The Subconscious Courtship

A modern woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-ing with her 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 STORY
CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young widow, who has inherited a
ing young widow, who has inherited a
ing young widow, who has inherited a
ing young widow, the relatives and
ing widows who want to marry her for
end sulfors who want to marry her for
it, she decides to marry a 'husband for
it, she decides,' to fend off 'the harpies,'
contented.'

MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, WAJOR HARRY CARAITOMARIL, World War veteran, man of personality, as engineer who has invented a new mast, to finance which he agrees to clover's "strictly business" proposi-

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

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

pagered with favors.
SANDAL, younger daughter, a JIM HOLT, big, good-natured olap, bahfully in love with Rosemary.

Facing Disaster

BUT you have always—" Her forty-guinen tea gown to the newer forty-guinen tea gown to the expensive furniture of the room, to the expensive furnitures, the haremful of cushions, the chintzes, the haremful of cushions, the gramophone, the massed flowers, the gramophone, the massed flowers, the gramophone, the mosed flowers, the for me, it'll be 'The Toddie in Ten Minutes, taught by Miss Sandal Meadows, all the latest ballroom stumbles and shivers and an easy, graceful carriage.' Thank goodness, there's something I can do!"

"You have always—"You have always—"You have always—"You have always—"You have always—"You have always—"And thank goodness, there's something that I can," added Rosemary Facing Disaster

chose to put the screw on tomorrow morning. Elphinstone Brothers would "Jim Holt," said Rosemary. Her

that she was.

"Oh, it has been going on ever since that night at the party! Yes! That began it. You know our—may party in Green street when Sir Algernon Cox came to dinner and you all came on afterward to the music? You remember? Well, that very night I had a business deal on, Mr. Wright had to telephone to me about it in the middle of dinner. It was a Brazilian firm who —well, you didn't hear anything about it, but it was one of the biggest things I ever handled. Mr. Wright advised me against it. He never wanted me to touch it. Oh, I wish I had listend to him!" Clover cried in distress. "I thought it was going to mean everything to the firm. I was sure of that. I was certain. I don't know now why it didn't turn to gold for now why it didn't turn to gold for us; I was so sure. But—I was miswer what business was going to be lucky. Oh! Do you see what that

Her young voice, which had risen. broke suddenly. "It means I lost my flair!"

Her face was that of a child scared of by some catastrophe of which it has a Mever dreamed.
"Yes! I lost my only gift. My ray

mourned. That evening started it. Researcy. I didn't know why. Since then I've done nothing right at the That was broken by the gentle voice of Carmichael?

Mrs. Mendows. Of Clover's last outburst her aunt had scarcely heard a

nicce turned to her.
"Yes! Now, of course," repeated
Mrs. Meadows. "I see it all!"

thing texcept that one's own flesh and blood always guesses when there is something wrong). Putting on such a brave face before the world! So that was why you gave up Green street! Just when you and Harry were beginning to have such a wonderful time there and to give such lovely parties and all. You are giving it up; you are being self-sacrificing, working separately so us to be able to keep ca those poor employes and all.' furtied Mrs. Meadows, evidently to the fancy picture as much she was in any need of sympathy. Yet decy Harry is perfectly right in the others—oh, yes; she would be concenstances not to come here and see this man-friend, this reliable tree. Young married people ought her.
hever to set up housekeeping with relatives, and, of course, you do meet.
Of course, you will have your own nice

Clover's first impression at the first impress

At this, however, Clover rose swiftly. With a lauried "Good might, everybod. she field from the room.

So somer had the door closed bebitd her than the gabble broke out in
three feminine voices at once.

Inagine Clover.—

Soldieriy and a little stern if was the
face of Carmichael on that first morning when he called at the office for her
request.

The memory flashed past even
before she returned Bobby Llewelyn's

three feminine voices at once.

Imagine Clover!

When we thought she was going on rolling in more money every day!

Paor child! All the rime she's known him, Mr. Llewelyn seemel a known him, Mr. Llewelyn seemel a triffe nervous. Also, for the first time for was Clover was been simple sacrificing berself for others. We ought all to sacrifice our-

"Yes, do let's. I'll sacrifice mydeclar-1 Sandal, full of zest up with flowers, either of rhetoric or his tto herr quite new activity.

