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," Etc. Copyright, 1922, Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young icidar, who has inherited a
hig business. Harried by relatives and
hig business. Harried by relatives and
friends who want to spend her money,
end suitors who want to marry her for
it, she decides to marry a 'husband for
it, she from her office, he from his garageand picks

end picks MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, Wald War veteran, man of personality, an engineer who has invented a new mast, to finance which he agrees to Clover's "strictly business" proposi-

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

MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and is showeved with favors.

When two people arrange to appear to live together so that they may in the live together so the live toge reality remain completely apart, there reality remain completely apart, there arises at each moment of the day a fresh complication.

But this is the history, not of a venual thin before dinner, she had been obliged to go in there to find him.

But this is the history, not of a venBut this is the history not of a venBut this is the history not of a vend of a venBut this is the history not of a vend of a v was wordlessly considered!

That Clover had things as she had papers-

MARRIAGE MAJOR H. CARMICHAEL AND MRS. ELPHINSTONE

A large and brilliant gathering at tended the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Major H. Carmichael, D. S. O., M. C., late royal engineers, Not at all. I like it. I never feel D. S. O., M. C., late royal engineers, and Clover, widow of John Elphinstone, of Elphinstone Brothers. The bride looking exquisitely lovely, wore spanish lace draped over a gown of black-and-white satin besute, a big black picture hat across which fell a long cluster of foam-white grapes, and a wrap of black velvet, lace and deep black fringe. She carried a showledge of the shoughest of orange-yellow orchids. She was given away by her aunt, Mrs. Meadows, of the Prospect, Richmond Hill, and was attended by her cousins, the Misses Rosemary and Sandal Meadows, in unique toilettes of orange-yellow ribbon velvet, with hats of cream velours trimmed with bands and streamers of gold tissue ribbon.

The best man was Mr. James Henry Bolt, late royal engineers.

The service we graduated by Arch.

The best man was Mr. James Henry
Holt, late royal engineers.
The service was conducted by Archdearon Meadows, assisted by Minor
Canon Holt and the Rev. David
Llewelyn, and was fully choral throughout. During the rigning of the register
the choir sung "O Perfect Love."
After the ceremony there was a recepfew at the Mysic Park Hatel, with a tion at the Hyde Park Hotel, with a display of the weiding presents, which were numerous and handsome, and in-cluded a silver cigarette box, inscribed, the gift of the bridegroom's surviving fellow prisoners from Turkey. At the reception there were present Lord Caractacus of Pennal, Lord and Lady Ballycool, Sir Algernon and Lady Cox. Major General Hervey (representing the Air Ministry), Major General Such, C. B., G. M. G. (representing the Aeronautical Society), Colonei and Aeronautical Society), Colonei and Mrs. Lawrence, Colonel Scott, Major Ross, Major Awdas, Captain and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. Wright (of Elphinstone Brothers) and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Holt, the Misses Holt, Captain Clynes, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Fontana, Mr. Robert Llewelyn and many "The glitters wather," said Carthers and Carthers "Personally I don't care for the said that the care for the care for

So, as far as the pomp and circumstances of glorious ceremony went, these

## two were married. Flame and Brushwood

Major and Mrs. Harry Carmichael sent out cards, in March, for a small dinner party and a large musicale after-ward, which was also to be the house-

lately decorated, and furnished, the owners (who were going abroad) had been willing to let it as it

abroad) had been willing to let it as to stood, for fifty guineas a week.

"An appalling lot." Carmichael had muttered; thinking of his own rooms over that garage in the Euston road. For these he paid thirty-five shillings weekly. He had kept on those rooms. He meant, whatever happened, to contain the meant of the contained of time to keep them on. Clover had said. "Of course it would be their first official their first official street house, was

altely barred this proposal. ("Do? Of course nothing of the kind would do. for a moment.") He had been sur-Clover, who wished to underline the fact that she was no longer an unat-tached young widow!), that Clover, of He had not known that Clover, before the wedding, had become suddenly and extraordinarily unhappy at the thought of turning out again, permanently, from her girlhood's home. She had secretly fretted over the feeling that she was now burning her boats and was to be left marooned with one unsympathetic see the many with one unsympathetic see the many with the see that the see th

All this Carmichael had not guessed. He had not even known the true reason for his own violent insistence that they could not possibly live at Richmond among her possibly live at they simply must launch out into a place of their own where they could appear to be together. together like any other married couple. Ah, deep-down instinct of the
primitive male to rush his mate off
to the isolated cave, how did this young
man sublimate and conceal you, even
from himself, with talk of the relative
advantages of firem theretaine and addressed by her to him. advantages of Green street and addressed by her to him. Knightsbridge!

Green street had won; and on this

The Carmichaels came home early; she from her office, he from his garage-attic where he spent his days with his models and calculations. They dressed in good time; she in her

big bedroom at one side of the house on the second floor, he in his on the opposite side. Then, for the first time that day, they met in one of the two large reception rooms on the first floor. Bousin, a pretty girl of the period.

