

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

CHAPTER EIGHT
HOME FACTS

WHEN George got back to her cabin that night she found Nelly Foster already there, smearing cream on a face that was disfigured by weeping.

George shut the door and stood with her back to it for a moment, then she laughed a little hysterically.

Nelly turned round. "What are you laughing at?" she demanded sharply.

"You look so funny," George said.

Nelly flushed. "Well, you've been howling too," she said defiantly.

"I know," George sat down on the side of the bed and sighed.

"What do we do next?" she demanded.

"Do!" Nelly screwed the lid on the cream pot with vicious fingers. "I know what I do right enough. I go back to the shop and serve nasty old women who treat me as if I were dirt, from nine to six."

George leaned her chin on her hand.

"How did you get such a long holiday?" she asked interestedly.

"Doctor's certificate," the elder girl answered briefly. "I had a vile cough and he thought I was consumptive. The head floorwalker at our place likes me too, and that helped. He'd marry me if he could."

"Why can't he?"

"Because he's got a wife."

"And would you marry him?" George asked.

Nelly shrugged thin shoulders out of her cheap camisole.

"Don't know. He's not bad, but no matter how he's dressed or whether he is, you could always wear him as a floorwalker."

"He might be kind," George submitted.

"Oh, he's kind enough." Nelly agreed with weary scorn. "But you want something more than that—at least I do. Aren't you going to undress?"

"I suppose so," George slipped out of her crimson frock, and held it up at arm's length, regarding it with rather wistful eyes.

"Nicholas Boyd said I look like a robin," she said.

Nelly laughed.

"He would. He's been well trained. Have you been crying about him?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I think life's awfully sad."

"It's a swindle, that's what it is," Nelly asserted rather violently. "She was silent for a moment, brushing her short straight hair with rather unnecessary violence, then she turned around again.

ing very still, her eyes downcast, her slim body suddenly tense.

Nelly went on. "You won't ever see him as 'any more than I shall ever see you. 'Ships that pass in the night, that's what we are."

"But I shall see you again," George said quietly. "I want you to come and stay with me if you will."

"Stay with you?"

The two girls looked at one another silently for a moment, then suddenly Nelly began to weep. "You don't really mean it. I know if we hadn't had to share a cabin you wouldn't have spoken to me at all. It's kind of you to say you'll ask me, but I know you won't when it comes to the point."

"I don't think you know much about anything," George said coolly. "You've got everyone and everything all wrong. Life isn't half so bad if you won't let it be. And," George went on positively, "you're quite wrong if you think I'm in love with Mr. Boyd."

Nelly climbed into bright pink pajamas.

"Alright, have it your own way," she said. "I'm going to bed."

"And when will you come and stay with me? I'll give you my address before we land, and you must let me know when you are free."

"Weekends are my only time," Nelly said; she sat on the side of the bed, one foot already under the sheet. "I say, do you mean it?" she asked again tensely.

"Of course I do."

The foot came out again, and Nelly took an impulsive dive across the narrow cabin and dropped a half-shamed kiss on George's cheek.

"Well, you're decent," she said. "Goodnight."

She disappeared beneath the bed-clothes.

GEORGIE finished undressing and lay down. She had never felt more wide awake in her life.

"Many a better man than he is has gone overboard just before the boat gets in—Nelly's words haunted her.

It was all nonsense of course; Nicholas Boyd was not that sort of man—not a coward! and yet, well he certainly hadn't much left to live for, not now. He wasn't anybody any more, and it was quite possible that even his wife had turned him down.

How could a woman be so cruel? A woman who had shared his successes too. George's heart ached for the man who had said to her so quietly, and without a vestige of self-pity, "You're a little fool, Robin, a bigger little fool than even I took you for if you can squeeze out a single tear for an ugly, scarred devil who has topped off his brass pinacle into obscurity."

That was the only time he had ever spoken about himself to her; no, he was not a coward. Life might have knocked him down, but George was sure it could never master him; he would take up the broken threads and make something out of them, even if he had to do it alone.

"But I believe I shall be there to help him," she told herself. "Something in me tells me quite surely that I shall be there to help him."

She fell asleep at last, full of quiet confidence, the only trouble being that when she awoke next morning life did not seem quite so simple.

She could not find Nicholas though she hunted 'till she was blue.

It was raining a little and the sea was grey and rather choppy.

People were packing and the gangways and passages were already stacked with big trunks and suit-cases.

George wandered about on Boyd's deck peering at the labels on all the big trunks (she was sure that Nicholas would have quantities of luggage) but when at last she found a trunk that bore his name, it was simply labelled "London." And London was such a big place!

Her uncle had once told her that if a man wished to hide, it was safer to go out of his own house and into the one next door than to go to London and hope to be lost, but on the other hand Mrs. Lovelock who cooked and cleaned the house and got her own way in everything, had always declared that nobody could ever find you in London if you didn't want them to.

"You can walk about London for a month and never see a soul you know," she had once told George. "London's the loneliest place in the world for all that it's supposed to have five million people in it."

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Nicholas reburied George's friendly advances, tomorrow.

he cried and said "Can I kiss my baby?" Resting her hands on the casket, she bent her lips to the tiny cold ones.

Mrs. Nancy Wilson, 38, of Dinuba, the mother went to her baby's funeral in the custody of Mrs. Jennie Unisack, matron at the county jail where Mrs. Wilson is being held on a manslaughter charge.

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

COAST BUILDING TAKES UP SHOOT

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9—(AP)—A huge expansion in Pacific coast building activity is shown in figures gathered by S. W. Straus & Company of California, listing total May permits in 25 leading cities at \$68,067,817 compared with \$4,422,347 in April.

The May permits totaled more than seven times the value of \$4,877,281 for the same cities in May last year. The outstanding feature of the May figures was the leap in San Francisco's permit total to \$31,815,678 from \$3,812,112 in April. This resulted from the permits for construction of parts of the San Francisco-Oakland bridge lying within the city limits.

Other cities showing gains over April included Eugene, Ore. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

posed abandonment of the citizens' military training camp at Vancouver Barracks were sent to Washington, D. C., today by several American Legion posts in the Portland area. The War Department was asked to change its attitude and open the camp on June 23 as originally scheduled.

The reason given for the order abandoning the camp was that army officers already are overtaxed in handling civilian conservation corps work.

Now is the time to think of beach pajamas and outing clothes. Empty flour sacks contain a good grade of muilin and are easily dyed suitable colors. Fluhrer's are having a special sale on empty sacks at 49c a dozen. While the supply lasts only.

LEGION PROTESTS ABANDONING CMTC

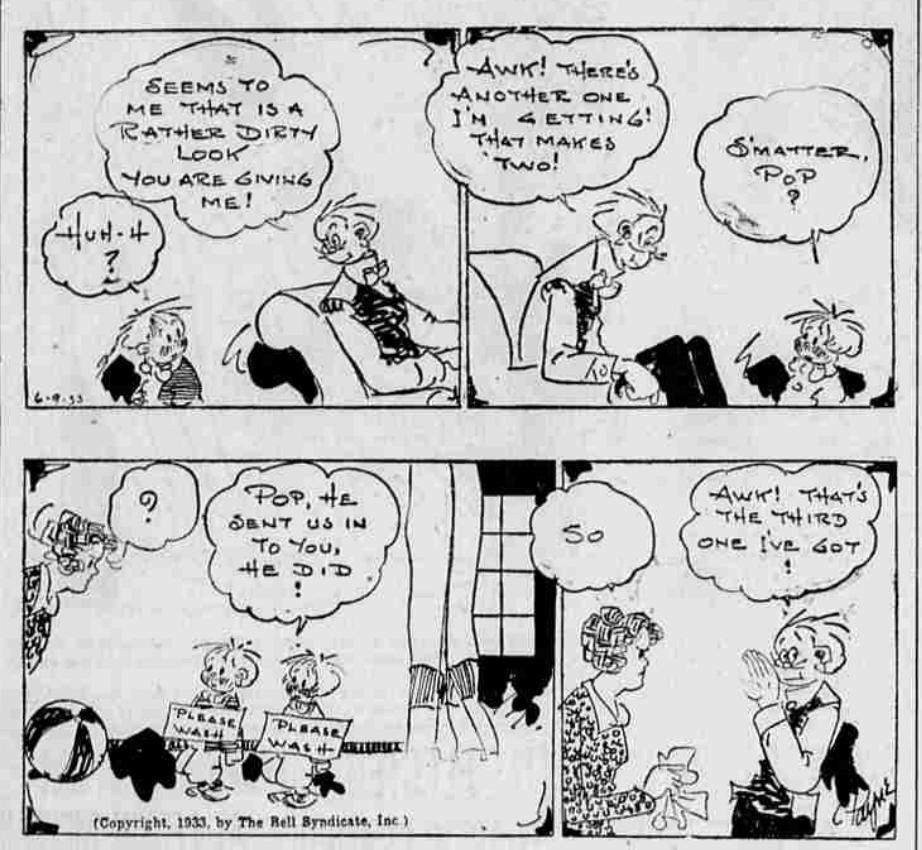
PORTLAND, Ore., June 9—(AP)—Telegrams of protest over the proposed abandonment of the citizens' military training camp at Vancouver Barracks were sent to Washington, D. C., today by several American Legion posts in the Portland area.

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'SMATTER POP.—

By C. M. PAYNE



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Investigating Committee

By GLENN FORREST and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Slow But Sure

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MOTHER KISSES BABY SHE SLAPPED TO DEATH

VISALIA, Cal., June 9—(AP)—Her body shaking with sobs a heartbroken mother bent today over the body of the four-month-old son she is accused of slapping to death because

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