# Jorgotten Sweetheart

## by Mary Raymond

WESTON, and of a mil-mean and JOAN WARING, a lo girl, are attracted to there on the train, on route spins. Joan has left college pradoution to assist her in a financial emergency coming to Memphis in con-with the construction of a the branch of his father's

neuthern branch of his fathers wills. Bub apeaks to Joan but, thisk-ing he is starting a flictation, sh-results his. He losse sight of her at the station bot fells -friend, DUKE TURNER, that he determined to find her. State of an arisiocratic family and MRS. WARING longs for her family the social pool-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is and han a job as a typisi-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is and han a job as a typisi-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is and han a job as a typisi-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is and han a job as a typisi-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is and han a job as a typisi-tion rightfully theirs. FAT, who is a start and the social pool-tion rightfully theirs. The typi-state of the social pool-tion of the social pool-before socie are her. The her MOLLY DAVIS, a society girl, barred by DARBARA COURT-Menting for Jean when his path waiting for Jean when his path waiting for Jean when his path waiting the loses Joan again. NOW GO OX WITH FILE STORT

THE botel lobby was filled with

people when Bob reached R. but the girl he sought was not re. She was not in front of the hotel or at the side entrance rch revealed. He felt aick with

But, he told himself, she would not be hard to find now. She had a glorious voice. She sang at ennents. And her name was Joan Warren. Well, the night had yielded something.

Barbara Courtney was waiting when he returned. "Don't bother to explain, Bob," she said. "I supse you had a telegram to send or somebody called you to the phone or your bootlegger was waiting." "Three bad guesses. Shall I ex-plain?"

"Don't bother. Im so terribly glad to see you it doesn't matter." That was one of the nice things out Barbara. She never made

things difficult. "But I am hurt because you idn't call me when you first got didn't call me when you first got here! I called and called and couldn't set you," abe went on. "I planned to call you soon. I've been busy working on plans for the textile plant..." "But you'll play around some, Bob. What about tomorrow might? Some of us are going to the club for dinner and then to the Silver Silpper later." He heeitated. "I'm really frightfully busy. I've a bunch of bluoprints to check tomorrow." "Please, Bob! It's going to be

"Please, Bob! It's going to be an awfully nice party." "All right then. I really wanted to

ed to-" "It's settled! And will you pick me up. Bob? I'm going to break a date for you." It was hard to refuse Barbara. She was a nice kid and he'd rather liked her the summer they were on the same house party in Maine. His father had met her, too, when she came to New York and thought she was A-1. W/HEN Barbara had gone he

WHEN Barbara had gone he WHEN Barbara had gone he Went to his room and studied the list of Warrens in the tele-phone directory. Well, there was nothing else to do. He would go through the list systematically. Haif way through, some time later, he thought he detected an amused note in the operator's voice. He crimsoned, but went doggedly on. Some of the War-

rens were out. He made pencil notations of these. "May I speak to Joan, please?" About the twelfth time he asked at a voice said pleasantly, "Just moment."

The mood persisted and Joan in such a mood was as nice to have about as an ice pack on a cold, damp day, according to Pat. It was three days later. Pat had received a \$5 a month raise and her elation was somewhat damp-ened by Joan's lack of enthusiasm. "Of course I'm slad darling." "Of course I'm glad, darling." Joan said. "I think it's wonder-

tal." "You seem shrilled all right!" retorted Pat. Shu was lying on the davenport and reached for the magazine she had discarded. "Anyhow," she went on, "it's un-sual in these times to get any sind of raise. Jerry said so." "Jerry ?" queried her mother.

"His family own the business. He's swell."

"Don't say 'swell," reproved her mother. "It doesn't sound nice. How long have you known the young man?"

"Oh, several weeks," Pat said carelessly.

