

# "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. Please do not.

## CHAPTER LXVII

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 more of a shock to her than it had seemed 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 Rose 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-bye 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 clear-cut features. And she saw that the smile on it was fixed and set.

It was as if Doris had made up her mind to smile and never to stop smiling no matter whether she felt like it or not.

"Yes, I'm going back to France," she was saying to Mrs. Fitzroy in a voice that sounded too bright and cheerful—almost strained in its cheerfulness.

"I've never been really happy doing anything but work in the Red Cross," she honestly said. "I was cut out to be a nurse," she went on.

Mary Rose looked at her fragile clothes, her slim ankles and wrists, and the frail loveliness of her face. She did not look as if nature had ever intended her to be a nurse.

She looked as if nature had never intended her to be anything but what she was—a lily of the field, who tolled not nor spun, and went about arrayed more splendidly than Solomon in all his glory or Sheba in all of hers!

The suit that she wore now was a faint-colored thing of the broadest cloth trimmed with pale fox fur, and she wore a plain little straw hat of the same color on her ash-blond hair.

"Looks like a bride's going away suit," was Mary Rose's inner comment. "And I'll bet a cooky that's what she bought for, too."

But if her clothes were like treasures from a trousseau chest, Doris' face was anything but the happy face of a bride-to-be. In spite of her high color, there were violet rings under her eyes and a droop to her mouth when it was not in repose.

When she got up to go Mrs. Fitzroy followed her into the hall and closed the library door behind her.

"That's the girl John Manners is going to marry," Mary Rose said in a low tone to her mother.

Mrs. Middleton gave one of her tiny snorts. "Well, I can't see that she looks very happy over it!" she cried, pouring herself another cup of Mrs. Fitzroy's Ming Cha tea, and biting into a ladyfinger.

Suddenly she set both of them down. "Why, you're crazy, Mary Rose!"

"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 for 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. More!

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 potatoes or up in the attic 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," the little records of her life.

And into the old dancing slippers, where she had hidden the newspaper clipping of John Manners' engagement to Doris Hing she hid something else—something small and

Rose!" she said, shaking her head. "I remember that piece about him in the paper, and it said the wedding was going to take place in June! So this girl can't be the one he's going to marry! She wouldn't be tooting off to Europe for a year if she was, would she?"

Mary Rose shrugged her slender shoulders. "That's what I'm wondering," she said.

She didn't have to wonder for very long. For when Mrs. Fitzroy came trailing back into the room a few minutes afterward she was fairly agog with news.

"I think that engagement's off!" she exclaimed, leaning back among the cushions of the long brocade chair where she always sat. "I asked her about her wedding in June and she said she's postponed it until fall! That doesn't sound much like wedding bells to me!"

"Nor to me, either!" agreed Mrs. Middleton. "These new-style girls with their Red Crosses and their clubs and their charity work and their cigarettes!" She shook her head over them, despairingly.

"They'd be a lot better off with a husband and a houseful of children!" she added, "instead of traipsing off to the ends of the earth on some wild-goose chase or other! They don't know what they want!"

Mrs. Fitzroy was silent for a moment. Then she looked straight at Mary Rose, whose eyes were turned away and staring into the fire.

"I guess this girl—this Miss Hing—knows what she wants," she said quietly. "I think the man in the case doesn't want her—and she's found it out!"

Within her breast Mary Rose's heart gave a wild leap of joy and she felt the hot color rising to her face. She leaned over and began to poke at the fire to hide it.

After tea when Mrs. Middleton was upstairs putting on her hat to go home Tom's mother brought up the subject of Doris' engagement again.

"You're glad it's broken, aren't you?" she asked flatly, and laid her hands on the girl's shoulders, while Mary Rose dropped 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. "Forgive 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.

That night as she was getting ready to go to bed Mary Rose suddenly stopped struggling with the dress that she was trying to unhook.

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 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.

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## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



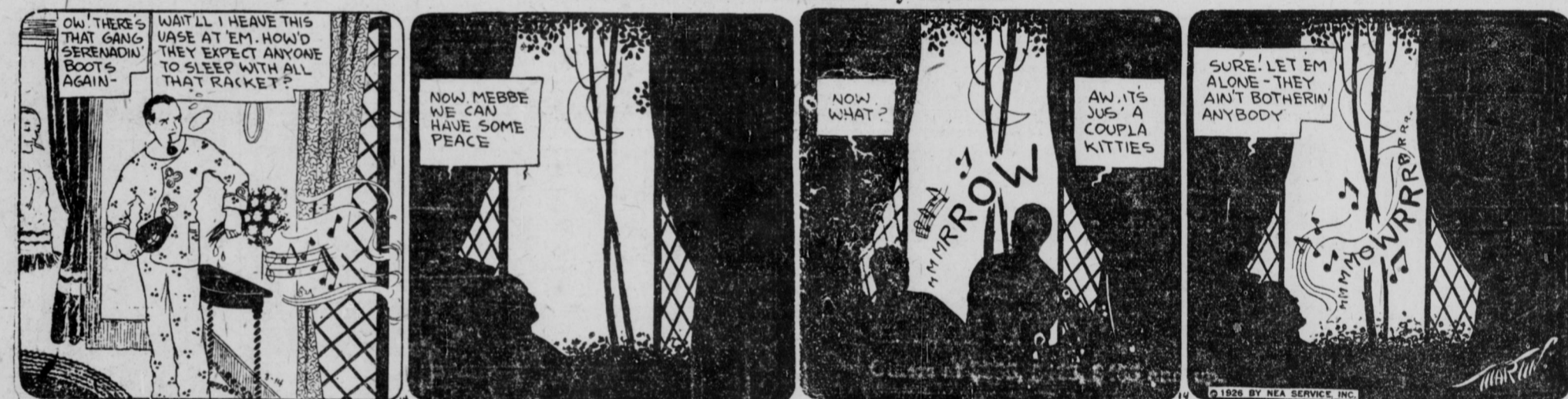
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## SALESMAN SAM—By SWAN



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Now in Good Health by Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever 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 Hayford Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

Do not continue to feel all run-down and half sick when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

hert 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. Ashshire 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, 910 1/2 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, 1923, I began taking Nacor. Relief came very promptly, and I continued to improve, gaining 15 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 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 sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 413 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. No matter how serious your case seems, let me give you a whole life a new meaning.—Advertisement.

## Organizing for Service Is Theme of This Study

The international uniform Sunday school lesson for Aug. 15. Organizing for service—Jethro's wise counsel. Exod. 18:13-24.

By William E. Gilroy, D. D., Editor of the Congregationalist.

Our lesson brings us interesting light upon the social organization of Israel and upon the nature of a true political ideal. One must not see in incidents in the past the expression of modern ways of thinking and of democratic theories, but none the less we have here what may be urged what we could call today the decentralization of power. He suggested that better organization was the method of solving this problem, by localizing matters of judgment and deputing various persons appointed over groups to hear and advise cases of dispute.

It is interesting to note the types of men that Jethro urged Moses to appoint as rulers over thousands, over hundreds, over fifties, and over tens. These local judges were to be "able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating unjust gain."

Not Always Good

Perhaps it should be emphasized that decentralization and the localization of justice is not a good thing unless judgment is in the hands of men of that type.

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

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, namely, 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. Wallace will confer Monday with L. H. Worthingly, Federal administrator of corn borer prevention, preparatory to taking active steps in combating the insect in Indiana. They will meet in Auburn and go to the borer-infested district in Steuben County.

## 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 1925, 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 \$15,823.39, 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 this year 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 Marindale 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. Ashshire and Benjamin F. Blue.

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