

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: George Honoroff has hurried to Nicholas Boyd's apartment immediately after his return from Germany, a disappointed man because the operation he has undergone has not removed the scar that ruined his movie career. George tells Nicholas she loves him; Nicholas reminds her that he is married, but finally consents that he care for George. Meanwhile Bernie Boyd, Nicholas' wife, has decided to attack Bishop, George's wealthy stepfather, by her string of admirers.

Chapter 4 BERNIE'S CONQUEST

Bernie's hand touched Bishop's coat-sleeve again. "Now, your wife, of course, is quite different. I do admire her so. You are a most fortunate man." He moved a little, squaring his shoulders with a sort of wariness. "In the course of my life, which is a fairly long one," he said thoughtfully, "I have made the interesting discovery that all people appear to be happy and fortunate until one knows them well, and then the cupboard door opens—perhaps only a trifle—and the skeletons peep out. No doubt you have noticed that."

"I have; indeed, I have," Bernie murmured. She was rather superstitious, and the mention of skeletons made her shiver. "I suppose none of us are really happy?" she murmured. Bishop's grave mouth twisted into a smile.

"You are an exceedingly observant woman," he said. Bernie's eyelids fluttered. "I suppose to look at me," she said with a pathetic note, "people would say that I am perfectly happy and contented." She waited for a comment, but Bishop remained silent, and the long lashes swept upwards again, revealing her starry eyes. "But I am not. Life has been a big struggle."

"One can hardly imagine so, with a husband so famous," Bishop said. Bernie sighed. "Poor Nicholas! It's too sad, I really do not know what will become of him. Since his terrible accident he seems to have changed so much. I am afraid we shall never be able to live together again."

"You amaze me," Bishop said. "It is quite true," Bernie insisted sorrowfully. "He left America without a word to me. I was nearly beside myself."

"Naturally." "You are so understanding," she murmured. There was a little silence, then Bishop said, "Fortunately divorce is comparatively easy in your country."

"In my country, yes, but Nicholas is an Englishman, and it rather complicates matters." "Otherwise, of course, you would seek your freedom," Bishop urged softly.

The pretty outlines of Bernie's mouth hardened. "It would need a lot of consideration," she said. "There are so many complications, and I should hate people to think that I had deserted him just when he was in trouble."

"Surely nobody could think that!" "I am afraid so. Of course I married when I was terribly young—little more than a child."

"A charming child, I am sure," Bishop said courteously. "And, that being so, don't you think it will be a thousand pities for you to remain tied to a man you no longer care for?"

"Why, do you want me to divorce him?" she asked slowly. Bishop's weary eyes seemed to open a little, and their usual somberness was lit by a sudden flash. "Supposing that is the reward which I hesitated to ask of you," he said.

FOR three days George managed to be almost happy; she had much confidence in Nicholas Boyd, now she knew that he cared for her. She was still a little afraid to use the word "loved."

It was the fourth day after her meeting with Nicholas that Clifford Asher called at the hotel. George felt a little shy as she waited for him to come up to Evelyn's sitting room.

"I thought I was never going to see you again," she said. His eyes scanned her face unsmilingly. "I've come to say goodbye," he said. "Goodbye!" George's brown eyes dilated. "Why, where are you going?"

"I've had an offer to go to South America, my uncle's firm. It means better prospects. I go next week." She paled a little.

"And you never told me," she said reproachfully. "I did not think you would be interested."

There was a moment's silence, then he broke out. "Come with me, George. It's quite a decent job, and it would be such fun, you and I together, and I want you so frightfully."

"I—can't." "Why not? You don't belong to anyone here. You never had a real home. Nobody wants you as much as I do."

"I don't love you." "You've never given yourself a chance to love me. Let's get married and take the risk."

Her sweet eyes met his troubled frankness. "But I love someone else—I told you so."

"You said he was married." "So he is," George said helplessly; she felt a little cold sensation round her heart. Clifford smiled; she seemed such a child.

"Well then," he said gently. "What's the use of waiting?" "Something may happen," George said.

