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 Arrent Rover," Ste. Copyright, 1922. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Tension Lifted

ND so to the last bang of all, and Athe last "set"; the fiery outline that frew itself as a young face mammothsize, under the gigantic guard's cap . . "A . . . a . . a . . ah! England's idol flamed in fire against the

The flame died down at last, and the list of the shouting. The tension lifted. In the massed punts was a movement as of a swarm that starts to reassem-

"Now we're for it!" muttered Car-

"Now we're for it!" muitered Carmichael, as hands were laid on their punt, and another crept ahead. "You get forward, Henty, and hang on. This going to be some jam."

The voices "Mind your fingers! "Thank you carefully there, sir "Hands, hands!" You can't go quicker than the rest of us "Look out there, if you please, sir "I say, it is impossible to see anything in this "Trightfully sorry; it is the people behind!" a voice would apologize as the bow of the punt climbing the counter of a craft ahead took somebody in the of a craft shead took somebody in the show or the back. Forty yards away, single launch, with portholes glowing and a banjo strumming 'Avalon, seemed a Horatius keeping Henley Bridge against a whole river army of

mey came and pressed.

This was the thought that came quite addenly at that instant to Harry Carmichael. "God help anybody if they managed to fall overboard in that press!" for he knew there wouldn't be a dog's chance for any one to whom that awful thing should happen.

Just as the ice floes close over the "War dear chan." Of course! Bring with the state of t

close above the head of any one in the water. Not a dog's chance. Im-mediately after that thought had struck him, came the event of which that thought may have been the cast shadow. Carmichael, sitting aft and busily fending off this punt, or that, felt his wn craft dip a little by the stern. Heavily laden as she was with the paraphernalia of three men, she could not afford to take in water. Her skipper turned and called out to the punt that nounted them from behind: "Hi!

But his warning was lost in a more ending cry. A cry that brought people

last cry, for in the punt where all the

relentless advance. lover! This was how he was to find her, was it----

There was not a dog's chance.

Harry Carmichael sometimes thought so quickly that he didn't know he was thinking at all. In that one instant of time he knew what was wanted to be done to stop this threaten. ng horror. He wanted space, And as he knew this, so he knew

Stand by, you fellows." he called to O'Brien and Henty. "Look out for yourselves! I am going to sink us." PBrien and Henry, courselves! I am going to sink us.

And with his arm and shoulder thrust under the bow of the punt that had were ridden them he set his own laden band, that Briton so typically British band, that Briton is the band band by the band

Then, where the campers' punt had friend.

been, there was a space of swirling water in which the serpentine reflections of the lanterns leaped and curled, in which ahead, an outstretched arm

Quick, before they're on us again:

Quick, before they're on us again:

Sending your kitbags and gear to the hoteom of the river:

Dirn't see eried Harry Carmichael. 'Quick, ban pass on the space! Pass it on He sprang across the strangers' punt

to where the looming figure of Jim Holt was striving. "Got her?" gasped Carmichael. you got-Here, Clover, haven't

Let me come. Let me—
Into the slowly widening, moving gap of cleared water Carmichael thrut his arm, passing it beneath the arms of the frantically struggling girl in the rather. See you in town some time punts, like a drowning moth in her on the pronoun, "Good-night, Henty, chinging white freek; one slim ankle Night O Brien, Come along, Peter, you

again in her car. wale again. Once more the punts

rmed one solid caft between the water e night sky.

expected it, to look at something. Carmichael heard none of these things,

was conscious of none of the gentle | Paris fussing, only of that glow of peace at

At last, at long last things were he saw that oming right

Here, serpentining down in the water cere the long reflections of a houseboat, ighted up He came to himself to realize that the arry were approaching the Holts' outseboat. Clover's houseboat. There to say to her. was a bustle of disembarking. He stood

A Country Mouse

in Gay, Wicked London Is it any wonder levely, untrained Jean's head was turned? That she courted the disapproval f her handsome young guardian, Robin O'Neil, by consorting with the fortune-hunting Gavin, or the gambling flend, Symons?

Or that she risked love itself at the gaming table? Begin to read this romance of tangled love and society intrigue-RUBY AYRES'

A Man of His Word' TUESDAY ON THIS PAGE

On the little landing-stage, after the omen had hurried in toward bed and blankets the bewrapped Clover, he still stood aside. He touched Holt's arm. "I'll say good-night," he told him. "No, thanks awfully, I am not coming

"Not coming in?" echoed the loud and scandalized voice of the Eternal Jim. "Man alive! aren't you going to stop for half a second to see Clover?" And Rosemary's lover stared through Bridge against a whole river army of the summer darkness toward Carmithe night.

And still they came, the punts; still ried to girls and then left them to live by themselves!

The Bachelor Good-night

head of the documed swimmer who goes through, exactly so would those punts close above the head of an arrangement of them here too!"

them here too!"

"No, thanks awfully, I won't do that. Picuse tell Clover for me that I got her letter and that I shall be round to see her bright and early, the first thing in the norning. Have you got that?"

The Eternal Jim had got that:
"She'll understand," said Carmichael again quietly. "I got her letter all right, and I shall come first thing in the morning. Good-night Jim."

He turned quickly about and prepared to walk back the towpath into Henley.

Behind him came nattering footstery.

Behind him came pattering footsteps.

girl's voice gasped. 'Harry!

But his warning was lost in a more pending cry. A cry that brought people to their feet in the surrounding punts.

It is though suddenly a human hedge had sprung up in an instant.

That cry rang out: "Stop, behind there! Don't push! Stop, for God's sake—somebody's overboard!"

"Good Lord." exclaimed Carmichael, on his feet with the rest, "where?" he shouted.

Two punts away, on his starboard quarter, came shrill cries for help. The side of the punt was heard to crack like a child's toy. Black against the clearing sky bonned the figure of a powerfally built man who set his feet against it and thrust for all he was worth. In loud alarm a voice cried: "Don't have us all in!"

But his warning was lost in a more the turned.

Sandal put a hand on his sleeve.

"She doesn't know—they don't know. I rushed out after you. I had to come," wanted to tell you."

"What?"

She took a breath and went on: "In case you didn't know! In case you came round so 'bright and carly' that none of us are up. It's the last one down-stream, Clover's window, I mean."

Carmichael took the child's hands and gripped them warmly. "I say, that's awfully sweet of you." He gave a lit-tie laugh in the darkness. "The first time I saw you. Sandal, I thought you were the nost most detestable little Daily Mirror cartoon minx I'd ever struck. But you're a wonan, Good-night, my Harry Carmichael never heard that dear."

But you're a wonan, Good-night, my

"Good-night, attractive Duck." commotion was somebody had called out a name, a name he knew.

"Clover! It is Clover!" And, while these in front struggled to stem that press, those behind maintained their too, was Peter; who, lost again, had been run to earth in the signalman's box. Here were the good-night pipes and whiskies in the lounge. * * and and whiskies in the lounge. * * and the talk of his bachelor friends over the event of that day. Not Carmichael's event at all, but the news item that had plunged the entire British Empire (as well as the whole the French Republic) nto gloom. The just-announced defeat of Georges

Carpentier! "Anyhow, nobody can say he didn't put up a magnificient tight for it." Car-mickael broke into the discussion, as though nothing else of note had occurred

Quiesly!" he shouted toward the scene of the accident, "I am coming aboard you, sir," to the stranger in the later-vening punt. "Look out, everybody, another part of him mind. Yet the current of anity flowing between him and O'Brien told the younger man that all in the pack of punts, a sucking and O'Brien told the younger man that all surging.

Without a glance or a word the message came back that O'Brien was dashed glad Carnichael continued aloud: "But

what else there was to be done

'My dear fellow, I should think We ought to be able to get these back in some sort of state, even if the Chorus of: "Oh, that's quite

right.

river. Another arm, a stranger's arm appeared from somewhere. A quarter of a minute, and, dripping and gasping. Clover lay across the platform of two punts, like a drowning much in her said with the faintest possible stress

Sight O Brien. Come along, Peter, you have also their sight, durling! It's all And so to bed, where without thinking or araichael kept repeating over and over gain in her car.

On the river, already gunwale touched to himself the hour—the very early hour!—at which he wished to awaken; and he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Aubade

Six-lifteen next morning found him Only one punt, with cooking stove, again on the river, kettles, blankets and camp equipment. The stream was like a sheet of dimcomplete. lay at the bottom of the River Thames.

At the bottom of the Thames, too, with that punt, lay the whole of life's cocks. Close to Carmichael, nothing Carmichael. Meantime, that with which he had to cope was not yet life's tomorrow, but this evening.

He made up his mind about that during the journey to the Holts' househoat. Be fourney that he had to cope was not yet life's silver of his wake. Not a sign of life from the other camping-punts that he passed by the islands; nobody stirring! Probably everybody had been up late the

ing the journey to the Holts' househost. I journey that became swifter and easier the further away they drew from the bridge. Carmichael was sitting aft with some people—who these were be neither knew nor cared.

They had put Clover forward, muffled up in rugs and wraps.

