

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1915

"Oh, they talk about drink! The only thing that really matters is what it does to women! You see what it's done to me! Anyway, he took me. And we met Jack Garland there. We didn't go to very nice places. That's how we met him." She indicated Smith again. A great sob choked her. "Oh, that awful country! There are 10,000 different kinds of flowers there—and 10,000,000 different kinds of sins."

Edith brought her back to the story.

"Oh, tell me! Tell me about Mr. Smith."

"His name's Garland," she said, as if she made a clumsy effort to keep the record straight. "And one morning, down there in the opium joint, Charlie's place—the House with the Red-lacquered Balcony, on the Foochow road—he climbed out of his horrid bunk, and he left us. But, before he left, he talked to us. He said anybody who wanted to go to ruin on opium could do it, but he was through with it. He said he would drink whisky. He said he knew what whisky would do to him, but nobody could tell what opium would do? And he begged us to come back to America. He said he was going to work and get enough money to come back. And he did—he did!"

Her voice broke shrilly. Somehow, they all knew that, when she had said that, she had put words on the great tragedy, the poignant grief, of all her life.

"What's the use of putting on all this stuff?" Simpson spoke uneasily. "All three of us were—"

"Be quiet!" Smith silenced him sternly.

The agitator had stood leaning slightly forward, his lips a little parted, his eyes always on the Leslie woman. Little beads of moisture stood out on his forehead. He was making a terrific effort to remember—a conscious, directed, systematic effort into which he threw all his strength. If a real curtain had hung behind him, he could have put out his hand and torn it apart. He wondered in a dizzy, whirling way why he could not make his brain obey him in the same manner, compel it to go through the curtain of darkness that hid his past from him.

The plash of the fountain in the court and the singing of the thousands came through the open window.

"Go on!" Edith urged Mary again.

"And afterward we came back," the slow, flat voice went on. She indicated Simpson. "He ran against him in some charity house somewhere in the west and recognized him—but Jack Garland, Mr. Smith, couldn't recognize anybody. He'd lost his memory. Then Simpson—you people call him Simpson—lost sight of him until we happened to come to Washington. And they offered us money to do—what we did do. I think he—Simpson—fixed it up, and they accepted it."

"Garland—Charlie's place—Virginia," Smith repeated the words, oblivious to the presence of others. They could see how he searched the chambers of his mind, how he tried to overleap the things that shut off the corridors of his memory. His whole body was tensed, like that of a man about to spring forward. His clenched hands were thrust hard against his thighs. He looked always at the Leslie woman. "I don't—I can't remember," he said.

At last she raised her eyes to meet his.

"You used to talk a lot about your home," she said. "You used to say lovely things." Her unmeasured bitterness twisted her lips again. "You told me once that my hair was blacker than a night unshut by a single star. And you used to talk about when your mother died."

"My mother is dead?" he asked, dazed. He was letting each idea that she gave him play with all its possible force on his mentality.

"And about the perfume of the roses—the red roses."

Whether she had wished it or not, she was governed by a desire to help him. The suffering that drew him up to his tiptoes and

held him trembling before her was irresistible.

"You were dotty about flowers. You used to tell us about a field you loved. You said you loved it in the spring. You said in the spring it was nothing but green velvet crusted with dandelion gold. You said that the morning you left us in Charlie's place. You said you wanted to go back and walk barefooted through the powdered gold. You said you had done that when you were a barefooted boy."

"Ah!" The agitator made the exclamation a note of anguish that was terrible to hear.

They—the Leslie woman and the others—watched him. He crouched farther forward, his eyes closed. His right arm shot out from his side at right angles to his body, the palm of his hand out and the fingers open as if he tried to lean on something. His left arm went up slowly, crooked, and hid his face. For a long moment he kept that position. Then, very slowly, he lifted his head, a fraction of an inch at a time, until only his forehead and his eyes, open now, were visible above the forearm that screened his face.

There was in his eyes a look of wonder—wonder which just escaped being fear.

"I think," he said hoarsely, "I think I shall see."

He swept the circle of their faces with his glance. Edith's eyes caught his gaze and held it.

"The barefoot boy!" he whispered, the wonder still in his eyes. "How clean he is—how marvelous!"

He stood erect, his arms dropping to his sides, his ardent gaze still upon Edith. He smiled tenderly. And, suddenly, he stood before them again as they had known him, with all his power, all his strength, all the charm of his brilliant personality full upon him.

Outside there was the sound of a hymn from 1,000 throats.

