

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Georgia Bancroft has gone up to London for a law and has met there Clifford Asher who gave permission to see her again. But all thought of Asher is driven from her mind by the news that Nicholas Boyd is ill at the sea in her home village. Boyd, cheated of his life career by an accident that maimed his face, is resting there. She reaches home only to learn that Lovelock, her choleric uncle's housekeeper, is dangerously ill and must go to the hospital. Left alone, she is startled by a banging at the door.

Chapter 18 UNCLE EDWARD

IN a moment George was wide awake, realizing that it was merely her uncle coming home from the Board's Head. She passed a trembling hand over her rouged hair and went out into the hall to meet him.

Edward Bancroft stood at the foot of the stairs, his face flushed and his hat on the floor at his feet; he stared at George for a moment in silence, then he burst out:

"What's all this nonsense? Where's Lovelock?"

George's lip trembled. "Dr. Dudd sent her to the hospital; she's ill."

"Ill!" he swayed a little. "Ill! Rot and rubbish," he stormed as George had known he would. "Over eaten, that's what's the matter with her. Look at me! Do I ever make a pig of myself?"

"Not with food," George said. He swayed a little closer to her.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded thickly. "You mean that I drink, I suppose, do you? A nice thing when a man's own whipper-snapper of a niece tells him he's drunk."

"I didn't say you were drunk," George said. She was very near tears; the events of the day had shattered her nerves. "But all the same I think you've had enough and you ought to go to bed."

"Had enough, have I?" he roared. "And you gave me permission to tell me when I'd had enough? Go to bed and mind your own business."

"I'm going," George said, thankful to be dismissed so easily, but when she would have passed him to mount the stairs, he caught her by the arm, swinging her roughly round to him again.

"Lovelock's gone, has she? Well, you can go too, and good riddance. I'm sick of white-faced, useless females about the house. What good are you, anyway, I should like to know; standing there staring at me with your moon-struck eyes. Just like your mother; the same selfish..."

George suddenly regained her courage.

"You can leave my mother out of the question," she said with spirit. "And as for staying here, do you think I want to stay if I'd not anywhere else to go?"—she broke off with a little cry of alarm. "Oh, you're not going to hit me?"

"Hit you." He kept his rough hold of her for a moment staring at her with his blood-shot eyes, then suddenly he pushed her from him with all his strength, so unexpectedly that her light body was flung back before she could make any attempt to recover herself. She half swung round in a desperate attempt to catch at something to save herself from falling; and her head came into violent contact with the heavy oak balusters.

"That'll teach you, perhaps, my lady," Edward Bancroft muttered, and with a grim laugh of satisfaction he slunk off unsteadily to his library leaving George where she had fallen.

NICHOLAS BOYD came slowly down the winding old staircase of the Board's Head, and, crossing the deserted lounge, looked out at the sunshine.

Dr. Dudd had advised him to lie up for a day or two longer, but Nicholas was not a man to take advice, so this morning he had dressed and had been tempted by the bright sunshine to venture out.

Nicholas walked slowly down the road, his thoughts many miles away, for only that morning he had received a letter from his wife, characteristically flippant and selfish, informing him that she had at last got the opportunity she had long desired and that those who were in a position to know, were assured that he was well on her way to becoming a great star.

"I am to play opposite Roy Francis in a story called 'Moonlight.' It seems funny, doesn't it, that you and I should suddenly have changed places in the world. I wonder what you are doing? Isn't it rather silly to bury yourself as you have done? At any rate I am sure that now you will see how wise I was not to have

with you. If I had, I should have missed this chance, but as it is, the dream of my life has come true."

"The dream of my life has come true—"

She had said almost those same words to him when they were first married—when she was basking in the reflected sunshine of his glory, when she was someone because of him.

He wondered if he envied her or if the noise and artificial glamor of the life from which he was cut off had ceased to mean anything to him.

In those days there had always been anxiety, striving, fear lest yet another star should fall into obscurity, whereas now he knew the worst, there was nothing any longer to hope for, or dread!

It was so peaceful here in the heart of England; the trees and fields and hedgerows were like faces of half-forgotten friends which one recognizes with quiet gladness to find them singularly unchanged.

Nicholas had no thought for the future; he was like a shipwrecked vessel that has been washed into calm waters and is glad to rest awhile. He found himself suddenly by the gate where George had leaned and went the morning after they both came home.

