

HILMAN FUNERAL SERVICES HELD

Funeral services for Ross Hilman, 20-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hilman, who died in Ely, Nev., last week, were conducted from the Parker funeral home Monday afternoon. Members of scout troop 4, of which Ross was one of the first members, assisted at the services.

Honorary pallbearers were O. E. Hoover, scout executive; H. C. Groesbeck, J. Percy Walls, Fred Fleet, George Walton and Oscar Peyton. Active pallbearers were Harvey Brannon, Don Kenyon, Rev. Lewis, Jim Blusser, Dick Kranenburg and Norton Taylor. Rev. Joseph Ewing, scout master, conducted the services and T. G. Lundquist sounded bugle taps. Mrs. Marjorie Oide sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Mrs. Hinkle sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

League Directors Will Meet Tonight

Directors of the Taxpayers' Protective League of Klamath county will meet at 7:30 Tuesday evening, according to A. G. Morrison, secretary. The place for the meeting has not been selected.

An open meeting of the league will be held at 8 p. m. March 3 in the Klamath county court house. Several important tax matters are to come up.

Sportsmen Elect Boundary Group

A committee of Klamath county sportsmen was appointed last night to work with a similar Lake county committee on the proposed change in the boundaries of the Klamath-Lake deer reserve.

A plan has been proposed to enlarge the reserve, located in Lake county and adjoining the east border of Klamath county.

LEGION TO MEET

Past commanders' night will be observed at the American Legion meeting at the Legion hall tonight, 8:00 o'clock. H. E. Geta, post commander, will be in charge. Jay Upson, Bend, will be the leading speaker.

Flapper Fanny Says



Girls in the bloom of youth are handed the most bouquets.

The dime-a-dance girl

By Joan Clayton

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Beautiful ELLEN ROSSITER, a salesgirl in Barclay's Department Store, lives with her extravagant mother, MOLLY ROSSITER, her elder sister, MYRA, and her young brother, MIKE. The two girls support the family. Molly foolishly spends money saved to pay the rent. Ellen decides to work at night at Dreamland as a dance hall hostess until the sum is made up. The business must mean evening dresses and Ellen owns none.

STEVEN BARCLAY, a man of 37 and Ellen's employer, sees the girl crying and discovers the situation. He offers to give Ellen a dress but she proudly refuses. He then loans her a dress from stock.

Ellen dines with Barclay and he drives her to Dreamland where he leaves her. Ellen is half-puzzled, half-frightened by her wealthy employer's obvious interest in her. But she forgets him entirely when at Dreamland she meets handsome young LARRY HARRINGTON, an artist, whose prospects, in his own phrase, are exactly nothing. She eagerly accepts Larry's invitation to tea the following day.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII

ELLEN had never before realized how many steps there were in the five long flights that led to her own home. She was really very tired but she climbed doggedly forward, determined not to stop. The hall was hot and stuffy, piled up at the landings with rubbish awaiting the janitor's disposition. The house was asleep. Through thin walls she could hear the heavy sound of breathing and even the restless stirrings of the sleepers. At the second floor she identified a terrifying buzzing sound as Papa Clancy's snore.

She chuckled and pushed on. Halfway between the fourth floor and the fifth she was unpleasantly surprised to see light shining from beneath the living room door of her own apartment. Oh, dear, someone was still awake! All the way home on the subway she had planned to hop straight into bed and drift off to sleep on the tide of her own glamorous imaginings. She did not want to share those imaginings or to discuss her experiences of the day. Now there was no help for it.

With a resigned sigh she unlocked the door and stepped into the Rossiter living room. Molly Rossiter, bright-eyed and wide-awake, sat at a battered mahogany table playing solitaire. Molly's solitaire was the joke of the family. Whenever she was beaten it was her habit to rearrange the cards and to proceed with the play. By faithfully adhering to that system, she never failed to run out all her cards.

"I've just beaten old Sol," she announced innocently as Ellen entered.

Then she sprang up and ran to greet her daughter.

"Sit down, darling," she urged. "You look tired to death. Do you want coffee? Shall I risk it or will you make it yourself? Did you have a good time? Tell me everything."

"Help, help," pleaded Ellen faintly, as she sank into a chair and pushed her hat back off her damp forehead. "You'll have to give me a chance. I'm going. Don't bother about coffee. I'm wide awake to bed."

"Not before you tell me all about it, are you?" Molly wailed in childish disappointment.



She wrenched the card free and tore open the envelope.

"You should have gone to bed, honey," Ellen told her, as her temporary annoyance faded. "But since you didn't, what do you want to know especially?"

"I couldn't have slept a wink," Molly protested earnestly, clasping her hands about her bare knees. "I was too anxious to hear about everything—about the dress particularly. Did you look beautiful? Where is it?"

"It's at Dreamland. I guess I looked all right," Ellen tackled the questions in reverse order.

"Oh, Ellen, don't be so provoking! You aren't telling me anything! You only said over the phone that Mr. Barclay had lent it to you. What was he like? Was he nice?"

