

Passed Up!

By ROE FULKERSON

THE STORY OF
A GIRL WHO MADE
MEN LIKE HER

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LEAD ALL "PASSED UP"
For the convenience of readers who may have missed or neglected the opening chapter of the Statesman's gripping new story, both the first and second chapters are published herewith. A chapter a day will follow.

CHAPTER I
BETTY BROWN did not want to be kissed. She wanted men to want to kiss her. Only an eighteen-year-old girl can think at such cross-purposes. She was at the first dance given by her high school class graduated a short time before. The eighty young people in the class were about equally divided between the fair and unfair sexes. Seventy-five attended this dance at the Country club. Half were dancing, the others scattered about the grounds, in the shadows of the trees, snuggled in the dark corners of the clubhouse porch, and slipping in and out of cars parked just under the veranda where Betty stood.

With George Harris, the next door neighbor who had brought her to the dance, she stood on the veranda in the moonlight. It seemed to Betty that George was always beside her. All through high school he had walked to school with her mornings, taken her to athletic events, and the school dances.

George was a serious-minded boy, not given to demonstrations of affection. As she listened to his monologue about the work of the committee on arrangements for the dance, and heard his plans to make it an annual affair, she wondered what he would do if she suddenly put her face up to his to be kissed.

This unusual thought was the result of the scenes around her, of which she was keenly conscious but which George seemed not to notice.

Over her shoulder Betty could see a swing in the dark corner of the veranda. A girl was in the corner of the swing, a boy sitting so close to her that their two shadowy figures seemed to melt into one. Betty saw his dark coat sleeve across her white dress. From time to time his black-haired head bobbed out of the girl's face entirely. Betty knew he was kissing her.

George continued to talk of the success of the party. She dropped encouraging monosyllables from time to time to keep him talking while she was busy with her thoughts.

She looked over the tops of the cars parked beneath the veranda; toward her came another couple, walking leisurely to the parked cars. The boy's arm was around the girl; she was looking up into his face, smiling. The moonlight shone on an aureole of blonde hair framing her face in gold. Her low throaty contralto sang:

"Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly. I gotta love one man 'til I die. Can't help lovin' that man!"

At the conclusion of each short stanza, the boy stooped and kissed her. He opened the door of the parked car and they stepped in.

There was no more of the song. Betty wondered what she would do if a boy kissed her like that. Would she slap his face? Would she respond? She had long ago made up her mind not to permit such liberties. Tonight she realized she had never had occasion to protect herself from them.

Turning impatiently to George she said:

"Let's go to the other end, and get away from these petting parties!"

Strolling along the veranda they passed a couple which separated hastily as they approached. The boy sat in a big wicker porch chair and the girl was balanced perilously on its arm. Betty wondered if the girl had been on his knee.

The opposite end of the veranda gave a view over the golf course. As the orchestra started up, Betty saw two couples come out of the shadows of the trees around the first tee and stroll toward the house. One girl combed her bobbed hair.

George had concluded his long monologue, but Betty had long since lost the thread of his story.



"George, as I pretty."

Her "How interesting!" seemed to satisfy him.

"Let's go dance," he suggested. "As chairman of the committee on arrangements it's my duty to be seen on the floor."

"Let me stay here," she suggested. "There are several girls on your committee you should dance with. I'll stay here in the moonlight. If I want to dance I'll come in."

"Shall I send Pete or one of the boys out to you?"

"No, please, I'd like to be alone with the moon."

"Remember!" George declaimed with a ponderous attempt at humor. "The ancient Greeks evolved the word 'lunatic' from the root 'luna,' meaning 'moon.' They thought the rays of the moon made people insane."

"I feel tonight as though there were something in the ideal!" laughed Betty.

What was there about her that made the boys of the school pass her up? She recalled with what pleasure she had once heard a boy refer to her as a part of the high-brow crowd. That must be the trouble. She thought the average high school boy was far from high-brow; but she believed she was attractive to the better class of boys.

