

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George does not see Nicholas Boyd, film star whose career has been ruined by an accident that mangled his face. After the day in which he caught her leaning over a table in her home village, George's eyes sparkled with Mrs. Lovelock, her choleric uncle's housekeeper, and for a time goes to London to see Nelly Foster, whom she met while returning to England from visiting her mother in America. She goes to a movie, and a strange young man speaks to her.

Chapter 15 A NEW FRIEND

"I DIDN'T like it," George said. "I hate people killing one another."

"I get rather tired of it myself," he admitted. "The next picture is better. He had a nice face, not strictly good-looking, but fresh and healthy, with brown hair and the faintest suspicion of a moustache shadowing his upper lip."

He looked like a man who played outdoor games, and lived a healthy life.

"It's extraordinary how these places all up," he said. "Half of the pictures are utter rubbish, and yet people flock to see them."

"Don't you like the pictures?" George asked.

He half shrugged his shoulders. "Not very much, but I came in because I've got some time to wait for a friend."

George laughed. "How funny! That's why I came." They looked at one another with interested eyes. "I've just come back from America," George volunteered.

"Really? What's it like out there?"

"Oh, I suppose it's alright. I think the ship was the best part of it, going out and coming home."

"Do you live in London?"

"No, in the country. Where do you live?"

"I've got rooms in town."

"Sometimes I wish I had," George sighed, then she suddenly recollected that she was giving her confidence to a complete stranger and she pulled herself up to any deprecatingly. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

"All what?" he asked in amusement. "You haven't told me anything except that you live in the country." He shifted his position a little, looking at her more squarely. "I'm a friendly sort of person," he said, "and I don't see the slightest harm in talking to someone if you like the look of them, whether you've been introduced or not. It's such rubbish, all this conventionally."

She nodded. "Yes, I think so too."

"My name's Asher," this rather astounding young man went on. "Clifford Asher, and I'm in a solicitor's office. Are you a business girl?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought not," he said. "Well, aren't you going to tell me your name?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. It's George Bancroft, and I'm only just up in London for the afternoon to see a friend."

"I see. Well, I suppose there's no reason why we should not talk."

"Aren't we talking?" George asked.

He laughed at that. "I suppose so, but I mean there's no reason why we shouldn't go on talking."

"No. The lights were down again and George felt a little thankful. She had never met a man like this before, and he rather took her breath away even while she realized that his friendliness was just the sort of thing that appealed to her, and that he had tackled her in just the same manner in which she had first approached Nicholas Boyd.

"Well, why not?" she asked herself. "There's no harm in it; we shall never see each other again." But when the pictures were over Clifford Asher asked her to have tea with him.

George shook her head. "I'm going to have tea with my friend at six o'clock."

"Well, can't you manage two teas?" he asked.

George consulted the big clock on the wall before them: there was still an hour to kill.

"Oh, all right," she said. They went out into Oxford Street together.

It was raining a little and her escort suggested a taxi, but George refused. "I like walking in the rain."

"Very well." He turned up the collar of his coat and they walked along together.

They went into a toashop in Regent Street where a band was playing and everything was bright and cheerful.

"Isn't it nice?" George said in wholehearted enjoyment.

He laughed. "You're a queer lit-

tle girl," he said. "Don't you come to London much?"

"Hardly ever."

"Why not?"

She shook her head. "I don't know; it just never occurs to me. I live in the country, and I don't know anyone in London."

"You know me now."

"You!" She looked at him with grave eyes. "I don't suppose I shall ever see you again," she said.

"If you don't, it will be your fault," he answered.

He ordered tea and cakes; lovely cakes with icing and chocolate. George's eyes sparkled. "I mustn't eat too much," she said, "or I shan't want anything when I meet Nelly."

"Nelly! You're not meeting a man then?"

"Of course not."

"Why of course not? Don't you like men?"

George considered the question. "I hardly know any," she admitted after a moment. "There's my uncle, and..." she broke off; it was not the time to speak of Nicholas Boyd. "I hardly know any," she said again.

"Then you're not like the modern girl," he said.

"I'm not modern," George answered. "I've never had the chance to be."

"You mean your people won't let you?"

