

# By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

**SYNOPSIS:** Bernie comes home from a party to find his wife, Bernie, in the depths of despair. Injured while rescuing a girl from a frightened horse, he has been told by the motion picture company whose star he has been that his scarred face and limp and his usefulness in the film. His only course is to return to a little village in his native England—and Bernie declares she cannot live in England. They quarrel, and at last Bernie locks herself in her room. The knowledge that Bernie's silence at the sight of his battered face is sold upon Nicholas' words.

### Chapter Three

#### TOSSED ASIDE

At last Nicholas felt peacefulness closing about him, and then when the first rosy streak of sunlight lit the greyness, he turned and flung himself down on the bed and slept heavily.

When he awoke the door between his room and his wife's was standing wide open.

He lay for a little while looking at it; somehow he knew instinctively that the room beyond was empty. She had left him a note, and she had left her wedding ring lying on it.

I can't come with you Nick, and I don't think you want me to, so I'm going away. Don't worry about me but you won't—you said I should be all right. It's no use saying I'm sorry—you won't believe me.

#### BERNIE

She had taken everything of value that he had given her, and she had left behind her wedding ring.

The window was wide open to the morning sunshine, and Nicholas lifted his arm and flung the ring into the street.

He thought again of the English country-side very much as a man dying of thirst in the desert will think of water.

If there was a boat home he would go by it. There was nothing to keep him in a country that had no more use for him; the thought put new life into him.

**TWENTY-FOUR** hours later he was watching New York fade into the sunshine behind him.

There had been nobody to see him off. He had registered under his own name but even that had not seemed to arouse much curiosity, so quickly was he fading from memory.

He stood staring out over the sea, at the receding skyscrapers and the statue of Liberty which was growing more like a dummy wagon.

When he could no longer distinguish her in the misty distance he turned and went down to his cabin.

The steward was there, unstrapping his luggage.

Nicholas frowned.

"All right, leave it," he said shortly.

The man stood up. "Anything I can do for you, Sir—?"

"Yes, leave me alone."

How tired he was. He sat down on the side of his bed and stared down at his lame leg. The doctors had told him he was lucky not to have lost it.

Overhead and all around was noise and bustle—voices calling, the rattle of heavy luggage. Nicholas felt himself to be far removed from it all. He was travelling on this boat because there was no other way to go home, but he was something apart—the world had passed him by.

Someone knocked at his cabin door; he heard it but he gave no sign, and the knock was repeated.

Nicholas frowned—"Who is it?"

The door opened timidly till it was wide enough to show the slim figure of a girl who stood there with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

When she saw Nicholas, she smiled, and there was no trace of horror, or even of pity in the smile, although she must have seen the thing that had made Bernie wince and turn away.

Nicholas did not move, and she came a step further, holding out the flowers.

"Do you mind? I thought you would like them," she said.

HE made no offer to take them, and she laid them down on the little table between them.

"I'm going home too," she said.

She was young and slender with a sort of elfin look that made Nicholas think once again of English country-side. Apart from that she was not at all pretty, or was it that he had forgotten what natural beauty was like?

Her hair was soft brown, and a little untidy, hanging to her shoulders in loose curls, and she wore a short dark skirt, and a scarlet jacket. But—

ly dressed. Jaffer would have called her if he had noticed her at all, but it was more likely that his eyes, always on the look-out for a potential star, would have passed her over. Her eyes wandered away from Nicholas round the cabin.

"It's nice here, isn't it?" she said engagingly.

He stood up, wincing a little at a sudden pain.

"Is your cabin on this deck?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, I'm down below; it's cheaper."

"In that case," he said harshly, "there is no need for you to visit this deck in future, is there?"

The smile died on her elfin face, and for a moment she seemed at a loss.

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Nicholas' visitor, tomorrow, learns a test for love.

pine beetles in the larvae stage, under the bark of the trees

D. S. Libbey, park naturalist and assistant superintendent of the park, said Saturday that the invasion of temperature at Fort Kiamath to be much colder than on top of the mountains. Because of this he said, more beetles were killed in the lower regions than higher in the mountains.

These Delta Phi, Phi Beta Sigma, Sigma Epsilon Phi alumni invited to breakfast Lithia Hotel, Ashland, Sunday, June 3, 9:30 a. m., 30c. Sigma Epsilon Phi. Respond Miss Haies.

## Wall St. Report

NEW YORK, June 3—(AP)—Profit-taking cut a swath through the stock market today and most commodities joined the decline. Losses of 1 to 3 points were frequent, though Friday's gain was not fully erased. Volume totaled 3,587,720 shares.

Among the larger losers in the share market were American Telephone, Consolidated Gas, the U. S. Steel, Westinghouse, Union Carbide, Sears Roebuck, American Tobacco "B," American Can, Santa Fe, Louisville & Nashville and Delaware & Hudson, which fell 2 to 3 points. Case dipped 4 and DuPont slightly more. Nash, National Distillers, American Sugar, Pere Marquette and Studebaker successfully combatted the downward trend. Today's closing prices for 32 selected stocks follow:

A. T. & T.	119	DuPont	78 1/2
Anacosta	17	Gen. Foods	34 1/2
Atch. T. & S. F.	67 1/2	Gen. Mol.	24 1/2
Bendix Avia.	16 1/2	Int. Harvest	36
Beth. Steel	28 1/2	I. T. & T.	16 1/2
California Pack'g.	23 1/2	Johns-Man.	38 1/2
Caterpillar Tract.	19 1/2	Monthy Ward	22 1/2
Chrysler	29 1/2	North Amer.	29 1/2
Coml. Solv.	18 1/2	Penney (J. C.)	38
Am. Can	89 1/2	Phillips Pet	18
Am. & Fgn. Pow	14		

Radio	97 1/2
Sou. Pac.	25 1/2
Std. Brands	20 1/2
Std. Brands	32
St. Oil Cal.	30 1/2
St. Oil N. J.	36
Trans. Amer.	7
Union Carb.	38 1/2
Unit. Aircraft	31 1/2
U. S. Steel	62 1/2

## S'MATTER POP—

POP!

