

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: The fact that she has met the light-minded Bernie Boyd in the big London hotel where she is staying with her mother and step-father makes Georgie Bascomb think all the more of her. Georgie's husband, Nicholas, for before Nicholas left for Germany and an operation that may cure the cancer face that has ended his career as a movie star, he let Georgie know that he cared for her. Georgie's husband, Bernie, she also has learned Nicholas' address in Germany, and sits down to write him a letter.

Chapter 23 LOVE LETTER

GEORGIE had never written a love letter in her life, and she did not know that she was writing one now as she carefully dipped her pen in the ink and began her letter to Nicholas Boyd with the very circumspect words "Dear Mr. Boyd."

Perhaps he would understand that in her heart she was really saying "Darling Nicholas," she thought hopefully as she held her charming head a little on one side and stared down at the words.

"Never show your true feelings to a man," Evelyn had said. "And if you want to be happy, never love a man as well as he loves you."

Georgie sighed and went on with her task.

"I thought perhaps you would write to me. As you haven't, I am writing a little note to say that I hope you are quite well. Mr. Boyd is staying in this hotel, and I think he is beautiful. She was very nice to me, too, when Evelyn introduced us. They came over on the same ship, you know. I did not tell her I knew you as I was not sure if you would like me to."

"Germany seems a long way off, and if you feel a little lonely, perhaps this letter will cheer you up. I think about you a great deal, and wonder how you are. I suppose I am having a good time. I go about a great deal to dinners, and lunch parties and theaters. I haven't been to the pictures at all since you went away."

"I've got lots of new frocks and I am much better looking than I used to be, though Evelyn says it is the clothes and not me at all."

"Tonight I am going to a dance with Clifford Asher, the man I told you about. He is very kind and I think he rather likes me, but I don't care for him at all; not in that way. I suppose it sounds unkind, but I don't mean to be."

"When are you coming back? If you would just send a postcard and give me some idea, I should be very pleased. I hope you will not be tired of reading my letters. Perhaps I had better stop, but I wanted you to know that I haven't changed because you are so far away. Love from Bernie."

She read through what she had written with a sense of deep dissatisfaction, and added an impulsive postscript.

"P. S.—If you would like me to come to Germany to see you, I am sure Bishop will lend me the money. I know what it costs, because I went to Cook's the other day and enquired."

And presently she added yet another message.

"P. S.—I've got a new evening frock, a red one like the one you liked on the boat."

YES, she had chosen it as nearly as possible the same color as the one Nicholas had remarked about; she would wear it when he came home, if she saw him.

And then hard on that thought came the sudden, terrifying knowledge that she might never see him again.

Perhaps, she thought, he never wants to see me again. For certainly she could not recall even one instance where Nicholas had taken the initiative in their relationship; always it had been she who made the advances, and he who hung back.

Georgie supposed that making those advances would be classed by Evelyn as "conduct unbecoming a lady." Well, perhaps it was, but still she did not regret her actions. She would do exactly the same things over again, for deep inside her she realized that her course had been as much dictated (at least at first) by pity as by anything else. Nicholas had so determinedly refused to see the brighter side of his future.

"Keep your face to the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you." The words floated into her mind with vague comfort; words which she had once seen written on an old sundial in the vicarage garden at home. Georgie was not on visiting terms at the vicarage, but she had once gone there with Mrs. Spears when that lady had been officiating at the refreshment stall at a bazaar.

Georgie liked the words; she smiled suddenly, lifting her eyes to the sunshine out in the wind-swept street, a strange little feeling of peace and happiness stealing into her heart.

She would keep her face steadily always to the sunshine and then no harm could come to Nicholas; she almost felt as if the magic bridge

between herself and Germany were completed.

The door opened suddenly behind her and Evelyn came in.

"So here you are!" she said. "Why in the world need you stay indoors on such a fine day, and whom are you writing to?" she demanded catching sight of the letter under Georgie's hand.

"A friend," Georgie said. She felt horribly guilty and as if she had once again broken a most stringent rule in the as yet unwritten book on love.

Evelyn's disconcerted eyes grow suspicious.

"A friend! I thought you had no friends," she said sharply. She had had a most unsatisfactory lunch, and had chosen to consider herself "ignored" by a woman with whom she was anxious to be friends.

"I haven't many," Georgie said. "Is it anyone I know?" Evelyn insisted.

"No."

"A man, I presume!"

"Yes."

Evelyn stretched out a white hand. "Show it to me," she commanded.

"No," said Georgie.

Evelyn flushed dully; she was not really interested, but she was in the mood to quarrel with anyone who gave her the opportunity.

"I am your mother, and I order you to show me that letter," she said.

"No," said Georgie.

