

By the World FORGOT

A New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres

George Bancroft goes up to London to see her casual friend Nelly Foster, whom she met on the ship returning from America. She goes to a movie and there Clifford Asher, introduced himself to her and promises to write her. When she reaches her home village that night she sees the doctor's car in front of the inn, and learns that Nicholas Boyd, to whom she is greatly attracted, is ill. Nicholas has fallen from a ladder in the movie to obscurely because of an accident that married his face. George determines to go see him next morning.

CHAPTER 17 LOVELOCK AGAIN

WHEN George got home she went straight to the kitchen to tell Mrs. Lovelock the result of her trip to London. But the kitchen was deserted, and dark save for the red glow of a well-banked-up fire.

"I wonder if any house in the world is as lonely as ours? George sighed as she turned away and went up to her room.

She felt depressed; it seemed so useless having adventures if there was nobody to whom one could relate them; she threw her hat down on the bed, and at the same moment she heard her name called by Mrs. Lovelock from across the landing.

Something was the matter! The girl's heart missed a beat as she ran to obey that call which had sounded somehow weak and pathetic.

"I thought you must be out," George said breathlessly, and then, "Oh, are you ill?"

Mrs. Lovelock lay flat on her back, still wearing the faded cotton frock of the early morning, and her face was drawn and pinched with pain.

"It's here," she gasped, her hand on her side.

"I'll get some brandy," George said. She flew down the stairs and brought a tumbler from the kitchen. She raced up the stairs again, spilling the brandy as she went. Then she slipped so arm beneath Mrs. Lovelock's head and made her swallow a few drops.

"How long have you had the pain?" she asked.

A wry smile crossed the white face.

"How long? Before you went away."

"Have you been alone all afternoon?" George asked.

"Yes. Who do you think would be here?"

She moved restlessly as if in acute pain.

"I'll get the doctor," George said. Mrs. Lovelock's thin lips moved in protest.

"What's the good of a doctor?" she asked.

"What's the good of having a pain when it might be cured," George answered practically.

She went out into the road hatless and ran the short distance to the house of the village doctor. But the doctor was out and George's heart fell.

"But I want him," she said, as if that remark helped matters; "Mrs. Lovelock is ill, and I want him at once."

"The doctor is not at home," was all the satisfaction she received, and then seeing the distress in the girl's eyes, "Maybe you'd catch him at the Boar's Head."

"Oh, thank you," George fled on again, and gave a little sigh of thankfulness when she saw the car was still drawn up at the inn door.

The doctor was in Mrs. Spear's sitting-room; George could hear his voice mingled with the landlady's loud, cheery laugh.

She burst in upon them unceremoniously.

"MRS. LOVELOCK'S ILL," she announced.

The doctor, who possessed the somewhat unfortunate name of Dudd, turned round quickly.

He knew George well, and was one of the very few people in the neighborhood who understood the dearliness of her life and pitied her.

"It'll come at once," he said.

As she went out she cast a quick look towards the staircase that twisted away in spiral fashion to the room above where she knew Nicholas must be. Two people ill in one day! Mrs. Lovelock always said that things happened in threes. She wondered who the next victim would be.

"She seems very ill," she said.

"She's got a bad pain."

"Indigestion I expect," Dr. Dudd said absently; he seldom had anything more serious to diagnose for people like Mrs. Lovelock.

Doctors were not very sympathetic she thought, or perhaps they were so fed up with other people's pains that they no longer cared. She rather liked Dr. Dudd; he had a streak of white hair over his forehead.

head which she found romantic; he had been very kind to her too on several occasions when her uncle had been more obstreperous than usual; she gave a quick sigh of relief when they reached the Hollies.

"I'll go straight up," Dr. Dudd said, and George led the way.

Dr. Dudd bent over the bed, and for a moment there was silence, then he turned to George.

"Run away for a moment."

"I'd like to stay," the girl insisted, but he shook his head.

"Run away, I'll come down and tell you all about it," he promised.

"As if I were a child," George thought resentfully, but she obeyed and went down to her uncle's library, and poked the dying fire into a blaze.

All the sporty home she had tried to screw up her courage to ask the doctor how Nicholas was, but somehow it had been difficult to speak his name; perhaps when he came downstairs she would have more luck. She heard his footsteps and went out into the hall to meet him.

"Is it indigestion?" she asked, and wondered why he seemed to avoid looking at her.

"I'm going to take her along to the hospital," he said.

"Hospital?" George's eyes grew wide with alarm.

"She'll get proper attention there," he promised her. "And she can't be nursed here. I'll call in on my way back and they'll send the ambulance."

"Ambulance!" George gasped.

"For indigestion?"

"I'm afraid it's something a little more serious than indigestion," Dr. Dudd said. "But you need not worry; she'll be all right."

"At the Boar's Head, I think."

They looked at one another for a moment, then the doctor said, "Why didn't you stay in America, George?"

She shook her head dumbly.

"This is not the place for you," he told her.

Why did everyone say that? George wondered.

"It's the only place I've got," she answered.

"Well, well—" he patted her shoulder and turned away. "I'll call in and tell your uncle," he said.

"He won't care," she answered dispiritedly, she followed him to the door.

"Is Mr. Boyd very ill?" she ventured when he was well outside in the dark garden.

"Boyd? Boyd? Oh, no he's not very ill. Trouble with his leg, that's all. Well, I'll be getting along."

She stood looking after him till he had driven away and the night was all quiet again, then she went slowly upstairs to Mrs. Lovelock.

