

# Forgotten Sweetheart

by MARY RAYMOND

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
BOB WESTON, son of a millionaire, has fallen in love with JOAN WARRING, a pretty Memphis girl. Bob had come to Memphis in connection with a textile plant under construction for his father's company.  
BARBARA COURTNEY, a society girl, is scheming to win him away from Joan. PAT, Joan's cousin and a playboy, is in love with JERRY FORRESTER, son of her employer. MRS. WARRING, hopeful that her two daughters will marry well, and escape the drudgery that has been her lot, lends every effort to give her daughters advantages.  
Joan is invited to a house party through Barbara's efforts. Barbara realizes Joan will be in at ease among so many strangers and will therefore appear at a disadvantage before Bob. Joan, offended by Bob's snub, plays into Barbara's hands by driving to a barbecue supper with Jim WARRFIELD. Barbara draws Joan into a bridge game after discovering that she is a novice and Joan, as Bob's partner, shows up badly among the experienced players.

**CHAPTER TWELVE (Continued)**  
Barbara said 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 attractive!"  
Bob decided that was rather generous, this frank acknowledgement of Joan's charms. He reached over and squeezed her hand.  
Everybody slept late next morning, straggling down in relays to be served broiled ham, hot waffles with drawn 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 consoled to take her.  
In the afternoon, bridge foursome 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."  
Joan 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 difference 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."  
Joan flushed. "I'm sorry," she gathered up the cards again hurriedly.  
On the first hand, Joan realized how insufficient was her bridge knowledge. Bob made a two-spade bid, and Barbara passed. Joan, having 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 demand, 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 slams by her failure to bid correctly. At one time she even revoked 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 unimportant as a bridge game could seem so terribly important, as though it might affect the rest of one's life.  
She wished she had refused to play. She never would have allowed 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 unusually good game. She seemed to make impossible contracts by some psychic bid or lucky play. Twice Bob

(To Be Continued)

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Punta Arenas, located in the southern end of the long, drawn-out country of Chile, is about 54 degrees south of the equator. Hammerfest, Norway, has the distinction of being the northernmost city of the world.

**NEXT—Why do the seasons come earlier each year?**

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



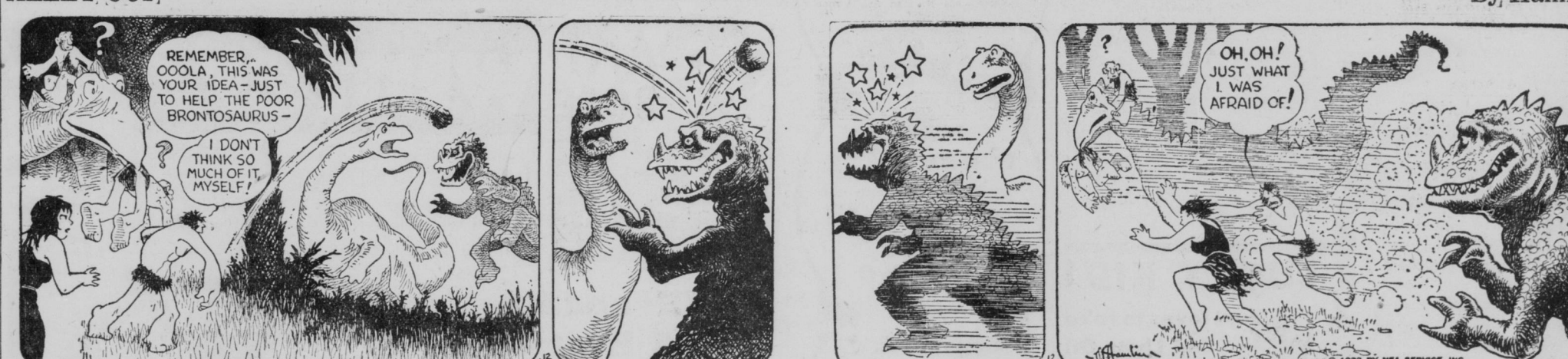
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