

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

Chapter 48
THE SUN SHINES

A THOUSAND notes danced in the long rays of sunshine that stretched from the sky right down through the window to the floor of Georgie's room.

Georgie lay in bed watching them with dreamy eyes. She had been ill such a long time; sometimes it seemed as if she had never known anything but a darkened room, and hushed voices and a kind, capable arm that seemed to punctuate the days by gently lifting her and making her drink unpleasant things.

She was better now. Only that morning Dr. Dudd, who had felt unable to rely on his own skill and had brought another doctor from London to share the responsibility, had beamed down at Georgie and had told her he was proud of her.

"You'll do," he said comfortably. "You'll do very well."

"Thank you," Georgie said politely. And then just now Edward Bancroft had come to see her; a subdued looking Edward who stood awkwardly at the foot of the bed and seemed as uncomfortable as a bull that has suddenly found itself in a china shop. "Well, what about it?" he jerked out after a moment.

"All right," Georgie said smiling faintly.

Somehow she knew she was all right though for the moment she felt too weak to peer into all the corners of her mind and discover why she was so sure.

Presently she asked "Are you married yet?"

"Married!" Edward Bancroft looked as awkward as a schoolboy.

"Married!" he repeated scornfully. "I should say not. Not while you've been lying here scaring us all out of our wits. No, I told her she must wait."

As a matter of fact, it was Mrs. Spears who had told Edward that he must wait. "Time enough for us," she had said flatly. "Life and death are more important things than marriage."

Edward would like to have said that sometimes death and marriage were one, and the same thing, but he restrained himself; he was not feeling quite so facetious as usual.

He came round to the side of Georgie's bed and patted her hand. "Nothing to worry about," he said, "you'll be all right."

"I'm afraid I've been a great nuisance," Georgie said. "I'm sorry." Edward Bancroft coughed loudly to hide his unwelcome emotion.

"There's a good time coming," he said, "a darned good time coming, you see."

Georgie's eyelids flickered; subconsciously she knew what he meant, but as yet she was a little afraid of the knowledge. It seemed so tremendous, so overwhelming.

She said with a nervous feeling that she must shy away from the subject, "Do you know, you look... younger, somehow."

Her uncle chuckled. "Do it? Shouldn't be surprised! You won't believe me, Georgie, but since you've been ill, I haven't touched a drop of whisky, not a single drop! Ah, I thought you'd be surprised, but I'm going to have some now, just to celebrate. Yes, by gad, I am."

He patted her hand again, and made a clumsy exit, glad to escape from an interview he had dreaded more than anything in his life before.

Georgie closed her eyes, and tried not to think, but it was no longer so easy to shut out the things she had known so intimately and suffered with so greatly before she fell ill.

One by one, they came creeping back, forcing themselves upon her notice, clamoring for attention. "The headline of a newspaper—'Fire in Film Studio'!"

Her little body was convulsed by shivering. "That anyone so young and pretty as Billy should have had to meet such a terrible death!"

And then Bishop! Dear Bishop, with his halting kindliness and sombre eyes. In some strange certain way, Georgie seemed to know that his death need not have been. During the hours of her greatest weakness she had been conscious of queer flashing pictures dancing before her—of Bishop saying "I should like to help you, if I could"; of Bishop writing to her, "I meant it when I said I would help you if the opportunity ever came my way."

Had the opportunity come his way?

way? Had he—would she ever know?

She would never be able to ask him. She would never see him again, but perhaps, wherever he was, he had got free at last. Perhaps someone with kind hands had taken that look of patient endurance from his eyes.

She would have given so much now, to have been able to take the kindly hand which she had struck down when he would have touched her.

With sudden fear of her own weakness, she dragged her thoughts away to another picture, the most precious of the many that had flashed before her when she was so ill, and the thought of which was like a gentle arm enfolding her.

Someone had come into the room and spoken her name; not the name Georgie, which everyone called her, but "Robin," and at the sound of it had been as if all the sorrow and unhappiness she had known rolled away and left nothing but a great peace and feeling of rest, which was so beautiful it hardly bore thinking about, even now.

But Georgie did think about it. She thought about it as something alive and tangible, which she held fast to her heart when presently she fell asleep.

A DAY or two later Evelyn came to see her; a tearful, beautifully dressed Evelyn, who declared that she would never be happy again.

"My life has been one long tragedy," she wept, carefully avoiding damaging her make-up. "I shall never be able to understand it. Why was he in that dreadful studio? Nobody seems to know. They all say he was most gallant—that he tried to save that poor little what was her name? I have actually forgotten. As if his life was not a thousand times more valuable than hers. He might have thought of me a little—"

Evelyn sobbed, forgetting that it was the very last thing she had ever desired Bishop to do, and that already she was planning her future and a third husband, as soon as the necessary period of mourning was ended. "Fortunately, I look my best in black," she had cooed to her dressmaker.

