

# Passed Up!

By ROE FULKERSON

THE STORY OF  
A GIRL WHO  
MADE MEN  
LIKE HER  
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READ THIS FIRST:  
Betty Brown learned dancing to attract men. After the death of her parents she danced professionally, but finds the men she attracts this way are of doubtful value. George Harris, a school friend of the safe and sane type, objects to her dancing. When a fight over her favor results in the publication of its details in a local scandal weekly he asks her to stay away from his restaurant. Not so with Andy Adams and several others, who laugh at the incident. With Andy, she attends a gin-drinking, petting party at an apartment, and is surprised in the midst of it by his suddenly taking her home. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

## CHAPTER XXX

THE morning after the petting party at Peggy's apartment Betty awakened with a headache. She lay long in bed, debating the problem of the evening before. She had certainly not craved the party! She had taken every drink offered her; once when dancing with Andy she was quite dizzy.

She felt she had qualified as a "good fellow" by dancing in Peggy's bathing suit. None of them seemed to think it out of the ordinary, so she felt no qualms at wearing it for the rest of the evening.

Andy and this group were all the friends she had left, now that George Harris had suggested that she stay away from his restaurant until she stopped dancing. She had not told him there was little chance for her to dance again while Daubert opposed her.

She felt a certain pride in suffering thus for Andy's sin. It was the humiliation of the black eye Andy had given him which made Daubert so bitter against her. She shuddered at what might have happened had Andy not come when he did.

Harry Ford said you either had to work yourself to death in order to eat or eat yourself to death to use up the money for which you worked, so she decided as she had money enough to run her for another month, she would not worry.

She took her shower, and donning her bathing suit, went through the routines of her dances; but she worked listlessly. She saw little hope of using them again. She thought of the possibility of getting work from Jack Parker, the local manager, but her pride would not permit her to go back to him after she had lost positions at both the Orpheum picture house and the Iron Door night club.

As she finished dressing, ready to go out for breakfast, the woman who kept the rooming house called that someone wanted her on the telephone.

"How is the world's best dan-

cer and worst drinker this morning?" asked Andy's voice.

"I'm all right," she answered. "No katzenjammer?"

"What's that?"

"If you have to ask what it is you have never had it. It is the result of which liquid libations are the cause."

"I had a headache," said Betty. "If that's what you mean."

"Those are them! Suppose I come around and take you for a ride."

"I haven't had any breakfast, so don't come yet."

"Neither have I. We'll break a bit of toast together. I'll be right over."

He took her to a small tea room on the edge of the city, where they had coffee and toast. Betty refusing orange juice, much to Andy's amusement. "Too reminiscent of last night!" he laughed.

"Andy, I must be serious with you, I have to find a job and find it quickly. I have very little money."

"Let's wait till tomorrow, won't you? My allowance check has just come and I would like to eat high, wide and handsome today. Wait till tomorrow to talk about a job!"

He drove her far out into the country, to a little lake, nestled in the woods, parked the car under a low, overhanging tree, and tossed aside his hat.

"Happy?" he asked, kissing her.

"No, Andy, I'm not happy." She sighed. "I have been insulted till I am miserable. Do you know that after the woman where I room read that thing in the Tatler she asked me to move?"

"The damned old fool!"

"She may be that, Andy, but it shows what people think of girls who dance for a living. The scene with Daubert is another indication. I must find other work."

"But you promised to forget that until tomorrow!" he reminded.

"At least, I must find another room. Would you mind driving me around to look at those advertised in the newspapers?"

"I will do anything you like tomorrow, but let's forget it for today!"

"Why tomorrow?"

"You may feel differently tomorrow. Anyway, one day will not hurt. Will you drop it till then if I promise to do whatever you like tomorrow?"

"Certainly!" agreed Betty.

He put his arm around her, pulled her head down on his shoulder and said: "Then just let's be happy today, sweetheart."

## Bachelor Forms Second 'We' Combine



When Colonel Charles Lindbergh uses his famous "We" in the future is isn't going to have the same meaning it did before his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, became a museum piece at Washington, D. C. For the colonel is now an engaged man, and the other and permanent half of the new Lindbergh "We," is Miss Anne Morrow, shown with him, above, daughter of Dwight W. Morrow, U. S. ambassador to Mexico. Inset is of the ambassador, who has announced the engagement of his daughter to the flying colonel at Mexico City.

It was the first time he had ever called her that. She thrilled at the word. They sat with little conversation till the reflection of the sun on the water came into their eyes, showing that it was nearly sunset.

"We must eat!" Andy spoke suddenly. "Come on, I know a quiet roadhouse where we can be all by ourselves."

"I don't want to go any place, any time, for any reason," announced Betty. "I have been too happy here with you this afternoon!"

"You darling!" replied Andy, giving her a squeeze.

He drove half a dozen miles to a quiet-looking little house. As he got out of the car he reached into one of the pockets and took out a flask.

"Oh, Andy! I don't like to drink! Please leave it in the car."

"Just one before dinner. It will make you feel better. The

hair of the dog is good for the bite. Join me in just one and neither of us will take another. One drink never hurt anyone!"

"I will take one if your promise that we will not take another. But Andy, I can't like drinking. I don't want to get into the habit."

"You are a wise girl. Stick to that and you'll be better off," he assured her.

He ordered dinner and two bottles of ginger ale. Before it was poured he put a small quantity of brown liquor into one glass, and a larger quantity into the other. "See, I gave you a short one!" he said.

Betty tasted the gingerale and found it not unpalatable. She ate ravenously, and chattered incessantly all through dinner. They had a merry time. True to his promise, Andy did not touch the flask again. He put it back in the pocket of the car when they went out.

He bought gas for the car and sped for the main highway, where he tossed aside his hat and she did the same. They ran through the balmy night, the headlights picking up the white ribbon of the road ahead. Betty wished she could ride on tauts forever. She snuggled to him and kissed him on the cheek.

Andy seemed to know where he was going. At the forks of the road he turned onto a side road of gravel. On the top of a high hill he parked the car at one side of the road where they could look down at the lights of a little village in the valley.

"Betty," he began, "I want to talk to you. You may not like it at first, and maybe not at last, but I got to say it, anyway. I had this in mind when I asked you to wait until tomorrow about the job and the room."

"My father is engrossed in business. He has given me up as a

bad egg. He is willing to supply me with three thousand dollars a year if I keep out of what he calls disgrace."

"You haven't a chance dancing in this town. That's out. You never got very far with it, anyway. It will be an uphill struggle all the way in this town or any other town. Why not give up your dancing career and make me a career?"

"Are you proposing to me?" asked Betty.

"No, I am not," he answered. "If I married a dancing girl my father would throw me out and we would both starve. I think you are the sweetest thing in the world. I am always happy when with you. Aren't you always happy with me?"

"Yes," Betty was puzzled. "Then why shouldn't we be with each other more? You aren't to blame because you can't make a living dancing. It's the only thing you know how to do, I'm not to blame because I can't make a living at anything. I have always been a spoiled boy. I go around every night, drinking and doing all kinds of things I shouldn't do. When I am with you I don't do them. You have a good effect on me. Think about me taking you home last night."

"Why did you?" asked Betty. "You know darned well why I did! At least you know what might have happened if I hadn't. Don't you?"

"Maybe I do," assented Betty, reluctantly.

"Well, that's never going to happen when you are tight, or me, either!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SLAIN RACKETEERS HAVE QUIET BURIAL

CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—(AP) Victims of the St. Valentine's Day gang massacre were buried Monday and the authorities were left without a single definite clue to point to the slayers.

Police struggled manfully through a haze of theories that sounded plausible but lacked evidence to support them, and unless new facts were produced the authorities admitted tonight the killings bade fair to end with the same formula of a hundred other gang slayings—a coroner's verdict that the seven members of the Moran gang who were summarily executed "met death at the hands of persons unknown." The coroner's jury will reassemble next Friday.

Theories that the septet of gangsters were killed by a rival Chicago gang, that they were killed by Detroit gang of gunmen

imported for the purpose, and that they were killed by policemen themselves all had their ardent followers—who were without concrete evidence to back up their reasonings.

Police nabbed gangsters wherever they found one—and turned them loose after they were able to prove an alibi.

About the only tangible result of the slayings in the way of concerted action by the police was a drive on speakeasies and bootleggers launched by William F. Russell, commissioner of police, after John A. Swanson, state's attorney had ordered the police to stop the liquor traffic or go to jail. Many places were closed, but others were reported operating on the quiet despite police activity.

The victims of the massacre

were buried today without the lavish display that featured gang funerals a few years ago. A double funeral was held for Frank and Peter Gusenberg, brothers, but only a handful of persons were present, most of them curious spectators. Even fewer attended the simple services for the other victims.

ADOPT RESOLUTIONS

Two proposed constitutional amendments may be referred to the voters at the next general or special election as the result of the senate's approval of two resolutions introduced by Senator Kiddle. The resolutions would open the way whereby the legislature at its next session can reduce the license fees on used cards.



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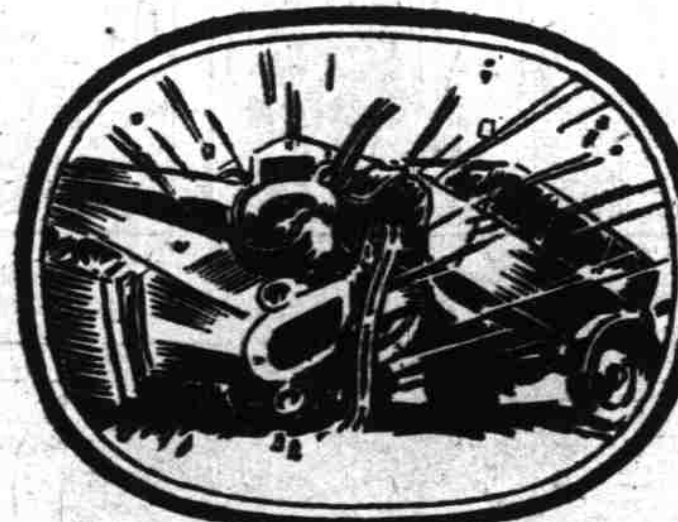
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