"I haven't any people except an uncle; at least, yes, I've got a mother and a step-father but they're in America, and I hardly ever see them."

"What a shame."

She looked at him. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'm quite happy; at least I was, till—" she broke off and he added for her "Till you went to America; you were going to say I know what you mean. Life's all right till you experience something better, isn't it? and then you begin to think, and to want to stretch your wings a little."

George suddenly remembered what Mrs. Spears had said about it being bad for people to think too much. "If you do, you get sorry for yourself, and that's fatal."

"I try not to be dissatisfied," she said half apologetically.

The man opposite looked at her steadily for a moment, then he said. "You're lonely, that's what's the matter, isn't it?"

"Yes, you do," he assured her cheerily. "Look here, why don't you take me out sometimes? Do you like theatres? I'd like to take you if your people wouldn't mind."

"There's only my uncle, and I needn't tell him," George added guiltily.

"Well then why not? I've got a car. I could fetch you and take you home safely." He saw the refusal in her eyes and hastened to add, "I'm quite a decent chap, I assure you; you're nothing to be afraid of."

"I'm not afraid. I'm never afraid of anything, but well, I don't know you."

"You never will, unless you let me see you again." He thrust a hand into his breast pocket. "I'll give you my card. That ought to be some sort of a guarantee, and if you'll give me yours..."

"I haven't got one."

"Well, tell me your address, and I'll write it down."

George told him. The little doubt in her mind was rapidly being swept away by the sense of adventure, and also by the comfortable knowledge that Mrs. Lovelock was responsible. If she had not suggested this visit to London, this man would never have crossed her path.

She watched interestedly while Asher wrote her name and address in a neat pocket book, then he looked up and met her laughing eyes.

"It's fun, isn't it?" he asked. George nodded. "And now I must really go," she said regretfully. "I can't keep Nelly waiting."

He called for the bill and they left the shop together.

"You'll let me see you to wherever you're going," he asked, but George said no, she would go alone. She rather dreaded the look which she knew would come into Nelly's eyes if she saw her with this man, and she did not feel equal to the task of a plausible explanation.

They shook hands. "I'll write to you, or ring you up," he said. "We don't have a 'phone," George answered.

"Then I'll write, and you will answer."

"Of course."

But she was a little dubious as she walked away.

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Tragedy, tomorrow, enters George's peaceful life.

4 NATURALIZED IN LOCAL COURT

Final naturalization papers were

issued in Judge Harry D. Norton's court Saturday morning to four persons of Jackson county. It was announced yesterday, that hereafter all such matters will be taken up in federal court, and the ten petitions and seven declarations made during the past week are to be heard in the October term of federal court.

Persons receiving their final papers were M. Heckenberger of Eagle Point, a native of Hungary; A. J. DeLisle of Ashland, native of Montreal, Canada; M. E. Webster of Ashland, native of Nova Scotia; and Dimitri Ivanovich Bolshoytinnoff, native of Russia, who had his name changed to Dimitri James Bolton.

V. W. Thomlinson, district director of naturalization, with headquarters in Portland, spent the past week here in connection with declarations of intention filed, and also the petitions made.

