

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 THE STORY
CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming widow, who has inherited a business. Harried by relatives, friends who want to spend her money, and suitors who want to marry her for her money, she decides to marry a "husband for convenience" to fend off "the harpies."
HARRY CARMICHAEL, World War veteran, man of personality, an engineer who has invented a new way to finance such a "husband" proposition.
ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's cousin, a pretty girl of the period.
MRS. HENLEY, Clover's aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and is showered with favors.
SANDAL, younger daughter, a lawyer.
JIM HOLT, big, good-natured chap, helpfully in love with Rosemary.

Clover Is Wistful
 A CROSS to the big willow they swam, the boat shook back their dripping hair. Sandal, all in red and scarlet, sprang lightly up to the higher and stood, one arm lifted to a laugh. Clover Carmichael, black-headed and with an orange scarf wound about her head, edged along to the willow trunk, her slender rounded limbs dangling.

There are men who will have it that the female form is ugly save when rounded and skirted from hip to calf. These individuals whose ill-luck (no, no, no!) have not met the like of Clover Carmichael in her club swimming suit.

She was, of these lovely girls, the most beautiful. She knew she was beautiful. It didn't make matters any better for her on that early morning of that promising June day. She was troubled to the depths of herself. And this trouble had nothing at all to do with business fiasco and Elphinstone Brothers and the curious feeling of being once more a poor relation and a guest at a river party instead of a wealthy young hostess. All these facts remained. But Clover could have shaken them off her like diamond drops from the pool, if only she could have forgotten something that she had torn out of her life, in London. Here, it returned.

Secretly, wistfully she had watched Jim and Rosemary from her window just now. How happily had those lovers been able to start this day. They had plunged together into its exquisite beginning.

Clover could not drive from her mind thoughts of what it would have meant to her to have died in that morning beside the man with whom she was to be married. She had been told to wear her "Look out for me, darling, rather a lot of it here." Supposing she had swum through those bad depths beside her, and had given her a wet head up to the yellow light. Another swim, grace-note of thought—Clover had never seen Harry Carmichael in any sort of sports rig, only in his gray lounge suit that he wore every day. Even after four months of not seeing him, she remembered the look of that suit and of the tie he wore with it; she liked best the plain dark-blue silk one with the thin white lines. Then there were his evening things that had once been worn with her own golden wrap flung over them. And the conventional wedding-belt for the economy of cost—his belt, how much better he would have looked in the "habitué" coat than Rosemary's gray frock. Probably a letter to her mother, better all around, should be sent in love than anybody else on the river or in the world.

Dubbing her toes in the pool below, she felt curiously detached from the other, who spluttered and splashed like a flock of water-wagtails about her. "Gird-up, all today."

"Topping day it's going to be!" exclaimed a hoarse voice near her (in her opinion, with thousands of other voices) as the river started at that moment for the mounting sun. Sandal the first day of Henley Regatta.

"Oh, topping!"

"What time do we start, Jim?"

"Eight, not later than ten-thirty sharp. If we want to get a good place in the boat, Harry started at half-past eleven. About time we get back dressed now if we don't want to be soiled. Come along, you people."

"Come on, Rosemary! Let's see that piece of yours at the end of stroke, please." You coughing it, Clover?

"How about the stream, Rosemary?"

"The heart within her whispered, "It would be so perfect, if only—if only—"

Sandal's latest undergraduate shout, "I say, breakfast is going to taste pretty good after this!"

Breakfast, set out on the houseboat's white-tinted deck, was a merry one. But all thought Clover, if only she must see to it to pass homely smelling bacon and eggs, to jump into bed for coffee. There were other things to look after Mrs. Carstairs, Jim Holt was a conscientious member. But he was more than that when he peeped that near for his Rosemary and spread Rosemary's toast with an air of victorious confidence. Skies were blue and white, almost blue, every-where. Vanished was the water, but no stinging chased the wistful stream from Clover's heart.

It was going to be hot.

As a breeze blew cool upon the bare throats of young men, Sandal flipped at the girls' skirts. Rosemary wore Jim's favorite sun-robe, the white striped linen gown, cream patterned with parrotlets, sitting with outstretched scarlet wings upon a laboratory of black bogies.

"Will you think of the yellow socks they had to wear when Mother was a girl?" demanded the flapper. Nothing but pink socks, a red sock, all the colors were being "blain' pale-something." The very word "blain'" don't you know. How unlike you!"

