

### By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** Partly out of pity, Nicholas Boyd has been taking young girl whose romantic admiration for him began when he was a world-famous movie star. Now his career has been ruined by an accident which left his face scarred. He tells George he is going to Germany for an operation that will, he hopes, remove the scar. But he also tells her they must discontinue their visits together. George, with a gasp, tells him—ends by confessing that she loves him.

#### Chapter 25 THE LETTER

GEORGIE went to London to meet Clifford Asher with the full determination that she was not going to enjoy herself.

Her head ached a little and her eyes were red with crying.

By the morning post she had received a letter, from her mother. "Bishop—" so her mother wrote "is ill, or imagined that he is. He insists that he must see a specialist, a German specialist, and so we are coming to London for a week or two, and then going on to Berlin. I should have thought there were plenty of good doctors out here, but Bishop is so obstinate (what man is not?) and so we are sailing next week. We shall be staying in London, of course, but you must come and see me."

So Bishop was ill! Georgie felt sorry. Not that the big, red-faced man with the loud voice had ever troubled to be nice to her, but it seemed pathetic somehow, to think of anyone so vigorous as he always appeared to be, having to go so far as Germany to get cured.

She broke the news to her uncle with great misgiving. "Mother's coming home," was her brief announcement.

"Home!" Edward Bancroft glared at her. "What the devil is she coming for anyway?"

"Bishop is ill," Georgie said. "I'm not surprised." There was infinite satisfaction in her uncle's voice. "My own brother was the first fool she killed off, and now she's found a second. Well, she can't come here and you can tell her so."

Georgie smiled as she thought of her mother's extreme daintiness and love of luxury; she could hardly imagine her in a house where there was very little comfort, and most indifferent cooking.

"She doesn't want to come here," she murmured.

Bancroft frowned. "And why not I should like to know?" he demanded. "Isn't this house good enough for her? Aren't I good enough?"

"It's quite good enough," Georgie said politely.

Bancroft drew the cork from a fresh bottle of whisky with a loud bang.

"Humph! Well, what's the matter with Bishop anyway?"

"I don't know; he's going to Germany to see a specialist."

Bancroft snorted. "Germany indeed!" he growled. "People are like a lot of sheep; one leads and they all follow. I hear that that fellow Boyd is off on the same track; going to get his face put right or something. Twaddle!"

EDWARD BANCROFT went on, satisfied that he had found a topic after his own heart.

"They're all the same, these film fellows. Poptains! They're not men at all; if they were they wouldn't curl their hair and wear corsets."

"He doesn't curl his hair or wear corsets," Georgie said hotly, then broke off in confusion, conscious of her uncle's suspicious eyes.

"Oh! and how do you know?" he demanded.

"I don't know, at least he doesn't look as if he does, and he got his face hurt by doing a very heroic thing."

"Pooh! Press stunt!" Bancroft declared. "I daresay if the truth's known he got his jaw broken in a brawl; you can't tell me!"

Georgie turned away; her face was burning with anger, and she was afraid to trust herself to say any more. Edward Bancroft might know a great deal about brawls, but he certainly knew nothing about Nicholas Boyd. She went upstairs and dressed to go to the station. It was a bore, she decided, having to meet a man in whom one was not really interested; why did life always do that sort of thing?

"Never the time, the place and the loved one together"—she had read that somewhere in a book, and it struck her as being painfully true. It was a fine morning, and London was a glorious place, but it was all spoiled because she was going to meet the wrong man.

She drew near to the Boar's Head with a feeling of great embarrassment; in the same light of today it seemed impossible that yesterday she had been so utterly mad as to tell a man, and a married man, that she loved him.

That was another pitiful thing about life, that people must never tell the truth about things that mattered tremendously; the correct thing was to pretend to care nothing at all about a man until he had begged and implored you half a dozen times at least to say that you liked him, just a little. Georgie wondered how many times Nicholas had had to ask Billy if she liked him.

As she passed the main entrance to the "hotel" as Edward Bancroft insisted on calling the little inn, Mrs. Spears came to the door; she saw Georgie and waved to her.

Georgie stopped reluctantly; it seemed a long time since she had had a conversation with Mrs. Spears.

The morning sunshine shone on the good woman's dyed hair and heavy make-up, making her look grotesque (almost like a clown, Georgie thought) and then was ashamed; what did it matter how one looked if one's heart was in the right place?

"And where have you been hiding all this time?" Mrs. Spears asked in her hearty voice. "I was wondering if someone had run off with you. It must be weeks since we met."

"It's not very long," Georgie said uncomfortably, and she gave her hat a little tug, bringing it further down over her eyes and the ugly bruise which had not yet faded. She had deliberately kept out of the way of Mrs. Spears because she had known how impossible it would be to explain that bruise away.

