

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Mrs. Lovelock, housekeeper for George Hammond, is dangerously ill and has been sent to the hospital. The uncle, furious at this interruption of his routine, has sent George against the stairs and broken her face. She is struggling with the housework when Nicholas Boyd, formerly a movie star, arrives. He has been romantically attracted to Nicholas since she met him on a ship returning from America. While Nicholas is talking with George the doctor brings word of Mrs. Lovelock's death.

Chapter 30

"LET ME SEE YOU"
GEORGIN did not cry; she stood looking at Boyd in a puzzled helpless sort of way that seemed to ask for explanations. Surely it was not really possible for people to be well and strong one moment, and the next to be quite dead?

Boyd asked gently: "Where is your uncle now?"
"At the Board's Head, I suppose."
"Would you like me to go and fetch him?"
"Oh no!"

Then suddenly Georgie gave a little smothered cry. "Oh! I feel so queer! I'm afraid I'm going to faint."

She put out her hands, groping blindly for support, and Boyd caught them in his own, gently guiding her to Lovelock's chair.

"It's all right... hold on to me. What your eyes—you'll be all right in a minute."

Georgie obeyed helplessly, holding on to him as if her life depended on it, then presently she let go. "I'm all right now," she said faintly.

He fetched water for her and made her drink some.
"You want someone to look after you," he said angrily.

"Do it!" she pushed the heavy hair back from her forehead with a trembling hand. "Whom do you suggest?" she asked with a faint attempt at mirth. "I seem to be a nuisance all round as far as I can make out." Then suddenly she broke down, turning aside and sobbing with her face buried on her arms.

"Oh, go away, go away."
Nicholas stood looking helplessly at her, then suddenly he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Stop crying, Georgie, do you hear? Stop crying at once."
But it was some time before she could control herself, and even then she kept sobbing and wiping away tears that absolutely refused to stop falling.

And presently Boyd said: "Is there anything I can do for you?"
"Would you?" she asked.

"Of course; it's all wrong that a child like you should be so neglected."
"I'm not really a child."
"Tell me what I can do for you?" he asked.

She stood up suddenly, holding to the arm of the chair for support.
"Let me see you sometimes," she said in a quick, eager way. "There can't be any harm in it. I know you're married, and all that, and don't want you, not in that way."
He smiled faintly. "In what way?" he asked.

"In the way you're afraid I do," she said bravely. "I mean, I'm not in love with you. Do you think I am?"
"I hope I am not such an egoist. There's not much in me to love at the moment."

The hot color beat into her face and she bit her lip, then she said, with a return of her old eagerness: "Then can't we be friends? I could go for a walk with you sometimes, couldn't I? If I'm only a child, as you say, there couldn't possibly be any harm in my going for a walk with you. You said once that people would talk; well, do you think it matters what people say about anyone like me?"

He asked with quick anger: "What do you mean 'anyone like you'?"

GEORGIN shrugged her slim shoulders.
"Well, we've got such a bad name in the village that nobody wants to know us," she protested.

Boyd's face softened.
"Poor little kid," he said. "The ready tears rushed to her eyes."
"Do you want me to cry again?" she demanded fiercely.

"I do not," he answered fervently; he walked away from her and stood looking out of the window at the neglected overgrown garden.

It was depressing like all the rest of Georgie's surroundings, and once more he found himself wondering

how it was that she had managed to remain so unspoiled, so very different from the girls with whom he had mixed in that part of his life which now seemed so far away.

He thought of his wife, and she too, seemed remote, someone whom he had known years ago and almost forgotten.

She would be scornfully amused if she could see him now. A fallen star indeed, standing in a poky kitchen trying in vain to say or do something that would comfort a girl like Georgie.

"All right," he said briefly. George echoed his words vaguely. "All right—what?" she asked.

"You can have it your way," he told her unsmilingly. "We'll go for walks now and then, and let the village talk, shall we?"

It was pathetic to see the way her face brightened.

"Do you mean it?" she asked.
"Certainly I mean it," he answered.

She looked at him for a moment then before he could move back or prevent her, she had crossed the space between them, and standing on tiptoes, kissed his cheek.

"Oh, thank you," she said, almost humbly.

There was an embarrassed silence, then Boyd laughed.
"Are you always so grateful for small mercies?"

"If anyone is kind to me, I'm always grateful," George answered.

