## EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA; WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1922 **By Sidney Smith GUMPS**—Sentimental Uncle . : The Subconscious Courtship AND I DON'T THINK DON'T WORRY ABOUT OH YES - ONCE YOU KNOW UNCLE IT'S ANYBODY WILL TAKE DO YOU KNOW, ANDY, SHE'S AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL. ME- IVE HAD MY A modern woman's extraordinary scheme to keep suitors from interfer-ing with her life is told in this fascinating novel IN A WHILE - SHE ONLY A SHORT TIME YOUR PLACE IN HER LESSON - I'LL MEVER RICH- HANDSOME AND OFTEN THINK OF WORKED HARD FOR HEART EITHER WHILE AGO THAT THE LOVE GET MARRIED - NO MRS. ZANDER - DO ME DURING MY TALENTED - SHE'S JUST By BERTA RUCK BUG TOOK A BIG CAMPAIGN FOR CONGRESS - BY THE WAY - WHO IS THE VENUS I SAW ONE CAN TAKE THAT NICE CAR YOU BOUGHT HER LAST-YOU EVER BEE VISITING HERE FOR A Author of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "The Arrant Rover," Bto. Copyright, 1922, Dodd, Mead & Co. CHEW OUT OF YOU- WHEN HENRIETTA'S PLACE ANY THING OF HER? FEW DAYS - I'LL BRING A FELLOW GETS YOUR IN MY HEART. WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charm-the young toidow, who has inherited a the pusinces. Harried by relatives and the businces. Harry Carning and the businces. The pusinces and the slands. The pusince and the businces. Harried by relatives and the slands. The pusince and the businces and the businces and the businces and the businces and the b HER UP TO THE HOUSE AGE HE FALLS HARD YOU WITH THE OTHER NIGHT? FOR & VISIT-AND RISES SLOWLY -ROSEMARY MEADOWS, Clover's blazers. ROSEMART all of the period. WESS. MEADOWS, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and is blazer was that of the Old R. E.'s: sovered with favore. sovered with favore. BANDAL, younger daughter, and the sun blazed arrogantly golden upon his uncovered head. *Hopor HoLT*, big, good-nalured c<sup>4</sup>ap, *Mathfully in love with Rosemary*. Warnest Glow of Passion E soming with the sunlit roses and yel-soming with the sunlit roses and yel-JIM HOLT, big, good-natured chap, JIM HOLT, big, good-natured chap, heshfully in love with Rosemary. By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Who's Running This Office Registered 1. 9. Paters Ciff. bases, chintz frocks. This, remember, AS FOR POPPER - I THINK HE REALLY IN FACT IT'S OALY A PART OF MY BUT REALLY - MISTER OH IT WAS PUT ME HERE TO BRING SOME PLANS FOR THE PLACE HERE SMITHERS - YOU SHOULDAT UUST A TRIFLE MODERN IDEAS INTO THE WORKS I WANT TO MAKE ALL OUR EMPLOYES HAVE BEEN SO AWFULLY MISS OFLAGE 90 was the summer chintz frock ; half more of the crowds, the races, the ex-THE OLD GENTS CLEVER AT PICKING was the summer chintz frock; half the girls on the river wore the gaudiest fabrics ever designed for curtains and loose covers; fabrics trellised, be-flowered, pictured with birds and bases and fabrics and fishes of every shape and the blue-gray of the stream and bor-dered by willow green, was that of one every moving rainbow jazz. "Why do they say that as a nation you British have no color?" Ciover heard that question put by some girlish American voice in a neigh-FEEL SATISFIED - AHEM-ESPECIALLY EXTRAVAGANT GINING MONEY IS NO citement and the stir. It seemed to her as if she would