ELLEN understood that Molly wanted to know whether or not Barclay had been personal. Her mother was trembling with eagerness to share Barclay's every intonation. What had he done? What had he said? How had he looked? She wanted to know not only what Ellen had thought but even what Ellen thought Barclay had thought. In short she was prepared for a sentimental story.

Ellen could not help being mildly irritated when her mother was in such a mood.

"He was rather nice," she answered listlessly. "He's quite all right, you know—not likely to be enthusiastic. But extremely kind."

"Then you saw him only in his office?"

"He drove me to Dreamland," Ellen conceded reluctantly.

"Ellen, that's simply marvelous!" Molly exclaimed ecstatically. "I was sure this morning that something was going to happen. I told you, didn't you remember?"

"Oh, stop it!" Ellen wanted to say. But she managed to hold her tongue. Molly, lost in romantic speculations, saw nothing of her

daughter's discomfort. Nor did Ellen's patient and not quite truthful assurances that Barclay had said not one word to indicate anything except a friendly interest, displease Molly from her firmly entrenched notion that he had fallen in love with Ellen upon first sight of her.

Ellen forgot how important the meeting with Barclay had seemed before that other meeting at Dreamland. She forgot that there had been nothing pallid about Steven Barclay's image in her mind until she had looked into Larry Harrowgate's shining, admiring eyes.

Not until Barclay and the drive through the park had been pretty thoroughly gone into was she allowed to escape to bed. One thing Molly's tireless cross-examination had failed to elicit—the story of the meeting with Larry Harrowgate.

ELLEN woke in the morning to hear subdued giggles. Something furry brushed across her nose and she opened her eyes quickly. Mike's kitten, Buzz, scampered to the edge of the bed and hopped to the floor. Mike himself, seated cross-legged at the foot of the bed and wearing a suit of shrunken pajamas, was responsible for the giggles.

As the girl stretched her arms over her head she felt that the world was very fair. She laughed joyously with her young brother and as she laughed all thought of sleep vanished. The early morning air was sweet and cool, promising a radiant day. This was the beginning of the day that was to mark her first engagement with Larry Harrowgate. Her mind was busy with delightful planning.

What would she wear? She could carry the pink afternoon dress, a legacy from Aunt Myra, and change at noon when her duties at the store ended. Or would it be better to appear in the same costume she wore at work? Absorbed in those de-

lightful possibilities, she leaned forward, pulled Mike into her arms and teased his hair until she was quiescent with delight.

"Oh, gee," gasped Mike, after a few minutes of uproarious roughhousing. "I forgot to tell you. Some pin came for you. That's why I was to wake you up."

"What came?"

"A great big long box with lots of green ribbons."

Flowers! From Larry! Ellen was out of bed in a flash and into the living room. Myra and Molly were both at the table examining a giant florist box.

"It's from McCalland's!" Myra called out excitedly. "Mother and I thought you'd never get up. Did Mike wake you?"

Ellen's fingers trembled with the novel delight of tearing away green ribbons and massed layers of satiny paper. Roses, wet and darkly red—dozens of them!

"How many are there?" Molly incoherently demanded.

"Millions. Oh, the beauties!" She wrenched the card free and tore open the envelope. The ink had blurred with dampness but the writing was perfectly distinguishable. The writing was not Larry's.

"To the success of your new venture. S. B." read the message.

Ellen was ready to cry in her disappointment. She had been so sure! Myra and Molly were far too pleased and fluttered to notice anything amiss. Flowers and boxes in the Rossiter household were rare enough to cause any amount of excitement.

"I told you, I told you," Molly was insisting. "They're from Mr. Barclay, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Ellen.

THE girl read the message a second time in an effort to recapture some of her original delight at receiving such a splendid gift and failed. The card fluttered from her fingers. Molly pounced upon it. Together she and Myra read the short note and exclaimed and speculated and jubilated quite enough to make up for any lack in Ellen.

An umbrella stand was rushed into service. It was the only vessel in the house deep enough for the long stemmed beauties. Deploping the wastefulness Molly cut down the smooth green stems of half a dozen buds and arranged them at the shabby breakfast table. But her eyes were all for the tall splendor of the blooms in the stand pulled close to Ellen's chair.

"They're four feet long if they're an inch," she murmured happily, slipping into her place at the head of the table.

"Mother, if you say that again," Ellen said crossly. "I'll scream."

"I'll join you in the screaming," Myra offered amiably. But she added with a curious look at her sister, "Aren't you pleased, honey?"

"Of course I'm pleased," snapped Ellen. "What am I supposed to do—dance a jig?"

"Ellen's got a fellow! Ellen's got a fellow!" chanted Mike, catching belatedly the excitement of his elders.

"Be still, Mike," said his mother absently. "Don't tease your sister."

She and Myra exchanged a long, significant look. Ellen caught the look. It occurred to her a little forlornly that the only person in the Rossiter household not delighted with Steven Barclay's generosity was the recipient of it.

