

GOOD SUPPORT FOR CARNIVAL IS PROMISED

Klamath Falls officially is ready to lend full support to the Crater Lake Ski Club in its plans for the annual snow carnival at Fort Klamath February 21, and on February 26 a local hospital celebration will be held as a part of the ski carnival program.

Entertainment of visitors who come to this city prior to the big Fort Klamath show is the chief purpose of the local project, as well as to boost attendance and interest in the snow carnival.

Features Planned
A banquet and dance are among features being considered for the event here, both on the evening prior to the Fort Klamath show. The plan is to get as many outsiders as possible into the Klamath country, and to take care of a large number of them in Klamath Falls on the day and night before the trek to Fort Klamath.

Mayor Fred Cofer has been authorized by the city council to issue a proclamation setting aside February 26 as the day for the local celebration. Service clubs, the county court, and other groups are expected to cooperate.

Special railroad and bus rates are expected to boost the attendance at the Fort Klamath event.

Immanuel Baptist Events Are Planned

Several events of importance are scheduled for this week by members of the Immanuel Baptist church. The regular mid-week service will be held Wednesday evening.

Thursday evening the ladies of the church and the young people's church will serve a dinner for the men at 6:30 in the church. W. G. Boyle, field representative for the national council of men, and other officials will attend. All men and young men of the church are invited.

On Monday evening, February 13, a mid-winter missionary meeting will be held. Four church leaders will attend. They are Dr. R. E. Moon, missionary of the Congo; Dr. O. C. Wright, state secretary; Miss Ruth Hughes, pioneer missionary of the Home Mission society; and T. H. Hogen, director of religious education for the state of Oregon. Each will give a brief talk. The ladies of the church will serve a dinner.

Fire Alarm System Will Be Transferred

Fire Chief E. A. Taylor reported Tuesday night that the city fire alarm system will be out of service for approximately 24 hours, beginning at 10 a. m. Wednesday, while the system is being transferred from the old station to Central station.

All fire alarm boxes in the city will be labeled "out of service," and those finding it necessary to turn in a fire alarm are asked to phone 124, a city Taylor said that the work will take about 24 hours for completion.

Classified Ads pilot good customers through doors of scores of progressive stores.

The dime-a-dance girl

BY JOAN CLAYTON

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Beautiful ELLEN ROSSITER, who works by day as a salesgirl in Barclay's Department Store, lives with her mother, MOLLY ROSSITER, her 14-year-old sister, MYRA, and her 12-year-old brother, MIKE. Ellen's head father, a younger son in a titled English family, left in comfortable fortune to provide for his wife and children but treacherous Ellen's mother went through the fortune. Since then the support of the household has devolved upon the two sisters. Their problem is complicated by Molly's headless extravagance.

Now go on with the story

CHAPTER II

DURING the long hot morning at Barclay's department store Myra's words lingered with Ellen. Myra had said that the Rossiter family would always be just one jump ahead of the poorhouse. Myra had said that the Rossiter girls would never find men financially able to marry them. With a pang in her heart Ellen thought of Myra, engaged for nine years to Bert, worn out with ceaseless waiting for the opportunity, the break that never came. She thought of little Mike. In an age of specialization Mike must have his chance. But how was that chance to come? How was Mike to go to college as other boys did? How was Mike to get an education? All of the Rossiter desired ease and beauty and luxury in life. All of them deserved those things.

As she mechanically cut lengths of 18-cent outing flannel for women who for some inscrutable reason wanted outing flannel in midsummer, the girl's mind returned continually to that morning conversation. Were the Rossiter girls fooling themselves? Were they indeed all lost in worse than mediocrity? Did the past glories of a family count for nothing when the present of that family was poverty?

"What's eating you?" Jenny Elkins, her counter mate, asked once.

"Nothing," Ellen replied absently.

But she felt weary and discouraged. Her head ached from the heat and from the ceaseless complaints of shoppers who desired more for their money than their money would buy. "Like us," thought Ellen bitterly.

