

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: The one bright spot in Nicholas Boyd's tragic fall from stardom is the movie to tomorrow and oblivion has been the kindly attentions young and pretty George Lovelock. She has forced upon him, and he has dismantled them with a sharp, Nicholas has played the hero once too often, and a starved, a limp and a tangled contract are his rewards. Even Bernia Boyd, his wife, has left him to sail for his native England alone, and to his gloom George's well-meant ministrations on the boat have made no impression. But now he has turned up at the inn in the village where George lives with her dissolute and violent uncle.

Chapter 11 GEORGIE'S CALL

IN the morning George took a walk down the village. She had offered to help Mrs. Lovelock about the house as she had always done before she went to America, and had been bluntly repulsed. "I've managed without you all this time, and I can go on managing," was all the thanks she received.

"It hasn't been very long," George reminded her. "Six weeks is no time at all."

"It seems like six years when you're left to do everything for an ungrateful man who's never sober," Mrs. Lovelock retorted. "Not that I'm complaining, Heaven knows."

"It sounds rather like it," George said. She slipped down from the table where she had been sitting swinging her legs, and walked out of the house.

It was a dull morning, with a suspicion of mist hanging about the trees and fields which seemed to speak of heat to come later in the day. George walked along slowly, her eyes very thoughtful.

Nicholas Boyd would probably still be in bed, she decided. She hated bed herself, it always seemed such wicked waste of time; besides she was always afraid that if she overleapt herself she might miss something good.

Not that anything very much ever happened in the sleepy little village, but all the same perhaps some day it might and then if she was asleep in bed, how would she be able to participate in it?

She wondered which room Mrs. Spears had given Nicholas at the Boar's Head; George knew all the rooms. There was one where Queen Elizabeth was supposed to have slept; it was all old rafters and still contained a high four-poster bedstead.

George's uncle said it was all rot about the Queen having ever slept there; he said that if she had occupied half the beds she was supposed to have done, she must have spent her entire life going from one inn to the other. At any rate, the Boar's Head was very old; it had a secret passage (blocked up now) and one or two old fireplaces.

Mrs. Spears had done her best to preserve its antiquity; most of the furniture was antique, and last year when increase of custom had made it necessary to build out the old dining-room, she had insisted on having it done "in keeping," as she expressed it.

George thought it was a pity Nicholas had not told her where he intended to stay; she might have helped him by telling him which was the best and most comfortable bedroom, and they might have travelled down together and shared the same cab up from the station, which would have been cheaper. She wondered what he would say when he discovered that he had walked right into the enemy's camp, herself being the enemy.

Perhaps he would at once pack up and go somewhere else, and that again would be a pity.

She sighed and quickened her footsteps.

Trouvé was lying on the flagstones outside the Boar's Head when George turned the corner.

MRS. SPEARS had told her that years ago old stage coaches had rattled up over those flagstones and had deposited bepowdered dames and be-ruffed gentlemen at the door of the Boar's Head. She declared also that Nelson had once spent the night there on his way to Portsmouth, accompanied by Lady Hamilton.

As she drew nearer, Trouvé raised his head and looked up, then when she spoke his name he waved a welcoming tail and rose slowly to greet her. George went down on her knees and put her arms round him. He wasn't much of a dog if one was particular about points; his head was too big and his legs too long, but George loved him.

"Some day, when I have a home of my own, I shall keep a dozen dogs," was one of the things which George promised herself.

When Trouvé had licked her all over, they went into the Boar's Head together and straight across the low-ceilinged, black-raftered hall to Mrs. Spear's own sitting-room.

George opened the door without knocking. "I've come back," she said, by way of apology.

Mrs. Spears rose from a paper strewn desk. She was certainly as Mrs. Lovelock always described her "one of the painted ones" for even at this early hour of the morning she could not even have been rivalled in Hollywood, and her hair was of that brassy shade which the unenlightened mistake for gold.

But she was a jindy soul, as George knew well enough, and if she was blond, she was at any rate unaffected and honest.

"Well, I am glad to see you," she said, and bending from her superior height she gave the girl a resounding kiss.

"I heard you were back," she said. "Your uncle was in here last night. Well, and how are you?"

"Very well, thank you. I had a lovely time."

"I'll bet you did," Mrs. Spears said heartily. "You're looking fine. And have you lost your heart to anyone?"

George shook her head.

"And nobody has lost theirs to me," she said quaintly.

"Which is all to the good," Mrs. Spears declared. "Time enough for you to think of a husband in another ten years. By the way, I've got a gentleman staying here who must have come over on your boat as you both arrived yesterday. Mr. Nicholas Boyd."

George nodded. "Yes, he was on my boat," she said. "Is he going to stay long?"

