The Subconscious Courtship

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 Arrant Rover," Ste. Copyright, 1989. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Voice had answered: "Honeymooners?

Not they. You can always tell those.

But those two have only just met

it's a young man giving his sister's
friend a duty lunch or something of
that sort. Anyhow, those two," with Carmichael "are nothing to do with; each other!"

Clover's faint blush at that, just dimpsed as Carmichael had turned given when he did not know that it miftly to the waiter.

is solely, as some one put it, "something between a scent and a sweet." He schnowledged, of course, how much there is of the fragrant and delicious element in all love that is worth nothing. (It is at least prettier than other elements exclusively emphasized the elements exclusively emphasized by the elements of the elements of the elements of the elements exclusively emphasized by the elements of the elements

by some of these highbrows?) For him Clover held the intoxication of all the senses, but he now realized that the led other things as well. Wistfally he began to wonder about her, to piece together the essential girl. How changed his impressions were from those first impressions of her! He had seen her hard, and calculating: the

with them this evening at the party; in the middle of all the other guests she had taken them aside to send them home Clover.

Carmichael thought. Sound and whole- plaints you made to me?" some as any of these vaunted "old-fashioned" girls, yet alive with the mean?" "Complaints"? What do mean?" "I mean that you once mention

whole idea was out of court, before we been burrowing I hever foresaw. I thought the that it's quite safe.

At this point the door of the book-

"Yes," he answered, hurriedly, bemining to fill that pipe which he had
been absently holding. Anything for a
few moments with her! "I thought you
were going to order that extension?"
"Yes; I was. Twice I've been just
an the point of it. Stupidly, I forgot all
about it. I don't know how it was, it
"There, Carmichael might have been
minerated if he had happened to remake a theory of the Neo-Scientists.
This is that a person's mind rejects,
y means of forgetting, such things as
the subconscious self wishes to remove
from that person's life. It is the in"Marenient bill that gets mislaid; the
disgreeable appointment that is usual."

I thought he was one of the men that
I'd got to keep out, as it were?"
"He is 'out,' " returned Clover. "He
can't bother me to marry him now."
"No, no, I suppose not. But he
can, I imagine, go on bothering you
"Money, you mean?"
"Possibly."

"Oh!" said Clover, impatiently.
"He won't. Of course he won't, now.
And as for his coming here—"
"Yee? I didn't know you'd thought
of asking him tonight."
"But—! Naturally he came tonight. It was he who took all the
that girl's name who sang? A lovely
voice: didn't you think so?"

diagreeable appointment that is missed.

Now that book-room, with its telebleene, was the only common meeting

from the control of the cont

As soon as that extension was put in Clover's bedroom there would be reach why she should ever find if an tete-a-tete with her young michael.

Could it be that already there

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CLOVER ELPHINSTONE, charming young widose, teho has inherited a business. Harried by relatives and friends who want to spend her money, at setters who want to marry her for a she decides to marry a 'husband for secentaric,' to fend off 'the harpies,' at picks

MAJOR HARRY CARMICHAEL, 'World War veteran, man of personality, we regimeer who has invented a new on the invented a new off the harpies,' is finance which he agrees to cast, to inance which he agrees to would like him to do this for her or that ahe would do it herself.

As she took up the telephone-book and etood with it open in her hands, carmichael rose again and turned abruptly away. He moved to the hearth, dug the heal of his pump into the crumbling end of the log. Anything to keep himself from giving a movement or a glance that should startle her. For now suddenly he felt the atmosphere very tense again. Now again it was the beauty of the woman that called to him. He was on fire with this new flame that blazed revelation into his own heart. He was all awake; here i

Hopelessly in Love! own heart. He was all awake; here in this sleeping house, in this quiet room he was alone with her. She was

s tiny movement toward Clover and from an advantage taken at such a

"Not now, dash it, now now-if ever," he thought incoherently. Here was a girl who had his word,

would be any sacirfice to keep it. Then, that night. The white door with the gilded number (3) of Mme. Carmichael's room. Clover's fingers fingers fingers fingers for might her galden stranged shoulder to understood.

Carmichael's room. Clover's head, turned string the key. Clover's head, turned over her golden-draped shoulder toward him as he paused four yards away down the corridor. ("Well, goodnight Fairly early tomorrow for our walk? Right." Her little nod. "Goodnight!") The door opened and shut again.

Carmichael had not known at the time that it meant anything to him, that shut white door. But now—how the thought of it jabbed him! That jab must have been there before; it was now it hurt, though.

"I am," he muttered, in a manner or one who now definitely gives up all attempts at pretense. He was, hopelessly, in love with her.

The thought of her obsessed him. Now it came upon him from a different angle.

Carmichael in the matter of love

Carmichael in the matter of love or anything," she murmured half to would never be the type to whom sex herself. "Double L * * Llewelyn, is solely, as some one put it, "something Colonel I' * * Llewelyn, Mr. Robert—"

een her hard, and calculating; the Instantly he pulled himself together. had schemed marriage with the head of only meant it was rather late at night the firm; he'd guessed her shallow, to go ringing people up—"

selfish, unreasonable, spoilt—one by the those ideas of her had melted.

