

Forgotten Sweetheart

by MARY RAYMOND

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BOB WESTON, son of a millionaire,
has come to town to court JOAN, the
pretty Memphis girl. Bob has come to
Memphis in connection with a textile
plant under construction for his father's
company.

BARBARA COURTEEN, a society girl,
is about to be married to a man named
PAT. Joan, younger sister, is infatuated
with JERRY FORESTER, son of a
millionaire. Jerry, however, is not
interested in Joan. Joan and Jerry
have a secret meeting at a bridge club.
Barbara draws Joan into a bridge game
at the club. Joan and Jerry, however,
are not among the experienced players.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE (Continued)

Barbara is in a low voice, "You
are crazy about her, aren't you?"
She did not pause for his answer,
but continued, "I can't help being
sorry. Bob. Don't ask me why. But
I'll try to believe she is all you say
she is. I think she is terribly at-
tractive!"

Bob decided that was rather gen-
erous, this frank acknowledgement of
the charms of Joan's charms. He reached over
and squeezed her hand.

Everybody slept late next morn-
ing, straggling down in relays to be
served broiled ham, hot waffles
with drawing butter, eggs and coffee.

Later, Joan joined a group for
tennis. It was a game in which
she had always excelled. But Bob
was not there to witness her gallant
fight and triumph, climaxed by
Jim's, "Hot stuff! you're the best
girl player I've seen in a long time!"

The game scarcely had begun
when Barbara, a spectator, decided
she must rush off to Greenville for
some shopping, and Bob was cor-
ralled to take her.

In the afternoon, bridge four-
somes were formed. "Do you play?"
Barbara asked Joan.

"Not very well."

A FEW minutes later Barbara
called from across the room, "Fred
and I will take you and Bob
on, Joan."

Jean sat down with a feeling of
panic. She had played contract
only a few times at school, and only
with girls who, like herself, did not
take bridge seriously.

At school, a casual game of bridge
had been diverting when there was
nothing better to do. Whether one
won or lost made no difference.

But soon she saw there was a dif-
ference here. Barbara spread the
deck out for a cut, and Joan drew
the king of hearts.

"You win. It's your deal," Barbara
said.

Joan started to deal. Barbara
laughed. "You forgot to let Fred
cut them."

Jean flushed. "I'm sorry," she
gathered up the cards again hur-
riedly.

On the first hand, Joan realized
how insufficient was her bridge
knowledge. Bob made a two-spade
bid, and Barbara passed. Joan, hav-
ing only one spade and no biddable
suit, as she thought, passed also.
Bob got the bid at two spades.

"Great Scott! That was a two
spade bid, Joan," he exclaimed when
Joan laid down her hand. "We
could easily have made game at
something."

Barbara's eyes glinted. "That's
a lucky break for us, Fred," she
said.

Bob made four on the hand. He
wrote down the score grimly. "Two
extra tricks," he said. Barbara
laughed again.

"I'm afraid I don't know much
about bidding," Joan said in a low
tone.

She was very nervous now. As
the game progressed she realized
how little she did know. One bad
play followed another. They missed
several bians by her failure to bid
correctly. At one time she even re-
voked at a critical period.

"Rather careless, Joan," Bob said.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
JOAN was determined not to show
her embarrassment, trying to
think sensibly, conscious of her
strained voice and stiff smile.

Queer how anything so unimpor-
tant as a bridge game could seem
so terribly important, as though it
might affect the rest of one's life.

She wished he had refused to
play. She never would have al-
lowed herself to be drawn into a
tennis game, knowing she was a
poor player, or gone to a dance if
she danced badly.

Barbara was playing an unusual-
ly good game. She seemed to make
impossible contracts by some psy-
chic bid or lucky play. Twice Bob

praised her with a brief, "Good
work, Barbara!"

The second rubber ended. Barbara
suggested another rubber, since
she and Fred were winners.

"I'm afraid we're not lucky to-
day," Bob said. "How much do we
owe you?"

"It's a 30 ruber. That's \$1.50 each.
We'll have to take you and Joan on
again."

Joan was thinking passionately;
"Never again with me!" She felt
sick, bruised, as though she had
been beaten.

On the way upstairs to get her
purse she passed the table where
Jim was playing with Enid, Charlie
and Carol.

"How'd you come out?" Jim
asked.

"We lost," said Joan.

"You'll always lose to Barbara,"
Jim said dryly. "She knows her
game."

Yes, Joan admitted to herself.
She would always lose to Barbara.

"Bridge is a fool pastime, but I'll
teach you more about it if you'd
care to learn," Jim said. "I'm
cutting out of the game after this
rubber. If you like I'll give you a
lesson."

Joan accepted. She was grateful
to him. She felt easy and natural
with him.

