

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

BY THE WORLD FORGOT to see the house in which George Bancroft lives, Nicholas Boyd calls. George has conceived a romantic attachment for Boyd, whose brilliant career in the movies has been ended by an accident that mura his face, but she seems a child to him. While he is there George learns that Lovelock, her choleric uncle's housekeeper, has died suddenly. In a rush of pity, Nicholas agrees to allow George to take walks with him.

Chapter 21 NICHOLAS' LEGACY

GEORGIE stooped down and picked up a last year's acorn which was lying at her feet amongst the dried grass and moss.

"This is the fourth time we've been here this week," she said in a tone of great satisfaction.

Nicholas Boyd finished lighting his pipe, and threw the spent match away.

"I used to think," George went on, "that nothing would ever happen to me, and now everything seems to be happening all at once."

"What is happening?" Boyd asked, with faint amusement.

"Well," she pulled the acorn from its little cup and looked at it interestedly. "First I went to America, and then I met you, and now we're friends."

"All of which are most important milestones," he agreed.

George missed the sarcasm. "And then I met Clifford," she went on. "And tomorrow I'm going out with him."

There was a little silence, then Boyd said: "I see; and so that is why you informed me we could not have our walk tomorrow."

"Yes," she was busily engaged cracking the little dry acorn. "Mr. Asher wrote to me the day before yesterday."

"You did not tell me," "No," George considered the point. "I didn't think you would like it," she admitted.

"Why not?" "I don't quite know."

"I thought friends always told me another everything."

"Do they?" her eyes were upon him. "You don't tell me everything," she said.

He laughed at that. "Perhaps not, but as a matter of fact, I have several quite interesting things to tell you this morning if you care to hear them."

"Of course."

Nicholas prodded with his stick amongst the dried grass and twigs.

"First of all," he said, "a distant relative of mine has most considerately died and left me some money."

"I thought you'd got heaps," George said.

"I've got some, but not so much that a little more is not very welcome."

"Oh, if it's only a little."

"No, as a matter of fact it's a great deal."

"I see." There was a queer little feeling round George's heart. Edward Bancroft always said that money raised more insuperable barriers between people than anything else.

There was a long silence, then Boyd asked:

"Don't you want to hear the rest?" "Please."

"Well, then, I am going away."

"When?" "Next week."

"Where?" "To Germany."

"Oh... for long?" "I don't know."

The silence fell again, into which George's voice dropped like an echo.

"And won't you ever come back again?" "It all depends."

SHE turned her head aside with the curious dazed feeling which she had experienced when Edward Bancroft pushed her that night in the hall, and she fell.

"Depends on what?" she asked.

"Whether the operation is successful."

Boyd kept his eyes fixed on the end of his stick which was still prodding the dry grass.

"There is a surgeon in Germany," he went on, "who believes that he can give me back my lost beauty."

There was a sort of dry sarcasm in his voice. "I am not a vain man, at least I hope not, but though I have only been here such a short time, it has been long enough for me to realize that I am not content to be a buried nonentity."

George moistened her lips.

She said with an effort: "But if you've got all that money."

He laughed, and took off his hat, pushing his hair back with a weary gesture.

"It isn't money, George," he said half sullenly. "I mean, it isn't the money I want. I've got enough to keep myself in comfort for as long as I live. It's the fact of being nobody, of having fallen out of life as it were. I wonder if you can understand and why I am telling you."

The little acorn rolled from George's fingers and buried itself again in the dry grass.

"And then you'll go back to America, and I shall never see you again, except on the films," she said.

He was silent, and she drew a deep breath, and said bravely: "Well, I hope it will be a success if you want it to, and I hope it won't hurt you."

His lips twisted into a smile. "And is that all you've got to tell me?" George said, after a moment.

"No, there's something else." But it was some seconds before he put it into words. "My wife is coming to England."

George was still looking at him, but she only saw the pretty empty face of Bernie Boyd as it had smiled up at her from the pages of the paper she had bought the morning she went to London.

Pink and white, golden hair; oh, how she hat people with golden hair.

Presently she found her voice. "Why?" she asked blankly.

"Presumably because she has heard about the distant relative," Boyd answered.

"I see." So Edward Bancroft was wrong, and money was not the most insuperable barrier in the world, seeing that it was to bring these two together again.

"AND shall you take her to tiermany many with you?" she asked stily.

"No, I shall be gone before she arrives."

"Don't you want to see her?" The question was out before she realized that it was not a suitable one to ask, and she added hurriedly: "I'm sorry; it's not my business."

Her thoughts were racing round and round like a circling bird, and she could not capture them.

The heard herself say: "And if it isn't a success? The operation, I mean."

He half shrugged his shoulders, and she urged quickly.

"Then you'll come back here, won't you?"

There was an unconscious eagerness in her voice; at the moment she would have welcomed anything that brought him back.

