The Subconscious Courtship

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

Author of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "The Arrant Rover," Btc. Copyright, 1922, Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charmtag young widow, who has inhorited a
big business. Harried by relatives and
friends who want to spend her money,
and railors who want to marry her for
it, the decides to marry a 'husband for
tagreenience,' to fend off, 'the harpies,'

I have been to seem
to be.

This obsters

ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's someth, a pretty girl of the period.

MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has
befriended Clover in adversity and is showered with favors; sandal, younger daughter,

JIM HOLT, big. good-natured chap, backfully in love with Rosemary.

Not in Khaki

ASA matter of fact he did think that. Subtly the message had conveyed itself from his mind to hers. Not in khaki, thanks. He'd worn it in all

got any friends-

the eight of that stone or column to be seen set up in a city church, on every village green throughout our land—"to the glory of God and to those who gave their lives, 1914-1918." Cottage posy and costly wreath lie side by side at the foot of those memorials. They, as some soldier said of the Cenotaph, "mean Christian names to all of us."

She wondered what Christian names were they to Harry Carmichael? Who

Clover's had never spoken.

sag you do better get some. What about those men who are going to be useful to risen in him a fortnight ago. She support. Those mast people you have to buy all those lunches for? Get them. I left her full of renewed obstinacy and between a left her aircady? Get them from the All Ministry and from the Ministry of Shipping. And from the highways and bedges and the huts in St. James' Driving her had bedges and the huts in St. James' Park if you like. It's all to the good if Brothers voice you have a really posh wedding (don't they call it that?) to ask these lumi-naries to: the sort of function that gets inelt reported in endless columns. It's sure if she meant what he was not absolutely sule to show them a rather handsome she thought. "Oh. you tritating and the she meant what he was thinksile"—from her tone it minks the she thought. "Oh. you tritating and

foliags again; he repeated to himself out with a Sandal-like retort of "well, her calmly appraising words, "rather we couldn't very well go there before handsome." "Rather"? But of the wedding!" course she knew she was quite beautial to look at as far as that weut. She'd—well, everything. He glanced town at what he could see of her profile; that got to be part of it. We have to go away. And stay away. For—bald slaintwise against that driving for at least ten days." form, between the buttoned-up collar of the white tarpaulin coat and the brim of her crisp rain-hat. All her clothes were as well "done" as those f any Parisian. Yet Clover Elphintonse possessed that blend of daintiness ad of outdoor healthfulness that the best types of Englishwoman; had their curious mixture of scenarios the fresh air, of luxury with "roughof any Parisian. Yet Clover Elphinfresh air, of luxury with "rough-it." Under the cold downpour and buffeting wind of this afternoon's

b the world's worst climate;)
All these were things Carmichae;
Bow hotized. He told himself, a little
insistently now, that all this beauty,
insination, and charm were natural distinction and charm were natural forces of which his mast would have the use. The vaunted magnetism of soman would be turned on to aid that the current. Far, far below these there current. Far, far below these thoughts stirred an unacknowledged after thought. "If she were only my own! If it were all for me!" He did not know, he did not realize! Not until ong, long afterward would the ripple made by that thought stir on the surface mind. Still, still he imagined that was agreeing to marry her simply and solely for the furthering of his was agreeing to marry her simply and solely for the furthering of his tender of the wedding festivities. Red appet from Richmond to Westminster.

If the shopping I can get in in the mornings. You needn't come with me there. It'll do, I think, if we are seen out together sometimes. And at meals. And you can take me to the theatre in the evening. I will find out what people like us are supposed to like to see. You will have to postpone your other engagement for a week."

"Very well," he ceded. It was after all the first time she had asked him to postpone anything, whereas he had put her off several times during their parade-engagement. "Very well, we go parade-engagement to parade-engagement." Yery well, we go parade-engagement to parade-engagement to parade-engagement. "French wireless men, rather decent chaps."

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in the subject of honeymoons. She, thought angrily, 'If we only mention that part of the Merning Fost bridgi

paraphernalia, of the traveling costume, the white shoe tied behind the car, the brand new luggage, the last farewells and wishes for all happi-

to be. This obvious truth struck both of and picks

It JOR HARRY CARMICHAEL,
World War veteran, man of personality,
we enjacer who has invented a new
most, to finance which he agrees to
most, to finance which he agrees to
Clover's "strictly business" proposifirst time what a wild and insane idea;
a honeymoon, deliberately planned and a honeymoon, deliberately planned and minus—well, honey. Perhaps it was all right. Lots of women, he'd heard, would actually prefer that side of marriage kept clean out of their lives: beautiful and otherwise normal women, known as 'anesthetics.' The scent-less rose type. less-rose type. This girl was evidently

one of them.
Subconscious thought here stirred again, whispering, 'Impossible! Could she dance like that, if she couldn't love? A scentless rose? She, with her pagan delight in scent and color and the other sensuous things? Not she. 'I don't like men,' she said. She meant haki, thanks. He'd worn it in all don't like men, she said. She meant that. Only — It is all to awaken. Supposing you could do that? Wouldn't you love to find out if you could? Other-shall want you to make a list of all the wisc, oughtn't you to leave her until stung, she went on.

shall want you to make a list of all the shall want you to make a list of all the people—as many as you can, please—the? Perhaps even that Elizabethan he? Perhaps even that Elizabethan mountebank would be better. Ah, you hat propose to ask a single soul."

"Then I," said Clover Elphinstone, "The I," said Clover Elphinstone, "

Then he told himself, "Here, steady on! Needn't be uncivil to the girl: quarreling as if you were actually beginning to mind what she said. It's a curious thing that ever since that dance we've been ruder to each other instead of more decent. Steady on!

And he repeated more politely. "Please vourself."

And he repeated more politely.

we've been ruder to each other instead of more decent. Steady on!

And he repeated more politely. "Please yourself: I mean about your favitations. But as for mine—cut them set. Oughtn't you, if you intended me to provide friends as well, oughtn't you to have told me sooner? You shouldn't begin putting these new clauses into the contract now."

"New? Everybody takes it for granted!" she retorted. "Don't you see how old it would be if you didn't? Friends of the bride—a big crush on one side of the church. The other side—empty because the friends of the bride-groom don't materialize. What would it look like?"

"Like nothing on earth," he admit—in the contract now."

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"Like "Like nothing on earth." he admitted a trifle defiantly. "But don't they
say fiarriages are made in heaven?"
She gave a tiny outburst of anger.
She gave a tiny outburst of anger. "Please be reasonable. Anyhow, you've chance of waving a wand and becoming de-married, free, comfortably off for the rest of a spinster existence, would she accept the chance? Would They are mostly killed as a matter of fact." he put in grimly.
"I am very sorry." said Clover quickly, gently, in a voice he hadn't heard. "I am sorry."

For he had touched the chord which ribrates in the heart of any woman at the state of the state of control of the control

were they to Harry Carmichael? Who she'd choose the type of wedding-trip had been his best friends? Had he cared that Clover (unbeknownst to all) meant

deeply for friendship, this man who cared nothing for love? Friendship had been taken from him. Power he'd never had been taken from him. Power he'd never had been taken from him. Power he'd never house, he must lack every means to express all of himself that mattered. He hadn't had much of a time up to now, had he?

These meditations, however, were most in the bond; after a second's pause figures as a though that gentler voice of Clover's had never spoken.

That Clover (unbeknownst to all) meant to have. Clover Gundel's unabashed treble scream of "What? A platonic honeymoon? You mean no kissing? A vinegar-moon? Oh, not for me, thanks passionately!"

Very well, then. She, Clover, must be abnormal; a freak-woman. This repellent young man beside her knew that. He'd never have entered into this contract with her if he'd thought she was like ordinary girls. Her flair told her this. Savagely angry she felt about the Clover's had never spoken.

Her curtest tone resumed: "Guests this. Savagely angry she felt about the whole thing. An impulse to say "look also you'd better get some. What about it's too fate?" rose up in her as it had

Honeymoon Plans

Driving her hands down into her coat pockets, she began in the Elphinstone

"Then, when we come back-" "Back?" he took up, with a quick

able to show them a rather handsome site"—from her tone it might have obtuse clod, why will you make everything so difficult? Is it on purpose? See if I don't take it out of you for this when I can." She said, "back things Carmichael had seen already, He things Carmichael had seen already, He had considered her as a hostess for his law softly cleft chin out of her but-This point, now, was among the things Carmichael had seen already. He had considered her as a hostess for his her softly cleft chin out of her buttoned-up collar, and looked straight ahead. "I'd thought of the obvious place for just now; Paris."

