

The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell shock in France. Upon returning to London he fails to recognize

NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he became engaged before he went away. Nan, broken-hearted, returns to her home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. She has seen Peter often since he came to stay with JOHN ARNOTT at the home of Arnett's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate, but Peter has failed to show any signs of recognition. Driven to desperation by Peter's apparent indifference and her father's financial difficulties, Nan agrees to marry

HARVEY SEFTON, money lender, who has told her that Peter is also in his debt. Through chance Peter learns the true state of affairs and conspires with

JOAN ENDICOTT, who is visiting Nan, to find out why she is marrying Sefton. One of the boys is carrying a note from Joan to Peter, when he is intercepted by Sefton. He shows his dislike of the boy by starting to shake him and discovers the note.

Nan rushes to the boy's aid and gives battle to the bully. Peter has also heard the cries and joins the group. Sefton's tongue brings a thrashing at the hands of Peter, who after he has finished turns on his heel and walks away. Nan and the boy return to the house, where Joan wants to know what has happened.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Nan answered mechanically: "Mr. Sefton tried to thrash Claude and I hit him."

She laughed mirthlessly, then added, with sudden passion: "I wish I had killed him."

"And Mr. Lyster came," Claude piped in, "and he fought him, and on—it was lovely!" he added with enthusiasm.

Joan looked at Nan guiltily. She was longing to know what had become of her note, but she was afraid to ask.

Nan went on into the house, and Joan grabbed Claude.

"My note—did he have it? The note I gave you."

She was in despair when she heard that Sefton had got it.

She rushed after Nan into the house.

"I wish you would tell me what it's all about," she said urgently. "I can't make head or tail of it all. Why did Mr. Sefton hit Claude? I thought you were engaged to him."

"So I was. I must have been mad. I never want to see him again!"

"And—and—Peter Lyster?" Joan asked hesitatingly.

Nan did not answer.

That night, when the boys were safely in bed, and Joan was in her own room writing her daily letter to the adored Tim, Nan sat down and looked the future squarely in the face.

"Play-actor. The man who forgot—conveniently forgot!" What a bitter sneer there had been in the words.

Supposing it were true!

She sat there with her elbows on the table, staring into the darkness behind the yellow lamplight, fear in her eyes.

She had not drawn the blinds in the schoolroom. It was not quite dark outside, and she had left one of the windows open to let in the cool night air.

The consciousness came to her suddenly that someone was out there in the garden, watching her, that she was not alone.

Panic seized her supposing it were Sefton. She started to her feet and went to the window.

She flung it back to its farthest extent and leaned out into the sleeping garden.

"Who is it? Who is there?" she asked urgently.

And the answer came back in Peter Lyster's voice:

"It is I, Nan—Peter—let me come in . . ."

For some moments she could not find voice with which to answer him; the blood was hammering in her temples; a throbbing pulse seemed to be choking her.

Peter came closer to the window; she could not hear his quick breathing, and suddenly he put up his hand and caught her's in a hard grip.

"Let me come in," he said again, and there was a sort of anguish in his voice. "Oh, for God's sake, Nan . . ."

He bent his head and kissed her hand before she could stop him, she could feel how hot his lips were; it was as if some magic wand had waved them both back—he and she—to the days which she thought had gone for ever.

The room seemed close and suffocating; she longed to get out of it into the night air where she could breathe; she answered him in an agitated whisper. . . .

"I'll come out . . . wait a moment, I'll come out . . ."

But he did not release her hand.

"You promise?" he asked, and then again: "You promise me that you will?"

"Yes, yes," she hardly knew what she was saying.

She stood for a moment in the hall listening.

There was no sound from upstairs, out from the kitchen Mary was dropping the chorus of a popular song to herself as she banged away on the wooden table ironing her aprons.

Nan found herself listening unconsciously to the sentimental words:

"There's a long, long night of waiting—till my dreams all come true—Till the day when I'll be going down the long, long trail to you."

Mary's voice was shrill and unladylike and she sang in too high a key, but there was a sort of pathos in the sound, as if in some corner of the little maid's heart there lurked a romance with a capital letter.

Nan gave a half-laugh that seemed to break and die in her heart. She was so nervous she hardly knew what she was doing, but the little bit about the dreams all coming true seemed to strike home to her.

"This is a dream," she thought as she crossed the hall and opened the front door. "This is a dream, but one which will never come true."

And she went out and down the dark pathway to meet Peter.

"Nan."

She felt rather than saw that his arms went out to her, and she shivered away with a little movement of fear.

"Oh, no . . . no," she said in a whisper.

She turned away from him towards the gate.

"Let us go out—I can't breathe," she said with a sort of wildness. He walked beside her silently till they were out in the road.

Everything was very still here—there was a faintly iridescent light

as if somewhere behind the clouds a moon was shining, and when Nan looked at him Peter's face looked gray in the eerie light of it.

"I've so much to say to you," he began incoherently. "I don't know where to begin . . . I feel—I feel as if I've walked through the world blindfolded for the past weeks and that today—only today someone has torn the bandage from my eyes . . ."

He stopped suddenly—he stood before her.

"It was not play-acting, Nan," he said hoarsely "I swear if I never speak again that it was not."

He was shaking all over; his voice was wrung with agitation.

Nan could not speak—unconsciously she put out her hand and caught at Peter to steady herself, and the next moment she was in his arms.

He held her to his heart as if he could never let her go. He spoke feebly, incoherent words of love, to which she listened like one in a dream. And all the time she kept telling herself that that was all it was—a dream—a dream; that she must keep her head, or she would die when the bitter awakening came.

Presently, with an effort, she wrenched herself free.

"Oh, don't please—please."

They were close to the stile that led into the wood now. Nan leaned her arms on the top bar and laid her head down on them with a dreadful feeling of faintness, and for a long moment neither of them spoke.

"If I raise my head, or look up, I shall find that he isn't there at all," she was telling herself despairingly.

"I know that it's only what I've been imagining. Oh, how shall I bear it!"

And then she felt his hand on hers—felt the close pressure of his fingers and heard him speaking to her.

"You don't believe me, Nan. I know—and you've got to! I've got to make you. I don't know how to begin—I don't know what to say—it's—it's as if I've been through a long illness. I'm so ashamed but it hasn't been my fault. Oh, I beg of you to believe me."

"I know—I know," she spoke breathlessly. She hated that note of pain in his voice, but as yet she could do but little to help him.

"It takes some forgetting," she said in a stifled voice. "I will try—oh, I will—but you don't know how hard it's been . . . I thought I should have died."

"I could kill myself with shame—with remorse, Nan, you know how

I love you . . . We were to have been married when I came home. He let her hand go suddenly and forced her to turn to him. The pale moonlight shone full on her face with its tortured eyes, and with a little stifled exclamation Peter put his hand over them, as if he could not bear to see their pain. He remembered he as so brave and plucky—why even at the very last moment when they said goodbye before he went to France she had smiled at him with her little crooked smile though her eyes had been drowned in tears.

Then all at once the tears came to Nan with overwhelming relief, washing the last trace of bitterness and hardness from her heart.

Peter kept his arms round her tightly; he did not speak, but from time to time he kissed her hair and the little bit of face which was all he could see, and the slim trembling hand that clutched the lapel of his coat as if even now she was afraid to let him go.

He had never known Nan to break down like this before, and it cut him to the heart. She was always so cheery and brave—it told him only too surely what she had suffered.

(To Be Continued)

Educated Crook Now Coming Back

Milwaukee, Wis.—Six years ago Walter McDaniels entered the penitentiary of Waupun—a convicted gunman, daring desperate youth who believed he never had had a chance in life.

On May 28 McDaniels is to be released from prison by executive order, a qualified electrical engineer and inventor of electric devices for which he holds valuable patents.

Back of the penitentiary walls where many believe that most men give up hope and fall into routine until the day comes for them to go back into the world, McDaniels planned a new life, even though the court had ordered him confined 25 years. His education had been neglected, so McDaniels, through a Uni-

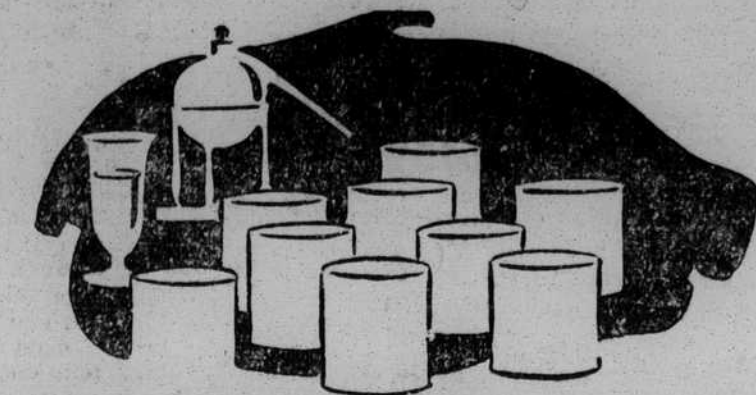
versity of Wisconsin extension course, took a simple arithmetic. He had to pay for the course and that meant he had to work over time for a person.

Finishing arithmetic, he took up algebra and electrical engineering mathematics. Then followed courses in electrical engineering studies. In experiments he made high grades.

Christmas presents may be roughly divided into two classes—those we don't like and those we don't get.

The only trouble with laughing at your troubles is you soon run out of troubles to laugh at.

Telling a girl how cold your feet stay on winter nights may save her from marrying you this spring.



9 Wall Paints were Tested and Devoe was selected

A LARGE corporation had this test made. 9 leading brands of flat wall paint were tested by a skilled painter.

Then 4 judges examined and rated each paint. As a result, the Company standardized on Devoe Velour Finish! For in Velour

Finish there are combined these qualities: Ease of application—Appearance—Washability—Durability—Economy.

Devoe Velour Finish is guaranteed to render satisfaction when applied according to directions.

Paul Webb & Son

DEVOE Velour Finish

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--- EASTER ---

IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER



Easter of course means a new Hat. And we are ready with possibly the most beautiful, most complete line, that we have ever assembled.

Shapes were never prettier, nor more becoming. Large brims, close fitting brims, are shown in both sport and dress models. Don't worry about the head size, we can fit you, whether bobbed or unbobbed.

\$1.95 AND UP.

We are also ready for the Easter rush in Children's and Misses Hats, every style, every color and every trimming.

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Perspective of Lake Lure Village already under construction. Architecture, Northern Italian.

Unduplicated Features of the Resort of First Magnitude of the Land of the Sky

Largest Resort Lake—shaped like a starfish, with straightways for motorboats as long as four miles—ample space for regattas and water carnivals—broad bathing beaches of natural sand—cages and amusement piers—facilities for every aquatic sport—bordered by a beautiful shore line boulevard forty miles long.

Finest Mountain Scenery—Lake Lure Valley is bordered by the beautiful Chimney Rock Mountains, narrowing into Hickory Nut Gap, where the new paved Fairview Highway, 26 miles to Asheville, winds its curving way by easy grade over the Blue Ridge—a 50-minute trip abounding in a variety of glorious scenic views—Famous Chimney Rock, ascended last year by 80,000 persons—Cliff Dwellers Inn—The Dining Pavilion in the Clouds—Hickory Nut Falls to Devil's Head—Exclamation Point—all scenic marvels to be found in every collection of Western North Carolina views.

Bottomless Pools—a succession of beautiful cascades for more than a mile down the ravine of Pool Creek, pouring into smooth-worn glacial "pools" of unknown depth.

Light and Power—Generated at the great dam, from daily overflow, without lowering level of lake. Dam is 194 feet high, 585 feet across—10,000 cubic yards of reinforced concrete anchored into bed of granite more ancient than the Alps. Can be seen now under construction.

On Main Highway No. 20 from the Mountains to the Sea—Asheville to Wilmington—hard-surfaced from Charlotte to Lake Lure, excepting 35 miles of excellent broad sand-lay, which is to be hard-surfaced this summer.

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This TRIANGLE is the CENTER of Real Estate Activity in WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

Activities in Western North Carolina have already attracted nation-wide attention. Men and money are coming in from everywhere, every day. Many hotels that were never full in February have been turning people away. The spring and summer invasion from Florida and other points South will be unprecedented. The vanguard has already come. Real estate transfers in Buncombe, Henderson and Rutherford counties, breaking old records every week, define the Asheville-Hendersonville-Lake Lure triangle as the central market of Western North Carolina.

Buyers Demand Water

While new development projects are being announced every day, Lake Lure is and will remain the one resort of first magnitude—largest—most comprehensive in scope—best financed and nearest to completion. As Coral Gables compares with the developments of Florida, so will Lake Lure continue to rank first among developments in the Land of the Sky. The investor has shown a preference for water, and Lake Lure, with 40 miles of shores, will have the only considerable water area. And so the greatest sales of resort real estate of 1926 will occur at Lake Lure.

Lake Will Appear This Fall

So far, Lake Lure can be traced only by its water line—definitely marked by the completed clearing away of trees and shrubs. The great dam is to be completed in the fall. Water will be accumulated by late summer. But Lake Lure Business Center is plotted, and its first hotel, the Isothermal, is under construction. Contracts have been let for community buildings. Three beautiful concrete arch highway bridges are being built. The new State Highway No. 20, along higher levels, will soon be completely graded. The first golf course has been started.

Luremont section, bordering Lake Lure Business Center, will shortly be mapped. An army of surveyors is on the job.

You can soon select your lot.

Parlor car motor coaches are being constructed. Before summer, they will be bringing daily loads of tourists to Lake Lure Business Center, Bottomless Pools, Luremont Section and Chimney Rock.



Send coupon for view book of Lake Lure, showing Lake Lure Business Center and Luremont section—mailed postpaid and free to any responsible person.

Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc.

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Please send me without obligation information on Lake Lure business center and Luremont section.
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Address
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