By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Georgie Bancroft is torn between two unsatisfactory alternatives. If Nicholas Boyd's trip to a German specialist is successful, the scar will be removed from his face and he will return to his interrupted career as a film star in America. If it is not successful, Nicholas will return to England a disappointed man. Just before he leaves, Nicholas for the first time indicates that he cares for Georgie. Then Georgie's mother arrives from America, and demands that Georgie pack up at once and leave with her for life in a London hotel. Georgie tells her uncle good-bye.

Chapter 28

BISHOP'S WARNING

OUTSIDE at the gate Georgie could hear the soft hum of the car that was waiting to take her away, and moved by an impulse she could not control she said eagerly,

"I won't go if you'd like me to stay."

Edward Bancroft did not turn his head, but his bowed shoulders jerked.

"Oh get out," he said irritably.

Georgie walked to the door, turning again as she reached it. "If you want me I'll come, any time," she said, and remembered that a few days ago she had spoken almost the same words to Boyd. And yet it was so unlikely that either of these men would want her, or send for her; it seemed such a pity, when she was so fond of them both.

She waited another moment. Then Edward Bancroft spoke. "Shut the door, there's a draught," he said.

And so Georgie went to London.

The car was marvelous, with soft cushions and a telephone through which you could speak to the chauffeur if the dividing window was closed. The chauffeur was young and good-looking, and Georgie thought the back of his head was a little like Nicholas Boyd's. She looked at it a great deal with a queer ache at her heart.

As they passed the Boar's Head Mrs. Spears was just coming out, resplendent in a scarlet hat.

"What do you think of this life?"

Georgie leaned out of the window and waved to her frantically. "Goodbye," she cried at the top of her voice.

Mrs. Spears stared blankly for a moment, then recognizing the girl she waved back.

"That was Mrs. Spears," she told her mother, with as much pride as if she had said "That was the Queen."

"And who is Mrs. Spears?" Evelyn asked in a martyred voice.

"She keeps the Boar's Head," Georgie said. "She's a great friend of mine. All the men like her too. Didn't you think her hat was smart?"

EVELYN shivered, and Georgie gave another glance at the back of the chauffeur's head and sighed.

They drove for some little way in silence, then Georgie said politely.

"I hope Bishop is better."

"I don't believe there is anything the matter with him," Evelyn said indifferently. "He looks well enough, and he eats well. However, he insists on going to Germany."

Georgie's eyes gleamed.

"And shall we go too?" she asked, eagerly.

Germany only meant one thing to her.

"Certainly not," Evelyn answered. "I have told him he must go alone."

"Oh," Georgie said.

Another mile was covered in complete silence, then remembering her manners Georgie asked politely.

"Did you have a nice voyage?"

"Not too bad," Evelyn said more graciously. "There were some interesting people on board."

"Any film stars?" Georgie asked.

Evelyn frowned.

"I object to the word 'stars' being applied to film people," she said. "They are really no better than circus riders. They all caper and grimace for the amusement of the public."

"I love them," Georgie said fervently. "If I had the money I would buy a season ticket for all the movies."

Evelyn produced a small, and very expensive looking cigarette case from her handbag, and Georgie plunged an eager hand into her own coat pocket.

"Have one of mine," she said proudly exhibiting the case which Boyd had given her on the way back from America.

"Where did you get that case?" she asked disapprovingly.

"It was given to me," Georgie said in a small voice; she slipped it back into her pocket.

"Talking of people who make films," Evelyn went on presently, "There was one—girl I suppose she would call herself, though she was hardly that. Bernie something or other—"

"BOYD," Georgie said eagerly.

"And she is a girl, she's only quite young. Oh, was she really on the boat with you?"

"She was very much on the boat," Evelyn answered. "A perfectly horrid little person with dyed hair."

Georgie kept her eyes averted.

"What did she tell you?" she asked.

"Oh, that she was married to a man named Nicholas Boyd. She seemed to think I ought to know all about him, but naturally I had never heard his name. He appears to be in England at the moment, and she is joining him."

"He's come in for a lot of money," Georgie said almost angrily.

Evelyn turned blue eyes upon her.

"And how do you know," she asked.

Georgie told a white lie. "I read it in the paper," she said.

And from that moment it seemed to Georgie that the kaleidoscope never ceased to turn. One dazzling picture after another was presented before her eyes so rapidly that afterwards she semed only to remember them as miniatures.

Visits to the dressmaker; hats, shoes, marvelous underclothes, visits to the theatre, wonderful dinners and lunches, cocktails, often she woke in the morning with violent headaches. Over them all Bishop—Evelyn's husband—seemed to brood like some silent, pathetic figure who yet had no real place anywhere.

Bishop seldom spoke to Georgie, but sometimes she would find his eyes upon her with a sort of cynical smile, and then one day he said abruptly when she came into the sitting-room and found him alone:

"Well, and what do you think of this sort of life?"

"It's nice," Georgie said.

Bishop said, "Humph. That means you hate it. Well, you're right. Don't let your mother spoil you."

