

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Hunsford has lunch with Clifford Asher in London, who plans further good times for her. But that does not efface the memory of Nicholas Boyd, the former film star, who has told George that he is about to leave for Germany, where he hopes to have removed the scar that has cost him his career. Home again, George finds a cablegram saying that her mother and step-father will arrive next Friday from New York. The uncle with whom she lives is furious, and to escape him she goes out doors. Boyd guesses by they walk together down the lane.

Chapter 26 ABOUT LIFE

It was Nicholas who broke the silence, bringing George down from her seventh heaven with a faint shock.

"So you had a good time this afternoon, Robin," he said.

"I had a good lunch," she admitted. "I've never had such a lunch in my life. We started with melon, and cold soup, and we finished up with ice pudding with hot chocolate sauce all over it."

"It all sounds a bit chilly," Nicholas said.

"It wasn't," George answered. "We had hot things in between. I should like to have a lunch like that every day."

"You'd soon get tired of it. One gets tired of everything."

"Do they?" George sounded doubtful. "I've never had very much to get tired of."

"That's where you are fortunate," he told her. "It's when people have a surfeit of everything that they get bored and weary and begin to look round for something which they can't have."

"What things they can't have?"

"Things which belong to other people."

"Like other people's husbands," George thought. She felt rather than saw that he turned to look at her.

"I envy you," he said suddenly. "You know so little of life—and you will have such fun finding out all about it."

"Did you find it fun?"

"Did I? Well, I found it out very differently from the way you will. I found it out artificially, among people who don't really count a great deal."

"I think film people count enormously, if you mean them," George said. "Look at the pleasure they give people like me. Why, before I ever knew you, you'd given me so much to think about—"

"And since you've known me, the great disillusion has set in, I suppose," Boyd said cynically. "It's a mistake for people like me ever to appear in the flesh. Not that I count one iota now."

"You count a lot of lotas," George said quaintly. "More lotas to me now than you did before."

"There was a little silence, then Boyd said:

"Some day, Robin, you will make a man very happy."

She laughed a little tremulously. "I would much rather that some man made me happy," she told him. "I think it must be wonderful to have someone all your own, to know that when he comes to the house, he comes to see you; to know that you can write to him and tell him how much you love him without it being thought perfectly awful; to know that if you're unhappy you can rush to him and tell him all about it and be sure that he'll understand and be kind."

BOYD said: "I am afraid there are not many men in the world who would come up to your ideals, Robin."

George sighed. "And if there were, they'd all be married, I expect," she said unthinkingly.

They had reached the five-barred gate now, where they had stopped and talked the first morning after Nicholas came to the Boar's Head, and unconsciously they stopped now.

George leaned her arms on the gate and stared up at the moon. "It seems funny that everyone in the world looks at the same moon, doesn't it?" she said suddenly.

"We here, and Mother in America, and tomorrow you in Germany. By the way, Mother is coming home. She arrives next Friday, the twenty-second," she added with sudden remembrance of that cable.

"Does she? Are you glad?"

"I don't know. I suppose I ought to be."

There was a little silence, then Boyd said abruptly: "Your friend Asher... is his father a doctor by any chance?"

George did some swift thinking. If she said yes, Nicholas might think she had been discussing him

with Clifford, and she knew he would hate that.

"He hasn't got as far as telling me about his family," she said, not quite truthfully.

"I only asked," Boyd answered, "because I know a Dr. Asher. He lives in London too."

The silence fell again, which she presently broke.

"Shall you go back to America, afterwards?"

"The more I think of America the further it seems to recede," he said with a touch of bitterness. "I shall certainly never go back unless—"

"He did not finish his sentence, but George understood. "It will be a success," she said quickly, and then, "But if it isn't what will you do then?"

It seemed a long time until he answered.

"I suppose I shall pass into the land of forgotten men."

"You will never be forgotten," George said almost angrily. "I shall forget you, anyway."

"Then no doubt you will be the solitary exception," he answered with grim mirth.

"There's your wife," George said impulsively, then caught her breath.

"Yes," Nicholas echoed. "There is certainly my wife."

"And will she come and settle down here with you?"

Boyd thought suddenly of his parting from Bernie and of her repeated parrot-cry: "I can't live in England... I can't live in England—"

"She does not like England," he said quietly.

"Doesn't like it?" George was indignant. "What does that matter? It ought not to matter whether she likes it or not—"

She broke off, wondering if once again she had said too much.

Boyd turned suddenly, so that his back was to the gate.

"Do you know, Robin," he said, in a curiously soft voice. "You are a very dear little girl!"

"Am I?" Her eyes were like stars in the pale moonlight. "Then do you like me a little?"

"More than a little, perhaps," he admitted reluctantly.

HER eyes met his for a moment, then she broke out—

"And yet you said you didn't want to be friends with me any more!"

"Perhaps that is the reason. My friendship is no use to you. If they make me... less hideous again, I shall go back to my old life, and if not—"

"If not," George said quickly, "you can still be friends with me. I shouldn't care if you were as hideous as... as the Hunchback of Notre Dame," she said eagerly, casting about in her mind for the most vivid symbol she knew. "As a matter of fact I didn't think he was so hideous. He was so pathetic."

"And do you think I am pathetic?"

There was a little silence, then George said very gently:

"I think you're just a darling."

Nicholas turned his head sharply away, and George went on. "I don't suppose I ought to say things like this, though I really can't see why. If you see a flower, nobody minds if you say how beautiful it is, or a tree, or a great, strong, beautiful tree—"

She stopped, a little ashamed of her eloquence.

"And if the tree is blasted and falling?" Nicholas said.

George crept a little nearer to him.

"It's still the same tree," she said. She hesitated a moment, then slipped a hand into his.

"It seems such a pity that you won't let me be as nice to you as I want to be," she said simply.

Boyd took her hand away.

"Do you know that you are saying all the things to me that I ought to be saying to you?" he asked.

She made a helpless little gesture, and after a moment Boyd said: "My wife also arrives next Friday, Robin."

"Oh, but I thought you said—"

"She has changed her mind and is coming sooner."

George stared down at the short grass at her feet; it looked silvery in the pale moonlight.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose it's only natural she should want to be with you as soon as possible."

"As you would want to be, if you were my wife," he said.

"I should never have left you if I had been your wife," George answered.

In the following silence a clock struck ten; George counted each stroke mechanically.

(Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran)

George has a surprise, tomorrow, from her mother.

MOON DISMISSED FROM PROHI JOB

SEATTLE, June 30.—(AP)—The names of Pacific northwest employees of the

federal prohibition administration, who were dismissed as a result of an economy move were made public at the dry offices here today.

Oregon employees dismissed were: Charles G. Baker, John L. Griffin, Daniel H. Kerfoot, Lottie I. Moon, William A. Runciman, Algy F. Weaver and Clarence L. Worden, investigators.

Idaho: Harry B. Field, Carl B. Mad-

sen, Edgar L. Marston and Edgar D. Paris, investigators.

Lottie I. Moon was formerly stationed in the Medford district and has many arrests to his credit, being particularly successful in capturing liquor runners using the highway.

Broken windows gleamed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

HUGE HOLDOVER IN WHEAT BINS

WASHINGTON, June 30.—(AP)—The bureau of agricultural economics

said today the world carryover of wheat in the principal exporting countries as of July 1 "is expected to be as much as 50,000,000 bushels above that of last year."

In an official statement, it said the United States crop of wheat this year "now appears to be less than domestic needs, but because of the carryover of old wheat, supplies for the 1933-34 season, including carry-over

and new crop will probably provide a surplus for export."

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 30.—(AP)—Daniel S. Spencer, who began his railroad career as a call boy in 1874, will retire Saturday as general passenger agent of the Union Pacific system, after 59 years of continuous service with the system and its predecessor companies.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



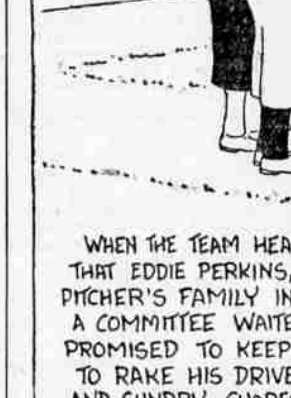
NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—When Tommy Takes Command

By GLENN CHAFFEN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Few Precautions

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Well—That's Different

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



OLDEST CALIFORNIA MASON DIES, AGED 92

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.—(UP)—

—80, Dannenbaum, 92, pioneer California merchant and oldest Mason in the state, died here today after a brief illness.

Dannenbaum came to the Pacific coast from his native Germany in 1858. Upon his arrival, he opened a trading post at Oregon City.

All Medford Cleaning & Pressing Shops will be closed from Saturday night, July 1st to Wednesday morning, July 5th. Medford Cleaners Association.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



WIGLEYS GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH

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