THE CLEVELAND STAR, SHELBY, N. C.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1926.

The One who Forgot

BEGIN HERE TODAY PETER LYSTER 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. heartbroken, 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 ber 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.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY "I don't know in the least who you are," Peter said rapidly, "and I dare say you will think I am mad when I ask you-when I beg of you-to let me speak to you for a moment. Please don't be afraid," he broke out agitatedly as Joan shrank back from him in evident alarm. "I'm not going to hurt you or frighten you: I just want you to help me- I just beg of you to be kind and heln me.' tl was impossible not to believe in his agitation; Joan stared at him with fascinated eyes.

"But-but I don't even know who you are," she said in a frightened voice. "-I've never seen you until from my flat." today-oh . . . oh. I don't know who you are," she said again.

the truth with the desperation of letters from you as you were not necessity. "I'm Peter Lyster."

"Peter Lyster!" she echoed his tent to wait. And then-one evening

him intently. She was not quite sure of him vet; was obvious. able to her.

Suddenly she moved a little along "Tell me who you are," Peter said. the seat towards him. She smiled.

"What are you going to do?" she "I'm Joan Endicott, Nan and I asked gently. have lived together for ever so long me to do?' "What do you want ever since you and Tim went to He raised his unhappy eyes to

the war; she must have told you hers.

about me-she wrote to you for "What can I do?" he asked. "It's months from my flat-" all so impossible."

"Did she?" said Peter; h.s voice Joan considered for a moment. sounded humiliated. "I can't remem- "I should like to help vou." she ber having any letters . . . I can't said, frankly. "I should like to help remember your name, or ever writ- Nan, too-if there is anything I can ing to a woman at all. . ." He do-anything-I will, I promise brought his clenched fist down on you."

his knee heavily. "My God, it's "Thank you-I am sure you will. hard!" he said, with sudden passion. And there is something-will you "It's not fair-I ought to have been find out why she is going to marry told-I ought to have been stopped that fellow Sefton?

from hurting anyone as- as 1 must | "If I can-and if you are sure that have hurt her. she is. But Nan is so reserved when "It nearly broke her heart," Joan she wants to be; perhaps she won't said. She was enjoying herself now tell me. And, Mr. Lyster-may I ask this was better than all the novels you a question?"

she had read-she meant to let Her voice was a little shy and un-Peter know exactly what Nan had certain. suffered. "Please," said Peter.

He moved restlessly. "Co on-tell me all about it." "Well-perhaps I shouldn't ask, "There isn't much to tell. . it but Nan is my best friend-and so was after you were wounded. Nan . . . you see- what I mean ishad been so patient and plucky_ supposing she- she was free today,



Jobbin is going to kick the motor truck into the back tot, according to Then he told her; he blurted out they told her she mustn't expect any Dean C. F. Curtis, Iowa State Col-

well enough to write; and she sad she didn't mind, that she was con-

name with a little cry-the color Mr. Arnott came to the flat-neither rushed to her face. "Peter!-then of us knew him, but Nan had had a . oh, I dont believe it," letter from him once from France-

He sat staring down at the dusty would you would your . . Invitation, Almost. floor of the carriage; Joan watched would you . . . " she broke off, not Say, you going to be busy this liking to continue, but her meaning evening?

it all seemed strange and unbeliev. Peter did not look up. (To Be Continued)

----Sue-No, I'm not. He -Then you won't be tired in the

morning, will you ?- Paratinder.



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lege, who recommends a government subsidy for horses.



Police Horse Attends Banquet

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

Lawndale News of

Whisnant, Roy Propst, Floyd Hallman, Barney Brackett, Glenn Harrill, Recent Interest Robert Carson, Fields Loney, Norris Wilson, Glenn Powell.

practically full, the net proceeds ex- gained a great deal of benefit for ceeding sixty dollars.

The blackfaces surely acted with derived enjoyment and fun by its "negroly" dignity showing that the production 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 enterpreted.

M. L. Turner the interlocutor di- ery, sir. rected the first part successfullywho was the "white-face negro." The py and peppy relating the several end. talents of minstrel ability. The ne-

"He isn't having a fit", said the groes that shone the brightest were Messrs. Alvin Propst, Fletcher Sain, waiter. "He's a Florida man and a Tom Cornwell, Elbert Eskridge and California breakfast orange hit him Homer Burton. The others, Durham in the eye."