"Hey, Sister!" A boy came toward her from the club entrance. "Why so pensive and alone when there is so much important kissing to be done and the nicest moon that ever—Scuse, Betty!" he finished, lamely. "I didn't know it was you!"

"Not?" She was more confused than he. "And I don't come in the kissing group?"

She was abashed at her involuntary remark.

"Goeh, I would as soon think of trying to kiss the forty-seventh problem of Euclid!" laughed the boy passing on.

Until tonight she would have felt complimented at such a statement, but the woman in her was hurt cruelly by the remark. She had never felt that way before.

What was it about her that inspired a remark like that?

She shook her head impatiently and went into the ballroom, where couples circled in a slow waltz. The stag line did not notice her, but George, conversing with a professor of mathematics, came to

He scudded for the dance floor. Why didn't boys get her into a corner and make love to her? What was wrong with her? Was she unattractive? Had she stuck too close to George? Did she really seem so superior?

For some unknown reason she felt if some boy did not make love to her she would cry. She would not permit it, of course, but she wanted just one to try!

Was she physically unattractive? Was modesty a mistake, and did men like women better if they were brazen in speech and dress? The fluff, made-up girls of her class always had dates with boys. Was it because they permitted liberties?

Betty returned to the ballroom and some boy whose name she could not remember asked her to dance. He held her very close, and for the first time in her life she did not pull away. He did not talk, so she watched the other couples over his shoulder.

The most popular girl in school, a tiny thing with sleek, black hair, wore a circular skirt. Her partner's arm pulled it shorter than it was intended to be, and that made it more abbreviated than any dress in the room.

Her stockings were girdle-fastened and the full swirling skirt showed their sleek far above her shapely knees. The eyes of the stag line followed her around the room.

Betty watched another popular girl dancing with Andy Adair, not a word or an inch between them. Their eyes were closed; Andy's lips were parted. As she watched, Andy opened his eyes, looked at his partner, then whirled her out one of the French windows into the dark.

Neither of these girls was clever. It must be physical appeal which made men like one. Did she have it? She knew she was brighter than these girls. She could more than meet them in small talk and the wise cracking chatter of the young folk. She determined to give this problem the same systematic study she had used in her school work.

The dance over, she asked George to take her home. They had come out on the street car, but Andy Adair asked them to ride home in the rumble seat of his roadster. He was the only boy in high school who had always had his own car. He drove with one hand, his other arm slipping along the seat behind his girl. She pillowed her head on his shoulder and sang jazz songs all the way in to the city.

No boy had ever asked Betty to ride with him. Riding beside the dignified George, she determined that some day some man should take her for a drive in the moonlight. She would not think what he would do if he tried to make love to her; sufficient unto that time was the evil of it. She joined in the other girl's song, feigning a light-heartedness she did not feel.

After she and George were set down at their doors and had thanked Andy, she said good night to her escort. George only lifted his hat and walked away.

CHAPTER II

Sleep comes easily to healthy

George. Then he launched into a general discussion of the beauty of character which sounded to Betty as though he were rehearsing a speech. She believed he had forgotten her existence and was talking to an imaginary audience.

George had wanted to be a lawyer, but lack of money had forced him to take a position as cashier in a big downtown restaurant.

Would he never stop! George had never irritated her before. She had liked his clear-cut way of thinking and the logical way he put his views.

His right hand rested on the veranda rail. She moved so her shoulder came just under his arm. She wanted to see what he would do. He removed his hand from the rail, clasped it behind him, and continued his conversation. She felt disappointed. He had not noticed it.

Was the trouble with her, or was George self-centered? She determined not to let him monopolize her society so much in the future. As the orchestra struck up again he explained he had this

"The professor's wife. She told him to go ahead."

Pete Halloran passed her and she hailed him.

"Want to dance?" he asked. Pete was the captain of the baseball team, an irresponsible youth she had never cared for. Now she wanted him to talk to her.

"I would rather stand here if you do not mind, Pete," she answered.

