

"Business Kisses"

By BEATRICE BURTON
Author of "Gloria, The Flapper Wife"

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CHAPTER LIX
Mary Ross stood still, holding the telephone with both hands to steady herself. There was a ringing in her ears like the sound of far-off church bells.

Tom terribly injured—she couldn't believe it! Tom terribly hurt!

Why, it didn't see more than a minute ago that he had stood right here in this very hallway, and dropped his wet slicker down on the floor of the vestibule! And through the open door that led out into the kitchen she could still see it stretched across the chairs before the stove, where she had hung it to dry. He must have forgotten all about it, and rushed out into the rain, coatless—when she had sent him away.

"What can have happened to him in such a few minutes?" she asked herself, turning and turning the leaves of the telephone book with shaking fingers.

She couldn't seem to think what number she was looking up—

Oh—yes, that was it—the taxicab company!

"Durham 770," she called it, and asked for a cab immediately.

She was still sitting, staring into space with wide dry eyes, when it drove up before the house. She did not even hear it come.

There was a dull and dreadful ache in her breast. For if she had not cared for Tom Fitzroy as a woman loves her sweetheart, she was deeply attached to him in quite another way. All her life he had been a sort of older brother, a pal, a play-fellow to her.

She had adored to be with him, always—except when he became sentimental and lover-like. He had given her almost all of the good times she had in her narrow life.

He had taught her to skate years and years ago, and to swim, and to play tennis. She could see him now, in her mind's eye, dashing across a tennis court with the sun in his blue gray eyes and on his crisp red hair.

Impossible to think that a creature so active, so swift, so filled with the joy of being alive should be stretched out, hurt and helpless, on a hospital bed.

The front doorbell rang, rousing Mary Rose.

"I'll be ready in half a minute," she whispered to the taxi driver, and rushed upstairs to get into her wraps.

"Who's downstairs, Mary Rose? I thought I heard some one—or was I dreaming?" her mother's voice came sleepily through the open door of the darkened bedroom across the hall.

"No, you weren't dreaming." Mary Rose came into the room and stood beside her bed. "Tom's been hurt. He's at the hospital and they've sent for me. There's a cab downstairs. 'Goo-by, darling. I'll be right back."

"But I don't understand—" she heard her mother say vaguely, as she ran down the stairs. But there was no time to explain further.

Tom might be dying, right now, for all she knew!

"There's been a fine young wreck down here at the corner," the taxi driver said to her as he helped her into the cab.

And, sure enough, when they turned the corner there was a pile of wreckage heaped up against the curb, gleaming in the rain and the unsteady glow from a swinging arc light.

"Looks as if two cars bumped, doesn't it?" the driver called back to her. "Some of these fools shouldn't be trusted with—." The wind took the rest of the words out of his mouth.

It wasn't until hours afterward that Mary Rose realized that one of those two wrecked and twisted cars was the powerful black roadster that Tom had always insulted by the name of "stink-wheel."

The smell of ether and carbolic acid in the halls of the hospital made Mary Rose a little sick and dizzy as it always did when she went into a hospital.

A dark-haired nurse, all in rustling white, came clicking down the wide, bright hallway on her white heels.

"I'm Miss Sims. I called you up a while ago," she said to Mary Rose, and put her arm around her, as if she saw that the girl was almost ready to faint away. "Dr. Fitzroy says to come right upstairs."

"He's not unconscious, then?"

Mary Rose asked, as she stepped into the elevator. "Tom's not unconscious?"

Miss Sims smiled and Mary Rose found herself wondering how anybody could smile who lived in a place

like this.

SKIN TROUBLES

There is only one way to stop skin troubles—pimples, boils, blotches, eczema and eruptions. Stop the cause!

It's all in the blood.

And S. S. S. will make your blood rich and red and pure.

Then your dream of a soft, rosy, velvet skin, clear of blemishes, will be realized.

You can take S. S. S. with confidence—millions testify to its merits. An unbroken record of service for over 100 years is a great testimonial to a great medicine.

