

# 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 Arrest Rover," etc. Copyright, 1922, Dodd, Mead & Co.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

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

**MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL**, World War veteran, man of personality, an engineer who has invented a new motor, to finance which he agrees to Clover's "strictly business" proposition.

**ROSEMARY MEADOWS**, Clover's cousin, a pretty girl of the period. **MRS. MEADOWS**, aunt, who has befriended Clover in adversity and is always with her.

**SANDAL**, younger daughter, a flapper. **HOLT**, big, good-natured chap, helpfully in love with Rosemary.

### Harry in a Hurry

SHE had written: "Oh, Harry, oh, my Harry—"  
He looked at the date; days old. Why hadn't she posted it before? More wasted days—never bring the envelope home, never bring the envelope home, never bring the envelope home, never bring the envelope home...

Wait for me," he said to the man as he sprang out of the cab and dashed up the path. "Wait."  
For he intended to bring his wife out with him. He was not going to talk to her in that house; he had never seen her except under her aunt's roof or her own roof. No more news for them. He had some wild intention of changing her out to talk in Richmond Park, under the blue skies and green lawn.

The door of The Prospect was shut. He rang; rang again. Again he rang. There was no answer.  
He hammered at the door; he glanced at the windows. He saw he came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was not a soul in the place. All shut up, all out. For how long? No maids or anything. What infernal luck!  
Patently Peter's called under his feet while his master dragged out his pocketbook, found a visiting card, scribbled on it "For Mrs. Carmichael," and the message "Am at my residence, Euston Road. Shall wait for you, please telephone or come."

There, that was the only thing he could do. He took the card, thrust it into the letterbox; then, for fear that it should miscarry, he wrote a duplicate message and put that under the small brass-knocker, clamped down to the door. There! He turned, Peter's setting in the way of his stride and almost throwing him.  
New there was nothing more for it but to wait, with what patience he could command, at his Euston Road gate.

Behold, as he turned to the gate again, he saw entering a stylishly attired young person who smiled encouragingly at him. Carmichael, surprised, he stood aside to let her pass. Looking up into his face, she smiled again and greeted him with: "You didn't and anybody else's Mrs. Meadows and the young ladies won't be back until tomorrow feature, they said; not coming up from Henley until then. Is there any message?"

"Henley?" burst from Carmichael. "I've just missed them at Henley?"  
Then he pulled himself together and recognized this girl. Of course! It was the Meadows' parlormaid who had left him often enough (though not, ah! too often enough).  
"Er—thanks very much," said he. "But since they've not got back as soon as I understood they meant to, I—er—forget their telephone number, I've forgotten their telephone number," he improvised quite creditably.

"Could you let me— Oh, there isn't a telephone number? Oh? On Mr. Holt's house, isn't it? Still, they still thank you so much," said Carmichael. His second squandered Brauburg that day was thrust into the palm of the girl. Then he started the dozing taxi driver.  
"Drive back to Henley," ordered Carmichael. "Yes, I know. It's thirty miles, but I'll make it worth your while. Henley-on-Thames for all you can like!"

**Fireworks on the River**  
Carmichael, coming down from the north by way of Maidenhead and Henley, did not reach Henley until 8 o'clock that evening.  
Rather a hopeless task lay before him, as he knew.

It was the end of the regatta. Already many people had left. Possibly his taxi had passed Clover's train on the return journey. Still, the maid at the Prospect had said she was staying on the Holt's household. From what Carmichael remembered of household, the fun only began after nightfall. The chances were that Clover's party would stay to see the fireworks, and would then return to the house for supper, music and a dance.

As he passed the Red Lion at the corner of the bridge, a voice hailed him from the group in back-chairs at the hotel entrance. The voice was O'Brien's.

Carmichael stopped the taxi. "By Jove," said O'Brien, coming in, "you haven't lost much time, have you?"

Carmichael's reply and the manner of it was very characteristic.

"Look here," said he, "I say, do you happen to have seen my wife anywhere on the river?"

This unexpected question he put as only as if he had asked, "Do you happen to have seen that bookish any-where about?"

His friend, young O'Brien, had an inward gulp of surprise, an inward "Biddy!" I say so?" but he followed Carmichael's lead with an equally ordinary and British:

"No, I haven't. As a matter of fact there must be heaps of people somewhere in this crush that one knows, but I haven't recognized a soul I know since you left. Haven't seen Mrs. Carmichael at all."

"Oh, well, if you know anything about a houseboat taken by a man called Holt?"

"Holt? No; I'm afraid I've never heard of him."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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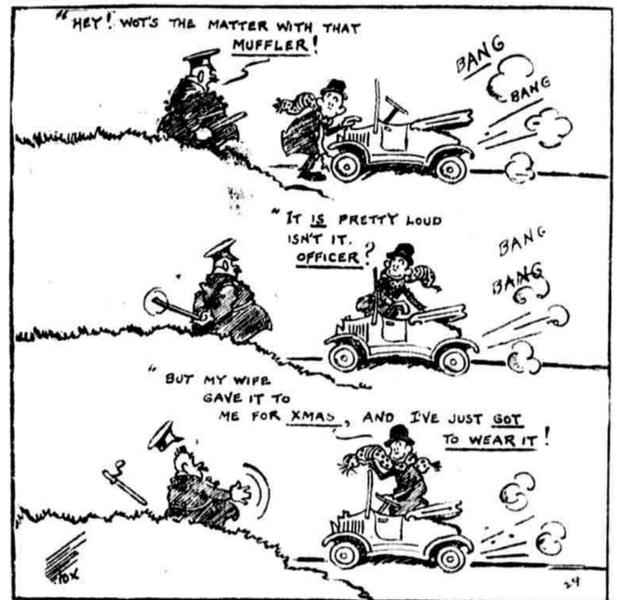
By Hayward

## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it's a great mistake to marry before completing one's education and no young man should matriculate while in college.

