

Forgotten Sweetheart

by MARY RAYMOND

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Bob Weston, son of a millionaire, and Joan Waring, a Memphis girl, are attracted to each other on the train en route to New York. Joan's family is before graduation to assist her family in a film entertainment. But, returning to Memphis in connection with the construction of a southern branch of his father's business.

Bob speaks to Joan but, thinking he is starting a flirtation, she rebuffs him. He is a good boy, she says, but tells a friend, Duke Turner, that he is disgruntled to find her.

Joan's father, Weston, was a member of an aristocratic family and Mrs. Waring had been brought up to enjoy the social position comfortably. Theirs, Pat, who is 18 and has a job as a typist, loves Joan. He is a good boy and plans to escape the privations and monopoly of her mother's life through a marriage.

Joan sees Bob in a tea room but he does not see her. Through Molly Davis, a good girl, Joan is able to get the League benefit entertainment which Bob attends. After the program he is waiting for Joan. Joan is not there. She is with Barbara Courtney, whom he had known in Memphis. Because of this brief encounter he loses Joan again.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THREE (Continued)
He might as well leave, Bob thought. There wasn't a soul he cared about dancing with when the entertainment was finished, and tomorrow would be a stiff day. He would explain to Duke and make his departure quietly.

Suddenly the orchestra broke into the strains of an old favorite, "Roses of Picardy." Bob sat back in his seat.

A slender girl in white, her eyes brushed by an ineffable charm and wistfulness, her dark hair like wings against her cheeks, stepped out on the platform. Bob stared at her, amazed, incredulous.

Then Joan lifted her strong young voice, the clear, sweet notes soaring upward, filling the room. There was a burst of applause as she concluded the number.

"That's my girl, Duke," Bob said.

"Your girl?"

Duke stared. Then he laughed. "What do you know about that! Joan, of course. Funny I couldn't remember her first name. She's the girl I was talking about at the tea shop."

"She was there!"
"You would have seen her when she left, but you were buried in a blueprint."

"It doesn't matter now since I've found her. You said her last name is Warren?"

"Yes," said Duke. "Waring." He pronounced it "Warring." "Nice kid, too."

"Joan Warren," Bob said, laughing softly. "That's not a wonderful enough name for a girl like that. I'll change it!"

Illogically, he was angry with Barbara Courtney. If Barbara hadn't stopped him, he would have reached Joan before she stepped in the elevator. If she had not stopped him, he would be with Joan now—driving, maybe, or watching a picture show, or perhaps they'd be in the living room of her home with an open fire and the lights turned low.

His blueprints were in a case. The small trunk filled with his favorite books—books which had supplied all his need for entertainment during six months in the Azores—but was waiting to be unpacked. But he began undressing. He was tired. The night was flat.

He would find Joan if he had to employ every detective in Memphis to do it.

"I'm getting off my head," he thought. "I'm going to bed and sleep off this sentimental spree."

But the romantic hangover was just as bad.

HE was in high spirits, tremulously excited. He had found her again and she was not only beautiful and sweet but talented as well.

The applause had brought Joan back. She stood quietly for a moment, a smile curving her lips, while the orchestra played the introduction to her encore. She could see Pat in her place, completely at ease with the confidence of the very young and beautiful.

And then Joan's eyes met the smiling gray eyes of the young man not far away. Her voice rose again, happily, in the opening strain of the song.

Again the audience applauded enthusiastically, but Joan left the stage. Bob hurried to the door, scanning the fashionably dressed women and girls as they thronged through. The mezzanine floor was suddenly swarming. He caught a glimpse of Duke, grinning.

Duke came nearer. "Well, Mr. Doorkeeper, what luck?"

"She's still inside. Hasn't come through."

"There's another door."

Bob turned, startled. It was then he saw Joan. She was standing in a small group and the blond girl he had seen at the train was with her. Duke followed his eyes. "Well, you won't need me around, I guess. See you soon, Bob."

"Thanks, Duke. I enjoyed the show."

The mezzanine still milled with groups, groups gathering, girls who had appeared on the program being stopped by admiring friends.

"I loved your number—and I thought the costumes were the cleverest." Bob, standing alone near the balcony rail, heard it over and over again.

And then he saw the circle about Joan break. She and the blond girl turned, making their way toward the elevator. He started in pursuit, almost running over a pretty girl who stepped into his path.

"Bob Weston!" She barred his way.

"Barbara! Wait one moment, will you? I'll be back."

He dashed for the elevator and reached it just as the door slammed and the lift dropped downward.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE hotel lobby was filled with people when Bob reached it, but the girl he sought was not there. She was not in front of the hotel or at the side entrance, search revealed. He felt sick with disappointment.

But, he told himself, she would not be hard to find now. She had a glorious voice. She sang at entertainments. And her name was Joan Warren. Well, the night had yielded something.

Barbara Courtney was waiting when he returned. "Don't bother to explain, Bob," she said. "I suppose I had a telegram to tell you or somebody called you to the phone or your bootlegger was waiting."

"Three bad guesses. Shall I explain?"

"Don't bother. I'm so terribly glad to see you it doesn't matter."

That was one of the nice things about Barbara. She never made things difficult.

"But I am hurt because you didn't call me when you first got here! I called and called and couldn't get you," she went on.

"I planned to call you soon. I've been busy working on plans for the textile plant—"

"But you'll play around some, Bob. What about tomorrow night?"

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE APE MAN



When Tarzan swung out of sight, the she-ape decided to return. She went through the pattering, greeting ceremonial that Tarzan and herself had given each other. Half-dead with fright, Jean returned the pats. Then, with a look of sentimental devotion, the she-ape squatted down beside the girl.

The ape clambered up the tree. When she reached the trembling girl, she went through the pattering, greeting ceremonial that Tarzan and herself had given each other. Half-dead with fright, Jean returned the pats. Then, with a look of sentimental devotion, the she-ape squatted down beside the girl.

Meantime, some distance away, several bucks were feeding. As Tarzan came quietly swinging in their direction, they flung their heads up, sniffed and began trotting back and forth nervously and uncertainly. Now, in the branches above them, Tarzan crouched, knife in hand, ready for his spring.

See Page 2 for News of the Season's Most Exciting COAT SALE—Downstairs at Ayres!

