

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Everyone has deserted Nicholas Boyd, the famous film star, excepting, apparently, George Hancock and Nicholas is not interested in George. He has received a battered face and a lame leg as his reward. Now his contract has been cancelled and Berwick Boyd, his wife, has refused to sail with him to an obscure life in England. He complains bitterly to George, on the ship, because of the world's unkindness to its fallen stars.

Chapter Six SENTIMENTAL CHILD

THERE was a long silence; Nicholas was looking away from her, straight ahead of him with moody eyes, then presently George said: "You ought not to say things like that; everyone doesn't pass by on the other side."

"No," he agreed bitterly. "Some of them stop to stare and to say: 'Poor devil, behold how the mighty are fallen.'"

"And some of them," George said, "stop as you did in the picture and say: 'You've still got me.'"

"Do they? I've never met anyone like that."

There was another little silence, then George said, almost timidly: "You've met me."

"You!" he said scornfully. "You're

sought out Nicholas, not he who had looked for her.

"I love roolins," George said, in a pleased little voice. We got lots where I live."

She moved her little feet beneath the scarlet frock in time to the gay music.

"Why don't you go and dance?" Boyd said abruptly.

"Because nobody has asked me," George answered frankly. "At least not anyone I should care to dance with. Nelly introduced me to a man, but I hated the way he looked at me and so I wouldn't dance with him. He's dancing with Nelly now."

"And doesn't she mind the way he looks at her?"

"I suppose not."

She leaned back in her chair, one bare arm curled above her head and Boyd watched her critically.

He had grown used to her now; during the last four days she had appeared beside him so many times, quietly taking it for granted that he was pleased with her company, that he had given up trying to avoid her, though sometimes he did not answer when she spoke to him, and sometimes he forgot that she was there.

HER arms and throat were rather brown, adding truth to Boyd's fancy that she looked like a robin.



"You look like a robin," Nicholas said.

only a child, a sentimental child who knows nothing of the world."

"That now you said I wasn't a child."

"I was mistaken; you're just a baby who ought not to be allowed out alone."

"But I'm always alone," she insisted gently. "All my life I've been practically alone."

"I suppose you've got friends."

She shook her head. "Not many. I know people, of course, but there isn't anyone I'd do for, if you mean that."

His fleeting smile came again. "Sometimes it's easier to die for people than to live for them," he said somberly.

Then suddenly he sat upright, carefully lowering his lame leg to the deck. "Well, it must be nearly lunch time," he said.

"Can I talk to you again some time?" George asked.

"It seems beyond my power to prevent you," he answered.

"But you don't mind?" she urged, anxiously.

"As long as you don't try the kissing experiment on me," he said cynically.

George smiled. "It wouldn't be necessary," she answered.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Only that I know already that I like you—awfully."

For a moment he stood looking at her, and she asked quickly: "What are you thinking about?"

"I am wondering if you are as innocent as you look," he answered rather brutally.

"I don't know what that means."

"Then you probably are," he answered shortly, and without another word he turned away and left her.

WHY do you always wear that color?" Nicholas Boyd asked. George glanced down at her frock, a fluffy crimson affair that fell in soft folds to her ankles and was cut away at the neck and arms. "I like it," she said simply. "Don't you?"

"You look like a robin," Nicholas said.

They were sitting in a corner of the Winter garden, and in the distance the band was playing. As usual, it was George who had

but where the crimson frock fell away there was a glimpse of white skin, soft like a child's.

She looked about seventeen, Nicholas thought, and yet there had been times during their strange friendship when she had talked to him almost like a woman of the world, a woman to whom life was a stern reality of which she might not make a jest.

At other times she was laughing and almost frivolous, making him feel as if he were an old, tired man standing aside watching the world go by.

He said suddenly, "The day after tomorrow we shall be at Southampton."

"Yes—isn't it hateful?"

"Hateful? No! I shall be glad."

"Will you?" she looked at him rather wistfully. "I suppose you've got people to meet you," she hazarded.

"No."

It was strange that though George had told him so much about herself and her own life, she had never once discovered anything about him.

"I should like to go on like this forever," George said.

"Like what?"

She waved extra.

"Like this; on the ship, doing nothing in particular but just quite happy."

He took a cigarette case from his pocket and offered it to her.

"Will you smoke?"

"I'll have one of my own. I don't like the kind you smoke."

She dived into a little bag in her lap and produced a battered silver case, which looked as if it might once have belonged to a man.

When she laid it down again Nicholas stretched out a hand and took it from her lap.

"Has this been through a revolution, or what?" he asked idly.

"It was my father's," George said. "He was killed in the war." She stifled a sigh. "I believe he was the only person in the world who ever really loved me, or who ever will."

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George gets a present, Monday.

NICHOLS TO CAPTAIN VOLUNTEER FIREMEN

Twenty-one out of 34 members of the Medford volunteer firemen were in attendance at Monday's meet-

ing, at which Bob Nichols was elected captain and George Brown, lieutenant. Entertainment was furnished by the mayor of Berrydale, Walter Smith, and his two "councilmen," Leon Croucher and Charles McCongale. Refreshments were served.

Fire Chief Boy Elliott left early Tuesday for Corvallis where he is attending the state fire chiefs' convention.

WRIGLEY'S GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH

PERMANENT WAVE BURN WORTH \$515

SALEM, June 7.—(AP)—The award of the circuit court of \$515 to Mary

Jones of Baker county for personal injuries received in a beauty machine treatment was upheld by the Oregon supreme court today.

Plaintiff in the case brought suit against the Howe-Thompson, Inc., for damages alleging defendant negligently performed a permanent wave treatment upon her hair. The opinion showed that on May 14, 1931,

Mary Jones called at the Lucille Colvard Beauty shop for a permanent wave.

B. G. Thompson, manager of the defendant company, was installing a new machine and offered to demonstrate the new electric machine upon the plaintiff. In so doing the complaint states the girl's hair, scalp and neck were burned.

JOBLESS DISBAND WHEN FOOD GIVEN

McMINNVILLE, Ore., June 7.—(AP)—A group of protesting unemployed

men, who for three days had staged demonstrations on the courthouse lawn here, had disbanded today after a committee they appointed had accepted a compromise offered by citizens handling relief work in Yamhill county.

The demonstrators, who varied in number from 30 to 70, disbanded last night after they had been given gro-

cery orders for \$1.50 for each family. Officers said some of the men were reported to be from Salem and Portland. The protesters had demanded 50 cents an hour cash for all work done.

An accurate division of Lake Erie by Prof. C. E. Sherman of Ohio State university, gives Ohio 3,540 square miles of that body of water.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



RETURN ENVELOPE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



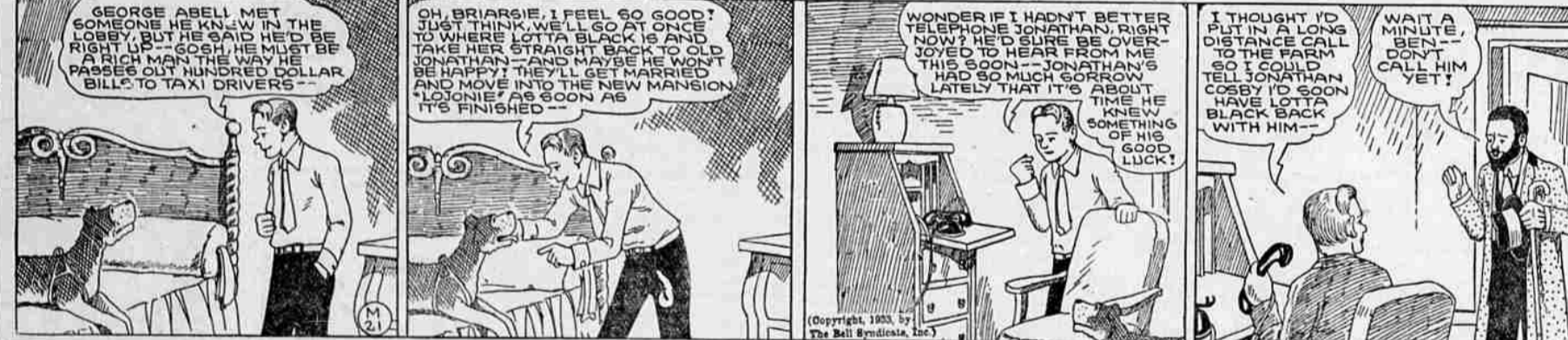
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Among My Souvenirs

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—I Should Say Not

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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