"They're going to take you to the hospital," she said gently. Mrs. Lovelock did not speak or move, and touched with some impulse which she could not explain George took the woman's work-roughened hand in hers. "Is the pain very bad?" she asked, and was horrified to see slow tears creeping from beneath the closed lids.

Lovelock crying! George's own eyes were suddenly wet.

And for the next hour life was like a bad dream; the ambulance which she had hitherto only connected with road accidents, standing at the gate, and two strange men carrying Lovelock away on a stretcher.

"It can't be true," George told herself as she went back into the empty house and closed the door.

She went to the kitchen because it seemed the most cheery spot and knelt down by the fire, shivering a little.

She knew that her uncle would be furious; he hated anything that disturbed the selfish routine of his life; he would rave and what Mrs. Lovelock always called "carry on."

Nelly wouldn't be able to come down for the week-end now; everything would be different—disorganized.

George drew up the high-backed chair with the red cushion in which Mrs. Lovelock always sat and closed her eyes. The silence and the warmth of the fire on her face were soothing; presently she slept.

She was awakened by the crashing of the front door; a crash that seemed to shake the house and which sent her to her feet still half asleep and trembling in every limb.

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GRANGE BACKING TRUCK BILL FOES

SALEM, June 20.—(AP)—Endorsement of the truck owners and farmers' protective association's campaign against the new truck and bus law was contained in a resolution issued here today by the legislative committee of the Oregon state grange.

The resolution, submitted by the transportation committee of the grange and approved by Morton Tompkins, Sam Brown and W. E. Burke of the legislative committee, urges grange members throughout the state to lend their moral support and assist in every way possible in widening the scope and influence of the protective association. Senator Peter Zimmerman also approved the resolution.

Blame for enactment of the truck and bus bill by the last legislature is laid in the resolution to the combined lobbies of the railroads and the large truck and bus operators.

DUCK CONFOUNDS ZOOLOGY SHARPS

NEW ORLEANS, June 20.—(UP)—A mother Muscovy duck in Audubon

park zoo has given zoologists something to wonder about. Building a nest high in the branches of an old oak tree she hatched out her brood. Zoologists declared it was an unprecedented case in all "duck history."

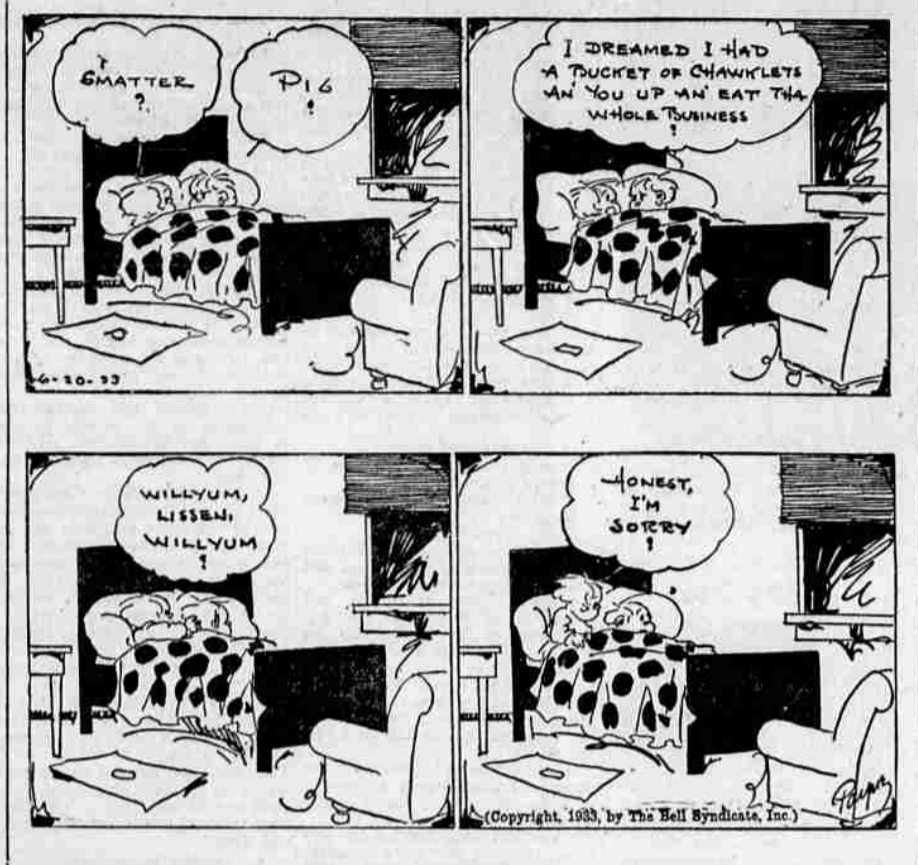
Never before, they said, had they known a duck to nest in a tree, in preference to the usual nest built among reeds on the ground.

When the mother duck was ready to take the little ones to the park pool, she carried the first one down in her bill, park workers said. Then she pushed the other ten out of the nest, rather than carry them down.

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THE NEBBS—All Max's Fault

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



PANTAGES' DAUGHTER IS EXPECTING STORK

HOLLYWOOD, June 20.—(UP)—Mrs. John Considine, Jr., the former Carmen Pantages, is expecting the birth of a child next November, Considine revealed today. He is associate producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. His wife is the daughter of Alexander Pantages, theater magnate. The Considines were married February 14, 1932.

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