

By Sidney Smith

# 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 Arrant Rover," Etc.  
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### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

**CLOVER ELPHINSTONE**, charming young widow, who has inherited a big business. Harried by relatives and suitors who want to marry her for her money, she decides to marry a "husband for convenience," to fend off "the harpies," and picks

**MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL**, World War veteran, man of personality, who has invented a new way of financing which he agrees to finance "strictly business" proposition.

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

**MRS. MEADOWS**, aunt, who is a devoted friend of Clover's and is a powerful factor.

**SANDAL**, younger daughter, a beauty.

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

### Ruby M. Ayres

The favorite writer of fascinating love stories has written a new romance of tangled affections and true devotion. Watch this page for

### "A Man of His Word"

The dream comes true. But from her nose there stuck out Carmichael's own device—the attachment that would hold her safely some in the socket of his mast.

This was achievement; this was his dream come true.

Carmichael was of the type to whom the dream, must always mean more than money. Yet money was in it too. Next day's Hentley would see Major Carmichael with the smartest launch on the river, if he chose, instead of the disgraceful old punt which, however, the stag party aboard found good enough for the occasion. Nothing succeeds like success, and Hentley wanted in half a dozen months to have a big boat with a dozen paying capacities connected with it.

Carmichael's pick of jobs, at that moment, was still the debut of the boat that held him, and he had no time, no wish, for the settling up of which things would be more pressing than his own. It was out of his mind, but he had no idea of intention of leaving married life, it was not as if that madness of his were not completely at an end.

Therefore he gazed after that airship with eyes full of pride in his work, of gratification in the one sight on earth that had been of his mental view, the remembrance of a girl who shone all rose-white above a gown that glittered like a fish. That blessed, useful snarl of gas and machinery, of tracing paper and carbons had shut out that curious "scent memory" of Carmichael's, the haunting whiff of sweetener under the rain. No wonder his grateful glance followed the airship.

Fainter and fainter, smaller and smaller she drifted away in the distance.

Carmichael dropped his head again, turned to his guests, Hentley was saying, "What time does the Prince get down?"

"About three o'clock, I suppose; or early after lunch."

"I think so. (Out of the way, Peter.) Kettle's boiling for coffee."

"My last lunch in peace and comfort," sighed O'Brien through a mouthful of ham sandwich. "Tomorrow the chef is lurching his duke at this—"

"Carmichael, do you mind seeing if there is anything from the great man among your mail?"

"Right-o," said Harry Carmichael, that bundle out of his blazer pocket.

He undid the knot of the string that tied it up. The letters fell apart. Between a bill from Lobb's and an envelope marked "O. H. M. S." there fell another envelope.

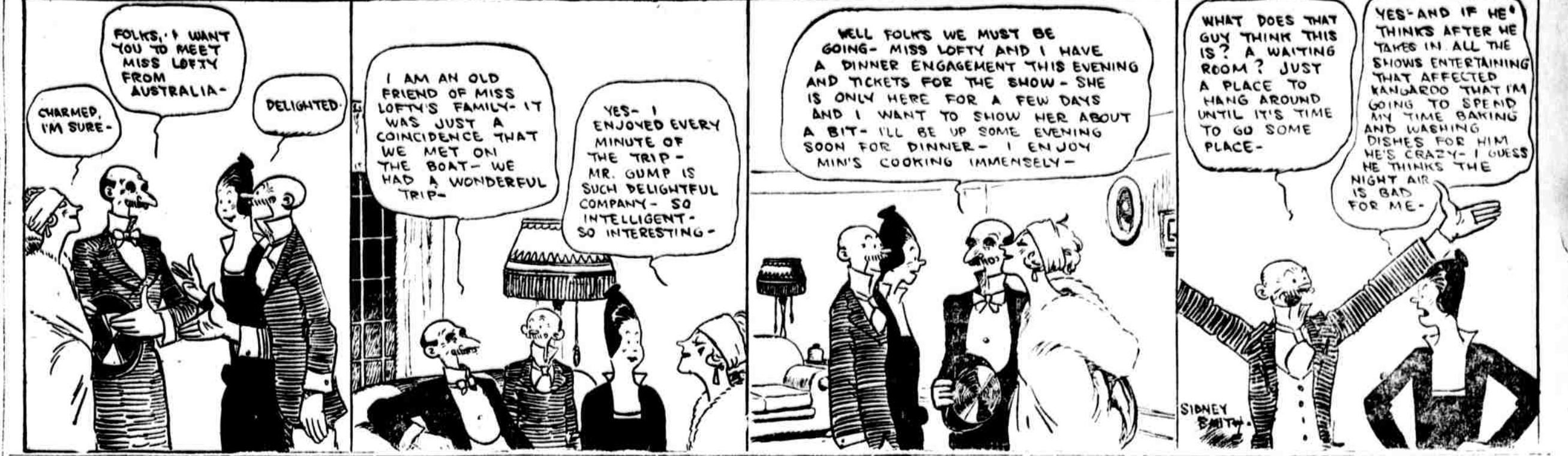
At the sight of this Harry Carmichael's eyes dimmed suddenly. His heart gave a sudden violent leap, then went on thumping more quickly than should the heart of any man who has not over every kind of madness.

