

Passed Up!

BY ROE FULKERSON

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER

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READ THIS FIRST:
Betty Brown learns dancing to make herself more attractive to men. As a result, she finds herself busy with social engagements. Andy Adams, Harry Ford, Doc Alger and others seek her society, but at the death of her father it is George Harris, a slow, steady boy who lives next door, who helps her in her trouble. Her mother allows a shaper to swindle her out of her life insurance money and then dies leaving Betty alone and without money. She goes to Jack Parker, who supplies talent for local entertainments, and after a tryout is told he can give her employment.
(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER XX
THE guest-chasing girl at Jack Parker's took Betty's name and address in a register of performers, and told her where the entertainment at which she was to work was to be held. She was to be present and in costume

white-tiled, all-night lunch rooms. They ordered coffee and sandwiches.
"Were you satisfied with my dancing?" she asked, when they were settled with their food.
"Yes and no. It was not so hot, but it could be made so. You got to skin off them opera lengths. If I had seen them before you went on I would have peeled you. They want raw meat, them birds. Leave 'em off, they cost too much money for scrubbing stages with 'em. You better come around and let me rehearse you some afternoon."
"Do you dance?"
"I was a hooper before I was fool enough to get into this management game. I could go out

"Listen, kid. If you want to get a living dancing, depended on him."
She opened the door a bit on her side as the car slowed down at the curb in front of her rooming house. Before he could touch her, she stepped out, fearing he would try to kiss her good night. Betty knew if he did she would scream or strike him in the face. But she would have to go to his office for the fifteen dollars she could not afford to lose, she said good night with as good grace as possible.
"See you in church," he replied. "When you come down for your Jack I'll give you that rehearsal. Maybe we can make a hit out of you yet."
Betty cried herself to sleep again; this was not the only night she was to do so.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You mustn't try to kiss me," she cried, indignantly.

by nine o'clock, as the entertainment was to follow a dinner.
Once a week at Sellkoff's school, she had been given lessons in make-up. The elaborate make-up box had gradually been reduced to a small paper box with essentials which she packed in an overnight bag with her dance costumes. This bag she took with her to the entertainment. She was compelled to change her clothes with half a dozen other girl performers at the back of the small stage. Their absolute unconsciousness of nudity made her think less of her own.
The other girls all seemed to know each other. With the exception of a casual "hello," they paid very little attention to Betty. She felt that they watched her, and when her number was called she saw them and three male performers gathered in the wings.

there now and unhandcuffed some of these hard-boiled crows. I can show you a thing or two."
"I shall be glad to learn."
"You'll have to learn a lot of things if you stay in this game. At least if you know as little as I think you do." What do you know about men?"
"Then you don't know anything about 'em. Listen, kid. I'm falling for you. Not hard, you know, for I'm past falling hard for a Jane. But I put on an average of three shows a week. I get twenty bucks for each act. I give you a seventy-five, twenty-five split. That means you can make forty-five a week if you know your vegetables."
"Oh, I would like to make that much!" replied Betty, with enthusiasm.
"How much would you like it?"
"Oh, very much! I'm all alone in the world, and I have to make my living."
"No father, no brothers?"
"No."
"Where do you live, in an apartment?"
Betty did not like the slant the conversation was taking, so she told an untruth. "I live in a boarding house."
"That's rotten. Lots of times you won't get in until two or three in the morning. Got to get yourself a small apartment where you can come and go as you please and have your own company."
"I can't afford that."
He dropped the conversation as they went out to his little car at the door. Betty gave her address, but instead of heading in that direction he started toward one of the drives along the river.
"I must be getting to bed," protested Betty.
"You don't have to get up till you get ready," he replied, driving on. He parked the car by the river and put his arm around her,

lars' worth of work a week are you going to move into an apartment where you can invite me in?" he persisted, making no move to start the car.
"How can I tell what I will do when I know you well enough," temporized Betty.
"Yeah, or me either!" he jeered.
"We will see as soon as I can afford the apartment," Betty had no intention of allowing this man to establish any social relations with her, but she feared he would not give her work if she became indignant.
"We will see right now," he spoke half angrily. He pulled her over to him and kissed her roughly. She tore loose from him, crowding into the other end of the seat.
"Unhand me, villain, is the line you want," he suggested.
"You mustn't kiss me like that!" she cried, indignantly.
"Got your walking shoes on?" he asked. "It's a long way back to where you live. Listen, kid, I ought to dump you out right here and let you walk back. I don't waste time on 'em see? But you don't know this game and I'm gonna teach it to you, see? You play pretty with me and I play pretty with you. Upstage me and I upstage you."
"You coming down and let me rehearse that act for you so you can make a hit?"
"Yes, I will come, but please take me home now."
Betty was silent all the way home. Perhaps, after all, George Harris was right about public dancing. But perhaps managers were not all like this odious, rascally one. She was positive she would never be alone with him again.
He kept up a steady fire of egotistical talk, evidently attempting to impress on her that her hope of a stage career, or of even mak-

