By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

Nicholas Boyd, exiled of his place as a Hollywood star by an heroic rescue which had left him maimed for life, settles in his native England. His wife, Bernie Boyd, has deserted him; on the boat returning to England he has been forced to accept the kindly attentions of Georgie Bancroft, returning from a visit with her mother in New York. But he dismisses her regardless of the hurt—and now she is thrilled to find him in her home village.

Chapter 12

THE TEARS COME

GEORGIE got back home to find her uncle, looking a little yellow about the eyes, wrapped in an old dressing-gown, and sitting by a fire which he had insisted on having lit in his study.

In the morning he was always cold, but in the evening he declared that the place was a hot-house and that he could not breathe.

There was a drawing-room at The Hollies, but nobody ever used it. Mrs. Lovelock kept it clean and opened the windows periodically, but it always smelt musty and unused. "Like a grave," Georgie thought, though she had not the least idea what a grave was like.

Sometimes she went into it, and looked around. The furniture was old-fashioned without being antique, and was evidently a woman's choice, though Uncle Edward always swore that there had never been any women in his life. "Not if I know it!"

Georgie did not altogether believe him; she had a vague idea that whoever had chosen that drawing-room furniture with its spindle-leg chairs and aggravating china cabinet had once been very much in Edward Bancroft's life.

Once she had ventured to fill some vases with flowers and put them in the drawing-room, but her uncle had found them and thrown them out.

"Why the devil do you want to make the place look like a churchyard?" he had demanded.

Georgie thought it was like a churchyard anyway, but she had not transgressed again.

She would have passed her uncle's door now, but he called to her.

He was like that; if she went to see him unasked, as a rule he told her to get out, and if she avoided him, he wanted to know what he had done to be shunned like the plague.

"Here you are, only come home yesterday from gadding about half over the world, and not a word to say. Where have you been I should like to know?"

"Out for a walk."

"Out for a walk! Out for a walk!" he echoed testily. "I didn't ask what you'd been doing, I asked where you'd been. Can't you give me a straight answer?"

"I went to see Mrs. Spears."

She waited a little anxiously for some reference to Nicholas Boyd, but her uncle had forgotten about his existence.

"You don't want to make a friend of that woman," he said.

"You do," Georgie answered.

"What I do and what you do are two different things," he declared. "Or they ought to be. Isn't there anyone else you can go and see, without wasting time with that woman?"

Georgie said nothing; she had heard it all before and knew how very little it meant.

"THIS house is as cold as ice," he went on; he kicked at the fire with his slippered foot. "Why the devil Lovelock can't keep decent fires beats me. I pay enough for coal, Heaven knows."

"I'll put some more on," Georgie said, but when she moved to do so he stopped her.

"No, you needn't. I'm going out directly."

"Have you had any breakfast?"

"Breakfast!" he glared at her again. "Do I look as if I want any breakfast?"

Georgie checked a smile. "No," she said.

"Then don't ask idiotic questions," he snorted.

He shivered and sat down in the armchair.

"What do you propose to do with yourself now you're back?" he asked after a moment.

The girl shook her head. "The same as before I suppose," she said. "And that isn't very much," she added a trifle wistfully.

"I didn't expect you'd come back," he said gruffly.

Her eyes widened a little.

"Didn't you want me to come back?" she asked quickly.

Didn't anybody want her? She knew that even her mother had been quite glad when the time came for her departure.

"Nobody considers what I want or what I don't want," Edward Bancroft answered. "I suppose you came back because it suited you."

"I came back because there wasn't anywhere else for me to go," Georgie said.

"Didn't your mother ask you to stay?" he demanded.

"No."

He laughed hoarsely. "She wouldn't. She was always a selfish woman; all women are selfish."

He closed his eyes and huddled down into the shabby dressing-gown, and after waiting a moment, Georgie stole away.

She felt a little lost and lonely, but she supposed philosophically that in a day or two she would have settled down again quite happily.

She ate a solitary lunch. Mrs. Lovelock declared that she had indigestion and could not eat a mouthful if anybody offered her the Throne of England, so Georgie sat alone in the dining room and wondered why she felt so disgustingly like tears.

It was no use crying anyway; besides, she didn't know why she wanted to cry; she blinked hard at an unappetizing suet pudding (which Mrs. Lovelock had served up because she thought it was time Georgie had "Good English food after all that heathen rubbish") and felt as if she would choke.

Was Nelly Foster feeling like this? Perhaps she was too busy serving the nasty old women she had spoken about to think of other things. At any rate she wouldn't be alone; and she was occupied.

"I wonder if I could work in a shop," Georgie thought. "It wouldn't be so bad in a tobacconist's perhaps, or even sweets."

Mrs. Spears always declared that without work to do she would go mad. "Without work to do, you've got to much time to think," so she said in her brisk way. "And if you think too much you get sorry for yourself, and that's fatal."

"It's what's happening to me," Georgie thought in sudden panic, and she pushed back her chair and rose from the table, leaving the suet pudding to grow cold in uncut solitude.

THE house seemed silent and deserted. Mrs. Lovelock had retired to her room, and Edward Bancroft had gone out, no doubt to the Boar's Head.

"And I don't blame him," Georgie thought in revolt. "It's better to be down there talking to people than sitting up here alone with nothing in the wide world to do."

