

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Sick with apprehension because she was apparently caught Nicholas Boyd in a deceit, and Bishop, her step-father, in an affair with Boyd's wife, George Berneroff determines to visit in Nicholas' apartment until he returns, and have it out with him. For George loves Nicholas, and Nicholas has said he loves her. Suddenly the door is pushed open, and Berneroff, Nicholas' wife, enters. Berneroff asks angrily whether George has been there before, and George answers "Yes."

Chapter 43

NICHOLAS ARRIVES

THERE was a dramatic silence, then Berneroff asked: "And are you the 'innocent young girl' for whom my husband pleaded so eloquently last night?" "I don't know," George said. "You don't know," Berneroff laughed shrilly. "Perhaps you don't know that he has been asking me to divorce him, offering to pay me to divorce him?" She laughed again. "You must be very innocent, I should think."

"Make the most of him," she said mockingly. "It won't last. He'll get tired of you just as he has of the others."

She tore herself free of her husband's grasp, and the next moment George was alone.

There was nothing beautiful left in life; she was awake to ugly reality at last. When Nicholas came back she was still standing where he had left her, her brown hair falling about her face, one hand clutching the back of the chair.

"Oh, Robin!" he said hoarsely. He made no attempt to touch her; he walked away from her and stood staring down into the fire, and the silence was unbroken till suddenly George began to sob.

"It's gone, everything that was so beautiful. Nothing can ever be the same again. I loved you so I'd have done anything in the world for you. It's like trampling something beautiful into the mud."

He asked painfully: "You mean you don't care for me any more?" and then as she did not answer. "Well, perhaps I ought to be glad. We should have had to say good-bye anyway. I wrote to you. I knew it was useless. She wouldn't have set me free."



For a moment nobody spoke.

"Oh, no, you won't; as you've waited so long for my charming husband, you will wait a little longer. If you and Nicholas think you can make a fool of me you are mistaken. 'Innocent young girl' indeed!"

"Very well," George said apathetically. She did not care what happened; her beautiful dream was ending sordidly, as surely most things did in life.

The moments dragged by in absolute silence; Berneroff lit a cigarette and was puffing at it absently, her blue eyes hardly leaving George's white face.

And then Nicholas came in, shutting the door carefully behind him. For a moment nobody spoke, till at last, Berneroff broke the eloquent silence with her sharp voice.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Nicholas ignored her; he crossed the room to George and spoke in an agitated voice.

"Why did you come here? It was sheer madness. I wrote to you."

Berneroff's mocking laugh broke the following silence.

"Very pretty! Very pretty indeed!"

Nicholas turned. "You will please go," he said quietly. "I will take you down to your car."

SHE faced him defiantly. "Go! And leave you to your innocent young girl! Last night you begged me to divorce you. There was to be no scandal, you said. She drew a sharp breath. "If I rather fancy that I shall have something to say in the matter now. It will make a pretty story, Nicholas, you and this."

"You will please go!" he said. She laughed in his face.

"You've changed your tune since we were in America," she told him fiercely. "Have you told your innocent young girl how you begged me not to leave you?"

There was a terrible silence, then she laughed again, though with less confidence.

"Well, I'll go," she said; she turned her head and looked at George's bowed little figure.

"I wish I could die," George said, and she slipped to the floor in a little sobbing heap.

Nicholas turned slowly and looked at her. His twisted face was very pale and his eyes were lifelessly sad; then he lifted her up, holding her in his arms, her face hidden against him.

For a long time neither of them spoke, but gradually George's bitter sobbing ceased, and at last she moved one arm, slipping it round his neck, holding him fast.

She found her voice, faintly: "Where are you going?"

"I told you in my letter."

"I never had it."

"I'm going over to Ireland tonight; I've a friend there. Later on perhaps—"

He felt her tremble.

"You won't—without telling me?"

"My dear, if you've got to tear your heart out, it's better to do it at once. I couldn't bear to feel that perhaps you were always going to be unhappy. I'm not worth it."

She said in a muffled voice, "If you weren't it wouldn't make any difference. I'd love you the same, whatever you were."

There was an apologetic tap at the door, and Nicholas released her from his arms.

"Who is it?"

The voice of his man answered. "It's quarter past eleven, sir."

George's eye dilated.

"I forgot you were going away," she whispered.

"Try always to forget it," he answered hoarsely. "Just try to believe that we're playing a game to get together, a game that perhaps some day will have a happy ending."

She said steadily, "It won't make any difference if I never see you again. When I'm an old woman, I shall love you just the same, and whatever happens, wherever I am, if you want me—"

"If I want you?"

"We won't say good-bye, my little girl, just—" he broke off, and it was George who finished the sentence for him. "Just 'God bless you.'"

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George learns, tomorrow, why she missed Nicholas' letter.

ARRANGES FUNERAL AND INHALES FUMES

PORTLAND, July 21.—(AP)—After making all arrangements for his funeral, including the careful selection of an inexpensive casket, Charles Brant, 50, ended his life in a rooming house here by inhaling gas. His body was found yesterday. He had explained to the funeral director that he suffered greatly from heart trouble, that he believed he had not long to live; that he had no relatives and was afraid he might not have a funeral.

HOPYARDS COMPLETE PICKER REGISTRATION

SALEM, July 21.—(AP)—Registration of hop pickers is completed with harvest season still a month away, local growers report. One large yard which usually requires three weeks for registration, completed and closed its books in just three days. Picking of early fuggles is expected to start about August 25. The California season generally starts the fore part of August.

LAWYER FROM IDAHO SETTLES IN ASHLAND

SALEM, July 21.—(AP)—Thomas B. Hargis was admitted to the Oregon Bar association upon certificate from Idaho, the supreme court announced today. Hargis will locate at Ashland to practice law. Thursday was the last day the justices of the court will hear arguments on appeals prior to the vacation period starting August 1. Hearings will be resumed early in September. The court, however, will hand down several sets of opinions prior to vacation, it was announced.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Think Again, Isabella!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Arrival

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Blasted Hopes

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



COOS BAY INCREASES SHIPMENTS OF LUMBER
MARSHFIELD, July 21.—(AP)—Since July 1 more than 6,000,000 feet of lumber has moved out of Coos Bay, and at least 15,000,000 feet more is scheduled for shipment within the next three months. This total of 21,000,000 feet compares with 13,000,000 feet moved from the Coos Bay district in the first six-month period of this year.

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

THIS RED TAPE SIMPLIFIES THINGS!

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

TO OPEN, UNWIND

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