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Hearing a rumble that reminded him of a landslide as he lay ill in his Dyer'sville, O., home, Glenn Cline, 21, pulled himself from bed and investigated a nearby railroad cut to find it full of boulders and stone. Then he dragged himself down the track and flagged a fast passenger train that was approaching, in time to prevent the train from plowing into the filled cut, probably saving a hundred lives.

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Herbert Hoover Plans to Make Short Capital Trip

MIAMI BEACH, Fla., Feb. 7.—(AP)—President-elect Hoover has the present intention of returning to Washington only a few days before his inauguration on March 4th. He plans to hold such conferences as may be necessary at his home.
By the time of his return he hopes to have both inaugural addresses and his cabinet slate practically in their final forms. His first address to the people of the nation as president rapidly is taking shape.
The determination of Mr. Hoover to make no statements concerning his cabinet before the nominations are sent to the senate on March 4th was further evidence today with his flat declination to comment upon the statement made at Manila by Henry L. Stimson, governor-general of the Philippines, that at the request of the president-elect he was leaving Manila to take up another post.

Mum on Rumors
Nor would the next chief executive have anything to say about recurring reports that Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, would be appointed secretary of the interior for the two years' period of his leave of absence from Stanford.
Despite the silence of the president-elect, there is now a general belief among most members of his party that the post Mr. Stimson is to take is that of secretary of state and that Dr. Wilbur, if not appointed to the cabinet, will undertake some highly important official mission for the Hoover administration.

Luncheon to be Attended
Mr. Hoover's trip to Fort Myers to attend the luncheon next Monday at the estate of Thomas A. Charles, E. Bass, a broken in state and that Dr. Wilbur, if not appointed to the cabinet, will undertake some highly important official mission for the Hoover administration.

Complaint
The controversy between this group of breeders and the college apparently dates back to years when hatcherymen and poultrymen controlling 70,000 hens with an annual output of 2,000,000 chicks placed their grievance before President Kerr. Dr. Kerr was said to have promised to give the complaint attention.

WRONG MEDICINE HELD DEATH CAUSE

SEATTLE, Feb. 7.—(AP)—After half a dozen witnesses had testified that Dr. Royal H. Tracy administered ammonia instead of spirits of ammonia to Ella Falls, 24-year-old stenographer, at a drinking party here, a coroner's jury today blamed the physician for her death. The jurors, who deliberated less than half an hour, said the brain specialist's error was "criminal negligence."

The death certificate said the girl's death yesterday was caused by ammonia poisoning. Persons who attended the party in a downtown office building January 26 said Dr. Tracy gave the girl the ammonia, thinking it was spirits of ammonia, in an attempt to revive her after she became violently ill. The girl screamed when he had poured the stuff down her throat, witnesses testified and the doctor rushed out and returned with spirits of ammonia which he administered.
Dr. Tracy, however, testified that the girl died from alcoholism. Dr. J. C. Clarke who was called to treat Miss Falls later, said that he found the girl almost pulseless. Giving her spirits of ammonia, after administering ammonia, was like "adding fuel to the flames," he testified.
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Poultrymen Kick At Alleged Evil O.S.C. Practices

Commercializing of the poultry department of Oregon agricultural college was rapped in a complaint filed with members of the legislature here Wednesday by a group of poultry raisers.
"The college seems to have overstepped the bounds of its purpose of instruction, advice, experiment and research work," read the

Marshfield May Move Its Bridge

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Feb. 7.—(AP)—The Marshfield chamber of commerce last night went on record favoring the transfer of designation by public election of \$300,000 worth of Coos Bay bridge bonds to a site above the Coos Bay Lumber Company mill. The Park avenue site, for which the bonds were first voted, was decided by United States engineers to be unfavorable.

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