

# Passed Up!

THE STORY OF  
A GIRL WHO  
MADE MEN  
LIKE HER

By ROE FULKERSON

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READ THIS FIRST:  
Betty Brown, unattractive to men, passed up dancing. At the death of her parents she is compelled to dance for a living, but is driven from one position to another by the unwholesome attentions of men. Her last position at the Iron Door, a night club, is which she is discharged after receiving the attentions of a city politician. Her friends, George Harris, resent the publication of this story in a scandal sheet and asks her to stay away from his place of business. Her landlady asks her to move, but Andy Adams and Harry Ford laugh over her troubles and ask her to go on a party. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

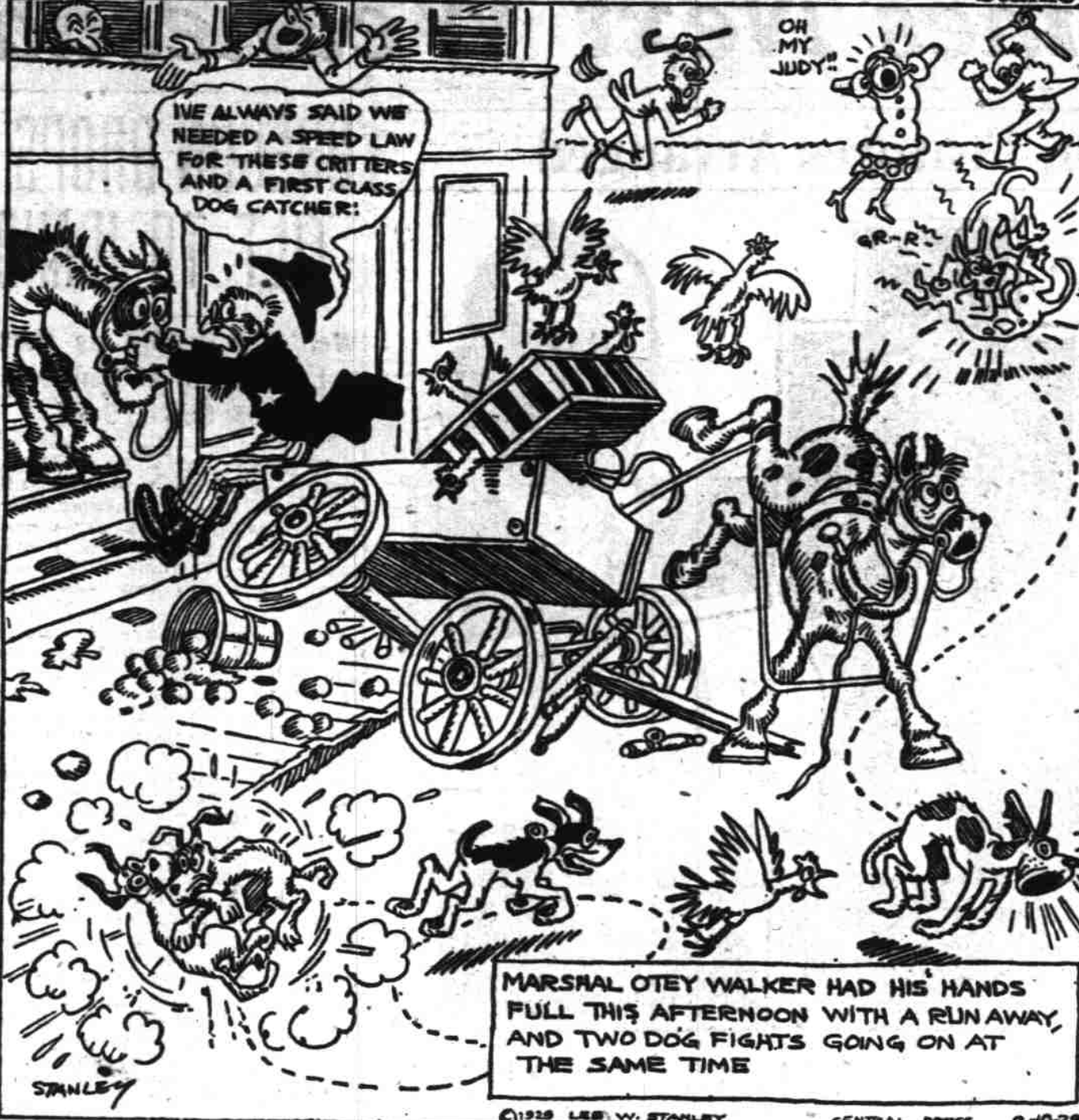
## CHAPTER XXIX

ANDY arrived at Betty's house promptly to take her to his party. When she was in his car he said:  
"Don't crab the party tonight, Betty. These are nice girls, even if they are a little unconventional. They both work at City Hall and earn their living."  
"Why do you suggest I might crab the party?" she asked.  
"Oh, I don't know. You are all right sometimes, but other times you seem a regular prude. What's a few kisses, more or less, anyhow?" He laughed.  
"I don't mind your kissing me, Andy, but I'm not much for indiscriminate kisses."  
"When I took a punch at Dabbert you told me you liked me a little. Just prove it tonight by relaxing. It'll be good for you."  
Before she could reply they arrived at the apartment house. He introduced her to two nice-looking girls, who tried to make her feel at home. Doc and the irrepressible Harry arrived a few minutes later, their arms filled with packages which proved to be oranges, gingerale, sardines, crackers, pickles and olives. There was a two-quart bottle of some colorless liquid, which Betty suspected to be gin.  
"Liste here, you!" commanded PEGGY, the taller girl. "I told you your card of admission to this flat was either a side of bacon or a ham. How do you suppose we eat when you aren't here? You will eat and drink all this stuff tonight and leave the apartment with nothing in it but squeeze oranges, empty cans, empty bottles and vain regrets."  
"Peg, I tried to bring the bacon or the ham," Harry answered, solemnly, "but the pig I picked till he was too thin to make good ham or bacon and then left him you would rather see me without to his own devices, knowing that bacon than miss me as I did the pig."  
