By Hayward

The Subconscious Courtship

A modern woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-ing with hor 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 WHO'S WHO IN THE STURY
CLOVER, ELPHINSTONE, charming young widow, who has inherited a
blig business. Harried by relatives and streams who want to spend her money, friends who want to marry her for end suitors who want to marry her for it, she decides to marry a 'husband for it, she decides to marry a 'husband for it, she decides to marry a 'husband for it inlest chink of window. Were you in the raids?'

MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, World War veteran, man of personality, world war veteran, man of personality, an engineer telo has invented a new mast, to finance which he agrees to clover's "strictly business" proposi-

ROSEMARY MEADOWS. Clover's wain, a pretty girl of the period.
MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has hefriended Clover in adversity and is howeved with favors.
SANDAL, younger daughter, a

JM HOLT, big, good-natured chap, butfully in love with Rosemary.

This Loneliness

"ER-NO. No; it isn't n Chanel freek as a matter of fact." Clover ER-NO. No; it isn't a Chanel "By Jove, did she really—"By Jove, did she really—"Yes, but not because of the guns at all, babbled the girl whose hand was in his, and whose mind wrestled to keep down You see he Sir Algernon guessed would right."

"I see. Tactful of you." "Chanel," volunteered Clover, "isn't doing these shiny, sequing kind of

freeks at all just now." She nearly added, "Imagine your remembering the frock!" Then confagedly, she thought it wouldn't do; They attained the top of the first people are afraid of!"
flight: the floor that led on the one "Quite, Yes, quite side to Clover's Gold Salon, on the other to Carmichael's Red Parlor.

case windows shut out even the glim-

se as though she had climbed flights abruptly. of steep stairs instead of these few grad-ual ones. "I have got hold of the rail,

"Right." He fell a step behind, following in the darkness, He was aware of the breath as of rain-wet brief that floated about her; alert to the faint rustle of her garments, the tiny has been supported by the breath as a space of another heart-heat her breath and beginning the support of th "Right." He fell a step behind, folchink of bends. There was also the else. beating of his own heart, which he wondered that the girl didn't hear.

He did not know that, the girl's ence? Afterward he wondered over own heart was beating so that she that.

is turn wondered if he heard it. For a deep-down self-consciousness last words came her "good-night," in had come upon Clover Carmichael. She a voice suddenly composed again, and usual. of the world, she was, as far as reality went, as untouched as her flapper-cousin. Yet she was "married."
This man following her upstairs
through the darkness, was her "husband." It was an absurd situation.
Of course, she pulled herself up quickly
It was not really. Of course, she pulled herself up quickly, it was not really "absurd," because It was not "a situation" at an the same there is no standing still. It must so might happen in any house that some either forward or backward, thing went wrong with the electric light thing went wrong with the electric light. The Carmichael affair was now deswas not "a situation" at all. It thing went wrong with the electric light thing went wrong with the electric light and that the people had to grope their tined to go backward.

How was this? Having got to that the people their rooms in pitch black.

How was this? Having got to that the people their rooms in pitch blackthe seemed to see Carmichael's fair face, with his eyes fixed in the book

His voice was steady and colorless cried excitedly within her, "He is going to break the bargain. He is break-ling to break the bargain. Of course I could be him take it because for the moment his heikel self-possession to say, "Oh, he, thanks; don't trouble, I can man-

bern was struck by the fact that he ad only held that hand of hers just twice before. The first time had been Then, as she undressed in her self-at the dance. (It remained 'the' tary room, by the faint glimmer of the

this interlude.
"Rum show," he thought to him-"This is my wife. This is my wife's hand that I am holding; we're dressed, "has really put him off?" What was the good? The resolution eneself upon a beautiful helpless child

hat had come to him for that mogent in the book room was now gone. To some men this would have seemed what they'd do, and also what they The backward swing of the pendulum rould think be was a fool for miss, that has been flung too far in a foring. Here he was, within an arm's ward direction: a blaze of lights. He could even guese at the expression of her face: a little startled, a little expectant, just as It had been before that light went out. He could almost feel her breath-

but he was so constituted that he

Parhaps if Clover could have glenned come upon her even though she told the whole atmosphere was changed, herself firmly that there was no cause changed as completely as her own attree to be afraid cloud-gray as her eyes). Her own thoughts, her own thoughts! She must not think them,

she must drown them by the sound of

the raids?"
"Er—here in London, you mean?

"Oh, no. I forgot, You were abroad."

"Yes, I was abrond-"." In much worse ones, of course, We "Oh, were you?"

"Aunt Posy was so -so funny over them Tunny?"

"Yes; she didn't mind them. She sat perfectly happily in the big base-ment kitchen, playing patience, with that awful din of anti-aircraft guns and shrapnel dropping going on outside. Then one—one night she dropped the cards and imposed up and screening.

to keep down, down thoughts she would not allow herself to think. "Not anything to do with the raid, but just because she'd seen a mouse run across the kitchen hearth-rag!"

"Really?" A second later Car-michael gave the expected laugh. Then -"you aren't catching cold, are you?"
"Cold? Oh, no."

