

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Bancroft has had to tell George Asher that she cannot marry him because she loves another man. The other man is Nicholas Boyd, and Nicholas is in Germany trying to have removed the scar that has ruined his career as a film star. What a score. He is married. On her way home from the dance where Clifford proposed, George finds a series of newspaper with the headline "Movie Star Dies Suddenly." She is horrified, until finally Bishop, her stepfather, finds a paper, and she learns it is not Nicholas. She suddenly realizes Bishop's underlying kindness.

Chapter 35
THE WRONG BOX

HE was staring straight in front of him, his mouth set in lines of pain; then he said slowly, "We're both in the wrong box, George, you and I, but we might help each other by being friends, don't you think?"

She did not speak, and he went on. "When your mother wanted you to come here, I thought it would be a great nuisance. I'm not used to young people about me. Perhaps you will think it odd if I tell you that you've brought the only bit of sunshine I've had in my life for a great many years. We haven't spoken together much, you and I, but he took his arm away, "I should like to help you if I can."

He waited a moment and then asked, "Who's name was it you were afraid of reading in the paper just now?"

And George told him. "Nicholas Boyd's."

"The husband of—the woman here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How did you know him, George?" he asked, and suddenly she found herself telling him—pouring out the thing which for so long she had been forced to keep to herself.

"And does he care for you?" Bishop asked when she had ended.

"No." George gave a little shaky laugh. "I'd give anything in the world if he did," she added in a broken whisper.

There was a little silence.

"And this woman, this Bernie Boyd," Bishop asked.

"I don't think she loves him," George said. "I don't know why, but somehow I don't think she does, or she would be with him now, wouldn't she?"

"A woman like that could not love anyone but herself," Bishop said. He stood up and began roaming restlessly round the room in the way that always made George think of a lion shut up in a cage. He came back to her at length, a tall gaunt figure in his dressing-gown, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Is your mind set at rest now?" he asked.

"You mean because it wasn't his name in the paper?"

"Yes."

George sighed tragically. "If it had been I think I should have died."

"People do not die so easily," he answered.

Impulsively she stretched a hand to him, laying it on his arm.

"I never knew you could be so kind," she said.

"Kind!" he laughed rather grimly. "I suppose everyone is kind to one person once in a lifetime," he answered, and then, "You won't cry any more if I leave you?"

"I'll try not to."

"Goodnight then."

George stood up. "I need not ask you not to tell—Evelyn," she said timidly.

"No," he said. "I do not betray confidences."

He went away without another word or look at her, and George went on with her undressing.

THE studios were hot and dazzlingly lit, and full of men who all seemed very busy and important, and in a great hurry.

George was introduced to several of them, and they called her "my dear" and one of them told her she had a film face.

Bernie Boyd seemed to be the centre of attraction, and held court like a queen, her face made up in a way which George thought hideous, but which Evelyn explained was necessary for a successful picture. Evelyn liked to think she knew all about the business in hand. She explained various details to George in an entirely incorrect manner, and appeared deeply interested.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Bishop asked George once. He was standing looking on with bored eyes. "Does it fire your ambition to be a star?"

"I don't think so," George said. "I wonder if men have to make up like that too?"

Somehow she could not imagine Nicholas being drilled and ordered about, and made to do the same thing over and over again until it was entirely to the director's satisfaction.

Presently she wandered off to a corner of the studio by herself where a pile of photographs which she knew were called "stills" lay in an untidy heap. She turned them over curiously—dozens of them were of Bernie Boyd—Bernie in all attitudes, registering delight, fear, sorrow. Yes; she certainly had a very beautiful face, George was bound to admit, more beautiful perhaps when assisted by the skill of a camera man than when left untouched.

Bishop spoke at her elbow again. "It's all right about your friend, the one who needs a job. Miss Boyd is willing to give her a trial."

"Oh, how sweet of you," she said gratefully, but to her surprise Bishop frowned.

"I dislike that expression," he said rather curtly, and then, "Don't begin copying your mother, George."

"I'm sorry," she said helplessly, and then he smiled.

"I told you last night we were both in the wrong box," he said.

Bernie came up to them at that moment; she was smiling and apparently very pleased with herself. She spoke to George and asked if she were enjoying herself.

"Yes, thank you," George said, and then, "Are you?" she asked.

Bernie laughed. "Does anyone enjoy work, I wonder?" she said.

She laid a very much whitened hand on Bishop's coat sleeve.

"So kind of you to come," she murmured in quite a different tone of voice.

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Further complications surround George, tomorrow.

