

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.
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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

GLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young widower, is a personality. 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 convenience" to fend off "the harpies." **MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL**, World War veteran, is a personality. An engineer who has invented a new motor, to finance which he agrees to Glover's "strictly business" proposition. **ROSEMARY MEADOWS**, Glover's cousin, a pretty girl of the period. **MRS. MEADOWS**, aunt, who has befriended Glover in adversity and is acquainted with her. **RANDAL**, younger daughter, a singer. **JIM HOLT**, big, good-natured chap, happily in love with Rosemary.

Up-to-date Marriage

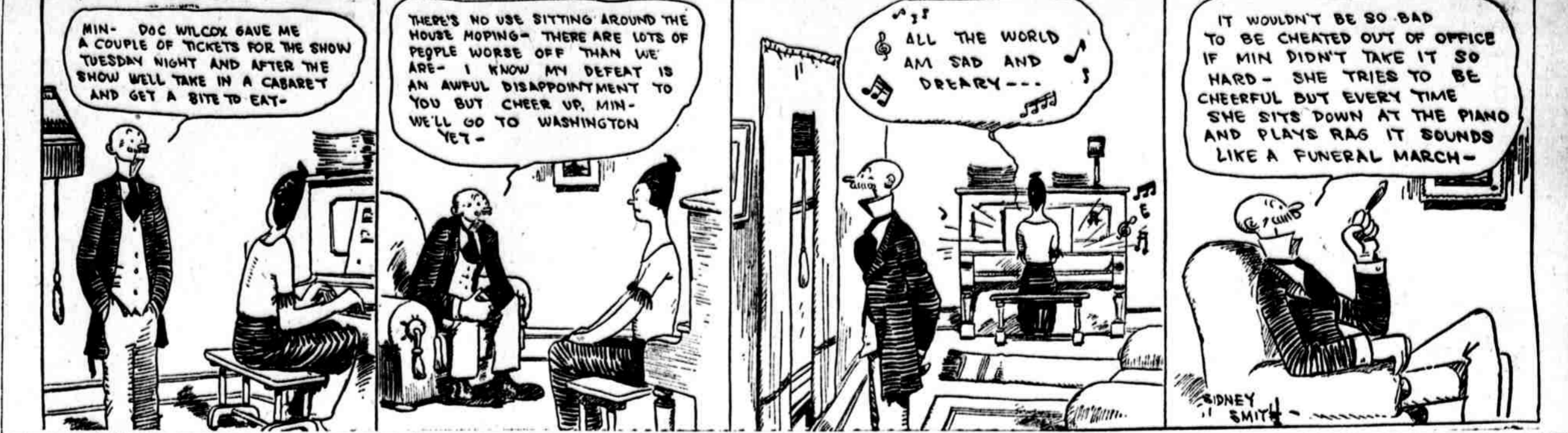
YOU are one of the lucky fellows of the world, Carmichael, you know. O'Brien said, "You have pretty well got everything in your hands, and you have the best not to spoil it by snatching and grabbing and growling over it like a dog with a bone. If I may say so, when I am married I shall take a leaf out of your book." "Oh, which leaf?" asked Harry Carmichael quite evenly. "Oh, that about up-to-date marriage generally. The old-style Victorian form of marriage simply doesn't work nowadays. I have seen something of it: so a brother, he marries, war-time romance and all that sort of thing, desperately seen on the girl, equally keen on him, charming girl, jolly good-looking, very brainy, commandant of the hospital where he was, and you know? Saying to one man 'Go' and he goes, and to another 'Do' and he does his sort of show, accustomed to meeting all sorts of conditions of offers, I believe, but prefers my comely old brother," chattered O'Brien, "marries him. So far so good; only, presently in his prehistoric state 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 patient, 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 look at her."

Carmichael, in the middle of his tumult, found himself thinking grudgingly that there was a lot to be said for this attitude. "Result is, fiancé," pursued O'Brien over his deviled eggs. "Seems and unhappiness, the modern wife refusing to stand for the jolly old cave." My sister-in-law declaring that it is 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 his shoulders. "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 interests and plenty of freedom and all that." "You mean my wife lurching over there with Llewellyn, I suppose? He was known her a great deal longer than I have. We are supposed to be civilized," said Carmichael smoothly enough over the raging, cave-man jealousy in his heart. "Jolly sensible view to take," said O'Brien. Then, turning to another subject, "well, as I say, I think we have got the chief going about that little invention of yours, but actually I rang you up because I thought I would like to let you know more or less."