It is no to the dance for a start.

Evidently he could read a woman's New this (to her) quanta of the dance for a small won't go to the dance for a small won't go to the dance for a small go all round to everybody the first thing in the morning and explain to them that as far as I am concerned the Harrow dance is off. I'll take the motor—No. I mean I'll take the bus," she amended hastily. "No. I'll won't go to the dance for me, with more dances for me, with more dances for me, with hankrupt! I'll won't go to the dance few me who do grasp this, a woman is usually wax.

"Good of you to see me." Bobby Liewelyn said, simply and without flourishes. "Do you know that it is fortnight since we met?" as that?" said

But if you're not going to any more dances." suggested her sister. "what's the good of the frock?" "What's the good of the frock?"
"To give dancing lessons in!" retorted Sandal, the unsubduable, "I'll
earn my living by that. Yes, I'll earn
my own living. It's disgraceful, what
Clover's had to be responsible for,"
declared the child with unction. "Look
at the fortune Tables costs her, in

They Fall in Love

Then Vanish! Think of this situation-a beautiful woman who inspires the affection of three different men who mysteriously vanish. It is the plot of

'The Vanishing Men' By Richard W. Child

Begin to read this thrilling and romantic story by the United States Ambassador to Italy: now serving as American official observer of the Lausanne Conference. The story starts Saturday.

EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

"You have always—"And thank goodness, there's sometime of people. People better off than I have for been who don't know how to raise a thousand pounds of ready cash. Now please don't mention a word of this please don't mention a word of this outside the house, but—I'll tell you this. It's literally true. If the bank the house is the bank of the bank of

morning. Elphinstone Brothers would mass to exist tomorrow night. And then where should I be?

"Darling! You could always come here, you know," protested her youngest cousin welcomingly. "Always!" and more relieved than it had done for some days—in fact, since she had said good-by to Jim for keeps. Apparently this was the joy of altruism, for she added: "Yes, I shall marry Jim, after all. I'll sacrifice myself."

Clover drew a long breath. Then the "office voice and manner" in which she had been speaking vanished. So did the "younger woman of the world look that had conquered the great Cox. She leaned forward, hands clasped on her gold-clad knees, and let everything break from her in the rapid, piteous tones of the mere girl in difficulties out to so the more girl in difficulties that she was.

"Jim Holt," said Rosemary. Her pretty face glowed. It looked happier and more relieved than it had done for some days—in fact, since she had said good-by to Jim for keeps. Apparently this was the joy of altruism, for she added: "Yes, I shall marry Jim, after all. I'll sacrifice myself."

On a summer's morning Clover sat at the vast desk of hers in the office of Elphinstone Brothers.

Those glossy mallogany fittings, that scartet spread of carpet, that seven-foot mantelpiece with its tiny costly clock—all these furnishings continued to give their effect of outward prosperity. Clover and her managers knew how much there was behind that. And Clover at least found herself at this moment unspeakably tired and barassed

as: I was so sure. But—I was mis-taken. I—! mistaken! I don't know tunately, not all of us combine the feel-ing of being so helpless with the no-what happened; for the first time—the for Mr. Elphinstone f made a mistake poor girlish chief of that now tottering wer what business was going to be licky. Oh! Do you see what that that of a tired and wistful child, and in her attitude. Her whole figure seemed grushed and overwhelmed by that too big room; the scarlet and ma hogany of it "putting out" the delicacy of her coloring. She was in black of a thin summery kind, with a shady black hat, and a white gardenia at her waist, and she looked as if she were in

has gone out! My—thing that always mourning as well as in difficulties, told me what to do. It's gone," she A tap at the door. One of the A tap at the door. One of the neat typists appeared. Clover turned with a suppressed sigh.

Who, now, wanted to add to her difoffice. My flair won't come back to ficulties by an interview, questions, discussions?

Her voice trailed away into silence.

"Can you see Mr. Llewelyn, Mrs.

word; her brows had been bent over ber knitting and she had pursued a train of thought of her own. Now she ultered a pleased-sounding "Ah! Of Surprised, her daughters and her micre turned to her.

