

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Bancroft, all the way across the Atlantic, has forced the gloomy, Nicholas Boyd to talk to her, and just before landing in England, he has admitted that he is a little fond of her. George has been in New York for a visit to her mother and wealthy step-father, Nicholas, through a deal of heroin, has suffered a moiled face and a lame leg, and the movie industry, where two months before he was a pumpered leading man, has tossed him overboard. Worse, Bernie Boyd, his wife, cannot face obscurity in Nicholas' native England, and remains in New York. Nicholas has dismissed George, however—and now George has returned to her uncle's village home.

Chapter Ten FATE AT WORK

THE house was unlocked but deserted. Georgie went up to her room.

She was evidently expected, for the bed was made, and the window was wide open.

She went to the window and leaned out, sniffing the fresh air.

A red rose hung close to the sill, and she carefully plucked it and placed it in a tumbler of water on the dressing table.

It made her think of Nicholas Boyd and of her roses he had thrown into the sea. Where was he now? she wondered.

"Ships that pass in the night," Nelly had said—well, some ships meet again even if it was years afterwards, and many, many miles away.

Georgie was glad that the rain which had greeted her at Southampton had cleared off and left sunshine, and at the same time she found herself wondering how she had managed to pass her days before she went away.

They had never dragged. She had always found something to do, and somewhere to go, even if it was only down to the Boar's Head to talk to Mrs. Spears and Trouvé. The vicar had once told her in his mildly disapproving manner that young ladies ought not to go to the Boar's Head and talk to Mrs. Spears.

"Whom can I talk to then?" Georgie had asked in her direct fashion. He had looked a little nonplussed, knowing that owing to her uncle's fondness for whiskey, she was rather ostracized by the so-called well-connected families round about.

It wasn't even as if Uncle Edward got respectably drunk; he did it in all sorts of places, and in all sorts of company.

Mrs. Spears was a great friend of his, and he had even been known to drink beer with Mr. Scarlet.

wiser not to press the subject further, and to change the conversation she asked after her uncle's cronies.

"How is everybody? It seems ages since I went away."

"Everything's just the same, except that Mrs. Spears."

Edward Bancroft drank half a tumbler of whisky and set the glass down with a bang.

"Mrs. Spears has gone out of her mind, I should think. Taken a lodger—a damned play-actor fellow; all American hat and cheap swank."

"American hat!" Georgie breathed quickly.

"American hat," her uncle said again. "A film star, she calls him."



Georgie flew downstairs.

Georgie had thought it all rather funny before she went away; something in her liked to shock the respectability of the neighborhood, but today she was seeing things from a different perspective.

Uncle Edward was very much of a revolutionary.

He hated conventionality and said that people were only respectable because they hadn't got the "guts" to be anything else.

"Guts" was a favorite word of his.

Outside, the iron gate slammed, then the front door slammed, then there was the sound of a heavy walking stick being put into the rack in the wall and then her uncle's voice, loud and threatening as usual.

"Damn it all, can't anyone move these boxes? Do you want me to break my neck?"

Georgie flew downstairs, her eyes shining.

"Here I am," she said.

Edward Bancroft stood in the hall; a big man with a body that must once have been fine and upright, but which had now grown a little fat and coarse; a red face which must once have been handsome, and rough grey hair that looked as if it had not seen a brush for years.

"Do you want me to break my neck?" he demanded again. "The hall isn't the place for boxes. Have 'em moved."

He went on into his study, and Georgie followed.

"It's been lovely!" she said, her enthusiasm as yet undamped.

"What's been lovely?" he demanded, making at once for the whiskey bottle.

"Everything," Georgie said. "New York, the boat, everything."

"NEW YORK'S a hell upon earth," was his uncompromising answer. "How's your mother looking?"

"Beautiful."

Edward Bancroft said "Bah!" and it was more expressive than if he had used a string of words.

Georgie realized that it would be

Says he's been ill and has come for quiet. Quiet! Why in the name of Moses couldn't he take himself and his ugly face somewhere else, instead of coming here spoiling the village.

"Ugly face!" Georgie whispered.

"Got a great scar all down one side," her uncle said grimly. "Mrs. Spears calls him a hero. Damned fine hero, I should say! Got it in a drunken brawl! In the truth's known—fighting over some woman as rotten as himself."

Georgie came a step nearer, her eyes were like stars.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"What's his name, Uncle Edward?" He looked at her and scowled.

"What do you want to know for? I expect his name's Smith, or Jones, or something—but he calls himself Boyd—Nicholas Boyd! ... Ought to be locked up for taking a good old name like that." He made a second attack on the whiskey. "If Mrs. Spears takes my advice she'll get rid of him," he went on. "Kick him out, American hat and all before he runs up a bill he can't pay. I know his sort—'Quiet!' indeed! Where are you going?" he demanded, as Georgie turned to the door.

She looked back at him. "I'm going to get some tea. What you just said reminded me that I hadn't had any."

But though she went into the kitchen, she only stood and stared at the kettle, her lips smiling, her eyes dancing.

Ships that pass in the night! Well, this one hadn't passed—it had come surely and swiftly, straight into harbor.

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Tomorrow Georgie calls on an old friend.

Hubby a Night Owl
RENO, Nev., June 12.—(UP)—Divorce from Charles Hooper Crosby, Piedmont, Cal., clubman and millionaire, was granted Mrs. Lorraine Ivory Crosby here today. Crosby stayed out nights and otherwise caused her "extreme mental anguish," she testified.

Arizona's spring lettuce crop, estimated at a half million dollars, was the most profitable since that of 1929.

Barter business conducted in Germany by certain companies in 1932 is estimated to have totaled at least \$25,000,000.