Edith put out both her hands, as if she prayed.

"Ah!" she cried. "You remember! You remember!" He went to her in one swift step and took her hands. She could feel his tremendous elation vibrant in his fingers. His thought, his concern, was for her alone. She was very pale.

"I do," he said, his voice clear and strong. For him, the others did not exist. "And I am glad I remember. Do—you—understand?"

Her gaze clung to his, and a little color, like the beginnings of a pink rose, came back to her face.

He let her hands go, and turned to the Leslie woman, who sat staring up to him.

"It's all right, Mary," he said gently. "You have been very kind—very kind."

He turned again to Edith. "There is," he said, caressing her with the words, "so much I have to tell you."

They walked to the window and looked out at the fountain. The roar from the crowd was louder. There was in it a new note, like exultation.

The others left the room. "My soul has come back to me," he said, taking both her hands in his.

"And it is a beautiful soul, isn't it?" she whispered.

She leaned closer to him, so that he caught the fragrance of her hair.

"There is nothing," he answered, drawing her closer still, "to keep me from you."

The voice of the crowd could be mistaken no longer. The thousands were exulting!

"And everything—" she began, but did not finish the sentence.

Cholliewollie, jubilant, wild with joy, had flung open the door and catapulted himself into the room.

"We've won! We've won!" he shouted. "They've run the white ribbon up the flagpole! Two-third majority—and a lot to spare!"

He stopped abruptly. "Say," he concluded a little lamely, "what's up?"

The agitator smiled brilliantly. "Old fellow," he answered af-

fectionately, "we've won both fights."

Edith held out her hand. "Congratulate us," she invited. "We're going to take a trip. We want to find a field powdered with dandelion gold."

THE END.

NEW FLAG ADDED TO ENTENTE STANDARDS

Koritzza, Albania.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—A new flag, the flag of the new "Republic of the Skipetars" has made its appearance among the standards of the entente allies along the Albanian-Macedonian front. It is the old standard of the Scandenbergs, of red with a black two-headed eagle and the little army of 750 men of the republic of the Skipetars, composed of six companies are fighting under it at the front by the side of the Senegalese and colonial cavalry, regiments of the French occupying force in this district. The new banner already has received its baptism of blood. Five hundred men of the new republic aided the French to repulse a sharp attack by Albanian tribes operating with the Austrian regular troops at Moscopist.

Thus far the new republic includes only the city of Koritzza with a population of 38,000 and the surrounding region, comprising altogether about 90,000 inhabitants. It is located in that part of Albania in which the longed-for liberty and tranquility has been most developed through repeated pillaging by neighboring Albanians and continual oppression by foreigners.

The Albanians, accustomed to summary and primitive means of administration and justice are taking to republican ideas and the parliamentary regime, and considerable unsuspected oratorical talent has been discovered in this land where powder only has talked heretofore.

The idea of forming the Skipetar republic is due to Colonel Descolins, commanding the French forces stationed here. When he assumed command of the post he called all the notables of the town together and talked to them in this vein:

"Skipetars, my friends, until December 1912 you suffered under Turkish regime; in May, 1913, it was the Greek army that mistreated you, and until March 1914 you became familiar with the inconveniences of Greek civil administration; in July, 1914, it was the noxious buffoonery of Prince de Wied that was imposed upon you; in December, 1915, it was again the Greek military occupation; in October, 1916, it was the Greek royalist civil administration, and in November, 1916, the Venetianist, followed in December by the French military occupation with Greek civil authorities. You ought to have enough of all these experiments, and I have a very simple suggestion to make to you. Why don't you govern yourselves? You are Albanians. Be Albanians, then, and nothing else. Cease all intrigues and occupy yourselves with your own self government. French troops are here to defend the territory, that's all. Be honest men, I'll be the guarantee."

This plain talk appealed to the Skipetars, who at once formed a republic with a parliament of 14 members and a president whose tenure of office is a fortnight.

Prosperity has come in with the republic. A coal mine at Koritzza, long exploited and aided by the military authorities, the Skipetar government is preparing to develop copper and iron ore deposits, declared by engineers to be rich and extensive.

Johnnycake!

From the Madison State Journal. "We're eatin' Johnnycake these days, several times a week; and Oh, Boy!"

"Don't understand how we ever let the Johnnycake habit of our childhood get away from us."

"We advise you, Mr. Man and you Mrs. Woman, to get the Johnnycake habit, too."