"Yes! Now of course," repeated Mrs. Meadows. "I see it all!"
All what?" demanded Clover quickb.

"Harry and you, dear," explained upon her. "Keeping it from us as long as you could in spite of everything texcept that one's own flesh and lond always guesses when there is Clover the woman herself, for whom

this fancy picture as much she was in any need of sympathy. Yet youngest daughter had enjoyed —impossible not to feel glad that it tarlier version. "And I think was there. And this morning of all Such fine feeling. I did think it some one who was really fond of her. the hard at first, darling, but now who would always stand up for

Mr. Llewelyn was shown in exactly what you are going instant she seemed to see beside the dark, typically theatrical-legal face with the monocle another face; fair and a lurried "Good might, every-soldierly and a little stern 1t was the

brought no flowers. Clover was thankful for these small she felt she could not have put Today

"Is it as long as that?" said Clover, a trifle listlessly.

"Yes. It was on the eighteenth, at the Holts' river-picnic, when I managed to get you to myself in a skiff coming home. I have thought of it ever since, Clover. You haven't forgotten what we talked about, have you?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—The Fountain of Wealth

MY LITTLE NEPHEW - WHAT A FINE WELL CONGRESSMAN-HOW DO YOU FEEL? WELL, I WAS BOY- JUST 100% GUMP- THAT! -394 VOY TAHW HISHW DETOSIS GOESS YOU KNOW NOW THAT POLITICS IS A
BUSINESS THAT YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND - IT'S NO
PLACE FOR A NOVICE-THE POLLS Crozed BAL THEY OPENED MEHT AGAINI-JUCLE BIM.

IT COSTS I DIDN'Y EXPECT OT YSHOM 38 DUOW VOY FIGHT. ELECTED BUT HOW UNCLE, AND DETHUOD YEART TANT THEY HAVE YOU THEST TUD UNY ME HANGING GOING TO GIVE ON THE THEM A FIGHT? ROPES -

YOU THE RASPBERRY-

By Sidney Smith THOUGHT I TAHW TEUL E'TAHT NEPHEW- AND WE'LL SHOW THEM THAT IT ISH'T EASY TO LICK A GUMP - SO I JUST BROUGHT THIS LITTLE BUNDLE OF MONEY OVER- YOU WILL FIND FIFTY ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS - AND IF WHERE THAT CAME FROM-WELL SHOW THEM THAT A GUMP WON'T STAY LICKED -

By Hayward

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Christmas Shopping MEANWHILE THE BOSS' SON IS -NARROW - BUT POSSIBLE! GOLLY IF IT EXTREEMLY CLASSY FOR HADN'T BEEN FOR MY CHRISTMAS SAVING FUND' NOW I CAN SHAVE ON TESS - I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HER FOR AN EVENING POWDER CASE WE HAVE SOME WITH THOSE GLOVES LAST YEAR THEY WERE SO ROUGE STICK ATTACHED -BUT PERHAPS YOU LARGE I WAS WRINKLES DOWN TO MY KNEES: YES I CAN MAKE IT -I CAN DON'T USE ROUGE GET THOSE RUSSIAN CHARETTES FOR -

HAVING A GREAT TIME DECIDING - ON A VERY IMPORTANT GIFT. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ILL TAKE PURE WHITE -TWO KARETS THAT !

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says people who use slang ought THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG By FONTAINE FOX AND WAS TRYING TO MR BANG WAS HAVING A TALK WITH HAROLD ABOUT THE REASON WITH THE BOY WAY HE WAS SPENDING MONEY AT BUT UNLUCKILY COLLEGE HAROLD THREW BACK HIS COAT WHICH WAS OF DISCLOSING HIS FRATERNITY PLATINUM SET WITH EMERALDS AND PEARLS AND DIAMONDS 3

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG GOOD LUCK BUTCH! OH BUTCH THE HOT LEAD DOLLAR



Of course, you will have your own nice alone presently together, again, but I of him was curious enough; for one thow exactly what you are going instant she seemed to see beside the

