

Forgotten Sweetheart

by Mary Raymond

BEGIN HERE TODAY
JOAN WARING, pretty girl of a New York millionaire, meet in Memphis and fall in love. The romance proceeds happily until Joan and Bob, invited to a house party through the scheming of BARBARA COURTEEN, are trying to win the favor of Bob. Joan and Bob become estranged.

Meanwhile, PAT WARING, Joan's young lover, is in an automobile accident and JERRY FORRESTER, her escort, is killed. The car goes off the road house and that Jerry had been drinking appears in newspapers. Bob's father learns about the accident and asks Bob to give up Joan.

Pat runs away to New York, Joan follows and begins to seek for a job which will enable her to remain in New York. She engages to sing at a night club owned by BARNIE LACE, who proves a steadfast friend.

Pat is hired as a model in a large window display. She writes to her mother but does not give her address. At the close of working hours one afternoon, Pat goes to the manager's office to report to the manager's office.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO (Continued)

THE first morning when Pat was introduced to her work as a model in the large wholesale house, a girl named Jane Johnson prophesied, "You'll like wearing good clothes—and you'll get used to them."

One month later Pat knew what Jane meant. When she slipped carelessly into an exquisite evening gown of white lace with pink rosebuds on the bodice she enjoyed the touch of the fragile fabric, the artful lines, the flattering way in which the dress clung to her figure. Yes, it was easy to learn to like beautiful clothes.

Jane, who had worked her way up to a supervisory position, put her head in the door. "There's a gang of buyers waiting to see those evening gowns. More girls, girls!"

Lauren was modeling a green satin Vionnet. Jessie's white chiffon was a copy of a Chanel. Ruth wore black velvet and Mabel, the other girl, a coral crepe. Pat, already dressed, stood watching the others. Lauren was grumbling. "This thing fits me like the paper on the wall. It's back to the orange juice diet for me, or I'll be out of a job! And how I hate orange juice!"

Ruth said, "Never mind, honey. They say the Mae West figure's going to be the rage and then you can have all the steak dinners and French pastry you want."

"All right, Jessie," Jane said from the door.

Jessie, with one slender wrist crooked against her hip in the imitable manner that was the envy and despair of some of the others, moved into the big room where the buyers were gathered.

Mabel, looking like a glowing flame in the coral dress, was next. It was Mabel who whispered to Pat when she returned. "The boss is all a-twitter! Some of his best buyers are in there—old Fossback from Indianapolis, Larry Brentford from Milwaukee and a man from Dallas. The rest are small fry who don't matter so much."

PAT, her golden curls caught back, looked young and graceful with the roses of her corsage matching color in her soft, curved lips.

Slowly she entered the big room, prepared before the men and women buyers. As she moved over the thick carpet, past the large, comfortable chairs, she became conscious of the admiring gaze of one man.

It made Pat nervous—the half smile on the lips of the stockily-built man. It was almost a deliberate stare. He was carefully dressed, his thinning hair brushed until every hair lay smoothly in place. He sat forward in his seat, one hand gripping his cane, devouring Pat with his eyes.

She did not know why she disliked him so much or why she found his appraisal so disconcerting. After all, she was there to be looked at. She sighed with relief, however, when she was back in the dressing room.

She had slipped into her street clothes and was tucking her curls under a white knitted hat when Jane came in.

"They want you in the manager's office," Jane said, adding kindly, "I'm sure it's nothing to worry about."

"What in the world can the manager want with me?" Pat asked.

Jane did not answer and Pat opened the door. Her heart was beating nervously. Then she stifled her fears. What could there be to worry about?

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

IT was a little before 10 o'clock that evening when Lois Clayton, who shared the tiny apartment with Pat, heard the latch key in the hall door. Pat entered, her eyes shining queerly, her cheeks flushed.

"Why, Pat!" Lois' voice was amazed. "What are you doing back so early?"

"I walked out on the old duck," Pat said.

"Walked out on him?" Lois gasped. "Oh, Pat!"

"That's what I said."

"You'll probably be fired."

"I thought of that, too."

"Good heavens, Pat," Lois said soberly, "couldn't you have stayed just an hour or so longer?"

