

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

George's life has become very complicated of late. She refused Clifford Asher's offer of marriage because she loves Nicholas Boyd. Boyd is in Germany trying to have removed the scar that has ended his film career. Nicholas' wife, Bernice Boyd, is in England making a movie, and she has considerable interest in George's step-father, Bishop. And Bishop and Evelyn, George's mother, are not on too good terms. Bernice talks with Bishop and George at her studio.

Chapter 34 FAMILY QUARREL

EVER since she arrived at the studio George had been trying to gain enough courage to ask about Nicholas, and now she did so, in a quick, nervous little voice.

"Is Mr. Boyd better? You said he was ill."

Bernice's pretty face hardened a little.

"I suppose he must be," she said disinterestedly. "I really haven't heard anything definite," and then she turned away as if anxious for the subject to drop.

Bishop was looking at George with a faint smile, but he only said: "Do you think we can tear your mother away now?"

Evelyn was thoroughly enjoying herself, and on the way back to London she talked with great enthusiasm.

"Such delightful people, all of them. I never expected to be made so welcome. Didn't you think they were most delightful, Bishop?"

"Considering most of the money in the concern is mine, they could not very well be otherwise," he answered.

"Really, Bishop, to speak to me like that in front of George," Evelyn complained. In a moment she went on: "By the way, Bishop, have you made any definite arrangements about going to Germany? I have several invitations to stay with people, and if I knew your plans I could make my own."

George glanced quickly at Bishop; he had not moved or opened his eyes, but after a moment he said quietly:

"Make what plans you like, my dear. I may not be going to Germany, after all, but that need not interfere with you."

"Not going!" Evelyn colored angrily. "Really, Bishop, after racing me half across the world for the specific reason that you must go, to calmly turn round and tell me you may change your mind. What on earth does it mean, may I ask?"

"Simply that I may change my mind, that is all."

"Well, really!" Evelyn said again; she looked at George for sympathy. "You are the most trying man I ever knew. I give up everything at a moment's notice to bring you over here, and all for nothing. Have you realized at last that there is nothing really the matter with you?"

"Possibly."

"I always said you would," she declared triumphantly. "Men are such babies. They get a pain and they immediately think they are dying. Well, I hope in future you will pay attention to me, instead of being so inconsiderate. If I hadn't the patience of Job, I should have a great deal to say; you are fortunate in having a wife with such an even temper."

"Very fortunate," Bishop agreed calmly.

"AND now all my plans are upset. I suppose," his wife went on. "Of course you will expect me to stay with you in that dreadful hotel. You know how I loathe hotels, even the best of them, and I had so looked forward to going to stay with the Hunters in Scotland."

"Go by all means. I am not preventing you."

Evelyn flushed; she did not want to stay with her husband, but on the other hand she did not like to be told she was not necessary to him.

"And what do you suppose I can do with George?" she asked shrilly. "George can stay with me," Bishop said.

There was a little silence, then Evelyn said nastily:

"Well, you seem to have arranged it very nicely between you. Do you want to stay with your step-father, George?"

"I don't mind what I do," George said. "I'll go back to Uncle Edward if you like."

Bishop opened his eyes suddenly and looked at her, and she added hurriedly: "Of course, I knew I couldn't always stay with you."

Evelyn said aggressively, "I could take you to Scotland, of course, but I doubt whether you would be happy with me."

"Of whether you would be happy with her," Bishop said.

She flashed him an angry glance. "Really I seem to be in the wrong whatever I say," she complained. "And heaven knows I have tried to do my best for you both, but there is no gratitude in the world."

"You've been very kind," George said, wondering in bewilderment why the thought of returning to Edward Bancroft had given her a real thrill.

In a way she had been happy in London, and had enjoyed the excitement of her new clothes and of being taken about, but she had not met anyone who had really interested her, and sometimes she was conscious of a little feeling of weariness, of wanting to get away and be free once again.

"I had hoped," her mother went on, "that amongst all the people I have introduced to you, you would have found someone to whom you could take a fancy. But I never knew a girl like you. Men don't seem to interest you as they did me."

George opened her eyes wide. "Someone to marry, do you mean?" she gasped.