Shop-talk occupied the rest of the lunch. Then Carmichael rose. "Do you mind if I go across to them for a minute?" He made his way between the tables to the one where Glover sat; her hand in his. He found her bent over a spray of sunshine-yellow orchids which she was fastening into her cloud-gray furs. ("Not freshen this time. Orchids, the fellow has brought her.") "How do you do, Llewellyn?" Carmichael said, cordially. "I say, may I bring O'Brien over to have coffee with you, Glover?" "Oh, do," Glover 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 jolly sensible arrangement sat down and took coffee together. Perhaps it was that "Bobbie" 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 looked bridge, but he also talked bridge to Bobbie, who was interested in it. Another of the young barrister's subjects, clothes, was allowed an ample share in the conversation, and Glover heard her husband discussing with at least as much interest as though it had affected the most whether or not the black suede shoe for men in the evening is soverely and makes you feel like bedroom slippers. "All smart things are uncomfortable. Look at uniforms," continued O'Brien. "Therefore all comfortable things are unsmart," decreed Bobbie. Llewellyn happily unaware of Carmichael's say, age inward comment, "A pity it is quite impossible to brain him." "Not taking my wife on any where," he asked agreeably. And noticed the little flourish which might have been that of the Elizabethan of that dance. "Is Mrs. Carmichael going to take me anywhere?" he asked glibly. "Yes, I was going to ask you," Glover put in, "whether you would care to come to the private view of the drawing of me, there."

"Delightful," murmured Llewellyn. Glover 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 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." Carmichael, speaking directly to Glover for the first time, said, "I shall be in for tea," and rose. He and O'Brien went out, leaving his wife and the other man still there. Having dropped O'Brien at his club, road, Carmichael went back to the Easton road. Almost before he had intended to do so he called Mrs. Bates. "You might get that bedroom ready after all today," he said. "The bed must be clean sheets, sir?"

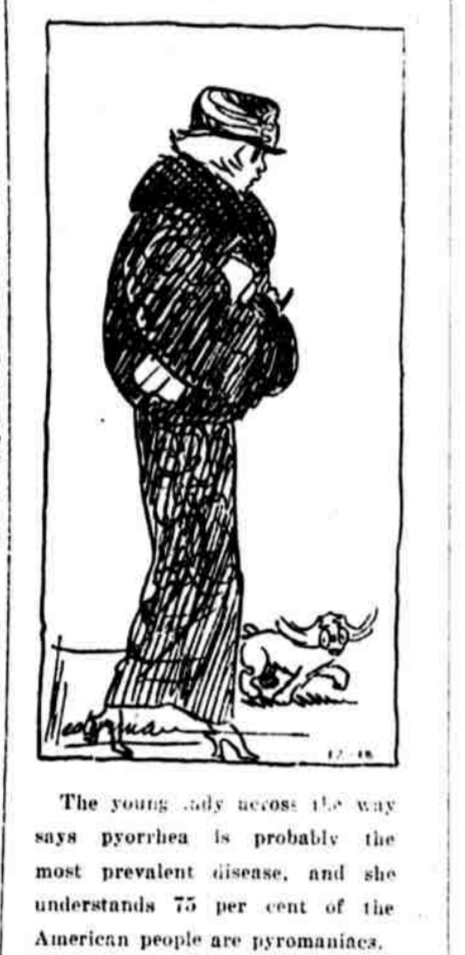
THE GUMPS—I've Got the Smallpox; I'm Laughing



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Parental Worries



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says pyorrhea is probably the most prevalent disease, and she understands 75 per cent of the American people are pyromaniacs.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



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.

FONTAINE FOX



THE UNNATURALISTS

SCHOOL DAYS



THE UNNATURALISTS

PETEY—Can You Beat That?



GASOLINE ALLEY—A Little Vacation



CONTINUED TOMORROW