By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

Chapter 46

REAL NEWS

THERE was a sound at the back door, and Mrs. Drill hurried in.

"Well, I never," she began. "You could have knocked me down with a feather when Scarlet told me you'd come home. Well, I never."

"There wasn't time to let you know," Georgie said; her spirits rose at sight of the woman's kindly face. "I've just made some tea if you'd like some, but there's no need for you to stay, I can see to myself."

"Tea's always welcome," Mrs. Drill said and fetched another cup. "Well, and what do you think of the news, Miss Georgie?"

"You mean about the house?"

"Yes, and about your uncle. I'll bet you was surprised."

"What about my uncle?" Georgie asked blankly.

Mrs. Drill stared at her.

"You don't mean that he hasn't told you?" she asked. "Well, I never. I should have thought it would have been the first thing he would have said, but perhaps he don't like to, him a gentleman born anyway as you might say."

"What are you talking about?" Georgie asked impatiently. "He told me he was going to sell the house if he could, and that he was going to live at the Boar's Head. But if there's anything else—"

"Live at the Boar's Head is right enough," Mrs. Drill said with deep satisfaction. "Of course he's going to live at the Boar's Head seeing that he's going to marry Mrs. Spears."

"Marry Mrs. Spears!" Georgie laughed. "I don't believe you," she said firmly. "I can't believe you," she amended her words. "Why, Mrs. Spears doesn't even like Uncle Edward."

"Ah, that's what she told you I expect," Mrs. Drill said knowingly. "But she don't tell everything to you or to anyone else. She's one of the deep ones. She's going to marry him alright, and a fine step up it is for her. They're going to be married next week in London. Everyone in the village knows about it, Miss Georgie. Most of 'em think that your Ma knew, too, seeing that she took you away all in a hurry like. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard that you'd come home again."

Come home! Georgie laughed, wondering if there was anyone in the world more homeless than she.

The village seemed deserted.

LATER on in the evening, having first made sure that her uncle was asleep in his study, Georgie walked down to the Boar's Head. The village seemed silent and deserted, but as she walked she seemed to hear a slow, limping footstep behind her, and once she turned her head quickly, almost expecting to see Nicholas Boyd's tall figure outlined against the dark sky.

If only—if only! She hurried on, trying vainly to outstrip the longing which she knew must go with her to the end of her life. It seemed hard that she must be one of the faithful sort, she thought wistfully; other girls whom she had known in London laughed and talked about the number of their love affairs as if it was quite natural to have half a dozen.

The Boar's Head was gay with light, and the sound of the radio. Georgie loved music, but tonight even the cheery lilt of a jazz tune deepened the ache in her heart.

Georgie pushed open the glass-panelled door which was proudly marked "Hotel Entrance" and came face to face with Mrs. Spears.

For a moment they looked at one another silently, then Mrs. Spears said helplessly: "Well, I never. Come right in. I was just thinking about you."

"I only came back this afternoon," Georgie said.

"So I hear." Mrs. Spears looked a little nervous, which must have been an unusual experience for her, as she led the way to her own private room.

"Take a seat," she said affably. "And tell me all the things you've been doing in London."

"There isn't much to tell," Georgie said. "And I came to say—to ask—" she floundered helplessly.

MRS. SPEARS rushed into the breach.

"To ask if it's true that I'm going to marry your uncle. Well, yes, it is. I expect you're surprised. I'm a bit surprised myself to tell you the truth, but there. I'm lonely and so's he, so when he said why not be lonely together, I said Right-oh! and there it was."

She patted her golden hair complacently. "You needn't be afraid that I won't look after him," she added.

"I'm not," Georgie said. "I'm only afraid that living here, he will drink himself to death."

Mrs. Spears laughed.

"Well, that's something you need never be afraid of," she said confidently. "I'm mistress here and he knows it, and what I say goes. Let me tell you, my dear, he'll be more sober living in this house than he's been for years, and if you come back in a month's time you won't know him and that's a fact."

"And seeing you—" Mrs. Spears went on, "makes me think of that Mr. Boyd I had here before you went away. You don't ever hear anything of him I suppose?"

"Do you?" Georgie asked.

"Well, I hear a bit now and then, but you can't believe half you hear and that's a fact. They said his operation was a failure, poor man."

She was struck by a bright idea. "What about a little drink just to celebrate the occasion? Just you and me together?"

"Yes," Georgie said.