I will pass over the talk in the punt, the chat of how Clover had overbalanced herself, suddenly rising when nebody expected it, to look at something.

Carmichael knew for away they drew from the characteristic properties at dances, or improvised smoking concerts, at the roundabouts, at 'rugs' of every sort. They were therefore taking it casy this morning and would sleep late.

But it was Herry Carmichael's wedding morning:

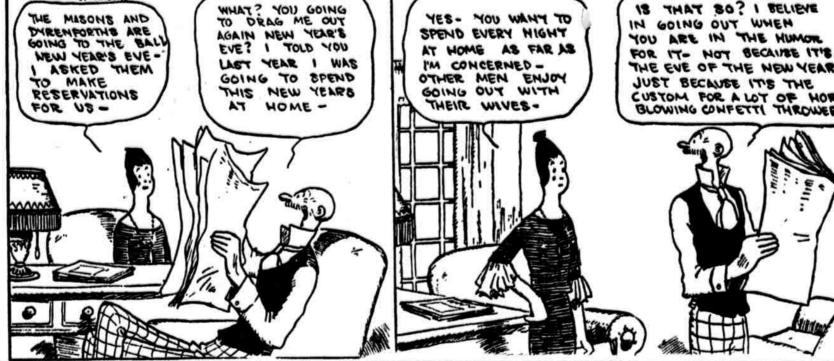
" It thought of another 'wedding' morning: that on February the fourteenth of this same, this unbelieved the control of the same, the same, this unbelieved the control of the same, the same that reception is the control of the same, the same that reception is the control of the same that the He also thought of that hotel

> He laughed! Presently, glancing over his shoulder he saw that houseboat, looking like a giant long drawn in chalk on a giant's slate of palest gray.

She was there. Last night, as he strode along the

CONTINUED MONDAY

THE GUMPS—It Looks Like a Big Night



THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR. JUST BECAUSE IT'S THE BLOWING CONFETTI THROWERS

HEW YEAR'S EVE- THERE ARE 364 OTHER HIGHTS IN THE YEAR- WHY JUST PICK THIS ONE WHEN ALL THE AMATEURS ARE OUT AND EVERYTHING COSTS TWICE AS MUCH AS ANY OTHER HIGHT - AND THE SERVICE ONLY HALF AS GOOD - WELL, I SUPPORE ILL HAVE TO GO OR SHELL GO MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE AND I'LL FEEL LIKE A TYRANT-

WHO - WHO PUT

THAT ON MY

DESK!

Registered U. S. Patent Office

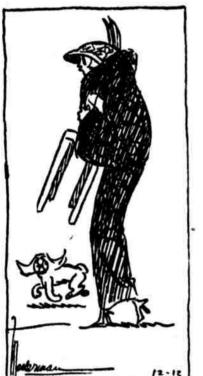
By Sidney Smith

By Hayward

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—For Her Tongue

DEARIE I CAN'T GET OVER HOW OF COURSE I DON'T KNOW-BUT ITS FUNNY ISA'T IT! MISS OFLAGE WENT OFF EARLY I HAD THE HARDEST YOU KNOW - I'M NOT SURPRISED THE BOSS' BOOB SON IS GONE ON MISS O'FLAGE. AICE YOU WERE TO ME ON CHRISTMAS. THAT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BAR PIN YOU TESTERDAY ALL RIGGED UP FOR A MOTOR MISS SCRATCH SO I'M GLAD! SHE KNOWS HOW TO PLAY THE GAME RIDE. WELL, DIDA'T YOU HEAR THE BOSS GIVING HIS SON THE RAZZ FOR BEING OUT TILL THREE THIS MORNING? - OF COURSE I DON'T WANT TO ALLRIGHT. REMEMBER THAT BROKER GAVE ME. YOU'RE SUCH WHO USED TO BE ACROSS THE WAY ? A REAL FRIEND SHE WENT OUT WITH HIM A FEW TIMES A DARLING ! AND THEN SPORTED A NEW FUR COAT. INSIMUATE . BUT -

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her father believes in giving her a liberal education and she guesses she has as large an allowance as any girl in her class or in the whole school, for that matter.

By FONTAINE FOX THE LITTLE SCORPIONS' CLUB



KNOWN ABOUT THE SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY , JIMMY WOULD HAVE HAD TO COME OUT AND ACCOMPANY HIS PARENTS . HOME .

Bu DWIG SCHOOL DAYS IN FACE NOW, THE WAY OF A MAID

By C. A. Voight





WITH A MAN -



GASOLINE ALLEY-Back to Babuland

