

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

SYNOPSIS: Down under the repeated blows of fate, Nicholas Lloyd cannot get quite aside his friendly interest in his very young admirer, Georgia. Georgia, however, has been in the course of a heroic rescue his face was scarred and his leg injured—and his contract cancelled. Despite his wife, could not force him to an English village, so Nicholas sailed for home alone. Georgia has told him of her beautiful mother and rich stepfather in America, of her uncle with whom she lives in England, of her dead father, whose cigarette case she always carries as a reminder of him and his love for her.

She gave a little cry of pain—"Oh... it's gone..."

"Yes, it's gone right enough," Nicholas said grimly. "Why, you baby, you're not crying..."

"I wouldn't have lost it for the world... it was my father's. I loved it..."

HE touched her arm—"Let's walk along. The band has stopped and people will be coming this way." She went with him obediently, walking slowly to keep pace with his dragging step, brushing her hands across her wet eyes.

"You're like a little girl who has

CHAPTER SEVEN GIFT FROM NICHOLAS

NICHOLAS finally said, "You must have been very young when he died."

"I was seven, but I can remember him quite well. He'd only been dead a year when mother married again."

"So much for everlasting constancy," Nicholas said cynically.

"I don't blame her," Georgia said quickly. "She'd been used to everything she wanted, and she couldn't have it after he died. She simply had to get married again."

"For money?"

"Yes. Everything my father had he left for me."

"And so you're a young woman of wealth?"

"No. I've got about fifteen hundred dollars a year. It doesn't go very far."

"What do you do with it?"

"I spend most of it on theaters and things like that. I love the theater and the pictures. I've always wanted to go on the stage."

"Good God!" Nicholas sat up suddenly, a heavy frown on his face. "Don't be a little fool. It's a hell of a life."

"Is it?" Georgia said wistfully. "I should love to be able to make people happy. I should love to see a great big theater full of people all laughing and applauding because they liked me."

A big sailing vessel was crossing the path of moonlight that lay across the quiet bosom of the sea. A fairy ship it looked, its dark silhouette tinged with gold, its sails like wings of silver.

Georgia started up—"Oh, let's go and look at the ship!"

They went out onto the open deck and leaned on the rails.

It was a warm, still night, and the great vessel seemed hardly moving as they looked down at the silent sea far below.

"And to think we've got to leave it all," Georgia whispered.

She was standing very close beside him, their arms almost touching, and she said suddenly: "I wonder if we shall ever meet again."

He laughed. "Some day, perhaps, the world is small."

She looked up at him, her face very fair in the moonlight.

"I suppose you won't come and see me, even if I give you my address?"



"Nelly's had a love affair."

It seemed a long time before he answered; then he said unemotionally: "When you've travelled as much as I have you will know that people you meet at sea always seem far more attractive than they do when you meet them on land. There's an unnatural glamor."

"I know," Georgia said. "Nelly was saying something of the same sort this evening. You know she's had quite a love affair with that man I told you about, but she says she doesn't suppose she'll ever see him again when they get to England. She'd been crying. I expect I shall cry too, when we get to Southampton."

"You will? What for? You haven't had a love affair with anyone."

Georgia turned her face away, one hand clutching the wooden rail with frantic fingers.

"But I shan't see you any more," she almost whispered.

He must have heard—she knew quite well that he must have heard, but it was a long time before he spoke.

"I'm thirty-five," he said then, very quietly. "And I'm a married man. You're twenty-one, and all your life is before you. You've been kind to me—don't spoil it all by making yourself absurdly and sentimentally miserable even for five minutes. I shan't forget you. I believe I've even grown, well, fond of you in a way. But when we get to England—" he broke off.

A sudden tear splashed down onto Georgia's crimson frock.

"I will see him again, I will," she told herself passionately.

She moved suddenly to turn to him, and the old silver cigarette case she had been holding slipped from her hand and fell into the dark sea below.

broken her doll," Nicholas said, teasingly. She laughed brightly.

"I'm not only crying—because of the cigarette case."

"If only you wouldn't be so damnably truthful," he said ruefully.

They reached a deserted part of the long deck again and Nicholas stopped.

"I'd like you to have my case, if you will," he said. He took it from his pocket. "It's a presentation affair, but I don't want it. Luckily our last initials are the same. Will you have it, Robin?"

"I should love it," Georgia said with a sob.

He put his hands on her shoulders, turning her so that the moonlight fell full on her face.

"No more tears," he said.

"You shan't see them anyway."

"But there mustn't be any more."

"I can't promise that."

He looked at her with a strange expression in his eyes, then he said softly, "Goodbye my little friend."

Georgia's lips moved, but no words came, then suddenly and before he could prevent her, she stood up on tiptoe and kissed him on the scarred side of his face.

Nicholas caught his breath and his hands tightened their grip on her shoulders, then very deliberately he took them away.

She stood looking up at him, trembling, then she said brokenly: "Nelly was right. You have to kiss a man—before you know if you... really love him..."

Then she ran away from him down the deserted deck, and Nicholas Boyd stood looking after her, looking after her even when she had disappeared from sight.