Funny little soul! A half smile crossed his face as he thought of her, and of the innocent way in which she had tried to force her friendship upon him.

ONLY last night Dr. Dudd had spoken to him half apologetically, of a German doctor who could work miracles on battered faces like his own; yes, Dudd had been very apologetic, fearing no doubt to touch with an ungentle hand the thing which was responsible for his presence in this sleepy village. It was another surprise that he should not in the least have resented it.

"In these days of marvelous surgery," Dudd had said. "I know of two specific cases myself—absolutely satisfactory—"

No doubt in Dudd's eyes he was as ugly as that other almost forgotten world had found him, as probably everybody had found him.

"Except George," the thought came unbidden into his mind. She had not shrunk from him; her steady eyes had rested on his face with sweet, whole-hearted friendship, seeing nothing of his disfigurement.

But she was only a child; a child to be pitied if Dudd and Mrs. Spears were to be believed. Nicholas had seen Edward Bancroft, and had felt a sort of contemptuous pity for him. He had not many men of the same type before, and it was only one thought of him in relation to George that the contemptuous pity was touched with something harder and difficult to explain.

Possibly Edward Bancroft seemed less repulsive and impossible to George than he did to the rest of the world, Nicholas thought, and hoped that it was so. She was young and some day she would marry. Funny to think of that child being married; he remembered her quaintly outspoken words to him on the boat about some man who had asked her to dance. "I hated the way he looked at me, and so I wouldn't."

Yes, she was just a child with an innate sense of purity and the fitness of things; he hoped when the right man came along he would be a decent fellow and bring her the happiness she had so far failed to find.

Poor little kid! Nicholas Boyd turned and walked slowly back. He wondered what sort of a house they shared together, this ill-assorted pair, and with suddenly aroused curiosity he stopped a farm lad who was coming whistling down the road and asked where he could find the Hollies. George had described the house to him.

"Old," she had called it, "and rather dingy." Hardly a fitting setting for anyone so lighthearted and charming.

The lad pointed up the road with a brown finger.

"First on the left; stands back behind a lolly edge."

Nicholas took the road indicated. Yes, George's description had been correct; "old and rather dingy."

And then a sudden impulse came to Nicholas Boyd. He would call and see her. He had thrown her roses into the sea—perhaps the only roses he should have kept; were those he had so ungraciously discarded.

He pushed open the gate and walked up to the front door. (Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Dorca.)

Nicholas learns something, Monday, that humiliates George.

SUIT TO INVALIDATE TRUCK BILL ENTERED

SALEM, June 21.—(AP)—Suit asking that the bus and truck law be

declared invalid was filed in the Marion county circuit court today by A. C. Anderson, president of the truck owners and farmers' protective association.

A temporary restraining order to prevent operation of the law while the issue is pending was also asked. Charles M. Thomas, public utilities commissioner, is made defendant in the action.

ANNUAL COPCO PICNIC SCHEDULED SATURDAY

Members of the Copco organization are looking forward to the an-

ual picnic of Copco forum which will take place next Saturday at the Elks picnic grounds. A big program of athletic events, including a ball game, will be held in the afternoon and a dance on the open-air platform will take place at night. Indications point to a large attendance of Copco employees and their families from all parts of southern Oregon.

330 FOREST WORKERS ARRIVE AT MARSHFIELD

MARSHFIELD, Ore., June 21.—(AP)—Eight carloads of forest work-

ers, most of them from the Midwest, reached Marshfield Tuesday. The contingent included 330 youths, two cats and two dogs.

Half of the forest conservation workers were taken by trucks to the Loon lake camp, and the rest proceeded by train to Powers for the camp in the Siskiyou national forest.