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

SANDAL, younger daughter, a flapper.

JIM HOLT, hig. good-natured chap, bashjully in love with Rosemary.

Their Wedding

Their Wedding

Their wedding in the period.

It was known as "The Red Parlier." Just as Clover's room at Richmond (now occupied openly and officially, attached bathroom and all by Sandal Meadows) seemed like the inside of a great golden tulip, so to walk into this parlor was like entering a flower huge and rose-colored. Subdued red was the carpet; a richer rose glowed in the upholstery of the bedilke Ches. Their Wedning in the upholstery of the bedlike Chesterfield, Rugs, curtains, shades all THEY won't see me this time if you terfield. Rugs, curtains, shades all carried out a scheme that was, this ripping evening, warm, cozy and inquickened pace. "I've people I want to see myself, this evening. Electrical to see myself, this evening that was, this ripping evening, warm, cozy and inviting. Only Clover felt that it was the myself that it was this ripping evening, warm, cozy and inviting. Only Clover felt that it was the myself that the myself that it was the myself that it was the myself that it was the myself that the myself that it was the myself that the myself that it was the myself that the myself th Now you realize how easily this story might go on forever, recording every wranglesome detail of this situation?

out of doors. This soldier, who had slept nights enough in the freezing That Clover had things as she had open, considered (like Aunt Gertrude intended over the wedding itself may of "Milestones") that there was no be gleaned from this account in the reason for turning a drawing-room into a park.

vever, he drew aside a heavy tulip-pink curtain, flung up a window an let in a blast of March air that rustled the sheaves of honesty and Cape goose berry set in the Chinese-vase between the windows. The long yellow feather of Clover's fan waved also in this gale. He asked politely, "Is that too much for you?"

were even, sometimes, not easy to look away from. Once or twice he had had to remind himself, in the nick of time. that he mustn't stare. Here was a woman at whom he mustn't even lookmuch. So now he looked away from her again. He thought 'feel drafts' Could she ever feet anything?"

## A Turning Point She said, "These people will be here

"Just tell me quickly who it is have to make myself specially nice to, this General Hervey or Sir Alger-non?"

"Oh," he said. "I am sure you will be very nice to both of them. It was a great stroke of luck our meeting Hervey in Paris like that. He's paved the way for me, I know. A great deal depends upon whether I can interest this other man in the thing."

thers.

The happy pair left by car for him as much as I do for Hervey. But Folkestone on route for Paris, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Intelnet. "Personally I don't care for him as much as I do for Hervey. But he's pretty well got my fate in his hands, when all's said."

"I see," said Clover Carmichael, and she looked down the tortoiseshell handle of her fan at her own white hands. "You mean he's frightfully vain and shows off incessantly."

"Oh, Lord, no. I wouldn't go so far as to say that," protested Carmichael with all man's reluctance to adopt woman's honester speech. "He

warming for their new abode.

This was in Green street, one of the land, but he has more influence. I rebuilt houses on the right-hand side as force to haps, but he has more influence. I hope to heavens I manage to enlist it on my side. I only had that glimpse of him when Hervey introduced me at the club last week. A good deal depends upon this evening.

And as he stretched his long legs

time to keep them on.

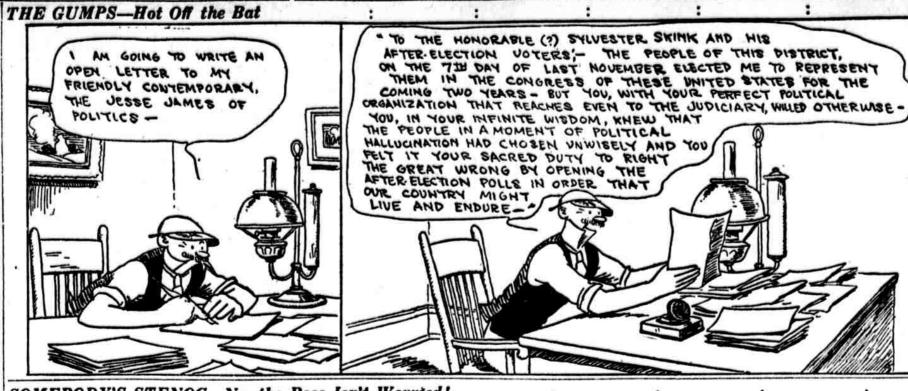
Clover had said, "Of course it would have been much cheaper to have done as I suggested at first."

