

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Hanover, returning from a visit to her mother and wealthy stepfather in New York, finds Nicholas Boyd, her childhood lover aboard the England-bound ship. Two months before Boyd had been at the top of the movie world. But a heroic rescue has left him with a maimed face, a limp, and no contract. Bernice Boyd, his wife, has remained in New York, unable to face obscurity with Nicholas in his native England. George has forced Nicholas to talk to her at every opportunity. Now she has searched through the luggage to find the address on Nicholas' trunk—and it reads only "London."

Chapter Nine "THAT'S THAT"

It seemed to George, therefore, that the chances of finding Nicholas Boyd would be small, even supposing she set about trying to find him, and George seldom went to London. Her uncle hated it, possibly because he had spent all his wild rascally youth there and most of his money.

He seldom moved out of the village where they lived now, unless it was to see his lawyer about his will. He often saw his lawyer with regard to his will, because George knew he changed his mind about it once a month or the other.

Once he had informed her that Mrs. Lovelock was to have every penny, but that was when he had been very drunk. As a rule he hated Mrs. Lovelock and was always telling George that he meant to sack her, only when it came to the point he could never find the pluck.

Yes, people were funny; even Nicholas Boyd was afraid of something, and that was why he would not tell her where he was going, and why he would not say he would see her again. He was afraid of life; George realized it with sudden infinite pity; how dreadful for a big man like he was to be afraid of life, just because his face was scarred, and he was no longer so handsome as the world had known him.

George went up on deck and looked at the sea. It was cold and grey and angry; the spray lashed her face and the wind blew her hair into disorder. Soon the world would be able to see the "white cliffs of old England" as the people poetically called it. George was conscious of a thrill. She had been happy in America, but she was glad to be going home. Her mother had said that she never wanted to see England again, but then her mother was such a shocking sailor, and never got out of her cabin from the time the ship left one port until it arrived at another.

She had talked to George seriously about getting married. "Doesn't your uncle take you about and see that you meet eligible men?" she enquired. George had giggled at the thought. Her uncle never took her about anywhere, and she was glad of it, because one never knew what sort of condition he would be in from one hour to the next.

"Fuddled again!" was Mrs. Lovelock's way of expressing it. "It's a marvel to me how he lives." George wandered down below again and once more leaned her elbows on the top of Boyd's big trunk, staring down at its unfriendly label.

Why couldn't he have said to her: "I'm going to London—let's travel up together." GEORGIE had to go to London and cross it, in order to get down to her uncle's. There would be nobody to meet her, she knew, and for the first time it struck her that she would feel a little lonely, arriving at Southampton docks alone.

In New York she had been met by her mother and her step-father, and a big limousine; and she felt quite important with a liveried man to carry her modest luggage. At Southampton, no doubt, she would have to fight for a porter—porters did not care very much for unattached, insignificant girls.

"Are you ill?" a voice asked, and she turned with a start to find Nicholas Boyd beside her. "Ill? No, why? Do I look ill?" she asked helplessly.

"You were leaning over my trunk in rather a suspicious fashion," he answered. George laughed. "I've been looking for you," she said candidly. "I suppose you haven't been on deck."

"No." "It's quite nice up there," she said hopefully. Boyd shrugged his shoulders. "Is it? I'm just going along to the purser's office."

"I want to see the purser too," George said. day afternoon and his trial was set for Monday at 9 a. m. Mrs. Nina Schooler, 35, arrested with Cox, entered a plea of guilty on the same charge, and is to be sentenced Monday.

Mrs. Schooler's fourteen-year-old son Harrison, was also with his mother and Cox, but was released by police.

G. E. Radice, 7 models \$14.50 up. Short and long wave. Leonard Elec.

He frowned a little as he looked at her. "Well, you go first," he said. "My business will take some time."

It was a definite dismissal, and without giving her a chance to reply he turned on his heel and left her.

"And that's that," George told herself philosophically. "But of course he'll come and say goodbye to me," so she comforted herself, but she was wrong, for although she looked everywhere for Nicholas for the rest of the day, and again the following morning she did not see him.

And how it rained at Southampton! George shivered in spite of her big tweed coat as she stood waiting to go on shore; pushed here and there by excited people, deafened by the noise and clamor all around.

"Anyone meeting you?" Nelly asked her, and George shook her head.

"Are you going up to London alone?" she asked.

"Yes," there was a bitter note in Nelly's voice. "My lot went off directly we got in. He said he had friends to meet him, but I saw her—about as unlike me as you can imagine anything."

"We'll travel up together," George said kindly. "I'm going third class," Nelly told her.

"So am I."

And presently they were sitting opposite one another in a crowded compartment. George hung out of the window with a fine disregard for the feelings of her fellow-travelers, but there was no sign of Nicholas Boyd, and for the first time she was conscious of a little feeling of anger against him.

"Stupid! stupid!" she accused him in her heart. As if it could make the least difference! As if people could turn Fate away from the path in which it was destined to go.

The train moved slowly out of the station, and George sat down in her corner with a sigh.

THE little country town seemed as if it had gone to sleep and had forgotten to wake up, George thought as she drove up from the station in one of the antediluvian cabs which optimistically stood all day behind each other on the station rank.