"Me and you both!" Pete hopped upon the rail beside her. "I am danced ragged, but I got to beat it when the orchestra stops. I got a sitting out date with a skirt that's got some gin in her car. I am her next customer. But Geel, I shouldn't have told you that, Miss Volstead!"

"I have never tasted gin!" said Betty.

"Then how do you know you would not like it?" demanded Pete. "There are a lot of interesting things I suspect you have never done because you took some one's word for it that they were naughty. But life is like that." He sighed. "Some drink, some dance and some just carry out empties!"

"Where are you putting me?"

"I don't think I ever tried to place you!" laughed Pete. She winced, but went on. "I guess you just sort of sit around and disapprove."

"Why do you say that, Pete? I don't remember having disapproved of you."

"Oh, mebbe not!" he agreed, carelessly. "But what's the difference? I know you are a serious-minded girl. You have even got me in a serious conversation, but there is the end of the dance! Listen to the orchestra keeping quiet! I am going to get the gin princess and shake off this gin-saw you have instilled into me."

young animals. The night of the first alumni dance was as epoch in Betty Brown's life. After George Harris left her at her door she went directly to bed. As she undressed the problems of the evening were much in her mind. She went to sleep wondering why she was not attractive to men.

In the morning she assisted her mother to prepare her father's breakfast, in getting him off to the store and clearing up the dishes. Betty's household was like thousands of middle-class homes. Her mother was entitled to that most damning of all descriptions, a "well-preserved woman." Just past plump, and verging into fat. She was always determining to diet and never actually doing it.

Betty's father owned a small cigar store. When not complaining of the inroads of the chain stores on his business, he read the papers. He was an active lodge man, and his store was the rendezvous of "brethren," who spent their leisure time there talking over whatever lodge men talk over, always dropping the conversation when a "profane" entered the store. Mr. Brown reluctantly sold what cigars he could not smoke himself. His round waistcoat always had cigar ashes in the wrinkles which crossed it between his Tropic of Capricorn and Equator.

Betty was an only child. To her parents she was king-like. In that she could do no wrong. They took infinite pride in her school records, but forbade a career of any kind. Both of them believed that "a woman's place is in the home."

Their rented house was of the "six rooms and bath, A. M. I." type. They had paid far more than its value in rent during the twenty odd years they had lived in it. They had planned to purchase a home in the suburbs and a little car, but the chain stores and hard times postponed it until that some day which never comes.

At fourteen, Betty had very decided views about life, spelled with a capital letter. She made the best of her school days, hoping to go to college. She wanted to be cultured, refined. She and George Harris, her next door neighbor, decided that life was only worth while to a cultivated person. They put aside everything of a personal, trivial and unimportant nature, like kissing and love-making, to devote time to the cultivation of their minds.

The gods of things as they realized are, laughed gleefully, as they always laugh when young things decide they have solved the riddle of existence.

She and George stood well to the front of their classes in high school. George had been a good boy in every particular. This morning she wondered if George was not too good. George always did or said exactly what any nice boy should do or say. Good people were so dreadfully uninteresting.

After the breakfast dishes were cleared up, Betty's mother sat in her favorite rocking chair in the bay window with a basket of her husband's socks to darn. She could see the panorama of the street while she worked. Betty sat near her.

"Moms," she began, "what makes a girl attractive to men?"

