

The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY
PETER LYSER loses his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize **NAN MARRABY**, the girl to whom he became engaged before he went away. Nan, heart-broken, has returned to her home and is caring for her three motherless stepbrothers. She has been in constant communication with **JOAN ENDICOTT**, in London but fails to follow Joan's advice to forget Peter and make up to his fellow officer and friend, **JOHN ARNOTT**, with whom he has been resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate. Instead Nan has become desperate, and has agreed to marry the man she hates most in the world—**HARLEY SEFTON**, money lender, who holds her father's notes for great sums of money and also says that Peter owes him considerable in loans made before he was injured. **PETER**, still unaware of the true state of affairs, leaves for London as soon as he hears of Nan's engagement. There his taxi has a collision with another hack. Peter offers to escort the lone passenger of the damaged taxi to her destination in his own conveyance. Enroute his companion speaks of going to Nan, and by careful prompting he elicits the information that he is the man who is breaking Nan's heart. As the taxi arrives at the station Peter turns to the young woman besides him.

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He sat staring down at the dusty floor of the carriage; Joan watched him intently. She was not quite sure of him yet; it all seemed strange and unbelievable to her. Suddenly she moved a little along the seat towards him. "What are you going to do?" she asked gently. "What do you want me to do?" He raised his unhappy eyes to hers. "What can I do?" he asked. "It's all so impossible." Joan considered for a moment. "I should like to help you," she said, frankly. "I should like to help you, too—if there is anything I can do—anything—I will, I promise you." "Thank you—I am sure you will. And there is something—will you find out why she is going to marry that fellow Sefton?" "If I can—and if you are sure that she is. But Nan is so reserved when she wants to be; perhaps she won't tell me. And, Mr. Lyster—may I ask you a question?" Her voice was a little shy and uncertain. "Please," said Peter. "Well—perhaps I shouldn't ask, but Nan is my best friend—and so you see—what I mean is—supposing she—she was free today,

would you . . . would your . . . would you . . . she broke off, not liking to continue, but her meaning was obvious. Peter did not look up. (To Be Continued)

Invitation. Almost. Say, you going to be busy this evening? She—No, I'm not. He—Then you won't be tired in the morning, will you?—Paralinder.



"Nan wrote to you for months from my flat."

Favors Dobbin



Dobbin is going to kick the motor truck into the back lot, according to Dean C. F. Curtis, Iowa State College, who recommends a government subsidy for horses.

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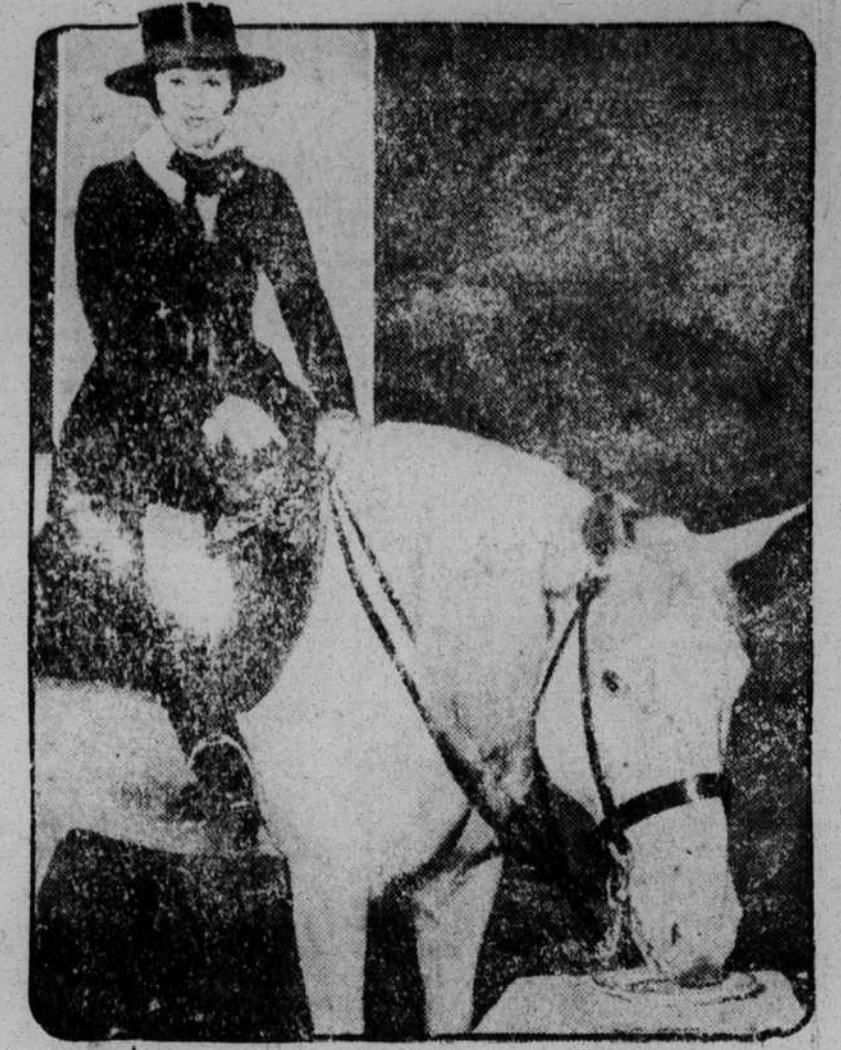
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--- FANNING'S ---

Police Horse Attends Banquet



When 50 Cincinnati, O., police horses were ordered sold a farewell dinner was given for one of the horses in a hotel. The photo shows the horse eating sugar from a table in the main dining room.

Lawndale News of Recent Interest

Lawndale, March 20.—The minstrel show given at Piedmont High School this evening was thoroughly enjoyed by thrilling bits of conversation and songs. The auditorium was practically full, the net proceeds exceeding sixty dollars. The blackfaces surely acted with "negroly" dignity showing that the negro speech and funny sayings can effectively be transposed and efficiently rendered on a stage. The songs fitted in well—the latest numbers, and were properly interpreted. V. L. Turner the interlocutor directed the first part successfully—who was the "white-face negro." The olio and afterpiece went off snappy and peppy relating the several talents of minstrel ability. The negroes that shone the brightest were Messrs. Alvin Propst, Fletcher Sain, Tom Cornwell, Albert Eskridge and Homer Burton. The others, Durham

Whisnant, Roy Propst, Floyd Hallman, Barney Brackett, Glenn Harrill, Robert Carson, Fields Loney, Norris Wilson, Glenn Powell. Miss Ethel Elmore, director the music department of the school directed the songs in their rendition. As a whole the minstrel was a success and positively the performers gained a great deal of benefit for such an experience and the audience derived enjoyment and fun by its production. P. G. GALLOP The Heavy End Clerk—I've made a great discovery, sir. Grocer—Well, what is it? Clerk—I've found out that the heavy end of a match is the light end. "He isn't having a fit," said the waiter. "He's a Florida man and a California breakfast orange hit him in the eye."

"WORRY? I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD."

If you're building a home -- do you hope to always be in a position to sincerely make the above quoted remark?

Having dreamed and planned and worked hard to gain the goal you're about to realize, you per-haps at times, have known some discouragement. But you're happy now. And you want to preserve that happiness -- to leave nothing undone that might deprive you of it. Then -- take this bit of friendly advice:

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February 24, 1926.

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