She took her hat and went out.

The sun was shining now, but as it was everybody's lunch time the streets were deserted.

Georgie turned away from the direction of the Boar's Head and walked down the long country road.

"Too much time to think—" yes, that was what was the matter with her. If only she could do something useful, make herself necessary to one single person in the great wide world; there must be somebody who would be glad to have her!

She turned aside and leaned her arms on a gate that shut off a wide field of beans. Georgie liked leaning over things—she found it restful. She remembered suddenly how she had leaned over Nicholas Boyd's big trunk and he had come along and asked her if she felt ill.

She smiled at the memory, then all at once she found she was crying. Well, it didn't matter if one cried out here; there was nobody to see, and perhaps if she had one good howl she would feel better and stop being sorry for herself. So Georgie howled; not loudly, but with her face hidden on her arms till the sleeves of her thin coat were drenched.

She did not know why she was weeping; she only knew that there was a hard little feeling round her heart that had got to be melted or she would never be happy or satisfied again.

After all, one had to go on, no matter how lonely and unwanted one might be, but for once her cheery optimistic belief that there was something wonderful lying close in store for her, had let Georgie down badly and tears were the only way out.

"I'm a fool—" she told herself, even as she wept.

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A welcome intruder, Monday, breaks into Georgie's grief.

BOYS' GAME STARTS AUSSIE GOLD RUSH

SYDNEY, Australia — (AP) — Three small brothers of Grenfell, tired of digging a "gold mine" under a tree, started throwing stones at a magpie's nest.

A man passing by picked up one of the stones and found the youngsters had been throwing real nuggets.

The discovery started a gold rush, and the boys' father staked a claim for them.

Redden & Co. Write jog hauling bonds.

RHODESIA TREASURY BOASTS A SURPLUS

SALISBURY, Southern Rhodesia, —(AP)—While most countries are struggling to balance their budgets southern Rhodesia is in the happy position of having concluded its fiscal year with a surplus of nearly $400,000.

The government has reduced income tax by 2.5 per cent and has restored penny postage.

G. E. Radios. 7 models $14.50 up. Short and long wave. Leonard Elec.

SNAIL BESTS SNAKE IN MARATHON FIGHT

WALCOTT, Iowa, June 14.—(AP)—H. H. Schneckloth reports that a snail fought a ten-inch garter snake for nine hours in a pool in his garden.

The snail won.

After its victory the snail released the dead snake and retreated into deeper water.

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

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Waiting For The Tide To Go Out!

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BOUND TO WIN—While Ben Was Absent

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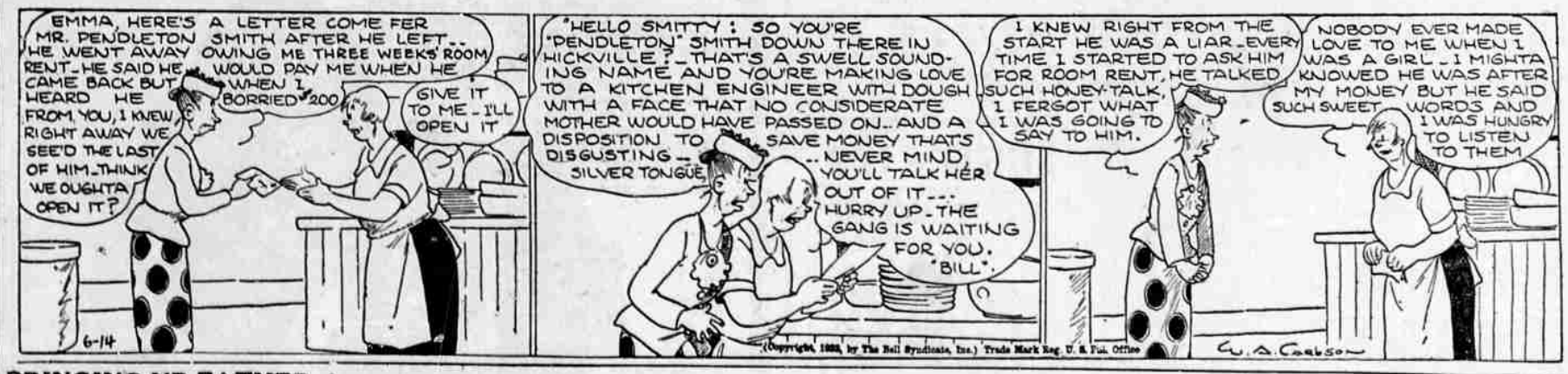
THE NEBBS—The Letter

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

SAUSAGE EMBLEM IRRITATES NAZIS

BERLIN, (AP)—When sausage manufacturers started selling frankfurters in the shape of the swastika, the Hitler propaganda ministry decided that the time had come to halt use of the nazi emblem for advertising.

Not only has the swastika appeared on toys, candles and sweet buns, but Chancellor Hitler portrait, or what passes for it, has figured on ash trays, paper napkins, beer glass stands, trays and lampshades.

Thousands of cheap metal or plaster busts of Hitler have been sold that aren't flattering to him. He has been modeled in lard and butter, with even more disastrous results.

Intensive Gregg review, dictation, typing, and bookkeeping 6 to 10 weeks, $20. Class begins Thursday, June 15. Medford Business College.

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