With noon and the lunch hour she cheered. As she combed her hair and powdered her damp face dry, she observed that she had a great deal of company. The dressing room was full of salesgirls, less well off than herself, many of them fading, past the age of romance and past the possibility of attaining happier futures.

Ellen was young. She had undeniable good looks and distinction. Just around the corner who knew what might be in store? She swung out into the street. Fifth avenue was jaded and willing in the August sunshine. Even the shop windows seemed dusty and the merchandise, usually so enticing, was dimmed by the blinding noon light.

BUT Ellen felt the customary lift of spirit as she left the store. She was almost eager now for the coming adventure. After all, she had never been inside Dreamland.



Ellen did not notice him until he touched her arm.

had never been inside Dreamland. There was no reason why it might not be fun. There would be youth there at least. It was better to dance than to sit at home waiting for a man who would never come. Ellen decided to work at night as a dance hall hostess until the sum is made up. She and Myra leave the house together for the day's work.

That feeling of suppressed excitement was still with her when she reached the dancehall a few steps off Broadway and plunged into the graceful dusk of the building. It left her abruptly when, at the second floor, she left the elevator and stepped into Dreamland.

The big, over-decorated room, even with all the shades drawn, appeared cheap and tawdry. The paper roses that shaded the lights were not only imitation—they were dirty. The floor, not yet swept, was mussy with coffee remaining from the night before. Nor did the peeling gilt chairs and tables arranged around the walls present a setting for romance. Or the glass ticket booth near the door like the ticket booths of motion picture houses. As though romance were for sale!

Ellen squared her jaw, assumed herself that she had not come for romance, and walked toward the door marked "Office—Jacob Salomon, Manager." She was a little surprised that there were no other girls waiting and a little cast down as well. That probably was a clear indication that Dreamland jobs were not too profitable.

She knocked at the frosted glass door. A querulous voice bade her enter.

Jacob Salomon did not rise when she came in. He was wearing a hat. He did not remove his hat. Nor did he remove the cigar in his mouth when he inquired her business. Ellen told him.

"I've ever dance professionally?"

"No, I haven't. But I'm a very good dancer," replied Ellen in a voice as brusque as his own.

She had no intention of being intimidated by Jacob Salomon. He leaned across his untidy desk, wound up a portable victrola, put on a record and stood up.

"I'll try you out," he said.

Ellen looked startled. But instantly Salomon expected her to dance with him. He was holding out his arms. She had never before danced with a man in his shirt sleeves, a man wearing a hat and smoking a cigar. But she stepped

firmly forward.

ELLEN was a light and graceful dancer. She was surprised to find that Salomon, for all his bulk, danced better than any partner she had ever had before. After two turns of the room he released her, mopped his forehead and fopped into his velvet chair again.

"You're a k.," he announced. "Turn up with your evening dress at eight o'clock tonight. You're allowed Mondays off if you want 'em. Take any other night off, without explaining in advance, and you're fired. That's all."

Ellen smiled faintly.

"I'm afraid I can't all," she observed untroubled. "I have to be satisfied with the job too. What is the salary?"

"No salary. Commissions. The boys pay 10 cents a dance straight days. You can pick up more giving private lessons. You get half the takings. You split your tips too—if any."

He squinted his eyes and regarded her with the cold glance of a surgeon or a musical comedy director.

"You're good-looking," he admitted as if he had just noticed it. "You got class too. I guess you'll knock the spots off any of the hostesses we have now. You ought to make three or four dollars an evening—six or seven on Saturdays. Easier than clerking in a store. That what you do now?"

Ellen was considerably taken aback. Color rose in her cheeks, but her voice was cool as she admitted that she did clerk in a store and meant to continue to do so. Salomon indifferently assured her that such a course was an easy way to quick suicide, but he did not appear to be really interested.

"Another thing," Ellen said as she prepared to leave. "I haven't any real evening dress. Only semi-evening dresses."

Salomon's feet, which had been cocked upon the desk, came down on the floor.

