanced at Peter; he was not attending.

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Mr. J. A. Arey Dairy Specialist of the Division of Extension is planning to be with me next week and we are planning on having feed schools right out on the farm of the breeder and I hope you can arrange to attend one of these meetings. We expect to figure out a balanced ration the cheapest and best ration for dairy cows and one that can be grown at home. If you have any feed problems bring them along.

Feeding is the dairyman's and cattle breeder's greatest problems today and I want you to come to one of these meetings and urge your neighbors to come with you.

Meetings will be held at the following places:

Mr. Rastus Dixons home near Bethlehem School Tuesday, March 9th, 1926 at 2 P. M.

Mr. Tom Cornwells' Wednesday, March 10th, 1926 at 2 P. M.

Mr. Coran Campbells near Union, March 11th, 1926 at 2 P. M.

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