"Jim's going to give Joan les-
sons," Barbara said.

"Jim knows lots of games," Fred
agreed. "Wine women and song.
The line was written about that
fellow."

"Better warn your friend, Bob,"
said Barbara. "She seems to be
falling for Jim's line."

Bob said nothing. He was thor-
oughly annoyed. He had been so
proud to bring Joan here but some-
thing certainly had gone wrong.

Joan didn't seem to be the same
girl he had known in Memphis at
all.

"Not very well."

UPSTAIRS they were dressing
for dinner. Joan, looking
through her meager wardrobe, in-
spected Pat's red chiffon, loaned
for the house party.

She had brought, also, the white
dress she had worn the night she
sang at the Junior League benefit.
Joan finally decided on the white.
It was simpler but smarter than the
chiffon.

She slipped into the dress, dusted
clean skin with powder and added
more rouge than usual to her lips.
In the mirror she saw Barbara
watching her. Their eyes met and
held.

"Why," Joan thought, with a flash
of intuition. "She's afraid of me!"

Barbara was wearing a black
frock with a cape of gold sequins.
She was a picture of sophistication
with her highly colored finger nails
and smooth, perfectly waved hair.
No detail of her toilet had been
overlooked.

"We are like two fighters gird-
ing for battle," Joan thought.
There was a touch of high comedy
about it all. She studied her re-
flection for a moment, then un-
clasped the antique necklace that
had been her grandmother's, lifted
it from her slender throat and laid
it aside.

"Oh, Barbara, that dress is grot-
tesque!" cried Sally from the door-
way.

Barbara's cut for more scalps.
As if the blond scalp she's flaunting
shouldn't be enough for any
girl!" said Coral. "Shades of Helen
of Troy, Cleopatra and the Queen
of Sheba."

"The girl has glamour," said
Sally.

"Joan, you're lovely," Carol said.
"I like your pale look. It's myster-
ious and alluring."

Bob was in the hall when the
four girls descended. The sight of
Joan stirred him. There was some-
thing forbidding about her, despite
the gallant set to her head and shoul-
ders. He thought she looked beau-
tiful and a trifle sad.

"Hello," he said to Joan.

"Hello." Her voice was not quite
steady, husky.

"Will you go in to dinner with
me?" What he wanted to say was,
"What's happened, Joan? You've
had me on pins and needles."

"Why, of course," Joan told him.

"We're all here," he said.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
JOAN was determined not to show
her embarrassment, trying to
think sensibly, conscious of her
strained voice and stiff smile.

Queer how anything so unimpor-
tant as a bridge game could seem
so terribly important, as though it
might affect the rest of one's life.

She wished he had refused to
play. She never would have al-
lowed herself to be drawn into a
tennis game, knowing she was a
poor player, or gone to a dance if
she danced badly.

Barbara was playing an unusual-
ly good game. She seemed to make
impossible contracts by some psy-
chic bid or lucky play. Twice Bob

(To Be Continued)

- THIS CURIOUS WORLD -



BLIND SNAKES, FOUND IN TROPICAL AMERICA, AFRICA, AND ASIA, NEVER GROW MORE THAN A FEW INCHES IN LENGTH.

DINOSAUR TRACK (CAST) FROM CRETACEOUS ROCKS PEAK RIVER CANYON, B.C. IT IS CAST FROM A DINOSAUR FOOTPRINT!

A BIRD BATH, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF CANADA, AT OTTAWA, WAS DESIGNED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO! IT IS CAST FROM A DINOSAUR FOOTPRINT!

NEXT—Why do the seasons come earlier each year?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

-By Ahern



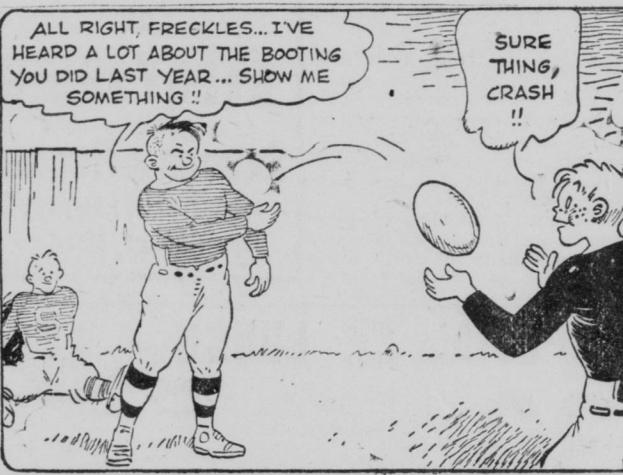
OUT OUR WAY

-By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

-By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

-By Crane



ALLEY OOP

-By Hamlin



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

-By Martin



TARZAN THE APE MAN

-By Edgar Rice Burroughs

