woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-ing with her life is told in this fascinating need By BERTA RUCK Zuther of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "The Arrest Rover," Ble.
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tion.

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

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

SANDAL, younger daughter, a

"Oh? No bothers, I hope?"
"No bothers at all," returned Clover
of Elphinstone Brothers, lifting her
dark head above those shoulders.
"Something quite good, if it is the
offer that I imagine it will be. Rather
erowded hours we are going to have
tonight, what with your business—
and mine. And they are both coming
off."

principle as the—the old toy—the magnet, magnet, you know. Ducks in the
bath when we were kids, drawing them
round and round—well, I say 'we'!
Long before your time, alas!"
"Oh, no! I had magnet-ducks!"
protested Clover gayly. "Of course
that's exactly what it means. It takes
you brilliant men to toss off the mot
juste where we tollers have to struggle
for words. Well. that means a

"How do you know?" he asked, quickly. He was surprised, pleased that they were on these terms of companionableness. In Paris, during the spoof honeymoon, she had also been modern feminine mind as piquant as the fashions. I do indeed. nine out of ten girls whom he might have met over there for the first time with their people, and with whom he might have done a bit of sight-seeing. They had discussed the shows, the fashions, the other people at their hotels; and Clover had admitted to "quite seeinging" tramps they had taken to enjoying" tramps they had taken to-gether in Fontainebleau or about Vergether in Fontainebleau or about ver-sailles. Then, when they'd returned to take up this oddly double life in Green street, it had at first seemed stiff, awkward, and a growing strain. But tonight apparently things had gone back to the Paris and holiday-time back to the Paris and holiday-time footing. She had spoken with almost sisterly case about their aims and

how these would prosper.

Quite eagerly he asked, "How to you know?"
"Oh! I just know," said she. he thought of the coming party, young armichael found himself looking as if some inspiration into her serene

He leaned nearer. "It was awfully decent of you to say that," he told her, grateful as a small boy for encouragement. "Will you—do you mind saying it again?" But the door opened. "Sir Algernon

sation glittered most of all. Especially did it glitter when he found himself in the presence of a woman as pretty as his hostess.

"Mrs. Carmichael! How very sweet of you to let us come like this tonight—delightful—I have been so looking farward——" He turned all the glitter about him full on to Clover. Clover seemed to gleam back at him. Perhaps it was that bold tissue dress of hers, which, when she moved, gave her the glinting grace of a fish.

"General and Mrs. Hervey" were announced. Hervey, who had been called "The Plumber of the Empire"

to look in tomorrow morning Carmichael would be there too."

"Capital, capital. But not tomorrow in the days' time, what? How'd that suit, Carmichael? Make it ten days' time, then; give us time to go into it more thoroughly, Mrs. Carmichael—"

Clover gave him a smile of child's delight; inwardly she was reflecting that these glitterers have to make themselves a little inaccessible. Half the glitter comes from taking twice as long about a thing as anybody else. What a sex! How is it possible to take any of them seriously?

"General and Mrs. Hervey" were announced. Hervey, who had been called "The Plumber of the Empire" because he had been caused in to stop up leaks of various kinds so often during the last twenty years of our history, had the composite face of a soldier, an artist, and a business-man, with shaggy brows over lightning-swift eyes; their first glance about reassured Carmichael, acknowledged the Coxes, took in the red parior. Clover's beauty, Sir Algernon's glitter, and the general situa-

"Doctor Mary Robertson."

prepared for difficulties and "manage-ment," everything turned out to be absurdly easy as far as Carmichael was concerned. The great man, his guest, sittered forth affabilities.

"Your husband, Mrs. Carmichael, is

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER EXPHINSTONE, charmis young widow, who has inherites as
the files who want to spend her money,
the decides to marry a 'husband for
the

about it——"

"Are you? Because, of course, you'd mean everything to us," Clover Carmichael returned. Odd, how Carmichael (talking to Lady Cox) could hear every syllable from the other end of the table, across the branching candlesticks, across the black-and-amber shades, across the center decoration of a garlanded crystal bowl in which SANDAL, younger daughter, a fasher. BANDAL, younger daughter, beshjully in love with Rosemary.

