

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Bancroft writes her first love letter, and to a worried man. She is Nicholas Boyd, former film star who now is in Germany trying to hit the big time. She has ended her career in the movies. As she finishes her letter she demands that George show her the letter. George refuses and is sustained by her step-father, Bishop. Later she tells Bishop that the letter was to a "very special man." She has been asked to go to a dance with Clifford Asher.

CHAPTER 33

THE PROPOSAL

GEORGIE stirred the ice in her lemonade and looked across at Clifford Asher with thoughtful eyes. He had been very quiet all evening, almost sad, and as if he were not enjoying himself.

With sudden impulse she leaned across the little table between them and spoke.

"You're so quiet."

His eyes met hers steadily. "I have been wondering if you remember that I told you this morning there was something I wanted to speak to you about."

George's eyes opened wide. "I'd forgotten," she said guiltily. "I thought I'd brought it from her into the crowded ballroom."

"Have you had enough of this?" he asked bluntly.

"But it's only twelve o'clock," she objected.

He made a helpless gesture with his hands. "It's such a noise. I can't talk to you."

"It's quiet enough here. What do you want to tell me? Is anything the matter?"

He turned his head to her again, his eyes angry.

"Yes," he said, "I love you, and I know you don't care a hang about me, that's what's the matter."

George stared at him, and her heart-beats quickened.

"You mean... you want to marry me?" she asked.

"Yes."

He moved his chair a little nearer to her round the table.

"I know you don't care for me; but you like me a little, don't you?"

"I like you a great deal."

"Then couldn't you? I mean, won't you?"

"I don't love you," George said. "I know, but lots of girls marry fellows and get to love them afterwards."

There was a little silence, then George said:

"Not if they love someone else—do they?"

There was an uncertain note in her voice.

Clifford laughed harshly. "Do you love someone else?"

"Yes."

"Someone who won't marry you?"

"He can't. He's married."

"Would he if he could?"

"I don't think so," George said truthfully, and then more firmly. "No, I'm quite sure he wouldn't."

"And you're going on all your life banking after a fellow who doesn't care for you?"

"It's not 'banking,'" George said. "I'm quite happy; at least I think I am."

"Do I know him?"

"No."

"Do you ever see him?"

"I haven't, not for a long time. At least it seems a long time," she added wistfully.

"And you're content to go on, hoping that some day he will change his mind?"

"I don't think about it like that."

CLIFFORD laid his hand over hers.

"Look here," he said. "I think I understand you. You live in the clouds—and dream. Aren't you dreaming now about this fellow?—Just imagining that you love him? You must want a home of your own, and a husband. All girls do. I'll be good to you, George. You must know that, and I'm not badly off..."

"If you were it wouldn't matter, if I loved you," George said.

He gave a little exclamation of pain.

"You never know a man till you've lived with him," Clifford said almost roughly. "You can't know me or how good I'd be to you until you try. Getting engaged isn't getting married. Get engaged to me and see how we get on. Lots of girls experiment like that, and I think it's only fair they should. If you find you don't like me—"

"But I do like you."

She listened to him apathetically, with a feeling of tears in her heart.

Why should the wrong voice always say such beautiful things? He said again abruptly:

"Do you mind if we go soon? I can't stick this any longer."

"We'll go as soon as you like," George said. She was feeling very miserable; it was bad enough to be unhappy herself, but to know that someone else was unhappy on her account made things a thousand times harder, especially someone who had been a kind friend.

They said goodnight to their hostess, George pleading a headache. "I haven't really got one," she told Clifford as they went out to his car. "But it seemed unkind to leave without some real reason."

"She probably thinks that it was just an excuse to get away with me," he answered unkindly.

"I don't mind what she thinks," George said serenely.

They drove away in silence. It was a cold clear night with a pale moon which looked as if someone had unkindly given it a punch on the cheek. George looked at it and remembered that the same moon was shining down on Germany, and on the hospital where Nicholas Boyd lay. Was he in much pain?

She clasped her hands closely together, telling herself that she ought to be there with him. What was it he had once said to her? "Someone who, perhaps quite unintentionally, lays a gentle hand on your soul."

The memory of those words was like something warm wrapped around her, and for a moment she closed her eyes.

Clifford spoke suddenly. "I suppose I shan't be seeing you again."

"Oh, why not?"

"You don't want me."

George wished she could say "yes I do" and really mean it. It would be wonderful if she could return this man's love, to want him and to have him for her own, but she knew it was not possible.

"Can't we still be friends?" she pleaded.

He laughed mirthlessly. "All girls say that when they turn a chap down."

He pulled the car about into a garage.

"I've got to get some gasoline."

He left her, banging the door behind him as he got out.

It made George remember Edward Bancroft; he was so fond of banging doors, and he banged them so eloquently.

She smiled faintly, looking backwards at her life with him.

Would she ever go back to it? And if so, would she mind very much?

Clifford was talking to the garage man; she watched him with far away eyes.

He was good to look at, strong, reliable; surely some day he would meet a girl who would care for him as he deserved?

Just now he looked unhappy. There was a frowning line of pain between his kind eyes, a line which she had unwittingly brought there.

She looked away from him with a conscience-stricken feeling.

The street seemed very deserted; a dog rummaged about in the opposite gutter for a bone, and a woman had just come out of a little shop where tobacco and newspapers and sweets were sold, and was standing looking up at the moon.

George wondered if her thoughts were sad too; if somewhere in the world there was somebody she would like to have been with and was not allowed to by Life, or Fate, or whatever power it was that ordained things.