"You must eventually marry," Evelyn said. "All girls marry unless there is something very peculiar about them. When I was your age I had had half a dozen proposals, and I suppose you have not had one."

"Yes, one," George said with a twinkle. "Some unspeakable young man whom I have never seen, I suppose," her mother said tartly. "Why did you not tell me?"

"It only happened last night."

"Last night?" Evelyn's face cleared. "Oh, then you mean that nice Clifford Asher? Well, that is not so bad. His father is a famous man, and no doubt Clifford will one day be quite well off. I am very pleased with you, George."

"But I'm not going to marry him," George said quietly. "Why not?"

"I don't love him."

"Well, of all the absurd reasons—" Evelyn said.

FOR ten days George watched the mail hoping against hope that Nicholas Boyd would reply to her letter. She had found out exactly how long the mail took from Berlin to London, but even allowing for a couple of days to elapse between the receipt of her own letter and the mailing of his it was too long, and she began to lose heart.

"You're losing your color," Evelyn told her one morning. "It makes you look old and tired. You'd better use some rouge."

"I never had any color," George said. She felt irritable. "I was always brown, and I hate rouge."

"You're very bad tempered," Evelyn said. "Really, between you and your step-father, it's a wonderful thing I can keep my own temper at all. She hesitated a moment, then added: "Have you decided what you want to do; in the future, I mean?"

"While you are in Scotland?" George asked. "I suppose I had better go back home."

"How you can call that unspeakable place 'home' amazes me," Evelyn said.

George was a little perplexed by her mother's attitude; she had not expected that this sudden sense of "duty" and "devotion" would last forever, but neither had she expected it to end so summarily. She made a mental calculation and found that it was six weeks since Evelyn had descended on Edward Bancroft's house and taken her away; sometimes it seemed longer.

"What would you like me to do?" she asked.

Evelyn looked nonplussed; she was not used to plain speaking and George often disconcerted her. As a matter of fact she had grown a little tired of the girl's constant companionship. She was a woman of moods, and it had been an impulse of sheer boredom that had made her seize upon George as a new distraction.

"I'll speak to Bishop about it," Evelyn said evasively. "I'm in a hurry now. Goodbye till tonight, and do put some rouge on your cheeks."

As if the color of one's face was the only thing that mattered, George thought.

She had not seen Clifford Asher since the night he asked her to marry him, though he had rung up once or twice. It was another friendship gone into the rag bag. Some how she had counted on Clifford, perhaps selfishly.

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A glorious possibility opens, Monday, before George.

HIGHWAY SECTOR JINX TO AUTOIST

ROSEBURG, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—The Oakland, Oregon, section of

the Pacific highway apparently carries a full-fledged jinx for S. P. Nickey of San Francisco. Two years ago Mr. Nickey lost control of his car on a curve near Oakland, went over the bank and received minor injuries. Yesterday, at almost the same spot, his car again went over the grade, resulting in critical injuries to both Mr. and Mrs. Nickey who are today in a very serious condition at Mercy

hospital in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Nickey each suffered head injuries, while the latter also has a broken leg. Their daughter, Miss Frances Nickey and her fiancé, Robert Prouty, were proceeding them in another car, the family being on the way to St. Helena where Mr. Prouty and Miss Nickey were to be married.

FOREIGN GOLD SALE PERMISSION SOUGHT

WASHINGTON, July 13.—(AP)—Modification of the gold embargo to

permit sale of newly mined gold in the world market to give the domestic industry higher prices was urged upon President Roosevelt today by Representative Englebridge (R. Cal.) and Senator King (D. Utah). Indications are that the chief executive is investigating the feasibility of lifting this part of the embargo to permit gold miners in this country to receive from \$28 to \$30

an ounce on the world market instead of the \$20.67 paid by the United States mint. CAMELO CLEANERS announces Free Delivery Service now with Harry Childs driving. Phone 1260 for better cleaning. Thanks. Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