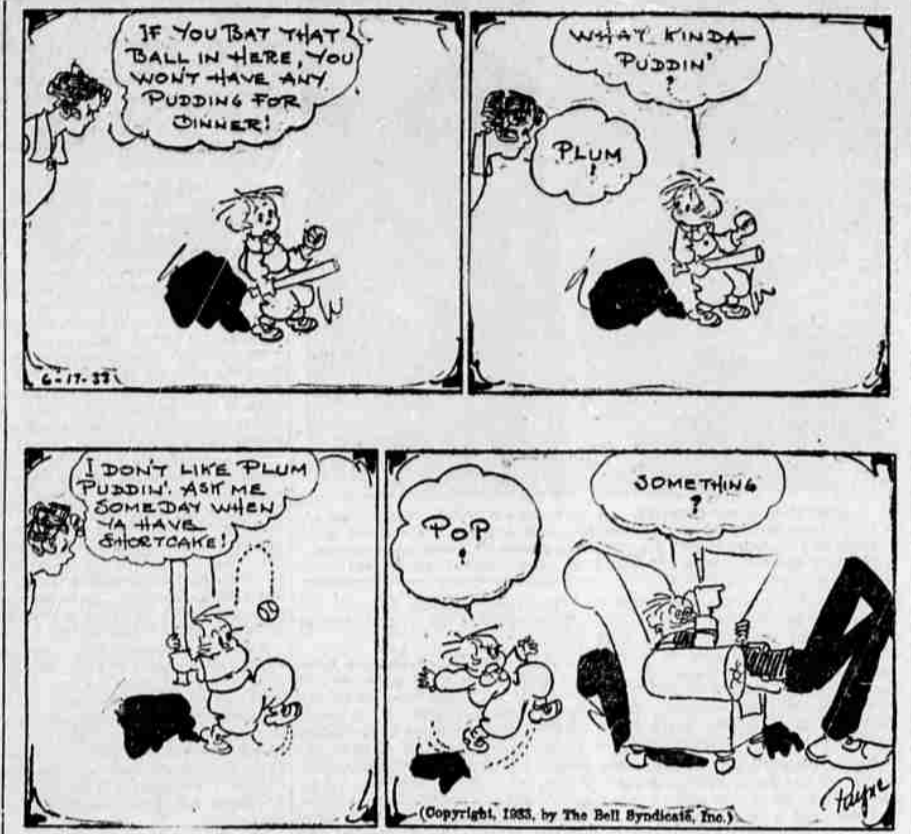
Medford Merchants Asked To Patronize Own Home Printers

(Contributed)
There are solicitors in Medford most every day for printing that is done by out-of-the-city and state firms, who do not pay taxes or help

maintain one of the largest payrolls in the city.
The campaign against peddlers for out-of-town concerns is on and every business and professional man should ask the solicitor if the printing is done in Medford, and if not, flatly refuse to purchase it at any price.
Phone 642. We'll mail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

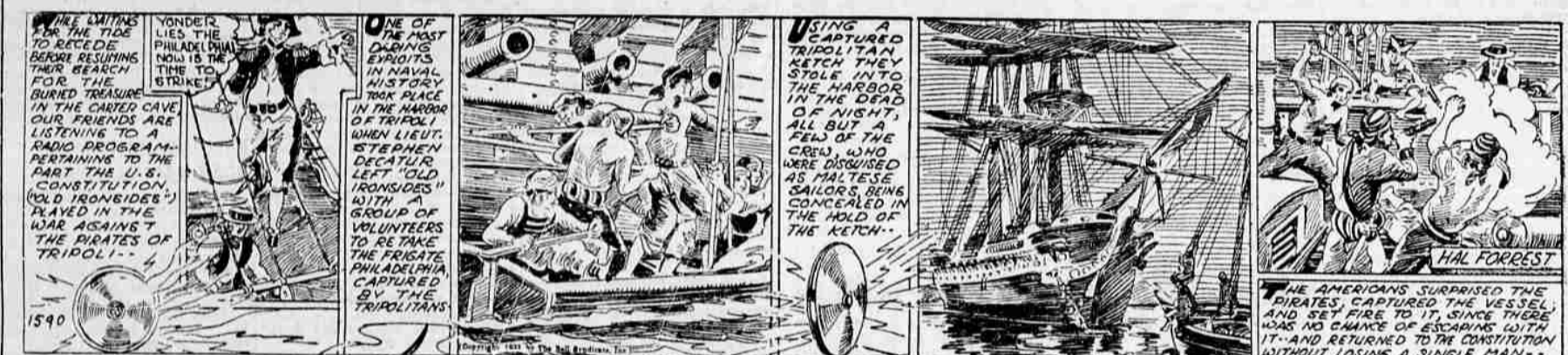


THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Making Naval History!



BOUND TO WIN—Almirie's Worries

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—What Now, Folks?

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



John Sert Of Gold Hill Dies
John Sert, a native of Austria, died Saturday at the Sacred Heart hospital, following an illness of several months. He had made his home in

Gold Hill for a number of years. Mr. Sert was born April 23, 1878. Funeral services will be announced later from the Perit Funeral home.
Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocer's. The quality is fine and the price is right.

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