"The way you make up stories, you would make a good married man!" laughed Peggy.  
"Good night!" Harry picked up

is hat. "When a woman begins to look at marrying me it is time to go."  
"I will never marry you when I am sober," assured Peggy "and I haven't the slightest intention of getting tight tonight."  
"Darling, you may kiss me!" cried Harry.  
"You are so good to me!" sighed Peggy, putting her arms around him and kissing him long and lingeringly.  
The supplies were carried to the kitchenette, where Peggy and Harry remained to make up a drink while the others chatted and listened to the phonograph. Harry appeared with a large cocktail shaker and Peggy with a tray of glasses. When they were filled Andy took two and, with a warning look at Betty, handed her one. She drank with them. As she put down the glass Andy patted her on the back, approvingly.  
"How come you aren't dancing tonight?" asked Doc of Betty. She looked helplessly at Andy, but Harry gave them a humorous explanation of the affair at the Iron Door. They all seemed to think it a huge joke, and said Andy should marry the girl he had rescued, in story-book fashion.  
They had another drink to the hero, Betty sipping with the rest. There was enough left in the shaker for another round of drinks, but Andy commanded: "Pass Betty this time. She is just in from the country and will pass out if we aren't careful."  
"The only one of us who has ever passed out was you at the frat dance!" jeered Betty. She reached for the cocktail, but Harry walked away saying: "The little girl will put on her dance later. We don't want her kicking any one in the eye."  
"Oh, please dance for us!" begged the girls.  
"But I have no costume!" objected Betty.  
"Put on my bathing suit," suggested Peggy.  
"Yes, go on! Give us a dance!" begged Andy.  
Remembering what he said about crabbing the party, Betty went into the next room and put on Peggy's red bathing togs. She danced her jazz number to the music of a phonograph record.  
She finished amid wild applause. Andy pulled her down on his lap, kissed her on the back of the neck, and told her she was wonderful.  
Then found a waltz, to which she rested a few minutes, and improvised one of those slow, graceful waltzes, Peggy and her roommate, Sally, insisted that she

