

# THE GIRL WHO FORGOT

WEEK-END TRUE STORY

A heart-rending chapter from the life of a girl who was pretty and unlucky.



He suddenly drew me into his arms, kissing me hungrily. My lips responded and a wave of passion swept my whole being.

Twenty-three years ago, I was born in a small Alabama town. It seems now a million years ago, for I feel very old in experience.

My parents were poor, but respectable; my mother, a school teacher, and my father, a carpenter. At the

age of thirteen my mother died, leaving father and me alone. We were grief-stricken for many months. I naturally missed my mother greatly. Father never fully recovered from her death. I can still see that weary, restless look in his big brown eyes, as I often climbed upon his knee. One day he came to me and kissed me lightly on the forehead, saying, "Peggy, dear, pack our belongings; we are going North to live." Since I am the type of girl who does not become excited easily, I did not say anything as he continued: "I can get a good job and you can have better school advantages."

AGAIN YOU CAN GET

## NEW ORLEANS LUCK POWDER

Until now only the rich, wealthy and high priests were the only ones that could get it, but now we have gathered it from the seven points of the earth and you too can obtain it.

Said to be the surest bringer of good luck in the world. Be convinced of the amazing wonders in this powder to bring you good luck in money matters and love. Brings good friends to you and keeps evil ones away. This secret powder has all the good luck of John the Conqueror root, Lodestone, Magnetic Sand, Love Powder, Money bringing luck bags, boy oil and Dragons Wood, and should bring to you all your wishes. Get happy at once.

**FREE—FREE—FREE**

A bottle of genuine New Orleans Van Van, containing the oils of the scented, with full special directions for you to use. But you should order at once. Send no money. The postman just \$1.00 plus a few cent postage when he brings it to you. Money back if not delighted. Remember, order at once. Just print or write your name and address and send it to New Orleans Importing Co., 261 E. 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois, and we will send this to you at once, so you can get a quick start to happiness.

A few weeks later found us in Detroit. The tremendous size of the city did not amaze me; for a girl of my age I had read extensively. Life in New York would have been the same to me. I had never been there, but from reading, I knew a great deal about it.

A few months in Detroit brought a new misfortune into my life. My father was brought home one day a crushed being—his face was a mass of dark and swollen blood. My father had been a tall, handsome man, with coarse, heavy, black hair, and quite regular features. He had been accidentally killed at work. I was paralyzed with grief. What was I, a fourteen-year-old girl, to do, alone in a great city like Detroit?

My landlady, Mrs. Kelly, a motherly soul, comforted me after the funeral. Taking me in her arms, she kissed my tear-stained face, and said: "Peggy, dear, I only wish I was able to care for you and send you to school. But you know that I have five children myself, I am, however, going to get you a job with some nice family, and on Sundays and holidays you can come home to me

just as if I were your mother."

I did not like the idea of being a nurse maid. I hated Barbara Jean, the little blue-eyed two-year-old girl who was put in my charge. But what could I do? The one advantage of the job I had was Mrs. McNeil's well-stocked library. When she was out and Barbara asleep, I greedily devoured its contents—poems by Keats, plays by Shakespeare, Dante's Inferno, Irving and Poe. I read everything within my reach. I watched enviously the children of both races going to school. I vowed within myself that I would be more than a nurse maid.

Two years later found me working with a colored insurance company in Ohio. I had begun as an agent. The girl that worked with me, Dolores Keyes, was a beautiful Creole. I myself had grown into a nice looking girl of a noticeable Indian type—slender, brown, coarse black hair, brown eyes, regular features, as were my father's. We became great friends, and I moved with her.

Then I began to forget. She was wise and modern. I followed in her foot-steps—dances, theatres, parties, cocktails and cigarettes were frequently indulged in. We were ultra-modern, and I, in my gay, careless way, was the life of the party. I had never been in love. Dolores had schooled me well against the flattery of boys until I met Cecil Blaine. Strange to say, it was on a gay after-theatre party that I first saw him, seated at one of the small tables. His eyes, above the light, looked weary and bored. I met his gaze across the table, and stopped laughing suddenly at a joke that Dolores had told. Jack Haines and Ted Lewis continued laughing boisterously. Whether the resemblance was real or imaginary, his eyes reminded me of father. I paused sadly reflecting. It was Ted, my escort, who brought him over and introduced him. Later

on when we danced, I was conscious of a strange emotion. He asked me to attend a popular show the next night, and I consented to go with him. Long after Dolores was asleep the next morning, I lay awake thinking of Cecil.

After knowing Cecil for a while, I became a changed girl. I read again books that I had forgotten in my mad search for pleasure. Cecil was refined. He called me Miss Jackson. He never got too familiar or fresh as most boys whom I knew did. I began to compare him with Ted Lewis and other acquaintances of mine. They seemed shallow beside him. Very soon I knew within myself that if he asked me to marry him, I would consent.

One night we were saying good-bye at my door. He suddenly drew me into his arms, kissing me hungrily. My lips responded and a wave of passion swept my being. "Peg, dear, I love you so," he whispered hoarsely—his eyes shining with love. "Will you marry me?" I was so happy that I immediately consented.