"Half a bottle of the best Bubbly," Mrs. Spears said heartily. "I don't suppose you're exactly delighted to have me for an aunt, but there's nobody I'd rather have for a niece than you, Miss Georgie, and that's a fact." And as she passed Georgie on her way out to the bar she stooped and deposited a smacking kiss on the girl's cheek.

"There, now," she said. "And don't you worry about your uncle. He'll be alright with me."

"I know he will," Georgie said gratefully, and she was conscious of a little warm feeling round her heart as she realized that though life might be unkind, in this woman she had at last found a friend.

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Georgie receives a touching letter, tomorrow.

BANK REOPENING RELEASES CREDIT

WASHINGTON, July 25.—(UP)—More than $40,000,000,000 has been released into the credit stream of the nation through the reopening of approximately 14,300 banks closed during the holiday, a survey by the United Press showed tonight.

Statistics indicate that approximately $3,000,000,000 still is in closed banks.

The federal reserve board in its monthly bulletin reported a total of 13,770 members and state banks, exclusive of mutual savings institutions, had reopened on a normal basis as of June 28 last.

The bulletin estimated a total of $31,524,403,000 in deposits had been freed through these reopenings. The higher United Press figure included 597 mutual savings banks which on June 30, 1932, had total deposits of more than $10,000,000,000.

SALEM PUTS HIGH LICENSE ON BEER

SALEM, July 25.—(AP)—The city council passed a "non-intoxicating" beverages ordinance at a special meeting called for that purpose here last night.

It provides that retailers must pay $10 annual license fee, confectioners and restaurant keepers $30 annual fee, fraternal organizations $20, wholesalers $50 and manufacturers $100, payable semi-annually in advance.

A stamp tax of $1 on a 31-gallon barrel and a flat one-cent tax on each pint or quart bottled sold was also imposed. Salem voted in favor of "non-intoxicating" beverages at last Friday's special election.

Reid, Murdock 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

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Thinks Out Loud

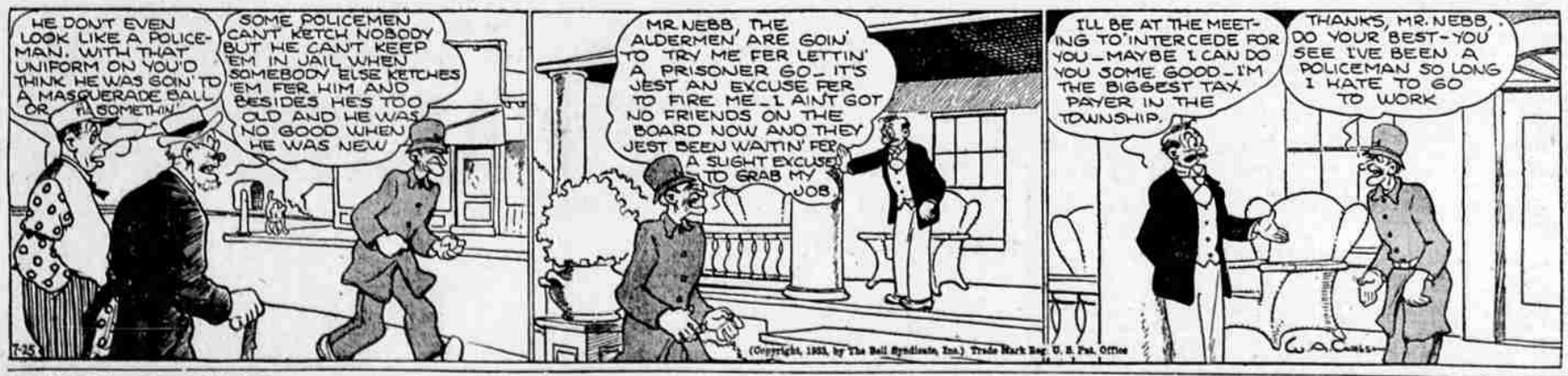
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—A Clue At Last!

By. EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Help

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

UPPER KLAMATH FOREST BLAZING

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., July 25.—(AP)—The tall pines of Moore park on the southern shores of upper Klamath lake were charred stalks this morning as a huge fire continued to burn briskly northwest of Klamath Falls. The blaze was believed under control but Klamath police had commanded a small army of unemployed and transients to stand by to prevent further spreading.

More than 2500 acres have been burned over but until last night no timber had been destroyed. For a time homes along the western bank of the river and along Lakeshore drive were endangered but combined action from the city fire department, the American Legion and the forest service prevented a disaster.

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

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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