"I thought you were shivering."
"Oh, no; not at all, thanks. I am never cold, you know. W-asn't it typical? Of Aunt Posy, I mean." Clover hurried on, anything to keep be might think she was trying to be taking think she was trying to be taking to him. With every step she taking, for as long as he had to hold took, the feeling of strangeness grew. This uneamy quiet in which their trembling in this absurd manner. The attained the top of the first people are afraid of "."

"Quite. Yes, quite," agreed Car-michael, in a tea-party tone of voice and with an inward prayer that they other to Carmichael's Rea carry

there the match went out. The last his hand to feel against the wall; his hand to feel against the wall; his hand to feel against the wall; his hand; Darkness closed about them fingers explored the glass of a picture, the molding of a panel. "Er—ture, the molding of a panel."

case windows shut out even the guntcase windows shut even the guntcase windows shut even the guntcase windows shut e "Nuisance," interacted Carmichael, the supposed to get into one's hair, aren't they which would not "come" quite naturally, but which seemed almost breathalless as though she had climbed flights

As abruptly, he felt her hands drawn

out of his. Then he heard her voice, with a girl-

But almost immediately upon her

A love affair is a thing in which there is no standing still. It must go

promising point (for to any enlocker it must have seemed promising), having toom, just before the light went out.

And when she had known that he clover, if she had been asked about

toom, just before the light.

The was going to say something to her. What had he been going to—
What had he been going te—
What had he been going to be your deal had he been going to be your deal he young had his depleted progress down the last few yards of corridor, the girl's subconscious solit had traveled for enough. During that trivial, thurried conversation about raids, mice, batter white he subconscious solit had the been going to be your deal he young had he been going to be your deal he young had he was because the young had he was

She was conscious of thinking this, Hand in hand they went upstairs. But she would not have been able to Carmichael, throubling to the touch of analyze the perfectly instinctive little jump of joy that she felt because Harry Carmicinel was on the very brink of breaking his word,

Now, for the third time, there was women. "I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Loved I not Honor more—"What." thinks the woman thus ad-

whose salt one is enting on the condi-tion that one keeps off? Take advantage? One couldn't."
And in the morning there had come the chance to be seized. He could upon him the mood known to most men magine their view of it. Yes. He knew and to all women. Violent reaction!

his inward lover's gazo could picture Carmichael counted every bone of the the white arms against her golden skeleton at that feast. It was all a skeleton at that feast. She had admitted her downright fib to tared shoulders, the line of her body. She had admitted her downright fiber tared shoulders, the line of her body. as clearly as if she walked up under him about that frock. She had chosen her guests with the coldest calculation. She had get them one against another as if she had been playing a game of chess. Stripped of its glamour, what had that party been? Icy-cold busi-

And her attitude toward him? It But he was so constituted that he was no use deluding himself with any could not turn a more accident like the ideas of her being different there. She poing out of the lights into a chance hadn't come into that bookroom to have a word with him, but to telephone have a word with him, but to telephone the thought her heart might not have stammered so furiously under that suble golden bodies of hers. Panic had built-past 9, he saw her in the ball.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Who's Afraid?

GOT THAT LETTER YESTERDAY FROM SKINK'S ATTORNEY IN ANSWER TO THE OPEN LETTER I SENT TO THE NEWSPAPERS HE THREATENS TO DRAG ME INTO
COURT UNLESS I RETRACT IT THROUGH
THE PAILY PRESS - WHAT WOULD YOU DO ?



CAN RETRACT IT WITHOUT COMPROMISING YOURSELF -BUT DON'T LET ME INFLUENCE YOU- DON'T GO INTO COURT IF YOU ARE AFRAID-

WELL I PERHAPS WOULDN'T HAVE WEITHEN THE

YOU HAVE WRITTEN IT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU

LETTER IN THE FIRST PLACE BUT NOW THAT

AFRAID! ME AFRAID? I'LL SEND HIS ATTORNEY'S LETTER, TOGETHER WITH MY ANSWER, TO THE NEWSPAPERS- I'LL DARE HIM TO DRAG ME INTO COURT-AFRAID! JUST LIKE A LION IS AFRAID OF A LAMB -OR A SPIDER IS AFRAID OF A FLY- WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE MAY STILL BE A CON GRESSMAN BUT HELL BE HANGING ON BY AN EYE . LAEM .



LEAD ME TO

EM:





The young lady across the way says the monthly statement from the bank hardly ever agrees with

By FONTAINE FOX

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS YOU COULD CHIM SEE WHAT I SEE! SAY! LOCKY AT THAT, WOULD YOU? THAT TUBBA WORM USE YTTANK BH BOT, BOY - HEEP QUIET WHAT IS IT? STAR? CAM YOU SEE ANY PEOPLE ON IT? THE SOAP- WRAPPER TELESCOPE





- HOW I'M EYER GOING TO





MR. WALT, I WAS INTRODUCED TO YOU GOSH ALL FISHHOOKS ! IT'S FRIDAY BY MRS BLOSSOM ONE EVENING BETWEEN THE FIFTEENTH, HERE COMES HERMAN DANCES. THERE'S A MATTER WHICH AND THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR A CONCERNS US BOTH WHICH I HAVE BEEN ENDEAVORING TO SEE YOU ABOUT ! 3