Quickly he tore open that envelope. It had been forwarded, but was addressed to him at his Easton road home. In a hazy, off-putting way, he remembered that the envelope was from Mrs. Carmichael. He took it up. The letters fell apart. Between a bill from Lobb's and an envelope marked "O. H. M. S." there fell another envelope.

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# THE GUMPS—These Are My People



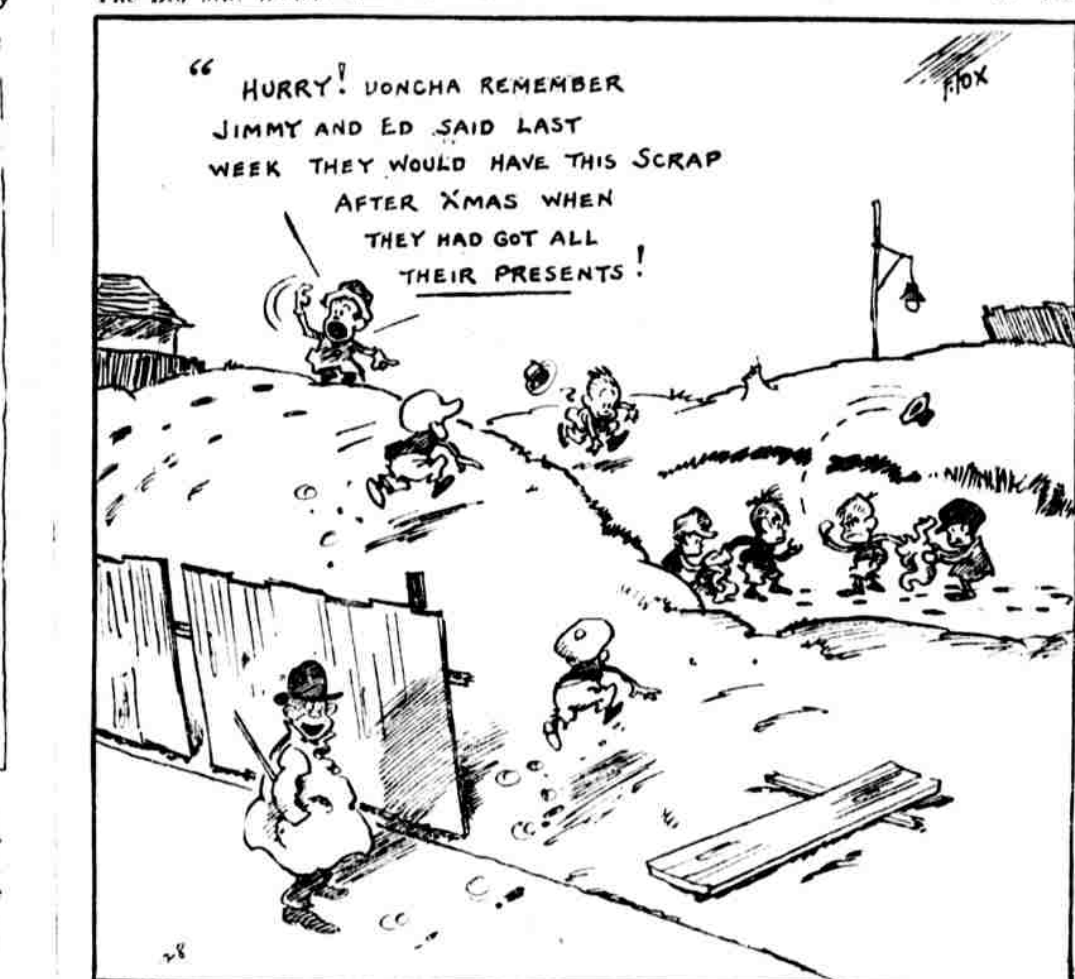
# SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss Scratch



