

"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 representing any particular person, place or firm.

CHAPTER LI.

No word came from the honey-mooners for more than a week. Mary Rose's heart ached for her mother, who waited with pathetic eagerness for a letter from Flossie. A letter that never came.

Every morning she would stand out on the front steps, watching the slow progress of the postman making his way up the street. And her feet would drag listlessly as she came back into the house.

"Well, I guess the baby's just forgotten us, Mary Rose," she would say. "She has Sam now, and she doesn't need us any more. But that's the way of the world—the young things grow up and run away, and forget. I suppose you'll be leaving me, too, one of these days."

Mary Rose would shake her head. "No, I'll never marry anybody," she would say with firm decision. "You know what Aunt Henry Blair says—that I look like an old maid already."

And her mother would sigh and go upstairs to her own room, where she was making a new dress for Flossie—a soft, gold-colored thing in which Flossie would look like a blonde diva.

She had dragged an old trunk out of the attic and in it she was packing all of Flossie's clothes—running fresh pink bridle looking ribbons through the "Teddy bears" and nightgowns, mending the thin chiffon stockings and putting new bands on the tiny felt hats that were the only kind Flossie wore.

"I may as well fix up the few clothes she has," she would say grimly to Mary Rose, "because she's not likely to have many new ones if she waits for Sam Jessup to buy them for her!"

Then one morning when Mary Rose got to her desk, she found a letter lying on her desk. Across it her name was scratched in pencil. The handwriting was Flossie's—round and unfurled as a 6-year-old child's writing.

"Darling Mary Rose," it read. "You still have \$20 of mine. Remember that I asked you to get it for me last week? Please send it to me right away, as I am in terrible need of money and cannot get Sam to give me any. He sure is the world's worst tightwad, and the way he freezes on to money makes me sick. If I had known he was like this, he would have had to chloroform me to get into my money, believe me, baby! With love, Flossie."

"B. S. Send the money special delivery. It is for a hat that I need terribly, and I have paid down my last dollar to hold it. F. M. J."

The letter had been mailed from Ridgmont and Mary Rose groaned aloud as she laid it down.

She knew that Flossie couldn't possibly be in "terrible need" of a hat. For her cute little felt hats were made to weather sun and rain, and, moreover, she had taken at least three of them along on her nuptial flight with Sam.

But hats were a passion with Flossie, and she would cheerfully have begged, borrowed, lied or stolen to get one that she fancied. And this time, from the tone of her letter, she had evidently had a rousing row with Sam to get one—but to no avail.

"I suppose he just didn't have the money, after he'd paid his hotel bill," Mary Rose thought, as she folded Flossie's \$20 bill into an envelope. "If he'd had it, he would have given it to her!"

For she knew something about Sam's blind worship of Flossie, and the extravagances it had led him into in the past. He had even bought his ramshackle second-hand car because Flossie hated street cars and loudly advertised the fact.

"I simply will not go out with a man unless he has a car," she had told him long ago. "There are too many men with machines who are dying to go around with me!" And so Sam had bought the disgraceful wheezer.

Mary Rose slipped a sheet of paper into her typewriter and began to tap off a letter to her self-willed young sister.

"Dearest Flossie," she wrote. "I'm sending the money for the hat, but don't you think you're making a mistake by quarreling about it with Sam? I do. The way to make a man give you things is not by razzing him, surely."

She got that far and stopped, her hands poised in the air above the machine for a minute or two. Then suddenly she dropped, pulled the letter from the typewriter and deliberately tore it into little bits.

"Who am I to advise Flossie what to do?" she asked herself bitterly. "She knows more about men in a minute than I'll ever know. If I live to be a hundred years old. Why, I don't even know how to forget a man who's forgotten me as completely as if he'd never laid eyes on me."

And it did almost seem as if John Manners had forgotten that Mary Rose was alive.

Miss Minnick took his dictation now.

Miss Minnick opened his mail and carried it into him.

Miss Minnick got his numbers for him on the extension telephone. She reminded him that he had an appointment with the tailor or with some time and rubber company at a certain hour.

In short, Miss Minnick did all of the things that Mary Rose had always loved to do for John Manners. And Mary Rose yearned to slap her because of it. She began to wonder if she could live through the last three days of her last week at the Dexter Company.

"I'd rather be here than any place in the world," she thought this morning, looking around the big, airy office with its automobile road maps on the walls and its green-shaded lights and fine mahogany desks. "I'm going to kiss it all!"

What she meant was that she was going to miss John Manners. Even though he ignored her, there was a certain satisfaction in seeing his tall, straight figure in its dark suits, going across the office. It was thrilling, still, to hear his voice, although it spoke to Miss Minnick these days, and never to her.

"Many waters cannot quench love neither can the floods drown it," Mary Rose quoted from that loveliest love song in the world—the Song of Solomon. "For love is stronger than death."

Stronger than death—

She wondered how she was going to go on living if she didn't see John Manners now and then. She began to feel numb and dead, already.

(To Be Continued)

WHAT IF CHRIST CAME, WAR CRY IN LONDON NOW

Query of Lloyd George Creates Uproar—Many Answers Given.

By Milton Bronner
NEA Service Correspondent
LONDON, Aug. 2.—What if Christ came to London today?

When David Lloyd George asked this somewhat odd question the other Sunday in speaking at the Welsh Baptist Chapel here, he started another typical Lloyd George storm.

The newspapers, people on the streets and even the serious members of Parliament have taken up his remarks, answering the question and commenting on its author.

Commander Carlisle, a Conservative, asked in the House of Commons whether a church should be exempt from taxation when used for such remarks as the former premier had made.

"If Christ had been here during the late strike I am perfectly certain that all His utterances would have been excluded from the columns of the British Gazette. The editorial blue pencil of Mr. Winston Churchill would certainly have cut right through the sermon on the Mount. I rather think Sir William Joynton-Hicks would have had him watched as a dangerous character preaching doctrines which were subversive of our institutions. I am not sure that he would have been altogether acceptable under present conditions. The doctrine of the great revolutionary, if applied, would simply cleanse the land of the stain of the slums."

Bishop Welldon of Durham, in regard to this speech, said:

"I feel no doubt that Jesus Christ would sympathize with the cause of the people. His gospel is essentially socialistic, but socialism is that of those who give, not of those who take. He would condemn the selfishness and luxury of the rich, but equally the violation of good faith and tyranny among trade unionists. His will would be for conciliation or arbitration."

Marjorie Bowen, the novelist, wrote:

"It is surely obvious that if Christ came to London, He would find good and evil in the same places and in the same proportion as He found them in Jerusalem. What would amaze Him would be Christianity and the story of Christ's life, and what has been and still is said and done in His name."

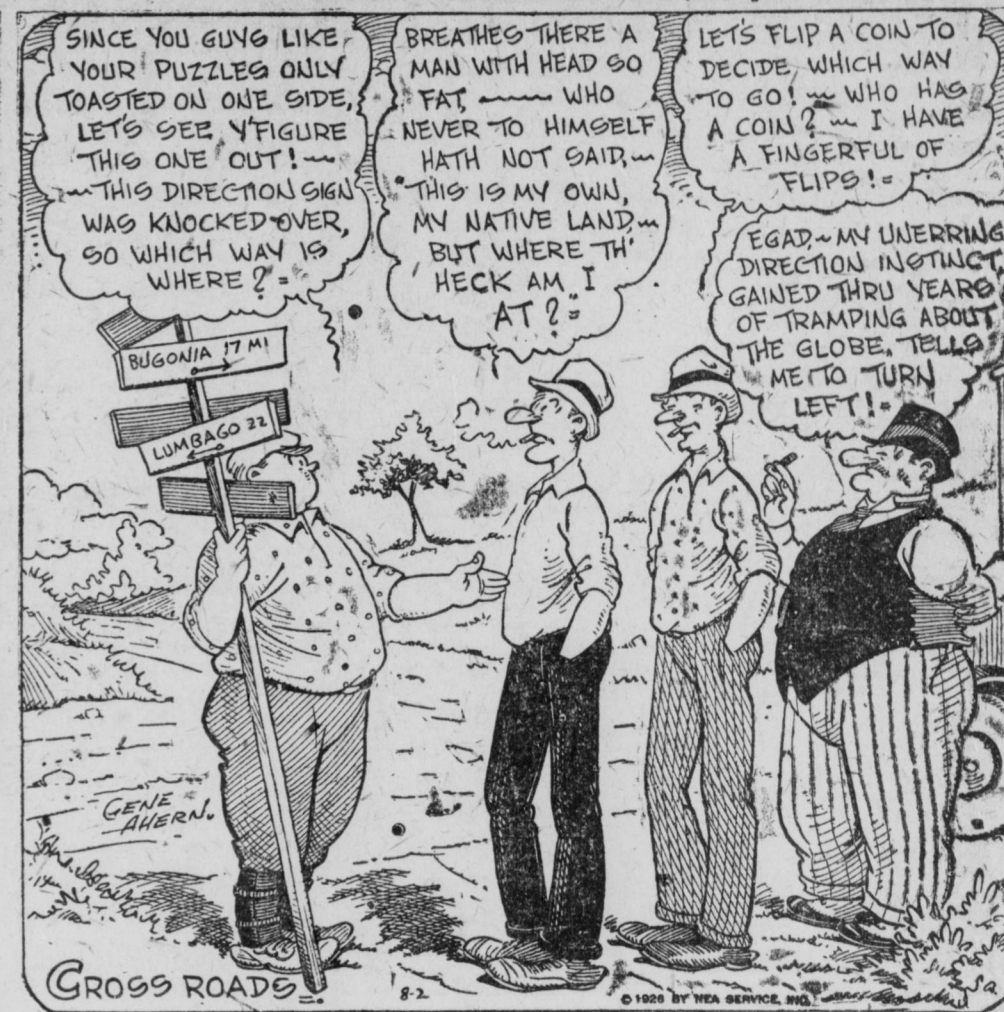
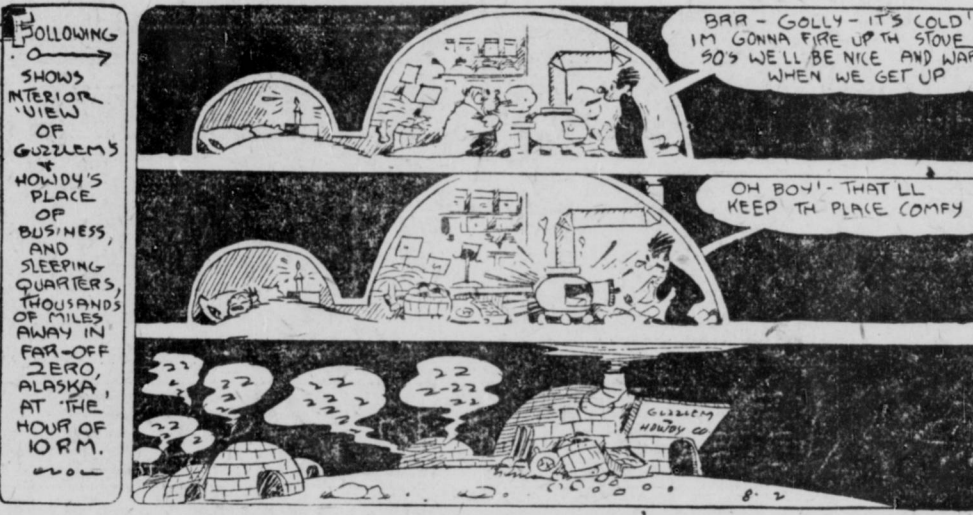
Dr. S. M. Berry of the Congress-Marjorie Bowen Union, says:

"The question is raised generally for purposes of condemnation. Probably that is the last use of His name

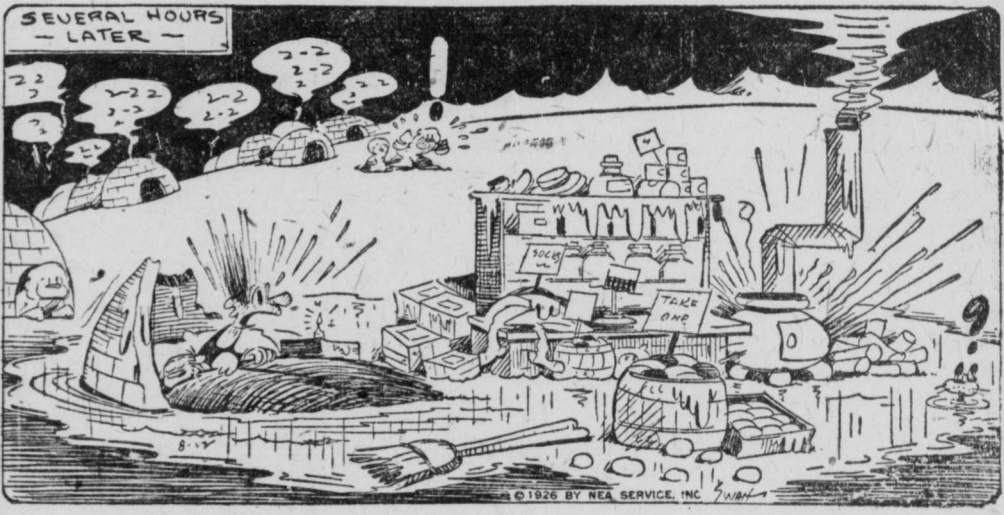


WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY—THE LEECH

SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



GRAPHIC STORY OF STORM FIGHT TOLD

Yacht Battles Hurricane All Night—Bombarded by Flying Cocoanuts—Destruction Pictured.

By United Press
MIAMI, Fla., Aug. 2.—A graphic story of the bitter struggle of passengers on a pleasure yacht against the fury of the hurricane in Bimini harbor was brought to Miami when the Cinnabar, crippled by the storm, reached port.

While the women of the party huddled in the cabin wearing life belts, the men battled on the decks outside to keep the yacht from being dashed to pieces. L. G. Haugen, son of Representative Haugen of Iowa, a member of the party said. "We put into Bimini when storm warnings were displayed," Haugen said. "Two anchors were dropped, and as added precaution, a line was carried ashore and fastened to a coconut tree."

"Then the hurricane struck. At the first wild blast, the line ashore snapped. Both engines were turned on full speed ahead, but despite all their force and the aid of the anchors, we were repeatedly driven dangerously close to shore.

"The night was very dark, but as we struggled about the decks doing what we could to save the yacht, oc-

HOSPITAL BIDS TO BE RECEIVED

I. U. Trustees Will Have Meeting Thursday.

Bids for construction of the proposed Coleman Hospital in Indianapolis will be received by Indiana University trustees at their meeting here Thursday. It has been announced. The board also will consider tentative plans for landscaping grounds of the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial. Robert W. Long and city hospital.

The Coleman hospital, which will be near the university medical building, was made possible by a gift of \$250,000 last January by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Coleman for the erection of a hospital for women, in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Susanna Atkins. The gift was in addition to a \$75,000 donation for two chairs in the School of Medicine and a \$25,000 gift to the Riley Memorial Hospital.

Trustees of the university will have charge of landscaping the Riley and Long hospitals, while work at the city hospital will be under the management of the city in cooperation with university trustees.

BOUND FOR EUROPE

Earl Beckman to Represent United States at Scout Meeting.

Earl W. Beckman, son of W. C. Beckman, 1235 E. Morgan St., sailed Saturday for Europe to represent the United States at the Boy Scout conference at Kandersteg, Switzerland. Beckman, who formerly lived in this city, is Scout executive at St. Louis, Mo.

TO CHARGE FOR STORAGE

Storage charge for express shipments not accepted when tendered for delivery, or uncalled for after due notice, will be made by the American Railway Express Company. J. W. Dill, Indianapolis agent, announced today.

Now Phyllis Has Rosy Cheeks

I always liked Phyllis and I felt sorry for her. She never had many good times. Just pale and "washed out looking." Tired easily. Never went in for sports like the rest of us. But now, why, I never saw such a change! I hardly knew her. She had gained five pounds. She'd been playing tennis and, honestly, she looked glad to be alive!

"What have you done to yourself?" I demanded. "Phyllis, E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, she laughed. "I'm also taking the Pills for Constipation. Better try them yourself." Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?—Advertisement.

Mother, don't worry about that skin trouble—apply Resinol

You need never hesitate to use this gentle, healing ointment for any skin disorder, no matter how aggravated the condition may be, as there is nothing in Resinol which could injure the tenderest skin. It was a doctor's prescription many years ago and has been used by other physicians ever since in treating itching, burning, unsightly skin affections.

It relieves itching at once, reduces inflammation and starts the healing. Your druggist sells Resinol.

Thought Asthma Would Smother Her

Another Indianapolis Woman Reports Trouble Gone. Sleeps All Night Now.

How to get rid of asthma and severe bronchial coughs is convincingly told in a letter written by Mrs. K. J. Bain, 1302 W. Vermont St., Indianapolis, Ind. She says:

"I had bronchial asthma so severely that I could not do anything. I was so weak and nervous. I just seemed to 'drop out' at every step. I had no appetite, could not sleep at night, and I sat in a chair so I could breathe. When I would lie down it seemed as if I would smother to death. Since taking Nacor, every symptom of asthma has left me, and I did not have a bad cold or cough all winter. I can walk quite well, have a good appetite, weigh 120 pounds, sleep well at night and am stronger than I have been for several years. I owe all to Nacor and am willing to tell others."

Hundreds of other Indianapolis sufferers from asthma, bronchitis and severe chronic coughs have reported their recovery after years of affliction. Their letters and a booklet full of valuable information about these stubborn diseases will be furnished free by Nacor Medicine Co., 413 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. Write for your free case, sample or write for this free booklet today. It may give you whole life a new meaning.—Advertisement.

A SLENDERIZING STYLE

Many of the new coats make no pretense of closing in front in the conventional manner, but are open, Tuxedo effect, and held in place by a narrow belt low over the hips.

Mackenzie

facile emotionalism of Mr. Lloyd George and the attribution of political opinion to Almighty God objectionable. Our Lord refused to discuss politics, saying "Render unto Caesar." Mr. Churchill might retort to Mr. Lloyd George that he shows no sign of being crucified willingly even for his party, still less for mankind."

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