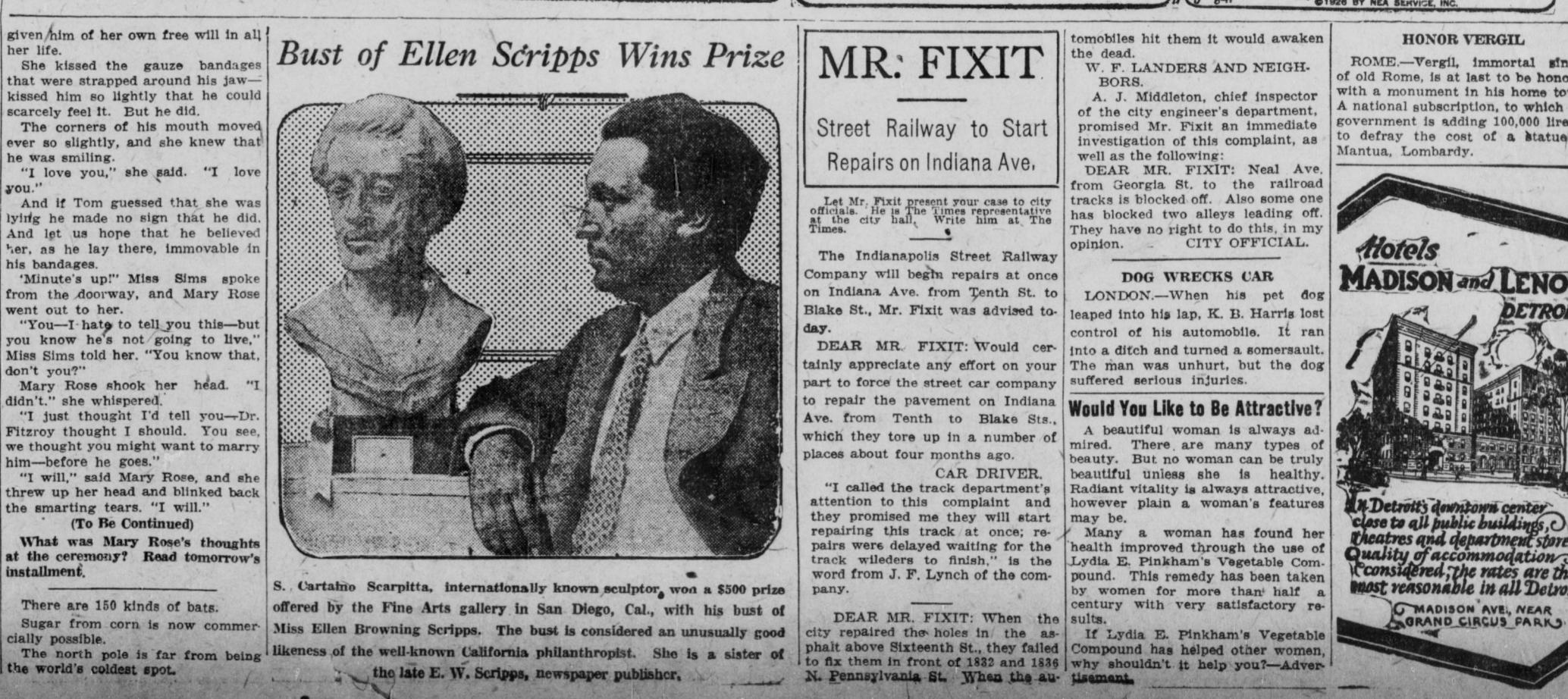
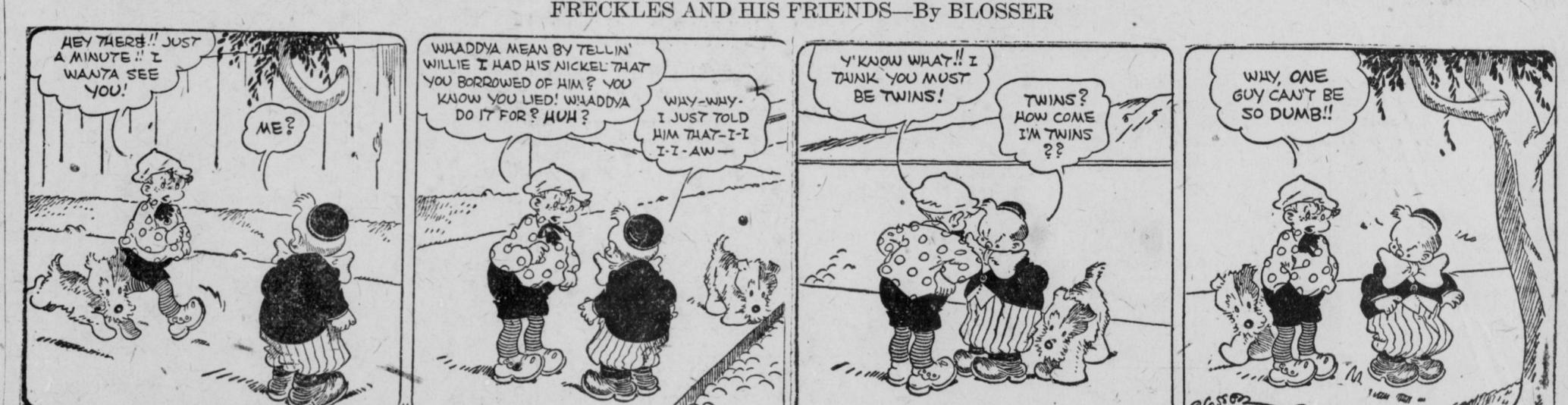
