

# By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

## Chapter 47 BISHOP'S LETTER

BY the morning post there were two letters for George—one from Clifford Asher, telling her that he had called at the hotel again only to find she had gone, upbraiding her for not telling him and pleading once more that she would give him a chance to show how much he cared.

George sighed as she laid it aside and took up the second letter. It bore the stamp of the hotel, she had just left and was addressed in writing she did not know. Before she read it, she turned to the end to discover the signature, and a little shiver of apprehension went through her as she read it: Bishop Letter.

Why had he written to her? Perhaps Evelyn had insisted that he should, in order to add his upbraiding for the things she was supposed to have done. For the first time George recalled the ugly words her mother had used to her about divorce, it seemed queer that until now they had almost entirely escaped her memory.

She looked into the neglected garden beyond the window, and for a moment she visualized Bishop's worn, rugged face, with its lines of patient resignation and the big clumsy figure that had always made her think of an imprisoned tiger, beaten into submission by long captivity. "We are both in the wrong box, George, you and I."

He had said that to her once and had added, "We might help each other by being friends." The memory of those words brought with them a pang of remorse.

Had she misjudged him? Hadn't he also said "I should like to help you if I can..."

Dear George:  
I am not blaming you for going away without saying goodbye to me, but I cannot resist saying that perhaps some day you may realize that I spoke the truth when I told you that I do not betray a confidence, and that I meant it when I said I would help you if the opportunity ever came my way.

For the rest, do not worry. I believe that in this strange world things always come right for those who deserve that they should.

Yours,  
Bishop Letter.

It was a strange letter. George read it through half a dozen times and still felt that she could not entirely understand his meaning.

Had he guessed what her thoughts had been that last morning when she broke away from his kindness? If so he must have been hurt—cruelly hurt.

Had she been wrong to believe Nelly's casual gossip about him? Wasn't it true that he and Bernice—

She seemed again to see Bishop's lined face and patient eyes, and her own were suddenly dimmed by tears.

"I'll write to him," George told herself. "I'll write and tell him I'm sorry. He'll understand."

She bitterly reproached herself for her hasty judgment, and yet would she have seen Bishop at that moment her confidence might again have wavered, for he was in the studio, standing gaunt and patient with Bernice Boyd's cloak over his arm, watching while she rehearsed a scene of her new picture.

**KILLICK**, the wealthy director who had brought her to England, was beside him, a spare, alert man with an eternal frown, which was deeper than usual now as he spoke to Bishop in quick, irritable tones.

"Montague's rotten. He'll ruin the picture. We want a man like Nicholas Boyd. There's a fortune waiting for a man with his face and figure and personality. Why he wanted to go and smash himself up beats me. Film stars can't afford to play the hero in real life, and anyway the girl wasn't worth a curse; there are thousands like her at the door of this studio every day."

"You knew Nicholas Boyd?" Bishop asked.

"Knew him! Should think I did. He hated me though, jealous of his wife." Killick laughed sneeringly. "I should say he had some cause to be jealous; bet he knows now that if he'd had any sense he'd have given me a bonus to take her off his hands and a note of thanks too."

Bishop glanced down at the furry wrap across his arm; it was like Bernice herself—pretty, but entirely negligible.

"What sort of a man was Boyd?" he asked after a moment. Killick shrugged his shoulders. "Englishman," he said briefly. "A white man, you'd call him I expect. Decent enough fellow, too decent in some ways. I don't owe him any grudge. He's down and out now all right, poor devil."

He rushed away again to enter into a fierce argument with Bernice, who was stamping her foot and on the borderline of tears.

Bishop hunched his shoulders in distaste and turned away, the fluffy cloak slipping unheeded to the floor. "What a life," he muttered, and he thought suddenly of George's brown eyes and sensitive face.

**G**EOURGIE put her head round the kitchen door and looked at Mrs. Drill with wistful eyes.

"Would you like to go to the pictures?" she asked.

Mrs. Drill looked up from a paper-backed novel. "Pictures! What pictures, miss?" she asked blankly.

"The films," Georgie explained. "We can get the half past two bus to Redham; there's a nice picture house there."

Mrs. Drill hesitated. "I don't know that I will miss George, thank you all the same. I've got a bit of rheumatism, and sitting in those hot places don't help matters, thank you all the same."

Georgie smiled and sighed together; she was so tired of her own company that she had been driven to solicit Mrs. Drill's cheery companionship rather than be left any longer to her own thoughts.

She had been home nearly a week now, the longest week she had ever experienced, and in three days' time Edward Bancroft and Mrs. Spears were to be married.

Nobody had offered to buy the Hollies, nobody had even been to look over it although Bancroft had gone to the expense of having a board posted beside the gate, bearing the legend "this desirable residence for sale."

He had told Georgie that she might stay on as long as the house was not sold. "Or for a few weeks," he had added, mindful of the fact that the house might never be sold, and Georgie had agreed, not knowing what else to do.

She had not heard a word from Evelyn, and Bishop had not replied to her shy, apologetic letter. Apparently they had both done with her.

Yesterday Clifford Asher had been down to see her. Georgie did not like to think of that last meeting with him, and today he was sailing for South America.

She had sent him a telegram to say goodbye, but as she stood in the village post office hesitating whether to put "Love from Georgie" or just "Georgie" a sudden doubt had come into her mind.

Was she making a mistake in sending him away? His love would have been something out of the desolation—something to lean on, to be sure of.