She felt a little solitary and sad. For one thing it was twilight, the saddest hour of a summer's day, and for another she had begun to realize for the first time that she was a little lonely.

Surely no other girls of her age were quite so lonely? The old horse clattered along the dusty road, and the windows of the old cab rattled. George sat stiffly erect on the edge of the hard seat, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes staring before her at the remembered scene.

She had only been away for six weeks. It seemed now like six years, or as if she had had a long sleep and had only dreamed about New York and the skyscrapers, and the noisy streets, and the modern luxury of her mother's apartment.

She was a Cinderella, back from the ball, shorn of her short-lived splendor, princeless! The striped blinds of the vicarage were closely drawn over the windows to keep out the last rays of the setting sun; Trouvé, the old collier who belonged to Mrs. Spears at the Boar's Head, lay asleep on the path, and did not even open an eye or move as the cab lumbered by.

George liked Trouvé; she liked his name which Mrs. Spears, who fancied herself as something of a French scholar, had bestowed upon him because she had found him as a starving puppy, with a tin can tied to his woe-begone tail.

Mrs. Spears loved dogs; she always had various assorted breeds hanging about the Boar's Head. "It's all she does love, then," Mrs. Lovelock declared with a snarl.

Mrs. Lovelock invariably alluded to the worthy handmaid as "one of those painted ones." Mr. Scarlet's old cab lumbered past the tiny village green, past the little row of thatched cottages which were supposed to be many hundreds of years old, and sharply round to a lane where, behind a high holly hedge, stood her uncle's little house, hiding its fry-clad walls from the gaze of passers by.

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George's homecoming, tomorrow, is plagued by memories.

THOMAS-HOLMAN BATTLE LOOMS

According to reliable reports from Salem, there promises to be a grand

fight between Rufus Holman, state treasurer, and Charles M. Thomas, state public utilities commissioner, for the Republican nomination for governor next year.

Both men are after the nomination, and in the same way—via the anti-power trust route. What is regarded as Thomas' definite entry into the race is his speech in Portland on Tuesday, when he will report his

findings on the major power problems at a press meeting at the civic auditorium. Thomas a short time ago held a similar meeting in Klamath Falls, and has been busy securing political support among the granges and the labor organizations. Holman has the same idea, and expects the support of the Portland Journal. Thomas will probably have either the active support or at least

no opposition from the Oregonian. The contest between these two men promises to split the Republican party wide open, with probably benefit accruing to George Neuner, who also has a gubernatorial bee buzzing in his Stetson.

Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocers. The quality is fine and the price is right.

TOLBERT MORRIS FUNERAL MONDAY

Tolbert B. Morris, a resident of Medford for the past eight years,

died at his home, 728 West Eleventh street, at 11 p. m. Friday. He was born at Warren, Ill., October 23, 1857. He leaves his wife, Martha Morris, besides several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be conducted by Rev. Wm. B. Hamilton at the Conger chapel at 2:00 p. m. Monday, followed by entombment in the Medford memorial mausoleum.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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THE FAMILY ALBUM--GOOD-BYE AGAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-10

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Private War!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



HAL FORREST

GLENN CHAFFIN

BOUND TO WIN

By EDWIN ALGER



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By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Good Advice

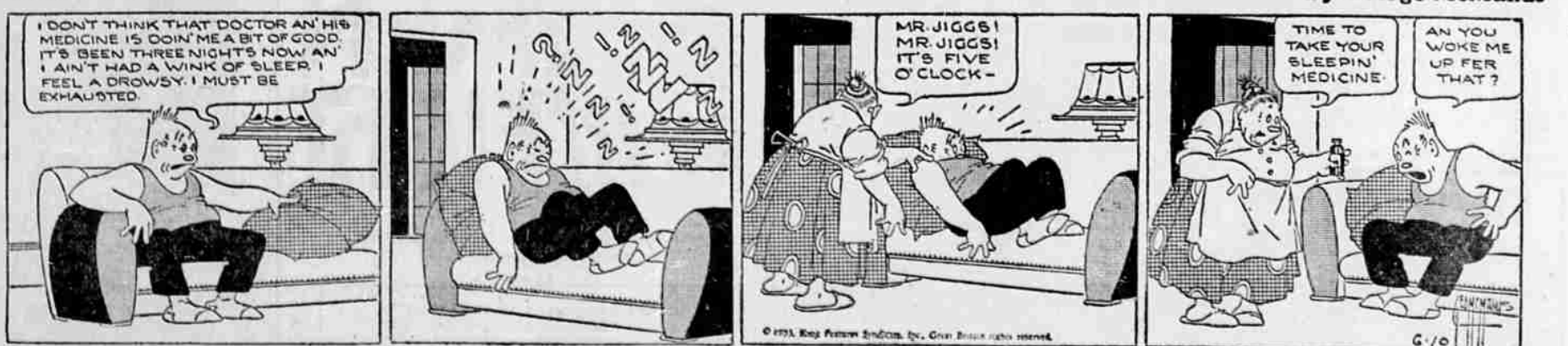


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By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



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NEGRO ENTERS DENIAL OF VAGRANCY CHARGE

David Cox, negro, arrested Friday night by state police and charged with vagrancy, pleaded not guilty when taken into justice court Satur-

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation