

By Sidney Smith

The Subconscious Courtship

A modern woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfering with her life is told in this fascinating novel

By BERTA RUCK

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

WHO'S WHO IN THIS STORY CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming widow, who has inherited a big business. Harried by relatives and friends who want to spend her money, and suitors who want to marry her for it, she decides to marry a "husband for hire," to fend off "the harpies," and pick...

MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, a veteran, man of personality, an engineer who has invented a new motor, to finance which he agrees to "Clover's" "strictly business" proposition.

ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's cousin, a pretty girl of the period. MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and is biased in her favor. SANDAL, younger daughter, a singer.

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

Perhaps That Was His Type

CLOVER nodded, seeing again the slender smiling up into the face of her host. Perhaps that was his type, then, a little showily artistic? "Well, she was one of Bobby Llewellyn's theatrical friends, and he wrote to her for me. I could hardly have her here to sing without sending a card to him, could I?"

"I suppose not. He had called here before, hadn't he?" "Obviously he called as soon as he knew we'd get back from Paris." "And tomorrow," continued Carmichael quite lightly, "he will call to fetch the cigarette-case he forgot, and he will go on calling at the house as usual?"

"Clover answered, "Have you any objection?" These four innocent-sounding words made Carmichael suddenly get his teeth and drive his nails into his palms.

Had he any objection? To him in his tense condition the words meant so many things, all wounding. They meant: "You have no right to object; these were not in the bond." They meant: "I can invite whom I like to my house; it is mine, not yours."

With the bush of midnight all about them, in that pleasantly warm, appointed room, these two young and handsome creatures faced each other. There were but a few feet between them; he came ray of dying firelight that glared on his blond head, gleamed in the gold of her gown and turned to bluish-rose-color the ivory of her flesh. A charming group, had there been any other eyes there to see it; a pair of lovers born for one another would have been the impression that they made. Yet in all London at that hour, among all those who slept or watched or reveled over the whole of its great city, there would not have been found a young married couple who were farther apart from the other.

That silence was like an iron grating, solid, between them. Into the pause the little clock from a basket on the wall threw a soft and whistling chime. Then, quite evenly, Carmichael spoke calmly: "You've got them?" "Objection? Oh, why should I have any objection?" "Certainly not. It's your business to show your friends. It's merely my business to see that you aren't worried by people who aren't worth it." Clover answered, "If I were worried, I should come to you."

Now as a matter of fact she had had some idea of saying this as a hint to him to leave off the affair. She had intended to say it stiffly enough. Then, a sudden change came over her. Her mind, between her intent and her speech, here flowed a tiny current of kinder feeling. Why be rude? He was behaving decently, for a man. He wasn't being so reliable, she thought, when people were there, uninvited when they weren't. She was glad he was tall, and that he looked so well in his clothes, and that he was always and spoke well of course, she thought, because of the "show" side of it. Again, not had to talk to. It was interesting, all this about his master. Something was interesting that meant a fight against the inevitable. Why did he "mind" Bobby Llewellyn's "show" man's tad. In her city life Clover had grown accustomed to the creature's egotism and resentments of each other; so far more reasonable than any other-finding friends that she knew. "He" was really less disagreeable than most men, though.

THE GUMPS—The Truth Hurts



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Delicate



The Young Lady Across the Way



THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG



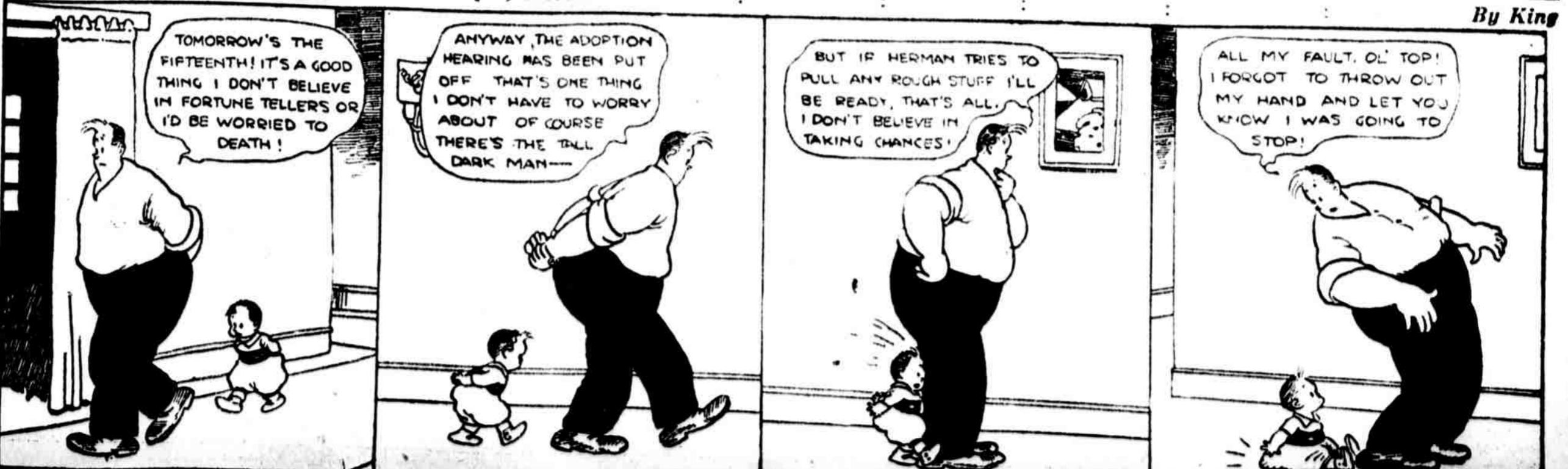
SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—That's Done and He's Finished



GASOLINE ALLEY—What You Need Is a Bumper, Skeezix



CONTINUED ON MORROW