

# "Business Kisses"

By BEATRICE BURTON

Author of "Gloria, The Flapper Wife"

The names in this story are purely fictitious and are not to be taken as referring to any particular person, place or firm.

**READ THIS FIRST**  
FLOSSIE and MARY ROSE MIDDLETON are two pretty sisters, the daughters of a widowed mother. Both of them work for the Dexter Automobile Company.  
Mary Rose is secretary to the sales manager, JOHN MANNERS, and is in love with him, although the office gossip says he is engaged to a girl of wealth, DORIS HING. Because of her deep feeling for him, Mary Rose refuses a repeated offer of marriage from DR. TOM FITZROY, who has long been in love with her.  
Flossie, who is a born flirt, helps keep the office files under MISS MACFARLANE. She is engaged to SAM JESSUP, who is secretary to the head of the company. Flossie and Mary Rose discover that Dexter is having a fling affair with Doris, who is married and the head of a family. When she forbids Flossie to see him, she threatens to leave him and go to live with her chum, ALICE JAMES.  
But she doesn't, and for a time Mary Rose thinks the Dexter affair has blown over. But one day Flossie and Miss MacFarlane quarrel over Flossie's last-minute change of mind, and the girls part. Miss MacFarlane quits her job, and Dexter makes Flossie his secretary. Under the pair of them, the department becomes a place of confusion. And one day Mary Rose comes upon Dexter making love to Flossie. When she scolds Flossie about it, Flossie says it's not her fault that men fall in love with her.  
One night John Manners asks Mary Rose to come to read to his mother, who is an invalid, explaining that Doris Hing, who usually does it, is out of town. Mary Rose goes and reads to the invalid. A few days later Doris Hing appears at the office, in Manners' arms, and makes a point of telling Mary Rose that she expects to marry him soon. As Mary Rose is brooding over this, her mother telephones to remind her that it is an hour past bedtime and that the next morning she says that Flossie hasn't come home either, so she must be out with Sam Jessup.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
CHAPTER XXVII

Mary Rose switched on the light in John Manners' office and laid Doris' note and her photograph in the wire basket on his desk.  
She stood still, for a moment, looking around the familiar room—at the ordinary, everyday things that seemed precious and wonderful to her because they were his. His brief pipe on the ash tray, his old coat on the rack in the corner, the chair where he sat.  
She could close her eyes and see him in it, now—his gray eyes that were so full of light, the clean line of his jaw, the dark hair brushed close to his fine head. How many times when she had stood there, in a clipped, business-like tone, she had been filled with an almost unbearable longing to lay her cheek down against his head. Ah! but she must never think of him that way again! She must remember that he belonged to Doris Hing!  
Mary Rose's throat tightened and she felt as if she were being strangled. Tears hung for an instant to the curve of her thick lashes. They shook and fell.

Out in the lamp starved darkness, on her slow way home, she went on thinking of John Manners and Doris Hing—and herself. She knew that she never would stop caring for him. She had taken his place in her heart—and he was there for keeps.

What she must do was to try to forget that she loved him as she did. She must go on caring for his office as another woman would care for his home—keep it clean and beautiful in its orderliness, do her work so well that she would be a joy to him, serve him as well as as long as she could.

She nodded her head with brave determination, but in the darkness her face, that nature had formed to be so gay, was dumbly tragic in its unhappiness.

At the home the kitchen was empty, brooding in its evening peacefulness. On the stove the teakettle sang cozily to itself. The supper table was set with its spotless white cloth and shining china. At one end of it stood a cake covered with marshmallow icing, Flossie's favorite icing.  
"And no Flossie to eat it," said Mrs. Middleton, appearing at the dining room door, as Mary Rose entered from the back porch. "Dear me, I can't think where she is, so late."

"You had an idea she's out with Sam Jessup, didn't you?" Mary Rose asked.  
Her mother shook her head. "I did until just a minute ago, when he called up and wanted to talk to her," she said, lines of worry deepening in her pretty, faded face. "She talks so much about that Mr. Dexter of yours, and what he says and does, that I wonder sometimes if—if she doesn't see too much of him at the office. What do you think, Mary Rose?"

Mary Rose slowly and deliberately took off her hat. She held it under her arm while she slowly and deliberately took off her gloves.  
"I think," she said then, slowly, "that you mustn't worry about her, Mums. She's all right, and she

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## WATCH LOCKJAW, DOCTOR WARNS

Call Physician if You're Hurt — Serum Will Halt Infection, Says Statement.

By Richard H. Street, M. D.  
Member Gorgias Memorial Institute  
(Written for the United Press)  
CHICAGO, July 5.—Fourth of July, lockjaw and death!  
How often the three occur in the same sentence in the newspapers describing a sad aftermath of this early summer celebration. Not only is it sad for a person to die of lockjaw, but it is sad to realize that death could have been prevented had a physician been consulted in time.  
Despite the campaign for a sane and safe Fourth, the holiday brings in its train accidental gun shot wounds and wounds caused by the explosions of cannon crackers which someone supposed had gone out.  
So beware today. Beware that you do not injure yourself or your neighbor. And, if the unexpected does happen, as often it does on the Fourth of July, take no chances with this horrible way of passing over the great divide. Report immediately to your family doctor for the anti-tetanic serum, or "shots" which will prevent the occurrence of lockjaw.  
The germs of lockjaw, known as

come relief. Anti-tetanic serum prevents lockjaw, but nevertheless the best preventive is to avoid accidents during the coming holiday. Should one occur and the flesh be badly lacerated insist that the proper dosage of serum be administered.

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## YOUTHS ESCAPE INJURY

Frank Barnett, 13, of 1653 Ashland Ave., and William Gellman, 12, of 1624 Bellefontaine St., narrowly escaped injury early today when fireworks on a stand, where they were working at 11 E. Washington St., were ignited when a firecracker was thrown at the lads.  
Sky rockets, roman candles, and other fancy pieces were exploded. No one was injured, police said.

answered, giving it back to him. She thought of the gold and jade case that Mr. Dexter had given Flossie—and then of this little plated one, that cheap as it was, was worth so much more.  
She wondered what Flossie, who loved expensive things, would think of that cheap little plated case.  
"Well, guess I'll be blowing along," Sam said. "You tell Flossie that I was pretty darn sure about her breaking a date with me, will you?"  
"And I'm going to—"  
Whatever Sam was going to do, he decided not to reveal. He said that "Mrs. Middleton's frightened voice came from across the hall." Then came the sound of Flossie's key in the door downstairs. The stairs creaked as she started up. Then she seemed to stumble—and Mary Rose heard her fall heavily down the stairs. There came a moan from the darkness at the bottom of them.  
"Merciful heavens! What was that?" Mrs. Middleton's frightened voice came from across the hall. "Did Flossie fall—or what happened? I think I was asleep. What time is it? Flossie! Flossie! Is that you?"  
There was no answer. The clock in the hall struck four!  
(To Be Continued.)  
What was Flossie doing during that anxious night? Read tomorrow's installment.