Life A Growing Strain

Therefore the fasher. Bandal and glided under the lights, echoing just the gisam of Clover's corange. She must have arranged that effect. Infernally clever she was in all the woman-ways. She had let fish new contraite from the te get this new contraite from the last Saturday: she's delicious. Notes like warm day: she's delicious. Notes like warm day: she's delicious. Notes like warm let comb, you know. Quite simple of the comb, you know. Quite simple where the comb is the would really melt your of the comb, you know. Quite simple of thing that would really melt your fire allowed thing that would really melt your fire won't matter if I'm called away in the middle of dinner and leave the narty for just a few minutes?"

"Called away? Why, are you expecting to be?"

"Called away? Why, are you expecting to be?"

"I'm expecting a message from the canded carptanded crystal low in which live gold carp flashed and glided under the lights, echoing just the gisam of Clover's corange. She must have arranged that effect. Infernally clever she was in all the woman-ways. She had led the conversion to it now. She kept it there, he caught whole sentences of her pretty, flattering voice, describing (quite accurately, too) the points of the words flowed glibly from her.

"No! There's no winch at all," the words flowed glibly from her.

"No! There's no winch at all," the words flowed glibly from her.

"Sid Algernon's eyes positively gilded her face with his glitter. "Magnetic tion of a garianded crystal

"Called away? Why, are you expecting to be?"

"I'm expecting a message from the office. Mr. Wrights—my manager—was to stay on there until midnight to-night."

Sid Algernon's eyes positively gilded her face with his glitter. "Magnetic attraction! Ah! You mean"—he made a gesture with a fishfork—"the same principle as the—the old toy—the magnight."

for words. Well, that means a small power-house at the base of the

fashions. I do indeed.
"Don't laugh at me because I'm only feminine—I'm a worker, in my way, Sir Algernon! And do let me tell

"Go on, go on. I'm interested. I am indeed. A dynamo at the base of this thing, you say—"
"And, of course, a directional note to find out the exact whereabouts of the direction as a say approaches—" "Ah! Excellent-"

Carmichael, his ears alert to this, had in duty bound turned to talk Russian ballet to the woman surgeon, but she smiled away his remark—'I want to

listen to your wife," said she softly.
"So do you. Wait a moment."
In a choice blend of the Elphinstone-Brothers business voice, and of the voice of charm on full, Clover was continuing: "As she draws to the "Your mast will get taken on all right."
Soothed by the prettiness of her reduces the shock of impact to nothing, speaking voice, stimulated by the fragrance and the beauty so near him, ercited and put upon his mettle by "Quite—"."

"What A Ser "Then there's—well, I need not trouble you with the telescopic device for the whole thing. It shuts up and down from the same dynamo."

(She must, thought Carmichael in bewildered amusement, have a memory

couragement. "Will you—do you mind saying it again?"

But the door opened. "Sir Algernon and Lady Cox!" announced the manservant.

"All is not brass that glitters, but certainly Cox does glitter like hell!" had been said of him by men who bad worked with him. It was true. His breast, when in uniform, glittered with those orders: in any case his hair obtrusively attentive to everything, relike a gramophone!)

those orders; in any case his hair glittered, his eyes, his teeth glittered, his monocle glittered; and his conversation glittered most of all. Espe-

was his. It was achieved, as these things so often are, over a glass of "Major O'Brien" was announced.

(Enter a much younger soldier, darking sod-looking, neat, intelligent, an inderstrapper of the great man's; intelligent, and inderstrapper of the great man's; intelligent, and inderstrapper of the most popular play to be produced that year.)

"Doctor Mary Robertson."

(Also distinguished, also good to look upon, with wonderful shoulders, ayes aligned at her again over the dinner table; her dark head was now tilted a little saide; she was taking to Herrey. Dector Mary Robertson."

(Also distinguished, also good to look upon, with wonderful shoulders, eyes alight with human kindliness.)