"He's taken the rooms definitely for a month, bedroom and sitting-room. Funny he should come here of all places," she said; her eyes searched the girl's face with sudden suspicion. "He hasn't come after you by any chance, I suppose?" she asked with a twinkle.

"Not by any chance," George said firmly. "I don't think he likes girls very much, and anyway he's married."

"As if that makes any difference," Mrs. Spears mocked her. "The married ones are always the worst, in my opinion."

"Well, he isn't," George said. "He's been ill, you know."

"I know, and a fine mess he's made of his face, hasn't he? And him that was so handsome."

"It's the sort of scar that fades in time," George said quickly. "And anyway I never mind scars myself."

"That's because you haven't got any," the landlady of the Boar's Head asserted. "If your face was all smashed up like Mr. Boyd's, you wouldn't be too pleased about it, you mark my words."

To change the conversation she asked how her uncle had been behaving during her absence.

"Just the same," Mrs. Spears said comfortably. "It's a marvel to me he isn't dead. Last night he was here till we closed, and then I had to get all to walk home with him."

"I know. I heard them come in," George said.

"It's a thousand pities," Mrs. Spears went on. "And your uncle quite the gentleman. It's hard on you, too."

"Oh, I don't mind," George said. "It's no use worrying about anything; it doesn't help. Which room has Mr. Boyd got?"

"The one you like—that looks over the garden," Mrs. Spears told her. "And the sitting-room next door. He said he wanted to be quiet, and he'll be quiet enough there; a bit too quiet, I should say, after the life he's led. Are you going to wait and see him?"

"Oh, no," George said in sudden fright. "He doesn't know I live here. I don't think he'd be very pleased if he did, so I hope you won't tell him."

"Not me, I've enough to do to mind my own business, but I thought as you'd called in, perhaps you wanted to see him."

"I want to see him right enough," George told herself with a sigh, as she walked home again. "But that isn't the point."

Of course they would be bound to meet sooner or later, and then he could not be rude and pretend that he did not know her. Her hand went deeply into her coat pocket and closed over his cigarette case.

In the meantime she could wait.

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George reviews her prospects, tomorrow, and is not thrilled.

GASOLINE YIELDS STATE HUGE SUM

SALEM, Ore., June 13.—(UP)—Since 1919 when gasoline taxes for road

purposes were first imposed in Oregon, motorists of the state have used 1,527,422,301 gallons of gas. Consumption has yielded returns of \$49,447,840.94, of which \$3,799,844.94 was refunded for gasoline not used on public highways. Distillate consumption, principally by farmers and loggers, amounted to 49,258,293 gallons.

In 1919 gasoline consumption amounted to 31,812,112 gallons in Oregon. Taxed 1 cent a gallon it yielded \$290,795.49. In 1932, 155,815-157 gallons of gas were used, which paid, at 4 cents a gallon, \$6,342,008. Greatest year for gas consumption was 1931, when 170,339,112 gallons were burned. Income that year was \$6,966,815.45.

ROB SERVICE STATION IN TALENT OF CANDY

TALENT, June 13.—(Sp.)—Service station in Talent, owned by Mr.

and Mrs. Bradford Dixon was broken into on Thursday night. The prowlers removed the bottom sash from a window without breaking the glass and unlocked it. The cash register was searched and yielded nothing, a box of candy and one of gum were taken.

An almost complete skeleton of a mastodon has been recovered from

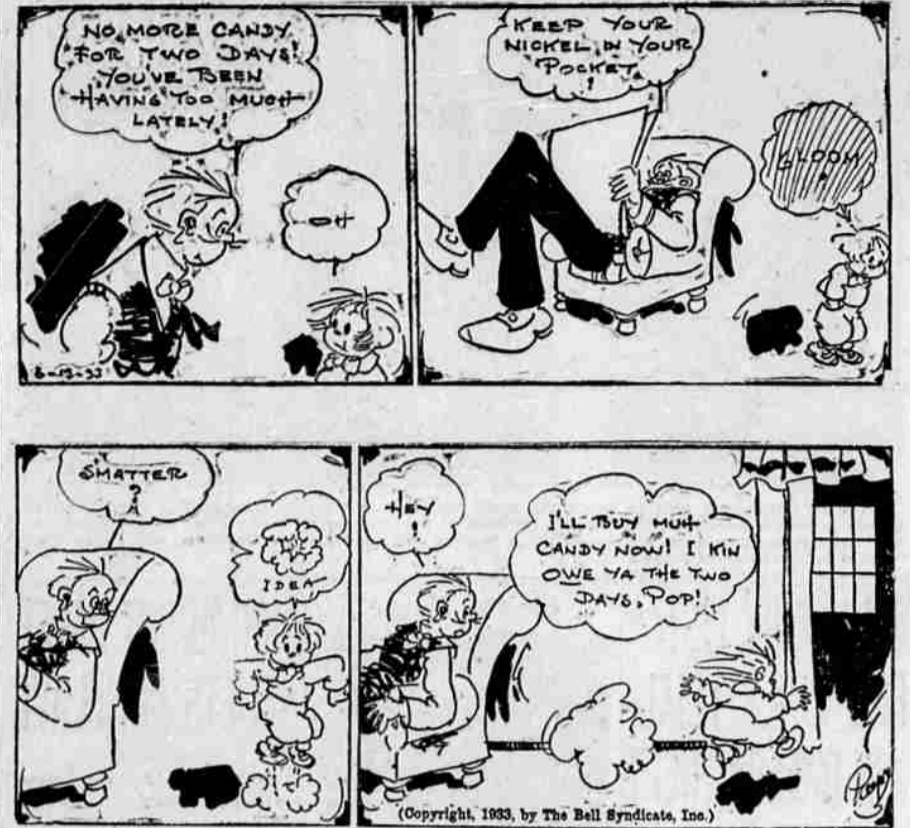
Wakulla Spring, near Tallahassee, Fla. It is exhibited by the state geological department.

