

Forgotten Sweetheart

by Mary Raymond

BEGIN HERE TODAY

BOB WESTON, son of a millionaire, and **JOAN WARREN**, a Memphis girl, are attracted to each other on the train, en route to Memphis. Joan has left college before graduation to assist her family in a financial emergency. Bob is coming to Memphis in connection with the construction of a southern branch of his father's mills.

Bob speaks to Joan but, thinking he is starting a flirtation, she rebuffs him. He loses sight of her at the station but tells a friend, **DUKE TURNER**, that he is determined to find her.

Joan's father, dead, was a member of an aristocratic family and **MR. WARREN** longs for his daughters to enjoy the social position rightfully theirs. **PAT**, who is 18 and has a job as a typist, loves pleasure and pretty clothes and plans to escape the privations and monotony of her mother's life through a rich marriage.

Joan sees Bob in a tea room but he does not know her. Through **HOLLY DAVIS**, a society girl, Joan slugs at a Junior League society entertainment which Bob attends. After the program he is waiting for Joan when his path is barred by **BARBARA COURTNEY**, who he had known in New York. Because of this brief encounter he loses Joan again.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER IV

THE hotel lobby was filled with people when Bob reached it, but the girl he sought was not there. She was not in front of the hotel or at the side entrance, search revealed. He felt sick with disappointment.

But, he told himself, she would not be hard to find now. She had a glorious voice. She sang at entertainments. 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 suppose you had a telegram to send or somebody called you to the phone or your bootlegger was waiting."

"Three bad guesses. Shall I explain?"

"Don't bother. I'm so terribly glad to see you it doesn't matter."

That was one of the nice things about Barbara. She never made things difficult.

"But I am hurt because you didn't call me when you first got here! I called and called and couldn't get you," she 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 night? Some of us are going to the club for dinner and then to the Silver Slipper later."

He hesitated. "I'm really frightfully busy. I've a bunch of blueprints to check tomorrow."

"Please, Bob! It's going to be an awfully nice party."

"All right then. I really wanted 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.

WHEN Barbara had gone he went to his room and studied the list of Warrens in the telephone directory. Well, there was nothing else to do. He would go through the list systematically. Half 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 Warrens were out. He made pencil notations of these.

"May I speak to Joan, please?"

About the twelfth time he asked that a voice said pleasantly, "Just a moment."

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

At the end of a weary round of phone calls, confidence was leaving him. Hiccuped, he was angry with Barbara Courtney. If Barbara hadn't stopped him, he would have reached Joan before she stepped 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 unpacked. But he began undressing. He was tired. The night was flat.

He would find Joan if he had to employ every detective in Memphis 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.

JOAN was having her blue moments too. She was punishing 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 get away from him. What was the matter with girls that they acted like that?

"I'll never see him again," she thought. "Opportunities don't keep coming to people."

OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



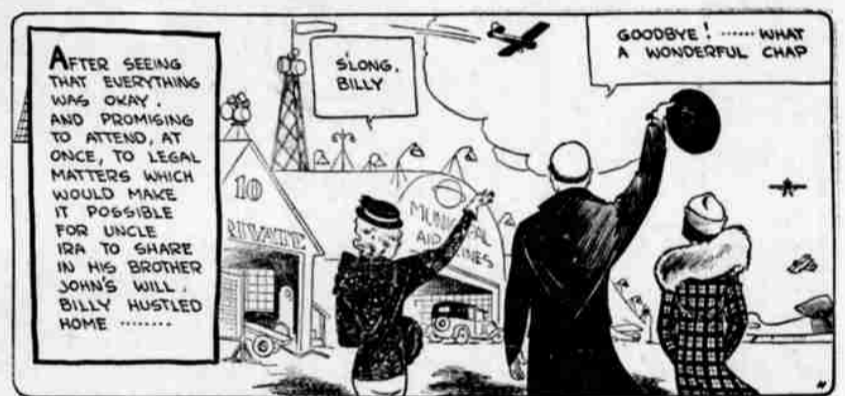
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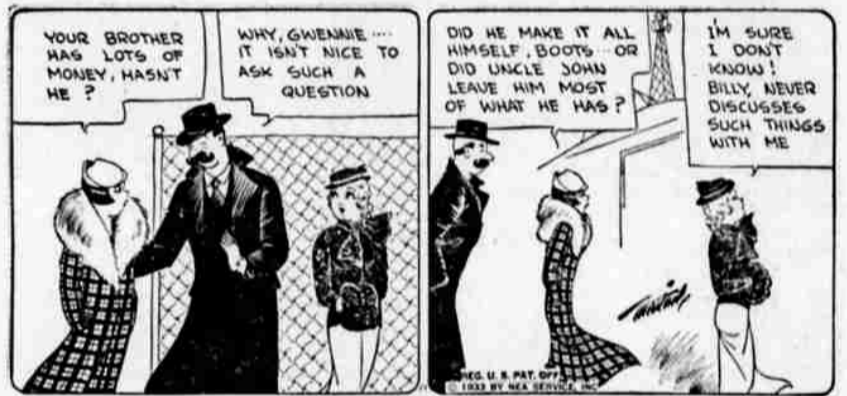
By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin



WASH TUBBS



By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



By Cowan