"You mean give me too many things?" Georgie hazarded, and he answered.

"No, take too many things away from you."

"What sort of things?"

His eyes rested upon her critically.

"Chiefly your innocence," he said, and then as Evelyn floated into the room, he took up his paper and relapsed into silence.

But Georgie thought a good deal about what he said.

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Tomorrow, Georgie meets a rival.

F. M. Centers called at Jas. Mays' Monday.

Mrs. Jas. Mays spent Saturday afternoon in Medford.

Frank Casey was in Klamath Falls on business Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Green and daughter were in Ashland Thursday.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

MAIL TRIBUNE GOES ABOARD AIR LINERS

Passengers on the United Air Lines plane, which goes through Medford at 10:40 p. m., will be given copies of The Mail Tribune each day hereafter, the air line having taken a number of subscriptions for distribution by the stewardess among the passengers.

In addition to proving a pleasing service for those aboard the planes, Medford and the southern Oregon territory should gain a certain amount of publicity among air travelers.

Reese Creek

REESE CREEK, July 3.—(Spl.)—Mrs. Doc Hamlin and daughter, Annie, left June 30 by auto for Dorris, Calif., for a few days.

Mrs. W. E. Fulton returned home June 27 after a three weeks' visit at San Diego. Going via Oakland, her daughter joined her there. The trip was made by the coast route.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hatfield have sold their place, situated on the Butte Falls highway to someone from New York. The community will miss them. They expect to leave for Denver, Colo., the early part of next week.

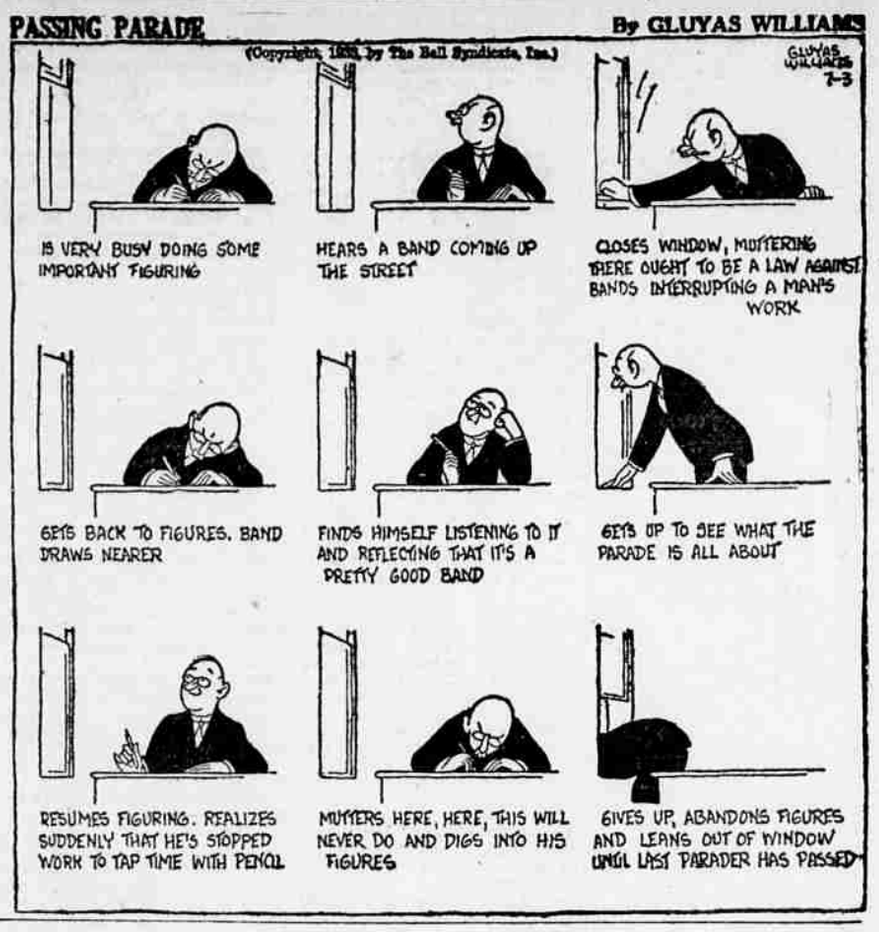
Mrs. Scot Boyer and relatives of Eureka, Calif., drove to Crater lake June 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson of Ashland called at the Big Oak service station July 1 looking for a little cabin to rent during the coming school term. Mr. Erickson has been selected teacher at Reese creek.

For Sale: Cherries at 802½ N. Riv. Phone 983.

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

PASSING PARADE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Prize Pig

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Simpkin's Return

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Tell It To The Judge

By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

Anderson Creek

ANDERSON CREEK, July 1.—(Spl.)—Mr. Donles and family spent Thursday in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marquess and children were in Medford on business Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. Lewis of Wagner creek spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Marquess.

Mrs. Jas. MacDowell and family was in Ashland Friday.

Eduard Smith spent the week end with home folks.

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