And after all she had put "with love" realizing that she did love him as a friend, and that as Nicholas had once said to her "it might help."

Nicholas had not written to her; at first she had thought he might—had almost hoped, forgetting that he did not know where she was to be found.

"Well, I think I'll go to the pictures," she said with an effort. "I shan't be in to tea, and you need not wait if you want to go, Mrs. Drill."

In the movies she always felt nearer to Nicholas; it was as if she looked at wonderfully impossible places where once he had lived and moved.

"Take your umbrella, Miss Georgie, it's raining," Mrs. Drill said, but Georgie put on an old hat and coat, and started off with her hands plunged into her pockets.

George looked up at the grey sky; perhaps it was raining in Ireland too—Edward Bancroft who had spent part of his youth there said it always rained in Ireland—he called it a God-forsaken country; Georgie wondered if it seemed God-forsaken to Nicholas.

When she reached the post office the bus had gone, and she remembered that the clocks at the Hollies were never right—either too slow or too fast. It was raining more heavily, but she set out to walk the four miles to Redham, it was something to do—a means of passing the long lonely afternoon.

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Tragedy, tomorrow, reenters Georgie's life.

## ALLEN WINS FIRST BATTLE OVER WILL

LOS ANGELES, July 23.—(AP)—One contest over the will of Margaret Keith, 48-year-old reclusive who left the bulk of a million-dollar estate to a nephew in Oregon, Albert C. Allen, a writer, was ended temporarily today when the superior court sustained the demurrer of the trustee. The court gave the contestant, Mary Allen Towle, a niece, two weeks in which to file an amended complaint. The trustee claimed the allegations in Miss Towle's complaint were not properly drawn. There was no action on another contest filed by Mrs. Etta Ekridge, a sister of Miss Keith.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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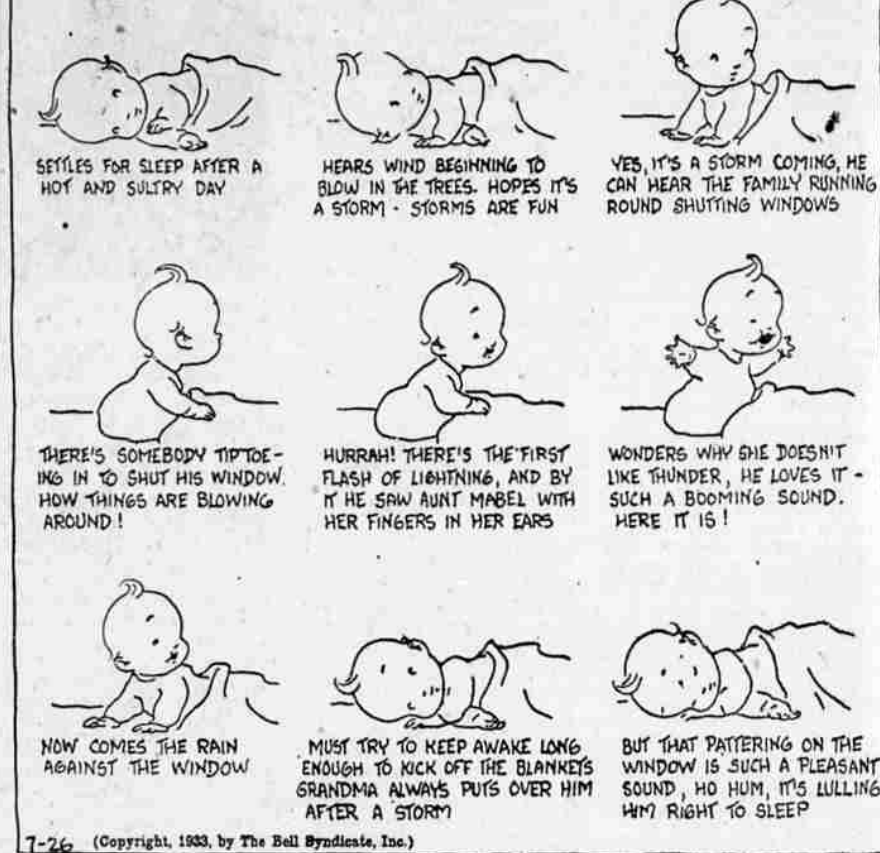
## DANA DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC WORK

WASHINGTON, July 23.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today appointed ten regional advisors to the public works administration and named the headquarters of the regions in which the \$3,300,000,000 public works funds will be spent.

These advisors will serve as direct representatives of the administration and will obtain from state boards lists of projects for consideration. The regional advisors, their headquarters and the states in the regions include: Region 1: Marshall Dana of Portland, Ore.; Region 2: Portland, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Pooled tenders unfolded. Brill Metal Works. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

## THE STORM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Should Go In For Education

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FOREST



## BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Reception

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—Hear Ye—Hear Ye

By SOL HESS



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## Driver Held When Passenger Killed

PORTLAND, Ore., July 23.—(AP)—Roland Duffie of Portland was charged with involuntary manslaughter today in connection with the death last night of William Maher, 24, who was riding in Duffie's automobile when it crashed into another car. Helen Smith, 18, and Dorothy Stevenson, 32, both of Tacoma, were injured and were taken to a hospital. They were in Duffie's automobile.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 23.—(AP)—Rudolph Tuom, 12, of Castle Rock, Wash., died in a hospital here today from a skull fracture and other injuries, suffered when he was struck by an automobile near his home yesterday afternoon.

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