"There's something about the good, golden corn bread that you'll never get in white bread, or rye."

"There's a roughness to the tongue and the palate that the diet experts tell us, puts roughness in the bone and sinew of the human chap—such roughness, or robustness, as we need that, boys, get on it."

"But you don't need that excuse to worship before the shrine of Johnnycake—good old Johnnycake, like mother used to make."

Phoney Stuff.

"Hello! Give me Main, one, tripple ought."

"I beg pardon?"

"Didn't you get it? One zero, zero, zero, Main."

"I don't understand you."

"I want Main, one double nought, nought."

"What?"

"One thousand Main, Ten hundred, Main. Now do you get it?"

"Oh, you mean Main, one, ought, double ought. Why didn't you say so? Line's busy."

FRENCH EDUCATOR WITH MISSION HERE



Capt. Robert Dupouey, secretary of the allies' scientific commission which has just reached this country, was professor of romance language in a California university for several years and has been an exchange professor in Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Before the war he was professor of literature in the Paris Lycee.

But Not at Home.

The man next door was repairing a chewed-up inner tube belonging to his auto tire equipment. George was watching him. The man laboriously pumped and sweated and fumed and fretted as he worked. He was glad of one thing. He was not out on some lonely, dusty, country road. At last he was through.

"George," he asked, as he rested in the "shade of the old apple tree," "does your father ever have any old tire trouble?"

"Yes," answered honest George, "but he never fixes any of them at home."

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Willing to Be Good.

Albert Chevalier tells the following:

"One night," remarked the famous comedian, "in a certain music hall where there was a notoriously bad orchestra, the manager suddenly appeared on the stage and apologized for the absence of a favorite comic singer whose name was a great feature."

"The manager explained that he had every reason to believe that the artist in question would positively appear later on; and then, by way of throwing oil on troubled waters, suggested, in order to avoid a wait, that the audience should be favored with a little music."

"As he announced this, a pathetic voice in the gallery was heard:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Manager, we'll be good if yer don't let the band play!"

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Complex.

Mrs. Wayup—Where did Mrs. De Style get her new Easter hat?

Mrs. Blase—That's a problem. She bought it with the money which her husband borrowed from her uncle, who won it in a poker game from her brother, to whom she had loaned it shortly after her mother had taken it from her father's pockets and given it to her for a birthday present.—Life.

Some kinds of love may grow cold, but the kind a man has for himself never does.

Too Sick To Work

Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.



Ridgway, Penn.—"I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old."—Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga.—"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited."—Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CURIOUS FEARS OF SOLDIERS

One Dreads That His Charcoal Burner Will Be Destroyed Although Indifferent as to Himself.

It is extraordinary what curious fears some soldiers have. One fighter always dreads that his charcoal fire will be destroyed by a shell. He always places the burner in the most protected part of the trench, but remains quite indifferent in regard to his own personal safety.

Another extraordinary fear of a soldier at the front is that of having his bootlaces untied. Nothing else has terrors for him, from bayonet fighting to asphyxiating gases. But he is quite certain that if his bootlaces are loose he will trip over them and break his neck. He always examines his laces to see if they are properly fastened. Another soldier who has been through the thick of the fighting is terribly frightened of going through a wood, and would rather walk miles round it than half a mile through it. He has the fear that some day a tree will suddenly fall and crush him.

Many soldiers have a horror of losing their identity disks, or of being unidentified if they are killed, and buried in a nameless grave. One man is known to carry little scraps of paper in every pocket, giving his name and regiment, so that his body may be recognized if he is killed.

Swedish Drill.

They were in the squad under training at a certain military center who furnished a contrast not uncommon these days. One was tall and wiry, the other short and puffy, and an hour of Swedish drill had set the lesser of the two to blowing hard.

"I can't stand much of this," he whispered. "I'm simply all out," and at that moment the drill sergeant intimated that he would give them another spell before they dismissed.

This was too much. The podgy patriot felt it was time to protest.

"I'm really awfully sorry to seem unmilitary in addressing you, sir," he said, "but this Swedish drill is more than I can face in my present condition; besides," he added, dolefully, "I never knew we were at war with Sweden."

Point of Ownership.

"Let me drive a while. Half of this car is mine."

"Didn't you agree to take the rear half and let me have the front half?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, the steering wheel belongs to the front half, and that gives me the right to drive all the time."

Its Style.

"The anti-trust laws of the future will have teeth."

"Humph! You must mean that for biting sarcasm."

Children Cry For



What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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