

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Discarded by the movies because his heroic rescue of an astro girl led to a horrendously scented face and an "unredeemable limp," Nicholas Boyd sails gloomily for England, his home. His wife, Bernie, cannot face obscurity, and remains behind in New York. Just after the ship sails a staid, old girl brings a bunch of roses to the fallen star's cabin because she thought he looked lonely. But he sings the roses into the sea, and rudely turns the girl out.

Chapter Four

GEORGIE BANCROFT

GEORGIE had been watching Nicholas Boyd all the morning. The long promenade deck was almost deserted. The sky was gray and overcast in spite of the intense heat, and there was an ugly heavy swell that made the great liner lurch from side to side like a drunken man.

Georgie Bancroft, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her red jacket, and her soft hair flying in the hot breeze, leaned against the rail and looked wistfully across to where Nicholas Boyd lay full length in a deck chair, his eyes closed, one hand hanging limply by his side.

They were two days out from New York and it was the first time she had seen him since she had tapped at his cabin door with her offering of roses.

The girl who shared Georgie's cabin (neither of them could afford to have one to themselves) had spoken to her about Nicholas.

"How awful! A real fallen star, isn't he? I'd rather be dead. No wonder he keeps out of everyone's way. I shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't jump overboard before we get to Southampton."



Georgie looked wistfully at Nicholas.

she was a cheery little Cockney soul who had been on a visit to a brother in Chicago.

"He paid my fare or I couldn't have come," she told Georgie with engaging frankness. "I should like to have stayed with him for ever, but his wife didn't hit it with me. She's from Boston."

She waited hopefully for some comment; she loved talking, but Georgie had no comment to make.

AFTER a moment Nelly Foster tried again. "Where have you been?"

"To New York, to see my mother."

Nelly's eyes opened wide.

"Your mother! You don't say! Doesn't your mother live with you then?"

"No; she married again—an American, and they don't want me to live with them. I don't want to either. I'm quite happy."

"Do you live alone?"

"No, with an uncle. He lets me do as I like."

The two girls looked at one another with mutual interest.

"I could have married out there if I'd liked," Nelly volunteered. "I could have married a man in the canning business and have stayed in Chicago, but he was old—"

she shrugged her shoulders. "He was fat, too, and his chin was all bristly when he kissed me."

"When he kissed you?" Georgie looked scandalized. "You didn't let him kiss you, you didn't like him?"

Nelly laughed. "Of course I did. That was the only way I could find out if I loved him or not. It's a good way, too," she added slyly.

"You remember that. If you can't stand a man kissing you, you can't stand him at all."

"I've never kissed a man," Georgie said.

"Some of them don't know how to kiss," Nelly went on, with the air of one who thoroughly understands

her subject. "Now Nicholas Boyd in the films was the one I liked. He made love just like—well! I used to wish I was the girl," she sighed ecstatically.

Georgie said "Pooh! that's not real lovemaking. People can't kiss really properly when they know that half the world is going to pay fifty cents to see them do it."

"Fifty cents!" Nelly was scornful. "A quarter is my price, not that Nicholas wasn't worth more. Gee, it's awful—all being disgraced for life like he is, isn't it?"

Georgie's color deepened. "I don't think it makes any difference," she said stoutly. "Once you like a person you always like them, no matter what happens to them. At least I do."

"Here, I say, are you crazy about him?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but it's a shame, everyone saying he's ruined for life. Scars often fade quite away, and anyway, they make people more interesting; some people. I think life's horrible."

But Nelly would not allow this. "It's what you make it," she declared with all the inexperience of two and twenty. "I was like you once—all ideals and things, but no

now, my lamb. The loss you expect, the more you get."

Georgie picked up her scarlet coat and dragged it on rather impatiently. "I'm going on deck," she said.

"Hope you'll enjoy it," Nelly retorted, turning over on her pillow. "The boat's rolling like old Harry, and the sight of the sky would make me sick for a week."

