

### By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** In a burst of passion that surprised herself, Georgie Binovitch has told Nicholas Boyd that she loves him. Nicholas is about to leave England for Germany in an effort to find a specialist who will remove the scar from his face—the scar that has cost him his career as a movie star. Just before setting out for London to meet a friend, Georgie learns that her mother and stepfather, who live in New York, will shortly be in London, also on their way to Germany.

Chapter 24  
**NEWS OF NICHOLAS**  
CLIFFORD ASHER met the train. Georgie thought it was very clever of him to be standing exactly opposite where her car came to a standstill.

"How did you know?" she asked in amazement.  
Asher laughed. "I didn't; it was just luck. I believe in luck!" He looked down at her and smiled. "Well, so you've come."  
"Didn't you expect me?" she asked in alarm.

"Of course I did, but you're such a funny little girl I should not have been surprised if at the last minute your courage had failed you. Hungry?"

"Not very," Georgie said politely, though she was.  
"Well, I've got the car outside," Asher said. "It's not mine, it's the Guv'nor's, but he lent it to me."  
"Your father?" Georgie asked.  
He nodded; he was busy tucking a rug round her knees.

"He's not a bad old piece," he said.  
Georgie giggled; her spirits were rising, and she realized that perhaps after all she was going to have some fun.  
They drove away out of the station yard and into the busy thoroughfare. Georgie leaned back with a sense of importance; she had never ridden in such a smart car before, always expecting her mother's big landaulette, and she was sure that people must be looking at her in envy.

Asher was quite smart too, she decided; she liked his coat—and then she sighed, remembering the big rough coat Boyd had sometimes worn on the boat coming home from America. There was such a difference in men's coats; some of them made you want to snuggle up to them, and others... well, she was quite happy to keep a polite distance from Asher's.

She roused herself with an effort, remembering that it was her duty to make herself agreeable.  
"What is your father?" she asked.  
"A doctor."  
"Oh!"... it seemed funny how often doctors had come into her life lately.

"That must be very interesting," she said politely.  
"As a matter of fact he is what some people call a fashionable West End doctor," he said ironically. "He has a great many society women for patients... actresses and so on."  
"And film stars?" Georgie asked.  
"Sometimes. He had one the other day—a man named Boyd—"  
"Nicholas Boyd?" Georgie breathed.

"I forgot his other name. Chap that had his face smashed up. I heard the Guv'nor talking about it."  
Georgie swallowed nervously.  
"What did he say?" she asked.  
"Something about sending him out to Bröcher, the German face man, to see if they could make a job of him. Boyd wants to go back to the films or something."  
"And do you think they will make a job of him?" Georgie asked breathlessly.

"Don't know. Might make him worse. I don't believe in messing about; it seems a favorite trick nowadays. If I were the chap I'd leave it alone."  
"You wouldn't, if you'd been famous, like he was," Georgie said quickly.  
"He's got heaps of money, so he's alright."  
"Does money make it alright?" Georgie asked.

Asher nodded.  
"I should think so. Wouldn't you like a lot of money?" he asked. Georgie considered the point.  
"There are other things I would rather have," she said at last.  
"What things?" he persisted, but she would not tell him. Asher turned the car into a quiet side street.  
"We'll have to get out here and park the bus," he said. "The restaurant's only just round the corner if you don't mind walking."  
It turned out to be quite a smart restaurant. Asher had booked a corner table, and the waiter seemed to know him. Georgie's sense of importance rose once more; surely

this was seeking life with an capital letter; she looked around her eagerly.  
Not many tables, but most of them were occupied, and there were flowers on all of them.  
"Do you always have lunch here?" she asked.  
"Not on your life. This is a special occasion. What would you like to eat?"

"Oh, you choose."  
He seemed to be choosing a great deal, she thought; he and the waiter spent quite a long time bending over the menu and discussing the dishes; when it was all settled Asher said anxiously:  
"I hope you like Consommé Froid and Sole Meunière?"

"Yes, thank you," Georgie said politely, but she had no idea what he was talking about. She vaguely remembered having seen names like that on the ship's menu coming back from America, but she had never troubled to discover what they meant.  
Food did not trouble Georgie as long as there was something to eat when she was hungry; she wondered if Nicholas called food by French names and if he too had long consultations with waiters. Not recently, she supposed, seeing that he had been hiding away in the solitude of the Boar's Head.

