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

The Subconscious Courtship

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young widow, who has inherited a Mg business. Harried by relatives and friends who want to spend her money, and ratiors who want to marry her for it, she decides to marry a 'husband for convenience,' to fend off "the harpies," and picks

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

"Yes, have it ready. I may not want it; I may. I don't know."

Then he turned and walked to Baker street, down York place past Portunan Square and on to Marble Arch. He walked quickly, as a man does whose mind the while is working at racing speed.

For his thoughts were carrying him through the coming eclaircissement with Clover; very heavy weather indeed. Fully determined he was to point out to her exactly what her conduct looked like.

Indiscreet was a very mild way of

ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's ousin, a pretty girl of the period. It MRS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has seen hefriended Clover in adversity and is showered with favors.

BANDAL, younger daughter, 6

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

Up-to-date Marriage

WYOU are one of the lucky fellows of

michael quite evely.

"Oh, that about up-to-date marriage generally. The old-style Victorian form of marriage simply doesn't work nowadays. I have seen something of it: go: a brother. He marries, wartime romance and all that sort of thing. desperately keen on the girl, girl equally keen on him, charming girl, folly good-looking, very brainy, commandant of the hospital where he was; accustomed to running things, don't you know? Saying to one man 'Go' you know? Saying to one man 'Go' and he goeth, and to another 'Do' and he doe h sort of show, accustomed to meeting all sorts and conditions of offers, I believe, but prefers my comic old brother," chatted O'Brien, "marries him, So far so good; only, presently, he in his prehistoric s yle starts taking exception to her ever speaking." impartially out upon their nurses, upon the crocus-speckled grass, upon the passers-by.

"Children," thought Carmichael brusquely, "When you're quite a young fellow you think you'd hate to be bothered with them. Get on to thirty, and you don't welcome prospect of being sure you'll never have any of your own. ently, he in his prenistoric s yie starts taking exception to her ever speaking to another man. Bars her going to dances with them. Won't hear of her dining anywhere with her old patients. mind you! Would be perfectly happy if he could lock his young woman up in a glass case; no, not even glass, because then they would still be able to

ook at her-Carmicanel, in the middle of his tumult, found himself thinking grimly that there was a lot to be said for this

then they would still be able to

etitude.

"Result is, fiasco," pursued O'Brien over his deviled eggs. "Scenes and unhappiness, the modern wife refusing to stand for the jolly old cave! My sister-in-law declaring that if she meant to go into a convent she would have taken the veil instead of getting married and whether she will stick it and stay on much longer--- 'He shrugged

"My miserable old brother at his wit's end and all his own fault. Whereas you, it seems to me, you take sensible views about separate Inter-

You mean my wife lunching over there with Llewelyn, I suppose? He has known her a great deal longer than I have. We are supposed to be civil-ized." said Carmichael smoothly enough over the raging, cave-man jealousy in

"Jolly sensible view to take," said Brien. Then, turning to another

Shop-talk occupied the rest of the Do you mind if I go across to them for a

He made his way between the tables to the one where Clover sat; her head in its lit le feathery toque was bent over a spray of sunshine-yellow orchids which she was fastening into her cloudgray furs.

("Not freesias this time. Orchids, the fellow has brought her.")

you, Clover?'
"Oh, do," Clover smiled; "tell the waiter to get two more chairs, Bobbie." The husband, the wife, the Tertian Quid, and the man who thought it was a telly sample and the man who thought it was

Quid, and the man who thought it was a jolly sensible arrangement sat down and took coffee together.

Perhaps it was that "Bobble" that made Carmichael devote himself exclusively to the bearer of that name. From his manner no one would have known that he didn't rather like him. Carmichael was not a racing man, but this didn't prevent him from discussing the Lincoln and Liverpool Spring Meetings with Bobbie. Carmichael loathed bridge, but he also talked bridge to Robbie, who was interested in it. Another of the young barrister's subjects, clothes, was allowed an ample share in the conversation, and Clover heard her husband discussing that the deceiving him, lying to him, preferring another man, acting reprehenversation, and Clover heard her hus-

decreed Bobbie Liewelyn possible. (happily unaware of Carmichael's sayage inward comment, "A pity it is quite impossible to brain him.") "Are you taking my wife on any-

there?" he asked agreeably.

And noticed the little flourish which might have been that of the Elizabethan that dance. "Is Mrs. Carmichael going to take me anywhere?" he asked

"Yes, I was going to ask you," Clover put in, "whether you would care to come to the private view of the

water color portraits. There is a little drawing of me there."
"Delightful," murmured Llewelyn.
Clover did not look at him. She was that is just what I want." .

Having dropped O'Brien at his club, the Carmichael went back to the Euston to the Carmichael went back to the Euston to do so he called Mrs. Bates.

"Er-you might get that bedroom ready after all today," he said.