True, she was totally unaware of passion. Hence her marriage—both her marriages. But she was warmly affectionate. Look at her with those reading."

"The will only just have got back to the Temple," from Clover, also with great politeness "and, anyhow, Bobby Llewelyn always sits up very late, reading."

"Oh does he?"

"Oh, does he?" "What is it? Why do you-Why do you adopt that tone?" from

"I was not aware that I was 'adoptnot. Then she was frank and straightforward. Didn't she herself confess
that she was no sound business-woman,
but that this money-making flair of hers
smarting with jealousy.

May just a fluke? Yet she was clever.

More brain than she chose to use.

(How she'd summed up Cox! Loyalty, too. (Decent she'd been about

More brain than she chose to use.

A woman of any love experience at
all would instantly have recognized the
note. Not so Clover, so quick in other
ways in this so slow to understand.

the mast.) A sportswoman, A chum ways; in this so slow to understand.

The mast.) A sportswoman, A chum ways; in this so slow to understand.

"Only," he continued as if careless.

The makings of an uncommonly line woman, and the object to? Precisely one of the complete thought.

The mast of the continued as if careless.

The makings of an uncommonly line woman, object to? Precisely one of the complete thought.

"I mean that you once mentioned to

a companion as well.

"I could be so fond of her," decided Carmichael, realizing that to be "fond" you into? However, I'll go and leave you to it—" you did," she said, stiffy. "To see that love affair has both. This might have been both.

To ran his thoughts, and only gradually did the young man realize that the channel was not new to them. This," he decided, "must have been thoughts and I never coming on for some time. And I never and so I'm letting him know at once coming on for some time. And I never and so I'm letting him know at once

She got the number. Apparently ween began. It's been burrowing underground, and now everything's fallen in crash. Now what's to be done about it?"

She got the number. Apparently Liewelyn himself answered the call. Carmichael, standing by the hearth, heard the cool little business-like tone (to which he head listance on that first (to which he had listened on that first

At this point the door of the bookroom opened unexpectedly and Clover
levelf, all gleaming gold and white,
ame in.

"Hullo, yeu haven't gone to bed
yet?" she said. The soft matter-offact tone wiped out the quivering wonfer of his last half-hour. (It seemed
incredible that the last time that voice
lad addressed him it had called him
"Darling.")

"It's pretty late. I suppose" he

"Yes, I hope everybody enjoyed them-"It's pretty late, I suppose," he Yes, I hope everybody enjoyed them-

"It's pretty late, I suppose," he salwered as he rose, quickly. "But As she put down the receiver she land that all figure on the hearth-rug. It was as if she asked, "Have rug. It was an if she asked, "Have rug. It was as if she asked, "Have rug. It was an if s

the inhabitants of that worlds away from the singer and her



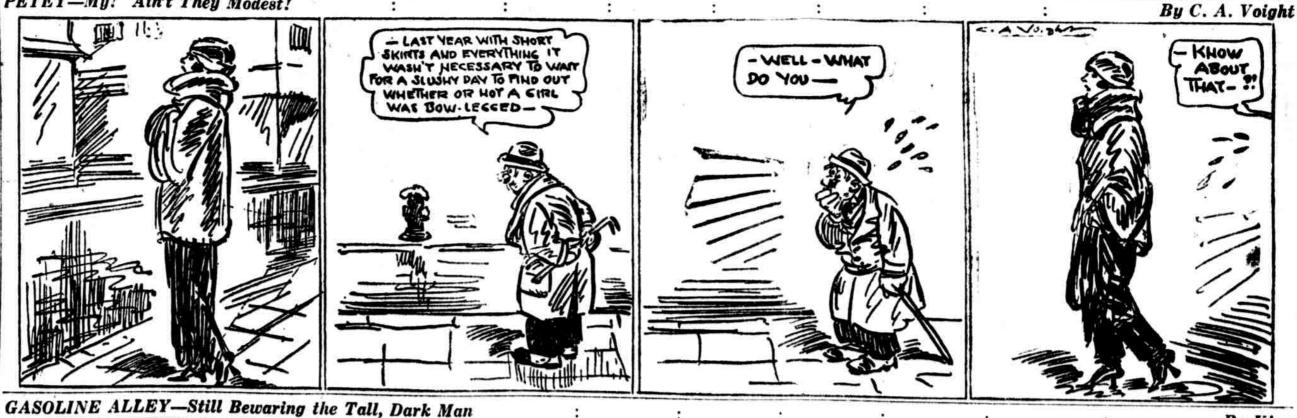
SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Suspended Animation





The young lady across the way says every foreign ship has to 50 into drydock immediately upon





By King SOME BIRD THAT THIS IS WHO? -- H DASH ! WANTS TO SELL ME A . I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN NOM - REFILL ABLE GREASE) IT'S HERMAN! OH YES --- NO. I'M GOING THAT INITIAL H. STOOD DOWN TO THE GARAGE RIGHT GUN OR SUMETHING FOR HERMAN AWAY -- YES YOU CAN SEE ME THERE