

"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 real.

CHAPTER LXII

A week or so later Mary Rose told Dr. Fitzroy that she had decided not to live with them.

"I can't," she explained to him. "I have my own mother to look after. But will you let me do this—will you let me work in your office for a couple of months until I pull myself together?"

For Tom's death had been much of a shock to her than it had been at the time. Sometimes now, when she tried to talk to people, she would suddenly and without warning burst into tears.

But as January came to an end and February passed Mary Rose began to feel more sure of herself.

The days in Dr. Fitzroy's crowded office were interesting and she was so busy that she had no time to think and to brood. And that was a very good thing for her.

Once a week, usually on Sunday nights, she went to the Fitzroys' big lonely house to have supper with them.

She was there, with her mother, on the first Sunday afternoon in March when Doris Hing dropped in to see Mrs. Fitzroy. The two, who belonged to the same bridge playing set, had become rather good friends.

"I think you know—Mrs. Fitzroy," Tom's mother said to her, when she brought Doris into the room.

"I knew her as Miss Middleton," the other girl said stiffly. "She did not take the hand that Mary Ross held out in greeting, but turned quickly and said, 'How do you do?' to Mrs. Middleton."

The four women sat down again before the fire.

"I came in to say good-by to you. I'm going to Europe for a year," Doris told Mrs. Fitzroy.

"How very, very lovely!" Mrs. Fitzroy murmured in her soft, beautiful voice, smiling sweetly. But there was a puzzled look in her eyes and Mary Rose knew that she was wondering the same thing that she herself was wondering.

If she was going to marry John Manners in June, how could she be going to Europe for a year?

She looked sharply at Doris' fresh colored face with its bright blue eyes and clearcut features. And she saw that the smile on it was fixed and again.

"You're glad it's broken, aren't you?" she asked flatly, and laid her hands on the girl's shoulders, while she looked deep into the grave blue eyes that Mary Rose raised to hers. "Why should I be glad?" The fresh young lips were trembling.

Mrs. Fitzroy threw up her blonde head, and Mary Rose found herself thinking foolishly how much she looked like Queen Marie of Roumania.

"My dear," she said, "you can fool them all, but you can't fool me!"

You never cared about Tom in the way he wanted you to. Months and months ago, when we first started to play bridge together, this little Miss Hing told me you were dead in love with Mr. Manners! I knew you only married Tom because you knew he was dying."

"Her voice rose high and bitter.

"I did not!" Mary Rose denied it hotly. "I married him because I wanted him to be happy when he was dying! I married him because I loved him the way I might have loved a brother if I'd had one! And if he'd lived, he'd never have known that I didn't love him the way a wife loves her husband. I'd made up my mind to that!"

The older woman looked at her for a moment longer and then let her go.

"I believe you," she said slowly. "Forget me for what I said. I'm almost out of my mind. I guess, these days, I can't get over losing my boy!"

And Mary Rose forgave her with all her heart. But she never went to the Fitzroys' house again. She felt as if she had no right to be in it, and why she felt that way, she didn't know.

Caught by her own reflection in the glass, she leaned across the dresser and peered at her face.

She looked more like herself tonight than she had in weeks and weeks. The eager, dancing light had come back into her eyes, and the corners of her lips were turned up in their old smiling way. She looked happy. She looked prettier than Doris Hing had—and she knew it!

"Sometimes I'm pretty—as pretty as Flossie herself!" she thought. And then she remembered something that John Manners had once told her in that grim, downright way of his.

"You're the prettiest thing alive," he had said. "And your voice is the nicest sound I've ever listened to!"

How friendly he had been those days—how he had painted the whole world for her in the colors of joy and happiness. But that was very long ago.

"Why didn't he care for me?" she wondered. "He must have been a little while. He wouldn't have taken me to his mother if he didn't." What could have happened to make him change toward her, overnight, as he had? If he had cared about her, half so much as she had for him, he couldn't have changed. She hadn't. She loved him now just as much as she ever had!

In the mirror, the little diamond wedding ring on the third finger of her left hand flashed suddenly.

Mary Rose looked at it for a long time.

Then she went downstairs and lit the kitchen candle—the one her mother used when she went out in the cellar for canned fruit.

It was to the attic that Mary Rose went now.

She went straight to the old doll's dresser that stood under the windows at the front—the little dresser where she kept her "souvenirs." She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day."—MRS. E. F. BASSETT, 216 South Mayfield Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

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I needed it. When I first used it I was so bad I could hardly walk across the room without crying. I was tired all the time. I think my trouble was coming on me for six months before I realized it. I read of your wonderful medicine in the paper, and my husband bought me a bottle, and after the first few doses I felt better, so kept on taking it until I was well and strong. I take it at times when I feel tired and it helps me. I will always have a good word for your medicine and tell anyone what good it has done me. I recommended it to my neighbor for her girl, who is sixteen years old, and it was just what she needed. She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day."—MRS. E. F. BASSETT, 216 South Mayfield Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OVERALLS—THE VERY NEW AND THE NOT VERY OLD. J. R. WILLIAMS 9-14

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



SKEPTICAL HECKLERS. G. AHERN

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Organizing for Service Is Theme of This Study

The International uniform Sunday school lesson for Aug. 15. Organizing for service—Jethro's wife counseled. *Exod. 18:13-24.*

(To Be Continued)

Flossie confesses a strange story to Mary Rose in Monday's installment.

