

# Passed Up!

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER  
By ROE FULKERSON  
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**READ THIS FIRST:**  
At the death of her parents, Betty Brown is forced to take up professional dancing, the only way she knows to make a living. The unwelcome attentions of many men come to a climax when Jake Daubert, a local politician, tries to drag her into his limousine at the entrance of the night club where she dances. Andy Adair, a school friend, knocks him down and takes her away, but Daubert brings influence to bear on the proprietor, and she is discharged. A local scandal sheet tells the story, and she is asked to vacate her room.

**(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)**

**CHAPTER XXVIII**

BETTY was up early the morning after she had read the story in the Tattler. She went for a walk, and felt that everyone she met must have read the story. She wished she did not have to face them.

She felt there was no chance for her now. This publicity might be worth something in a professional way if she could induce one of the decent newspapers to tell her side of the story; but she felt the matter was not of enough consequence to interest them.

She had but a hundred and fifty dollars, and wondered what she would do. She was sure there was no chance for her to get other work dancing in the city. Almost unconsciously she turned her steps toward the restaurant George Harris managed. George was a steady rock, and had always stood by her in every crisis.

During the lull of business between breakfast and lunch, the restaurant was almost empty. Betty sat at one of the tables and asked the attractive head waitress if she could see Mr. Harris.

As George came out of his office she saw his eyes sweep the room to see who wanted him. She also saw his jaw tighten, his lips compress to a narrow line, and disapproval come into his face.

He came across to her and said, very formally: "Good morning, Betty. What can I do for you?"

"I'm not sure you can do anything, George," answered Betty. "I have lost my position and—"

"That disgusting thing in the Tattler was called to my attention! I should think a nice girl like you would be ashamed to be mixed up in a drunken street brawl!"

"But, George, it was not my fault! It wasn't a drunken brawl, anyway. I gave that nasty Daubert no excuse for what he did. I am not to blame!"

"You are entirely to blame. It was altogether your fault. He had every reason to believe you were not a good girl!"

"It is true. You can't handle pitch without becoming defiled."

You can't expose yourself, when you dance without men misunderstanding you. I told you where you were headed when you began this dancing business. Now you are disgraced, and you have no one to blame but yourself!"

Betty rose from her table.

"Don't go yet," he said. "I am not through. Whenever you tell me you are through with dancing I will do anything I can to help you, Betty. You are a good girl at heart, but if you keep on with this work you are going to the devil."

"I'm sorry to say this, but it is true. I hope you won't be angry. When you have given up dancing and the wild men and women who play around night clubs, I will be glad to aid you."

"But until then, I ask you to make your visits here on an entirely a business basis. I have made a success by strict attention to business. I am contemplating buying this business. I will have to depend on the banks to loan me a part of the money. Banks

are particular about their moral risks. I cannot afford to be known as a friend of a girl who dances in night clubs and gets into brawls in the street. I hope you will—"

She walked half a dozen blocks at a rapid pace, so angry she was not conscious of where she was going. So! She was not even to speak to nice people any more! She was an outcast, a contaminated woman. As she walked her anger gradually cooled, and she began to wonder what Andy Adair and Harry Ford thought. Would they, too, consider her beneath their notice? Was all the world as cold and as hard as George?

She was roused from her reveries by the honking of a car which followed her along the curb. Other by-passers looked and smiled at it. She raised her eyes to see Harry Ford in his disreputable car, a dozen new wise-cracks painted on its sides. He pulled over to the curb and threw open the door.

"Come on, fair one, and let's rattle and roll!" he invited.

His cheery voice was music to her ears. She got in promptly.

"How's the city's most advertised dancer?" he asked.

"Out of a job, out of ports, and almost out of money!" Betty laughed, ruefully.

"I have no job to offer, but I have a lot of sorts and a couple of dollars. I will give you a few sorts and one of the dollars, and you, are two thirds out of trouble."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Riding, wherever that is. I should put a new sign on Leah, explaining that my passenger is the notorious dancer for whom men fight, bleed and die. My reputation is getting too good in this town. I am no longer considered dangerous. That might make me alluring to the tender skirts of the city. May I play moon to your sun and shine in your reflected glory?"

