

By the World FORGOT
A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Nicholas Bond, the famous film star, has played the hero once too often, and been rewarded with a hopelessly scarred face, a limp, and cancellation of his contract. Now, deserted by his famous wife, he has sailed for his native England, anxious only to be alone. But George Bancroft, introduced, brings him a gift of roses which he rudely flings away. And now, on deck, she watches Bond, and finally sees an opportunity. His book has fallen to the deck.

Chapter Five
SECOND ATTEMPT

GEORGIA made a quick dive across to Nicholas, snatched up the book, and then had to clutch at the head of Bond's chair to save herself from an ignominious fall.

"Oh!" she said with a gasp. Nicholas pushed back his hat and opened his eyes.

"You're very kind." He was looking at her without interest, and after a moment he held out his hand for the book.

"Thank you."

She gave it to him reluctantly. "Is it a nice book?" she asked. "I haven't read it."

There was a great fat coil of rope coiled by, and George sat down on it, elbows on her knees, chin in her hands.

"It's very rough," she volunteered. "Is it?"

"Um." She nodded, her bright eyes on his face. "Nearly everyone's sick." He raised himself a little, shifting into an easier position. "Except you, apparently," he said.

"Yes, except you and me," she agreed. "I'm a good sailor. Nothing ever upsets me."

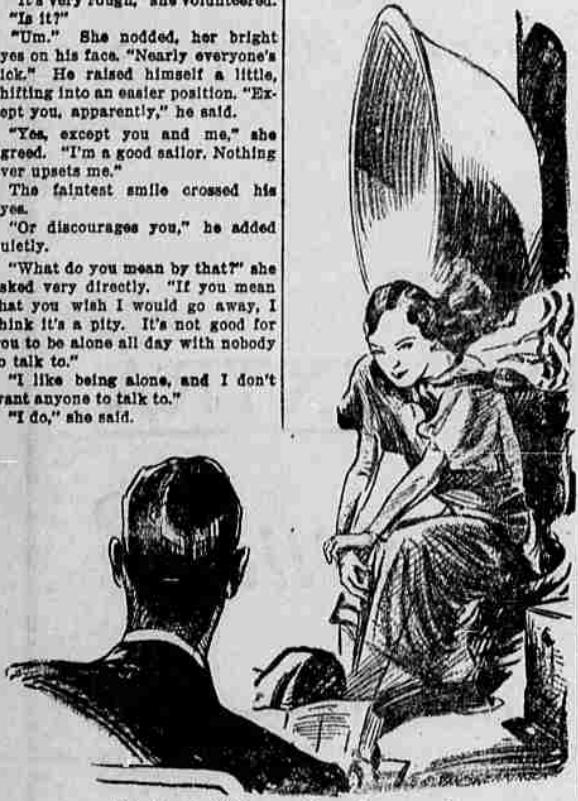
The faintest smile crossed his eyes.

"Or discourages you," he added quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked very directly. "If you mean that you wish I would go away, I think it's a pity. It's not good for you to be alone all day with nobody to talk to."

"I like being alone, and I don't want anyone to talk to."

"I do," she said.



"You'd not dislike me if you knew me."

"Well—" he laughed, without much mirth. "I believe there are several hundred people on this ship, and they can't all be sick."

"I DON'T think any of them want to talk to me," George said. "I tried one or two but it wasn't easy. Nelly's not so bad, but she's sick too."

"Is Nelly your sister?"

"No—she shares the cabin with me. I didn't know anything about her when we started, but now I think I know as much about her as she knows about herself. She loves talking."

"You don't seem to object to it," George went on rapidly. "I know you hate it because I'm here, but you wouldn't dislike me so much if you knew me better. I wrote to you once, months ago, and asked for your autograph. I don't suppose you remember my name."

"What is your name?"

"George Bancroft."

"How old are you?" he asked brusquely.