The little shop looked peaceful enough with its drawn blinds and dim light shining through the crack, and yet it was impossible to tell what sorrow and tragedy lived behind its walls.

She was in a mood to notice details. Idly she picked up a scrap of paper lying on the seat beside her; a torn fragment from what was probably the afternoon paper.

She looked at it with vague interest, then suddenly she caught her breath with a sharp sound of pain.

Clifford glanced at her as he returned to the car.

"What's the matter?" he asked, struck by the intensity of her gaze.

George did not answer him. She felt as if the world and all solid things had floated away from her, leaving her giddy and agonized, with only the words she had read on the scrap of paper blazoned before her in letters of fire.

"Movie Star Dies Suddenly," (Copyright, 1933, Doubleday Doran.)

"Can it be Nicholas?" George asks herself in horror, tomorrow.

and harbors committee, the war department has announced army engineers are making a new study of the proposed harbor development at Crescent City, Calif.

The board of army engineers here has asked the district engineer for a report, and is awaiting this before taking action.

U. S. C. MAY ENTER BOAT COMPETITION

LOS ANGELES, July 10.—(AP)—University of Southern California

for a number of years a prominent figure nationally in intercollegiate athletics, announced today its intention of adding crew racing to its sports program.

The announcement followed on the heels of the successful first running of the national sprint championship which Washington's sturdy oarsmen won at Long Beach Saturday in a

seasonal race to the finish with Yale.

While the date when the men of Troy, famed for their conquests on cinder path and football field, will launch into naval activities was not fixed, it was considered likely that the move would come during the next school term.

What the California, Washington and the University of California al-

ready actively engaged in the sport, it was considered probable that Stanford might take up the sport again.

A new firm made up of three previously unemployed Milwaukeeans is manufacturing leather neckties. Garbanzo, a Spanish bean or pea, has been successfully introduced into the lower Rio Grande valley of Texas.

BLUE FOX PET WILL SEEK MOVIE CAREER

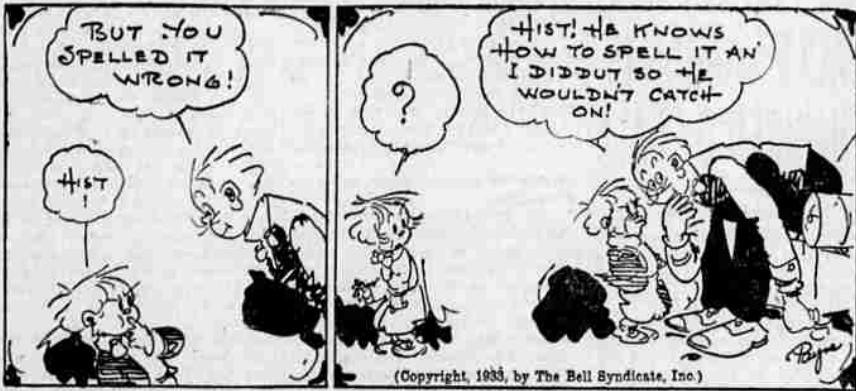
Carrying in her arms a little blue animal, with a "very doggy" face, Pass.

Iona Fields of Grants Pass visited Medford Saturday and announced to the curious world that "Babe" is a blue fox.

The little animal trotted about the street in very amiable true dog fashion. Mrs. Fields said she was taking him to Los Angeles soon to enter him in pictures. He is a product of the fox farm near Grants Pass.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN TRYING TO KEEP COOL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Stopped By The Tide



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

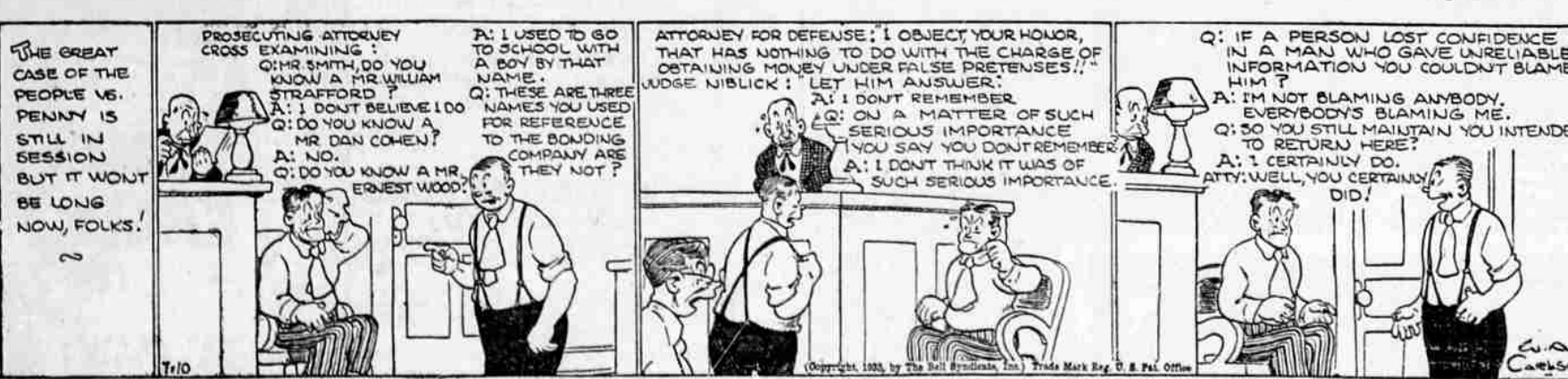
BOUND TO WIN—"Simpkie" Is Smart!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



NEW HOPE RISES FOR CRESCENT CITY PORT

WASHINGTON, July 10.—(AP)—At the request of the house rivers

A FAMOUS FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

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