

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: While the guest of her mother and step-father in a great London hotel, Georgie encounters the famous actress, Bernice Boyd, the film actress, who is interested because she knows Bernice's husband, Nicholas, and because he has given her reason to believe that perhaps he cares for her. Bernice, surreptitiously gowned and surrounded by admirers, declares she is about to make a picture about an actor who lost his popularity—and Georgie runs away weeping. For Nicholas is now in Germany trying to lose removed the star that has cost him his career in the films.

Chapter 20 WORD FROM GERMANY

IT WAS a day or two following her meeting with Bernice Boyd that Georgie ran into Nelly Foster. There was a cold East wind blowing, and Nelly was hurrying along, the collar of her cheap coat held closely about her chin, and her nose a trifle blue.

She gave one glance at Georgie and would have passed on, only Georgie barred the way.

"Nelly—don't you remember me?"

It was only a few weeks since they had met, but so much had happened that it seemed to Georgie as if years must have passed since she had taken tea in Nelly's crowded little room.

"I thought perhaps you didn't want me to speak," Nelly said, and then, "My word, aren't you smart!"

"Am I?" Georgie glanced down at her clothes; she supposed with faint satisfaction that they were rather nice.

Nelly said defensively, "I thought you'd done with me, putting me off that week-end as you did, and then not writing."

"Such a lot of things have happened," Georgie said. "I'll tell you all about it. Come and have some coffee."

They were outside an expensive looking Bond Street tea shop and Georgie had turned towards its door before Nelly said quickly:

"Not in there, thank you. I'm not dressed for places like that."

Georgie felt rebuked; until recently she would not have dared to enter such a shop herself. She thought it was wonderful how quickly one grew acclimatized to changed conditions.

"Well find another, then," she said.

Nelly went with her silently, her eyes on Georgie's dainty clothes, and as soon as they were seated at one of the marble topped tables she broke out. "Has someone left you a fortune?"

"No, nobody," Georgie said. "But I'm living with my mother now and she's well off."

"Oh, do you like it?"

Georgie sighed. "Sometimes I do, and sometimes . . . well, I suppose people always want the things they can't have."

"I shouldn't have thought there was much you couldn't have," Nelly said shortly. She was feeling a little sore; life had dealt her many unkind knocks, but somehow she had expected Georgie to be different from other people, and apparently she was just the same.

Georgie seemed to read her thoughts, for she said with sudden earnestness: "I've never forgotten you; do think that. But it's been so difficult to do as I want to do. I suppose people never can when they've got a mother to consider," she added quaintly.

"I don't see what difference it makes," Nelly said; she was stirring her coffee rather viciously. "I see your Nicholas Boyd has had an operation," she said.

Georgie's eyes flared open wide. "Where did you see it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, in the paper, just a tiny paragraph about him. I suppose you knew though," she added maliciously.

"Which paper?" Georgie asked. Nelly fumbled in the pocket of her coat and produced a crumpled newspaper.

"It's somewhere there," she said. She watched interestedly while Georgie searched every column. "Has he thrown you over?" she asked suddenly.

Georgie shook her head. Nelly gave a short laugh. "And you wouldn't admit it anyway if he did," she said.

Georgie had found the tiny paragraph, and was devouring it with hungry eyes.

It was a very tiny paragraph, probably only put in at all to fill up an awkward space, and it gave the brief announcement:

"Nicholas Boyd, the film star, who has recently retired from his screen activities, underwent an operation

in Berlin yesterday. He is said to be doing as well as can be expected."

"Appendicitis I suppose, wasn't it?" Nelly said. "It's what they all seem to have when they want a bit of publicity, but I don't see why he need have gone to Germany for it. Silly, I call it." She glanced at Georgie's untouched bun. "You're not eating," she said.

"I'm not hungry," Georgie answered. "I don't really want it."

"I'll have it for you," Nelly said quickly, so quickly and eagerly that Georgie asked in swift concern:

"Haven't you had any breakfast?"

"No, I haven't. I'm economizing"—she paused, and washed down a mouthful of bun with some coffee before she added with bravado. "I'm out of a job."

"Oh! Georgie's face was beautiful in its concern. "But you'll get another job!"

"Shall I? Goodness—ly know!"

"You mean you can't get a job?" Georgie asked in horror. "How long is it since you left the other place?"

"A fortnight; but don't you worry about me, I shall be all right. Tell me about yourself."

But Georgie could think of nothing but her friend's tragedy.

"I'll ask Bishop," she said eagerly. "He's my stepfather, and I should think he knows nearly everybody in London. The telephone is going all day, and we get heaps of visitors. He's nice. I'm sure he'll find you a job if I ask him."

Nelly made a little grimace. "He might tell you that he would try, because you're pretty and he probably likes you, but he won't be so keen when he's seen me. Men are all the same, if you haven't got a silly, dolly face they don't think you're any good. However, it's kind of you to suggest it," she added.

Nelly touched the sleeve of Georgie's coat. "It must have cost a lot," she said. "It's better than anything we ever kept in our place. It cost at least \$25, didn't it?"

"I'm not sure," Georgie said. She knew that it had cost a good deal more than the \$25, which seemed the height of costliness to Nelly, and it made her feel a little ashamed. Surely it was not right for one girl to spend so much money on mere clothes while another girl want without her breakfast?