never see anything again but those shoulders leaning forward, that golden-thatched head under sunlight, sliding YOUNG BLOOD. THE MOST DESERVING 1 IDLE. T FOR CHRISTMAS! ( ONES ! TOU MY! past, slipping away from her. Harry-! If only---! Meantime what about Carmichael himself? He had not even seen his wife. He had been too much occupied. And for the next three day he was still occupied chiefly with that punt of his. them. She caught some other stranger's striking contrast was she to the two spick-and span punts of the Holts' party. No dazzle-cushions here, no mascot, no bubbles for the boat, no mascot, no bubbles for the boat, no his. nuble veil of island mist is drawn over the gayest garmenting of our crowds on our brightest summer day. Don't you realize how that's repeated in the Britthe gayest garmenting of our crowds on an old tub of his pre-war holidays! our brightest summer day. Don't you realize how that's repeated in the Brit-ish voice and the misleading British manner? Always that tinge of restraint. above wildest splashes of gayety ; warmdilapidated but water-tight, and had to the sum of passion — "" Was Cover into commission again. She Cover into commission again. She was now his summer home. A couple of posts. stem and stern, could be harry's manner so misleading? Could he have been gay? Could he have been passionate? But why do I think of him all the time like this—I will not. Not once again today——" iset, by Pa Ledger erected in a few minutes, a light ridge pole lay in the slings, the canvas tent-ing was nearly folded behind the locker, Christmas Excitement in Toonerville SCHOOL DAYS Ey DWIG The Young Lady Across the Way ·:-FONTAINE FOX ·:· . . . - 2and there was his roof. The dining-That voice within her seemed to whisper. "Not once today shall he frop out of your thoughts!" YOUR MOTHER HAS LEFT HER DIAMOND RING ON THE DRESSER . EVERYONE HE TRIED IT ON , BIT GOOD AND HARD TAKE IT AND SCRATCH UP THE WHEN ELMER FUTTY, THE VILLAGE BOOT-LEGGER , PLATE GLASS WINDOW. WRITE YOUR was kept cool by hanging it outboard WOULD COME UP AND WHISPER : SISTER'S NAME SO YOUR MOTHER WILL THINK SHE DID IT. "WOULD YOU JOIN ME IN THAT'S RIGHT. EVERY MORNING WHEN YOU WANE UP YOU UDUGHT TO SAY " EVERY DAY IN EVERY A LITTLE XMAS CHEER ? WAY. I'M GETTING WORSE AND For young O'Brien-right hand of the great Cox-could have stocked a wardrobe with his international caps. His friend Henty, also of the Air merning gathered -----WORSE - TWENTY TIMES Again Clover did not hear them. Voices of minstrels—"Swannee: HE SURE THOUGHT ELMER WUZ GONNA wannee-! and a kitchen where the number-roses twine. \* \* I'm gettin' Ministry, sported that proudest of all Henley badges, no matter how shabby-GIVE HIM A rambler-roses twine. In gettin thred of playin' second fiddle, playin' second fiddle to you. By your leave, ladies and gentlemen! The oldest singer on the course! Sing you The River of Years! Tin Gee-gee! Leve's Old Song! The oldest singer DRINK the old Leander blazer and tie. As for their host-Carmichael's physique 18 had drawn plenty of eyes besides those of his wife as the punt bassed. RAH RAH RAH RAH : In those days Carmichael thought of her both seldom and always. That is to say, quite a lot of his time Clover did not hear. Bang ! Another pistol-shot, More . MUS .

