

### By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** George Bancroft's mother has ordered her out of her sight, because she has mistreated George's relations with Nicholas Boyd, the former movie star. Nicholas' wife, Bernice, found George and Nicholas together in his apartment, where George had come to bid her good-bye, and now Bernice has written a letter to George's mother. Almost worse, the letter has destroyed the farewell letter Nicholas sent George.

#### Chapter 45 THE RETURN

THE village looked just the same, and yet to Georgie, peering out of the window of Mr. Scarlet's old cab, it seemed as if she was coming back into an entirely new world of which she yet knew every landmark.

As the old cab swung with a protesting creak round the corner Georgie saw the tall holly-hedge around her uncle's neglected garden, looking taller still and more ragged, soaring above the broken wall like a child that has grown out of last year's petticoat.

She shivered a little as old Scarlet placed the whip in its brass socket and climbed slowly down from the box, coming round to open the shabby door of the cab.

"Had a nice holiday, Maise?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," Georgie said.

He hauled her luggage down from the top of the cab, and with a belated sense of courtesy pushed open the iron gate where the wooden plate which had once borne the name of "The Hollies" looked more weather-beaten and shamed than ever.

"Are they expecting you, Miss?" Mr. Scarlet asked.

"No," Georgie said, "I just came."

She walked up the path to the house and pushed the door open, wondering if it had ever been locked since she went away.

The familiar atmosphere of the old shabby house rushed out to greet her, and she smiled faintly as she crossed the hall to her uncle's study.

Nobody was there. Georgie went into the kitchen.

Nobody there either, but a fire was burning brightly, and a row of clean tea-towels was hung to dry on a string stretching the width of the room.

Georgie paid Mr. Scarlet, told him to leave her luggage in the hall, and went upstairs. Her bedroom door was shut, and she opened it with the eerie feeling that she was stepping back into the past, a long way back.

Cinderella who had driven away three months ago in a luxurious motor, had come back in Mr. Scarlet's cab to an empty house.

The blinds were drawn down in this room and it smelt musty and disused.

Georgie drew the blinds up and opened the window; it seemed a life-time since her last return home, when she had leaned from the window and picked a rose, fresh from the rain.

Would Edward Bancroft be glad to see her, or had he grown used to being alone?

The house did not seem to have suffered by her absence as she had half thought it might; it looked just the same. It was only she who had changed so much, who had left everything worth having in life far behind her.

SHE took off her hat and went downstairs again, and as she reached the hall, she heard the familiar slam of the creaking front gate, and then the almost violent opening of the front door under Edward Bancroft's hand.

He looked not quite so red-faced or ill-kept, for his hair was neatly brushed, and, wonder of wonders, he was wearing a new tie.

He stopped dead on the coconut mat, and stared at her, then he said "Good Lord!"

"I've come home," Georgie said almost timidly.

"What for?" he asked bluntly. She tried to smile; it was not much of a welcome when one wanted a welcome so badly.

"They've had enough of me," she said.

"Just what I expected," he said, and then, "Well, you don't look any better for your year's life."

"I don't think it's been very gay," Georgie said, and then, "How are you, uncle?"

"How do you suppose I am?" he demanded. "Just the same. Everything's the same."

He went into his study, and she heard him pouring out a drink. After a moment Georgie followed him.

"I hope you don't mind," she said.

"Mind?" He stared at her. "Mind what?"

"My coming home."

"If you thought I should, you ought to have asked me first," was his retort. "You'll have to look after yourself, Mrs. Drill's taken the afternoon off. Not that she's any good when she's here. I'm about sick of her. I can tell you. Sick of everything."

"I'll make some tea," Georgie said.

She went to the kitchen and put the kettle on the fire. She didn't want any tea, but it was something to do; she leaned her head against the mantelpiece and watched the kettle with far-away eyes.

It seemed funny that there was no longer anything she wanted to do, no place where she wanted to go. Tomorrow and all the tomorrows would be the same, monotonous and empty.

She had not said good-bys to Bishop—he had been out when she left the hotel, and Georgie had been glad.

She did not want to think about Bishop any more. She did not want to think about anything any more; it would be wonderful if one could take a sponge and wipe everything from one's heart and mind which one wished to forget.

Edward Bancroft appeared at the kitchen door.

"How long are you going to stay?" he asked.

Georgie's eyes dilated.

"How long?" she echoed.

"That's what I said," he answered irascibly. "How long are you going to stay. I've a reason for asking."

And then as she did not answer, he said—

"Have you quarrelled with your mother?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

He grunted. "I'm not surprised. I know it would happen. She was jealous of you, I suppose."

The kettle boiled over, and Georgie hurried to the rescue.

WHEN she had removed it to a safe place she looked at her uncle again. "Why did you ask me how long I was going to stay?" she asked.

His eyes seemed to avoid hers.

"Because I'm giving up the house," he said.

"Giving it up?"

"Leaving it. Selling it if I get a chance to sell it," he answered testily. "I'm sick of living alone. It's no life for a dog, let alone a man."

"Where are you going to live then?" Georgie asked faintly.

"At the Board's Head if you must know. It'll cost about half this place does and a darned sight more comfort. Not that you'd care about it."

"I don't mind where I live," Georgie said helplessly. "Was there no corner in the world where she was really welcome?"

"Well, you can't live there," Bancroft said flatly. "So you'd better make some arrangement. You've got your own money, and the beggarly pittance your mother allowed me for your board here can be added to it if I darsay." He turned on his heel and left her.

