

THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

Copyright, 1919, by D. Appleton & Co. ... READ THIS FIRST Evelyn Preston, returning to her home unexpectedly, finds the house deserted; bathes, sleeps, and finds a dead man in the library. ... THEN READ THIS Unidentified The maitre d'hotel returned from an inspection of the main dining-room 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...

Mrs. Van Ness. Here—beckoning to their waiter—"tell those ladies—" "Wait," broke in Burnham. "We've finished, Palmer; suppose we go over and sit at their table; but there's no hurry, man?" Burnham's tone was so petulant that Palmer, curbing his impatience to be with Evelyn, subsided in his seat and gazed at him in speculative silence. ... "You don't look very fit," he admitted. "Had a bad trip didn't you?"

The situation had decidedly piqued Palmer's interest, for as intimate as was his footing in the Burnham home he had never been able to decide Evelyn's status in the family circle; she was frequently and pleasantly alluded to in conversation, but that was all. He had made no secret of his desire to marry Evelyn, and that both his husband and wife favored his courtship had ample reason to believe, though neither to his knowledge had outwardly espoused his cause to Evelyn. ... "I don't know," she said, "but I am worn out. I'm hurried to his host."



"Yes, and make it dry," cautioned Burnham to the waiter. "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 didn't you?" "Devilish! Our train was side-tracked for hours waiting to let troop trains pass; nothing to eat—no Burnham; pausing to empty his glass of ice water. ... "Washington's 'sleepy hollow' has had a rude awakening," remarked Palmer cynically. ... "I've stocked up my wine cellar with that view," admitted Burnham and stopped to watch some newcomers who had taken possession of the nearest table.

Palmer transferred his attention from Burnham to the latter's stepdaughter and her companion, both of whom were busily engaged in discussing the menu. Marian Van Ness's dark beauty was an effective foil for Evelyn's curly yellow hair and blue eyes. The entrance of both girls, for Marian appeared little more in their smart summer costumes had attracted admiring low-voiced comment from the other diners in their vicinity; and when several friends and acquaintances had looked up to bow or wave their hands to them, for Marian was extremely popular in society. ... "I found I could take an earlier train," responded Evelyn. "Why didn't you and Mother come up to the house when you arrived?"

Marian caught Evelyn's low exclamation and noticed her change of color. "Are you going to faint?" she asked. "Drink some water, dear." Instead Evelyn laid trembling fingers on her cool palm. "Don't forget your promise," she pleaded. "Remember, you are going to stay with me." "I will," Marian's firm handclasp was reassuring. "Can't you tell me more of what took place this afternoon?" "No, now," Evelyn straightened up and turned to meet her stepfather and with a polite and air of cordiality which Marian secretly applauded, she held out her hand in greeting to Burnham and then to Palmer. ... "I might ask the same of you," reported Burnham. "You were not due here until tomorrow."

"I know, I know; but I forgot about the 'beasty orchestra,'" he paused to puff abstractedly at his cigar. "What's the trouble, Burnham?" asked Palmer quickly. "Is your wife ill?" "No, not ill—" He bent nearer his companion, then paused to shoot a glance over his shoulder and his attentions remained unspoken. "Jove, 'beasty'!" he ejaculated. "She wasn't due here until tomorrow." Palmer, but half catching his remark, followed his gaze, and saw Evelyn Preston and her friend, Marian Van Ness, just taking their seats at a table some distance away. Palmer pushed back his chair preparatory to following my soul, Burnham," he exclaimed impulsively. "Why didn't you tell me Evelyn was with you? We were waiting dinner for her and

Palmer, but half catching his remark, followed his gaze, and saw Evelyn Preston and her friend, Marian Van Ness, just taking their seats at a table some distance away. Palmer pushed back his chair preparatory to following my soul, Burnham," he exclaimed impulsively. "Why didn't you tell me Evelyn was with you? We were waiting dinner for her and

Palmer, but half catching his remark, followed his gaze, and saw Evelyn Preston and her friend, Marian Van Ness, just taking their seats at a table some distance away. Palmer pushed back his chair preparatory to following my soul, Burnham," he exclaimed impulsively. "Why didn't you tell me Evelyn was with you? We were waiting dinner for her and

A BIG WIG SAVES LIFE OF RUSSIAN

Stuck to That in Spite of Danger, but Railroad Accident Gave Him Safety at Last By HENRY M. NEELY A Philadelphia who is engaged in recent studies abroad. Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co. The loss of a bushy black wig, which for years covered his shiny bald head, saved the life of a Russian naval captain who had been repeatedly attacked by Bolsheviks. ... "After working for some time in London, Mr. Hess went to Almaty, where he became associated with Captain H. S. Martin, who was in the American consular service. A Russian naval captain appealed to Captain Martin for protection and for help in escaping from Murmansk to Petrograd. ... "The Russian captain had to be disguised and he was a man whose personal appearance made that almost impossible. He had a tremendous thatch of long, bushy black hair, and his face was adorned by a beard of most wondrous dimensions. ... "The Red Cross man lent the captain a sports uniform and, if it had not been for this head of hair, he might well have passed for an American."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "THE VANISHING FISH"

