THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

oppright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co.

READ THIS FIRST

Evelyn Preston, returning to her ome unexpectedly, finds the house ceerted; bathes, sleeps, gets a bite o eat, hears a bell ring, and finds a dead man in the library. The arival of the housekeeper braces her rival of the housekeeper braces her and she summons the family phy-scian, who calls the Coroner. They seek to establish the identity of her riend." "But he is no friend of ine," she says. "I never saw him fore. I came into this room at half past two and "And sent for us at five," commented the Corfor us at five," commented the Cor-ener, dryly. "But he wasn't in the room then!" cried Evelyr. "This man has been dead twelve hours," said the Coroner. "Then who rang the library bell at 4 o'clock?" cried Evelyn. And right then Mrs. Ward. sekeper, fainted-

THEN READ THIS

Unidentified

THE maitre d'hotel returned from an inspection of the main diningroom in Peacock Alley to view with an appraising eye the men and women who promenaded up and down or sat about, some waiting with good grace for their chance to find a disengaged table in one of the dining-rooms while others, outwardly rebellious, expressed their candid opinion of Washington in wartime. Suddenly the Frenchman's air of polite indifference changed to one of alertness as a man pushed his way through the throng and stopped near the door of the Palm Room. The maitre d'hotel was at his elbow instant-

"Ah, Monsieur Burnham, welcome, most welcome." he sald. "Have you had a nice summaire."

"Henri!" Peter Burnham surrendered his hat and cane to a waiting attendant. "The summer has been soso." he added, turning back to the nchman. "I am waiting for Mr. James Palmer; have you seen him this evening?"

"But yes," The maltre d'hotel wormed his way into the Palm Room and ckoned to Burnham to follow. There, in that corner across the room; this way," and he darted among the tables and the palms, Burnham following closely, until he reached a small table set for two persons, and pulled out the unoccupled chair.

Palmer looked up from the menu he was studying and greeted Burnham with warmth.

"Have a Martini" he inquired as their waiter hurried up and the maitre d'hotel went back to his post in the

"Yes, and make it dry," cautioned Burnham to the walter. "And hurry it along. I am worn out." he added to his host.

Palmer glanced at him in concern. You don't look very fit." he admitted. "Had a bad trip down?"

"Devilish! Our train was side-tracked for hours waiting to let troop trains pass: nothing to eat--- Burnham paused to empty his glass of ice water. "At our rate of progress I was willing to believe we'd gone back to stage coach days, but Washington is an eye-opener; I had no idea this place swarmed with people."

Washington's 'sleepy hollow' has had a rude awakening," remarked Pat. key to Burnham's altered demeanor, them ever to be congenial. mer cynically. "I don't mind con-fessing I am weary of seeing conse-quential looking people dash about rived just in time to save the nation. out a happy one had put him on the Washington was on the map before alert for matrimonial discords.

with due enjoyment.

stopped to watch some newcomers who in bankruptcy. had taken possession of the nearest

"My dear Burnham!" Palmer looked frequently landing her in hot water. tually shocked. "Empty rooms are inheard of in Washington."

"How about club chambers?" ing in the bathtubs there," laughed then away at boarding school, society Palmer, and stopped speaking as the found little to build gossip upon. Eveexcept for monosyllabic remarks now for an indefinite visit in the West,

"I can't understand why people want | the fashionable northwest. n orchestra playing while they eat,"

Well, I suggested dining at the

"I know, I know; but I forgot about beastly orchestra," he paused to off abstractedly at his cigar. What's the trouble, Burnham? ed Palmer quickly. "Is your wife

"No, no; it's- " He bent nearer companion, then paused to shoot clause over his shoulder and his ces remained unspoken. "Jove,

nt" he ejaculated. "She wasn't ere until tomorrow." mer, but half catching his re k, followed his gaze, and saw Eve-Preston and her friend, Marian ess, just taking their seats at a

some distance away. Falmer back his chair preparatory to my soul, Burnham," he ex impulsively. "Why didn't you Evolyn was with you? We the walled diamer for her and

and sit at their table; but there's no lyn's status in the family circle; she staid enough chaperon for Evelyn." hurry, man.

