

# By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** George Barclay goes to Nicholas Boyd's flat to ask why he is leaving London without telling her, as he had promised to do. Bernice Boyd, Nicholas' wife, comes in, makes a terrific scene, and is ordered out by Nicholas. Nicholas explains that he has written George, that in spite of his love for her he must go away, because Bernice will not divorce him. George tells Nicholas that she will remain his, come what may.

## Chapter 44 EVELYN SPEAKS

IN SPITE of everything George slept soundly that night; she seemed to drift into blissful unconsciousness as soon as her head touched the pillow, and it was late in the morning when she awoke.

The sun was shining outside, sending long golden fingers poking inquisitively between the undrawn curtains, and she lay for a moment watching them sleepily, before she remembered.

It was another day, and Nicholas had gone.

The midnight train had carried him out of her life, perhaps forever. She lay motionless for some time with a terrible sense of loss, then suddenly she remembered that there was still his letter.

It was like a last link between them that still held, and while it held she could not quite despair.

She rang the bell, and when the maid came she asked for tea.

"And please will you see if there are any letters?"

Then she slipped out of bed and drew back the curtains.

It was a lovely morning, and a faint new hope crept into her heart. Things were never so hopeless when the sun shone. Or were they worse?

It was terrible to be alone on a gray, rainy day, but perhaps it was harder when the sun was shining, and the world was a beautiful place in which to be happy.

She looked at herself in the mirror; her face was quite colorless and her eyes showed signs of tears, and George was conscious of a faint disappointment. Surely she ought to have grown beautiful since Nicholas kissed her?

She thought of Bernice, and then resolutely she thrust the thought aside; she would not permit any ugly memories to spoil her brief happiness of last night.

The maid came back with the teatray and two letters.

George pounced upon them feverishly, but one was a bill and the other which she threw aside was addressed in Clifford Asher's writing.

Nothing from Nicholas. But he had told her he had written.

"Are you sure there were only these two?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss."

The little cold feeling was creeping round George's heart again; that letter would have meant so much to her, and if after all it never came...

But it would come, of course it would! She drank her tea and was dressing slowly when Evelyn arrived.

"Oh, so you are awake," she said. "Do you know what the time is?"

George had forgotten about time. It had ceased to matter since last night.

"It's half-past eleven," her mother said tartly. "A girl of your age ought not to want so much sleep. Why are you looking so washed out?"

"I had a headache. I told you," George said.

Evelyn came further into the room.

"YES, I know you told me that you had a headache," she said. "And I certainly left you in bed before I went to the theater last night, but when Bishop and I came home, your bed was empty, and you were out. Where did you go?"

"To see a friend," George said.

"What friend may I ask?"

"Nobody you know."

"That means you do not intend to tell me. Well, as it happens I already know," Evelyn said.

There was a sharp silence, then George spoke.

"Well, if you know, you need not have asked me."

She saw the hot color rise to her mother's face.

"There is no need to add impertinence to untruths," Evelyn said. "And I imagine that since I brought you to London your whole life has been a tissue of untruths now I know what I know. How long have you

known this—this Nicholas Boyd, may I ask?"

George caught her breath. Was she to be thrust back again into the ugliness of unpeppable things? She waited in positive agony for her mother's next words.

They came quickly.

"I might have known that you would abuse my kindness, and disgrace me. Compromising yourself with a common film man, and a forgotten one at that. After the trouble I have taken to introduce you to decent people, to run after a creature of that description. Heavens only knows what Bishop will say."

George almost laughed; it seemed funny to drag Bishop in when he and Bernice...

Evelyn went on again.

"I received a letter from the man's wife this morning, complaining of your friendliness with her husband. She tells me that you have been in the habit of visiting his flat. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"And you can stand there and admit it!" Evelyn stormed. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or is it the influence of the life from which I have done my best to rescue you?"

"I don't know what you mean," George said patiently.

"You soon will know, when you are dragged through the divorce courts as a co-respondent," Evelyn answered cruelly. "Bernie Boyd, as the creature calls herself, will get all the notoriety she can out of the case, you mark my words. How you could so far forget yourself and what is due to me, as to mix up with such people, is more than I can understand."

"I thought Miss Boyd was a friend of yours," George said.

"A friend!" Evelyn cast her eyes up to Heaven. "Isn't it possible for you to discriminate in anything? Everyone mixes with film people nowadays, up to a point, but when it comes to allowing a married man to entice you to his flat—a girl of your position?"

GEORGIE'S eyes flamed.

"He did not entice me," she said passionately. "I went of my own accord."

"Then you are doubly disgraced," Evelyn was almost incoherent in her rage. "And what does this man propose to do now?" she demanded. "Is he prepared to face the scandal, to stand by you?"

"He's gone away," George said.

Her mother laughed.

"Gone away! Exactly what I expected; exactly what a man of his type would do. Is it likely that he could care seriously for a girl like you? Gone away! Well, you had better go after him, that's all I can say. I have finished with you from this moment."

George went very white.

"Where can I go?" she asked.

"Where you like, anywhere. Back to your uncle, I should think, if he will take you in. It's the only place you are fit for!"