"You can have the newspaper if you like," Nelly said, as Georgie still kept it in her hand. "I've cut out the advertisement page, and that's all I bought it for."

Georgie thanked her as gratefully as if she had just been presented with the Crown Jewels.

"If you're sure you don't want it," she was careful to ask.

Nelly ate the last crumb on her plate, following it up with a leaf of sugar from the basin.

"And now I'll be going," she said. Georgie hesitated, then said diffidently. "I hope you won't mind, but won't you let me lend you a little money, just till you get another job?"

Nelly flushed and drew on her glove with a vigorous tug.

"No, thanks; thanks all the same. I've never borrowed money yet, and I'm not going to start; thanks all the same. I'm all right; don't you worry."

But Georgie worried a great deal; there was a heavy cloud on her horizon as she went slowly back to the hotel. Life seemed so terribly unbalanced, like a sea-saw; you were either up in the full glare of popularity or else you were down in the darkness; to her sensitive mind Nicholas Boyd and Nelly Foster seemed suddenly to have joined hands and to be standing together looking at her with unkind eyes.

So Nicholas had had his operation and was doing as well as could be expected; she wondered what that meant. She knew it was the kind of thing doctors always said about sick people, and yet Nicholas was not exactly sick in the ordinary way.

Her heart seemed to be straining away from her body in a vain attempt to reach him; she wondered if they were kind to him; if they had hurt him very much and, most of all, if they had been successful in making his face well again.

Not that it mattered. To her at least he would always be dear and beautiful whatever happened, perhaps a little more dear if he was always to be the "ugly devil" he had once described himself.

She searched the hotel till she found her stepfather.

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Monday, Clifford Asher proves useful to Georgie.

PRISON SPRING NO PHENOMENA

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 6.—(AP)—No bolt of lightning, but shovels in the hands of slaves, opened a spring

in Andersonville prison, Georgia, in the dark days of the civil war, it was asserted today by William H. Lawrence, 93-year-old veteran. Lawrence made this statement in answer to a published article from America, Ga., saying the spring, still flowing, had been opened by lightning amid prisoners dying of thirst. The veteran said the true name of

the spring was Providence Spring, and the soldiers in the notorious prison camp were dying of disease and not of thirst. TAUNTON, Mass. (UP)—When this city found itself unable to pay 55 employees of the street department, Mayor Andrew J. McGraw reached in his own pocket and filled their pay envelopes.

WEATHER BUREAU CLOSING ORDERED

WASHINGTON, July 6.—(P)—August first was set today for closing 23

weather bureau observation stations in 17 states as part of the department of agriculture's effort to cut expenditures this year \$13,000,000 below its appropriation of \$75,000,000. Notification to close quarters then has been sent to observers at stations including Lewiston, Idaho. Observers will either be retired or transferred. Elimination of these stations will

leave the weather bureau with observers at 200 cities. Woman Appointed Sheriff OZARK, Mo. (UP)—Mrs. Frank Jones has been appointed sheriff of Ozark county to serve until voters choose a successor to her husband, killed in a recent automobile accident.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—History Of The Golden Pig!



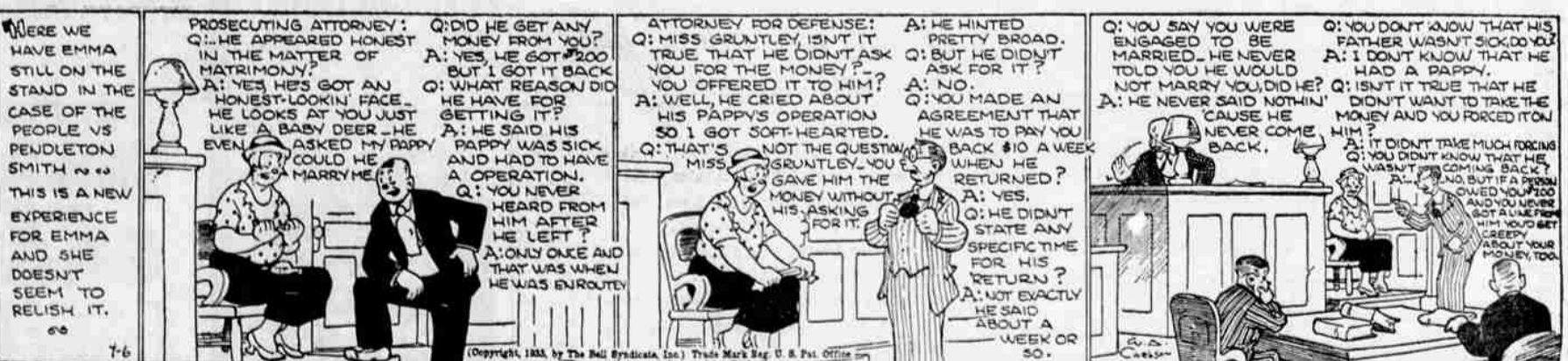
BOUND TO WIN—At The Battle Front

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Anxious Moments

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MOSCOW PRISONERS ARRIVE IN HOMELAND

LONDON, July 6.—(P)—Cheers, flowers and kisses greeted L. C. Thornton and William MacDonald, the "Moscow prisoners," as they arrived at Liverpool street station today, released by the soviet authorities from the prison where they were serving sentences imposed on conviction of espionage.

One new 2-burner Florence Oil stove, Reg. \$18. Close out \$8. Hubbard Bros., Inc.

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