## VERNON McNUTT WILL DIE A VIOLENT DEATH



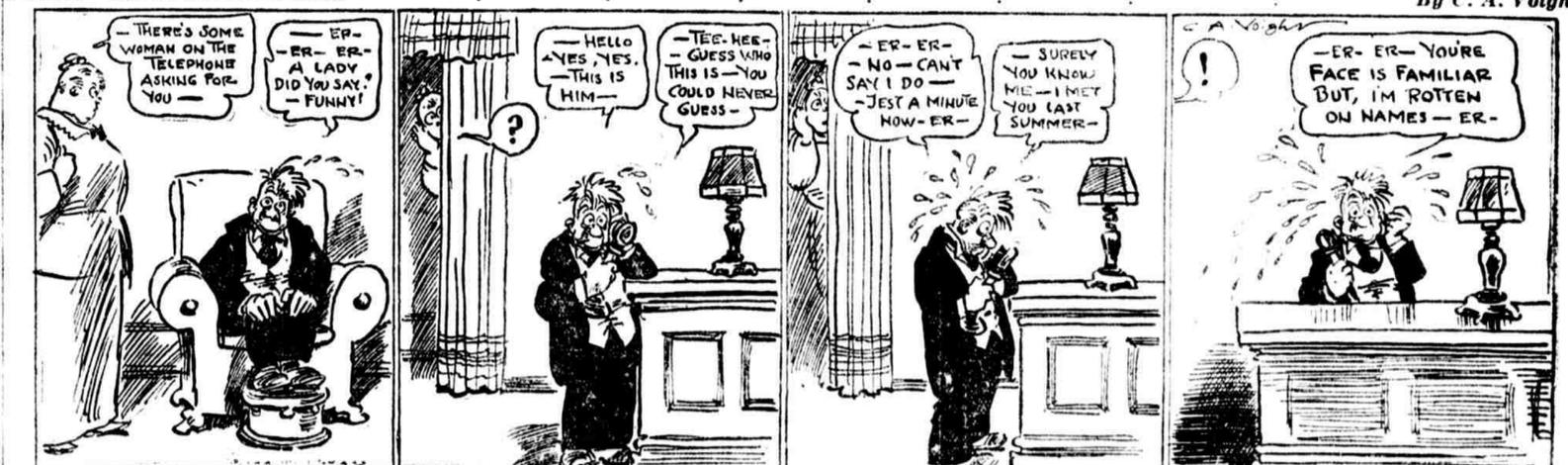
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## SCHOOL DAYS



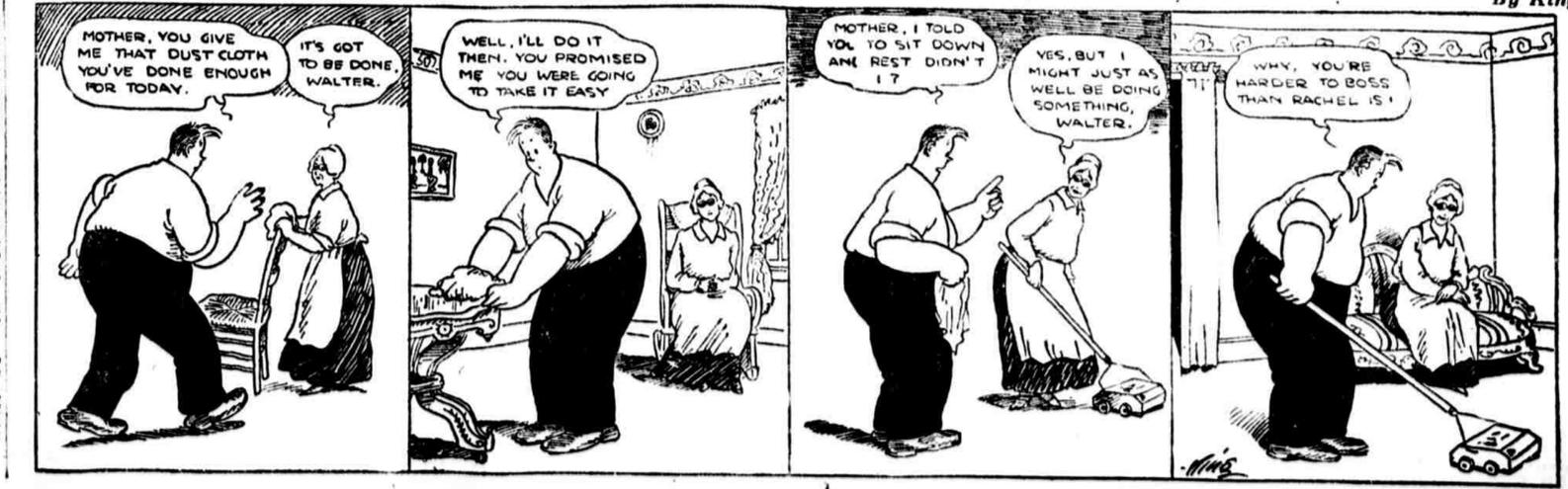
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