show them some of the steps. Gathering their skirts up out of the way, they both practiced with her until Harry came back with the refilled cocktail shaker.  
Betty and Peggy, Andy and Harry sat on a big divan while Sally perched on Doc's lap. They sipped their cocktails. Betty was now a bit dizzy, but she turned to Andy and asked: "Am I crabbing your party?"  
"You are the world's one best bet!" he assured her, holding her close and kissing her.  
Doc and Sally started the music. He held her to him, and kissed her from time to time. In a moment Harry and Peggy were also dancing.  
"Come on!" Andy put his arm around Betty and tried to pull her to her feet.  
"I must get into my clothes!" she said, looking at her bare legs.  
"Stay the way you are. You look good!" Andy answered. They began to dance again, and she let Andy pull her to her feet and began to dance with him. She was half embarrassed and half defiant. She had danced publicly with less clothing than she now had on, and tried to justify herself by the fact that the others paid her no attention.  
Andy held her close and kissed her now and then as they danced. She gave herself into his arms completely, closing her eyes as objects in the room swayed before her.  
The record ended. She stood clasped in Andy's arms, while another was substituted. As they started dancing again someone touched the electric light button, and they danced on by the dim street light reflected from the ceiling. Close pressed to Andy, she wondered why she could not dance on like this forever, forgetting work and care.  
The music stopped. Andy sat down in a big chair, pulling her on his lap. No one made a move to relight the room. Betty could dimly make out one man's figure on the couch, his head in a girl's lap. She stooped low to kiss him. An indistinguishable mass in another chair was the other couple. Betty laughed as she realized that she was on her first petting party.  
She snuggled down in Andy's arms and there where head back, giving her lips unrestrainedly. Minutes or hours or years passed. Betty did not know or care. She was growing drowsy, yet she was happy. Her hands wandered around Andy's face, pulling tenderly at a lobe of his ear, touching his cheeks or neck. He held her to him so closely that she could hardly breathe. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.  
"Go in the other room and get dressed!" he commanded, tensely. "We are going home."  
"I don't want to go home. I want to stay here and love you!" protested Betty.

## THE OLD HOME TOWN



"Hurry up! Get dressed! We're going!" repeated Andy. "Better go while you can!"  
"Aw, what's the matter?" complained Doc from across the darkened room.  
"Shut up! We're beating it!" snapped Andy. "Don't disturb yourselves."  
"Oh, very well. But it's just the shank of the evening. Want any help, Betty?" It was Peggy's voice.  
"No, thank you," answered Betty. "But I didn't pass out, and I didn't crab the party, did I, Andy?"  
"No, you are all right," he assured her. "Get dressed as soon as you can."  
He sat down in the chair to wait. When Betty's dim figure appeared in the doorway a few moments later he said: "Good night! Thanks for a fine party!"  
"You are a right guy!" said

Harry's voice, and Betty no Harry's voice, and Betty wondered what he meant. She called good night from the door and followed Andy out in the hall. She held on to his arm going down in the elevator.  
In the car she snuggled her head on Andy's shoulder. Next thing she knew he was shaking her shoulder and they were home. He slapped her cheek smartly. Seeing she was fully awake he said: "Good night, Betty."  
"Good night, Andy," she answered, sleepily, and went into the house.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## List of Jurors For City Court Now Announced

SILVERTON, Feb. 18. (Special)—The list of city jurors has just been released and includes Julius Alm, Rudd Benton, Milton Barnett, Nels Digermess, George Barr, J. F. Bristol, Alfred Dahl, J. D. Drake, W. H. Egan, Edward Gunderson, P. Heater, Charles Harwood, Sherman Harmon, William Jack, William Jones, E. Klumnick, Jim Johnson, Thad Lukens, John Ludovitske, C. H. Lovett, L. M. McClung, Roy Morley, John Moser, Harvey Good, J. Manary, Emil Oeder, Otto Patterson, G. H. Pounder, C. S. Relstad, Oscar Redfield, F. F. Rahn, Hans

## Maze of Technicalities Cited to Defend Sinclair

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18. (AP)—Arguing that Harry F. Sinclair was within his rights in refusing to answer certain questions asked by a senate committee relative to the Teapot Dome naval oil leases, Martin Littleton, the oil man's counsel, today challenged the supreme court to find anything in these questions relating to other than the "most fantastic conceptions of legislation." Littleton quoted a supreme court decision holding that a witness might decline to answer committee questions "where the bounds of the power are exceeded or the questions are not pertinent." He said the senate public lands committee avowed "that the information they sought to elicit from Sinclair was not for aid in formulating legislation."

