

# By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** *Georgie Bennett has had her first proposal, and it is from Clifford Asher. But she must tell him that she loves Nicholas Boyd, formerly a film star, and now in Germany in an effort to save removed the scar that has cost him his career. Unaware, Clifford drives her home. But he stops for gasoline, and Georgie finds a scrap of newspaper in the seat bearing only the words "Movie Star Dies Suddenly." She thinks at once of Nicholas. Horrified.*

## Chapter 34

### GEORGIE'S FRIGHT

FOR one terrible moment Georgie could not move or speak. She searched the scrap of paper, but only the headline was readable. When Clifford Asher laid a hand on her arm she came to herself with a little gasp.

"I want an evening paper. Please get me an evening paper," she said in a voiceless whisper.

Asher stared at her.

"A paper . . . but I can't at this time of night."

She seemed to have grown old all at once, and even her lips were white.

"What's the matter?" he urged again, for she was trying to get out of the car.

"They may have one in the shop over there." Before he could prevent her, she had darted across the

"Oh, please, have you got an evening paper?"

He turned. "No, Miss; perhaps there's one in the writing room. She went with him, shaking in every limb.

"Funny," he said, "there don't seem to be one tonight."

Georgie fled away without answering, up the wide stairs to her mother's sitting room.

It was in darkness and she switched on the light with a shaking hand. There must be one somewhere. There simply must.

But for once the sitting room was almost painfully tidy.

She searched everywhere, and then stood still, her hands clasped together, her lips apart.

"Movie Star Dies Suddenly."

SHE turned and went slowly to her room, slipping out of her pretty frock and leaving it lying in a disregarded heap on the floor.

If Nicholas was dead . . . well he was beyond her reach forever. She felt as if someone had struck her a crushing blow.

Georgie did not hear the door's quiet opening till someone touched her on the shoulder.

"Georgie, what is the matter?"

She started up, her face drawn and disfigured, her tragic eyes raised to Bishop's tired face. He was



"Can't you drive faster?" Georgie asked.

road, the long skirt of her white dress fluttering round her. The woman whom she had noticed before was turning to go indoors again when Georgie spoke to her breathlessly.

"Oh please, have you got an evening paper?"

The woman turned round and stared.

"No, they're all sold," she said.

"Oh . . . but haven't you got one—just any paper will do?"

"I'm sorry, but I haven't one left."

Clifford had joined them now, and he took Georgie's arm in a firm grasp.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked again blankly.

"Nothing," she said.

She stood for a moment staring before her, then she turned and went back with him to the car.

"I just wanted an evening paper," she said almost stupidly.

Clifford laughed rather constrainedly.

"You're a funny kid," Asher said.

"You gave me quite a shock. Aren't you well?"

She turned tragic eyes to him.

"Yes, quite well," she said with lips that felt as if they were cut in ice.

"Movie Star Dies Suddenly."

SHE said suddenly, "Can't you drive faster?"

"Are you so anxious to be rid of me?"

"I want to get home."

Somewhere in the hotel there would surely be a paper.

"If you're not well," Asher began diffidently, but she cut him short.

"I'm quite well, I'm just tired."

It seemed an eternity until they reached the hotel.

"When shall I see you again?" Asher asked.

"I don't know; I'll write," she was out of the car without his assistance.

"Thank you for taking me," she said dully. "Good night," and she had gone before he could speak.

Georgie fled across the lounge to a porter who was aimlessly staring at a notice pinned to the reception desk.

wrapped in a dressing gown and his grey hair was all ruffled.

"I heard you crying. I heard you from my room," he said. "What is it? Why do you cry like that?"

There was a reluctant kindness in his voice that reached Georgie's heart through all her misery.

She said with quivering lips: "Have you got an evening paper?"

"A paper . . . there's one in my room, but why—" he broke off for a moment, looking at her steadily. Then he said:

"I'll fetch it for you."

Georgie sat huddled up, shivering in every limb. She almost cried out to him to come back, not to tell her the thing which she knew must break her heart, but her lips were too stiff, and she just sat there staring at the open door till presently he returned.

He laid the paper beside her on the bed, but she did not touch it.

"Who is it that's dead?" she asked faintly. "You look and see for me . . . someone . . . a famous film star."

Bishop stooped and took the paper in his hand.

"Someone named Pauline Fragonard. It was a car accident in California. Did you know her?"

"No."

There was a little silence, and Bishop laid the paper down again. Georgie leaned her head in her hands; she felt faint. Then Bishop spoke:

"Well, me about it, Georgie. I may be able to help."

She tried to say, "You can't, nobody can," only she could not control her lips, then suddenly she knew that he was sitting beside her and that his arm was round her shaking body.

"Poor child," he said. "Perhaps we're both lonely."

Georgie caught her breath, and for a moment her whirling thoughts stilled.

Lonely! This man who seemed to have everything he wanted in the world? She took her hands from before her face and turned to look at him.

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Georgie, tomorrow, finally confesses her love for Boyd to Bishop.

## IRRIGATION LOANS END JANUARY 23

HALEM, July 11.—(AP)—Twenty irrigation and drainage districts in Oregon have already filed applications for loans from the R. F. C. and others were expected to file for funds. It was announced today by C. E. Stricklin, secretary of the reclamation commission.

But if these districts are to receive federal aid under the terms of the so-called emergency farm loan act, it will be necessary to expedite applications as no loans will be made after January 23, 1934, Stricklin was advised today.

Loans of this nature would be secured by notes and bonds, and would be based on appraisals to be made by the government. Before any loans are approved the districts and creditors will have to sign an agreement that they will accept such appraisals.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—(AP)—Orders for lumber during the first six months of this year were reported today by the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association to have been 40 per cent above production with shipments 20 per cent more than output.

This represented an increase over the same period last year of five per cent in production, four per cent in shipments and 20 per cent in orders.

## LUMBER ORDERS SHOWING GROWTH

WASHINGTON, July 11.—(AP)—Orders for lumber during the first

For the week ended July 1, lumber orders at the mills were four per cent less than the average of the preceding six weeks. The association said, however, reports had been received from 80 fewer mills and that when they are heard from part of the drop will be made up. The delay was caused by the July 4 holiday.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Dodging Trouble!



## BOUND TO WIN—Cause For Alarm!

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—The Plot Thickens

By SOL HESS



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## BODY FOUND IN MUD NEAR NORTH BEND

MARSHFIELD, Ore., July 11.—(AP)—A body found on the mud

flats near North Bend was identified as that of L. A. Olson, 48, Coos Bay longshoreman, who was last seen ten days ago. Heavy weights had been attached to the body. Some of these fell from the rope and allowed the body to float free, Olson came to Coos Bay from Aberdeen, Wash., about four years ago and had no relatives here. Police said they believed he drowned himself.

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