

# Forgotten Sweetheart

by MARY RAYMOND

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
JOAN WARING, pretty Memphis girl, and BOB WESTON, son of a New York millionaire, meet in Memphis and fall in love. The romance develops rapidly until Joan and Bob are invited to a house party through the scheming of BARBARA COLUMBY, who is trying to win Bob for herself. Joan and Bob become estranged.  
Meanwhile PAT WARING, Joan's younger sister, is in a similar situation. She is killed. The fact that they were once from a road house and that Jerry had been drinking appears in newspaper. Bob's father hears about the accident and asks Bob to give up Joan. Pat runs away to New York. Joan follows and begins a search for her sister and also for a job which will enable her to remain in New York. She is engaged to him at a night club owned by BARNEY BLAKE, who proves a steady fast friend.  
Pat is hired as a model in a large wholesale house. She writes to her mother but does not give her address. At the close of working hours she receives word to report to the manager's office.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO (Continued)**

**T**he 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. What she slipped carelessly into an exquisite evening gown of white lace with pink ribbons 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. Pat turned the price tag thoughtfully in her hand. 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 speed, girls!"

Laureen 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 inimitable 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-titter! Some of his best buyers are in there—old Fosdick 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, paraded 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**

**I**t 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 stalling 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.

**"ANYWAY,"** Pat said, "I'm glad I did it."

She was slipping out of her clothes. In her sleeveless gown, her blond curls loosened, she sat on the edge of the bed. "What business had the manager to fix a date up for me, anyway?"

"Why didn't you beg off, then? You might have said your fiancé was in town. Or that you were sick."

"Tried it," Pat said grimly, "but it didn't work. I had a feeling something was up when I walked into that office and saw this old fellow waiting in the next room. So I said to Mr. Livingston, 'I hope everything was all right this afternoon. If anything was wrong, you'll have to excuse me because I've been feeling ill all day.'"

"I call that smooth," Lois said. "Well, he just smiled, Louis, and said, 'I didn't notice anything wrong. I thought you looked swell in the white evening dress. Mr. Brentford, one of our best customers, thought so, too.'"

Then he went on about how he was sure I was going to prove myself a valuable employee and before long he'd have to speak to the cashier about a little raise. And some more hokum about expecting co-operation from the employees and how we were all like one big family.

Then he said this Brentford wanted to run out for dinner and a show and he knew he could count on me to entertain such a good friend of the firm for a few hours.

"Smooth," too," said Lois. "And then he dated you up with the old gink. Maybe this Brentford's a good scout, after all, and won't tell. Maybe he's so vain he'll be ashamed to tell your boss he didn't make a hit with you."

"Maybe." But Pat's tone was doubtful.

Nothing unusual happened during the next morning. Pat became more hopeful as the customary routine progressed. Lunch hour came and still there were no signs of a storm brewing. But a little later Jane drew Pat to one side. The look on her face warned that trouble was on the way.

**"WHAT** happened last night?"

Jane asked.

"I couldn't go through with it."

"There wasn't any reason for you to get the jitters. Lots of girls have let Tony Brentford pay for a swell dinner for them. When he found they weren't ambitious, that was all there was to it. All Mr. Livingston expects is tact, so there'll be no hard feelings."

"Break the bad news," Pat said abruptly.

"Well, you cost the firm a nice order. And nice orders aren't picked up very often these days. Brentford canceled everything. You haven't a chance to stay. Anything in sight?"

Pat shook her head. "Only Mulligan stew for awhile."

"I'm sorry, Pat." Admiration and pity were mingled in Jane's eyes. "Mr. Livingston told me to ask you to stop by the cashier's desk this afternoon."

"Thanks, Jane."

Well, that was that. At 5, Pat got her envelope. Inside were several crisp bills, her salary to date, and a brief memorandum attached: "After today your services will not be needed."

Pat read it with a very little smile about her mouth, reached up to pull her small hat to a more nonchalant angle, and bravely walked out of the building.

She would have to find a cheaper place to live at once. Lois could get some one else to come in to the apartment. And Pat would have to find a job.

She located the cheaper place without trouble—a fairly large room with a cubby-hole and gas plate where she could prepare her meals. The two windows would be a comfort and compensate for many other defects and deficiencies, Pat decided. There were faded curtains at the windows, a faded rug and mismatched furniture, but the place was clean and it was at the heart of the building. That was desirable because it made it quieter.

**"NOT** nervous, are you Joan?"

Backstage, Barney was smiling down at her.

"Just a little," Joan confessed.

"No need. You'll go over all right." He was smiling, pleased with her appearance, confident, already savoring success. He reached forward, caught her hands in his and patted them reassuringly.

They were Barney and Joan now. In the week, acquaintance had ripened into an almost unbelievable friendship.

Barney had taken the initiative, saying simply, "I'm going to call you Joan. It would be foolish to call you Miss Waring when I feel I know you better than any girl I've ever met."

And then with the same directness, he had said, "You'll call me Barney, too, won't you?" Joan, to her amazement, had found it surprisingly easy.

Barney was simply irresistible. He was genuine, Joan realized. And fineness and honesty were coupled with a strong, personal magnetism. She was more attracted to him than she had been to any man in a long while.

There had been several dinners at a charming English style inn, tucked away along the country-side, not far from Greenwich. And two long drives through green hills with sudden glimpses of blue lakes.

They had been friends from the beginning, and Joan knew she was happier because of it. Barney liked her. She liked him. That was enough. His interest, his devotion, if she were honest, was spicing the days for her and had become an anchor in the great city where she had been so unutterably lonely.

She had told Barney about Pat—little, lost Pat, who was working as a model here in New York, with some queer idea of working out her own problems unaided. She had told him of the tragic accident that had sent Pat heart sick and bewildered, out into the world.

**"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)**

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