(To Be Continued)

Bank of America Elects Giannini

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 16, (AP)—A. P. Giannini was elected president and chairman of the board of the Bank of America, N. T. and S. A. at the annual stockholders' meeting here yesterday.

Gynn P. Talle, former chairman of the board, resigned. Giannini was returned to control of the Bank of America at

the local meeting after he had ousted Elisha Walker and his board of officials from control of Transamerica corporation at Wilmington, Del., today.

Big Anti-Hoarding Campaign Prepared

CHICAGO, Feb. 16, (AP)—Organization of President Hoover's vast anti-hoarding campaign will be completed on a national scale in one week, Col. Frank Knox,

the president's chairman, revealed tonight. "Our state organizations are coming along splendidly," he said in telling of Mr. Hoover's program to draw \$1,500,000,000 in hoarded money into circulation. "We will have the country organized one week from today in every state and every accessible community." Those who consult the Classified Ads regularly are bound to profit many times.

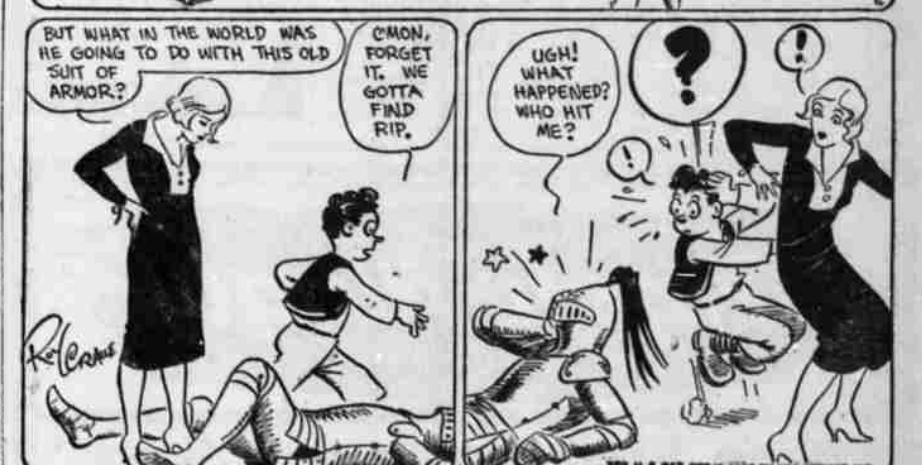
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Crane



WASH TUBBS

By Martin



By George McManus

Schooner Found; Death at Wheel

LONG BEACH, Calif., Feb. 16, (AP)—Drifting aimlessly, with a dead man at the wheel, a small fishing schooner was found several miles southwest of Anacapa Island late today.

The man at the wheel was Frank Stout, 65, a commercial fisherman who apparently died of heart trouble while sailing

alone in a section seldom traversed by boats.

He had been dead several days when his boat was sighted and overtaken by another fishing craft.

ROME—Italian women are taking to aviation as enthusiastically as men, as a result of the attempt to popularize flying in this country. More than 1300 young Italian women are taking advantage

of the free instructions given by the government. The group contains more than a hundred peasant girls, three princesses and four duchesses.

STUHLLEY VICTOR

CHICAGO, Feb. 16, (AP)—Young Stuhley, of Kewanee, Ill., won his fourteenth straight victory last night by defeating Jackie Horner of St. Louis in an eight round fight at White City. Stuhley weighed 150½, Horner, 150.

BRINGING UP FATHER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

Roosevelt Question

HORIZONTAL

1 Theodore Roosevelt is the newly appointed governor general of the —

12 Supported.

13 Supine.

15 Exists.

17 Everage.

19 Born.

20 Second note.

21 Meadow.

23 Wound on spoils.

26 Meat.

27 Crippled.

29 Truer.

30 Cotton fabric.

31 Full-length vestment.

32 To make lace.

34 Jewel.

35 Northwest.

37 Stable.

39 Evil.

40 Pair.

41 To chatter.

43 Woman's club.

46 Goddess.

47 Kind of dagger.

49 Removed the center of an apple.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

10. Ocean.

18 Word made famous by President Hoover.

20 Hastened.

22 Wine vessel.

24 Not in.

25 To rent.

26 Edge of skirt.

28 Fairy.

30 Guided.

32 Public auto.

34 Fuel.

36 One who la-mour.

38 Bird.

39 Proffer.

40 Implement used in a mortar.

42 Single respiration.

44 Bandage.

46 Produced by putrefaction.

48 Set of implements.

50 However.

55 Away.

56 Greek letter "H."

59 Type measure.

60 Prefix meaning "out of."

VERTICAL

1 Postscript.

2 Strike.

3 Day of Roman month.

4 Jump.

5 Fish.

6 3.1416.

7 Internal.

8 Requirement.

9 Before.

10 Street.

11 English leader in India.

14 To what party does Al Smith belong?