"You mean the clean sheets, sir?"

like. Indiscreet was a very mild way of

putting it.
It was only a chance that she'd been It was only a chance that she'd been seen by young O'Brien who was a decent fellow. He might take it as a matter of course that Mrs. Carmichael was always about with an old admirer. Other people would have much more to say about it than that by Jove.

Did she, Clover, want to have her name continually coupled with that of that waster that retreated her says the state of the says and the says that the treated waster that the says that says the says t

the world. Carmichael, you know." O'Brien said. "You have pretty well got everything in your hands, and you have the sense not to go and spoil it by snatching and grabbing and growling over it like a dog with a bone. If I may say so, when I am merried I shall take a leaf out of your book."
"Oh, which leaf?" asked Harry Carmichael quite evenly.
"Oh, that about up-to-date marriage generally. The old-style Victoriage generally.

self.

He glanced at his watch. It was still early.

He turned into the park, sat down on a chair under the budding elms, and gloomily smoked a couple of pipes while he watched small boys bowling their hoops along the paths, little girls flying their colored balloons, and Sphinxes in perambulators who gazed impartially out upon their nurses, upon the crocus-speckled grass.

of your own.

Again he looked at his watch. Half-

past four. His angry thoughts had ceased to shout quite so noisily within him, but he was sore and fed." He made his way back to Green street, to that house divided, and fitted his key into the lock. In the hall a maid came up to him "Mrs. Carmichael is in the garder.

sir.

"Did she tell you to tell me that?" "Yes, sir."
"Very well."

He went through the long windows of the dining room into the garden at the back of the house. It was called "garden" but was actually a square space of turf and stone-paved walks, overlooked by the backs of big houses. Blenk enough it looked on this afternoon of late March; yet it had a curious beauty, a characteristically London beauty of cool greens and silver grays and soft browns. In the midst of the largest grass patch there was a stone fountain; above its basin the figure of a little sturdy love struggled with a glant dolphin whose mouth spouted crystal. Standing beauty the struck of the largest grass paich there was a stone fountain; above its basin the figure of a little sturdy love struggled with a glant dolphin whose mouth spouted crystal. Standing beauty the standing beauty and the standing beauty as a stone of the standing beauty and the standing beauty and the standing beauty and the standing beauty as a characteristic standard s mouth spouted crystal. Standing be-

He Worshiped Her!

the curb was Clover, gazing down at the carp that glinted to and fro in the

Carmichael came toward her. She was all in gray as she had been at lunch; and in her cloud-gray furs subject, "well! as I say. I think we were nestled still that fellow's sunshine-have got the chief going about that lit- yellow orchids. Vivid and fresh she passionate jealousy and jealous passion, felt he could scarcely bear the sight. Whatever she did or sald or was, he oved her. He worshiped and desired her so that the pain of it nearly stunned him. He said, "I wanted to speak to

in the quietest voice that even you. Clover had ever heard from even him. She drew her gray-shod foot from the "How do you do. Llewelyn?" Carmichael said, cordially, "I say, may I bring O'Brien over to have coffee with you, Clover?"
"Oh, do," Clover smiled; "tell the waiter to get two more chairs, Bobbie."
The husband, the wife, the Tertian better you for more than a few min-

ferring another man, acting reprehenband discussing (with at least as much interest as though it had affected the mast) whether or not the black suede shoe for men in the evening is stovenly and makes you feel like bedroom slipheart clamored within him, but in a Pers,
"All smart things are uncomfortable, Look at uniforms," continued O'Brien.
said, "You know, this has become imvoice that chilled her because it was so gentle, so unemotional, so final, he

She did not even say, "What has?" In a flash she knew what he meantthe whole situation. She said, without any expression

You mean our-this marriage. "I see."

"I am sorry," said Carmichael with an effort, "It was a bargain. It's gone as far as It can."

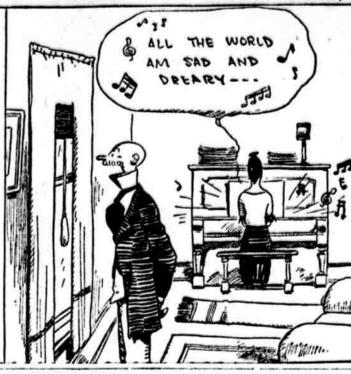
"Yes—"
"It—well, it can't go on. It's impossible. The—the farce will have to stop. You do see that?"
"Yes," said Clover again.

At that moment she knew, with the same certainty which she felt when her "Delightful," murmured Llewelyn.
Clover did not look at him. She was looking at her husband. In every nerve of her she was conscious of the situation. She told herself, "He is furious! He is simply furious! There is going to be no end of a storm presently; there is going to be a scene!" And that part of her which had cried last night so excitedly, "He is going to break the bond," lifted its head again within her to cry, "I am glad, I am glad there is going to be a scene; that is just what I want." Carmichnel, smaking discording to the mast or Elphinstone Broth-Carmichael, speaking directly to Clover for the first time, said, "I shall be in for tea," and rose. He and O'Brien went out, leaving his wife whether one of them had been treating and the other ways still these and the other man still there.