More Technicalities Raised  
Further, Littleton contended that Sinclair, who is under sentence by the supreme court of the District of Columbia of three months in jail and to pay a fine of \$500 was not properly called by the committee. The counsel argued the conviction of his client for a "statutory crime" was therefore not valid because "every requisite must be complied with." The attorney described how the sergeant at arms of the senate telegraphed the federal marshal at New York to "serve" the telegram on Sinclair, and asserted that no proof of any summons was included in the charge against him. He termed this part of the proceedings a "rag bag summons."

Four Questions Read  
He read the four questions, on which refusal to answer the oil man was indicted, and explained that they covered criminal matters which Sinclair knew would be delved into in the conspiracy case involving him and former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, who leased the oil reserves to Sinclair. Littleton said Sinclair had appeared before senate committees five times in connection with the leases, later set aside.  
One hour and 20 minutes were

assigned to each for argument of the case. George P. Hoover, o Sinclair counsel has 15 minutes to close and it was announced that the government's time would be shared between Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomerene, special counsel.  
The whole record in the proceedings asked five questions of the court for its guidance in deciding the case, but on a government motion resisted by Sinclair's counsel, the court agreed to examine all of the evidence.

## COMMUNITY CLUB HOLDS CARD PARTY

GERVAIS, Feb. 18.—(Special)—Nine tables of cards were in play at the Gervais "500" community club meeting which was held in the Masonic hall recently. High scores were won by Mrs. G. J. Molan and Joe Nathman, Sr. and second high by C. B. Ellisworth and Mrs. Clyde Cutsforth. Carl Stewart, John Kline, Mrs. J. A. Ferschweiler and Miss Marie Mangold were hosts to the club and served refreshments in the banquet hall at the close of play.  
Mrs. Elestine Cutsforth and daughter Miss Zoe Cutsforth and son Glen have moved to Salem where they expect to make their home. Prof. Brehaut and family will occupy the Cutsforth house.  
Mr. and Mrs. I. V. McAdoo of Salem, editor of the Gervais Star, has purchased the G. W. DeLay house and will move to Gervais soon.

## Amity Students Will Attend At Corvallis Meet

AMITY, Feb. 18.—(Special)—Four students of Amity high school have been chosen to represent the school at the annual education exposition of the O. S. C. at Corvallis on February 22 and 23. Jewel Cox and Emmett Mitchell will represent the senior class and Florence Snodgrass and Cal Monroe the juniors. Miss Edna Strout, head of the home economics department of the high school, will accompany the students as faculty advisor. O. V. White, principal, will also attend the exposition.

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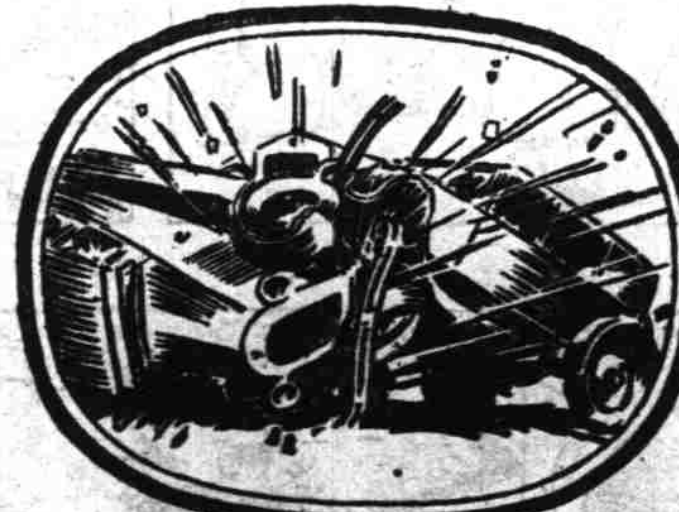
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