She lost herself in thoughts of him, wondering where he was now, and if he would ever see him again. "A penny for your thoughts," Asher said suddenly, and she turned with a startled movement of her graceful head which made him laugh.  
"You know there's something about you that reminds me of a robin. It's the way you turn your head, I think, and that red frock. Do you mind if I nickname you Robin?"

The hot color rushed to Georgie's face.  
"Yes, I do," she said sharply, and then with swift apology, "I'm sorry, but that's someone else's name for me, someone very special."  
"Oh. There was a little silence.  
"A man, I suppose."  
"Yes."  
"Someone who's in love with you?"

"Oh no," Georgie smiled rather wistfully. "Nobody has ever been in love with me."  
SHE was glad that the Consommé Froid arrived at that moment and put an end to further questioning, and in the excitement of discovering that soup could be icy cold the subject was forgotten, till presently Asher asked,  
"What are you going to do with your life?"  
"Do with it?"  
"Yes, most girls have got an idea what they want to do. Would you like to be married?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it."  
"Most girls would."  
"I've never had much to do with married people," Georgie said quaintly. "My uncle is a bachelor, you see."  
"And this chap who calls you Robin?"

Georgie flushed a little.  
"Oh, he's married," she said airily. "But I don't know his wife."  
"Don't they live together?"  
There was a little silence, then Georgie said: "Just now she's in America, but she's coming home soon," she added defensively, feeling in a vague way that it sounded like a discredit to Nicholas that his wife should be on the other side of the Atlantic.

Clifford Asher twisted the stem of his wine glass.  
"Look here," he said suddenly. "Will you come out with me again? Quite often, I mean? I can give you a good time, I'll take you to dances if you like dancing, and down the river; some friends of mine have got a house down the river."  
The girl's eyes sparkled.  
"But you couldn't take me!" she said.  
"Of course I could, I've taken other girls."  
"Oh!" This was a little damper. "Do you often take girls out?" she asked a trifle offensively.

"Not often, but sometimes I have to. They ask me to their parties and things, and I have to return it."  
"I see. I love the river," Georgie said slowly. "I've only been down it once, on a steamer from Hampton Court, but I thought it was divine."  
"I'll take you in a punt."  
"When?" She leaned toward him like an eager child.  
"When you like."  
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Monday, Georgie gets a cablegram.

### DEER APPETITE SHAMES OSTRICH

WASHINGTON, June 28.—(UP)—The appetites of deer roaming Sequoia national park around the reforestation camp near Visalia, Calif., caused insomnia among the civilian corps workers there.

Reports reaching Washington today disclosed the animals had devoured a truck load of hay intended for filling junk mattresses. The plunderers were surprised before they finished their meal, but not before they produced a bed shortage.

Also consumed by the deer were a suit of underwear and a pair of socks.  
Shoe Repairing—Men's half soles, composition or med. leather, \$1; men's & boys' rubber heels, 40c; women's half soles comp. or leather, 75c; women's heels, 25c; prices up soon; aluminum liquid solder 25c. H. F. Prebst, 122 N. Central.

### BIBLE SCHOOL ENJOYS ASHLAND PARK PICNIC

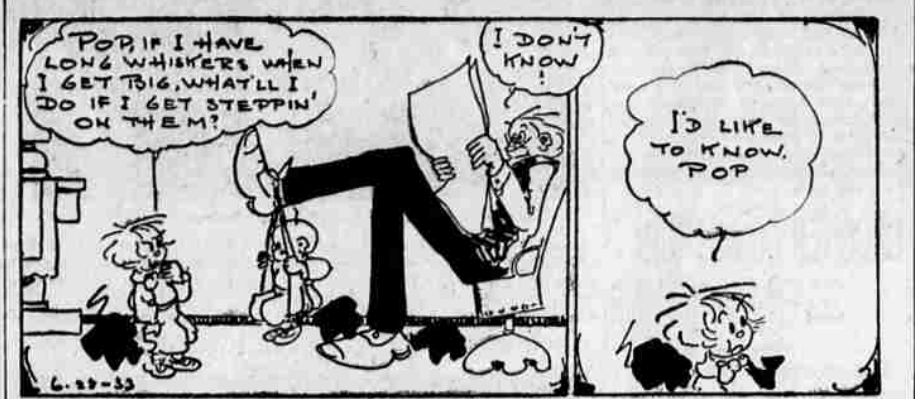
Members of the Daily Vacation Bible school of Zion English Lutheran church, which closed two weeks of successful work last Friday with enthusiastic interest by the children, had a enjoyable picnic Monday afternoon in Lathia park, Ashland.