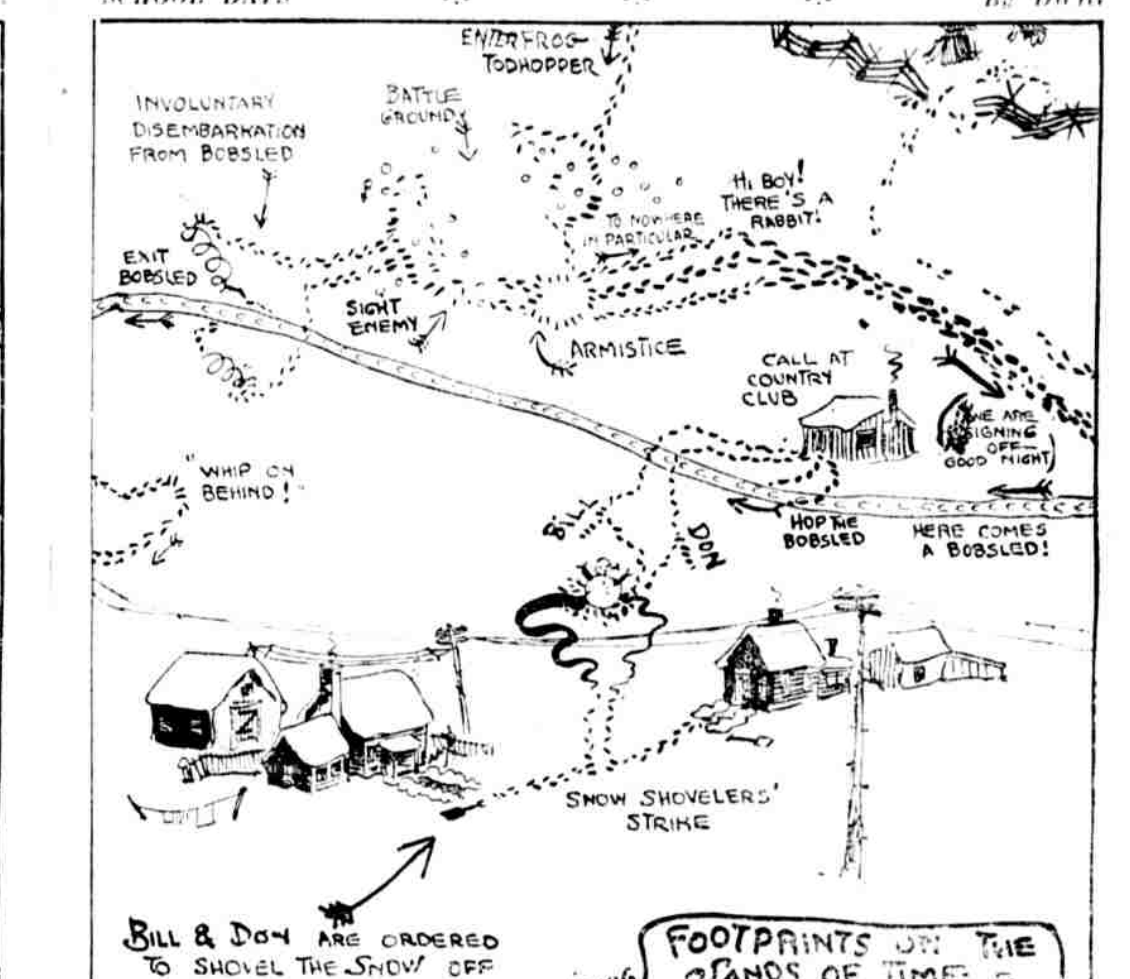
# The Young Lady Across the Way



# The Bia Mill Which Had Done His Scrap



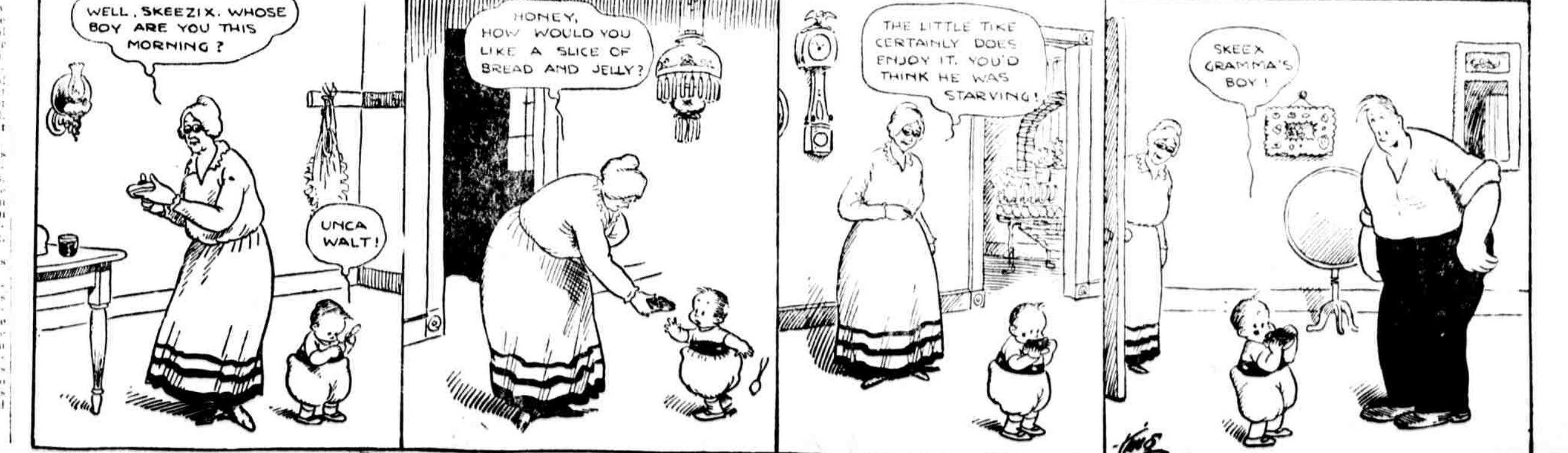
# SCHOOL DAYS



# PETEY—Too Bad About Ira Hall



# GASOLINE ALLEY—Shifting Gears



CONTINUED TOMORROW