

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Banerri has learned through a friend that Nicholas is returning from Germany where he has been successful in an attempt to have a career. Nicholas tells Banerri that he does not go to her, although she is hurt because he has not told her himself. George decides to go to Nicholas' apartment. His visit first tells her that Nicholas will not see her, but Nicholas appears suddenly, and she is...

Chapter 39 NICHOLAS' CROSS

"YOU didn't answer my letter," George said.

"Perhaps I hadn't anything to say," Nicholas replied, and then with an effort. "It was kind of you to write; kinder of you to come here."

That little lump in George's throat was threatening once more to choke her; she wanted so desperately to say something that would comfort him—to say that she didn't mind how he looked—that he would always be the same to her—the dashing hero of the silver screen who had first captured her girlish fancy, but she was afraid of hurting him, of driving home to him more deeply the realization of all he had lost.

It was he who broke the silence with an attempt at lightness.

"So you have been making friends with my wife?"

"Not friends," George said, then realizing that her words were not very polite she hastened to amend them. "I don't think I am the sort of girl she would make friends with, but she was very nice. I went to the studio to see her making a picture."

"And did you find it very intriguing?"

"Not very."

"It cured you of your ambition to be a film star?"

"Yes."

"And so you've been having a heck of time?" he said after a moment.

"Lots of fun and dances and proposals, I suppose."

She did not answer, and he went on: "It's wonderful to be young and happy, Robin. Make the most of it."

"I'm not happy," George said. "At least, not in the way you mean. And I wish you wouldn't talk to me as if I were a child."

"You are a child. You looked so much of a child when I saw you standing out in the hall there just now that I felt as if I ought to have brought you back a doll."

She made no reply, and suddenly he knew that she was weeping, quiet weeping which was so much harder to listen to unmoved than a burst of sobbing would have been.

He bore it in silence for a moment, then he said almost angrily: "I don't know why you're crying. I don't cry, and after all it's my funeral."

George looked at him through her tears.

"I'm crying because you've shut me out of your life," she said in a broken whisper.

"Shut you out?" He laughed mirthlessly. "Don't you know that there's no room for you in my prison? I've been trying to make you understand that ever since I first met you."

"And I've been trying to make you understand that there is," she retorted with sudden courage. "You said just now I was a child. Well, children don't take up much room."

"Don't they?" he submitted sulkily. "I think there are some children who fill the whole world, if you care for them sufficiently well."

She moved a hesitating step nearer to him.

"It must be rather sweet to be cared for so much," she said breathlessly, and again her hand stole into his.

NICHOLAS moved suddenly, touching a switch in the wall and flooding the room with light.

"Now look at me," he said.

George looked; her soft brown eyes rested on his scarred face with quiet and happy assurance.

"Well," she said softly. "You're just the same to me as you're always been."

"You're a little fool, Robin," he answered, almost violently, and he turned his disfigured face away.

George said: "I wish you would put out some of the light again. I want to say lots of things to you, and it's easier when it's not so light."

"Because you can't see what an ugly brute I am?"

George ignored that, but she slipped past him and turned out some of the lights herself, then she asked quietly:

"Are you going back to America?"

"No."

"Where then?" she persisted.

"God alone knows."

There was a short silence. George could feel a little pulse hammering in her temple as if it were trying to drive her to say the things that were in her heart; the things which surely no "nice" girl would ever dare to say, then she heard her own voice, a little breathless with daring.

"Well, wherever it is, I shall go with you."

Nicholas laughed. "You most certainly will not," he said emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because I—because..." Then he broke off and walked away from her to the window. Such an ugly window George thought, hung with drab curtains which nobody had troubled to draw.

"Why not?" she asked again as he did not speak.

He answered her then, in a voice that was a little hard.

"Because in the first place you don't know what you are talking about. In the second place I am a married man, and even if I were not, our lives run along roads that are miles apart, roads that can never meet, and anyway I—" he broke off once more.

"And anyway you don't want me," George said bluntly.

"What I want is beside the point. I'm fond of you of course. I don't know why; probably because you insist that I shall be."

"I suppose I ought to be offended at that."

"It was not intended offensively."

SHE felt the tears wet on her cheeks again.

"If what you want is beside the point, doesn't what I want matter at all?"

"You don't know what you want; you're just a child, a romantic child, but let me tell you that there is no romance, or there would not be if you had to live with me. I'm bad-tempered, selfish—but you've proved that already. I hate being out of the limelight. I can't make the best of it. I'm bitterly resentful."

"You wouldn't be if you had something to take its place."

"What something?"

"Me."

