

By the World FORGOT

Chapter 23 THE MEETING

ONE night when they were dining in the hotel restaurant instead of going out as they usually did, Bernie Boyd walked in.

George saw her first, broke off in something she was saying, and stared and stared at the vision in white that was slowly advancing down the room, happily conscious that she was the center of all eyes. There were two men with her, and for one wild moment George thought that perhaps one of them might be Nicholas, but of course it was not, and she caught her breath with a quick sigh of disappointment.

Bernie was dressed in white chiffon with a fancy wrap of some expensive looking fur, and one of the men with her was carrying a bouquet of crimson roses which he laid beside her plate when they sat down at their table.

"George—what are you staring at?" Evelyn asked, but almost at once she saw for herself.

"Bernie Boyd! Well, now you see!"

"See what?" George asked.

"The attention she gets," Evelyn said rather tartly. "That tall man with her is Lord Silbury. The other I suppose is her husband. Why men will run after common women is more than I can understand. Women never run after common men. They are far too sensitive."

"I wish she'd come and speak to us," George said.

There was a flush of excitement in her cheeks, and her eyes looked darker than usual.

"I suppose she thinks that it is my place to go and speak to her," Evelyn said. "Everything is upside down nowadays. But very probably I shall go and speak to her. I should like to meet Lord Silbury. You're not eating anything, George?"

"I'm not hungry," George said.

George looked at the two men who were with Bernie. Lord Silbury was tall, and thin; "Hungry looking," George thought; he reminded her of one of the Peers in "Holsthe," of which she had seen an amateur performance. Mrs. Spears had been in the chorus, and she had given George a ticket on the second and most unsuccessful night.

The other man who Evelyn had vaguely supposed to be Nicholas was young and fair, and effeminate, with a waist to his coat and hair too carefully marcelled.

"If you've finished, Bishop, we may as well go to the lounge," Evelyn said.

And it was in the lounge, over coffee and liqueurs that George was introduced to Bernie.

"My daughter George, she's a flim flam, Miss Boyd. She knew all about you directly I mentioned your name."

Bernie turned starchy, black-lashed eyes on George.

"How sweet," she said; she smiled at the girl and sat down beside her, but she still talked to the men, seeming to single Bishop out for special attention.

GEORGIE watched her with a feeling of unreality.

She was so fair and small, like a doll.

Of course Nicholas must love her. Men always liked that type of girl much better than anyone dark and brown-skinned like herself.

A long mirror on the wall opposite reflected the little group they made, and George studied it with sombre eyes.

She was wearing a brown frock tonight which made her look even darker and more elfin-like.

Evelyn had said it was a clever touch when the dressmaker (who called herself Irma, with an accent on the second syllable), had suggested brown.

"If you are sunburnt, you might as well make use of it instead of trying to hide it," she told George. "You're a brunette and can never be anything else, so we must make the most of it."

But tonight George hated herself; hated her dark eyes, and her thick wavy hair, and longed to be fair, and all pink and white like the girl beside her.

Even Bishop looked at Bernie ad-

miringly with the tired eyes that lately had seemed to take no interest in anything.

Bernie was speaking to her now and George looked herself with an effort.

"You must come and see me," she was saying. "Come and see me make a picture. No, I didn't mean to do any work over here, but they made me such an attractive offer I simply couldn't refuse."

"I should love to come," George said.

She knew that she was trying hard to hate this girl who was Nicholas Boyd's wife, but somehow she could not. There was something so friendly in the blue eyes and smiling lips, something in her voice that made one feel as if she was really pleased to meet one.

"And your husband?" Evelyn asked graciously. "Is he to make any pictures in England?"

Bernie half shrugged her white shoulders.

"My husband is in Germany," she said without much interest. "I really don't know what his plans are, but I think it is very unlikely that he will make any more pictures, not for a long time at least."

Lord Silbury spoke in a bored voice.

"Boyd's been damned unlucky, poor devil."

"Unlucky?" Evelyn echoed; she looked up into Silbury's face with her most engaging smile. "That's very sad. Nothing serious I hope."

There was a little silence, then Bernie answered.

"He had an unfortunate accident some months ago. I thought everyone knew. He very stupidly stopped a runaway horse, and injured his face."

There was an acute silence, George was staring down at her folded hands.

"How very, very sad," Evelyn said. "And is there no... I mean, will he never recover?"

Bernie made a little grimace.

"I really know so little about him," she said in a voice that seemed to express sorrow and demand sympathy. "You see, we're not such good friends as we used to be." She sighed. "Marriage is so difficult, I think."

THE silence fell again, and George found herself wondering in bewilderment why it was that she could more easily feel jealousy now she was sure that Bernie did not love Nicholas, than when she had been afraid that she did love him.