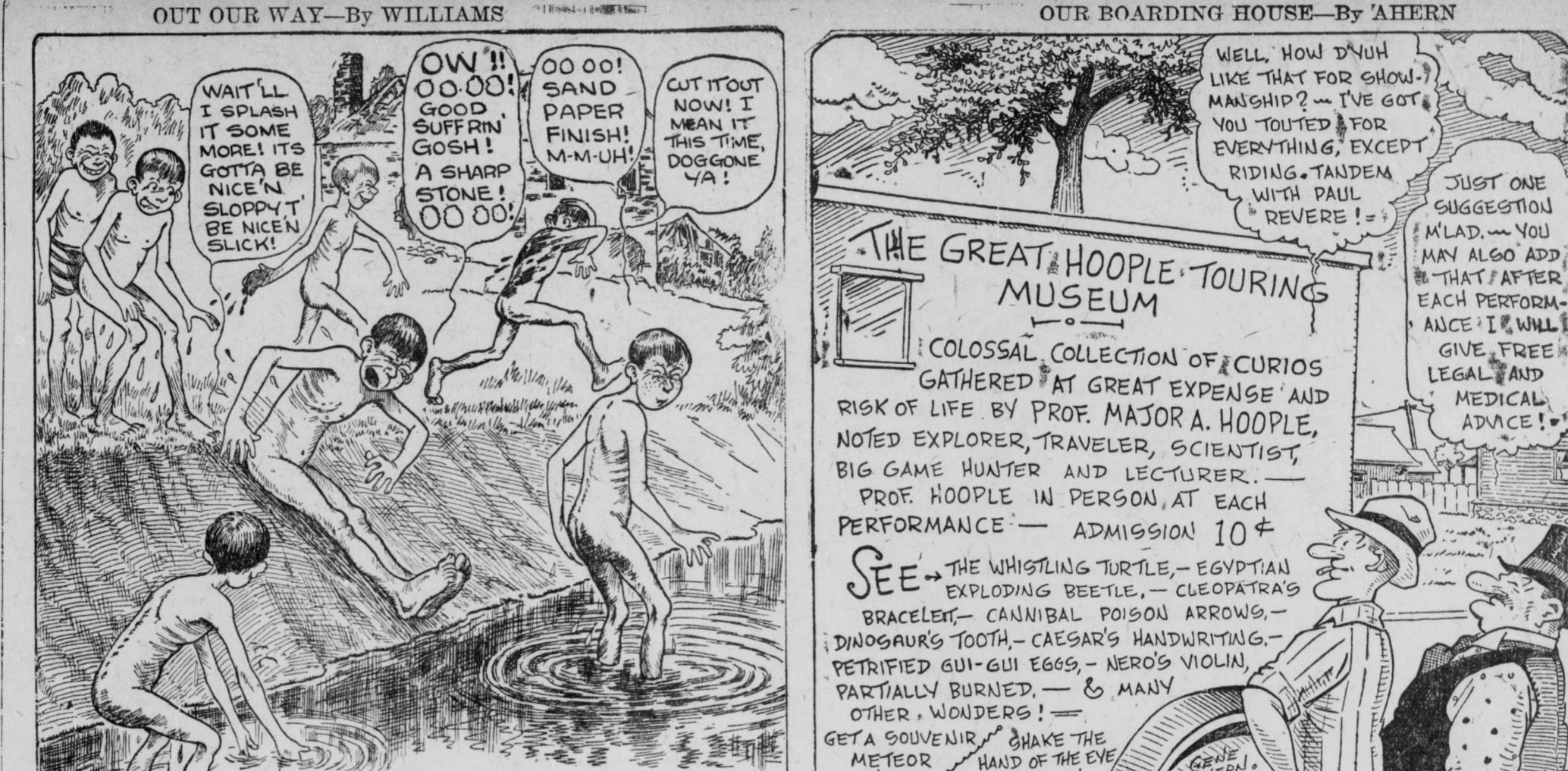
Remember S. S. S. is made only from fresh roots and herbs.

