

Forgotten Sweetheart

By MARY RAYMOND

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BOB WESTON, son of a millionaire, comes to Marion to find a girl to build a new textile plant. Bob tries to find a pretty girl he saw on the train and asks her to go to the Marion League benefit. The girl is JOAN WARING, member of an impoverished family. Joan's mother longs for her daughters to have the social position rightfully theirs.

Bob has left college before graduation to assist his father in his business. PAT is his best friend. Pat loves pleasure and pretty girls and plans to escape to live in a big city.

Pat meets JERRY FORRESTER, son of her employer. She has a date with him and it is late when they return. Joan wants to go to see Jerry kiss her. Joan remonstrates with Pat who resents this interference. "I've had a good time, Pat, I mean to have more of them," Pat says.

BARBARA COURTEEN, whom Bob had met in the park, invites him to dinner at her home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

What was the matter with her that Dick's obvious devotion should leave her cold? While he talked of plans for the future — hinting somehow that Joan was bound up in them — her thoughts were far away. Thinking of a train trip, thinking of last night, wondering, hoping.

Dick didn't notice Joan's abstraction. He thought she was a perfect audience, exactly the sort of a girl a successful physician should have for a wife.

JOAN had been in bed more than an hour when she heard a car stop in front of the house. That meant Pat was home.

But the minutes dragged and Pat failed to appear. Finally, Joan went into the hall. The light downstairs had been left burning, and from where she stood she could see the two below clearly. Pat's laughing face in its frame of golden hair was lifted to meet the gaze of the young man.

Suddenly Joan saw the man's arm go around Pat, pulling her close, and they kissed.

Joan flew to her room, her face burning. Pat kissing a man who was little more than a stranger! It was cheap!

"I'll have to talk to Pat," she thought miserably.

Pat came up the stairs, humming gaily. "Oh, you're awake, Joan," she said, staring resentfully at the slim figure sitting upright in bed.

"I was worried, Pat."

"Look here, Joan! I won't have you sitting up worrying about me. I've gotten along three years without you and I won't have you telling me what to do now."

"Pat, let's not quarrel."

"Well, then, get this straight. I've had a wonderful time tonight and I'm going to have some more of them!"

CHAPTER FIVE

PAT was living in a whirl of gayety these days, going somewhere with Jerry Forrester almost every night.

But for Joan the time passed uneventfully. The carefree life at Holbrook Hall was fast becoming a distant memory.

Nowadays she spent her time trying to lessen the housekeeping burden for her mother, fixing dainty trays to tempt Benny's flagging appetite, reading aloud to him, taking him for spins on bright days.

Benny selected the drives and once they drove past the big stone house where Jerry Forrester lived. "Pretty soft for Pat's fellow," Benny had said, staring at the ornate home. Even Benny was impressed!

Joan thought there was something pathetic about her mother's eagerness to believe Jerry's interest in her younger daughter was genuine!

Mother could remember days in the nineties when Forrester's was just a tiny place and Mrs. Forrester was the only clerk. But money made such a difference with Mother. Perhaps it was because life had been terribly hard for her.

Then there was Bill, saying jovially when the night telephone call brought Pat flying, "Now talk your hour!"

What was the matter with Bill and Mother and even Benny?

Joan felt a little sick but tried to hide her feelings and her dislike of the man she had dubbed privately "spoiled playboy."

She passed him on Union avenue one afternoon so engrossed in the flashily dressed girl with him that he failed to see her. Joan did not tell Pat about this. Pat was so gay and happy. Joan hadn't the heart to dim that radiance.

PERHAPS Jerry Forrester really was more decent than she believed. He might be merely sophisticated and not a philanderer, after all.

"I've said less than half a dozen words to him at any time," Joan thought honestly.

"I'm afraid we misjudged that young man," Mrs. Waring said one day. "He seems very nice and he's evidently in love with Pat. He must be to spend all his time with her!"

She waited a moment. Then, as Joan did not reply, she continued. "Perhaps he isn't the type we would have selected for Pat. But she likes pretty things and comforts, and it would be nice for her to marry a rich man."

"I hate rich men," Joan flared out suddenly. "Nearly always they're spoiled. You know, Mother, men who have to work for what they get are finer and more dependable. I'd rather marry a poor man."

"I always thought you and Dick would marry some day," said her mother.

"Silly!" Joan said, smiling. "No, you didn't. Mother. You only hope we will."

She added after a moment, "Dick's a dear and life with him would always be comfortable and easy. But I don't know that I want an easy, comfortable life."

She answered her mother's amazed look. "I mean, Mother, I want something more than that."

(To Be Continued)

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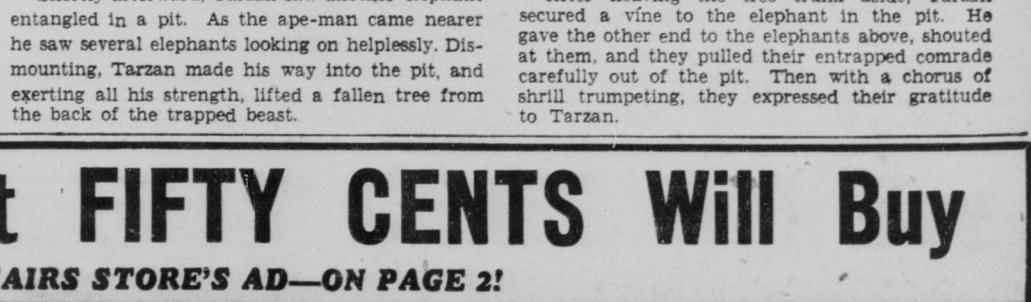
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TURN NOW TO AYRES' DOWNSTAIRS STORE'S AD—ON PAGE 2!

As Tarzan was about to spring upon the bucks, the loud trumpeting of an elephant broke the jungle's stillness. The ape-man started and looked off to one side. He craned his neck and recognized something in the distance. He slid down the tree while the bucks beneath sprang nimbly away.

Some little distance away, in the brush, a huge elephant was trumpeting shrilly. Alighting on the ground, Tarzan quickly ran to the pachyderm, who made the ape-man understand that one of his tribe was in trouble. He lifted Tarzan to his back, wheeled and made off through the jungle.

Shortly afterward, Tarzan saw another elephant entangled in a pit. As the ape-man came nearer he saw several elephants looking on helplessly. Dismounting, Tarzan made his way into the pit, and exerting all his strength, lifted a fallen tree from the back of the trapped beast.

After heaving the tree trunk aside, Tarzan secured a vine to the elephant in the pit. He gave the other end to the elephants above, shouted at them, and they pulled their entrapped comrade carefully out of the pit. Then with a chorus shrill trumpeting, they expressed their gratitude to Tarzan.