She told him at once. "I'm twenty-one. Nelly is twenty-two, but she must feel years older than I do because she says she hasn't a single illusion left."

His fleeting smile came again.

"And you, apparently, are still full of them," he said.

"That all depends what you mean," she answered gravely. "I still believe in love and happy endings."

"You must be a good deal less than twenty-one then," he said grimly.

"I'm not," she assured him. "I was twenty-one a month ago, the day I sailed for New York. My mother lives in New York with her second husband. I don't live with them because he doesn't like me. I live with

"My uncle says I ought to have been a boy, that it isn't decent for a girl to be so sure what it is she really wants, and then try so hard to get it."

"What sort of an uncle is he?"

George puckered her brows. "Well, he drinks, but I don't mind that. He's very kind to me in his own way, and he lets me do what I like."

"Even to running wild on American liners, and talking to any strange man who happens along?"

She looked at him steadily. "You're not a strange man," she said. "I've known you for ever so long. I saw your first picture. I expect you remember it too. It was called 'Against His Will.'"

Nicholas laughed. "Yes, I remember. It was a very bad picture."

"I thought it was beautiful," George said earnestly. "Do you remember quite at the end where the girl who had been in love with you for so long and you wouldn't have her, lost her home and all her money and you came along and she just looked at you and said: 'I've lost everything, just as you always said I should, and you picked her up in your arms and said: 'You've still got me.' I thought that was beautiful."

"Beautiful rubbish," he answered shortly. "The absolute antithesis of what would have happened in real life."

She looked at him solemnly. "What would have happened in real life then?" she asked.

Nicholas laughed. "Well, I should have passed by on the other side of course and have pretended I didn't see her; that's how people treat you in real life when you've lost every thing."

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Nicholas' bitter rebellion comes to the surface, tomorrow.

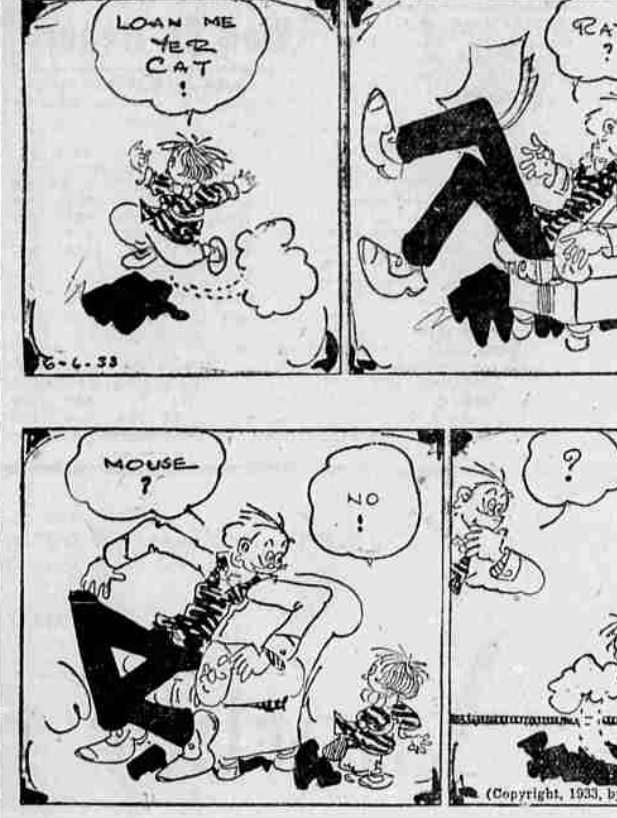
EDITORS WARNED ON RATE SLASHES

INDIANAPOLIS, June 6.—(AP)—Justus F. Cramer of Orange, Calif., president of the National Editorial Association, at the 48th annual convention here today, warned the editors not to "make the mistake of the past ten years by failing to advance the price of their products along with the price of other commodities."