BURNS and SCALDS

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

Resinol

Take S. S. S.



MR. FIXIT

Street Railway to Start Repairs on Indiana Ave.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials. He is the Times representative of the city hall. Write him at The Times.

The Indianapolis Street Railway Company will begin repairs at once on Indiana Ave. from Tenth St. to Blake St., Mr. Fixit was advised today.

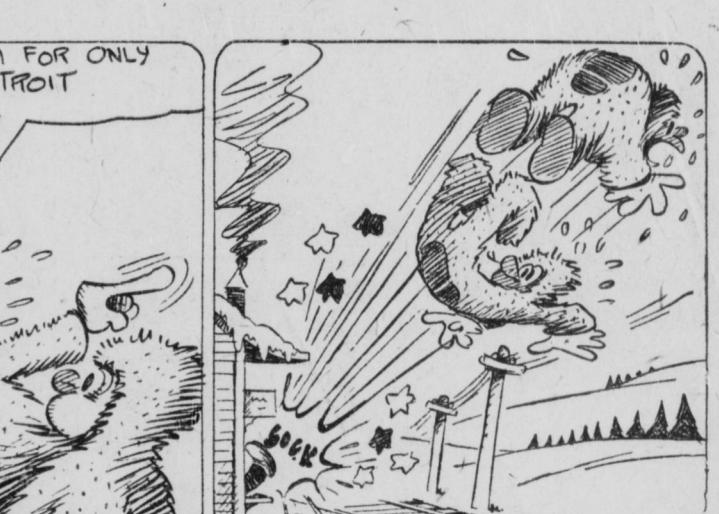
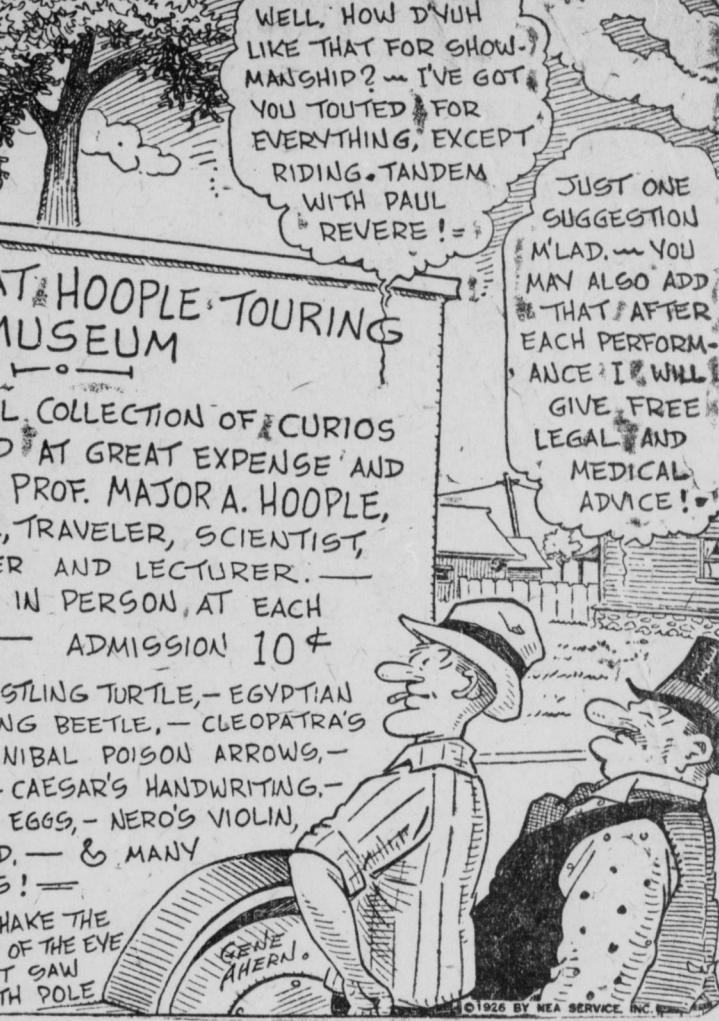
DEAR MR. FIXIT: Would certainly appreciate any effort on your part to force the street car company to repair the pavement on Indiana Ave. from Tenth to Blake Sts., which they tore up in a number of places about four months ago.

CAR DRIVER.

"I called the track department's attention to this complaint and they promised me they will start repairing this track at once; repairs were delayed waiting for the track welders to finish," is the word from J. F. Lynch of the company.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: When the city repaired the holes in the asphalt above Sixteenth St., they failed to fix them in front of 1832 and 1836 N. Pennsylvania St. When the au-

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By 'AHERN'



HONOR VERGIL

ROME—Vergil, immortal singer of old Rome, is at last to be honored with a monument in his home town. A national subscription, to which the government is adding 100,000 lire, is to defray the cost of a statue in Mantua, Lombardy.