RITES TO BE MONDAY

Bell Telephone Employee Dies of Bright's Disease.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p.m. Monday at his home, 119 S. Emerson Ave., for James E. Carver, Indiana Bell Telephone Company employee, who died Friday of Bright's disease. Burial will be in Memorial Park cemetery.

Mr. Carver, who had been in ill health for fifteen months, was unit manager of the Indiana Bell. He started work with the old Central Union Telephone Company in 1900. He was a Spanish American war veteran and a member of the Ancient Landmarks, 312 Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Ethel E. Carver; one daughter, Miss Mary Patia Carver; three sisters, Miss Grace Carver, Indianapolis; Miss Leora Carver, Salem, Ore.; and Mrs. Helen C. Scholler, Pittsburgh, Pa., and one brother, Robert B. Carver, Calion, Ark.

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Moses was doing his best to represent the concentration of power in the hands of one man, and though Moses was an unselfish and conscientious man, well fitted to exercise that power, which in the hands of a less scrupulous leader of his people might be the type of judges that we choose, and therefore deserve.

Moreover, Jethro saw that such a system was placing altogether too heavy a burden upon Moses, and that a task not performed well and completely was only going to produce dissension and dissatisfaction; so he urged what we would call today the decentralization of power. He suggested that better organization was the method of solving this problem, by localizing matters of judgment and depicting various persons appointed over groups to hear and adjudge cases of dispute.

Moses was sitting as a judge of his people in much the same way that a modern sheik acts as judge in relation to his tribesmen. Any member of Israel had a grievance against his fellow, he had an opportunity of bringing it to the judgment seat, where Moses sat. It looked like a beautiful arrangement, that the leader and savior of his people should be the arbiter between them in all their disputes. Surely no wiser or more honest judge could have been found than Moses; no one better fitted to hear all matters of dispute and make a wise decision.

Saw Dangers

But Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, saw with a clearness with which Moses did not perceive it, the weakness of such a system. What

ly and dishonestly, even in the supposed administration of justice. In this country, however, the people have the cure for such a situation largely in their own hands, and it may be said that in the main we get the type of judges that we choose, and therefore deserve.

Good organization is as necessary for sound government as good basic principles. This seems to be for a modern day the message of Jethro's common sense. Also there is a suggestion that is well worth considering, namely, that great men, even the greatest, may learn a great deal from lesser men. No one would think of suggesting that Jethro was a greater man than Moses, but Jethro was able to give Moses very wise counsel. Perhaps, also, it was part of the greatness of Moses that he was willing to accept it.

Truly great men are always teachable, and they can learn even from God's humblest children.

CONFERENCE ON BORER

State Entomologist Frank N. Weller will confer Monday with L. H. Worthley, Federal administrator of corn borer prevention, preparatory to taking active steps in combatting the insect in Indiana. They will meet in Auburn and go to the borer-infested district in Steuben County.

Unfortunately, the solemn obligations of honor and justice do not always deter men from acting corruptly.

CAR DEFICIT INCREASES

But Street Railway Gross Earnings for June Gain.

Deficit in the Indianapolis Street Railway Company's depreciation reserve fund rose from \$108,924.63 to \$136,577 during June, as a result of lighter receipts than in the same month in 1923, according to a report on file today with the public service commission.

Gross earnings for June, however, exceeded those of the same month last year by \$15,823.89, on account of increased bus operation. Bus receipts during the year ending in June increased from \$1,575.20 to \$17,454.41. Operating expenses were \$30,527.82 heavier in June than last.

NEGROES WILL BUILD

Community Center to Be Erected by League.

The St. John Community Center League, organization promoting social and economic welfare of local Negroes, will erect a community center building at Seventeenth St. and Martindale Ave., it was announced today.

Tonight members of the organization will go by special train for a sight-seeing visit in Chicago.

FAIR COMPANY FILES

Incorporation papers for the Elk

hart County Fair Company were on file today at the Statehouse, giving capital stock as \$10,000. Incorporators are Victor L. Swartz, Ross L. Greenwalt, Nathan W. Manrow, John O. Abshire and Benjamin F. Blue.

Has No Sign of Asthma Now

Says Wheeze and Cough Entirely Gone. Tells What Did It.

For the benefit of asthma sufferers, Mr. Charles Dean, 910½ Virginia avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., tells how he got entirely rid of this stubborn disease. Mr. Dean says:

"I began having asthma in 1912. Kept getting worse, and couldn't do a day's work. I would wheeze and choke, and if I walked a square I had to lean against a post and rest. In October, 1922, I began taking Nacor. Relief came very promptly, and I continued to improve, gaining 13 pounds in weight. I feel perfectly well again and can say that Nacor is the only medicine that ever brought me relief."

Hundreds of other sufferers, from asthmatics to bronchitis and severe chronic coughs have reported their recovery, after years of affliction. Their letters and a booklet full of valuable information about the disease will be sent free by Nacor Medical Co., 413 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. No matter how serious your case seems, call or write for this free booklet today. It may give your whole life a new meaning.—Advertisement.