The last week had been such a happy one. Edward Bancroft, checked by the death of Lovelock, had managed to keep fairly sober, and had even allowed Mrs. Spears at the Board's Head to find him another woman to come to do the work, a Mrs. Drill who did not sleep in, because as she told George, she had to 'do' for her husband, who was an invalid, but she arrived before seven in the morning and stayed till supper time, so that George was left free again.

And every day she had gone for a walk with Nicholas Boyd, and always in the same direction, to the woods, where they sat on a fallen tree and talked.

She said presently, in a helpless voice:

"I thought... Mrs. Boyd was busy making pictures."

"I believe she has just finished one, and requires a holiday."

"I expect she really wants to see you," George said, and felt guilty as she remembered what Nelly had said about Billy, that she no longer loved Nicholas now he was a "wreck."

George put her hand to her head where the ugly bruise was beginning to fade. It was all rainbow colors now; she looked at it interestedly every morning, faintly amused at the way it changed.

It still ached though, and when she was worried or unhappy a little nerve throbbed and throbbed and burned; at the moment it throbbed unbearably, a dull pain, almost like a twin with the queer pain at her heart.

Nicholas said suddenly: "What are you thinking about?"

"You," George said.

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were thinking about tomorrow," he answered.

"Tomorrow?" she had forgotten about tomorrow. "What about it?"

"The lunch you are to have with the strong, youthful hero."

(Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran)

George has, tomorrow, still another blow to suffer.

blem, hanging outside homes of Catholics, were torn down and burned. A group attempted to enter Saint Gige's church here, shouting "death to the Catholics" but were opposed by police.

ARMY CONSTRUCTION PROGRAM DISCUSSED

WASHINGTON, June 24—(AP)—President Roosevelt's public works

cabinet board has taken under advertisement a \$135,000,000 construction program recommended by the army for work in a number of army posts scattered throughout the states and territories.

Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocers. The quality is fine and the price is right.

Cohen Forms Auto Distributing Firm With Hudson Lines

Ed Cohen, one of Oregon's pioneer automobile men, has associated himself with William Anderson in a Portland concern which is known as

Cohen and Anderson, distributors of Hudson and Terraplane cars for the entire state of Oregon. This new company is located at 7th, 10th and Alder streets.

Considering the fact that Mr. Cohen has had 32 years experience in auto sales, his decision to handle Hudson and Terraplane indicates faith in the continued popularity of

these handsome cars. Until recently Mr. Cohen was a representative for the Oldsmobile line.

In the opinion of certain automotive engineers, the Terraplane marks the furthest single advance in motor car design since 1913. It climbs hills and accelerates as other cars have failed to do because it is built on the new Hudson-unit construction

principle. This feature gives greater hill-climbing and acceleration power; much greater comfort, ease and safety; greater economy, and a ruggedness that defies the hardest service. Combining the utmost in power, beauty and economy, the Hudson models for 1933 have met with favor wherever they have been driven.

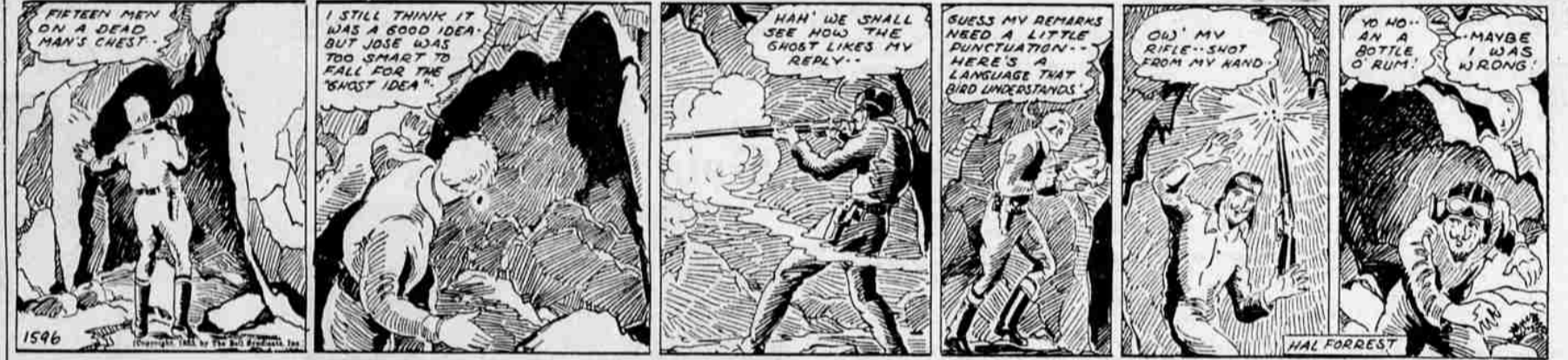
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—When Ghosts Shoot Brave Men "Scoot"

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO —IN—The Pack Let Loose

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—No Confidence

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



CATHOLIC EMBLEMS AROUSE SPANIARDS

MADRID, June 24—(AP)—Clashes between Catholics and Republicans occurred today in various regions in Spain in connection with the Holy Heart of Jesus religious celebration. Decorations bearing the Heart em-

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