Billy bets Kingfisher, Blue Heron and Lonesome Bear, he can beat them fishing, but when he and Peggy and Pat, a boy they find at the fishing hole, hook large, fine fish, the fish disappear. BILLY THROWS STONES "NO, I don't think this place is haunted," declared Billy as they tried to figure out where the three fish had gone to, "but I think it is mighty odd how they have disappeared." "I feel awfully scary fishing here," whispered Pat. "Maybe we had better try our luck somewhere else."



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

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 fish." "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Peggy. "They intended to win their bets with your own fish." "But they can't beat me that way," retorted Billy. "I'll show 'em." So they went to fishing again harder than ever. And now when they hooked a fish it didn't vanish, but was safely shut up in the baskets. Their catch grew rapidly, and Billy was exulting in their luck, when suddenly he felt a strong tug on his line. "Ha, here's a whaling big one," he shouted. He pulled vigorously, but his catch pulled just as vigorously the other way. "It must be a whopper," he gasped, bracing himself. "It's dragging me into the river. Help me, quick!"

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

Planning a Counter-Blow When Bruno Duke reminded me who Boardman was I suggested that he 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. "That wouldn't do, Peter. It would be playing into Boardman's hands. He'd be able to go to Carpenter and Blood with a story about our dread of him, which would be borne out by the circumstances. They would naturally be suspicious—you would be under similar circumstances—and suspicion kills possible sales very quickly." "What are we going to do about it, then?" "Nothing, so far as preventing Boardman from talking with Blood and Carpenter is concerned. A thought occurred to me which I promptly passed on to Duke. "After all, what harm can be done? Even if Boardman does discourage Carpenter and Blood, it won't give him the place. That New York trust company would take up the mortgage, so that Boardman, through the Karaby Bay National Bank, couldn't get the property through a foreclosure."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "contract"? Answer: A contract is an agreement; a bargain. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A "contract" is an agreement; a bargain. In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on telephoning, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered I have been in the embroidery business for the last three years, and have made a very good success. When our country went to war my partner enlisted and left me alone with our business. Through no fault of mine the embroidery business dropped so badly that one cannot make a living out of it any more. Have worked this business up to \$20,000 a year on no capital. Before this I was selling men's clothing on the road, and also made a success of this, but merchants in this line are not taking up any more money on account of the conditions in the women's market. Now I must take a chance, particularly as I am married. Am thirty-two, so of course, over the draft. I have advertised continually for a month, but have not as yet received a reply from automobile accessories, canvassing, etc. What would you suggest, or do you know where I should go for a position? I can queue myself well, manage or take charge of a department. Before you finally decide to get out of your own business, are you so absolutely sure that you couldn't sell domestic brooderies? Is it not possible that the trade channels have merely changed instead of ceasing to exist? This class of people who formerly bought luxuries have ceased to do so, but those same articles are now being bought by people who previously never had money to buy in that pleasure. Isn't it possible that this might apply to your business? If the regular stores to which you sold your goods have no call for your articles, perhaps there are some other stores that would buy. You can sell these things by mail. I suggest that you do not give up your business until you have even thought of these various channels. You say you are a salesman. As you know, the salesman first and foremost, is definite to sell. Now what kind of service have you had? What class of people can buy that service? When you have answered these questions call personally on those persons who can buy your services. Of course, it would be a good idea to advertise in this paper for a position as a salesman, but you should not call personally on the people you want to work for and put up such a good sales talk as will get the will to give you a good jobbing house as a good place for you?

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER"—She Wanted Something Substantial



WATER! BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER!



BUT YOU HAVE ONE GLASS--WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ANOTHER?



I WANT TO STRENGTHEN THIS SOUP!



Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co. By HAYWARD "Well," he said Ophele brisly, "let's see what her new daughter can do." She had done as well as the brown and golden triumph in pairs, the frosting-crowned cake and the tempting doughnuts were samples of her skill. A respectful little bustle revealed a girl, who swung herself down beside the horsehair rocker. "Mother Bassett, you get your bonnet and come over to that sale this minute! We'll have them whether you're falling or not! I'll tell them just what you did—yes, 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!" Mrs. Bassett laughed at me, but somehow I felt—Melinda smoothed the brown hair gently. "We women-folk rest our brains queer notions sometimes, dearie," she said.