

### By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**PROLOGUE:** Nicholas Houd, a movie star whose career has been cut short by an accident which scars his face, has been touched by the devotion of young George Boncourt. At last he calls on her just as word comes of the death of the housekeeper who serves George and her hard-drinking uncle. Partly out of pity, he has consented to work with George; now he tells her he suddenly has come into a large legacy and is going to Germany for an operation. That may do away with his scar. He reminds her she is to have lunch next day with a young man in London.

#### Chapter 22

##### GEORGIE CONFESSES

"Oh, that!" Georgie swallowed a little lump that would keep rising in her throat. "I'd forgotten that," she said helplessly, and then—"I won't go if you don't want me to."

He made no answer, and she said with a note of resentment in her voice: "But I suppose you don't care whether I go or not."

"Of course you must go; you don't have much enjoyment."

The little lump was rising again in her throat.

"It won't be enjoyment," she said. "Of course it will," he insisted. "It's good for you to be with young people. I am very glad your other friend is coming for the week-end. Nelly do you call her?"



She felt as if she were burning with shame.

"I've put her off," Georgie said quickly. "I didn't really want her; at least... she's all right of course, but if she was here I knew I couldn't go for a walk with you, and so I wrote and put her off."

Nicholas moved suddenly, rising slowly to his feet.

"There's something else I have to say to you, Georgie."

"Yes?" She looked up at him, her eyes heavy with nameless trouble.

"It's about those walks. I think this must be the last."

Her lips moved, but no words came, and he went on rather clumsily.

"I shall have a great deal to do after today, getting ready to go away. It's been very enjoyable seeing you like this, but now—" she interrupted quickly.

"It's because your wife is coming home?"

"It's nothing to do with my wife, and she won't be here for another fortnight at least. It's for no reason except the one I've given you, that I shall be busy."

There was a long silence, then Georgie said quietly:

"Very well."

He avoided looking at her. "I'm sorry, Georgie," he said.

She stood up, brushing the bits of leaves from her skirt.

"I didn't know friendships only lasted a week," she said in a trembling voice.

"That's unkind," he answered. "And untrue."

GEORGIE felt as if something in her brain suddenly caught fire and burst into flame.

"It's an excuse," she said shrilly. "That's what it is, just an excuse. You don't like being seen with me, I'm not pretty enough or interesting enough. You can't be so busy that just an hour every day is too much to spare. I know you didn't want to be friends with me really... you were just sorry that day Lovelock died. Now you've had enough of it, and it's a good chance to send me about my business. You're wife's coming home, and I know she's smart and pretty. You'd

be ashamed for her to know you'd been friends with me. I'm always the one that's left out of everything!"

Nicholas said gently: "Don't be a silly little girl, Georgie."

"Silly little girl—yes, that's all you think I am," she broke out passionately. "Well, I'm not. Clifford doesn't think so—he likes me if you don't. Nelly was right, what she said about men—that they're all horrid, really. But I did think you were different," she added, her voice breaking on a sob and then passionately: "Oh, why don't you say something?"

"Anything I can say will only make you dislike me more," Boyd said stiffly. "Let's go home, shall we?"

Her bewildered anger and pain burst into fresh flame.

"Yes, go home. Get rid of me as quickly as you can," she taunted him. "I suppose you think I'm in love with you." She gave a miserable little laugh. "Well, and so I am in love with you," she said defiantly.

Nicholas turned slowly round and looked at her; he was rather white and his eyes were unutterably sad.

His lips moved as if he would have spoken, but Georgie gave him no opportunity; she turned and fled away from him out of the wood and

into the road, never stopping till she reached home.

MRS. DRILL met her in the hall, and Georgie pulled up sharply, breathless and panting, her cheeks scarlet.

"My goodness," Mrs. Drill said blankly. "Have you been chased by a wild bull?"

Georgie could not answer; she turned blindly and went up to her room, shutting the door behind her, then she stood leaning against it with her eyes shut, till her racing heartbeats, which seemed to be choking her, steeled down, and she realized what she had done.

She had told a married man that she loved him, a famous man, who but for an unkind freak of fate would never have crossed her path.

Perhaps he had known it all along, and that was why he had said they could not have any more walks together; she felt as if she were burning from head to foot with shame.

At any rate it was all at an end. He was going away.

"Ships that pass in the night," Nelly had said; Nelly seemed to know all there was to know about life.

Nicholas was going away, and perhaps when he came back he would not be ill or disgraced any more; not a fallen star but the handsome, famous man he had been when she had sat and admired him from a 50 cent seat, before they ever met.

A sudden passionate thought rose in Georgie's heart. Supposing the operation was not a success? For a wild moment she found herself hoping that it might not be, but the next she was pushing the thought from her almost in terror. Horrible to wish such a thing; how could she be so wicked?

She felt the tears running down her cheeks as she turned away from the mirror.

"I suppose after all it is true, and I am in love with him," she thought hopefully. "Because I don't mind a bit what happens to me if only he's all right."

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Georgie has thrilling news tomorrow.

### GULLIBLE PUBLIC TO BE PROTECTED

WASHINGTON, June 26.—(AP)—In spite of the federal securities act, the

gullible investors still may buy post-holes but the government is going to let him find out before hand it's just a post-hole he's buying.

That in brief, is the way Chairman Charles March of the federal trade commission describes the manner in which the sweeping new law governing securities sales will seek to protect the average citizen with a few hard earned dollars to invest.

"There will still be wildcat stocks but the investor will have full opportunity to know they're wildcat," March explained.

