## The Subconscious Courtship

nen's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-with her life is told in this festinating navel

By BERTA RUCK Author of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "The Arrent Rover," Etc. Copyright, 1988, Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Major Marry Carmicheel, vateran
of the World War is interested in a
charming girl. Clover Elphinstone,
of a party. To his surprise later
of a party. To his surprise later
she summons him to a business office.
She has married a magnate who died
give minutes after the ceremony,
tweing her a big business. Cartweing her a compineer out of a job,
whicheel, an engineer out of a job,
whicheel is going to offer him work,
but is mystified by her talk.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

ently • • • I believe I should think was among the things money could buy.

The sconer she was disillusioned the better. He took up his hat. if he cut out the flowers and the restaurant and said what he came for."

them." she proceeded with her griev-Some of them aren't quite so obvious, that is all. (Those are worse. More difficult for me, I mean.) It it isn't an overdraft, it's a mortgage. Or a new venture looked as him to the flower once more she "They know a woman is an easy mark; to woman with money. It's enough to a woman with money. It's enough to spoken over his shoulder, his hat was make me wish I hadn't ever achieved half-way to his head, his hand on the any. Only money's such fun, if you just use it and buy things and don', begin to think in terms' of it. That's ugly. Tet I have to do that."

Her voice, which had trailed a lit.le wearily, rose as she suddenly took another point.

"If these men don't leave me alone. I know what will happen. I shall lose my flair and that means ruin to the business. That sort of thing about me pus me off my game. I've noticed it siready. This gift I have-of knowing where the luck is-that fails me when there are men about trying to 'make superstition. I'lenty of business people are superstitious.) These men and their eternal proposals -! They can't bear to think of all my money-left unmarried . . . No man, you see, to keep of the other man. A father, or an uncle, or a brother would be better than nothing. Only in my family we're deadly short of men."

She urned to the young man listening to her. She said, wearily. "You ee the position, Major Carmichael." He thought be did. Just another manager. That was what she wanted; a man of her own class, to keep men out. He could have boxed her cars for bringing him down to the city on a fool's errand. She said "'They' all know I'm to

be found here early on Friday morning. There'll be another ring in five min-

Carmichael, with the grim smile that Povers ebbing temper, remarked, "if that first one, you'll manage to pay Mast, who must see all his toil go for your own lunch after all, I expect."

A. the bluntness and off handedness on this were supplied to help him—that was a different Harry Carmichuel, per-Yet her face lighted with a certain ap-proval, almost as if she told herself. nearly snapped. "You see the only lespised her for getting in that way out of i. for me?"
"What's that?"
"It's mooring mast!

"It's obvious. I must be married already. Don't you see?" He saw it. He got up. He bowed. "In that case I will say good morn-

She watched him turn away. That has incuive girlish flush was still on her face, but the other was there too—her to keep her temper with this

rous that he might as well have est?"

the words?" he took her up, reting his tight amile. "Well, per
CONTINUED MONDAY

haps I have not quite understood you. Do you mind if we have it clear?"

Major Marry Carmichael, veteran Major Marry Carmichael heard her tone major of the listened.

Major Marry Carmichael heard her tone major Marry Carmichael heard her tone major Marry Carmichael heard her tone major Major Carmichael heard her to this extreme. He would rather have thought of her as just a half-mad, feminine mixture of indecision, shrewdness, absurdity, and effon ery. But she showed courage, too. She stoed up to him.

"Language Mark Major Major Carmichael heard her tone major majo

"There. You see," she exclaimed sngrify. "That's what I mean. That was one of them. Wants to take me out to lunch. Bunch of flowers, seven-and-six-pence; lunch, fifteen shillings. Hard dotting the list of that insult, but that did not alter the point. The point was that she was a failled. the liqueurs are on the table. Hopes of calculating iceberg of a woman who imagined that a man's self-respect was a mone that a man's self-respect

if he cut out the flowers and the resultant and said what he came for."

She sat back, petulantly, in her chair.

That—person was the only one of them," she proceeded with her grievance. "There are half-a-dozen others.

The took up his hat.

Before I go, will you let me say I'm sorry for the last thing I said, Mrs.

Cliphinstone? I think perhaps it was because you took me rather by surprise. And of the compliment. Shall we let it go at that? Good-by."

She start and said what he came for."

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an overdraft, it's a mortgage. Or rils. Over the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled to finance. Or sunbeams from cucumbers. Or something. They flock round me because I'm a woman and they such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to he could be such a pig to her (as the girl mentally expressed to her nostils. Over the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her nostils. Over the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her the flower once more she looked at him with that oddly mingled that the pig to her th think-" she sighed impatiently, expressed it), he could be a worse pig hose others. His back was toward her, he had

Before the door opened she spoke again: "Major Carmichael——"
Then with barely a pause she brought out her trump card: "How is the mooring mast going on?"