She saw a sudden movement of his broad shoulders, but he made no comment, and she went on: "I may not be very much, not so attractive as the girls you have been used to, but I know I could make you happy."

She caught her breath before she added: "I love you so much."

"You little fool," he said again hoarsely. "There are so many men in the world, young, strong, the kind you must marry."

"If I don't marry you I shall never marry anyone," George said.

"You seem to forget that I am married already."

"Well—" George struggled with her tears. "Evelyn says that divorce is very easy in America."

"If both parties are willing, perhaps."

"You mean—you wouldn't be willing?"

"At the moment I am thinking of my wife."

"That she wouldn't be willing?"

"I'm a rich man, Robin. She might not wish to divorce my money."

He picked up her gloves and little handbag which she had laid down on the table.

"I'll get you a taxi, Robin."

George stood her ground.

"When shall I see you again?"

"I hope for your own sake, you will not try to see me again."

Something seemed to snap in George's brain. She clenched her trembling hands into tight little fists.

"I don't believe it's I you're thinking about," she accused him passionately. "It's just yourself. I suppose you think I'm a nuisance coming here; I suppose you think no decent girl would do such a thing, and I suppose you're right. What difference does it make if you're married or not? I want you to be happy. I can't be happy myself if you're not."

She was sobbing now, her eyes raised to his face appealingly. "I've never had anybody of my own, not really. If you'd just let me be with you—" she broke off, realizing her crushing defeat. "You don't want me?" she whispered.

"No, Robin."

"No, Robin."

Bernie Boyd, tomorrow, sees a new prospect in the office.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Broken windows glazed by Irowbridge Cabinet Works.

Another new law now in effect requires that advertisements of potatoes state the quality on sale. The department has leased merchants throughout Oregon to apply the same rule to other fruit and vegetables. Each advertisement should state whether the product is first, second or cull grade.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Cull fruits and vegetables sold in Oregon must be labeled plainly as such under a new ruling of the state department of agriculture.

Farmers seldom find it profitable to sell culls, according to Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, as the inferior fruit or vegetable competes

with that of quality and tends to force down prices. Under the new regulations the customer will be under no illusion as to the quality of produce he is buying.

Another new law now in effect requires that advertisements of potatoes state the quality on sale. The department has leased merchants throughout Oregon to apply the same rule to other fruit and vegetables. Each advertisement should state whether the product is first, second or cull grade.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Cull fruits and vegetables sold in Oregon must be labeled plainly as such under a new ruling of the state department of agriculture.

Farmers seldom find it profitable to sell culls, according to Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, as the inferior fruit or vegetable competes

with that of quality and tends to force down prices. Under the new regulations the customer will be under no illusion as to the quality of produce he is buying.

Another new law now in effect requires that advertisements of potatoes state the quality on sale. The department has leased merchants throughout Oregon to apply the same rule to other fruit and vegetables. Each advertisement should state whether the product is first, second or cull grade.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Cull fruits and vegetables sold in Oregon must be labeled plainly as such under a new ruling of the state department of agriculture.

Farmers seldom find it profitable to sell culls, according to Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, as the inferior fruit or vegetable competes

with that of quality and tends to force down prices. Under the new regulations the customer will be under no illusion as to the quality of produce he is buying.

Another new law now in effect requires that advertisements of potatoes state the quality on sale. The department has leased merchants throughout Oregon to apply the same rule to other fruit and vegetables. Each advertisement should state whether the product is first, second or cull grade.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Cull fruits and vegetables sold in Oregon must be labeled plainly as such under a new ruling of the state department of agriculture.

Farmers seldom find it profitable to sell culls, according to Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, as the inferior fruit or vegetable competes

ROBBER IS SLAIN BY BANK CASHIER

PARSONS, Kan., July 17.—(P)—A bank robber identified by officers as

Kenneth Conn, one of eleven prisoners who escaped from the Kansas penitentiary May 30, was shot to death today in an attempted bank holdup at Altamont. A companion, seriously wounded, was identified as Alva Payton, another fugitive.

Sheriff W. C. Miller of Labette county said Payton had admitted his identity and informed him his con-

panion was Conn. Payton was sent to the penitentiary for robbing the Edna state bank, not far from Altamont.

The two men were shot down by Isaac McCarty, cashier of the Labette County state bank, from an ambush he had prepared on top of the bank vault for use in case of robbery.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Out Of The Darkness!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Jud's "Conference Room"

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Oh—That's Different

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



CULL FRUITS NEED LABEL UNDER LAW

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Cull fruits and vegetables sold in Oregon must be labeled plainly as such under a new ruling of the state department of agriculture.

Farmers seldom find it profitable to sell culls, according to Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, as the inferior fruit or vegetable competes

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