Six weeks had passed since his visit to by espoused his cause to Evelyn. some incident of his stay at Burn brilliant Marian Van Ness; their na ling Burnham's progress, and only

to their waiter-"tell those ladies-" Paimer's interest, for as intimate as five years before. to be with Evelyn, subsided in his to marry Evelyn, and that both hus rose.

Mrs. Van Ness. Here -- " beckoning | The situation had decidedly piqued pointment in the State Department

"Wait," broke in Burnham. "We've was his footing in the Burnham home Suddenly Palmer stirred in his chair. finished, Palmer; suppose we go over he had never been able to decide Eve- "I hardly think Mrs. Van Ness is a was frequently and pleasantly alluded he remarked. "Suppose we join them." Burnham's tone was so petulant to in conversation, but that was all, and leaving Burnham no option in the that Palmer, curbing his impatience. He had made no secret of his desire matter he pushed back his chair and for years covered his shiny baid head.

silence. What had come over easy, he had ample reason to believe, though tite had asserted itself, in spite of the by Bolshevists, going, absent-minded Peter Burnham? neither to his knowledge had outward- tragic happenings of that afternoon, had been chiefly occupied in selecting 11 ess, of the First Presbyterian Church Burnham Lodge at Chelsea, and that When called on the telephone about the most tempting dishes in the menu of Ashland, Pa., who had just reached the six weeks had not agreed with 6 o'clock that afternoon Burnham and it was not until an exclamation here from Russia. Burnham was plain to be seen; his had given Paimer to understand that from Marian drew her attention to cheeks were a had color and he seemed be was alone in Washington; and yet her stepfather coming toward them. C. to Palmer's appraising eye to have his young stepdaughter was also in Palmer's big proportions towering be- cited the attempt on the life of the bile here." replied Peggy. shrunk in his clothes. A certain the city. It was, of course, possible hind him, that she knew of his pres- Russian as an illustration of the condinervous tremor in the hand holding that Evelyn was visiting Marian Van ence in the dining room. At that mohis eight also was noticeable, and Ness. Palmer frowned; he disliked few ment the elners at an intervening, Palmer wracked his brate to recall people, but he most hearthly disliked table left their seats, thereby imped-



Uncle Sam started on this war-path." Palmer had not been alone in pre-Burnham laughed. "I confess I dicting a disastrous ending to the marshare your outraged feelings; had to riage, for all Washington had heard interminably at the Union Sta. first with incredulity and then laughtion before I could telephone you." ter of the engagement of the wealthy He stopped to take the cocktail at widow, Lillian Preston, to Peter Burnthat instant placed before him. "Here's ham, a man considerably her junior, other diners in their vicinity, and who had been uniformly unfortunate knowledgment and sipped his Martini undertaken. Peter had his good points, his friends contended, and as popular in society. When financial re-"Better have another," he suggested one of them remarked at the wedding verses had obliged her to find em-Burnham set down his empty glass, which had followed swiftly upon the "sgainst the time Washington goes announcement of the engagement, his tive city after her divorce, she had wife could keep him in the style he acted as social secretary for several "I've stocked up my wine cellar with had been accustomed to before his cabinet officers' wives and through that view," admitted Burnham and final financial venture had landed him their influence had received an ap-

That Mrs. Burnham was honestly table. "I suppose I can get a room devoted to her husband and admired here for the night in case I find the him, Palmer had come to believe. She servants haven't arrived to open our was not a woman given to concealing her thoughts, her habit of plain speech

Society had speculated as to how Mrs. Burnham's young daughter and only child would take her mother's "Nothing doing; they are even sleep- second marriage, but as Evelyn was orchestra in the mezzanine gallery lyn's debut the winter before had renced to play and, dinner arriv- vived interest in the subject, and when mg at that instant, the two men, she left Washington early in the spring and then, completed the meal in si- tongues had wagged without, however, ence. As Burnham took one of the getting any satisfaction from Mr. and lears proffered him he pushed aside Mrs. Burnham, who went placidly on dessert plate, planted his elbows their way, being entertained and enon the table, and leaned forward. tertaining in their hospitable home in

Washington with an air of having arwhom were bustly engaged in discuss. fingers on her cool palm. beauty was an effectual foil for pleaded. "Remember, you are going he turned to me with a wink and whiseyes. The entrance of both girls, for "I will." Marian's firm handclasp I am the captain. I have been totally Marian appeared little more, in their was reassuring. "Can't you tell me bald for years and have been very sensmart summer costumes had attracted admiring low-voiced comment from the admiring low-voiced comment from the noon."

was reassuring. "Can't you tell me silve about it. That is why I always as soon as he explained. It made me wore that bushy wig. And I am glad feel blue, and I must have showed it. several friends and acquaintances had and turned to meet her stepfather and, From Petrograd, Hess went to Mos-

SOCIETY NOTE

Alternate days of sun and rain; Alternate days of joy and pain; Alternate days of loss and gain; And then a touch of spring. What though the days with sodden

galt Trooped grayly by?-I gaily wait! Cheer up, my heart, and jubliate! I've heard a robin sing!

It is a call that once we hear Assures us that the spring is near. Soon will the little buds appear On branches bare and brown, ca, verily! With heart elate I rise up in my place to state That Mr. Robin and his mate Again are back in town. GRIF ALEXANDER.

"Not now." Evelyn straightened up ognize me without it."

ham and then to Palmer. "When did you get here?" she inquired as the men took the chairs proffered by attentive wattern, after first speading to Marian.

"I might ask the same of you," returned when the converse part of the converse part of

A BIG WIG SAVES LIFE OF RUSSIAN

Stuck to Thatch in Spite of Danger, but Railroad Accident Gave Him Safety at Last

By HENRY M. NEELY

Philadelphian who is engaged in recon-Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

fruit loss of a bushy black wig, which saved the life of a Russian naval capseat and gazed at him in speculative band and wife favored his courtship. Evelyn, whose healthy young appe. tain who had been repeatedly attacked

reviewed today by the Rev. Newman odd how they have disappeared,"

A. work in Russia since last April. tions in that country.

After working for some time in London. Mr. Hess went to Murmansk, where he became associated with Captain H. S. Martin, who was in the American con, them into the river, Instantly there was sular service.

A Russian naval captain appealed to Captain Martin for protection and for help in escaping from Murmansk to scarcely hold him." Petrograd. 'The Russian's superior officer, an admiral, had been murdered by Bolshevists on the streets in open daylight a short time before, and the Reds deat with him in the same way. For two weeks the Russian was se-

disappearance, and they began a surveilscame far from comfortable, and that Petrograd.

But the Russian captain had to be disguised and he was a man whose personal appearance made that almost inpossible. He had a tremendous thatch of long, bushy black bair that seemed his particular pride, and his face was adorned by a beard of most wondrous dimensions. The three Americans finally succeeded in persuading him to lose his beard and Hess volunteered to be the barber. Even with a smooth face. however, the captain's shaggy head of hair was a complete giveaway, but no amount of persuasion could make him consent to having the thick thatch cut and there was nothing for it but to start as they were and trust to luck to get through. The Red Cross man lent the captain a

spare uniform and, if it had not been for "That wouldn't do, Peter. It would be his head of hair, he might well have playing into Boardman's hands. He'd passed for an American

and thirty-five Bolshevist sailors at-

pered: 'Don't you know me. Mr. Hess?

sitive about it. That is why I always wore that bushy wig. And I am glad of it now, for those fellows did not recognize me without it."

From Petrograd, Hess went to Moscow by way of Vologda, and, in the ancient capital, opened up his work among the Russian prisoners of war returning from the German and Austrian camps. Here he began to know the Bolsheviki better. He had been making a thorough study of the Russian language and was soon able to converse word and the sale was a soon able to converse word and it must have showed it, for he clapped me on the back and laughed.