A Man's Place

His Mooring Mast!
His single purpose in life, his new model of a mast! Ah, how that got

What had his mooring mast for air thips to do with her, or she with it?
For this—his design for Mooring s gift I have—of knowing is is—that fails me when about trying to 'make (You may think that's I'lenty of business people) farmichael mast was as necessary to er sky-liners as were her lighthouse o her ships that plowed her sens It all existed in his dreaming brain

good deal of it existed already or aper. But-unless something un oked-for turned up-on that paper i eemed likely to stop. Vision was not nough nor ambition, nor research, not passionate love of the work, nor even he knowledge that it was well and

truly done.

Money was wanted to make that mass to go. In ha'f-a-dozen words the strange young woman at the desk had reminded him of that. He flushed, with the vivid boyish re

of the very fair-complexioned man. For in that furious moment he felt that she had offered to him the last insult of all.

Him, she could not buy. Not Harry Carmichael himself, the needy skilled ngineer, fallen on the market at its lowest ebb. She had been made to realize that she couldn't buy him. But Harry Carmichael, rustee of an invention for his country's use-Harry Carmichael the jealous slave of

haps? Supposing she had been a man! Sup-"I was just hoping for soundedy as bosing a man had offered a bargain blunt and as forbidding as this!" but with his Mast as one of its terms! Supposing a man had said: "I want of answering like hat. I am tired of you out of this country. Go and live in having to answer at all. I am afraid— Australia for the rest of your life, and Yes! I know I'm au idiot, and a wo- I'll give you the money you want for man, and weak about having to say that mast of yours—' Carmichael No. And one day I am afraid I shall would have called that man a coward 

His mooring must:
"I didn't know you knew anything about my must," he said coldly from

"You seemed rather surprised," she returned quiedly across the length of the office. "But I do know it's all you office. "But think about."

"Holt been talking?"

"Oh! I hear a good deal of what is man who obviously thought her troubles going on.

Then Carmichael found himself ready man who obviously thought her troubles were not worth considering.

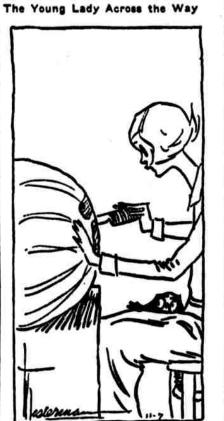
"Wai one minute," she said, sitting ap straight in her swivel-chair, and assuming the air of a woman-of-the-left and of the office; again almost making him into an applicant for a joblisten, please. I don't want a husband, you see, an ordinary one. What I do want is somebody who won't better making and one want a wife.") Insolence:

Bether many all who won't be any

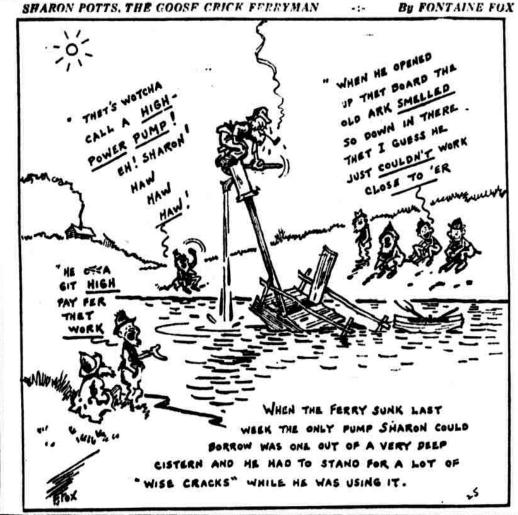
He was exceedingly angry. Those light-blue, black pin-pointed eyes of Then it struck him—the man who had just been offered marriage by a woman who didn't want a husband—as so a specific that he might as well have take it in quite such deads. But either she was eleverer than he in concealing her feelings or was not hurt at all. Women who are made miserable by what men consider trifles, have a way of remaining immune where a man would be goaded. A smile, actually a smile, lifted the corners of her mouth as she looked at him and said: "Need we take it in quite such deads."







The young lady across the way says the worthless stock certificates are often the handsomest, and one should never buy a security merely because it's gilt-edged.



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS GO ON! TAME A SMOKE! IT WILL MARE YOU DEATHLY SICK AND YOU'LL WISH YOU WAS DEAD LIGHT IT UP! YOUR MOTHER WILL SMELL IT ON YOUR MEATH WHEN SHE HISTES YOU GOOD BREATH HIGHT, AND WHALE THE HIDE RIGHT YOUR REAR ELEVATION. OFF. 175 A HASTY, BITTER, BURNY TASTE, RUINS YOUR TEETH AND STUNTS YOUR GROWTH AN' EVERY THING. THAT'S RIGHT. LIGHTER UP THE PERVERSE

