

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

"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 girls who work for the Dexter Automobile Company.

Mary Rose is secretary to the sales manager, JOHN MANNERS, and is in love with him. He is engaged to DORIS HING, an heiress. Because of her refusal to marry TOM FITZROY, a young doctor.

The first job is a very poor job of keeping the office files. She spends most of her time running around the office, and is always eager to go to socials.

Mary Rose's first job is to get caught up with my mending," she said to Mary Rose, as the girl came into the room. Her words were doleful enough but her tone was cheerful.

As a matter of fact, she enjoyed mending. For she was one of those domestic women who keep house with the same zest that many another woman plays cards or dances or goes out on a shopping spree.

An excellent type and one that is fast disappearing from the face of the earth!

" Didn't Flossie look too sweet for words tonight?" Mrs. Middleton spoke again, presently, when Mary Rose had put on a sewing apron and was going through the mending basket.

" I declare, Mary Rose, she gets prettier every day she lives. I don't suppose a body would believe it, to look at me now all faded and washed out, but—she's the living image of me when I was her age!"

" I don't doubt it," Mary Rose answered promptly. " I've always known that Flossie got her looks from you."

Mrs. Middleton sighed. " And her ways too. I was always full of very old Nick when I was a girl," she said. " I could have had my pick of any of the men and then I had to take up with your Pa, who never had one penny to rub up against another!" She shook her head impatiently.

" And that's exactly what Flossie's going to do," she added after a minute or two. " I don't wish anybody any bad luck, but sometimes I almost wish that Wheezer would blow up with Sam Jessup in it."

Mary Rose laughed, then suddenly sobered. " Only if Flossie is half as happy with Sam as you were with my father, she'll be a lucky girl," she told her mother seriously.

She closed her eyes and presently said, " Well, I suppose Flossie's the belle of the ball tonight," Mrs. Middleton remarked, looking up at it.

And Flossie was the belle of the ball that night.

There wasn't a girl at the Company's Hallowe'en masquerade who could hold a candle to her.

In her pink dress with its rosebud wreath and her pink silk stockings and gold slippers, she was springtime and youth and beauty incarnate.

At least she seemed all of that to Hilary Dexter who, dressed like a clown, watched her wherever she went, flitting from one corner of the room to another like a sunbeam.

She was not-only the belle of the ball but the life of the party. She romped and she sang. She gave an exhibition of the Charleston in a cleared space in the center of the big shipping room where the party was held.

Some one had put " pep" into the party by putting gin in the punch, and the more the lively she became.

" Come here, Dex, old kid!" she called to the president of the company, as she collected a crowd together for a tug-o-war. And to the shocked surprise of Miss Minnie Dexter yelled in answer, " Right-o, Flossie!" and came running heavily to her.

That won't make much of a hit with Mr. Dexter to have her call out like that to him," Miss Minnie observed acidly to Sam Jessup. " He's the president of the company and he ought to be treated with respect."

That's no joke," Sam answered seriously.

But what neither of them knew was that Hilary Dexter was very, very tired of being treated with respect.

No one in the whole world but Flossie Middleton treated him like a pal and a playfellow. No one else seemed to forget that he was the head of the company that sold the wonderful Dexter Eight, and that he was worth three million dollars, if he was worth a nickel!

Even his wife, his grown children and the men he played golf with treated him with concealed awe.

But Flossie made him forget that he was rich and successful, and 46 years old. She danced with him and laughed with him and at him.

Sometimes she slapped his face and called him " fresh" when he tried to kiss her. So far he had not kissed her. He almost had, that day on the stairs when Mary Rose had seen them together—almost.

But Hilary Dexter felt that he couldn't do without Flossie much longer. He wanted to hold her in his arms—all her sweet, warm slimness crushed close to him—her red mouth that was like a red flower bruised by his kisses. She had played with him long enough.

" Let's ditch this shindig," he said in a low tone to her, as they joined him, where he waited for her in the shadow of the great building.

But she said, " Good night, old timer," lightly enough to hint now, and ran into the house. Long after

**THROUGH ADVICE
OF NEIGHBOR**Woman Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work is no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—Mrs. Bertha Meacham, 210 Center St., Lansing, Mich.

" I had been sickly every since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got so I could do all my housework and I am in good health."—Mrs. Marie K. Williams, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Montana to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually coming written by grateful women commanding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The compound is made from root herbs and has been in use for many years.

Advertisement



SALESMAN SAM—By SWAN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

**WATSON'S ACTIONS
SCORED BY STUMP**Nothing to Gain in Him,
Says Nominee.

By Times Special

CLAY CITY, Ind., July 22.—The people of Indiana "have nothing to gain" by continuing Senator James E. Watson in the Senate, Albert Stump, his Democratic opponent declared at a large meeting of women here this afternoon.

Flossie made a perky little face at him. " Sa-ay! How do you get that way?" she asked. " And please take your arms away from my ribs. Don't forget that I'm the same old touch—not girl, always girl."

Her tone was flippant, but her heart was beating wildly. For the first time in her life she was afraid of a man. She was mortally afraid of Hilary Dexter.

She decided at last that perhaps her best plan was to say nothing and let him hold her. She even nestled against him, just to prove to herself that she was not afraid. But she was, for all that.

Ten miles out from town was a sandy little road that ran along the banks of a creek, and she knew that Dexter was heading for that

SELF-DEFENSE HIS PLEA

Pastor-Killer Prepares Sermon for Sunday.

By United Press
FT. WORTH, Texas, July 22.—The Rev. J. Frank Norris, Baptist minister, who Saturday shot and killed D. E. Chipps, today was prepared to go before the people with his story.

As a grand jury probed the fatal shooting, which occurred in the little study of the Baptist Church, Norris was preparing his first public speech in defense of his act. This will be in the form of his next Sunday sermon.

"The inalienable right of self-defense" was marked on the church bulletin board as the topic, which Norris will use Sunday.

Calling attention to G. O. P. arguments that Watson should be retained because of his powerful position as chairman of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, which fixes freight rates, Stump declared:

" You people will understand that the coal mines of this section have been closed down because of an unfavorable freight rate. Where has his influence been exerted up to this time in your behalf?

" If it was great influence and dominated in determining the rates that threw your husband or your son out of employment, certainly you have nothing to gain in strengthening or continuing that same influence."

APARTMENT PURCHASED

Dunbar Court Sold to Forest M. Knight for \$100,000.

Announcement of the purchase of the Dunbar Court apartments, 1022 N. West St., for \$100,000 by Forest M. Knight, of the Gregory & Appel real estate firm, was made today. The three-story building, containing forty-two apartments, was purchased from the Rhodes-Beckett Realty Company.

SHOCK NEARLY FATAL

William Brown Rendered Unconscious While Repairing Chandelier.

William Brown, 30 E. Raymond St., at city hospital today, after narrowly escaping death Wednesday evening, Brown, repairing a chandelier, received a heavy shock and was rendered unconscious, but was resuscitated by artificial respiration rendered by William Spalding of Pumper Company 13.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.