

# BUILDERS TO FORM CHAPTER OF CONGRESS

The committee of 11 builders and mechanics, appointed Tuesday night, Wednesday decided to formulate the Oregon Builders Congress and will conduct an open meeting at the city council chambers at 8 o'clock Friday evening.

All interested in building construction work in Klamath Falls are asked to attend the meeting. Permanent officers and directors of the building congress will be elected.

The committee consists of Howard Perrin, architectural designer, Archie Rice, building trades council representative; H. Moss, carpenter; Charles Withers, general contractor; Glen Rout, lumberman; S. M. O'Seill, mill operator; F. R. Haugen, building materials dealer; M. A. Hollingsworth, painter; R. W. Smith, brick yard operator; Charles Garcelon, electrician; W. M. Lorenz, plumber; Leo Huls, representative of the Building Association, and H. J. Lorenz, temporary secretary of the organization.

# WOMEN INVITED TO OREGON MEET

Women of Klamath Falls and vicinity are invited to attend a meeting of The Women's Greater Oregon Association to be held in the auditorium of the city library, Thursday, afternoon, February 18, at 2:00 o'clock.

The Women's Greater Oregon Association, a volunteer organization having a membership of more than 20,000 women throughout the state who are interested in building up Oregon's payroll. There are no dues and no membership fees.

Speakers at the Klamath Falls meeting will be Mrs. Reade M. Ireland, state president; Mrs. J. George Keller, state chairman, and Mrs. Charles H. Runcell.

# Examiner Stresses Knowledge of Code

Ward McReynolds, automobile driving examiner for the secretary of state's office, emphasized the importance of applicants' studying the traffic code before taking the examination.

"The laws have been changed a good deal, and even if persons have driven for a long time, they may not be acquainted with the present regulations," said McReynolds. "The important rules have been condensed in a booklet, which can be had from the state police or by writing the secretary of state. It is essential that these be studied before taking the examination."

# NEW BUS USED

The Klamath Bus company has added another carrier to the Pacific Terrace route. The new machine, built on a narrow chassis, was particularly designed for the less than average width of Pacific Terrace.

Those who consult the Classified Ads regularly are bound to profit many times.

# 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 eight-year-old sister, MYRA, and her 12-year-old brother, MIKE. Ellen's dead father, younger son in a titled English family, left a comfortable fortune to provide for his wife and children. Irresponsible Molly squandered away through the fortune and since then the support of the family has devolved upon her two daughters.

Molly foolishly spends the proceeds from money to buy unnecessary clothes for Mike. At her mother's suggestion Ellen decides to work at night as a dance hall hostess until the sum is made up. She goes to Dreamland and interviews JACOB SALOMON who offers her a job on condition that she supply her own evening dress. Bitterly disappointed, she breaks a store rule and tells someone the news to her mother.

STEVEN BARCLAY, owner of the department store, sees her in the telephone booth and asks her to come to his office. Ellen is sure he intends to discharge her.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**



**CHAPTER III**

ELLEN had her feet planted firmly in her small world by the time she had suited herself. She had seen other girls pay the swift penalty for some inconsequential fault. She was prepared to pay it herself in dignity and in pride. She thought dimly that the important thing was to maintain her own course.

Never before had she exchanged a word with her employer. In her six years of service she had seen him no more than half a dozen times. Steven Barclay spent only two or three months a year in the store which bore his name; the other months he wandered restlessly about Europe adding to his collection of jewels. But Ellen had assumed, as her working mates had assumed, that he was responsible for the strictness of the store, the countless, fretting rules, the rigid discipline. She had youthfully hated him for that.

"I hope," he began almost apologetically, "that you won't think I'm interfering in something which does not concern me. I am, of course, but perhaps you'll forgive me when I tell you that I can not bear to see an employe—to see someone so young as you are—in such trouble without attempting to learn if there is something I can do. Some way that I can help."

Ellen had been prepared for dismissal. She was not prepared for sympathy. For a moment revulsion of feeling made her actually dizzy. Her heart was suffocating her and she felt she could hardly breathe. But she forced herself to answer him.

"It's—it's nothing important, she managed at length.

"I was afraid you'd say that. It probably would be nothing to me. Obviously it's not that to you. But I do think it's something that can't be solved. Won't you tell me?"

AT any other time Ellen would have withdrawn into the fastnesses of the Rossiter pride. Just then she had such an overwhelming need for sympathy, such an overwhelming need for the advice of someone older, someone responsible, that the whole story was out before she could check the rush of words. Myra and Bert; her mother and her disastrous shopping tours; Mike, delightful baby Mike, who should have his chance; the Brooklyn apartment and the countless, harassing worries that beset two girls trying to balance on their slim shoulders the burden of a family,

She knew she had found her dress.

all that and more she poured forth. She stopped at last in consternation. What had she said, lured by this man's intent interest? What had she possessed her?

"So you see it's really nothing," she concluded stily. "Only the lack of an evening dress. I'm afraid I've drawn a dreadful picture. It's not a fair or truthful one. We have lots of fun. We love each other. Anyone would say that an evening dress wasn't important."

"I wasn't going to say that."

"No, I wasn't going to say that," he repeated. "I was going to tell you something about myself, something that might help you, or I hope it will. Are you bored?"

Ellen quickly assured him she was not. She felt again and unwillingly his quiet spell, felt his lack of concession, his simple assumption that they were equals and, as equals, could solve her problem. But how? What possible help could she expect from him?