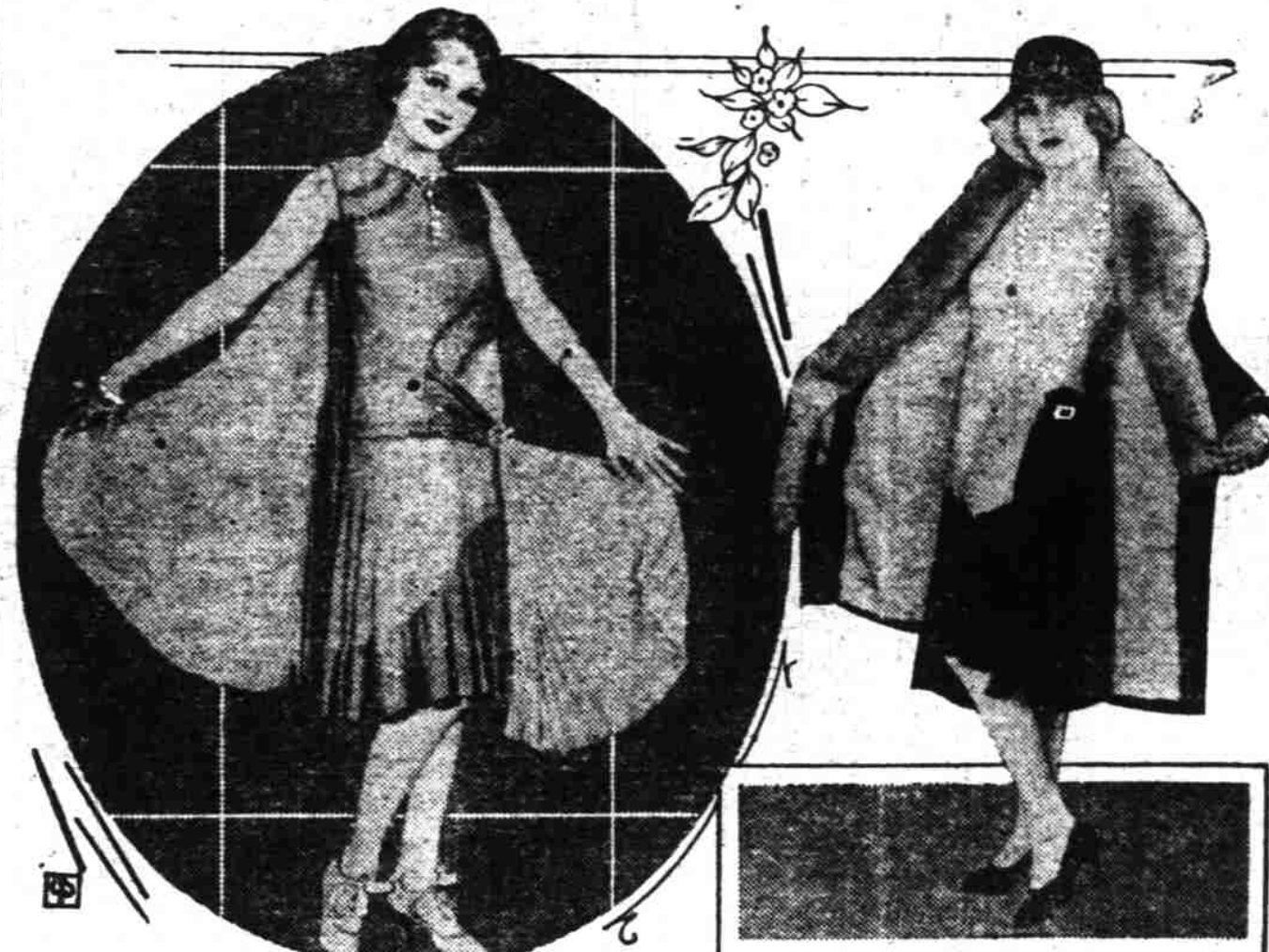
"My goodness!" exclaimed her mother, "has George been making love to you?"

"No," answered Betty, "neither George nor any one else. Why haven't they?"

"Where did you get such foolish ideas? Why are you only eighteen years old?"

"You were married when you

THERE IS MUCH ANIMATION IN FORMAL CLOTHES



There is animation in the clothes designed for formal wear, both out and indoor garments. The charming frock of rose chiffon, left, shows this in the capelets of flesh chiffon embroidered to the right shoulder and left hip. The uneven skirt hemline and semi-cape effect of the sleeve of the coat of the ensemble, right, gives vivacity. Black and cream are the colors. The coat is of black transparent velvet with marten collar bleached and dyed a deep cream. The double sleeve gives the cape effect. The bodice of the frock is of cream lace and closely fitted, the lace being used to finish the coat lining. The hat is of black and cream handkerchief felt and black lace.

were nineteen," reminded Betty.