Children's day program at the church Sunday morning consisted almost entirely of presenting to the congregation some of the things learned in the regular work of the Daily Vacation Bible school, and gave evidence to the congregation of the great value to the children of such a school. The hand work done by the children was also on display and was examined with interest at the close of the service.

This was the first of such schools to be held hereafter annually by Zion church, and all who come this year expressed a desire to attend again next year.

### S'MATTER POP—

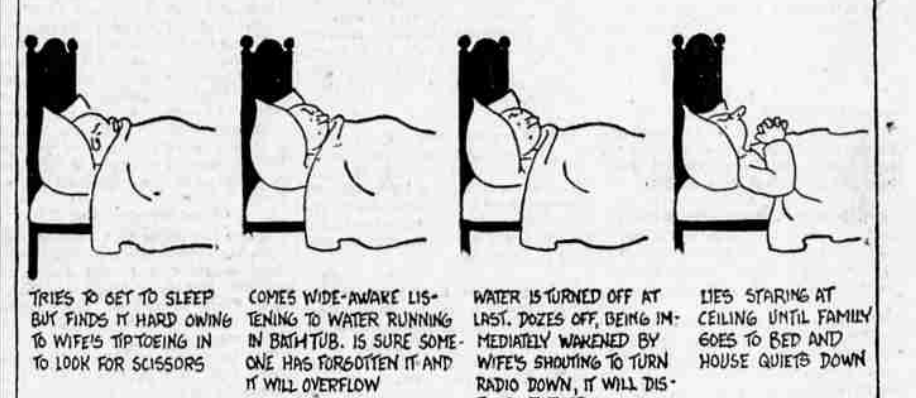
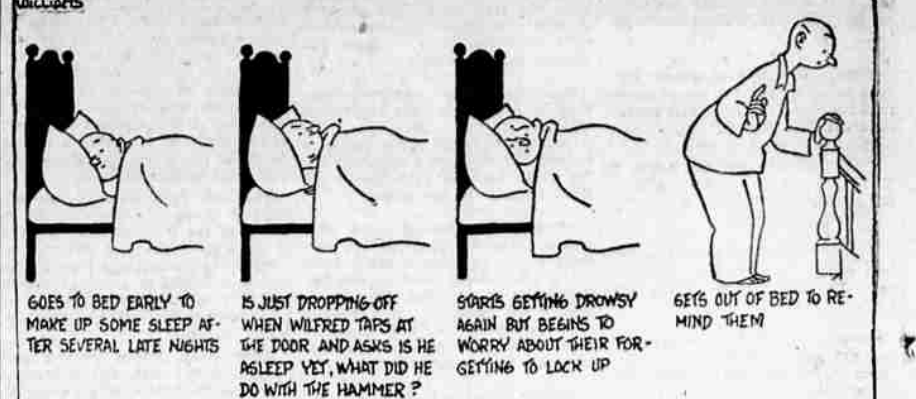
By C. M. PAYNE



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### THE FAMILY ALBUM—EARLY TO BED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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### TAILSPIN TOMMY—One Worry At A Time, Skeeter

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



### BOUND TO WIN—An Invitation

By EDWIN ALGER



### THE NEBBS—Easy Emma

By SOL HESS



### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



**Richfield Sells At Current Price**  
Announcement has been made by the Richfield Oil company that contrary to published reports, Richfield raised its price one cent in the general increase Monday. The advance had not taken effect at the time the information was obtained for the news story.  
Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.  
New G. E. Radios—long and short wave—\$22.95. Leonard Electric Co., Holly Bldg.

**WRIGLEY'S GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH**

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