"You are more likely to share my disgrace," answered Betty, her chin trembling. "One of my friends suggested I not come around to his place of business any more. My landlady has asked me to vacate my room."

"That's what comes of having a rooming house or a place of business!" declared Harry. "I have tried to make my father understand that business and rooming houses and things cause the downfall of the nation by making us a race of money grubbers. He wants me to begin the practice of medicine, and his contacts with bus-

iness have so biased his judgment that he even suggests cutting off my allowance if I don't!"

"I wish I had never danced," sighed Betty.

"But you have danced, and you must pay the fiddler!" reminded Harry. "Gin tonight and headache tomorrow, girls to dinner today and hot dogs for yourself tomorrow, cats today and fiddle strings tomorrow. That's life! After that the river!"

"I wish you'd be serious."

"I was one night, and kissed you while in that humor. What was the result? I thought for two hours of marrying you and going to work. But the next day it all passed off. I was scared to death, and have never been serious since!"

"I don't believe you ever gave anyone a serious thought!" replied Betty. "But what am I to do now? I must live, you know!"

"I suppose you see the necessity, but I don't. If you work for something to eat, the work gives you such an appetite that you have to eat more and then you have to work more to get the additional food. It's a pernicious progression in which you either eat or work yourself to death, so why begin?"

"You are impossible!" Betty laughed in spite of herself.

"You are laughing, and that's an encouraging sign. Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you get a red nose and people accuse you of drinking. Now we can get down to the real business of the occasion. I know a sweet gal with a sweet roommate in a three-room apartment. Your old friend, Doc, who paved the piano for you before you became famous, is accompanying me there tonight. Andy knows both girls and is welcome to their humble home any time. I will get in touch with Andy and have him bring you. We will tweek dull care by the nose, and put orange juice to the use for which nature designed it."

"Why couldn't I go with you?" asked Betty.

"Oh, because I don't want you to, and you don't want to, and my new girl would be cattish and Andy would maybe punch me like he did Daubert. If those aren't reasons enough I'll give you some more. Let's turn Leah's nose in the general direction of Andy and see if he is dated up for tonight."

They found Andy at a college club, Harry brought him out to the car.

"Harry says he is flinging a party and we are invited," began Andy. "Will you go?"

## SLAYER LAUGHS AS DEATH TRAP SPRUNG

SAN QUENTIN PRISON, Cal., Feb. 16.—(AP)—While his wife lay in a cell not 200 yards distant in a state of near collapse, Edgar La Pierre, convicted slayer of an Oakland policeman, went to his death on the gallows with a firm step, and a carefree laugh Friday. Urging haste, he ran quickly up the 13 steps to the trap and while the guards fumbled with the noose and black cap, he asked that they "make it snappy." The trap was sprung at 10:06 a. m. and he was pronounced dead 13 minutes later.

"Andy, that man Daubert had me discharged!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes, I knew. I took a couple of fellows and went there last night to see if Daubert wanted any more, but as neither he or you were there, I went to Paxton. He told me what the dirty dog had done to you. But what about the party tonight? Do we go?"

"I suppose I might as well—"

Betty resented the fact that neither of the men seemed to consider the loss of her position of the least consequence.

Andy went back to the club. Betty asked Harry to drive her to a place where she had seen a room advertised, but it was so dingy on the outside that she did not go in to look. Harry drove her home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Lad Regains Use Of Mind Enough To Return Home

LEWISTON, Idaho, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Kermit Perkins, the 5 year old boy whose mind development was erased when an automobile crashed into his sled, went home to Welpe, Idaho, today to begin learning all over again the things that are locked in his injured head.

Although he can talk with little more facility than an infant, Kermit recognized the little school house where he attended classes before he was hurt and said, "That's great," when his mother told him he was going home.

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