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### BUSSIANS BATTLE UNDER NEW RULES

CHICAGO, June 25.—(AP)—The fight in many lines of American

business has been "tempered." Competitors in a dozen industries who have met here to organize the industries under the national industrial recovery act have made Queensbury rules by which competition is strictly limited. Their chief concern, as shown in the finished codes, has been to see that the outcome, the price for their products, was not in doubt.

Many of the agreements which have been reached by rivals in the oil, coal, macaroni, candy, beer barrel, motor equipment, paper and stamp printing lines were promises which have been made before.

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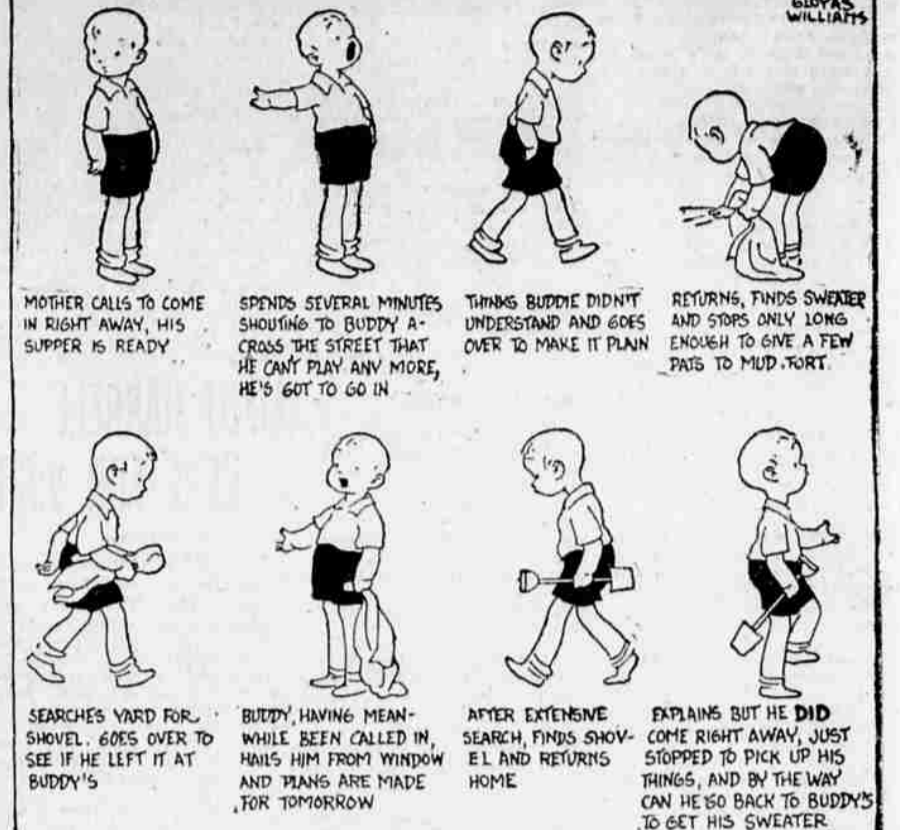
### S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



### SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY COMING IN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



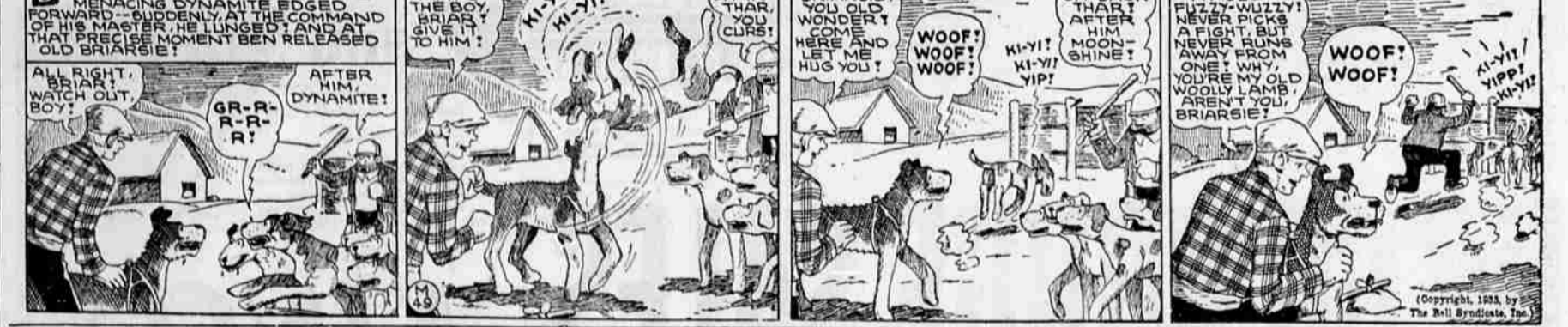
### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Anyway, Tommy Got Results

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



### BOUND TO WIN—Victory For Briar!

By EDWIN ALGER



### THE NEBBS—Make Yourself At Home

By SOL HESS



### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



### LOYAL WORKERS CLASS TO PICNIC WEDNESDAY

Loyal Workers' class will hold a class picnic party Tuesday at 8 p. m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sims on the Jacksonville highway.

Two trucks will be provided to bring the group en masse from the

### church where all members and friends are asked to meet at 7:30. In case of rain the party will be held in the recreational hall of the church.

**Oregon Weather.**  
Generally fair tonight and Tuesday; unsettled in northwest portion; normal temperature; gentle changeable winds offshore.

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