

# By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** George Bancroft romantically adores Nicholas Boyd, movie star, whose career has been ended by a sprained face. But Boyd tells her he is about to leave the quiet village where he has been resting for Germany, and an operation that may restore his face. And a letter from her mother informs her that she and George's stepfather will soon be in London on their way from their New York home to Germany. George learns the name of the doctor to whom Boyd will go from Clifford Aher, a young friend in London, who asks George if he may see her often.

## Chapter 25 THE CABLEGRAM

GEORGE went home with a strange feeling of excitement. It almost seemed as if the closed doors of life, as other people knew it, had slowly begun to open and let her through.

She sighed and let herself into the house. It was five o'clock and there was a smell of burning toast in the house; why was it that Mrs. Drill could never make toast without burning it, George wondered impatiently, and she thought rather wistfully of the wonderful lunch she had had; tea would probably have been just as good if they had had it in the same restaurant.

Mrs. Drill came out of the kitchen. "Your uncle's been hollerin' all over the place for you," she said. "Where is he?" George asked. "Gone out, but there's a telegram on the dining-room table, and he said I was to tell you to read it." George went into the dining-room; the telegram lay on the tray beside an empty tumbler, and she took it up with a vague feeling of distaste.

Whoever could be sending a telegram? She could not remember ever having seen one in the house before. This was on a different paper to the usual ones too; she looked at the printed heading curiously. It was a cable, brief but to the point.

"Arriving Friday the twenty-second. Evelyn."

George always thought it seemed funny her mother should invariably sign herself by her christian name and not "Mother."

Friday the twenty-second was next Friday; funny they should have troubled to cable her at all. She was of such little importance in the life of this woman who would sign herself Evelyn.

Mrs. Drill spoke from the doorway.

"No bad news, I hope?" She was all inquisitiveness.

"No, only that my mother is coming home," George said.

"That will be nice," Mrs. Drill said a trifle disappointedly; to her way of thinking telegrams only meant one thing, and that was bad news. She waited a moment and then went back to the kitchen to finish burning the toast.

WHEN Edward Bancroft came home later in the evening, he could talk of nothing else but the cablegram; it seemed to consider it as a personal insult.

"Wasting money—the kind of thing an empty headed woman would do. Why the devil does she want you to know that she arrives on Friday the twenty-second? She's not coming to see you, I'll bet a fry."

"I think it was kind of her," George said.

"Kind!" Edward Bancroft roared like a bull. "She doesn't know the meaning of the word. Where's the whiskey?"

George escaped. She went out into the garden and looked at the moon. It was a young moon like a thin sickle, and it lay on its back, which Lovelock had always declared was a bad sign.

She supposed that the same moon shone down on Germany, where Nicholas would soon be; they would have that in common anyway; not that he cared whether they had anything in common or not.

George opened the creaking front gate and looked out into the road. It was nearly nine o'clock, and everything was very still.

Up in a tree somewhere an owl called mournfully, and away in the distance a dog was barking; they were the only sounds to be heard except a slow footstep coming down the road.

A slow, uneven footstep. George's heart missed a beat; she would know that footstep anywhere; surely if she were dead and it passed over her grave she would know it.

She stood staring, her heart beating fast.



George felt the doors of life open.

"It's a lovely night."

George looked up at the moon again.

"It's on its back," she said, "and that's a bad sign, isn't it?" but even as she spoke her heart denied the words; how could anything be a bad sign when this man was with her?

"Have you been to London?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

"Yes."

The silence fell again, which George broke recklessly.

"I'm so glad to see you. I wanted to say how sorry I am about yesterday."

"Sorry for what?"

"For being such a fool," she said vehemently. "I don't know what made me say all the silly things I did."

"You didn't mean them?" he asked quietly.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad to see you again too, now we can shake hands and part friends, can't we?"

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow."

"Oh!" she did not know the desolation that rang through the little word, but after a moment she went on sweetly: "Can I walk down the road with you? Nobody will see us! And it's for the last time—"

"Don't you want a hat?"

"No. I hardly ever wear one."

"Come along then."

George caught her breath with a quick sigh; the moon might be on its back, but otherwise all was right with the world.

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Tomorrow, George has a strange talk with Nicholas.

# LOW RAIL FARE WINS APPROVAL

Approval of Southern Pacific's application for a basic one-way coach

and tourist sleeping car fare of two cents a mile between all points on its lines in six western states has been granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and various state commissions, it was announced today.

The low-fare program, providing for a 15 per cent reduction from the present first-class rate of 3.6 cents a mile, will become effective July 1,

according to Felix S. McGinnis, vice president in charge of system passenger traffic.

Under the plan as now outlined, the two-cent-a-mile tariff will be inaugurated for a 90-day experimental period at the end of which time it will be made permanent if warranted by increased patronage.

# TEN DEPARTMENT OFFICES CLOSED

WASHINGTON, June 29.—(AP)—Closing of ten district offices in the

department of commerce domestic service, including those at Denver, Salt Lake and El Paso, was announced today by Secretary Roper.

Other offices to be closed to effect an estimated saving of more than \$225,000 are at Charlotte, N. C.; Des Moines, Galveston, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Mobile, and Wilmington, Del.

It was estimated the reorganization

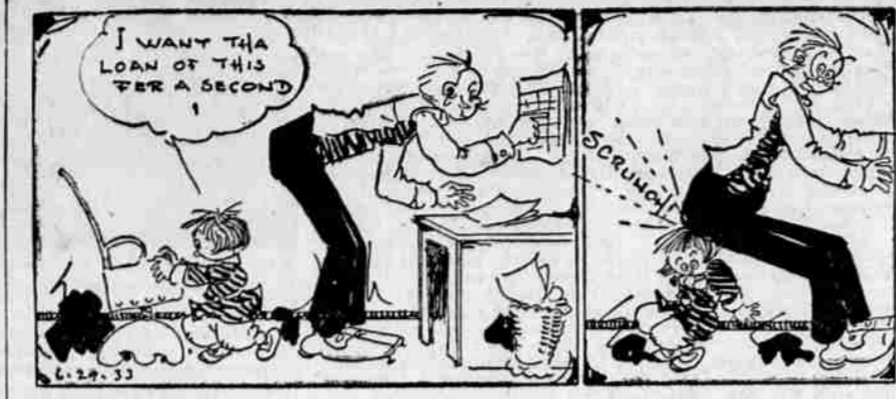
of the domestic field office would reduce the personnel in that branch from 228 to 90, with the separations effective July 15.

Those to be retained with the curtailed force include Los Angeles, Portland, San Francisco and Seattle.

One new 2-burner Florence Oil stove, Reg. #18. Close out \$3. Hubbard Bros., Inc.

# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Sounds Encouraging!

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# BOUND TO WIN—That's What!

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—Just Leave It To Me

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



**RECOVERY PROGRAM FOES ARE WORKING**

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 29.—(AP)—Senator Arthur Capper told the advertising federation of America today that a widespread campaign already is under way to defeat the recovery program of President Roosevelt.

The Kansas Republican said that despite such a campaign "we may be sure that business—big business and little business—will never again be exactly the same as it was in the booming '20s."

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