"So you've lost Lovelock," Mrs. Spears went on affably, as if it were a matter of no importance. "Well, we've all got to die, and it's no use arguing. Life's made up of partings, isn't it? You'll find that out for yourself soon enough if you haven't found it out already."

"And I'm losing Mr. Boyd," Mrs. Spears went on. "And I don't mind admitting that I'm sorry. He never gives any trouble, and he makes the place interesting. The business in the bar has doubled since he came; wonderful how anxious people are to catch a glimpse of a film star even if he is one of the has-beens."

"He isn't a has-been," Georgie said quickly; her color rose. "Nobody will ever take his place; he'll always be remembered."

Mrs. Spears raised her darkened brows. "Well now!" she said. She looked at the girl and smiled. "Ah, it's a fine thing to be young and full of romance," she said tolerantly. "I was the same when I was your age. I remember waiting for hours outside the stage door just to see George Alexander come out. And that's a good many years ago," she added. "Ah, well, it's all to the good if you can make an ideal of a man, they let you down soon enough."

"Did George Alexander let you down?" Georgie asked interestedly; she had never heard of George Alexander.

Mrs. Spears laughed. "Bless your heart, I was only one of hundreds of sentimental girls who adored him," she said cheerfully. "I got over it, and you'll do the same. Nice as Mr. Boyd's always been to me, I expect he's a devil to live with if the truth's known; anyway his wife doesn't seem to worry much about him, does she?"

It was on the tip of Georgie's tongue to say, "but she's coming home," then she stopped; it was no business of Mrs. Spears.

"They're all the same, these fellows with a great feeling of superiority. They're all got the knack of making you feel you're the only woman in the world; you'll do, if there's nobody else handy, and then... well, you can't tell me anything about men."

"I don't want to," Georgie said almost resentfully; she gave her hat another jerk down over her eyes. "Well, I must go. I've got to catch a train."

It was beyond Georgie to understand it all; her thoughts broke, and she began to run, as she saw the train puffing slowly into the station.

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Georgie hears about Nicholas tomorrow, from an unexpected source.

### LIVING COSTS UP FRACTIONAL SUM

WASHINGTON, June 27.—(UP)—The cost of living to wage earners

has increased for the first time since September, 1930, the national industrial conference board disclosed in a survey today.

The increase, amounting in May to about eight-tenths of one per cent was due largely to a 3.5 per cent rise in food prices. This increase is much larger than the usual seasonal advance from April to May, the board reported.

Food prices still are 7.5 per cent below May last year, year and 38.9 per cent under four years ago.

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

New G. E. Radios—long and short wave—\$22.95. Leonard Electric Co., Holly Blgd.

### SOUTHERN PACIFIC INCREASES LABOR

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—(AP)—Southern Pacific Co. announced

today it was speeding up its working schedule in shops, putting 2982 men on a 5-day week, and replacing the 3-day week which has been in effect about 2 years. The new schedule became effective today.

The faster schedule of operations in shops, it was explained, has been necessitated by increased passenger and freight traffic.

### BIG WHEAT SHIPMENTS SLATED FROM SEATTLE

SEATTLE, June 27.—(AP)—Five million bushels of wheat will be loaded for the Orient, the Seattle port commission announced today as a result of a contract entered into with the newly organized continental Pacific grain corporation.

### 'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



### SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MANY HUSBANDS WENT HUNGRY THE OTHER EVENING BECAUSE WHEN THE AFTERNOON BRIDGE CLUB BROKE UP THE LADIES FOUND THAT A DELIVERY TRUCK HAD BROKEN DOWN ACROSS THE DRIVEWAY AND THEY COULDN'T GET THEIR CARS OUT TO GO HOME AND GET DINNER.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Little Helper

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



### BOUND TO WIN—Jud Tolliver Moves On

By EDWIN ALGER



### THE NEBBS—Welcome Home

By SOL HESS



### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



### BASKET TOURNEY MOVE PLAN DENIED BY BOARD

PORTLAND, June 27.—(AP)—The state board of higher education today

denied that in suggesting the use of the university and state college campuses for the annual high school basketball tournament, it had any intention of "taking the tournament away from anybody."

SALEM, June 27.—(AP)—Harvard

S. Mahlstrom of Vernonia was knocked unconscious shortly before 2:30 o'clock this afternoon when his motorcycle struck a railroad rail on a push car on an Oregon Electric railroad crossing.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—(AP)—Mrs. Mary Rumsey, New York, late today was named chairman of the consumers advisory board to represent the buying public in the administration of the National Recovery act.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
SWEETENS THE BREATH

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