OREGON AUTO DEALERS AGREE ON WORK HOURS

PORTLAND, July 12.—(AP)—A maximum labor week of 40 hours was approved by the Oregon Automobile Dealers' Association here last night as part of a code being drafted in accordance with the national industrial recovery act. Oregon's acceptance of the code will be conveyed to the National Dealers' Association by Roy O. Burnett of Portland, elected delegate to the national meeting at Chicago next month.

For Sale: Good Electric Refrigerators. Cheap. Leonard Elec. Co., Holly Blgd.

LAST MYRTLE POINT CIVIL WAR VET DIES

MARSHFIELD, July 12.—(AP)—S. S. Endicot, 64, of Myrtle Point, the last surviving member of the Colonel Jesse Post, O. A. R., of that city, died at his home today.

He was born in Indiana in 1848 and served with company F of Missouri volunteers. He was a resident of Coos county for nearly 50 years. Endicot is survived by 12 brothers and sisters and nine children.

MARSHFIELD, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—

FLYING STUDENT KILLED IN EUGENE

EUGENE, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—Geo. Howard, 22, of Pendleton, a student at the University of Oregon summer school, was killed here late yesterday when the airplane he was flying over the Eugene airport, crashed. He died at a hospital without regaining consciousness.

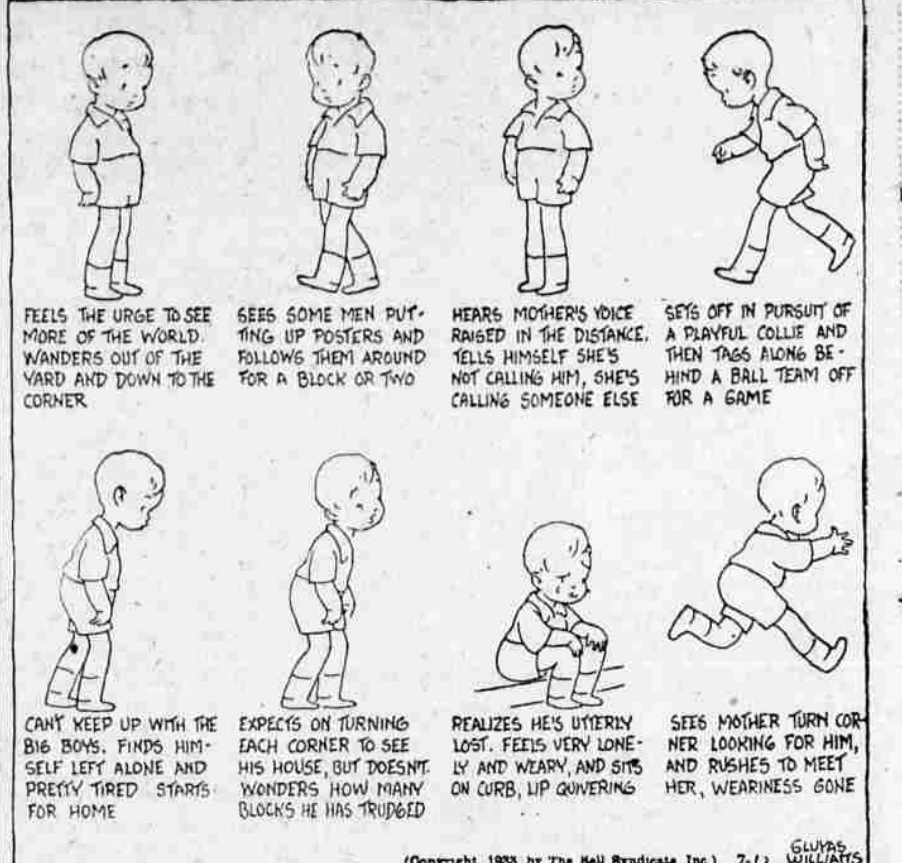
Howard was a student pilot and was making a solo flight. He had reached a height of 2000 feet and started to descend. At an altitude of 1000 feet his small monoplane, went into a spin and crashed.

STOCKTON, Calif.—(UP)—A true case of saving up for a rainy day was revealed here. Pete Carty, 71, was arrested on a vagrancy charge. Judge Cecil S. Johnson dismissed the charge and gave the man a dollar to buy food. Carty bought an umbrella with the money.

S'MATTER POP—



LYING STUDENT KILLED IN EUGENE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—From Pirate To Romeo!



BOUND TO WIN—No Time Lost



BOUND TO WIN—No Time Lost



THE NEBBS—What's The Use?



THE NEBBS—What's The Use?



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



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