So Georgie had gone up on deck alone and found Nicholas Boyd. He looked lonely she decided, as she leaned against the railings a little distance from him and wistfully watched him.

He lay very still, his slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes, one arm hanging limply by his side.

Georgie had seen pictures of Bernie Boyd, and hadn't admired her very much, though she had been honest enough to realize that perhaps there had been just a shade of jealousy in her criticism.

Bernie was very blonde, almost like one of the china shepherdesses that stood on the mantelpiece in Georgie's uncle's study; she had a "cold" smile, too, that looked as if it was meant for unseen crowds rather than for any specific person. And she was not with her husband.

Georgie wondered what Boyd was thinking about; he lay so still, his lame leg resting on a cushion.

Georgie sighed; those roses Nicholas had thrown away had cost her three dollars which would have been very useful for other things. Not that she grudged the expenditure; she would have paid six gladly if it would have given Nicholas any pleasure—but it did seem rather wasteful.

The ship gave a sudden tremendous lurch, causing Georgie almost to lose her balance, and when she had recovered it she saw that the book which had been lying face downwards on Boyd's knee had slipped and fallen to the deck.

It was an opportunity and Georgie took it unhesitatingly.

Perforce, Nicholas learns more about Georgie, tomorrow.

3 EX-CONVICTS IN TOILS AGAIN

PORTLAND, June 5.—(AP)—Walter Bannister, 38, Claremont Tavern

slayer, paroled March 28 from Oregon state prison, was arrested here last night with two other ex-convicts when police found them loitering suspiciously near a drug company warehouse.

Bannister, sentenced to life for the Claremont holdup in which two men were killed, was carrying a fully loaded revolver, police said.

The men arrested with Bannister were Robert J. Ferguson, 49, who was sentenced to three years on a second degree murder charge in Clatsop county, and Charles L. Griffin, 32, given a six-year term in 1926 on a charge of participating in the Cloverdale bank robbery.

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

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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FIND LITTLE MISS WINDOW GAZING

Mary Ellen Stammen, 2 1/2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Stam-

men, was having a good time window shopping Saturday evening and was getting along nicely until two women took her to the police station as a "lost child."

Mary Ellen didn't reveal her name. "It's just me," she told the officers, and smiled sweetly when she was presented some gum by an interested bystander. Mary Ellen, however, was glad to go with her mother and con-

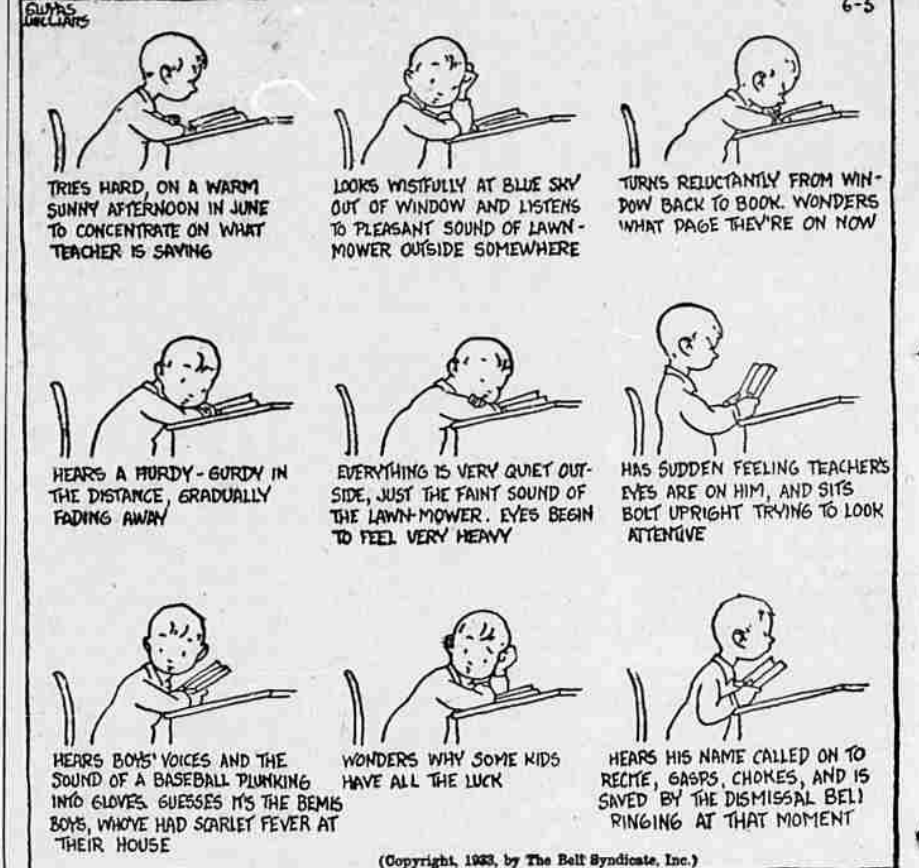
tinue the grocery buying which was abruptly stopped when Mrs. Stammen found her young daughter missing.

