

(First Chapter of This Serial Story on Page Thirteen)

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Nicholas Boyd, the great film star, has played the hero once too often. In rescuing a girl from a fire, he has himself been struck a blow by the hand of fate. His film career is ended. Nobody wants a movie star with a limp and a scarred face. But the greater tragedy is the probability that Bernie Boyd, his gay young wife, will not be content to retire with him to a snug village in Nicholas' native England. Bernie tells Nicholas she cannot live in England.

Chapter Two

FAIR WEATHER GIRL

BERNIE was pretty enough. Men raved about her china blue eyes and yellow hair. Nicholas had raved about her himself, once; funny that now she should seem so like a doll with empty staring blue eyes, and red, foolishly parted lips.

A doll which when it was wound up would say rapidly—
"I can't... I can't live in England."

He moved restlessly—his injured leg still pained him sometimes.

"If I stay here—" she began, then broke off, and Boyd laughed.

"Don't tell me again you can't live in England—it's getting rather monotonous. You'll be all right if you stay here—a girl like you always falls on her feet. Killick will see to that."

known to the uninitiated as a single night, into a star.

And now, just as Jaffer had squeezed every drop of value out of his meteoric rise, so Jaffer had squeezed every drop of publicity out of the tragedy that had brought about his fall.

How the film magazines had loved it!

"Nicholas Boyd, great English Film Star, rescues beautiful girl from certain death."

Pages of photographs, paragraphs of biography.

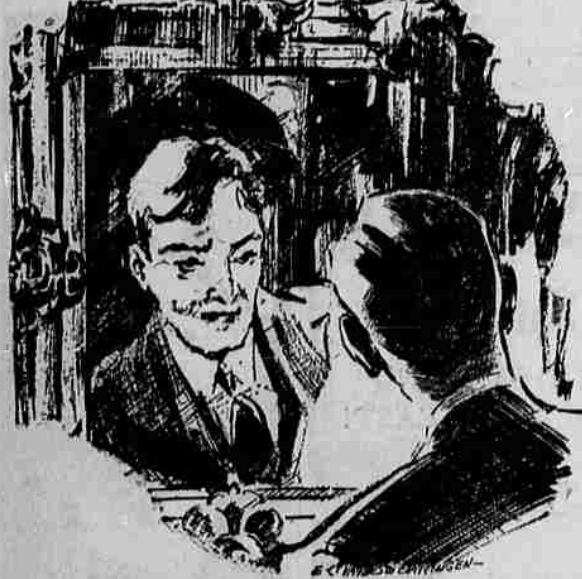
"Unfortunately Mr. Boyd was slightly injured in his gallant attempt, but we can assure his admirers that he will make a complete recovery."

Complete recovery! With the iron hoof of a horse lashing his face, and frantic feet trampling his body.

It had happened during the rehearsal of one of the big scenes for his new picture, a circus procession through streets. An inexperienced girl had been riding one of the show horses, and the horse had taken fright at the sudden glare of a hand, and had reared violently.

She had been in danger of being trampled to death when Nicholas dashed forward. He had dragged the girl into safety before he stumbled and fell.

"And why the hell you need have



His scarred face grinned back at him.

He looked away from her, wondering why he was no longer jealous of Killick; perhaps he was no longer capable of any emotion.

Bernie made a little involuntary step towards him, then stopped. As he was sitting now she could not see the disfigured side of his face, but she knew if he turned his head...

She said unwillingly "Don't you love me any more?"

"Don't you think that is a question I ought to ask?" Boyd answered. He dragged himself to his feet again. "Go to bed," he said irritably, and without another word she stole past him and into the adjoining room.

Nicholas stood looking after her. She was his wife, this girl, the woman he had held in his arms and loved; the woman he could still love if only... he waited a moment, his lips set in a hard line.

Then the door between them slowly closed and he heard the little sound of a key turning in the lock.

NICHOLAS Boyd was thirty-five. Jaffer had made clever capital out of his age, proclaiming that it was nothing short of a miracle that a man who had never been trained either for stage or screen, a man no longer very young, should in a night as it were, achieve greatness.