WIFE OF MATTERN WEARIED BY STRAIN

WALLA WALLA, Wash., June 12. (UP)—The strain of waiting for her

husband to reach American soil is beginning to wear on Mrs. Della Mattern, wife of the world flyer, she admitted to the United Press today.

"This job of waiting seems as hard on me as Jimmie's flying," she said. "I know Jimmie will make it all right, but I do hope he doesn't have more bad luck."

GALLOWES LOOMS FOR SLAYER OF WHITED

ASHLAND, June 12.—(Sp.)—The negro ex-convict, who brutally mur-

dered Harry L. Whited, former Ashland jeweler, at his jewelry store in Crockett, California, has been convicted of first degree murder without recommendation of mercy and will hang for the crime, according to word received by local friends. A hung jury resulted in Harrie's first trial. Mr. Whited was killed last December 8.

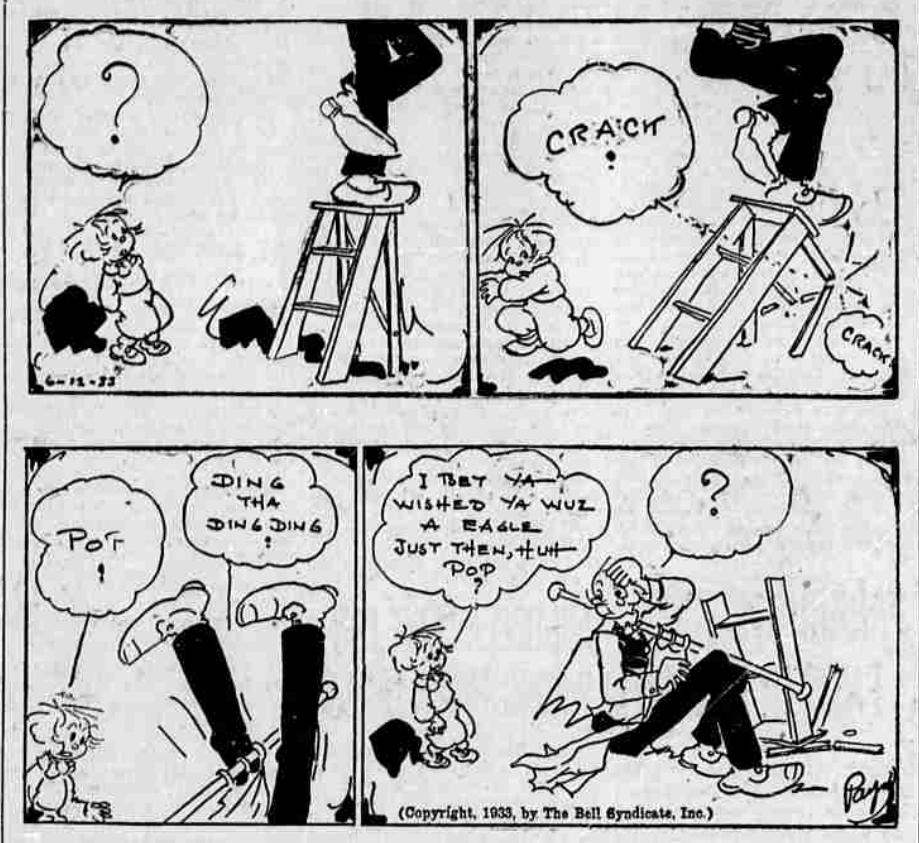
ANOTHER DIRIGIBLE URGED BY SURVIVOR

WASHINGTON, June 12.—(AP)—Construction of another airship of the

Akron's rank was urged for the navy today by congressional investigators at the same time the lone surviving officer of the disaster which demolished that craft was ordered to sea. Lieutenant Commander Herbert V. Willey was directed to report June 25 to the U. S. S. Cincinnati, a light cruiser in the battle force of the Pacific.

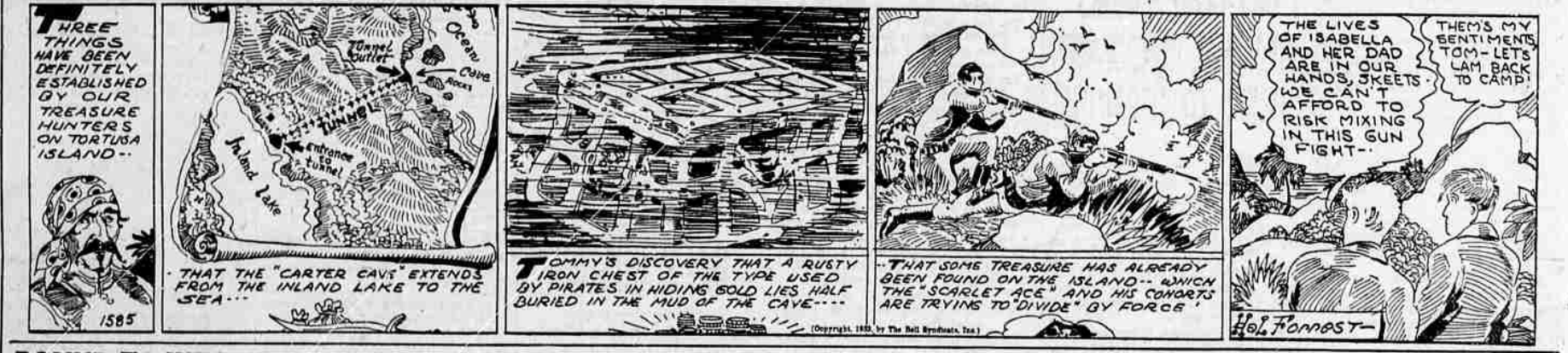
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bulletins From Tortuga!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Final Instructions!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It's All Right With Me

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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