Her mother and Mrs. Holt exchanged glances. They remembered days familiarly not so unlike these. Over the least custom-frock of the nineties, young face had glowed as vividly as over

THE GUMPS—From the Australian Santa Claus

By Sidney Smith

OH ANDY— I JUST THINK UNCLE BIM IS THE MOST THOUGHTFUL PERSON— HE PICKED OUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL PRESENTS FOR ALL OF US—

YES— AND YOU MUST REMEMBER HE IS A MAN OF AFFAIRS— YOU WOULDN'T THINK HE WOULD HAVE TIME FOR ALL THIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—

ISN'T MY WRIST WATCH BEAUTIFUL? AND JUST WHAT I NEEDED— IT'S SOLID PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS—

YES— HE IS A WHOLE LOT DIFFERENT FROM WHAT HE WAS A FEW DAYS AGO— JUST BECAUSE HE DIDN'T COME RUNNING FROM THE DEPOT WITH AN ARM-FULL OF PRESENTS HE WAS AN OLD FOOL— IF PEOPLE ARE FOOLS FOR NOT BRINGING PRESENTS TO THIS HOUSE ALL YOUR RELATIVES ARE CRAZY—

I'LL SAY HE IS THOUGHTFUL— SOLID SILVER LIQUID LINED— AND THE LINING WAS MADE BEFORE IT WAS A CRIME TO MAKE IT— AND AS SMOOTH AS VELVET— NOT LIKE THE STUFF THEY ARE MAKING UP ALLEYS NOW THAT WOULD BURN THE HAIR OFF OF A DOG—

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Popper Acts So Strangely

By Hayward

WELL, THAT'S ALL OVER! THE BOY HAS SOME STUFF IN HIM— KEEPING ME FOOLED THINKING HE MIGHT BE BUYING JEWELRY FOR MY MOTHER! HA! I'M GETTIN' TO BE A SUSPICIOUS OLD FOOL!

HE KNOWS HIS A.B. SEES ALLRIGHT! LOOKIT MY BRACKET QUIVER!

I THINK IT WAS REALLY SWEET OF THE BOSS' SON TO GIVE US ALL SUCH LOVELY THINGS.

THERE'S SO MUCH MEANING TO WHAT HE GIVES.

I JUST LOVE MY BAC PAN!

YOU MEAN TO SAY I GAVE ALL THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE A PIECE OF JEWELRY? WHERE'D YOU GET THE MONEY?

I WAS LUCKY IN MAKING A DEAL POPPER— I GOT A LUMP PRICE ON A QUANTITY PURCHASE AND SINCE I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME INTO THE FIRM I HAD THEM CHARGE IT TO US— IT'S AS BROAD AS IT IS—

— LONG — WHAT'S THE MATTER POPPER? —

The Young Lady Across the Way

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

SCHOOL DAYS

Now I can hear— put 'em on— yes.

JONES RECEIVED A VERY IMPORTANT LONG-DISTANCE CALL WHEN THE CHILDREN'S PARTY WAS AT ITS HEIGHT BUT LUCKILY THE PHONE HAPPENED TO BE LOCATED RIGHT NEAR A WINDOW.

OH, PAIR O' CLUB SUITS, AND A COUPLE O' KNIVES, AND A COMPASS— AND— OH— A COUPLE O' TOPS AND A MECHANICAL BANK, AND A MUFFLER AND MITTENS AND— OH— I FORGIT WHAT ALL, WHAT CAN GIT, FRAG?

AM, I GOT THIS SLED, AND A LOT O' TOYS— SOME OLD STUFF— CLOTHES, BOOKS, CANDY AND STUFF— I WANTED A RIBB, WHAT DO YOU GIT, BUCK?

I GOT THIS HERE JACK KNIFE! GENUINE BARLOW! BONE HANDLE, BRASS BOUND— SURE SHARPEN A 'RAZOR! GOSH, YOU'D OUGHTA SEE ER CUT! BOY! LAWS, I DIDN'T EXPECT NUTHIN!

PETEY—Just the Thing

By C. A. Voight

— AM, YOU SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THAT HOLDER. I GAVE YOU UNCLE PETEY, YOU DO LIKE IT, DON'T YOU? —

UH-HUH!

— BESIDES BEING QUITE THE THING, I THINK THEY ARE VERY SENSIBLE. IT KEEPS THE SMOKE OUT OF YOUR EYES AND IT'S LESS HARMFUL. —

— RIGHT YOU ARE, MABEL— I COULDN'T HAVE HAD A MORE USEFUL GIFT —

— CONSIDERING THE KIND OF CIGARS YOUR AUNT GAVE ME —

GASOLINE ALLEY—What Do You Say, Sherlock?

By King

NO MOTHER THERE'S NO ONE I CAN THINK OF WHO WOULD DOLLAR SKEEZIX A HUNDRED DOLLAR GILL FOR CHRISTMAS.

IT MUST BE FROM SOMEONE WHO THINKS A GREAT DEAL OF HIM.

THE FOLKS IN THE ALLEY ARE THE BEST FRIENDS HE HAS AND I CAN'T EVEN SUSPECT ANY!

NO I NEVER BEFORE SAW THAT HANDWRITING I WONDER IF IT COULD BE FROM SOME ONE WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT HIM THAN I DO?

WHO COULD THAT BE?

I'VE OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT SKEEZIX'S PARENTS PERHAPS THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM.

I DON'T SEE HOW ANY MOTHER COULD KEEP QUIET IF SHE KNEW I COULDN'T!

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