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Nelly, tomorrow, has a dire premonition.

PEACH, APRICOT PRICES HIGHER

FRESNO, Cal., June 8.—(AP)—Showing a substantial increase over

last year's offers, opening prices to growers on 1933 crop dried peaches and apricots were announced today by commercial packers.

A basic price of five cents a pound is being quoted peach growers on choice yellows and standards, compared to prices of from 3 1/2 to 4 cents a pound, sweet box basis, last year at this time.

Offers of 7 cents a pound are being made for apricots, 2 to 2 1/2 cents higher than last season's opening prices.

Fremont of St. Louis by resolution declined to contribute to the campaign fund of a political faction in control of the city administration.

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GANDHI CONTINUES LOSS OF WEIGHT

POONA, India, June 8.—(AP)—A sudden setback in the condition of

Mahatma Gandhi, who recently concluded a three weeks' fast in protest against the treatment accorded India's "untouchables," was announced this afternoon by an examining physician.

The Mahatma has lost 2 1/2 pounds in two days and, although there are no definite complications, the doctor ordered that the restrictions regarding visitors be tightened.

HAWAII GOVERNOR NAMING APPROVED

WASHINGTON, June 8.—(AP)—The house today passed the bill permitting the president to name a non-resident governor of Hawaii.

Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

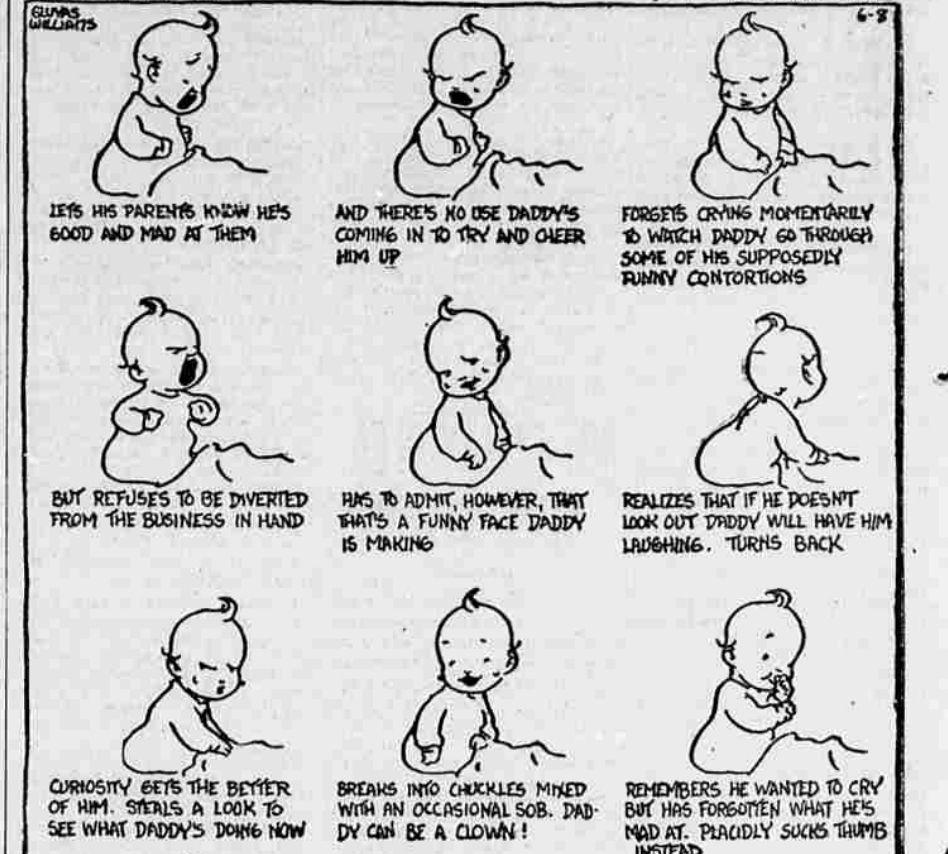
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



CHEERING UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Treasure Island—Or Terror Island?

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBES—Burned Child

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

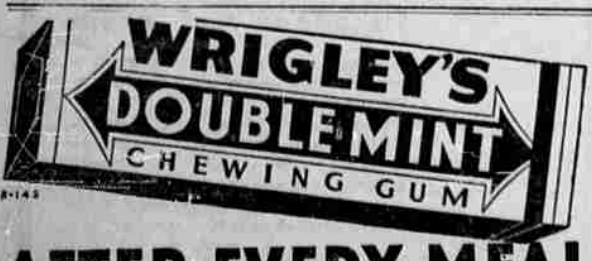


TOLL BRIDGES FOR OREGON APPROVED

WASHINGTON, June 8.—(AP)—The state of Oregon was today authorized

by the senate to construct five toll bridges on the Oregon coast highway. The bill was proposed by Senator McNary, was approved by the senate and sent to the house.

The bridges proposed are: At Reedsport, across Umpqua river; at Newport, across Yaquina bay; at Waldport, across Alsea bay; at North Bend across Coos bay; at Florence, across the Siuslaw river.



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