A new species of black bass—the Micropterus pseudoplites—has been classified in streams of Louisiana and Georgia.

Mangels are a good substitute for silage for small herds of cattle.

SCHOOL IN JUNE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hold Your Breath!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Lodgings For The Night

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—The Worm Has Turned

By SOL HESS



G. A. Coates

Two Drown In Idaho Stream

MOSCOW, Idaho, June 5.—(AP)—Old-timers today expressed the belief that with the river at its high stage, there was little chance of recovering the bodies of Arthur Spangy, assistant football coach at the University of Idaho, Nampa, Idaho, and Boyd

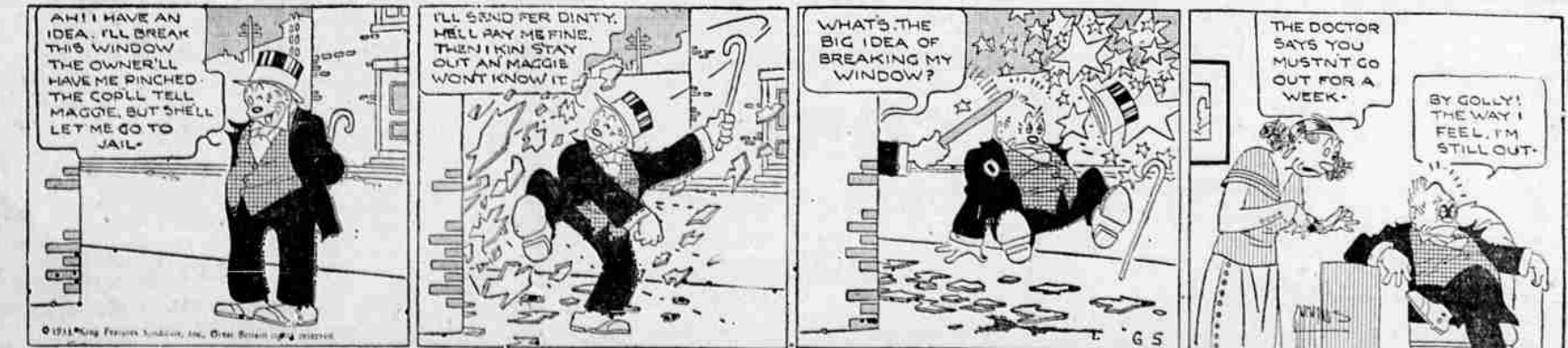
Brigham, who disappeared from a raft on the Clearwater river near here Saturday.

Farm wages in Alabama averaged 45 cents a day or \$8 a month, with board on January 1, 1933, says F. W. Gist, federal and state agricultural statistician.

An Xenia, Ohio, woman, 102 years old, was buried in her wedding gown.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



G. S.

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