Lawndale. March 20 .- The minis- Miss Ethel Elmore, director the trel show given at Piedmont High music department of the school ai-School this evening was thoroughly rected the songs in their rendition. enjoyed by thrilling bits of conversa- As a whole the ministrel was a suc-

such an experience and the audience

P. G. GALLOP

The Heavy End

Clerk-I've made a great discov-



tion and songs. The auditorium was cess and positively the performers

then . . he said indignantly. .

-you've done me the greatest kind- her-or that you were engaged, or-

sympathy. . . "But-but I'm -I'm full of it," back. Joan told him; her pretty eyes were round and amazed; she stared at "She wasn't gone very long," Joan him as if he were some extraordinary said sorrowfully. "She came back specimen of manhood' whom she had ouite soon. She didn't say much, but never seen before. "-I've always I just knew by her face that nothing longed to see you-Nan will tell you would ever be right again. She told can't believe it. . . . " Her brows the room where you were and that thing," she said in perplexity. "how at her as if you had never seen her is it you can talk about Nan now? in all your life before.

Oh. I don't understand." "A man named Arnott introduced There was a bitter silence. "And I think that's all," she said. her to me in town a few weeks ago." "But," said Joan-"but . . . oh. if "Her stepmother died the day after, you've forgotten all about Nan, what I think it was, and she had to go is the good of going back to her home to look after the little boys at now? You-oh, surely you can't Leavendon, and she's been there ever really-care for her-if you've for- since." gotten her?"

explain his own feelings; he did not ed huskily. know what he felt; he tried to think "She wouldn't hear of it. I know of Nan, but his thoughts were con- Mr. Arnott wanted to tell you, but fused; he was relieved when the Nan said she would never forvive stopping of the cab put an end to him if he did. She made us all promthe conversation for the moment; he ise." followed Joan eagerly into the sta- ePter looked up. tion.

"I'll come back with you to Leav- to another man now;" he asked sudenden-I can explain there; and I denly. must talk to you; there are so many Joan stared; then she laughed. things you've got to tell me."

to," Joan was almost in tears. "Nan she was ever so much too fond of made me swear never to speak of you to ever look at anyone else. She you again-never to tell anyone just lived for the time when you what ball what had happened—and I swore I would come back. She had made all I've done now. . ." I've done now. . .

"Everything is different—it's ..., have been married when you got life or death to me ... I beg of you." your next leave!" s he added thought She looked at him sympathetically your next leave!" s he added thought "Very well," she said at last. "But if Nan knows she will kill me, that's hair. It was an intolerable situation,

"She never will know-at least, all the same," he said constrainedly. not yet. I dont want her to know "A man named Harley Sefton. He yet-" He broke off. For a moment his heart seemed to down at Gadsden."

engagement.

The train started slowly out of "Nan would never de such a thing, the station

"It's the truth-I swear it's the wounded and told her all about it. truth . . . look-I can show you half . . . He was very kind-he told a dozen letters to prove it." He her that you were in town but that searched through his tunic pocket you had lost your memory, and could agitatedly. "I am Peter Lyster-you not remember her, or anything about ness one human being could have or-anything. Nan wouldn't believe done to another by telling me what- it-she laughed at him; she said that what you did just now. But I want she was sure that you could never to know more-I must know all the forget her. She went with him, back truth . . . I've been down to Leaven- to the hotel where you were staying: den-I only came up to town this she said she must see you for hermorning-it was Fate that threw us self-she said that she was sure together. I can't leave you like this when you saw her it would be all -I've got to know more . . . Surely right . . . " She stopped with sudyou can have a little pity-a little den tragic memory of how Nan had looked that night when she came

"Vos-go on, please." that. But it's all so strange-I just me afterwards that she walked into the "If you've forgotten you didn't know her, that you looked poor, poor Nan!" she added.

She never L "And-and Peter looked away; he could not wished me to be told-"? Peter ask-

"Do you know that she is engaged

"Nan engaged to another man! "But-but I don't know if I ought Rubbish!" she said. "Why-why. was so happy. Why, you were to

> Peter flushed to the roots of his "She is engaged to another man,

has plenty of money and a fine place

stand still as he thought of Nan's Joan smiled incredulously. "Somebody has just made it up Had she done this because of him ? and told you," she said scornfully.



"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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Shelby, N. C.

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February 24, 1926.

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