he Subconscious Courtship

modern woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-ing with her life is told in this fascinating novel By BERTA RUCK

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charmgoing widow, who has inherited a going widow, who has inherited a going who want to spend her money, a suitors who want to marry her for the decides to marry a 'husband for the harpies,' 'rnience,' to fend of "the harpies,' 'rnience,' to fend of "the harpies,' 'Not a very good effort,' returned Harry Carmichael, looking down at her. "Smile."

picks HARRY CARMICHAEL, AJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, War ecteran, man of personality, apparent to finance which he agrees to the strictly business" proposi-

BOSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's TRE. MEADOWS, clover's win, a pretty girl of the period.

TRE. MEADOWS, aunt, who has driended Clover in adversity and is braced with favors.

sweed with favors. SANDAL, younger daughter, JIN HOLT, big, good-natured chap,

"Look a Little More Engaged"

GAIN she saw that the score was pink-cherub face. Alls. The very softness of his tone does his hit the surer; infuriating that should have the speech and manner a gentleman, so that she could not my even to herself that he was every fine his sparring with her. The shall have the speech and manner a gentleman, so that she could not my even to herself that he was every fine his sparring with her. The shall have the forester hat and to exclaim impatiently, "he is the state of the tall figure beside her hat and to exclaim impatiently, "he is the supplied of you to form the state of the tall figure beside her hat and to exclaim impatiently, "he is the supplied of you to form the state of his. The very softness of his tone

disculties, such as whether or no he sould be allowed in to the galleries or ordinary clothes, and tiny things that.—But this was one of the assounding things about the young tithe of the difficulties or weighed a fraction of the consequences of this symple's announcement. They were in crimson slashed doublet and truth

is shoes. His ruff. Hair and tiny pointed beard were so much of the pointed beard were so with a flourish, he suited that for the pointed beard were so which it to retranspose were married! She thought she could manage so that she and this man scarcely ever spoke to each other at all en tete-a-tete. In the meantime the exasperating creature had made this

faux pas about fancy dress. "Tiresome," she murmured. He apoligized again, with irritating omposure. "Afraid I couldn't even composure. "Afraid I community on the state of the state

Stand up." she

He checked a sudden "Ah! There the checked a sudden "Paid to keep the checked the to Carmichael, who was sensitive to seent. It widened that breach in his wall of defense, through which there had already crept a possibility. Now there crept through something else. He was conscious of reveling in having that seent so close to him. It was on her finance as the rest through an under

fingers as she put them up under chin and said briefly, "I'll fasten He kept breathlessly still; he wished

the kept breathlessly still; he wished the did not fasten those loops so skill-ble did not fasten those loops so skill-ble did not fasten those loops so skill-ble did not fasten the faste

ethilaration were with him still. They were with him as he handed

her out of the taxi. This, he told him-self, was merely because he had made up his mind to buck up and take this engagement" cheerfully. Since the thing had to be gone through with. tter go through with it in style.

That was what the young man thought he thought, after he'd left his rercoat and as he stood waiting for Clover at the door of the dancing-room, with that amber-yellow wrap of hers cleaking his dress-coat.

But as I said just now, what we "think we think" is pearly always so

think we think" is nearly always so ed. Deep, deep down in Carmichael's It was all a part of this waltz. She wished it need never end. She forgot with whom she was dancing. Silent, entranced, she danced.

And he? He danced, most keenly conscious that about him rose a cloud of the scent which he most enjoyed. Faint, faint, elusive, intermittent, faint but poignant, the scent as of think.

Clover Elphinstone appeared in the Clover Elphinstone appeared in the He didn't know which. He closed his cyes as he waltzed—with whom? With nost and unknown thoughts al-

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"Smile."
"I am smiling," retorted Clover, and indeed at that moment her expression broke up, and in spite of herself, she

laughed. "Much better," he approved. "I am not going to do all the work, I warn you. Now, where are these girls—ah, there's one of them."

For it was at this moment that the dance did end. The crowd eddled to-ward the sides of the room, and there

"What's that child's name?" de-manded Carmichael quickly.

ifraction of the consequences of this coming's announcement. They were to be engaged, and then they were to have one standard of "engagement" for private use and one for public. There was to be no overlapping, and no forgeting, and no awkwardness, and no gring of themselves away; no merging their private coldness into their public politeness.