"Ob, several weeks." Pat said rarelessly. The doorbell rang a few min-step later and Pat flew to it. She rame back with color high in her checks. "Joan, lend me your rouge and lipstick. Hurry! I can't find mine." "What are you organizing for?" "Bill, who had just entered the room, asked. "Tm going to a fire, darling," Pat answered impudently. "Look just of the window and you'll see the little red wagon." Bill went to the window and looked out. A long, low black car with nickel trimmings was drawn up at the eurb, looking, somehow, out of place on the street. "The rich have descended up-on us," Bill began. "Oh, be as simple as you like, Bill," Pat said airlly. Her eyes were shining. She was applying lipstick and rouge, pinching her erelashes upward to make them carl, going through motions with which the family was familiar. "K you're interested I'll tell you that I'm having dianet down-

"K you're interested I'll tell you that I'm having dinner down-town with Jerome Forrester," Pat said. "He's rich and attrac-tive. Incidentally his failing is blonds-like me. I've had lunch with him twice and there's no rea-you why Leap't on dinner with son why I can't go to dinner with

"WeH, you can't," Bill said. "Pat---" her mother began. "Can't I?" said Pat rebellious-iy. "Now, Mother, don't be 90! That old stuff went out with hair octs."

That old stuff went out with hair oets." She was off in a sudden whirl. "My blue beret-oh, Mother, where did you put it? Don't wait ap for me, Joan. Put a key in the mail box." Joan saw Pat wave a careless

hand to a young man coming up the walk. But it was a full mo-ment before she recognized the young man as Dick Thornton. And even more difficult a few mo-ments later, Hstening to his deep, assured voice. Yes, mother was right. Dick had changed. He was a man new, fine and dependable. a man now, fine and dependable. Any girl should be proud to pos-sess his affections.

What was the matter with her that Dick's obvious devotion should leave her cold? While he talked of plans for the future-

talked of plans for the future-hinting somehow that Joan was bound up in them.-her thoughts were far away. Thinking of as train trip, thinking of last night, wondering, hoping. Dick didn't notice Joan's abstraction. He thought sht as a perfect audi-ence, exactly the sort of girl a successful physician should have for a wife. tor 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



LAMATH FALLS, OREGON

By J. R. Williams OUR BOARDING HOUSE

#### SALESMAN SAM

OUT OUR WAY



### **BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES**



# WASH TUBBS













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A man's voice answered. Some-one thought he wanted to speak to "Joe." Bob's spirits slumped again.

At the end of a weary round of At the end of a weary round of phone calls, confidence was leav-ing him. Hiogically, he was anary with Barbara Courtney. If Barbara hadn't stopped him, he would have reached Joan before she stopped in the elevator. If she had not stopped him, he would be with Joan now-driving maybe, or watching a picture show, or perhaps they'd be in the living room of her home with an open fire and the lights turned low.

His blueprints were in a case. The small trunk filled with his favorite books—books which had supplied all his need for entertainment during six months in the Azores-was waiting to be un-packed. But he began undressing He was tired. The night was flat He would find Joan if he had

to employ every dietetive in Mem-phis to do it. "I'm getting off my head," he thought. "I'm going to bed and sleep off this sentimental spree." But the romantic hangover was just as bad.

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JOAN was having her blue mo-ments too. She was punishing herself with the thought that she herself with the thought that she would never see him again. If she had only waited a moment longer he would probably have joined them. But she had looked back and a girl was talking with him. So she had rushed away with Pat as though she wanted to got away from him. What was the matter with wish that they acted like girls that they acted like

with that? "Til never see him again," she thought. "Opportunities don't keep coming to people."

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

The nave to take to Fat, she thought miserably. Bat came up the stairs, hum-ming guily. "Oh, you're awake, Joan," she said, staring resent-fully at the slim figure sitting upright in bed.

right 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." now

"Pat, let's not quarrel."

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

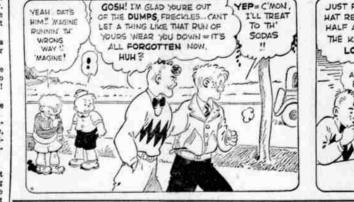
(To Be Continued)

#### Courthouse Records

#### Divorce Suits Filed-none

Divorce Suits Filed—none. Other Suits Filed J. T. Ward versus R. C. Hast-hugs and Ruby Hastings. Plan-uff asks for \$55 and that at-tached real property he sold to satisfy claim. Marriage Licenses Ardan Ambrose Fenwick, 28, clerk of Klamath Falls, native of Oregon, to Myrtle Creas, 28, of Klamath Falls, native of Oregon.

# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



# THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP





#### By Cowan

By Blosser