"How dare you!" Evelyn raved. "After all I've done for you. Spent money on you; taken you out of the gutter of your uncle's unspeakable house."

"Well, you put me there in the first place," she said.

Evelyn burst into tears.

"To think that my only child should speak to me in such a way. I was a fool to expect that you would ever repay me for the sacrifices I have made for you."

"What sacrifice?" Georgie asked in a cold little voice.

"Having you to live with me." She broke off as the door opened and Bishop walked into the room.

He looked at his wife and then at Georgie and a strange little smile crossed his face.

Evelyn flew to him.

"Georgie has insulted me," she wept hysterically. "She says I'm not an ordinary mother—that she hardly knows me, after all I've done for her." She looked up into his face.

"How can you stand there and allow me to be treated so cruelly?"

"I think Georgie is right if she said that you are not an ordinary mother," Bishop said calmly. "And after all, my dear, you forget that anything you have done for her, has been with my money."

Evelyn gave a stifled scream.

"And anyway, what is the trouble?" Bishop asked in his tired voice. It was Georgie who answered him.

"Evelyn wanted to see a letter I had written, and I didn't want to show it to her."

"I have a right. She is my child," Evelyn soaped.

"Georgie is over age," Bishop answered in his tired voice. "And I do not consider that you have any more right to read her letters than I have to read yours," he added with quiet meaning.

There was an eloquent silence, then Evelyn said faintly:

"Of course, if you are going to side with her against me I have nothing more to say."

"That is good," her husband answered calmly.

He turned back on them both, and after a moment Evelyn flounced out of the room.

There was a little silence following her departure, then Georgie said, "I'm sorry I made trouble. But she wouldn't have understood if I had told her whom I was writing to."

"Whom were you writing to, Georgie?"

"A man."

"A very special man?"

"Yes."

His tired smile came again, fleetingly.

"Lucky man," he said.

"Oh, but he doesn't like me," she said quickly. "You see he's married."

"And no doubt he wishes he was single," Bishop answered her. "Who was the cynic who said that marriage was a cage; those outside longed to get in, and those inside longed to get out?"

"I don't know," Georgie said. "But I'm beginning to think it's rather true," she added mournfully.

Bishop made no reply.

Tomorrow, Georgie unavoidably gives pain to a friend.

CANDY DIET ENDS FOR LITTLE GIRL

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—(UP)—Blonde-haired Linda Giorni, eight-

year-old daughter of a San Francisco importer, let herself out of a basement storeroom of her own residence last night and ended a three-day police search instigated by her parents, who believed she had been kidnaped or lost.

The girl hid herself away early July 4 to enjoy a box of candy made by her stepmother to send to relatives.

Fearful of punishment, she subsisted on candy for three days and nights, rather than come out of her hideaway.

Keller Starts Term

SALEM, July 7.—(AP)—Frank Keller Jr. began a five year sentence at state's prison today. He was convicted of violating the blue sky laws, while serving as sales manager for the Empire Holding corporation.

POSTAL SAVINGS RUSH DWINDLING

WASHINGTON, July 7.—(AP)—In-

dications of returning confidence in the nation's banks was noted today in figures showing a decline in the rush for postal savings depositories.

The banking crisis swelled the total of postal savings deposits to \$1,111,875,385 at the end of March, an increase of \$108,002,815 over February.

Then came swift efforts to reopen closed banks and rehabilitate the general banking structure. By the

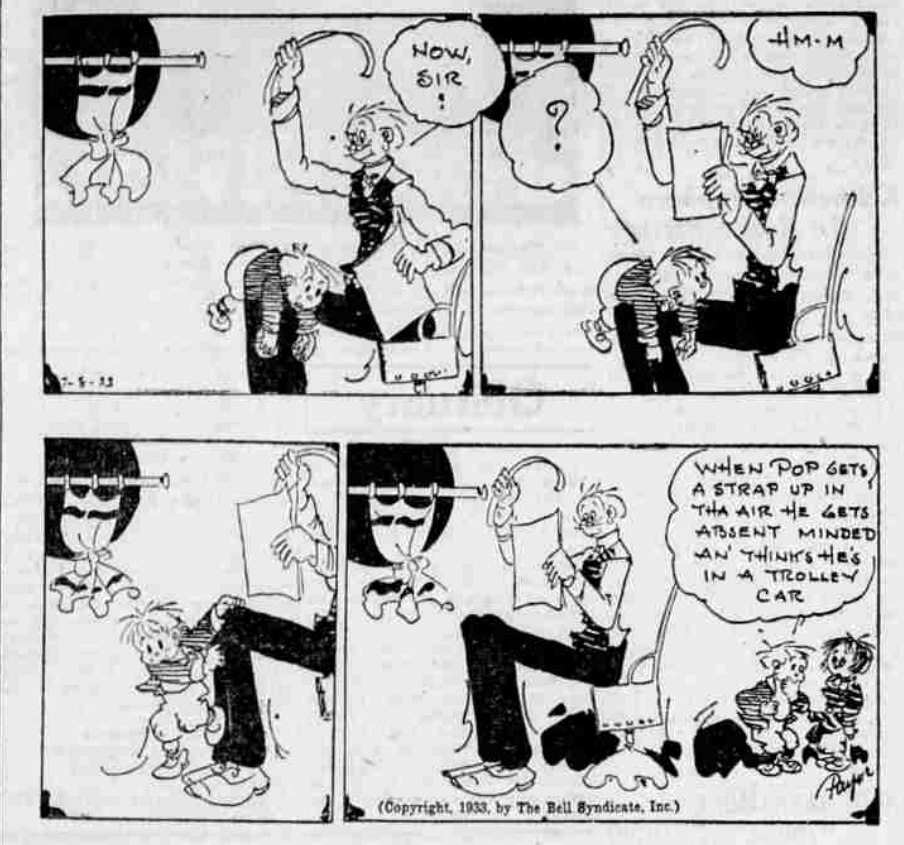
end of May the rate of increase in postal savings had dropped sharply.