"Oh, but you are different! Girls married earlier when I was young, and besides, Betty, I was very, very pretty when your father married me. Lots of boys were after me and your father was afraid I would marry one of them!" She tried to look modest.

"And I am not pretty?" asked Betty.

"You have beautiful hair and—"

"And I am good to my mother," laughed Betty, ruefully.

"You take after your father's people," her mother went on. "Although he is short and stout, all his folks were tall and thin. You have not filled out yet. You will be very pretty when you get your growth."

"I have pretty hair and that's all you can say about my good looks!" announced Betty. "That's evidently not enough to attract men. I want boys to like me! I do not want to be an ugly duckling."

"Betty, I am surprised at you!" Her mother spoke impatiently. "You have a good home. You are well educated. You can cook. You are a good housekeeper and will make George a nice wife. He is a good boy and will take care of you."

"I have no idea of marrying George, and he seems to have no idea of marrying me! At least, he has shown no mad enthusiasm about it! If he intends marrying me, it's about time he took me into his confidence."

"George is one of those slow, dependable boys. He will speak when he can support a wife! He knows a good girl when he sees one and he has seen you working about the house."

"Do men take women in their

arms and make love to them because they are good cooks or wield a wicked scrubbing brush?"

"Now, dearie! I do not like to hear you talk that way. You are well brought up and should not think of such things."

"Did any boy except father ever kiss you?"

"Dearie, that is not a nice question to ask your mother!"

"Why not? Boys do kiss girls they don't marry!"

"Betty, nice girls do not make themselves ordinary by kissing the boys they go with. There are a lot of things about men a nice girl like you should not know."

"Why shouldn't I know? I am to marry one some day. You say I should learn housekeeping and cooking to make some man a good wife. Why shouldn't I know all the other things a wife ought to know? I notice that you do not tell me if you ever had petting parties with other boys besides father. But you are a good wife."

"Things have come to a pretty pass when you cross-examine me!" cried her mother, indignantly. "You have always been a nice girl; what is getting into you? Did some boy try to kiss you at the dance last night?"

"No boy has ever tried to kiss me!" exclaimed Betty, her chin quivering. "I am trying to find out why!"

"You are too young to know about such things," reproved her mother. "The nicest boys will like you all the better for not allowing philanthropists to brush the bloom off of you."

"My bloom comes out of a compact and off a lipstick and can be put back if brushed off! I am tired of books and of being a Sally-sit-by-the-fire! I don't want to kiss

boys, but I want boys to want to kiss me! I won't let them do it, but I want them to try!"

"What has become of your modesty?" demanded her mother. "You have never given your father or me one moment's anxiety. I hope you are not going to become a problem now." She sighed heavily.

Every girl is entitled to some romance. George Harris is about as romantic as a laundry bill. I don't want to be common, but I do want to be sought after. I am going to find out why I am not. If you won't tell me I will ask someone else."

"You have been reading too many story books," said her mother. "Every woman has her dreams. But, real happiness for a woman, Betty, consists in adjusting herself to the difference between what she dreamed and what came true. I am very happy with your father and he is not romantic."

"But the other boy or boys who kissed you before you were married were?" Betty spoke with conviction. A blush mantled her mother's cheeks and neck. "Tell me about it."

"Betty, I told you I was a very pretty girl. I would rather you did not ask such things or think about them. Happiness does not lie in that direction."

"I know one thing!" replied Betty, stoutly. "My culture and refinement, my cooking and house-keeping, have not made me attractive to men. I am going to look elsewhere. It is something physical. There seems a conspiracy on the part of women who know to keep it from those who do not, but I am going to find out!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Teacher—"Where does the best coffee come from?"

Johnnie—"From GOLDEN WEST coffee cans!"



"No boy has ever tried to kiss me," exclaimed Betty.