The party complete. They went dewnstairs.

At the head of the staircase Carmichael heard Sir Algernon ask if he might be permitted a personal remark.

That very lovely frock of yours, that frock! Now don't tell me it wasn't Chanel?"

All the time he knew in his heart that—that he was not content at all.

that frock! Now don't tell me it wasn't Chane!"

"How alarmingly knowledgeable of "Bu." Clover returned easily. "Imagine your seeing that it was Chane!"

"Brought over by airplane this morning?"

"No; chosen while we were in Paris. But I hope that quite soon all one's clothes will come over by airship—"

"Ah! Of course! Airships—air—"

"Ah! Of course! Airships—air—"

"Ah! Of course, have to know all about—"."

They dined.

As so often happens when one has prepared for difficulties and "management," everything turned out to be absurdly easy as far as Carmichael was oncerned. The great man, his guest, slittered forth affabilities.

"Your husband. Mrs. Carmichael is a content at all.

All the time he knew in his heart that he was not content at all.

This evening, with everything playing into his hands, he was more rest-lessly uneasy than on the morning before his first pregnant interview with Elphinstone Brothers—that morning when he'd written "mast" letters which (he knew!) would only find room in the wastepaper baskets of such men as were now his guests and colleagues. Defensively he drank champagne and asked himself, "Well, what's my trouble? I've got all I wanted so far, and more. She's played up all right. As for actually going and getting fond of that girl, I'm not such an ass. I'm not

"Your husband, Mrs. Carmichael, is a very clever man, if I may say so, as well as a most fortunate one—most fortunate. I suppose you heard of this invention of his even from its inception?"

"Indeed, yes," came the voice of dover Carmichael. "If I were not so roud of it I should be—jenious of it, think—"Over the oysters, Carmichael heard of merest "lines" in the part she

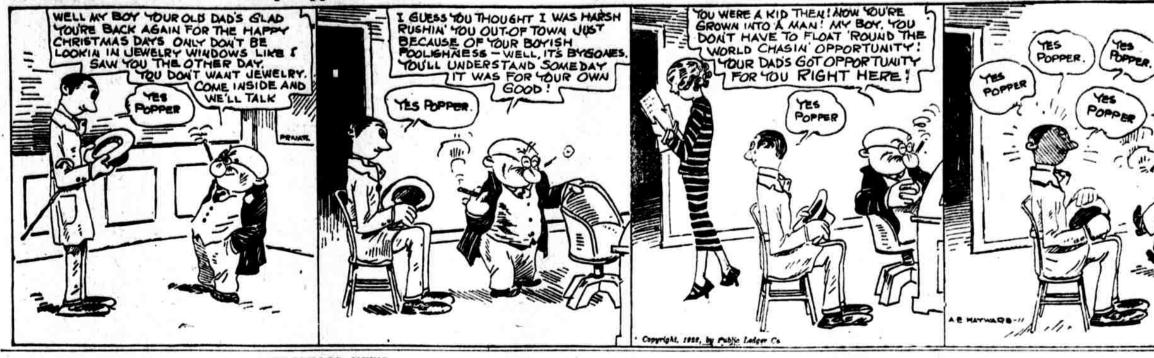
be listening to what Lady Cox thought about seances.

Clover had ordered coffee to be brought in to the dining room. Just as it arrived a mail gilded up to her, murmuring a message. Clover, lifting her head, turned a smilling general apology upon the party—"So tiresome! I am so very sorry. A message from the office. Will you forgive me and go on as if I weren't there? Just a few minutes! You'll forgive a harried business woman!"

CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Yessing Popper



The Young Endy Across the Way

The young lady across the way says a candidate who gets a mere majority of the votes wins all right, but she supposes he feels better about it if he gets an actual plurality.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS By FONTAINE FOX MR JOHES DISCOVERS BY THE MEREST CHANCE WHY THE CASTOR OIL BOTTLE IS SO OFTEN FOUND EMPTY WHEN THEY GET ALL READY TO GIVE LITTLE OSWALD A DOSE.



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PETEY-A Serious Problem