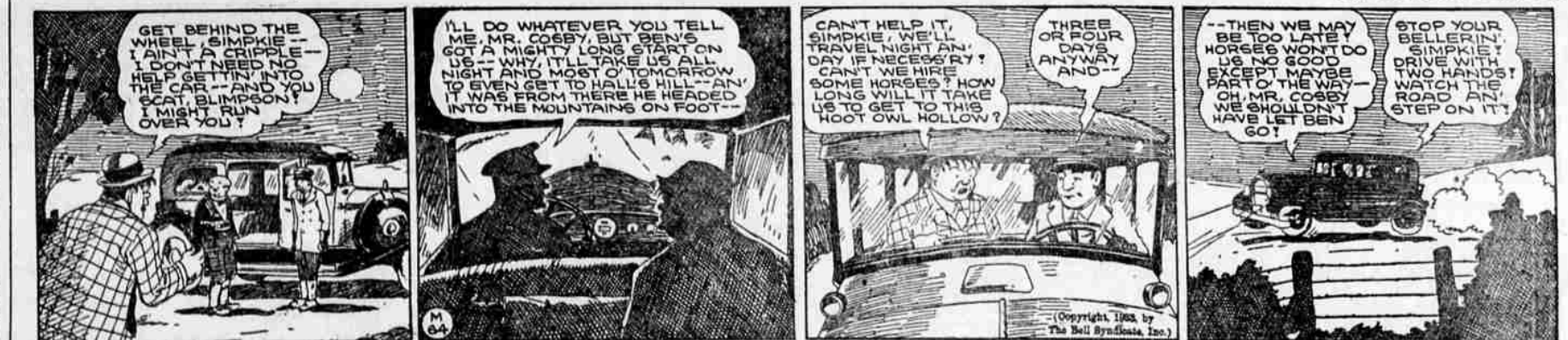


TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Blue-Book" And "Blackbear"



BOUND TO WIN—Step On It

By EDWIN ALGER



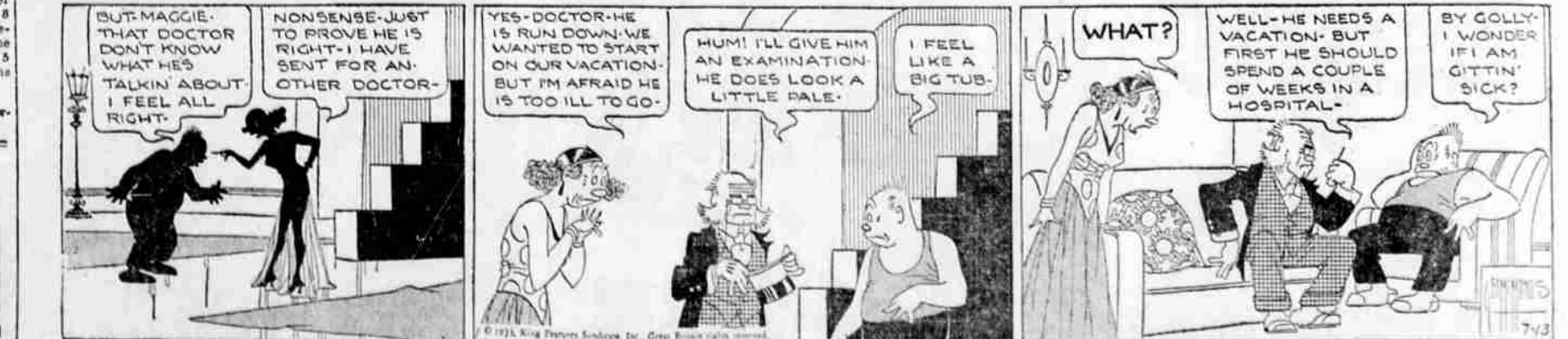
THE NEBBS—Change Of Heart

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



FAMOUS PILOTS MAY LOSE CONTEST RIGHT

WASHINGTON, July 13.—(AP)—The National Aeronautical Association today took action which may cost several nationally known pilots the loss of their contest licenses for three years for having taken part in the air races in Chicago from July 1 to 4, backed by the Chicago Tribune, which the association listed as an unlicensed contest.

COLUMBIA FISHERMEN GAIN BETTER PRICES

ASTORIA, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Fish prices on the Columbia river advanced, effective today, from 8 cents a pound for Chinook and blue-back salmon, to 9 cents a pound. The price on steelheads was raised to 5 cents a pound, an advance of one cent. Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, featuring the text 'SWEETENS THE BREATH' and 'THE PERFECT GUM'.

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