"No," Pat said. "I couldn't. Not for a hundred jobs. He got fresh."

Her face flamed suddenly.

"Oh, Lois, he tried to kiss me in the taxi! He called me 'girlie' and thought I was stalking when I pulled away."

"The old sap!" said Lois. "But you don't find a new job every day."

Pat was silent. There was something she couldn't tell Lois. About the taxi stopping in front of a speakeasy.

She couldn't say "Once I tried being a good sport, Lois," because then she would have to explain about Jerry and the tragic climax to that night.

Tonight had been an opportunity to justify herself, though she had not analyzed it in that way. "I couldn't have looked myself in the face if I'd gone to a place like that to save my job," Pat thought.

"What in the world did you do?" Lois queried.

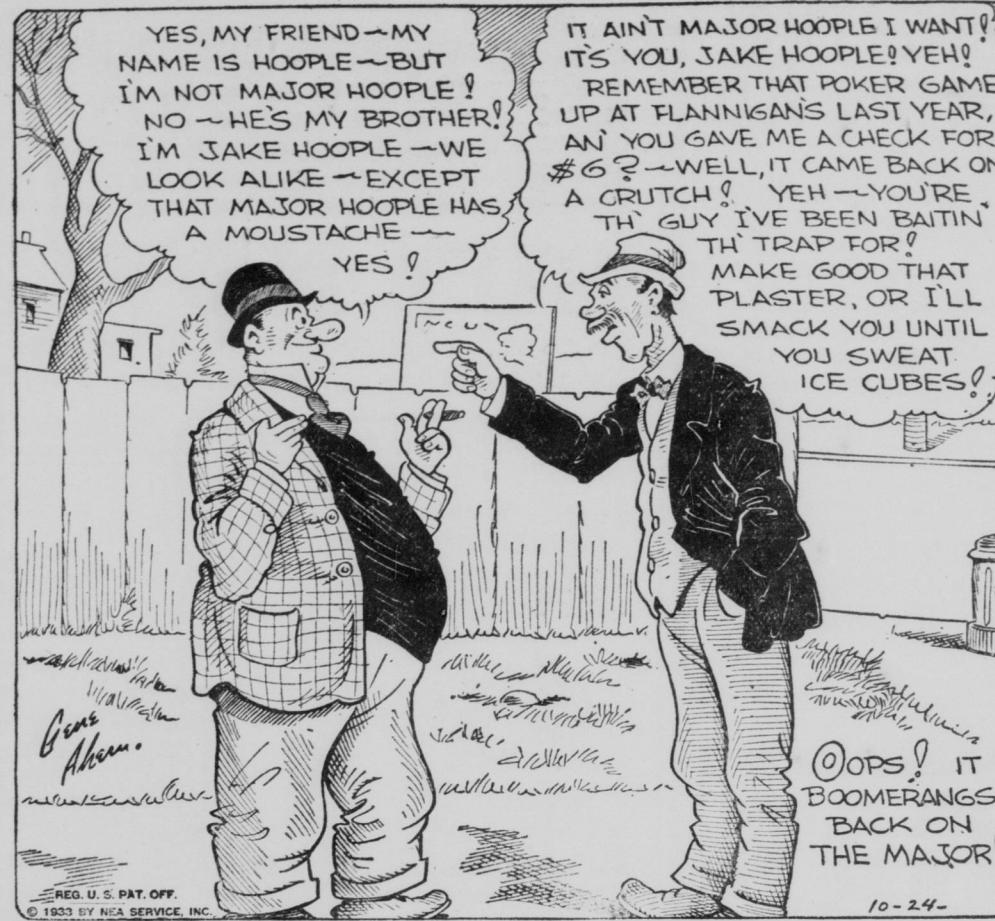
Pat laughed. "Well, when he stepped out of the taxi to the sidewalk I made up my mind I wouldn't get out. I slammed the door and said to the driver, Drive on, please."

"THE kid has spirit," Barney had said sympathetically. He had accompanied Joan to a model exchange to see if they could find any trace of Pat. There was always the chance, Barney said, that Pat might be using an assumed name. But Joan thought not. She was sure it would never occur to matter-of-fact Pat to resort to such tricks.

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBES II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE APE MAN



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Hamlin



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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