But now, striding with her through the rain, he didn't think of these foings again; he repeated to himself out with a Sandal-like retort of "well,"

She, sharply irritated, nearly broke out with a Sandal-like retort of "well,

Also thinking in other words from those he uttered. Carmichael took up 'ten days? Most inconvenient for me just now.....

for the look of it? Personally I hate it and the whole notion of the wed-

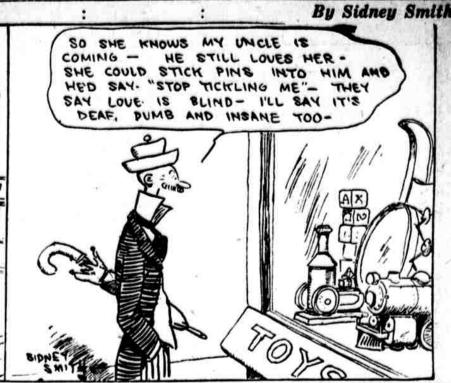
the buffeting wind of this afternoon's tamp, the most piquant Latin woman would lose her polse; the "dandiest" American would wilt into pallor, famure and chill. What foreigner can stand up to that which sets our islandied girls aglow with gayety and color?

(There are compensations for living in the world's worst climate!)

All these were things Carmichaer sow noticed. He told himself, a little shipping I can get in in the morn-little shopping I can get in in the morn-little shoppin

write about the rooms. There is little shopping I can get in in the morn







SCHOOL DAYS

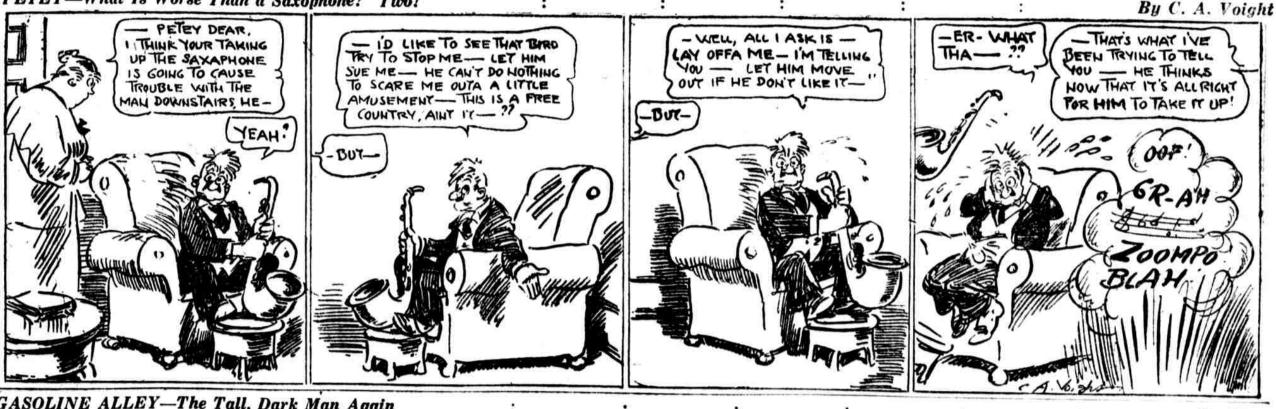


The young lady across the way says she doesn't see much sense in all this fuss over the Dardanelles when there are so many other places to go.



By DWIG GOSH! JUST THINK! NOT SO VERY LONG RIGHT ABOUT HERE IS WHERE I HOOKED SWIMMIN' RIGHT THAT BIG GOGGLEEYE. UNDER THIS ICE HE RUN UNDER SAY. THAT ICE THAT THERE SNAG JUST STANDIN' NOW! AINT SAFE YET. BEHIND YOU, AND DON'T SEEM LIKE YOU BETTER STRIPPED AND WENT DOES IT? GIT OFFEN IT OF IH AFTER SOMEBODY LL HAW THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY ~

PETEY-What Is Worse Than a Saxophone? Two!



GASOLINE ALLEY-The Tall, Dark Man Again

