

THE UNDER GROOVE

"The right one!" exulted the other man. Something in his voice made me open my eyes again. He had stepped back, and was motioning toward a girl in fur who stood at the door with an armful of roses, just behind the nurse with the charlotte-russe cap. I could see that she was a young woman, and that she had a great deal of dark brown hair.

I closed my eyes and opened them again, for the girl was leaning over the bed, looking down at me. She seemed to know me. She seemed nearer to me, in some way, than the others in that place of aching whiteness.

I looked up at her for a long, long time. But, try as I might, I could not remember. I shut my eyes tight and once more tried to think.

"Don't you know me? Don't you remember?" asked the girl, bending lower over the bed. She seemed to know me. Her voice quavered a little.

"Can't you even remember that day you helped—?" She broke off and drew back, wounded in spirit, as if she felt.

"Try your name!" suggested the doctor beside me in a whisper.

"I'm Margaret Shaler—Can't you even remember that?" she asked, a little forlornly.

"No," I told her.