"Marriage is all wrong," Silbury said in his tired way. "The trouble is that none of us find it out till it's too late."

George spoke quickly.

"It isn't always like that."

She felt that everyone was looking at her.

"Darling," Evelyn said in her most maternal voice. "You are so young and untired! It's beautiful, isn't it?" she addressed the others. "To find anyone still with ideals!"

The effeminate youth spoke for the first time.

"She'll soon lose 'em," he said. Blahop changed the conversation.

"And the picture you are to make, Miss Boyd? May we know what it is, or is it to be a secret?" Bernie smiled.

"Can anything be kept a secret nowadays?" she asked. "No, there isn't any secret about it at all. It's a picture to be called 'By the World Forgotten,' about a famous actor who lost his popularity and the girl who stood by him. It's good 'sob' stuff, I'm told."

There was a little rustle of skirts beside her, and George had gone, heedless of her mother's cry.

"George, where are you going, George?"

She went up the wide staircase like a whirlwind and into her room, shutting and locking the door behind her.

Then she stood in the darkness sobbing.

Hadn't any of them got a heart? Wasn't there one spark of pity in Bernie for the man whom she must surely once have loved?

"By the World Forgotten." How could she bear to act in such a story knowing that somewhere, miles away, Nicholas was fighting against the tragedy that had ruined his life!

"By the World Forgotten." Well, the world might forget. Who cared about the world?

George folded her arms over her breast as if to still the pain that was there.

"I'll never forget my precious, never," she sobbed aloud, to the man who was not there to hear. (Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran)

George has roundabout word from Nicholas tomorrow.

PLANE WILL SEARCH FOR LOST YOUNGSTER

BOISE, Idaho, July 5.—(AP)—Governor C. Ben Ross today ordered an airplane search for the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lobenz, lost in the wild Rainy Ridge section of the Salmon river country, when he was advised the child might yet be alive. The child was lost a week ago and an early search proved futile.

Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.

OLD KLAN FEUD SPLITS CHURCH

BEDFORD VILLAGE, N. Y., July 5.—(UP)—The Bedford Presbyterian church, founded in 1680 and one of the oldest churches in the United States, today became the focal point in a controversy over the Ku Klux Klan.

The Rev. Archibald F. Gulton, ousted as pastor of the church recently, held services yesterday on the lawn of his home with most of the congregation, trustees and elders attending.

At the same time services were held in the church by the Westchester Presbytery, which ousted the pastor. The attendance was slight at the church.

The controversy which led to the expulsion of the Rev. Fulton began several years ago when he invited the Ku Klux Klan to hold a meeting in the church.

WESTERLUND CHERRY CROP SETS RECORD

One of the largest cherry crops in history is now being harvested at the Westerlund orchard here, it was announced today. Royal Anna and Bing cherries, unharmed in any way by frosts or other weather, are on the trees this year in quantities rivaling all past records.

The fruit is ripe and ready to go on the market along with fine crops from many other sections. The canning season, being also at hand, fast moving of cherries throughout the valley is anticipated this week.

Knockout Fatal

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—(AP)—A brain injury, autopsy surgeons said, caused the death here early today of Benny Duran, 18, lightweight boxer, who was knocked out Wednesday night in Reno in the third round of his first fight in this area.

Dripping radiators repaired. Brill Metal Works.

By C. M. PAYNE

DOUBLE-QUICK

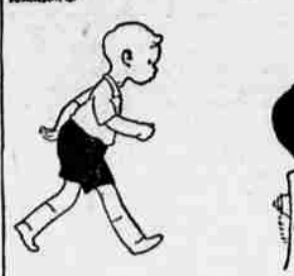
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SETS OUT ON THE DOUBLE-QUICK TO DO ERRAND FOR MOTHER AT THE DRUG STORE

LEAPS HYDRANTS ON THE WAY ZIG-ZAGGING ACROSS STREET SO AS TO DO THE HYDRANTS ON THAT SIDE TOO

GIVES UP HYDRANTS IN FAVOR OF STEPPING ON CRACKS. RUNS BACK HALF A BLOCK TO STEP ON CRACK HE MISSED

MAKES A DETOUR DOWN ELM ST. TO SEE IF BENNIE JAMES WILL GO WITH HIM

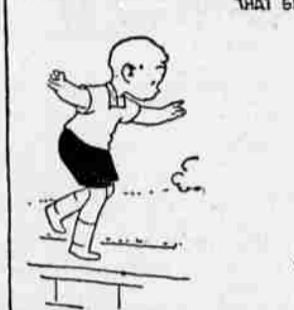


CAN'T FIND BENNIE BUT BY TAKING A TURN DOWN CHESTNUT ST. IS ABLE TO TROT AROUND THE WESSON PLACE

GETS TO DRUG STORE AND DOES ERRAND, ON LEAVING, SEES CROWD DOWN STREET THAT LOOKS AS IF THERE MIGHT BE A FIRE

FINDS IT ISN'T A FIRE. DECIDES HE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME BY THE SQUARE TO SEE HOW THE LIBRARY BUILDING IS COMING ON