The total on deposit April 31 was \$1,157,451,788, an increase over March of \$46,076,403. May 31 the total was \$1,178,342,117, an increase over April of \$20,890,329.

Postal officials believe the June total will show an even greater rate of decline.

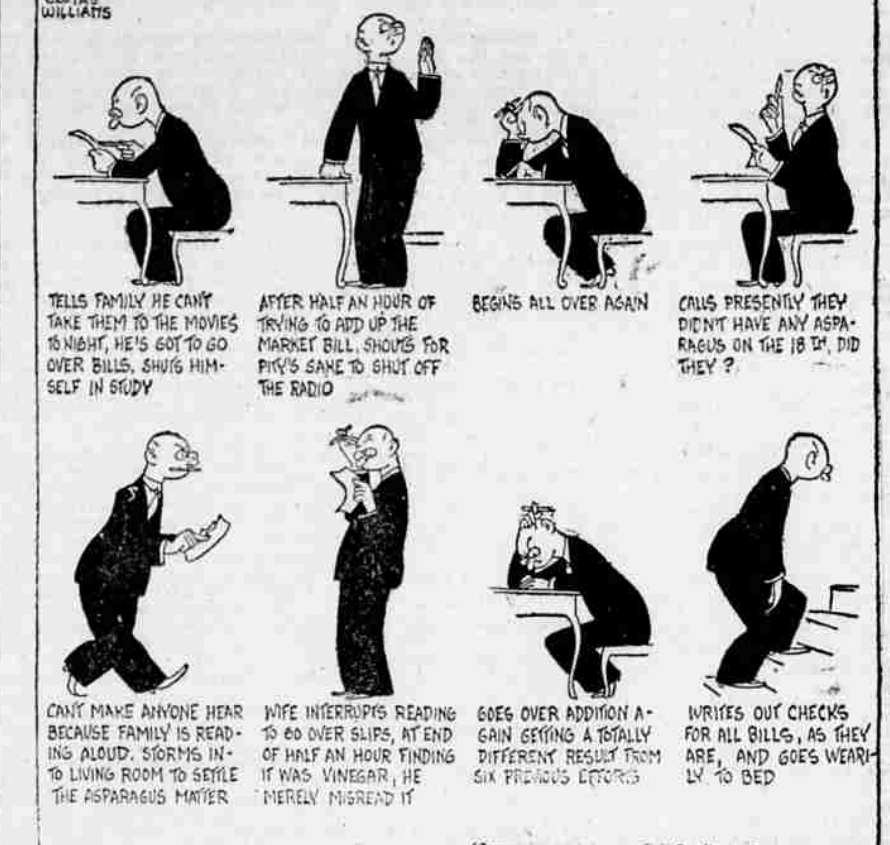
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE FAMILY ALBUM--BILLS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tell-Tale Smoke!



BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Wrath



THE NEBBS—In His Own Behalf



BRINGING UP FATHER



THE NEBBS—In His Own Behalf



BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Wrath



THE NEBBS—In His Own Behalf



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THE NEBBS—In His Own Behalf



AUTO LICENSING GAINS WHEN TAGS COST LESS

SALEM, Ore., July 7.—(AP)—A total of 149,321 sets of current auto-

mobile license plates were issued up to Wednesday noon, state motor vehicle department officials announced.

There were 77,024 sets on plates issued during the corresponding period in 1932. The gain for this year was 72,297.

A dog and a rabbit are the best of pals at the home of T. R. Dawson of Oklahoma City.

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