"And if it doesn't?" She shook her head, and he said impatiently, "Are you going to waste your whole life hoping that the impossible may happen?"

"That's not a very kind thing to say." He looked away from her. "I sail on Friday week; if you change your mind you know where I am to be found."

George felt sudden tears in her eyes, and seeing them he urged again passionately. "Oh George, can't you?" "Clifford dear, I wish I could."

And in another moment he had gone.

ANOTHER knock at the door—"Please Miss can you see Miss Taylor?"

George was grateful for the distraction; Nelly was better than nobody to talk to, and just now she dreaded being left with her own thoughts.

Nelly rushed in breathless and excited; she looked happier and more contented than George had ever seen her.

"I can't stay a minute," she said. "I've got an afternoon off, for once, and I'm meeting a friend," she giggled. "I've got a new young man," she said proudly. "Quite nice he is too. Of course he may not mean anything, but there's always hope isn't there?"

"I hope he does," George said fervently. Nelly shrugged her shoulders. "Well, it helps pass the time," she said as if the affair were of no importance. "And I'm not expecting too much. I've had some before. But that isn't what I came to tell you."

She hesitated, then said, "Miss Boyd's got a new admirer running after her."

"Has she?" George was not particularly interested. "It's your step-father."

"Bishop?" George laughed. "I don't believe you."

"It's true. He's down at the studio every day, and he takes her out to lunch too. Sends her flowers, cartloads of them, and all sorts of presents. She isn't half pleased I can tell you."

"I don't believe you," George said again. "Alright," Nelly was inclined to be offended. "Ask him if you don't believe me."

"But he's married," George gasped, and then realized the futility of the argument; Nicholas also was married.

Nelly said, "Pooh! the married ones are always the worst. And he and your mother aren't too sweet on each other, you take it from me. I've heard all sorts of things since I've been in this job. What's she going to Scotland alone for I should like to know?"

George flushed; she was very distasteful to hear her own people spoken of by Nelly in such terms of familiarity.

"Anyway I'm sure you're wrong about Bishop," she said positively. "I know he wouldn't do a thing like that."

Funny that she felt more anxious to defend Bishop than to defend her own mother.

Nelly laughed. "If you don't choose to believe me it's no use saying any more; perhaps you won't believe something else I'm going to tell you."

"What is it?" "I expect you know. Nicholas Boyd's going away tonight."

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George quarrels with her best friend, tomorrow.

SUGAR PINE CODE TO BE PRESENTED

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—(AP)—W. S. Johnson, president of the

California White and Sugar Pine association, is en route to Washington today to present the competition code of this state's pine lumber producers. The code differs from ideas presented by the northern lumbermen in the matters of wages and hours, due to the limited season of employment.

The Californians propose a minimum wage starting at 32½ cents an

hour, to be scaled up monthly as conditions warrant. The 32½ cent pay would be a decided advance from the low levels of 22½ cents and 23 cents now paid, said C. D. Terwilliger of Loyaltan, vice president.

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CARRIER PIGEON VICTIM OF AUTO

A red rubber band, bearing the number 07, arrived at the Mail Trib-

une this morning in a letter which tells that the little bird, which wore it, is dead. The band was removed from the leg of a carrier pigeon struck by a car and killed in the Brownboro district, July 11.

Mrs. Frank King of that district, feeling that the pigeon's master would be wondering why it had not flown back to its own dovecote, re-

moved the band and forwarded it to the Mail Tribune.

"It probably isn't important," she wrote at the end of the letter, "but the bird's owner may be anxious to know."

Reid, Murdoch and Co. canners of the Monarch Brand Bartlett Pears will be represented at Medford this season by Myron Root.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Melody Lingers On!



BOUND TO WIN—Another Alarm

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—What Now, Folks?

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE PANICS PORTUGUESE

LISBON, Portugal, July 19.—(AP)—A violent earthquake lasting one minute shook Oporto today and the people were panic-stricken. No casualties were reported, however, and the property damage was slight. The

quake came after two days of excessive heat.

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