REACHES HOME OUT OF BREATH MAINTAINING IT COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HIM AN HOUR AND A HALF, HE RAN EVERY STEP OF THE WAY



REACHES HOME OUT OF BREATH MAINTAINING IT COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HIM AN HOUR AND A HALF, HE RAN EVERY STEP OF THE WAY

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S'MATTER POP—

I VALUE MY BAT AT FIFTY DOLLARS, I DO!

HUH! MY KNIFE IS A FIFTY DOLLAR ONE AN' SO IS MY TOP!

WHERE IS YOUR BAT, WILLIAM?

I JUST SOLD IT FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS!



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Aroma Lingers On!

AWIT!

YESSIR, I GOT A FIFTY DOLLAR KNIFE AND A FIFTY DOLLAR TOP FOR IT!



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By EDWIN ALGER

BOUND TO WIN—"Jojonie" At Night!

QUICK! IS IT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO STAMP YOUR FEET AS IF YOU WERE AT A BARN DANCE, SENOR PASCO?

AW, BARGE RIGHT IN ON 'EM—IF WE CAN'T OUT-SHOOT 'EM THEY CAN KEEP THEIR PIRATE GOLD!

THERE AINT NOBODY IN HERE—WHY SHOULD WE WHISPER—BUT SOMEBODY'S BEEN BOILIN' CABBAGE—

YOUR GROSS UNCOUTHNESS KNOWS NO BOUNDS—THAT ODOR WHICH YOU SO DERIDE IS THE AROMA OF A RICH HAVANA CIGAR!

IF THAT'S SEEGAR SMOKE I'M GLAD I'M A CHAWER—

YOU HAVE THE AESTHETIC SOUL OF A SNOOP-WIGGY—BUT NEVER MIND—IT MEANS THAT SENOR DE CORVALLO HAS BEEN HERE!

WHY ARGUE? IT'S TOO LATE ANYWAY—THE TREASURES' BEEN GOT!

THEN IT'S BEEN REMOVED ONLY A FEW MOMENTS—COME—WE HAVE THEM CORNERED—AND I KNOW HOW TO GET THEM!



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By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Enter Emma

WE'RE HAVING THE OPENSING OF THE TRIAL OF THE PEOPLE'S PUNDELTON SMITH. PENNY HAS WANTED A JURY TRIAL PREFERING TO LEAVE HIS CASE TO THE HOUSTEY AND INTELUENCE OF THE COURT INSTEAD OF THE PREJUDICE OF THE NATIVES. THE DEFENDANT PLEADS NOT GUILTY.

IF BOTH PROSECUTION AND DEFENSE ARE READY FOR TRIAL, YOU MAY CALL THE FIRST WITNESS

IF THERE ISN'T BE A TRIAL WE ARE READY TOO

I'LL NEVER VOTE FOR NIBLUCK AGAIN FOR MAKING ME COME TO COURT!

IF ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE HAS ANYTHING TO DO THAT IS WORTH WHILE THE COURT WILL BE GLAD TO EXCUSE HIM

MISS GRUNTLEY, WILL YOU TAKE THE STAND?

Y-Y-YES SIR

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Q: MISS GRUNTLEY WERE YOU ENGAGED TO MARRY THE DEFENDANT IN THIS CASE? A: YES HE ASKED ME TO GET MARRIED TO HIM BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE ME NO RING OR NOTHING. Q: YOU HAD A DECIDED UNDERSTANDING ON THE MATTER? A: YES SIR, I EVEN BOUGHT SOME THINGS FOR MY TREESEV. Q: AND DIDN'T HE MAKE LOVE TO YOU? A: HE SAID LOTS OF NICE WORDS TO ME. Q: HE MADE YOU EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE HE WAS SINCERE? A: YES HE ACTED SO HONEST-LIKE THAT I SET A PERSON THAT WAS USED TO HAVIN' LOVE MADE TO 'EM WOULD BELIEVE HIM.



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By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET ON THE BRIDLE PATH IN THE HILLS—

THAT MEANS THE FAMILY HAS DECIDED TO GO TO THE MOUNTAINS—

WON'T I LOOK STUNNING ON THE BEACH?

I WONDER WHERE WE ARE GOIN' FOR THE SUMMER?



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WRIGLEY'S GUM

KEEPS YOUR TASTE FRESH

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

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