Toll-gate keepers on the national road gained their jobs through political patronage in the early days.

Discovery of the burrowing owl in Florida first was reported by Robert Ridgway on July 4, 1874.

S'MATTER POP—

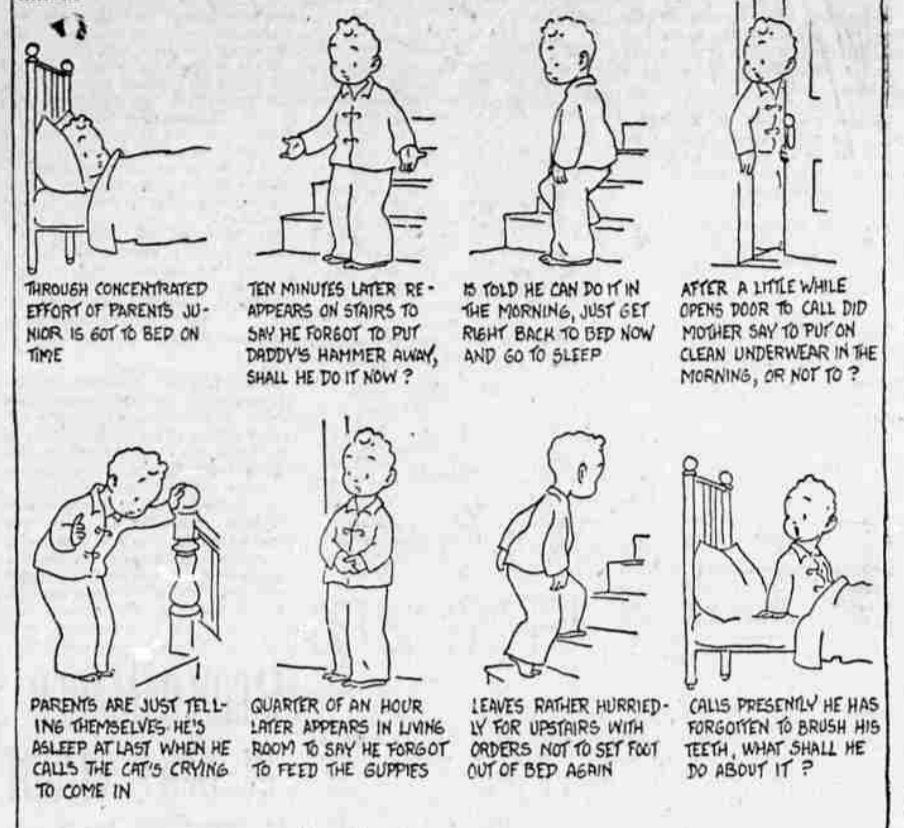
By C. M. PAYNE



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IN BED ON TIME

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Stout Comrades!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Grumbling Host

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—He Had No Favorites

By SOL HESS



Phoenix Circle Planning Picnic
PHOENIX, June 13.—(Sp.)—Juvenile lodge of the Oak Circle met at the garage hall Saturday afternoon with fourteen members present. Plans have been made for a picnic June 24 and circle members are invited. They will meet at the hall at 10:30. Oak Circle will meet Thursday afternoon at the garage hall.

Mrs. Ray Ward and Miss Elva Caster left Sunday for Pendleton to attend the state convention. Mrs. Ward is a state officer and Miss Caster a representative of Phoenix grange. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. P. Barrett of Ashland and will return via the coast route next Sunday.

See keepers of California produced 19,525,000 pounds of honey last year.



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