Georgie turned her face away; every word her mother said, was adding to the vague knowledge in her own heart, and she felt that she could not bear it.

Evelyn's white hand touched her own. "We only have each other, now," she said emotionally, "we must never part again, Georgie. You must always live with me."

Georgie let that pass. It seemed such a trivially compared with the other vivid pictures that were always before her eyes.

"I don't know whether they have told you," Evelyn went on more composedly, "but in his will, Bishop left you quite a little sum of money. So adorable of him, I think. A hundred thousand dollars, Georgie; he willed it so sweetly; to my wife's little daughter, Georgie Bancroft. And it was a new will, only made a few days before he died. It almost looks as if he had a premonition of what was to come, poor man."

And presently Evelyn had gone, and Georgie drew a sigh of relief. Nicholas came the next day. He sat down beside Georgie and took her hand, holding it against the disfigured side of his face.

Georgie was more glad about that than anything, glad that he should no longer try to turn it away from her.

For a long time neither of them spoke, then Georgie said in a voiceless whisper, all her natural eloquence where he was concerned quite gone.

"Nick darling, is it all right?" "If it's right for you Robin."

Georgie gave a little sigh of complete happiness. "I've got everything I ever wanted," she said. "I wish you had."

"Will you believe me, if I say I have?" "But you can't... I mean—I couldn't possibly make up for everything."

"If I had to choose between going back to the old life without you and staying as I am, with you, I should stay."

She took his face between her hands, leaning forward and gazing at him with passionate earnestness. "Then it is all right? Everything?" she asked again, breathlessly.

Nicholas drew her to him and kissed her lips. "Everything Robin."

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THE END

LIMELIGHT FOR GOLD HOARDERS

WASHINGTON, July 28.—(AP)—The attorney general served notice today that publication of the names and prosecution of gold hoarders who have refused to return the metal to the government can be expected in two or three weeks.

Talking with reporters, Cummings said the list of more than 5,000 persons who were known to have withdrawn gold was being checked and the work was nearing conclusion. He said 207 persons had refused to return \$1,331,086 of gold and that when the final check was completed, those who still refuse to obey the president's executive order would feel federal authority fully.

ST. LOUIS.—(UP)—Martha, insane elephant at the municipal zoo, had to be shot to death after a dose of poison, strong enough to kill 60 persons, failed to affect her.

HOPE TO EXPAND USE OF LUMBER

PORTLAND, July 28.—(AP)—The promotion of a broader use of lumber products, particularly in highway and bridge construction, will be urged by the Oregon Lumbermen's Institute which has organized here this week.

Those who sponsored the meeting said representatives from every major lumber producing district in the state attended the organization. A board of 36 governors is planned, with one member from each of the state's 36 counties.

Jack Maglady of Eugene, former state senator, W. E. Lamm of Madoc Point, E. C. Collins of Ponderso, Waldo Raines of Forest Grove, and M. H. Jones, J. W. Copeland, E. D. Kingaly, Lewis Mills, E. T. Sturgeon and C. C. Crow of Portland were elected directors of the institute, and Portland was selected as headquarters.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

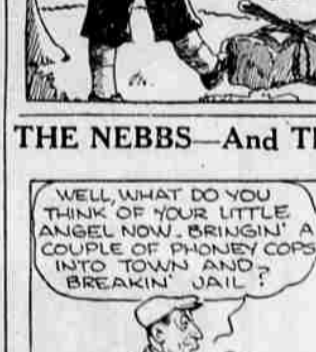
By GUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMUNITY DURING THE DROUGHT, BY WASHING AND POLISHING HIS CAR, WHICH HE CLAIMS HAS NEVER, DURING THE TWENTY YEARS HE HAS OWNED CARS, FAILED TO BRING ON RAIN AND MUD

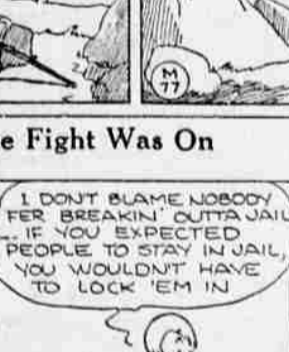
TAILSPIN TOMMY—There Seems To Be A Slight Error Somewhere!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Tough Spot

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—And The Fight Was On

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



THE NEBBS—And The Fight Was On

By SOL HESS



THE NEBBS—And The Fight Was On

By SOL HESS



BAD LUCK EARLY FOR AUSTRALIAN PILOTS

DUBLIN, Irish Free State, July 27.—(A)—The wheels of the plane in which the Australian aviator Captain Charles T. P. Uim and three companions planned to fly to North America, sank in the mud at Portmarnock airfield near here today, resulting in injuries to five persons.

Planks were being put under the plane to raise it, but the machine slipped, pinning three persons under the fuselage.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Double Mint Chewing Gum, featuring a man with a mustache and the text 'THIS RED TAPE SIMPLIFIES THINGS! WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM TO OPEN UNWIND.'

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