I told Dolores that night and she kissed me gayly on each cheek. "Congratulations, old dear," she exclaimed. But she suddenly sobered down: "That means that I must lose you." Unfortunately, my happiness did not last long. I became ill. The doctor came. I never shall forget. He advised me sympathetically: "Go to a sanatorium or to the country. Plenty of rest, proper food, fresh air and sunshine. You'll get well." Long after he had gone I cried for my lost happiness. But I was

**Keep the Insects Outside**  
We have enough flies, mosquitoes, moths, grasshoppers, ants, roaches, and other insects outside without inviting or even allowing them in our homes.

If we could eliminate all injurious insects we would almost instantaneously eliminate much of our disease. Many insects are very hard to get rid of, yet with a little care some of the most undesirable may be banished.

Even the obnoxious bedbug will seek new pastures if the beddings, wall cracks, and any crevices in the room are well spread with plain old-fashioned kerosene or coal oil.

If fluoride of sodium is blown through a bellows into the cracks around drain pipes and places where cockroaches scamper, it will not be long before these pests turn upon their backs. It is interesting to know that roaches walk through this powder and then attempt to clean it off by drawing their legs through their mouths—thus poisoning themselves.

Care should be taken with this roach powder, however, as it looks so much like baking powder that more than the roaches might be poisoned. Do not depend too much upon cedar chests when attempting to avoid moths. The young hatched in a cedar chest will probably die, but an adult moth or full grown grub can live in the chest for several weeks. Be sure, therefore, that clothing is well brushed inside and out before it is packed away.

**Suggestions for Good Health**  
Teeth treated regularly night and morning with lemon juice and water applied with a soft brush will show a noticeable difference in even two weeks' time, however particular one may have been in the care of them. Lemons are extremely valuable in the manicure, in a lemon rinse for cleansing and whitening the hands, and for the complexion when equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice are mixed.

## Classified Ads

- AGENTS WANTED**  
MAKE GOOD MONEY—Easy every week as our Agent for the famous Wavine Hair Dressing and other popular Wavine toilettries advertised regularly in race papers. For particulars, write The Boyd Mfg. Co., Birmingham, Ala.
- HELP—FEMALE—SALESWOMEN**  
ADDRESSING ENVELOPES—WORK AT HOME during spare time. Substantial pay; experience unnecessary. Dignified employment for honest, ambitious persons. ADVANCEMENT LEAGUE, Dept. A, Naperville, Ill.
- MEDICAL—WOMEN**  
WOMEN DON'T SUFFER! Our treatment guaranteed. Indian Medicine Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

praying "the piper" for my reckless life. "What would Cecil say. Would he scorn me?" That night I told him. He took me into his arms and said: "I know just the place, little girl. My aunt has a farm in Virginia. In a few months you'll be well. And sweetheart, a few months or years, I'll be waiting for you." These words comforted me then, and in the days that were to follow I went to Virginia to Cecil's aunt's. I had tuberculosis. In the days that followed I learned to pray, and as soon as I was physically able, I went to church. At the altar I prayed, vowing that I would never forget God again. I am now well, happily married to Cecil. No shadow hangs over my life. I am content. But I know now that we should never forget God.

The End

### HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

quickly reduced. Send for FREE booklet which tells how thousands have rid themselves of this dangerous ailment which leads to paralysis, amputation, etc. Alleviate Ins., Dept. F, Atlanta, Ga.

### for WOMEN only

Why worry about aged persons from unusual causes. Get Quick Results using FEMINESE—Liquor-Tolerant. Used by doctors. Moves clogs long overdue. Pleasant, safe, no irritation any where. Satisfaction guaranteed. Treatment \$1.95. Postage 2 C.O.D. Specially compounded for Very Oldsters. Cuts \$2.00. Distributed Under Free with order. FETONK CO., Dept. 10, St. Louis Mo.

### BLOOD DISEASES—NO MATTER How Bad or Old the Case

at What's the Cause, send for FREE Booklet about Dr. Panter's Treatment used successfully for over 25 years in the most severe and chronic cases. Write now, Dr. Panter, 21 Lake St., Room U-117, Chicago.

### DO YOU WANT A LUCKY HAND

With FREE practical advice on Success, Love, Money, Health, Happiness, Jobs. Send No Money. Write BIGEALS, 209 West 133rd Street, New York.

### CONCENTRATION KEEPING HAND INCENSE POWDER

The very best by test highly recommended and successfully used by thousands of people. \$1.00 a box. Lucky Masher High John the great conqueror root, lodestone powder triple concentrate, \$1.50 a box. High John the great conqueror perfume, \$1.00 a bottle. Lucky Lodestone Perfume, \$1.00 a bottle. Alka and 899 love apple root perfume, \$1.00 a bottle. Frankincense and Myrrh perfume, \$1.00 a bottle. Incense perfume, \$1.00 a bottle. True Dream and Number One, \$1.00. Lucky Dream Perfume, \$1.00. Much more order to LEO S. OSMAN, 1124 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D.C.



Had Very Little Energy

"Before I began taking your medicine, I was a nervous, tired, broken-down woman with very little energy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. One of my friends suggested that I take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began. After taking two bottles I felt like a new woman. Now I am on the road to success. I highly recommend your good medicine to all suffering women. I will be glad to answer letters from anyone asking about it." —Mrs. Henry W. MacIn, Route 5, Box 20, Blackstone, Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound