

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Bonoroff hangs weeping over a gate. On her way home to England from visiting her mother in New York she has tried to comfort Nicholas Boyd, the former film star. Boyd, through his own heroism, has sustained his valuable face for life and works with a limp as well. When his contract was cancelled his wife Bernice deserted him. He turns George away brusquely, but without knowing it, he has come for rest to her home village.

Chapter 13

NICHOLAS AGAIN

BUT George did not stop, and suddenly she was bamboozled by a step behind her, and then, as she did not look up, of a hand on her shoulder and a voice which said,

"I told you there were to be no more tears, Kobbin." George did not look up, but something warm and delicious seemed to flow through every vein in her body, as if someone had poured balm into a wound, and after a moment Nicholas Boyd said:

"It's no use pretending. I've been watching you for at least five minutes."

She groped in a pocket and produced a handkerchief, dabbing her eyes with a hand that was not quite steady.

"You don't seem very surprised to see me," she said resentfully.

"I saw him this morning, matter of fact, he asked me to a drink with him."

"And did you?"

"Yes."

"He'll be pleased," George told him. Her uncle had raved against this man, but she knew that if only Boyd would drink with him, the time would be changed to one of the greatest friendships.

They walked a little way in silence, till Nicholas asked suddenly, "Why does your mother allow you to live with him?"

She raised startled eyes. "Allow me to? Why shouldn't she?"

"A man like that is not a fit guardian, shall we say, for any girl."

George considered the point.

"I like him," she said at last.

"So you may, but he is not a fit guardian for you. Haven't you any other relations?"

"No."

"Or friends?"

"Not in the village. Not anywhere as a matter of fact."

She looked up at him with rather puzzled eyes.

"Why isn't he a fit guardian for me?" she questioned. "I am quite able to look after myself."

"So I have discovered."

She laughed a little and Nicholas looked down at her.



"You don't seem surprised to see me," she said.

"I'm not in the least surprised," he answered calmly. "Why should I be? I heard your voice this morning talking to Mrs. Spears, and besides I followed your example and read the label on your trunk just as you read the label on mine."

She dashed him a radiant smile. "You didn't," she breathed.

"I assure you I did; why are you so surprised?"

"Because I thought if you had known I lived here, you would have gone somewhere else."

His eyes met hers, unsmilingly. "And why should I alter all my plans just because you happen to live here?" he asked.

SHE stood silent, twisting her handkerchief, then suddenly she raised her eyes and smiled with disarming sweetness.

"I think it was clever of you to recognize my voice," she said. And then as he said nothing, she added: "I'm glad you've got the room that looks over the garden."

"Did you make it your business to find out which room I had got?"

"Yes. You see, my uncle was down at the Boat's Head yesterday and they told him about you, and he told me, and so..."

"And so you went down this morning to tell Mrs. Spears to look after me properly, is that it?"

She flushed a little. "Well—not exactly—but I wanted to make sure it really was you."

"And now you have made sure?"

She had nothing to say to that, and he said: "If you've quite finished crying, shall we walk back?"

George said impulsively, "Isn't it too far for you?"

"When I haven't walked a step for a week?"

"Well, I only thought you might be tired."

They walked slowly down the road together, Nicholas leaning heavily on his stick.

George asked suddenly, "Did you see my uncle?"

"You seem happy enough now," he said, and George answered impulsively. "That's because I'm with you."

A second later she cried out in confusion. "That was a silly thing to say. I didn't mean it; at least—"

"I know quite well what you meant," he said, and then, half heartily: "Your uncle has asked me to visit you."

"And will you?"

"No."

She sighed. "You're honest, anyway, but you're right not to come. It's not much fun in our house; it's all... sort of dead. I don't wonder Uncle Edward prefers to be down at the Boat's Head. I'd rather be there myself."

"And now perhaps he'll ask me to tea some day," she thought.

But Nicholas only said: "The Boat's Head is not a place for you to visit."

"Isn't it? Well I do go there, often. I like Mrs. Spears. She's always cheerful. Nobody is cheerful in our house, except me, and it's not easy to go on for ever, being cheerful by yourself."

They were in sight of the village, and Nicholas stood still.

"I'll say goodbye," he said.

"But I'm going the same way," she told him hurriedly.

"Yes," he agreed. "But you're going to run on by yourself and leave me to follow."

The hot blood ran up into her face.

"You mean you don't want to 'a seen with me?"

"I mean that in a village of this sort if you are seen with me people will find something to talk about when there is nothing."

She stared up at him for a moment, then with a half shrug of her shoulders she turned away and hurried on down the road.

(Copyright, 1932, Doubleday Doran)

George quarrels with a friend of hers, tomorrow.

VOLT NEW HEAD OREGON BANKERS

GEARHART, Ore., June 15.—(AP)—C. C. Volt of Portland was elected

president of the Oregon Bankers' Association at the concluding session of the 28th annual convention of the group here. Invitations were received from Baker, Portland and Gearhart for the 1934 convention. The site to be selected at the mid-winter meeting of the executive committee in Portland. Other new officers are Eugene Courtney of Woodburn, vice presi-

dent; Frederick Greenwood of Portland, chairman of the executive committee, and R. J. Beatty of Portland, treasurer. The bankers favored the government's withdrawal from competitive banking in the postal savings fund, and opposed the rumored transfer of the Portland branch of the regional agricultural credit corporation to headquarters in Spokane.

TURKEYS TO EAT K. F. HOPPERS

BEND, Ore., June 15.—(AP)—On their way to the Klamath country,

2000 young turkeys passed through Bend Tuesday, the first of 6000 birds to be taken to the Klamath "marsh" where they will be turned loose on the ranges and herded like sheep or cattle. The six-week old turkeys were transported in a truck built into a huge coop seven decks high and six sections long, in charge of J. M. Griffin of Tangent, owner of the birds.

Griffin said the land won't have to be leased, as the Klamath farmers are eager to have the turkeys on their land to rid the country of destructive grasshoppers. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Pender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

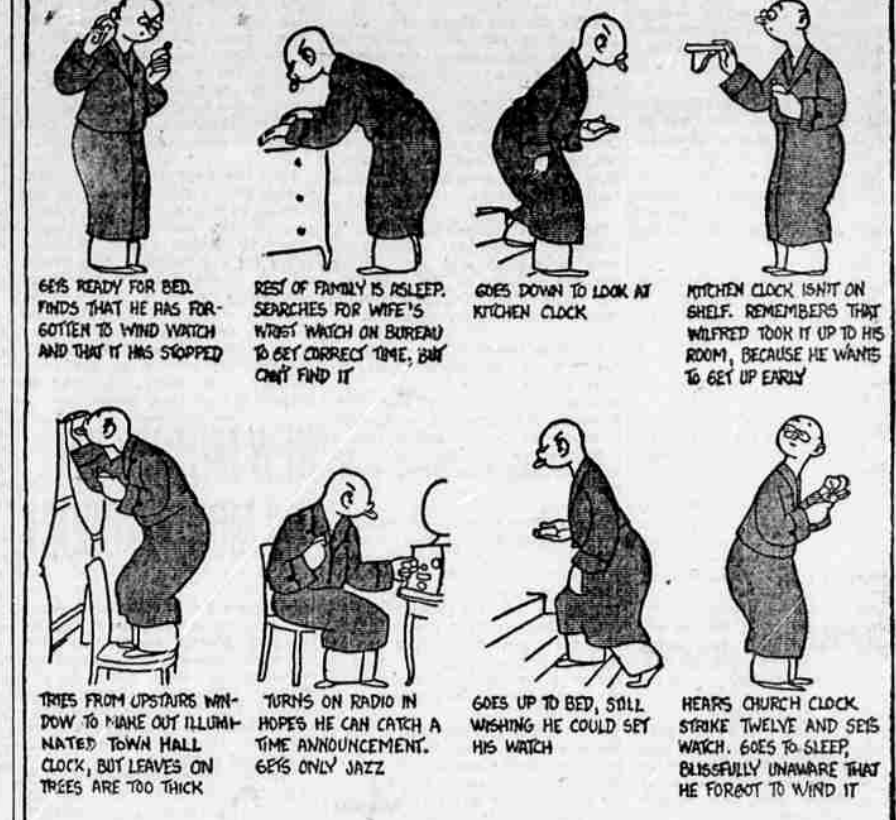
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



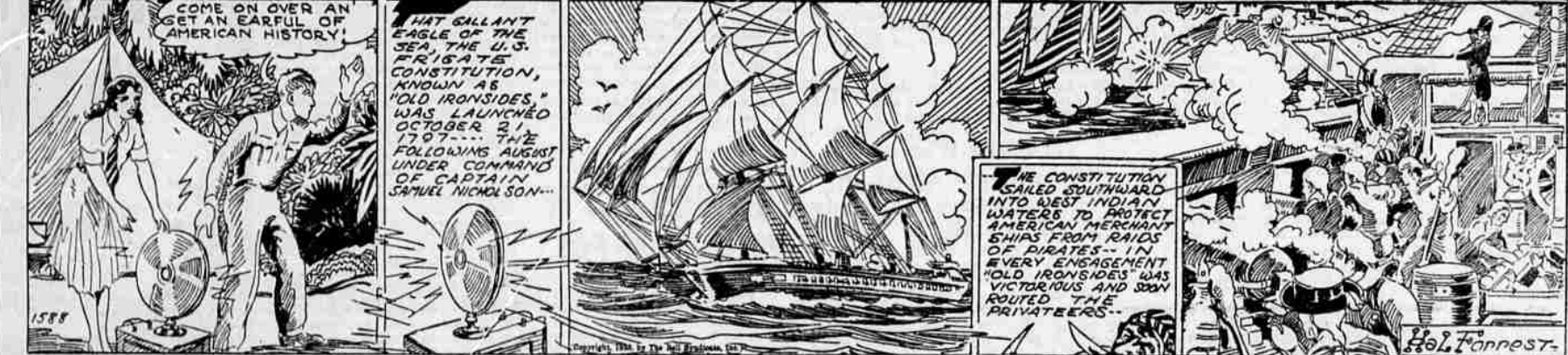
THE FAMILY ALBUM—TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Old Ironsides" And The Pirates

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Billy Hill's Suspicions

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Rubbing It In

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MASSACHUSETTS JOINS PROHI REPEAL PARADE

BOSTON, June 15.—(AP)—Massachusetts stood in the repeal column today, the eleventh consecutive state to do so in favor of repeal of the 18th amendment. It was a sweeping victory with the repealists piling up a margin of 4

to 1 in the state at large and a ratio of 10 to 1 in Boston. The ten states already on record in favor of repeal were: Wyoming, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Rhode Island, Delaware, Wisconsin and Nevada. Dine & Dance at BONNEY GRILLE 506 & 736 dinners, sandwiches, cold beer, etc. Snappy orchestras Tues., Thurs., Sat. & Sun nights. COME & ENJOY yourself! Real estate or insurance—Leave it to Jones, Phone 496.



AFTER EVERY MEAL

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