"Shall I go today?" George asked.

"You had better go at once, this morning, before Bishop hears what I have to tell him."

"Very well," George said quietly.

"But I should just like to say before I go, that there is no reason for you to be so angry. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, nothing that I shall be ashamed of ever."

Evelyn's lips curled into a sarcastic smile.

"Is that so?" she said ironically. "Then perhaps you can explain a letter which came this morning from this man Boyd. Yes, I opened it," as George gave a little cry. "It was my duty to open it after what I have heard, and if I wanted proof of Miss Boyd's story, I found it in that letter. A man does not write passion ate love letters to any girl unless she has given him good reason." She broke off as George caught her by the arm, shaking her.

"Give me my letter, please, please!"

"I have destroyed it," Evelyn said sharply. "And there is no need to stand there and look like a tragedy queen. The whole affair is an utter scandal, and I am only sorry it was ever foolish enough to expect anything better of you. You can go back to your uncle. Fortunately as I am leaving for Scotland so soon it will not seem strange. You hear what I say?"

"Yes," George said slowly. "Yes I hear."

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Still another hard blow awaits George, tomorrow.

begin producing them over a year ago.

Another evidence of the growing popularity of the 8-cylinder car is reflected in the sales of Ford cars for the month of June in Wayne county, Michigan. County registrations show that 2958 Ford V-8s were delivered to customers during the month. This is an increase of 25 per cent over the May sales. It is more than the combined month's sales in the county of the two nearest other makes.

Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.

# ELLIS LAUDS ADS IN SELLING DRIVE

One of the most remarkable tributes to the effectiveness of newspaper advertising in the Medford territory was voiced during the past week by C. W. (Chuck) Ellis, local manager for the Gilmore Oil company, as the result of sales made from the Gilmore company's "Blessed Event" advertising campaign.

"The gain in sales of our new Fortified Red Lion gasoline," Ellis said, "since the opening of our campaign in the Mail Tribune June 28, sets a mark that is unprecedented in our company, with a gain of more than 30 per cent in volume of sales over the corresponding period of last month."

"Independent service station operators tell us of gains in Red Lion gallonage for them ranging all the way from 25 to 100 per cent."

"But regardless of the merit of the motor fuel, we believe that our success could not have reached its present proportions in so short a time without the invaluable aid of newspaper advertising. We regard our unprecedented increase in sales as a real tribute to the value of this medium."

Will pay cash for 10 shares Jackson County Building and Loan Stock—208 First National Bank Bldg., Medford.

# Chrysler Boasts Employees Wages

DETROIT, July 22—(UP)—Walter P. Chrysler, president of Chrysler Motors corporation, tonight announced a 10 per cent wage increase for 45,000 employees, effective July 31.

The manufacturer also announced that the company would put into effect on that date a program of shorter hours in conformity with the spirit of President Roosevelt's national recovery act.

THE DALLES, Ore., July 22—(AP)—Robert J. Casner, 36, registrar at the land office here, a former member of the state senate, died at a hospital here last night. He was operated on Wednesday.

# S'MATTER POP—

# By C. M. PAYNE



# HORNET IN THE CAR

7-22 (Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



# By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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# By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

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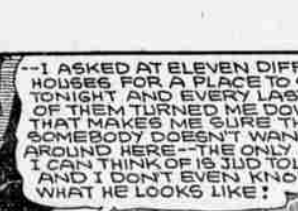
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Getting An Earful!



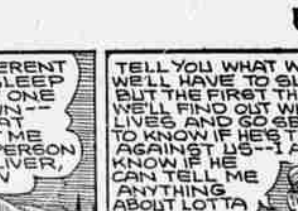
# BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Plan!



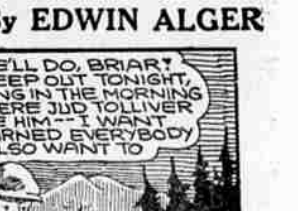
# THE NEBBS—It's Easy To Criticize



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# By EDWIN ALGER



# By GEORGE McMANUS



# By SOL HESS



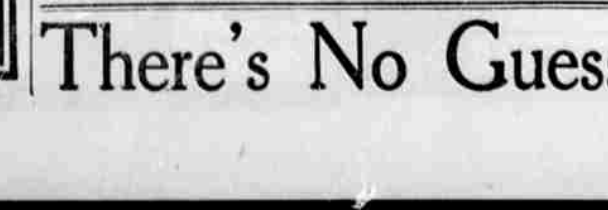
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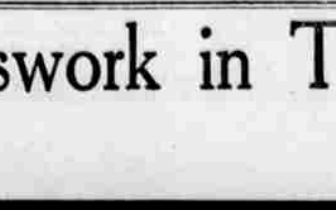
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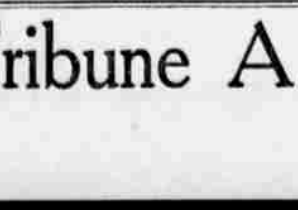
# By GEORGE McMANUS



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

Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.



**WRIGLEY'S**  
FASCINATING FLAVOR  
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.