"But people are not kind to you very often, is that it?" he said, and George nodded, adding as an afterthought: "But I met someone who was, yesterday, when I was in London."

"Your friend of the boat?"
"No, a man," George said. "I met him in a movie," she added rather doubtfully.

Nicholas frowned, and she hastened to explain.
"He was quite a gentleman; he took me out to tea afterwards and he paid."

His grave face relaxed into a smile.

"HE said he was a decent chap," George went on, encouraged.

"He told me I had nothing to be afraid of," she said. "He asked me for my address, and he said 'I would write to me.'"

"It sounds like a film story," Boyd said dryly.

"Yes, doesn't it?" George agreed. "It was really rather fun. His name is Clifford Asher."

"I see—there was a note of sarcasm. And is he young and strong, and handsome?"

"He's young," George said thoughtfully. "And strong, I should think, but not handsome exactly. He was kind though. He seemed to understand me at once; he said he knew that I was lonely."

Nicholas laughed. "The gentleman evidently knows all the ropes," he commented.

"What do you mean?" George asked, but he would not tell her.

"And when do you see him again?" he asked.

"I don't know; he said he would write."
"I see." He moved stiffly as if his leg pained him. "Well, I must be going."

She asked eagerly: "When shall I see you again?"
His moody eyes rested on her face.

"I should like to see you this afternoon," George said frankly. "But I suppose you won't care about that, so could I see you tomorrow?"

"I shall go for a walk about eleven, if it's not wet."
"Shall I call for you?" George asked, but he shook his head.

"No, I don't think so. I'll go the way we went the other day—if I can find it."
"You'll find it easily enough," George said confidently.

She followed him to the door.
"And thank you for calling," she added politely.

"The pleasure is mine," Boyd answered; he raised his hat and walked away.

George went back to the kitchen. For a moment she had forgotten the sudden tragedy which had brushed itself into her overwhelping.

Lovelock was dead; she felt as if the bottom of the world were falling slowly from beneath her feet.

Lovelock had been an institution. George looked at the empty chair with its red cushion, and the slow tears coursed down her cheeks.

(Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran)

Nicholas, tomorrow, has an unexpected piece of luck.

UNRULY CROWDS JOSTLE HEIRESS

PARIS, June 23.—(AP)—Unruly crowds outside the church yesterday

shoved Barbara Hutton and missed her costume after her religious marriage to Prince Alexis Mdivani. Several thousand curious almost broke police lines when the heiress to the Woolworth millions arrived at the church with her father, Franklin L. Hutton of New York. Blows were exchanged.

The bride wore a diamond encrusted diadem and a gown of shimmering ivory satin. Nearly 800 guests crowded into the little cathedral church.

DEATH IN NIGHT RAIDS BY NAZI

BERLIN, June 23.—(AP)—Four deaths, including a suicide, resulted

today from a midnight apartment searching expedition by Nazi storm troopers in the suburb of Koepenick. One Nazi and an unidentified man were killed when shots were fired and another Nazi died later from bullet wounds. The socialist trade union secretary, Johann Schamus, committed suicide by hanging after his son, Anton, 23, was arrested and accused of firing at the Nazis.

Two Catholic priests were among several persons arrested and accused of anti-government plots today in Kaiserslautern and Duesseeldorf. Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They call you who pay his debts promptly. Broken windows glazed by Iow-bridge Cabinet Works.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER A YEAR OF PERFECT ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL, YOU BREAK OUT WITH CHICKEN-POX ON THE FIRST DAY OF VACATION

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's "Ghost Talk" Draws Fire!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A "Friendly" Greeting

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It's Just Too Bad

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



INDIANS' CELEBRATION WILL BE DRY AFFAIR

BEND, Ore., June 23.—(AP)—Hundreds of Warm Springs Indians who came here for the July 4 celebration and proceed to build up a thirst are going to be disappointed. The sale of 23 beer to the residents is specifically prohibited by federal statute, according to Charles C. Hoskins, in charge of law enforcement for the Klamath, Warm Springs and Umatilla reservations.

ALABAMA SOLON DIES FROM HEART DISEASE

WASHINGTON, June 23.—(AP)—Representative Edward B. Almon, of Tusculum, Alabama, died of heart disease today at a hotel here. Almon was chairman of the house roads committee and a leading advocate of government operation of Muscle Shoals, which was in his district.

WILKLEY'S GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH

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