He said newspaper publishers had not advanced their advertising and subscription rates and job prices during the period from 1923 to 1929 and therefore they should not now be faced with a demand for rate reductions. Nevertheless, he said, "Many have weakened and have granted rate adjustments."

A nicotine sulphate spray will keep dogs and cats from running over flowers and shrubs because they dislike the odor.

S'MATTER POP—



BERRIES BRINGING GRANTS PASS COIN

GRANTS PASS, June 6.—(AP)—Cash income running between \$1800 and \$1800 a day is coming in to Grants Pass strawberry growers and has been for a week, with the prospects for another three or four weeks just as good. It was shown here Monday by a survey of buying organizations handling the local berries this year.

The money is going out all over the local irrigation district not only to the growers themselves but also to the neighboring families hired to pick and pack the exceptional crop.

Named to Commission.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today appointed Eugene Lorton of Tulsa, Okla., as a member of the international joint commission of the United States and Canada, succeeding the late Porter J. McCumber.

By C. M. PAYNE

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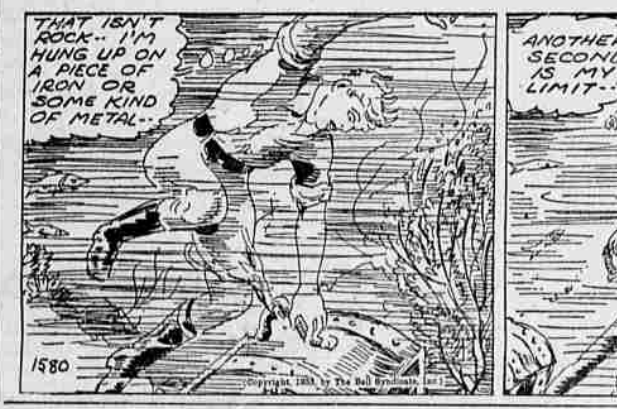
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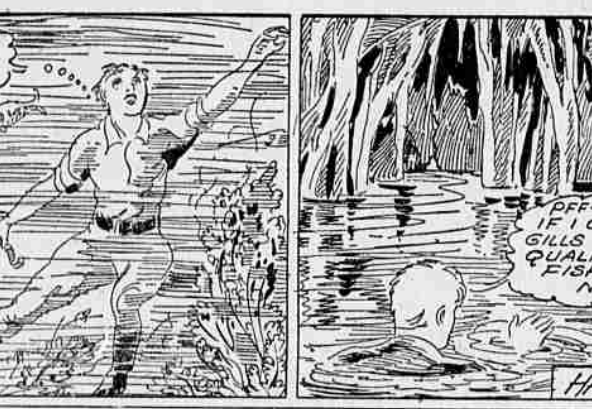
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



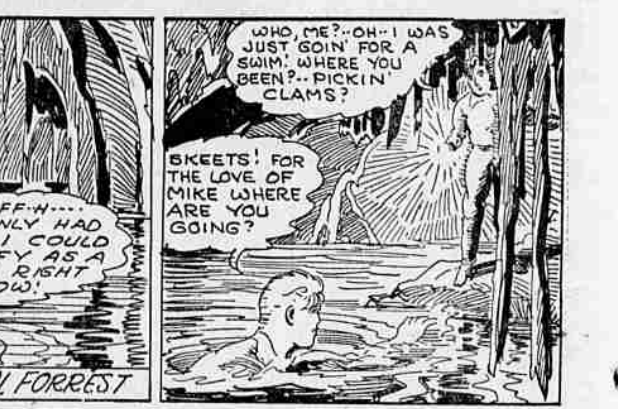
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death Defeated Is Danger Forgotten!



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER



By GEORGE McMANUS



By GEORGE McMANUS



CALIFORNIANS IN STATE WILL GATHER IN EUGENE

EUGENE, June 6.—(AP)—Former Californians of Oregon will gather in Eugene Sunday, July 2, for the first annual California state picnic to be held here in connection with the fourth of July celebration being

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
SWEETENS THE BREATH

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