



Heart Hungry

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN AUTHOR OF "RASH ROMANCE" © 1930 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

CECILIA ROGERS, having a month of being 18 and just out of high school, sends a long and weary July day looking for a job. Her mother, MARGARET ROGERS, is a widow and employed as a seamstress in a dress shop. They live in Baltimore and the mother's earnings are their only income.

Celia is unsuccessful in her search for work. Mrs. Rogers arrives home with a letter which she conceals from the girl. The letter, signed JOHN MCCHILLA, is an offer to provide Celia with every advantage of education, travel and social position if the mother will give her up. Margaret declares she will never do this.

Celia goes for a drive with BARNEY SHIELDS, a young newspaper photographer who lives next door. Shields kisses the girl and tells her he loves her. They discuss marriage, but agree it must be a long time off. Next day Celia continues her search for work. She goes to the shop where her mother works and learns Mrs. Rogers has been taken ill.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOUR

"WHERE is she—my mother?" Oh, has anything happened? Celia demanded, her voice rising hysterically.

The doctor held up a warning hand. "Quiet!" he insisted. Then, eyeing the girl kindly, went on: "Are you Mrs. Rogers' daughter? She's resting quietly, but you must not disturb her! No cause for alarm. Your mother is suffering from a heat attack—brought on, I should say, by exhaustion.

"Can't—can't I just see her?" the girl begged.

"After awhile."

Dr. Williams turned to one of the women who seemed to be in charge of the fitting room. "There's nothing further I can do," he said. "She's comfortable. Let her rest where she is as long as you can. By 5:30 her daughter can take her home.

What she needs is rest and quiet for a few days—particularly if this hot weather lasts. Ought to stay home tomorrow by all means. Well, I'll be on my way—"

Celia caught the doctor's arm. "Please," she begged, "tell me what's happened!"

Faintly Dr. Williams reviewed what he had said. The intense heat had caused Mrs. Rogers to collapse. Emergency measures had been applied with satisfactory results.

In half an hour Celia could go into the little rest room where her mother lay and could stay with her, provided she promised to be perfectly still and not to talk.

He added instructions for the patient's care that night.

"Just keep her quiet and comfortable," he said. "She'll probably feel weak for some time. Don't let her worry about anything. Of course she'll have to be very careful to avoid hot sunlight the rest of the summer.

Ought not to exert herself in the least during hot weather. You look to me like a pretty good nurse. Take care of her!"

With a smile Dr. Williams departed. He had been called in because his office was just two doors from the dress shop. He had done all that he could for the sick woman.

As he strode into the street the doctor shook his head, muttering something unintelligible, and paused to wipe perspiration from his forehead.

The other women who worked with Mrs. Rogers were sympathetic. They tried to comfort the girl and Mrs. Foster, who really was "Margot" and owned the shop, came in to tell Celia her mother should remain home next day.

FINALLY the half-hour was up. Celia tiptoed down the hallway and peered into the rest room.

Her mother seemed to be sleeping. She looked little and tired and her face was pale as she lay on the low cot. An ice bag covered Margaret Rogers' forehead. Her clothing had been loosened. The breeze from an electric fan swept the room.

Celia crept silently to the only chair and sat down. Her eyes were misted with tears. It was all she could do to keep from kneeling beside the cot and slipping an arm about her mother, begging to be reassured that everything was all right.

It seemed incredible. Celia could not remember when her mother ever had been ill before.

Once Margaret Rogers moved restlessly. Her lips twitched but she did not open her eyes. The slow rise and fall of her chest continued regularly.

The dress shop closed at 5 o'clock, but Mrs. Foster and one of the other women stayed after that. Presently they told Celia that a cab was waiting at the door. They helped her rouse Mrs. Rogers, helped

the woman to rise and get ready to go home.

"Celia!" Mrs. Rogers whispered softly. That was all she said until after they got into the cab and Celia had given the driver the address. Then the mother leaned back against her daughter's arm and gave a long sigh.

"So tired," she murmured. "Glad—you're here, darling."

The driver of the taxicab helped Celia take her mother up the two flights of stairs leading to the flat. He volunteered, as the girl scarcely could have managed alone. The driver was a thick set, red-faced man who by no chance ever would have been taken for a good Samaritan, but he tipped his hat and mumbled something and hurried off down the stairs as soon as he had received his fare.

Lying on the bed before the open window, Margaret Rogers looked up into her daughter's face and managed a wan smile.

"I'm—all right now—dear! See about your dinner—I'm all right!" She refused to be waited upon. Celia pushed the windows as high as possible, brought ice wrapped in towels for her mother's head, but nothing the girl could do could keep the room from feeling like a bake oven.

After Mrs. Rogers closed her eyes and seemed to doze Celia went into the living room. She sank into a chair, fanning herself with a folded newspaper. She was hot, tired and still frightened. The early afternoon seemed years away.

PRESENTLY she arose, found cold food and nibbled it. She had no appetite and soon cleared away the dishes.

At 8 o'clock she heard footsteps on the stairs and knew they were Barney Shields'. Celia hurried into the hall to meet him.

Barney's bright smile flashed at her as he reached the top of the stairs. Immediately he saw something was wrong.

"Oh, Barney," the girl said in a low voice. "I'm glad you've come."

The youth was beside her, his face as grave as hers now.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"What's the matter?"

Celia told him. They stood in the hallway talking in whispers so as not to disturb the woman in the bedroom.

Celia's words came in a flood, interrupted once or twice when tears got the better of her. Emotion, held in check for hours, suddenly gave way.

Barney tried to comfort her.

"But, honey, don't cry! Everything'll be all right tomorrow. I'm sure it will. Cosh, on a hot day like this any one's likely to go to pieces!"

"Oh, but—I don't know—!"

He slipped an arm around the girl and patted her shoulder.

"Your mother'll feel better in the morning," he said reassuringly. "I'm sure of it."

It was good to confide in Barney. He seemed so protective. It was wonderful, too, to see the same tender, worshipful look in his eyes they had held last night.

Celia, remembering, brushed a hand across her misty lashes and smiled back at him.

"That's the girl!" said Barney. "Well, I suppose you don't want me around here any longer?"

She would like to have him stay, Celia admitted, but probably it was best for him to go.

For a moment Barney Shields held her close, touching her lips with a quick kiss. Then he let her go.

"Night, dear," he said, and disappeared down the steps.

Celia Rogers had gone into Margaret's dress shop that eventful day with exciting news. It was afternoon of the following day before she confided this news to her mother.

True to Barney's predictions, Mrs. Rogers awoke the next morning to pronounce herself rested and entirely recovered from the collapse.

A pale face beamed these words and Celia insisted on keeping her mother in bed, bringing her food that was tempting and nourishing and generally indulging her.

"But, how," Margaret Rogers asked shortly after lunch, "did you happen to drop in at the shop yesterday?"

Celia remembered the doctor said there should be no shocks and no excitement. She was cautious.

"Well, I wanted to see you."

"Wanted to see me about what?"

"I wanted to tell you something. It was—I well, I know where I can get a job."

"Celia!" What kind of a job? Why didn't you tell me?" It had really been the most marvelous luck. Celia's eyes grew wide as she talked. It had all happened so suddenly.

She had been on her way to see a prospective employer the day before when she met Sally Roberts on the street. Sally had finished Western the year before and stopped to ask what Celia was doing. As soon as she heard Celia was looking for a job she volunteered to help.

Sally was one of the stenographers in the office of the Ridgeway Contracting Company. One of the other girls in the office was leaving to be married in ten days. No one else had been hired yet to take her place.

"Well—I went right over to see Mr. Porter—he's the man in charge—and Sally told him I had a good record in school. Mr. Porter talked to me a while and then he asked me to take some dictation.

"Thank goodness, I got it right! After that he said I could have the job. Isn't it wonderful? I'm to get \$20 and begin work a week from next Monday!"

Mrs. Rogers agreed that it was wonderful. Her strength seemed to rally with Celia's enthusiasm. Later in the afternoon she insisted upon dressing and even went downstairs for a stroll in the cool of the evening.

"Our luck's changed!" Celia sang out as she was undressing for bed. "You're well again and I have a job and—oh, I feel so happy!"

Barney Shields' name had been on the tip of her tongue when she cut her words short. Celia was not quite ready to tell even her mother about Barney.

Next morning Margaret Rogers insisted upon returning to work as the dress shop. She refused to listen to her daughter's cautions and departed at the usual hour. She went again the next day and the next.

But on that third day, unknown to any of her co-workers, Margaret Rogers visited a doctor's office. The physician gave his ultimatum bluntly.

(To Be Continued)

LONG ILLNESS FATAL FOR MRS. MCCREADY

Funeral Services for City Woman to Be Held Wednesday.

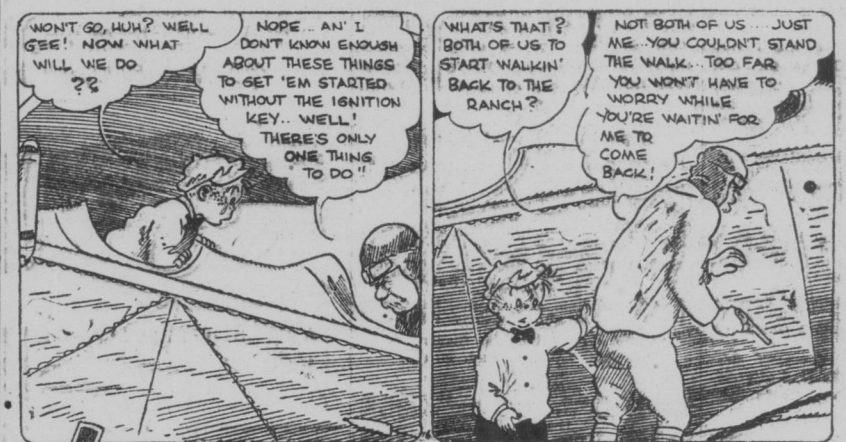
Funeral services for Mrs. Nora Belle McCready, 58, of 47 South Dearborn street, will be held at 2 Wednesday in the Kirby & Dunn funeral parlors, 1901 North Meridian street. The Rev. Samuel Welker will officiate. Burial will be in Crown Hill.

Mrs. McCready died in a local hospital Sunday night, following a protracted illness. She was a lifelong resident of Indianapolis.

Surviving her are four daughters, Mrs. C. B. Casselman, Mrs. C. C. Hendrickson, Mrs. Dan R. Anderson and Mrs. Ted I. Nicholas, all of this city; one son, Stanton W. McCready, Milwaukee, Wis.; the husband, William T. McCready, and two brothers, George A. Carson, North Vernon, Ind., and Joseph Owen Carson, this city.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