Having dropped O'Brien at his club, this, what had brought it to a head—these things need not even be discussed, these things need not even be discussed. Everything was a detail except the one stark fact that stared them both in the face. They could not carry on any longer.

CONTINUES TOMORROW





WHAT MAKES YOU

By Sidney Smith IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD TO BE CHEATED OUT OF OFFICE IF MIN DIDN'T TAKE IT SO HARD - SHE TRIES TO BE CHEERFUL BUT EVERY TIME SHE SITS DOWN AT THE PIANO AND PLAYS RAG IT SOUNDS LIKE A FUNERAL MARCH-SMIT

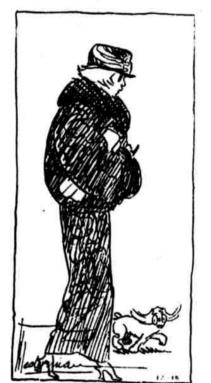
that waster, that rotten young hanger-on. She was going the right way for it,

REMEMBER REG, YOU'RE YES POPPER - NO, POPPER - WHAT'VE WE GOT FOR SUPPER I AINT SAYIN A THING Y'UNERSTAN'-ONLY L HE KEEPS LOOKIN' AT DO YOU REALLY THINK OUR SON A SMITHERS! WOULD BE LED CHRISTMAS JEWELRY ON BY A STENOG? AND HE'S GOT A JEWELRY MEH MY BOY, WE ONLY WARM CATALOG INHIS DESK! SH! - HERE YOU - NEVER GET HE COMES. ANY GIRL BELOW YOUR CLASS! OF COURSE! WE KNOW YOU WOUDN'T. HEH - HEH -HEH -HEH ! Copyright, 1928, by Public Ladger Co.

WHAT SMOKE DECENTMENS THINK SHE HAS SOME AFFAIR ON? CIGARETTES AINT THEY? WELL WHAT'S SHE DOIN' SHE'S GOT LOTS WITH A CATALOG OF THOSE OF FRIENDS -HI-FALUTIN' RUSSIAN CIGARETTES IN HER BUREAU BOSS SON WAS BACKING

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office PEMEMBER CAM SO DON'T EVER THE AN THE Y'RE ALL THE KIND DESCENDANT OF SOME COMMON THE QUEENS OF NUT MAKERS SON FR INSTANCE IRELAND: PEMEMBER TR CLASS

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young ady access the way says pyorrhea is probably the most prevalent disease, and she understands 75 per cent of the American people are pyromaniaes.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY " FONTAINE FOX HELP HELP HELP LAST WEEK WHEN THE SKIPPER SUDDENLY EMPTIED HIS REVOLVER AT A RABBIT, FOUR WOMEN FROM THE CITY ALMOST BROKE THEIR NECKS GETTING OFF THE CAR THINKING IT WAS A HOLDUP.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG A MARKET A STATE OF THE I DON'T DELIEVE IT, FROM . NOTAM'LL EVER BOTHER THAT THINK THE BELL WILL SIMPLY OUE RABBIT NOW! 'EN WHERE HE'S AT. TELL YOU DON'T SPORE YOU CAN FOOL POK HOR HAWK HOR A FOX ; DO YOU , WITH A BELL! MINK HOR HUTHIN'S LOOKY AT A Soon'S ONE OF EM COW, ON-SHEEP! DOES A COMBELL SCARE STARTS FOR HIM HE'LL THE FOXES AWAY? OR HAMPLE? JUMP AND THE SLEIGH-BELL'LL HOT SO'S YOU CAM HOTICE IT. SCARE IT AWAY . THEY LIKE IT! THAT RABBITLI LIVE A I'VE SAW A ROX GO UP AND HUNDRED YEARS - BARRIN' GITTIN' SHOT -THE UNNATURALISTS

PETEY-Can You Beat That?



GASOLINE ALLEY-A Little Vacation By King RACHEL, I'M GOING TO TAKE SKEEZIX AND GO - waren SKEEZIX WE'RE YES AND BELIEVE IT'S A FINE AND SURPRISE MOTHER SHE BE JEST GOING TO SPEND ME IF IT WAS ANYONE FOR CHRISTMAS! TICKLED TO I'VE DECIDED TOGO IDEA . WALT, BUT CHRISTMAS WITH ELSE BUT MOTHER I'M TO MY MOTHERS FOR DEATH, MISTA IF IT WERE GRANDMA AFRAID I'D BACK OUT THE HOLIDAYS, MRS ANYONE ELSE I'D BLOSSOM . OBJECT. I WAS COING TO INVITE YOU FOR CHRISTMAS DIMMER!