What she had suggested at first was that she should continue to live, as that she should continue to live, as that Posy's roof. Yes; she had proposed to have a couple of rooms added to the garden-wing as soon as possible for her husband's use. In the meantime, and as he would be out most of his time in any case, there was an turning-point indeed. This, their first official "party" at the Green street house, was the first party of the mast itself. This was the type of all those things for which Carmichael had got married. This was the evening of the mast; its own admirably appointed house, its thowers, wines, beauty, conversation, hospitality. Without these things to offer, Carmichael would still have been cooling his heels in auterooms, still being told by underlings that the matter was receiving attention—sattention!—and that he would be informed and advised, and all the rest room at the Prospect which informed and advised, and all the rest Carmichael and instantly and defi- of it, in due course. In one stride Carmichael had passed that stage had met General Hervey, bimself an inventor, an idealist, a soldier, a man of letters and a business man, staying prised that Clover, who had insisted of letters and a business man, staying upon that ostentatious wedding of theirs at the Meurice where the Carmichaels were putting in their spoof honey-moon. Hervey and he had talked while young Mrs Carmichael had gone all people, should try to undo every the had beard all thing again by such a madly silly plan.

He had not known that Clover, before the wedless. only from the provisional pattern now in use but from any suggested schemes. To get Sir Algernon Cox interested in it, that was the important thing, Hervey had said (for whose rank, record, position, orders and decorations see the two imposing columns in Who's Who!. Then had come the hasty introduction at the club, and Sir Algertage.

non's "I've no time. I've no time to-day—not a minute! We'll meet anon —I'd like to meet Mrs. Carmichael. Yes, I hear you've married one of the seven loveliest-Of course Hervey de-clares it's the coming thing-I've no time—we must talk about it—next week, perhaps—" and then the fix-

CONTINUED MONDAY



By Sidney Smith THAT'S TELLING THAT GUY SOMETHING. AND IT'S THE TRUTH- IF HE HAS A CONSCIENCE (AND I DON'T BELIEVE HE HAS) WHEN HE'S ON THAT CHAIR IN WASHINGTON HE'LL FEEL LIKE A GUY TRYING TO DODGE THE CONDUCTOR OR LIKE HE'S SITTING ON A BED OF - SAMALAY NIC HI SELT SHT

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-No, the Boss Isn't Worrted!

OH HELLO POPPER - JUST LOOKING, POPPER ONLY LOOKING, DEAR POPPER: THE STORES LOOK SONKE OH "VENUS" I'M GETTING AN AWFUL YES COLONEL, THE BOY'S BACK! SENT FOR HIM TO COME HOME. MICK OUT OF SOMETHIN' I HEARD! A CERTAIN PARTY TOLD ME A FRIEND WHAT ARE BYGONES IS BYGONES THIS OF HERS SAW A CERTAIN PARTY YOU DOING? T CHRISTMAS DON'T THEY TIME OF YEAR COLONEL WHO KNOWS ME LOOKING AT AT CHRISTMAS Y'WANTS JEWELRY! ALL Y'BLOOD TOSETHER. AND A FINE STEADY CHAP HE'S GROWN UP TO BE! NOTHIN' FRIVOLOUS! A SOLID HEAD - SOME BOY : 5

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OF MOTHIN' Y'UNERSTAN' - MOTHIN TO WORRY ABOUT - BUT I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING THAT MIGHT GO ON BEHIND ME BACK - BUT-I AINT GONT'T' WORRY-A-E-MAYWARD-9

I AIAT GOIN'T WORRY! I AINT SURE

By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says health is the main thing after all and if nepotism is as prevalent in Congress as they say it is she should think a man would rather stay at home and not work so hard.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS By FONTAINE FOX ITS A GOOD THING JIMMY FIGGINS SISTER COULDN'T CATCH HIM THE NIGHT HE STUCK THAT SIGN THROUGH THE PARLOR DOOR WHEN SHE WAS ENTERTAINING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG WHEN HE KNOCKS YOUR YOU'RE A BIRD. HAT OFF TODAY, WHAT I'M GONNA BUST ARE YOU GONNA DO-YOU ARE ! HIM UP IN THE NOSE HARD AS PICH IT UP AND LETTIN' THAT THAT BE GRIM AND LET ALL THE FELLERS LAUGH FISH HHOCK ( CM , NO HEES BIG BULLY WHANG YOU AROUND RIGHT OH BUSTIN AROUND ALL AT YOU LIKE THEY DID YESTERDAY WHEN HIM TILL HE TIME AND No! HILLS ME OR RUNS! JUST TAKIN' IT! YOU POOR OFF AND MICHED YOU YOU POOR SAP! THAS WHAT I'M WHEN YOU STOOPED A-GONNA DO! DOVEN TO PICK IT WHAT ARE YOU GOMMA DO? YOU LUMP HOTHIN' SOLILOGUY ~ 12 1 12

PETEY—He Resigns

- 1 DON'T CARE WHAT THE FAMICY THINKS - AND THAT GOES FOR THE NEIGHBORS Too - I'M GONNER CONQUER THIS SAXAPHONE THING! - 1 Z KNOW THE WIFE AND MABEL ARE ABOUT READY TO LYNCH ME BUT-







GASOLINE ALLEY-Safety Always

