

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

CHAPTER 19
THE CALL

The door was half-open and Nicholas could see into the hall. That looked dingy too, though thanks to Mrs. Lovelock it was scrupulously clean.

Nicholas rang the bell; it went clanging unmusically through the house, dying away in a faintly protesting tinkle, and then for some seconds there was unbroken silence.

He rang again, and this time there was a step in the hall, a light step which could only belong to Georgie, and a moment later her hand had pulled the door open wide, and she was looking at him.

It was Nicholas Boyd who spoke first.

"What in the name of Heaven have you been doing to yourself?"

"You manage to hurt your eye like that?" he asked again, and again the red flags of distress flew to her cheeks.

"I told you. I knocked myself. Wasn't it silly?" she was speaking in quick, nervous tones. "It looks worse than it is. It looks an awful sight I know."

"Does it hurt very much?"

"It aches... rather."

"Have you done anything for it?" Suddenly Nicholas held out his hand. "Come here!"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because—," then she covered her face with both hands and began to sob.

Nicholas crossed the floor that divided them, and very gently took her wrists in his grasp, drawing her hands down from her face.

"Your uncle has been knocking you about, Robin."

"No—no. I fell. He didn't know what he was doing; he'd had too much to drink. As a rule he's kind, but last night—" she stopped, the tears running down her face, her lips quivering.

NICHOLAS said gently, "Why do you stay with him, Robin?"

She managed a broken laugh. "I told you before—because I've got



"How did you hurt your eye?" Boyd asked.

The hot blood rushed in a crimson wave from her chin to the roots of her hair, and she put up one hand to cover the ugly bruise which was disfiguring the left side of her face.

"Nothing... I knocked myself," she said with a rush.

He looked at her silently for a moment, knowing well enough that she was not speaking the truth, and then he said—

"Well, ma'am I come in!"

He read the dental in her eyes, but she said:

"There's nobody here—only me."

"It is you I came to see."

"Oh—," she drew a quick breath. "Well, come in please."

In her mind she was wondering into which room she ought to ask him; not to the drawing-room certainly, for the blinds were still undrawn and she knew it would smell stuffy; not to her uncle's study for as yet she had not cleared up after last night and there would be used tumblers and general untidiness; not to the dining-room for that too would be in a muddle.

She said helplessly:

"The kitchen's the best place—if you don't mind."

HE followed her across the hall. "Is your uncle out?"

"Yes; he's gone to London to make a will." There was a note of ironical amusement in her voice; she knew well enough what the contents of that will would be. Everything would go for the formation of a Village Club again, and nothing for her.

There was a fire in the kitchen and it was all fairly tidy.

Georgie drew forward Mrs. Lovelock's chair with the red cushion.

"I suppose I ought not to ask you in here," she said with a feeling of helplessness. "But Mrs. Lovelock is ill and I've got it all to do and I'm not very good at it." She did not explain what "it" meant.

Nicholas said "Won't you sit down?"

"I'll sit on the table if you don't mind."

Nicholas leaned against Mrs. Lovelock's high-back chair.

nowhere else to go, and besides, it is my home, I suppose."

She gulped down a sob. "I'm silly to cry. I know you hate to see people cry, but... well, everything seems to have gone wrong since I came home. And now Mrs. Lovelock is ill. They've taken her to the hospital."

"Mrs. Lovelock?"

"The housekeeper. She had a bad pain and Dr. Dudd said she must go to the hospital, and he came just now and said they were going to operate on her; she's got appendicitis, and uncle is furious. As if she can help having appendicitis."

"Tell me, Robin. This Mrs. Lovelock, is she kind to you?"

"Kind?" Georgie considered the point. "Well, you wouldn't call it that exactly," she said at last, "but she's someone to talk to. I miss her dreadfully though she only went away last night." She added with a faint smile, which faded into quick apprehension as the front door bell clanged again.

Georgie slipped down from the table.

"I'll go and see who it is. I'll shut the door because I don't suppose you want anyone to see you here. I do wish you'd sit down."

Nicholas sat down in Mrs. Lovelock's chair. There was a sort of anger in his heart that this child, for so Georgie seemed to him, should be forced to live in such surroundings.

He moved restlessly, shifting his lame leg a little. It one were not so helpless, so tired... the thought checked him.

Nicholas half rose, but she spoke, checking him.

"No, don't get up. It's alright. Dr. Dudd... it was Dr. Dudd. He's just come from the hospital."

Her bewildered eyes were on his face, but she seemed to be looking beyond him at something she dreaded.

"He said Mrs. Lovelock won't ever come back... she's dead."

(Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran.)

Tomorrow Georgie makes an agreement with Nicholas.

RAILROAD LABOR AGREEMENT HINT

WASHINGTON, June 22.—(AP)—A prolonged conference late today of railroad and labor representatives with Joseph B. Eastman, the railroad coordinator, gave rise to reports that an agreement had been reached in the railroad labor dispute.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS RE-ELECT ORACLE

DETROIT, June 22.—(AP)—Mrs. Mary E. Arnholt, of Rock Island, Ill., was re-elected supreme oracle of the Royal Neighbors of America today.

Mrs. Nellie Redlinger, Portland, Ore., was elected supreme outer sentinel.

NOTE SAYS PILOT HELD FOR RANSOM

EUOENE, June 22.—(AP)—A note demanding \$5000 ransom for the return of the "lost pilot" was received by city police here yesterday.

The note, signed by "S the Spy," said the pilot was being held prisoner and unless the money was paid he would never return.

Police branded the note a hoax and said they planned to pay no attention to the matter. It is supposed to refer to the Portland aviator missing since Friday, when he hopped off from Medford.

Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

See the Dryer Easy Washer, \$124.50—Leonard Elec. Holly Bldg.

EASTERN FOREST SAVING PLANNED

WASHINGTON, June 22.—(AP)—The administration is about to double its forest holdings in the eastern half of the United States and may adopt a complementary plan designed to save trees on private lands for future generations.

The purchase of six to eight million acres of forest, and adjoining farm land, in 20 states east of the Mississippi, at a cost of around \$20,000,000 has been ordered by President Roosevelt. Negotiations with present owners already are under way.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

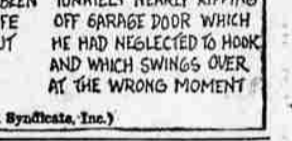
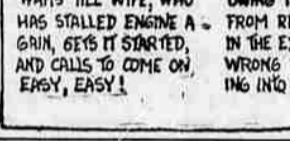
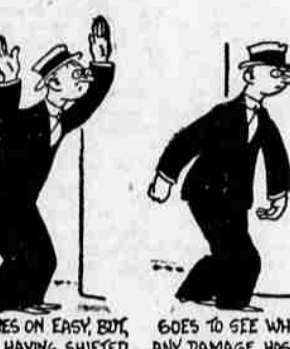
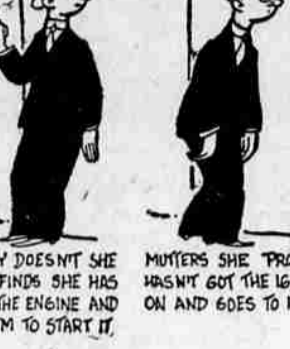
Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—BACKING OUT

By C. M. PAYNE

6-22-33



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Prefers The "Open Spaces!"



BOUND TO WIN—Calling The Roll



THE NEBBS—And Then What?



BRINGING UP FATHER



WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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