Nicholas had wandered out to Hollywood as so many people do when all other doors seem closed to them, and by the merest luck had been discovered. His appearance had been his chief asset.

He was six feet three in his stockinged feet, with the sort of careless he-man appearance that is so attractive to many women.

He was not strictly speaking good looking. He had a shock of brown hair which Jaffer had insisted must be allowed to curl, whereas Nicholas had spent half his life trying to straighten it; rather rugged features, and deep-set dark eyes.

Physically he was very powerful. He sat a horse in first-rate style, walked with dignity, and had a deep attractive voice which "produced" well. From a small part in a "crowd" Nicholas blossomed in what is

acted the hero when you weren't being paid for it, beats me," so Jaffer had said afterwards.

FINISHED! And now Nicholas Boyd lay awake for the remaining hours of the night also wondering why.

It had been an impulse of course, for no man surely would be a hero if he stopped to think what the consequences might be.

The girl had come to see him when he was in the hospital; a poor cheap little thing in cheaper clothes. She had brought him a bunch of flowers, and had sat beside him tongue-tied and miserable.

"Why did you?" was all she could find to say. "It wouldn't have mattered about me, but you—"

Well, it didn't matter about him any longer either; the world was through with him, and all he could hope for was to find some kindly corner in his own country where he could live out the rest of his days.

If there was still a desire left in his heart as he lay awake during the breathless night, it was for home.

Had he ever been well and strong? Had he ever been able to dash across open country and spring onto a galloping horse? Had the cheers of a crowded house ever risen deafeningly as his prowess was paraded before them on the screen?

Jaffer had labelled him "The manly lover."

His scarred and crooked face grinned back at him ironically in the mirror. An ugly devil! That was the label he would have to bear in future. No wonder Bernie shivered when she looked at him.

And yet there were women in the world who had gone on loving men who had come back to them from the war, blinded, maimed—hideous. Perhaps Bernie was something less than a woman.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot—"
The words floated subconsciously into his mind.

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Nicholas' tragedy comes to a climax, tomorrow.

Eugene Theatre Company Formed

SALEM, Ore., June 2.—(UP)—Incorporation papers were filed today for the Eugene Theatre company by Platt, Platt, Fales, Smith & Black, Portland attorneys. Capital stock

was listed at 100 shares no par value. Harrison G. Platt, Arthur D. Platt, and George Black Jr., are directors of the corporation.

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WINKLEY'S GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH

UNABLE IDENTIFY AMNESIA PATIENT

SALEM, June 1.—(UP)—Disposition of a supposed amnesia patient may

be decided here today, Police Matron Myra Shank said.

No identification had yet been made of a dark-complexioned middle-aged woman who talks with a foreign accent and gives her name variously as Veda Priest and Veda Fieat.

She was placed in a hospital here last week after casting about Salem for acquaintances, whom she failed to find. Seattle and a train trip have

been mentioned in her rambling but scant discourse.

Commitment to the state hospital for insane for treatment and observation was being considered, said Mrs. Shank.

Don't extend credit to Mr. New Customer until you find out from the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau how he paid the other fellow.

ANDERSONS TOUGH HOLDUPS DISCOVER

PORTLAND, June 2.—(UP)—Holdup men will do well to pass up Ander-

sons when they're out looking for victims. A couple of gunmen tried it here last night and came out second best.

John Anderson, service station operator, found himself facing a revolver in the hands of a young customer. Anderson calmly walked into the office, picked up his own revolver and leveled it at the intruder. He held him until police arrested the youth

and recovered a stolen car he was driving.

Edward Anderson, clerk in a cider mill, was surprised to hear a sharp order to "stick 'em up" issued by a gunman who had sneaked up behind him. But the bandit was shocked to find himself sprawled on the floor from a stiff blow to the jaw. He fled as soon as he could regain his feet.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's In Serious Trouble!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—"Don't Go, Ben!"

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Yes, Yes

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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