

## THE KISS

## CONSTANCE GORDON.

It's one thing to be young and at tractive and popular, but it's another thing to be just as young and just as attractive and not at all popular.

Maribel knew by consulting her mirror that she was not as plain as hundreds of other girls who attracted men; she knew, too, that she was interesting whenever she was given a chance to be. Somehow, though, no man cared very much to give her the chance.

"Clever girl, Maribel!" exclaimed I arry Brothers as he crossed the lawn for a game of teunis with Helen Drake,

"Don't be stupid," answered elen, "You know she isn't. No Helen. girl is interesting who doesn't even now what a proposal sounds like. Maribel thinks the men are still sinking to one knee and begging for their first kiss."

Larry struck at a butterfly with his acket. "I imagine most any man racket. would sink to his knee in reverence and maybe stupification if he really found a girl who reserved her kisses until the psychological moment when he made up his mind to propose. Don't you think Maribel has ever been kissed?"

"I never heard anyone mention having done it," retorted the girl. "I'd propose myself if I thought for a minute that was the truth. How many men have you kissed, Helen?" "Goodness, don't ask me! How can I remember? I've been engeged 12 times.

"That's the deuce of it. A fellow finds a girl he could like and she tells him to his face that he's the baker's dozen. Darn if I don't think I'll marry Maribel." Helen became thoughtful. Maribel

was pretty. It was just possible that Larry Brothers might do some such

silly thing. "Larry, if you don't mind I'm go-ing to call off the game. I'm not up to form anyway today. My arm hurts. Rowed too far yesterday." "You're a bum sport, but I don't mind if you do call it off. I want to see some of the fellows before they go back to town. "So long, Number Thirteen," she called as he turned back in the di-

rection of the club house.

The girl sauntered slowly back to the spot where Maribel was sitting on the veranda. Drawing a chair closer to Maribel, Helen began: "I've quite a compliment for you

Maribel flushed. She had seen Helen on the court with Larry and long had Larry been her hero, al-though he had scarcely given her a

"Really I" "Larry thinks you are wonderful," went on Helen, "I think he's going to ask you for a date tonight. Will you let me give you some advice?"

"Well, I hardly know how to say me You're an awfully pretty girl well dressed and you dance nicely, but/you dno't get on with the men very well./ I wonder if you know where the trouble lies?" "I'm so glad you spoke of it, Helen. What is the matter with me? I simply hate myself. The boys seem to be attracted at first and then before they give me a chance to prove that I am not a total fool they start following some butterfly." "Easy to remedy," said Helen softly. "You're a cold blooded proposition. I don't suppose you've ever let one of them kiss you. "Of course not," replied Maribel sharply. 'Take my advice and thaw out.' "You mean let them kiss me. Let Larry kiss me.' Yes, if you ever expect him to ask you for another evening. He's an awfully nice sort and if he wants to be with a human being instead of a marble statue you can't blame him really." "I never thought of doing such a thing," faltered the girl who wanted to be popular. "Why don't you think it over? No man is going to propose to a girl from across the room. It simply isn't done." Maribel thought it over. Just as Helen had said, Larry asked her for an engagement that evening. He took her to dinner in the cool din-ing room of the club. He told her she was pretty, that she was clever, that she was different. Maribel became radiant under the spell of flattery. When darkness came, Larry and sought Maribel left the dancers and sought the quietude of the darkened veran-Remembering what Helen had forced herself to allow her fingers to tion, to try to find Paddy Muskrat remain in Larry's warm clasp. He tion, to try to hnd Paddy Muskrat was guite close to her and it would and warn him to look out for Peter have been a very simple matter for him to have kissed her. But he didn't. Maribel knew he would have kissed Helen under the same circumstances and the knowledge that he was not moved to sentimentality by her presence piqued her. "It you were a different sort of a girl, I'd kiss you," said Larry "You know nothing of what sort I am," answered Maribel, glad that he could not see her face flush. "Would you let-could I really-" Larry kissed her without further Then he tried to kiss her She sprang from the swing again. and took a few steps toward the



dancers. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I didn't know I was so repulsive. A kiss is just a kiss. Now there's

Helen "Don't talk of her. If it hadn't ask me again.

"Well, I'm going to. I'm going to ask you for an engagement to-morrow night. I know why you kissed me, now, and I know why Helen told you to. Only this after-noon I told her I liked you because not every Tom, Dick and Harry Helen told you to. Only this after-noon I told her I liked you because not every Tom, Dick and Harry could kiss you and she talked to you in that vein so it would shatter, all the dreams I've woven about you. But it hasn't shattered them, Mari-that Come back here. I provide the suggested to me that the dreams I we woven about you. bel. Come back here. I promise I sight. Is it?" won't kiss you again. Are you cry- For answer she gave him her lips

her that afternoon, Maribel was out of sight Mr. Turtle swam

been for her I'd never have let you chair. A bit of lace fluttered before do such a thing. She told me if I her eyes for a moment and then she

hours, 32 minutes, 35 4-5 seconds.

certain because the end of his bayonet is to be seen. The dog's tail likewise, proves that the dog is there.

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hand outstretched to Dicky, I realcommanded me to look. ized that the man to whom he had The Mysterious Chauffeur. been speaking was the driver of the

The vista through the holly trees closed car which had dogged us the was certainly worth the tribute of night of our arrival in Cedar Crest.

Remember-"The White Moll" Starts Sunday

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