"Won't do," he said. "I might as well tell you that the evening clothes are the catch. They wear out fast here. And you gotta have 'em. This is a classy place. Part of our advertising is 'Every beautiful hostess in the latest from Paris.'"

"But I—"

"Won't do. We're in this biz for

money—not for our health." He added speculatively, his eyes curious. "No reason why a Jane as good-looking as you are shouldn't have all the evening duds in the world. No reason for that matter why you shouldn't be clerking in a store or working here either."

As Ellen, angry and discouraged, went out the door, he called after her. "The job's always open if you manage to scare up the dress."

Late that afternoon, Ellen, bitterly disappointed at losing the \$29 or \$25 a week, telephoned to the Brooklyn apartment house. There was a long wait while good-natured Mrs. Clancy climbed the stairs to bring Molly to the phone. But the wait was easier than the explanation. Molly Rossiter made it very hard. She could not understand why Ellen had not persuaded Salomon to take her without the evening dress. She never understood such things. To top this off she explained tearfully that the landlord had called during the morning for his rent.

"What will we do?" she wailed.

Ellen had no better idea of that than Molly. But she poured forth reassurances before she hung up the receiver and turned away. She gave way a little then. There were tears in her wide, thick-lashed eyes and her face, ordinarily so rosy, was pale with fatigue and anxiety.

She brushed past a handsome, middle-aged man, who had been waiting at the row of telephones on the fifth floor of Barclay's. She did not notice him until he touched her on the arm. She turned to face Steven Barclay, owner of the department store.

"You're employed here, aren't you?" he asked.

Ellen's heart gave a great thump. It was against the rules to telephone during business hours. It was also against the rules to leave one's counter. Her counter, tended by another girl, was six floors below in the basement.

"I am employed here," she said in a strained, low voice.

"Will you step into my office, please?"

Ellen clamped her teeth into her lower lip. As she silently followed him she called forth all her reserve to meet this final calamity. So she was to lose her job at Barclay's!

(To Be Continued)

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



WASH TUBBS

By Crane



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



By Blosser

Black "X" Design

HORIZONTAL

1 U. R. ambassador to Belgium.

7 Slaty parade, often with floats.

14 First letter of a name.

16 Visitor.

17 Denoting the middle part.

18 Those whose properties are subject to liens.

21 Beat.

22 Behold.

24 Bloom.

26 Rhode Island.

27 To follow.

30 House cat.

31 To crimp.

32 Wayside.

33 A trinity.

35 Soft mute.

37 Rapid development of a district (F.P.I.).

38 Writer's mark.

40 Organ of smell.

42 Unit of electrical capacity.

43 Piece of soap.

45 Cavity.

47 Verb.

48 Ringworm.

50 Mister.

51 Corded cloth.

52 Insistence.

53 To hasten.

55 To crimp.

58 Stiff, hooked flower heads.

59 Serious.

61 Extra tires.

VERTICAL

1 Small tool.

2 Protuberance of the skull.

3 An offer.

5 Product for which Tulsa is famous.

6 Mussel.

8 Maple shrub.

9 Aeriform fuel.

10 Delity.

11 Full-length vestment.

12 Approached.

13 A retinue.

15 Sweet secretion.

19 Want.

20 To devour.

23 Obsequies.

25 Scarlet.

28 Outer garment.

29 Completed.

31 Demonstration.

32 Boother.

34 To perch.

35 2000 pounds.

38 Picture taking machine.

39 To decline.

41 To fondle.

42 A mockery.

43 Large.

44 To let.

46 Grin.

48 Three.

49 Ones in cards.

52 For each.

53 Custom.

54 To yelp.

55 Precipitous.

57 Variant of "A."

59 South America.

Flapper Fanny Says

SOAP

During 1931 a million country folk moved to big cities. Maybe they were seeking a little solitude.

A CLASSIFIED AD CAN GUIDE GOOD CUSTOMERS YOUR WAY

PHONE IT TO 1900

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