"Don't think of me as a rich man," he was saying. "Think of me as I was at your age, trying to support a young wife and a young baby on \$15 a week in the days when \$15 a week meant more than it does now but not enough more. My wife wanted a dress too. She wanted a pink dress with ribbons. She looked a little like you, had that same quick way of turning her head. And they were wearing pink and ribbons when she wanted the dress."

ELLEN forgot Jenny Elkins in the basement. She had not known that Barclay had been poor. It was hard to imagine that distinguished, graying man who wore clothes so carefully cut, so indicative of wealth, in such a role. But she could visualize clearly the young wife who had wanted a pink dress with pink ribbons.

"No one offered to give her that dress," Barclay continued. "If any-

she softened it with a glance of shy merriment.

The man considered a moment. His face cleared and when he smiled so many years dropped away from him that Ellen felt he must look almost as he had looked to his young wife. She had thought him handsome and distinguished before but separated from her by miles of spiritual distance, separated from her by many years and by great wealth. For the first time she saw him not as her employer but as a man.

"Well, if you won't, you won't," he said decisively. "It may be that older girls should be suspicious of older men bearing gifts—I don't know. But I've thought of a compromise. Surely you can't refuse to borrow a dress."

"Borrow a dress?"

"Certainly. Don't look so astounded. We seldom sell the gowns that the models wear. You'll borrow one of them and return it when your engagement is over."

TAKING her consent for granted, he turned at once to ring a bell. Ellen had neither the heart nor the will to demur. Indeed, she felt her spirits rising. By so simple an act as ringing a bell, Steven Barclay had settled the problem of where the Rossiter rent was to come from. With the help of a borrowed dress it was coming from Dreamland.

A few minutes later a saleswoman arrived with a lovely cargo of evening dresses. Steven Barclay had slipped away. Ellen was alone in the office. She appreciated the department store owner's tact and his wisdom. Barclay's was notoriously a hotbed of gossip. The latest incident that involved Steven Barclay was always of abnormal interest to his employes. Fortunately the saleswoman who brought the gowns was placidly incurious.

The next 15 minutes were sheer heaven for Ellen. She had never owned an evening gown, evening gowns being one of the items invariably missing from Aunt Myra's boxes. She had not known it would be such fun to select a gown only because it made her beautiful.

She stood before a long mirror and held up before herself, one by one, gowns that she was convinced were the loveliest in the world. It was pure bliss to see that, although line and color seemed almost to change her personality as they did change her appearance, not even the trying burnt orange or the deep petunia could dull the triumphant flush of her clear skin or deaden her bright hair.

When she came upon the gown of ivory tulle she knew she had found her dress. It did not make her an ingenue. It did not make her a duchess. It did not make her mysterious. It only made her Ellen Rossiter, a girl of 20, clear-eyed and clear-skinned, a girl with slender hands and slender feet, beautiful, but more than that, a girl who was genuine and secure in her own personality.

There were no ornaments, no frills on Ellen's dress. It was only white tulle falling to the floor. But it had been made in France by a great couturier who called his creation "Jesse File."

Barclay returned after Ellen had seen the other gowns carried away. He glanced at the ivory tulle over her arm. He hesitated and then said:

"I'm glad you selected that one." As Ellen looked into his eyes she saw with a little shock, half of fear and half of strange pride, that life was suddenly becoming exciting.

(To Be Continued)

# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



# WASH TUBBS

By Crane



# BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



# Question on Spain

**MONUMENTAL**

1 Whiskers.  
5 To ignore.  
10 Edge of a roof.  
11 One who delivers money to another in trust.  
12 To degrade.  
14 Licit.  
15 Male sheep.  
18 June flower.  
19 Gifts of charity.  
20 Incarnation of Vishnu.  
21 Secured.  
22 Austerity.  
23 Thin metal plate.  
24 Type measure.  
25 Humble prostration.  
26 Detesting.  
27 Black flies.  
28 Purple, flowering shrub.  
29 After what city in Spain was a fine sword named?  
31 To entangle.

**YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**

13 NINA  
14 CASAN  
15 BARK  
16 BIRD  
17 BRASS  
18 ROSE  
19 CHARITY  
20 VIRGINIA  
21 LOCKED  
22 STERN  
23 SHEET  
24 TYPE  
25 PROSTRATE  
26 HATE  
27 TSETSE  
28 PURPLE  
29 DONKEY  
30 SPAIN  
31 ENTANGLE

supplies more than half the hides imported by U. S. A?  
13 Long spar.  
14 Divine word.  
15 Last word of a prayer.  
17 Important mineral found in Brazil.  
18 Duplicate.  
19 Assessment amount.  
20 Streets.  
21 Fenced.  
22 Bent the knee.  
23 Homes of bees.  
24 Linen.  
25 Tardier.  
26 Poem.  
27 Blackbird.  
28 Opposite of closed.  
29 Engine.  
30 Judgment.  
31 To demolish.  
32 In a line.  
33 Stomach.  
34 Cry of a dove.  
35 Missouri.  
36 Pair.

41 Brute.  
42 To relieve.  
43 Hall!  
44 Second note.  
45 Vehement.  
46 Limestone.  
47 Sic.  
48 First note.  
49 Changeable.  
50 Under.  
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**A CLASSIFIED AD CAN GUIDE GOOD CUSTOMERS YOUR WAY**

PHONE IT TO 1900

Most people who get to the top of the ladder still have to work.

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

# Flapper Fanny Says



# FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser