

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.

CHAPTER LVII

As the slow weeks dragged by, Mary Rose wondered more and more why Jim Morrell's pretty wife was so jealous of him.

For he behaved himself perfectly. He never “got fresh” with Mary Rose.

He treated her much as he might have treated a nice young man who was working for him—never trying to touch her hand when he took his letters from her, never patting her shoulders or calling her “Cutie.”

“All men do that!” Flossie broke in, covering a yawn with two of her slim little fingers. “Show me the married man who won't roast his wife to any good looking girl he meets and I'll show you a holy angel!”

Mrs. Middleton frowned at her. “Flossie! Flossie! What are you saying? You mustn't talk that way about the angels of the Lord. My dear, I've tried to bring you up to be God-fearing—I just wonder if you ever say your prayers any more to you?”

Flossie looked bored. “Nobody prays nowadays any more than they say ‘grace’ when they eat,” she answered lightly.

“I pray,” Mrs. Middleton said very quietly. “And let me tell you something—I never could have lived through these last few years if it hadn't been for prayer! Wait until you have children, my dear little girl, and you'll find out that God is an ever-present help in trouble.”

Flossie looked at her amiably. “All right, wait until I have children if you want to,” she chirped. “But don't hold your breath.”

She turned her sea blue eyes to Mary Rose. “What does this bird, Morrell, have to say about his husband? All of you women seem to think that all of us men are leading double lives. As a matter of fact, we're as decent as you are. Every bit. We never want but one woman—and she's usually the woman we marry.”

Mary Rose thought this over. Of all the dozens and dozens of business men she knew, Hilary Dexter was the only one who had left the straight and narrow road for the primrose path—lured there by Flossie.

“I guess that's true,” she answered gravely. But, look here, Mr. Morrell, your wife's jealous of you because she loves you. She probably sits at home as long as she can stand it, wondering if you're making love to some girl down here at the office, and then she just has to come down and see if you are!”

The smile that Mary Rose hated almost faded out of Morrell's face, and he put his head a little to one side as he looked at her.

“Thank that's it?” he asked, moving his elbows slowly along the edge of the desk—an irritating habit of his. “I always thought she was trying to get something on me. Do you think a woman who really loved her husband would spy on him all the time the way she does? Now, do you?”

Mary Rose tossed her head. “Of course, I do,” she answered. “And if I were you, I'd end her misery. I'd hire a man for my secretary—”

“All right, you find me a smart young fellow, and I'll fire you and take him in your place. How will you like that?” he asked, and the twinkle came back in his eyes.

“I'll like that fine!” cried Mary Rose, joking. “Nothing cheers a girl up like losing her job!”

But she honestly wouldn't have cared particularly if Jim Morrell had discharged her. There was no joy in this new job as there had been in every stroke of work that she had done for John Manners. She did her work now, like a well oiled machine. But her heart was not in it.

Her only exciting moment every day came at 5:30, when she went into the washroom to dress to go home. She was very careful about her appearance these days—tucking her hair neatly around her ears and pinning a bunch of violets or an imitation gardenia to the fur collar of her coat.

For she had to pass the Dexter office on the way to a car line and there was always the chance that she might see John Manners some night on her way up the street!

“I might just happen to bump into him,” she told herself every evening when she walked out of the building, “and I want to look nice.”

Then one night she did see him—driving past in his shining black roadster with Doris Hining beside him. A pang of jealousy that was like a stiletto in its sharpness shot through her as she glimpsed them and then glanced quickly away.

“My word! I'm as bad as Mrs. Morrell!” she told herself angrily. “Jealous as a cat!”

She was slowly making up her mind not to work for Morrell after the first of the year.

“It's not that I don't like the place,” she told her mother and Flossie one Saturday afternoon when the three of them sat together in the gay little chintz-walled living room of Flossie's flat. They were doing her weekly mending for her while she lay stretched out on the chaise

Hemorrhoids Go
Files Disappear Without
Saves

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. No amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in the lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonhardt was first to find the remedy and called his prescription HEM-ROID. Dr. Leonhardt tried it in 1,000 cases with the marvelous record of success in 98 per cent and then decided it should be sold by druggists everywhere under a rigid money-back guarantee.

“Don't waste any more time with our application,” he says. “Order a package of HEM-ROID from Hook's today. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands and will do the same for you—advertisements.”

“I've left Sam!” Flossie sobbed out. “Pay the taxi man, will you? I



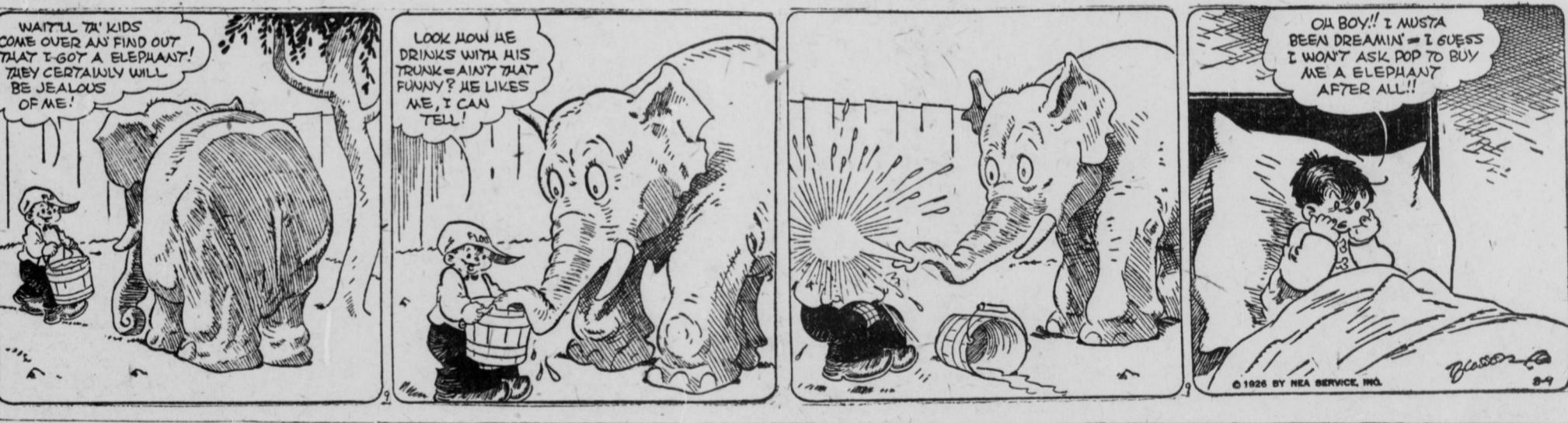
SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



haven't a red cent!” She passed Mary Rose and flew upstairs to her mother.

“By the time Mary Rose had paid the cab driver and lugged both the suitcases up the stairs she was lying on Mrs. Middleton's bed, crying in a quiet, heartbroken sort of way.

“What happened, darling?” her mother was saying, sitting beside her and stroking the soft little hands. It was then that Mary Rose noticed that Flossie was not wearing Dexter's star sapphire.

“Oh, I had some—some trinkets that I had before I was married,” she answered thickly, wiping away her tears with a tiny lace-edged handkerchief. “And Sam found them this morning when he was poking through the drawer, hunting for his cuff buttons. And I wish you'd heard the row he raised about them, trying to make me tell who gave them to me! He shook me—” Tears silenced her, for a minute or two. “He shook me, hard!”

“Never mind, don't cry! You can stay here until he comes to his senses!” Mrs. Middleton soothed her. “Don't take it so hard, Flossie. All young married people have these little ups and downs.”

“What do I care about ups and downs?” Flossie asked, almost at a shout. “I don't mind a good row. I like rows! What I'm crying about is my stuff! He's got it all—even the sapphire ring!” She pointed the bedclothes in her fury.

Far down the street came a familiar sound—the absurd, gasping

cough of the bridegroom's car, the Wheezer.

(To be continued)

Sam finds out about Dexter and Flossie in tomorrow's installment.

MORE COUNCIL ‘FISHING’

Majority Factioneers to Leave Soon, Says President.

Another “fishing trip” will be the program of majority faction city councilmen after they have “cleaned up some matters” here, Boynton J. Moore, council president, announced today.

Moore refused to name the date of departure, but would not say whether he would be in Indianapolis Monday. The city legislators are scheduled to visit a number of cities operating municipal water plants.

The councilmen will submit to public referendum the question of whether the city should buy the Indianapolis Water Company, Moore said.

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have also torn up the paving of W. Tenth St.

PROPERTY OWNER.

A. J. Middleton, chief inspector of the city engineer's department will investigate this complaint and also the following:

DEAR MR. FIXIT: There is a broken sidewalk at 1021 Harrison St. Numerous women with babies in arms have fallen.

TAXPAYER.

GET HOSPITAL CONTRACT

Commissioners Give Job to Sunny-side to Lowest Bidder.

Marion County commissioners late Friday awarded State Construction Company the general contract for coconstruction of four new buildings, two additions and some remodeling at Sunnyside county tuberculosis hospital. The bid, which was \$257,672, was the lowest.

One lady protested against the parking of trucks in front of her house and she was told they had no other place for them.

KENNINGWOOD APT. RESIDENT.

There is no way to prevent this under existing laws. The parking limit in that district is ten hours.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Will you kindly look into the condition of Centennial St. from 3300 W. Tenth St. south, as there was a sewer put in about two months ago and they have left this street impassable and

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

ER AH, I REMEMBER YOU LADS REMONSTRATING WITH ME FOR BRINGING MY TRUNK ALONG ON THIS TRIP, UN WELL, MY FRIENDS, THAT TRUNK OF MINE IS GOING TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING US BACK HOME, EGAD!

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