

# The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



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CHAPTER XX (Continued).

its stem between her teeth, stopped and looked at him.

"Tell me," he said anxiously, "is my smile hideous?"

The young girl looked at him a long moment, and her eyes were troubled.

"It is not like anything I have seen on the Happy Highway," she answered, and turned from him.

The bent old man was regarding him steadfastly.

"Why is my smile hideous?" asked the young man wringing his hands in anguish.

"It is a message from the House of Happiness," the old man said with an earnestness that barely escaped being sadness, "the writing from the ruler of the House of Happiness. Sooner or later it comes to everybody on the Happy Highway."

The man bearing the jewels for the young girl who kissed you as you passed—you failed to note, perhaps, that his shoes were dusty and his hands knotted and scarred.

The woman who sang to you—you did not read the story in her deep, deep eyes—the shadows of the longings and sorrows that had shaken her and bruised her that she might at last put her soul into a song.

And he who pleased you with pictures—you did not see that he was thin and tremulous with weakness because of hunger and suffering. The makers of pictures starve and suffer and die so that they may leave behind them the glory they have in their hearts.

And the tear jar with its wonderful perfume—you have not learned that flowers are the spirits of dead loves and lonely women's tears.

But the woman who came to you at the fountain and made songs with you—she gave you herself, all her visions, all her dreams. And yet, you gave her nothing, and you let her go. The sun, crying and the sears of all these things were as nothing to the woe you brought to her and the sear you put upon her soul.

But what does it all mean?" asked the young man, heartbroken and astonished.

"It means," said the bent old man, "that all may reach the Happy Highway, but that the only staff which will support any one to the House of Happiness is kindly service. You will observe that the blessed palace is far away. All these pilgrims served you, and you have served none. They are rewarded. Look!"

The young man looked, and he was amazed by what he saw. Far down the Happy Highway, almost within the shadow of the House of Happiness, were those who had served him and been kind to him—the strong man through whose fingers jewels ran like a flood of color in the sloping sunlight, the singing woman followed by three girls with their strange, stringed instruments, and she who had kissed him many days and many nights and made songs with him by the fountain.

And the young man stood and thought for a great, great while after the bent old man had left him. The long mauve shadows fell longer and longer across the Happy Highway. And the one bird who sang at that hour made her song one lingering, plaintive note. The House of Happiness was swallowed up in the distance.

"I must render service to others," the young man said softly. "I have taken everything and given nothing. I must make somebody happy. I must hurry to the House of Happiness."

And he wept bitterly.

Then, suddenly, even while he brushed away his tears, he found that he was running, light footed, along the deep, yellow carpet of asphodel and that he could see again the lovely gold roof of the House of Happiness!

On the end of his story there was in the room absolute silence save for the whimpering of the flames. He sat, his elbows on his knees, his hands hanging free, his eyes busy with the changing lights of the fire. After a little while he could hear her quick, sharp breathing, and then the silk of her gown stirring against the silk of the cushions as she moved.

Her two hands closed over his, and she was whispering, her lips close to his ear. The fragrance of her hair was all about him.

"It will be so!" she breathed, strangely exalted. "It will be so!" He bent his head and kissed her hands.

"Even when the man may not kiss the woman he loves," he said, his voice also a whisper, curiously colored with forced levity, "the jester may touch the hand of the princess—your royal highness!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

On the following morning a Washington newspaper printed

the flat and unqualified announcement of the engagement of Edith Mallon to John Smith. The story was put up in great detail. It repeated the "widespread interest" that must be felt in such news because of the fact that the agitator's great demonstration was but nine days off. Reference was made to the breach between Smith and Senator Mallon, and, in a slightly veiled way, the intimation was carried that the marriage of a woman socially as prominent as Miss Mallon to a man of whose standing in "Society" so little was known was, to say the least, a sensation. The article dwelt on the "interest she has shown for so long in the Smith propaganda," and referred to the fact that, soon after she had met him, she had ceased serving at her entertainments alcoholic drinks of any kind—a fact that caused in the world of society quite as much comment as was the case when the secretary of state inaugurated grape juice as the drink of diplomats in Washington.

Edith's first knowledge of the announcement came from her father. A little late for breakfast, she entered the dining room with hurried step, a faint smile on her lips, and in her eyes a reflection of the still look of wonder she had had when John Smith had finished his story for her the night before. She realized at once that her father was angry, more infuriated than she ever had seen him.

He half rose from his chair and held out the open newspaper across the table toward her. She was astounded to see that there was vindictiveness in his face. His thin features each seemed drawn tighter and finer than was natural. There was a little white line across the bridge of his nose. As he stared at her his eyelids were half lowered, as if involuntarily he sought to hide some of his anger.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, taking the paper from his quivering hand. "You look as if you hated me!"

"Read that!" he exploded, pointing wildly toward a column on the page in front of her.