YES?

HEH, HEH, YA GAVE ME THA ANSWER BEFORE I HADDA CHANCE TO ASK YA, DIDNCHA POP?

WONDER WHAT THE QUESTION WAS? MAYBE PLAY IN THE CREEK OR TAKE THE RADIO APART OR TRADE CATS—H-M-M, I'D BETTER FOLLOW UP ON THIS MATTER.

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## By C. M. PAYNE

## THE FAMILY ALBUM--NO DISH PAN

## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Tells wife he'll do the dishes so she can get a rest—there's only a handful of them.

Decides to save work by doing without a dish pan, turns on hot water and rinses plate.

Inspects plate, feels to all intents and purposes, it's clean.

Rinses another plate, realizing suddenly that he is splattering water all over himself.

Dries himself and rinses a glass.

Finds that the water has meanwhile got scalding hot, burning his fingers.

Turns on some cold and spends several minutes adjusting water to right temperature.

Finishes dishes, finding that somehow one sleeve has got wringing wet, wishes he had used a dish pan.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-3 (Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—True To His Pal!

## By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FOREST

BE A JOKE ON ME IF INSTEAD OF HELPING ME OVER THERE SITTING ON A PIRATE CRAB FULL OF NUGGETS!

I COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED SKETER DOING A BRAVE THING LIKE THAT—HE'S ALWAYS SO HAPPY—SO LUCKY—

HE'S IN HIS PROPER ELEMENT NOW—HE'S A BORN FIGHTER—AND HIS LOYALTY TO TOMMY IS GREATER THAN ANY THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER—

HEY TOM... GOSH... TH' CAVE'S FULL OF OIL!

ANOTHER INCH AND I'M IN FOR A LONG SWIM—UNDER WATER—

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## BOUND TO WIN—Simpkins Warning

## By EDWIN ALGER

WHAT'S THE MATTER SIMPKINS? WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED?

MATTER ENOUGH, LAD! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' INTO THEM TWILIGHT MOUNTAINS! MR. JONATHAN COBBY IS MY BOSS AND HE NEVER STANDS FOR IT! I'M ONLY HIS AGENT, AN' WITHOUT—

—POWER TO ACT FOR HIM, BUT HERE AN' NOW SO HE'LL HELP ME IM PROTESTIN'!

WAIT A SECOND, SIMPKINS! BUT LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, AND I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND—BUT DON'T TELL JONATHAN WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE FARM—

I KNOW, BY THE WAY YOU TALK, THAT YOU LOVE OLD JONATHAN—SO DO I, SIMPKINS—NOW LISTEN—UNLESS JONATHAN GETS LOTTA BLACK BACK HIS GOIN' TO DIE OF A BROKEN HEART—I'M SEARCHING FOR HER AND MY SEARCH TAKES ME TO THE TWILIGHT MOUNTAINS—

IF I FIND HER, I'LL MAKE OLD JONATHAN THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

AH, LAD, YOU'VE LOYALTY, BUT YOU'LL LOSE YOUR OWN LIFE IN TRYIN' TO FIND THE WIDOW! DON'T GO, BEN! GO, BEN! GO!

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## THE NEBBS—What Now?

## By SOL HESS

WELL, SAD FACE, YOUR COMPETITION HAS FLED—HE BORROWED 200 HARD BUCKS FROM YOUR EX-SWEETHEART AND LEFT FOR PARTS UNKNOWN—SHE REPORTED THE CASE TO GREGORY THE COP.

YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO THIS LITTLE BIRD—HE WAS A FAST WORKER—HE CERTAINLY MADE A THIRD PERSON OUTTA YOU—THERE'S A CHANCE TO GET BACK NOW BUT IF YOU MARRY THIS BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS, REMEMBER YOU'RE SHORTY'S PARTNER FOR 200 BUCKS.

IF THAT'S TRUE, SHE MUSTA LOVED THAT LITTLE GUY IF SHE LOANED HIM 200 BUCKS—I NEVER SAW HER LET LOOSE OF A NICKEL THAT DON'T HAVE HER FINGERPRINTS ON IT.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

## By George McManus

WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, MAGGIE?

IT'S THE LATEST SOCIETY FAD—DOING JIG-SAW PUZZLES OF VERY PROMINENT PEOPLE—I'M JUST CRAZY TO SEE WHO THIS ONE IS.

NO—THAT'S IN THE WRONG PLACE—PUT—

I'LL PUT MY FIST IN YOUR EYE IF YOU DON'T GO AWAY—GET OUT OF HERE—I WANT TO DO THIS MYSELF.

OH, WELL! I'M NOT GOIN' TO GET IN A FIGHT OVER A JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

IT'S A PICTURE OF DINTY MOORE—

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**WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM**

**INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING**

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