Buck up. Peter—after all, what does it matter who buys it so long as we get a good price for it? That reminds me, "Well, when the weeks.

"Y—yes," she faltered. "I heard you. "Well, good lick to you. Oh, Jean, was poung and intense with the to her was young and intense with the low of life. "A frosted lemon pie, a sponge cake a real use for that clever advertising at thorough study of the Russian language and was soon able to converse."

"Why—he—how do you mean?" I which Marian secretly applauded, she ancient capital, opened up his work held out her hand in greeting to Burn. among the Russian prisoners of war reham and then to Palmer. "When did turning from the German and Austrian you get here?" she inquired as the men took the chairs proffered by attentive waiters, after first speaking to Marian.

When did turning it the destination and Austran and Au

DREAMLANDADVENTURES--ByDaddy

"THE VANISHING FISH"

Silly bets Kingfisher, Blue Heron and Lonesome Bear, he can beat them fishing, but when he and Pegpy and Pat, a boy they find at the fishing hole, hook large, fine fish, the fish disappears disappear.)

BILLY THROW'S STONES

No. I don't think this place is haunted," declared Billy as they tried to figure out where the three fish The many attacks on the captain were had gone to, "but I think it is mighty

"I feel awfully scary fishing here." whispered Pat, "Maybe we had better Mr. Hess, who has been doing Y. M. try our luck somewhere else." Why, the fish are just beginning to

"Well. I'm not afraid if you're not, declared Pat, but he glanced cautiously

around as he said it. "I'll stay." They baited their hooks and threw Pat. a wild swirl of waters. "I've got a big one," yelled Billy,

"So have I." shricked Peggy. "I can 'Feels as though I've caught a shark," gasned Pat.

were then on the trail of the captain to splendid fish from the water. That on from going into the tree, the bushes, or shut up in the baskets. Their catch Billy's line went up into the tree; that the weeds, but in spite of their efforts grew rapidly, and Billy was exulting in on Peggy's line was thrown into the Peggy's fish flew into the weeds. Billy's their luck, when suddenly he felt a refed in Martin's private car while bushes, and that on Pat's line landed went into the bushes, and Pat's sailed strong tug on his line. Bolshevik sailors searched the city for among the weeds. Remembering what up into the tree. And the fish didn't shouted. He pulled vigorously, but his Finally they somehow learned that had happened before, they brought their come out again, the Americans were concerned in his lines quickly back, but not quickly But now Billy's dander was up. He catch pulled just as vigorously the other

made them determined to start for efforts were in vain. The fish were not broad daylight,

to be found.



"Aha! There are the ghosts!" shouted Billy. "The rascals were

but then you never can tell," muttered

"I never heard of fish-eating ghosts, intended to win their bets with your declared Billy, "And if I catch 'em at own fish," it-well, look out!"

Once more they threw their lines into the deep pool. After awhile there was retorted Billy, "I'll show 'em. another big swirl in the water, and they pulled up three more big fish. This then ever, And now when they hooked Up came three poles, jerking three time, they tried hard to keep the fish a fish it didn't vanish, but was safely

disappearance, and they began a surveil-lance of Martin and Hess and a Red lance of Martin and Hess and a Red catches had disappeared.

Ent how Billy's dander was up. He way. "It must be a whopper," he gasped, bracing himself, "It's dragging me into the hooks of their own accord. And he became far from comfortable, and that.

Again they searched, and again their didn't believe in shorts—particularly in the river. Help me, quick!" Again they searched, and again their didn't believe in ghosts-particularly in

ing up half a dozen stones, he hurled them as fast as he could into the tree, among the weeds and through the bushes. Pat followed him, and so did Peggy, Soon they were laying down a heavy barrage on all three places where the fish had disappeared.

From the tree there burst a harsh, startling rattle, and then Kingfisher flew out of the foliage.

From the weeds there sounded a creaking, a screaming, and a loud fluttering as Blue Heron took wing and flapped heavily away.

Among the bushes there was a thrashing and a grunting, as Lonesome Bear took to his heels.

"Ah, there are the ghosts!" shouted Billy. "The rascals were stealing our

"But they can't beat me that way,"

So they went to fishing again harder

(Tomorrow will be told the extraor-"Help sne, quick!" he cried, rushing dinary things that happen when they "Some one is playing jokes on us; to a heap of stones on the bank, Pick- fry to land a big fish.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

Planning a Counter-Blow

consent to having the thick thatch cut, be told he must leave to give his room to guests due next morning, and so get him off the premises.

Duke shook his head as he explained. be able to go to Carpenter and Blood No sooner had a start been made, with a story about our dread of him, however, than their train was held up which would be borne out by the cirtacked the private car, But Martin Hess, cumstances. They would naturally be the Red Cross man, and the captain suspicious—you would be under similar

puzzled because this man's head was ably accept an offer of fifty thousand ing the menu. Marian Van Ness's dark "Don't forget your promise," she Eut when the Bolsheviki had left him sand clear after paying off the mort-

Of course, he was right and I saw it

who had been unformly infortunate who had been unformly infortunate who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet who had been unformly infortunate looked up to bow or wave their hands with a poise and air of cordiality cet with a poise and air of cordiality cet

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"That's right, partly. I don't want to rush Carpenter and Blood, however, but have not as yet received a reply from any concern outside of insurance companies, automobile accessories, canvassing, etc. I do want to worry Boardman. If you are asked who Betterly is, merely say he's here to see the place and to talk department.

automobile accessories, canvassing, etc.

What would you suggest or do you know where I should go for a position? I can suggest the charge of a department.

M. J. S. with me-let people draw the own con-

himself you might think him a pros- make a living out of it any more. Have

"Yes—es." then I saw the point. "I of, the road, and also made a success of this. Would so back to this trade again, see, you mean to pass Betterly off as a prospective buyer of the place, and so

ithe plans of Boardman."

Now I must take a chance, particularly so as I am married. Am thirty-two, so, of course, over the draft age.

Before you finally decide to get out of

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

GREATER LOVE HATH NO WOMAN

By L. W. Renear

By HAYWARD

me. Good-by."

That afternoon, while Prescott was busy with half a cocoanut custard ple, his mother surveyed Jean's cookery. It was worse than she had feared, but there was no time to waste in lamentation. Swiftly she packed her own toothsome viands and slipped a note into Jean's basket, which was the counterpart of her own. She turned an innecent face upon her son as he entered the kitchen.

"Don't stub your toe." she warned

The idea of sendin' sech truck to a said."

The idea of sendin' sech truck to a said."

Awed silence reigned; a mighty rival had fallen; the reign of a mistress-of-her-art was over!

"Well." said "phelia briskly. "let's see what her new daughter can do!"

She had done amazingly well if the brown and goiden triumph in pastry, the frosting-crowned cake and the tempting douganuts were a sample of her skill.

A respectful little hush prevailed as Mrs. Rodgers spread them forth. A pleasant-looking woman broke the silence.

"Looks like there'd be a first-rate cook in the Bassett family for a spell yet, even if Melindy is failint!"

Melindy, rocking placidly by the window as she darned socks, was startled by the tempestuous entry of a tearful girl, who flung herself down beside the horse-hair rocker.

"Mother Bassett, you get your bonnet and come over to that saie this minute! We'll show them whether you're failing or not! I'll tell them just what you didyes. I shall, too! You'll teach me to cook, won't you? I didn't dream how awful my messes would look with those rows of lovely cakes and things! Oh, mother, I thought you didn't like me very much! Pres laughed at me, but someway! I felt.

Melindy smoothed the brown hair gently. "We women-folks get terrible queer notions sometimes, dearie," sine said.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—She Wanted Something Substantial IT MAY NOT BE GODLY TO THINK