Her eyes fell on the headlines concerning herself and John Smith. For a short moment she looked at them, trying to understand them. When their full significance came to her, she let the paper slide from her hand to the table.

"Oh!" she said softly. She was a little pale.

"Now," the senator supplemented, "what have you to say about that? What can you say?"

She took her seat at the table and looked at him over the clustered roses. She was a little afraid, but not of him. Their riot through her brain the thought that the printed words she had seen were about a great man and that, in some way, they might hurt him, might weaken him with all those who follow his leadership. She did not know why she thought came to her, but it did, like a premonition. She had not begun to think of herself.

The senator's impatience grew under her groping gaze.

"Well!" he said fiercely, "what can I say about it?"

"I wouldn't say anything if I were you, father," she suggested, her voice low, almost supplicating.

He frowned more darkly.

"Why?" he demanded contemptuously.

"In the first place, it isn't true, of course."

She put out her hand to fix his coffee.

"I can't understand you!" he protested roughly. "Here is the published statement in a newspaper that you are going to marry this man! And you sit there, entirely calm, utterly indifferent, and say you wouldn't say anything about it!"

"I wouldn't, really."

She poured out the coffee. Her mind was busy with wondering how the agitator could be hurt by the story. She even wondered why she thought he could be hurt.

"Why, the thing's absurd, ridiculous!" her father went on. "It makes a laughing stock of you and of me! I forbid him the house, and here comes the story of your engagement to him! My daughter engaged to this wild-mouthed, idiotic temperance agitator—this street corner blowhard—this faker!"

She, in her turn, was indignant and distressed by the injustice of what he said.

"He's nothing of the sort," she said steadily. "He's a man who has realized the greatest truth in life—that we get from the world exactly as much as we give to the world."

"He's crazy—that's what he is! He's mad! Just because you let him come in at the front door, he's going to marry you!"

(Continued Next Week.)

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### AN ANCIENT JAPANESE ART

Embroidery Made in Flowery Kingdom for Centuries Before Country Was Opened to World.

Japanese embroidery, now so popular in this country, is one of the oldest arts of the mikado's people. For centuries before the country was opened to foreign intercourse heavily embroidered silk kimonos, screens, and other articles were made by professional embroidery experts, principally in Kyoto. This same profession continues today, having been handed down from father to son for many generations. For this reason the center of the country's art-embroidery industry is at Kyoto, although cheaper embroideries, principally for export, are produced in large quantities in other parts of the Kobe district.

The majority of the workers in Kyoto are men, who produce the finer grades of embroidery. It is essentially a household industry, and is usually conducted in small shops, where from three to ten apprentices and skilled embroiderers are employed. The men received from 40 to 75 cents gold per day. The women, however, are able to earn from 15 to 50 cents gold per day, depending upon their ability and diligence.

The manufacture of hand-made lace is a comparatively new industry in Japan, as lace was not used by the Japanese before the advent of foreigners. The industry is still in its infancy, and the output is small.

Takes a Strong Wind, Too. Dr. George T. MacCoy of Columbus recalls that when the Spanish-American war broke out, in April, 1898, two Irishmen were at work on a new asphalt pavement, being laid on Washington street. He was watching them when one stopped handling his pick and glanced up at the courthouse tower, where a flag was waving.

"What's the use of putting a flag up there?" the man questioned. "The wind will whip it to pieces."

"Yes, but the wind's the only thing that can whip it," was the other's quick reply.—Indianapolis News.

While a man's will may be law, in the case of a married man the law is seldom enforced.

Satan is the father of lies and matrimony is the mother of excuses.

### The Man Hire Up.

"Hello, hello, is this the fire department?" asked an excited voice on the telephone.

"No, madam," answered the manager of an employment agency, whose phone bell had been rung by mistake. "This is the hire department."

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Whistlerian Malice. "Whistler always brought a spirit of fun with him," says the late Lord Redesdale in his memories; and the incident that follows appears to confirm his lordship's words:

There came a day when, to my great regret, Whistler made up his mind to leave the old house in which he had lived for 14 years and to build the "Whist House," in Tite street, mainly prompted, he told me, by the wish to show what he could achieve in decoration. E. W. Godwin was the architect, and it was not long before they quarreled over the work, in commemoration of which Whistler caused a stone to be inserted in the front of the house, engraved with the words:

"Except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it. E. W. Godwin, F. S. A., built this house."

The stone has long since disappeared. Godwin died in 1886, and in 1888 Whistler married his widow—a quaint ending to an artistic feud.

Admirable Precaution. "When I eat in public I always go where there is a free lunch."

"Economy?"

"No, I haven't an ear for music. I want to eat standing up, so as to be in proper position in case somebody starts 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

Took No Chances. "Have any trouble with your ear during the winter?" "No; I put it away last fall until spring."

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