This was an Elizabethan, swaggering in crimson slashed doublet and trunk hose. Admirably "done," with attention to detail not shown by many male wearers of fancy costume, he was obviously enjoying the dash he cut and the rightness of his rapier, his points, his shoes, his ruff. Hair and tiny pointed beard were so much of the period that for a moment it was difficult to retranspose this sixteenth.

glibly from his lips, he had an ease and a dash that would captivate eight women out of ten against their sounder instincts, and would infallibly alienate men-of a certain type, at least.

Entranced, She Danced

Carmichael was of the type. Young Llewelyn, catching the engineer's steelblue glance upon him, dropped his "period" talk and added with elaborate to often, myself. We poor bacheler, you'll have to "ear my cloak as a domino. I see mothing else for it."

Her hands went up to the big golden inside out, either, 's said he. 'period' talk and added with elaborate casualness, 'Mrs. Elphinstone, it's a success fou. Thoroughly appropriate! with an eye for the cose behind Clover's ear, for the comb and the fan as well as for the charming mutinous face, 'This brings out every drop of Spanish blood in you, you know. Real 'Old Madrid.' You'll give me the next dance, Carmeneita?'

Already she hand, but between her and

Already she had shifted her fan to the other hand, but between her and she said (hating her the Elizabethian there stepped, quiet-"Stand up." she said (hating her two manner).

He stood up in the taxi, bent his had, took off his overcoat. She got by the stood beside him; she took off his overcoat, she got had below patterned with gold, gleaming that the street lights.

He sheeked a careless challenge over his worn dress suit; and before he knew he neant to speak, Carmichael spoke, "I think this is mine, Clover, Sorry, Llewelyn," he added to the other young "I think this is mine, Clover, Sorry, Llewelyn," he added to the other young

with mixed feelings: "But you don't dance, you said."
"You said I didn't dance."

"Do you dance, then?"
"Might try," he retoried succinetly. The music which the band had just struck up had not been written for any dance; it was plaintive, possionnte, alien in every note, but still popular in London, as any revue mel-ody. Such is the curiously catholic and undependable musical taste of the Briton! He flocks in a mass, irre-spective of class, to applaud the lyrics of Guy's deathless opera; he hums and whistles in his bath the latest tinsel success of New York vaudeville; he dances to wild folk-song introduced from Southern Europe. It was one of Requel Meller's songs to which Clover

and Carmichael now swung into step. For a couple of turns they had the whole of the larger gallery to them-selves. The music, the rhythm, the joy of movement took and merged them. She danced as she had not danced in her life to the obbligate of a dazed discovery; why, this man was the divine the ideal partner. In the delight of dancing with him she seemed to find a trace of all other delights; the pleasure she took in color, flower, sun-shine, even in there lines and shapes

of classic Greece that she loved.

dress, black mantilla held high by a woman who was no longer the encomb above her small face.

Ah, there you are!" he said. "I must caught sight of those cousins of yet. This dance will be over mainute. Let us go and find them." Clover, feeling the arm. Clover, feeling the arm. Clover, feeling the arms. I make the partner of unknowledged dreams.



came up against the odorway a boy in bouting-figure in all black with budding horns above a By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office TO JONES AND THE GOOD! YOU SEVEN-OH, I KNOW -NO! I SAID SEND SHALL I SEND WHAT'S THAT L GEE, THAT'S TO KEEP HIS THE STATEMENT TO TO LONES AND THE THE PINK BOOKLET A HARD ONE BIRD GOT A HEAD STATEMENT TO LEAGUE FORTY-FOUR COLLAR FROM JONES +CO JONES AND THE TO CALIBRE DUMBELL! AND THE STATEMENT BOOKLET TO SMITH SMITH AS YOU FOR ANYHOW! SLIPPING OFF I SAID SEND THE TOLD ME, SIR. TO SMITH ? STATEMENT TO LINES AND THE BOOKLET Copyright, 1828, by Public Ledger Co.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR The Young Lady Across the Way PLEASE DONT FORGET TO LEAVE YOUR OTHER HAT TO BE CLEANED MY KAT BLEW OVER HERE AND I CANT STRANGE! -YERY STRANGE INDEED !

says she has seen baseball players who wore glasses, but she doesn't believe a football player could ever be spectacular.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG AW W W. ITS HUTHIH' BUT FEATHERS FROM OVER TO CHICHEN SHRIEVE'S THEY RE IDAD. TOOM! -BY COLLIES : THERE'S A SHOW. FLAME! SHE'S A' SHOWIN LOOKY! LOOKY

PETEY-It's a Pipe