S'MATTER POP—

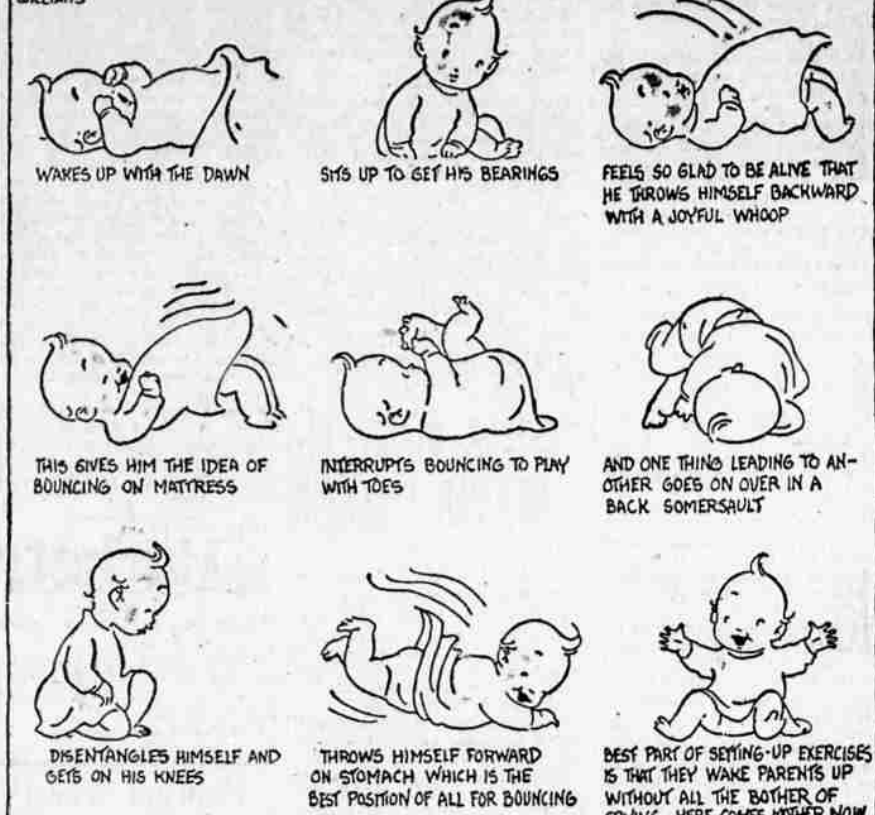
By C. M. PAYNE



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SETTING UP EXERCISES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Planning A "Ghost Walk" For Jose!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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BOUND TO WIN—Jeff Pike's Dogs

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Leave It To Flint

By SOL HESS



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To be Continued

PHOENIX JUVENILES TO PICNIC SATURDAY

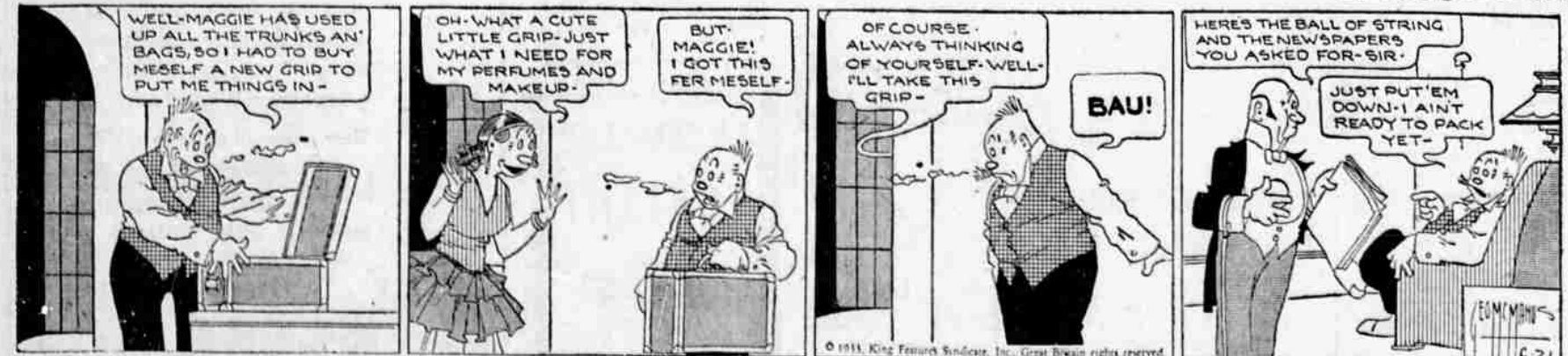
PHOENIX, June 21.—(Special)—Juvenile Circle plans a picnic at the Anland Lathia park on Saturday. Members will gather at the hall about 9:30 a. m. and circle members are invited to attend. Special plans are being made for entertainment of the juveniles and it is hoped that all will plan to attend.

18 AUTOS REQUIRED FOR USE BY STATE

SALEM, June 21.—(AP)—The state board of control, at a meeting here today authorized the purchase of 18 automobiles, and granted permission to Robert J. Hendricks to erect a building at Champeog Park similar to the log warehouse constructed there in about 1830. Hendricks made it plain that the state would share no part of the expense.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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WRIGLEY'S GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH

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