mees. Again the launch going by with the announcement of which erew had

That was why he had put the old

"He did, Coming over!

turned

the

Then with banjo-twanging and plano. punt into commission, to fortily strumming there struggled down slow-ly in and out among the punts the concert-party's barge with the banner "The London Hospital. Help us to ming, punting, running in shorts along the towpath and doing the washing up Keep Afloar !' A bosish voice, "Spare something for

hospital, ladies and gentlemen ?-(Play up. Saunders ") "Oh. rd'll tak' the high road.

won, by what lengths.

An I'l tak' the low road. Clover did hear that. Poor Clover! There was the chinkle of coins in an Subtretched fishing-net thrust here and basic the second seco That was why he had gone over to Battersea and had chosen from among the lost dogs in that home Peter. ed across her lap. "Thank you, madam? Something the hospital?" there among the throng. The net jingled across her lap. for the

"I've no more money." said the utes from his sight. Peter was lost Torne woman who had been Elphinstone Brothers. "Jin., will you put in an-other sixpence for me?" And she thought of a pound-note that she had once crushed into the palm of a wheedling gipsy in Rich-mond Park. Unrry had been there to between Carmichael's feet or stretched scold her then out upon the packets of provisions.

"Good luck." the cry rose as a pop-Hourly Carmichael threatened to send that erew rowed past, up toward the back to those people at Battersea his marting-point. "Good luck— A brown face or so turned from the gleam of intelligence was Peter-but boat's crew toward the well-wishers he loved much, and at night he tay on the boom; there was a flash of white against Harry Caratchael's breast. teeth, a quick grin of thanks as the "Out of the way, idiot." muttered his muster now as Peter blocked the eight went by.

Clover, watching, telt senseless tears opening of the smoky little oil stove; he rise to her eyes and to her secret heart grabbed the dog up bodily and pitched him on to the heap of rugs and blan-

"What those boys' mothers must feel to see them in their boat! I shall server see a haby-boy. He would have been seen a baby-boy. men. This was now on the fourth day of the visit to him of plenty and O'Brica: they were bunching at their have been so handsome with such exnuisite golden thatch ! He would have rowed at Henley ! If only - If only mooring place just below the bithing boxes, "Did that boy bring the choese boxes, "Did that boy and stuff, O'Brien?" Voice of the Eternal Jun : "I say.

O'Brien looked up from the thick sandwiches that he was backing into what about lunch?" This thought had evidently struck three. many punting-parties at the same mopacket hurtled through the air. ment

Scarcely was the 1.20 race over than he fetched these Another packet, of envelopes tied round with string, dropped into Carmichael's hand. "Letthere broke out a far-spread comthere broke out a tar-spread motion, bumping, reshifting of boats. ters.

and glass being unpacked ; the rustle of terrupted himself in mid shout. "I say, look!" he exclaimed suddenly. paper, the soft popping of corks. The comforting smell of food mingled with say. 'Up there behind you, Carmichael, His friend turned, raised his head. river-smells of pleasantly dank weed, of gasoline from the launches, of saw what had caught the other man's it lawns of Phyllis Court. People glance first. "Pretty," exclaimed Carmichael in a tone as whole-hearted as the gaze of

 fawins of Phyllis Court. People feated amid a prattling hail of —
"Coming over -! • Is this ham?
Oh, that's heaps for me, thanks.
What's this: Leander cream? • • Peter's fond brown eyes, "Looks topping, doesn't she?" For every face on the river was new I say, could you lend us a corkscrew?

1 say, could you lend us a corkscrew? Thanks most awfully, most kind of you, • Gallons of soda in it. • • there, let me try. • • Can you cut it? Here, let me try. • • Mother? Oh, nonsense, you've got to drink to. • • Where's theory s class? Clover

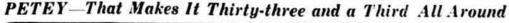
Clover was now making one final desperate effort to cast away from her this obsession of Harry. From the face under the bill and violet and dazzling gold, a little above these circled and this obsession of Harry. From the face under the white river hat no one strong cluster from which the sellers replenished their stock ; but this hung over them like the roc, that had laid those cggs. Hued like thistledown, pallid, tyrau-

would have guessed how violent was her inner struggle, and how proudly she may protesting. "No! I won't be the emy pining creature among all these crowds! This delightful party, this wonderful day, all this pageantry. They shall not seem just background for one miserable girl who's fool enough to keep eating her heart out for a man nous, gigantic, next to the clouds sne was the largest thing between earth and

self with associations that dated from long before he had ever set foot in the office of Mrs. Elphinstone of Elphinstone Brothers. That old life of swimyourself after richls was good chough. He was a bachelor, even if he were still a married map. He didn't want to marry anybody else, and, as he told himself, that madness of his was over

says she's taken out an accident

just her luck never . , get hur.,

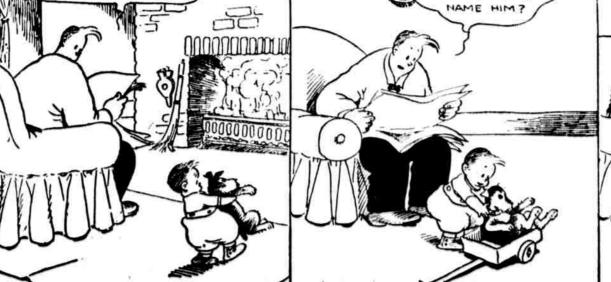




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C. A. Voight