Georgie felt dazed, somehow she had never dreamed of this; the Hollies was an institution, she could not imagine other people living in its shabby rooms, she could not imagine her uncle living anywhere else.

"Make some arrangement." What did he mean by that? That he did not want her, of course—nobody wanted her.

She made some tea and poured out a cup, but left it untouched.

"Make some arrangement." That meant to live alone somewhere, with only her thoughts for company. She thought suddenly of Clifford Asher, the only soul in the world who really wanted her. It seemed a pity that she did not return his affection. As he had said, they might have been so happy together.

Until she went to America nothing had ever seemed to happen in Georgie's life, and now in the space of a few short months, so much had happened that she felt bewildered and lost.

### TWO DIE IN DRINKING POISONOUS LIQUOR

ALBANY, Ore., July 24—(AP)—Two deaths attributed by police to poison

liquor were being investigated here today. Corner Fisher received word from Lebanon that Minnie Stenberg, 18, had died from the effects of liquor she drank while attending a dance. Winford R. Cobb of Portland died in an ambulance early today, assertedly from the effects of liquor he drank at Roseburg yesterday. He

was taken from a box car in the railroad yards here. Hoodlums Kill Police CHICAGO, July 23—(AP)—Two policemen were fatally wounded tonight by a gang of young hoodlums, they sought to question on the west side. The victims were John Skopek, 34, and Elmer Ostling. The slayers escaped.

### GERMAN PROTESTANTS TOLD TO HELP HITLER

BERLIN, July 23—(AP)—On the eve of general church elections,

Chancellor Hitler tonight told Protestant Germany he wanted the results to be in support of the new political regime. With his speech the chancellor concluded an unparalleled campaign in which the entire political machinery of the Nazi party, now tantamount to the state, has been working on the side of the German

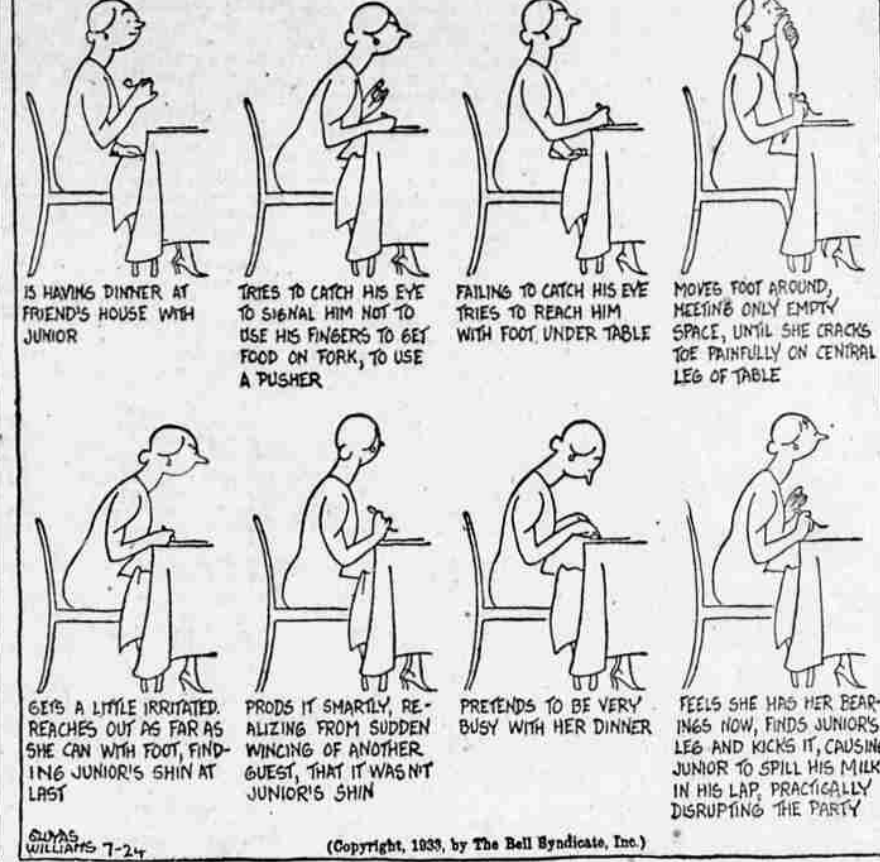
Christians, an organization of No-churchmen. Consider K. C. Grain Mart KANSAS CITY, July 23—(AP)—Officials of the Kansas City Board of Trade today called a meeting for 10 o'clock Sunday morning to decide what action they would take with regard to opening Monday.

### S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. PAYNE

### UNDER-TABLE SIGNALS



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—For Once "Eavesdropping" Pays!



### BOUND TO WIN—What Ben Overheard



### THE NEBBS—Lucky Girl



### BRINGING UP FATHER



**Anderson Creek**  
ANDERSON CREEK, July 24—(Sp.)—Jac MacDowell went to Keno to work in the mill this summer. Mr. Donics and family was in Talent Friday evening. Mrs. Jas. MacDowell was out to the valley Friday on business.

Mrs. Jas. Mays and daughter Ruth spent Thursday afternoon in Medford. Herman Schutte and Bill Loos were in Medford Friday. Steve Lunak went to Ashland Thursday on business. Jas. Mays is cutting hay this week. Mr. and Mrs. Shann spent Thursday in Medford. Mrs. Marquess and family were in Phoenix Tuesday.

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