

THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

READ THIS FIRST Evelyn Preston, returning to her home in Washington unexpectedly...

THEN READ THIS

EVELYN shot a half-frenzied glance at him, then curbing her hot temper which his censorious air and manner invariably aroused, she answered cheerily...

"Maynard in town!" exclaimed Burnham in pleased surprise. "Not only in town, but he is stopping at our house..."

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"We didn't come together," she explained. "Mrs. Ward only arrived this afternoon..."

"Yes," prompted Burnham, and his restless glance passed from one companion to the other. "You reached..."

"Found at last," laughed the actor. "Evelyn, you told me to meet you at the Shoreham and I have been waiting there until it dawned on me to try this hotel..."

"Marian, have you met Mr. Maynard—Mrs. Van Ness?" asked Evelyn. "Yes," replied Palmer, accepting another cigar from Burnham...

"All architects are busy these days," replied Palmer, accepting another cigar from Burnham. "In fact, every one is busy..."

"Marian, directly addressed, looked up from the bread pellets she was arranging in a neat pile before her. "Well rather, we work night and day..."

"It must be a terrific strain," acknowledged Maynard. "So much responsibility rests on the State Department..."

"Washington is a changed city," he stated. "The Shoreham reminded me particularly of Paris in its military appearance..."

"I have finished," As she spoke she rose and Maynard also stood up. "Wait a minute," remonstrated...

"Well all right," she replied and sat silent. "Detective Mitchell, sir, of the Central Office," he said politely

Nodding assent, the actor sped on his errand, leaving the others to follow more slowly...

"We are right in your neighborhood," he said as Palmer drew back. "The car can leave you after it has taken us home..."

"Perhaps," suggested Evelyn. "It would expedite matters to soup for Doctor Hayden..."

"Good idea," he said shortly. "I hope I am not crowding you, Evelyn..."

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need Doctor Hayden," and, turning, he accompanied Maynard up the steps...

"The doctor's here, sir," and Maynard was quick to detect the faint, very faint, trace of accent in the man's subdued voice...

"Burnham faced about and called to Palmer: "Don't wait, Palmer, thanks; Hayden is here. See you tomorrow..."

"Come in the billiard room, Maynard," he said turning to his companion. "We might as well have a game until Hayden comes down..."

"Just a moment, sir," broke in Jones, the butler. "There's several gentlemen waiting to see you..."

To Evelyn the day had seemed never ending; she had gone out for part of the morning, returned for luncheon and afterward had attempted to rest...

"I can't help it—I want to ask you something, Gilbert. Will you please tell me how you spent this morning?"

"I spent this morning, Miss Meade, in the best current business. I was going on the pleasant mission today..."

"The day dragged horribly and early in the afternoon she pleaded an excuse to go back to town and fled to the refuge of her own home, where she could think calmly..."

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE PICTURE BOOK HOUSE

By Kitty Parsons

POLLY got off the train at Hillside and started off at a brisk pace for Evelyn's house. It was a pretty suburb, and she and Gilbert wanted to live there as long as they were married...

"Not far from Evelyn's she noticed a man and a girl laughing and talking together on the opposite side of the street. There was something familiar about the man's back..."

"Why, it's Gilbert!" cried Polly. "How funny for him to be here." She was about to call to him when the girl turned and reached the car...

"Polly was stupefied for a minute. Then she hurried away and reached Evelyn's house at the same time that she could hardly speak..."

"Who lives in that darling little picture-book house, around the corner from you, Evelyn—its so adorable?" "Evelyn King—she's a wonder, and all the more so because she's in the interest of some man in town though, I hear..."

Polly groaned inwardly. Gilbert had to be right here, the first of the going on the pleasant mission today...

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--ByDaddy THE VANISHING FISH

(Billy Belgium goes into a fishing contest with Kingfisher, Blue Heron and Lonesome Bear. With Peggy and Pat, a red-headed boy, he is catching fish rapidly when a great pull on his line threatens to drag him into the river.)

The Fishers Are Fished THE fish, or whatever was on the line, gave a tug so powerful it jerked Billy off his feet. He tumbled on his stomach, but still he clung to his rod. Then, to the astonishment of Peggy and Pat, he began to slide toward the river...

"Grab me!" panted Billy. Pat seized his legs and tried vainly to hold him back. Then Peggy grabbed Pat and the three put all their strength against the mysterious force at the other end of the line. They couldn't see what it was, for the line ran around a bend just below them, but they felt that it must be a monster.

"G-g-gosh!" gasped Billy. "I guess there is a whale in this river after all." Peggy thought so, too, for what other fish could pull so powerfully!

Peggy and Pat braced themselves against the roots of a tree, and for a moment they held fast. Then the line suddenly slackened, and they tumbled over backward. But Billy still clung to his pole and Pat lunged to Billy, and Peggy clung to Pat. Just as suddenly as it had slackened the line grew taut again, dragging the three over the grass, scotching down the bank and into the water with a tremendous splash.

Whoosh-sh-sh! roared the water past their ears. Whish-sh-sh! it rushed into their eyes and blinded them. Gurgles and splashes filled the air.

"That's too much to ask of any one. You can take your time, I'm not going to marry you now. If you can't tell me the whole truth I'm through with you forever."

"Polly, you're not serious—darling! But Polly was half way upstairs by this time, and a downy haze on the floor above was his only answer."

"The next two weeks were the worst that Polly Meade had ever known. She was utterly and altogether miserable. One day she met Evelyn down town. "Polly, how are you? It's an age since I've seen you. Why don't you come down and spend a few days with me? I'd love to have you."

"I'd love to—so hot here." "Come tomorrow—I'm doing to talk to you. She looked at the time to go to the office, and she remembered that she had a date with a girl named Lucy King's house. You can't deny it."

"Polly was confused. She had not heard from Gilbert, and she could not believe he would marry the other girl without telling her first. She felt that she didn't care, but it was hard work."

A motor horn interrupted her thoughts and she looked up quickly and saw a small roadster directly in front of her. There were two men in it—Gilbert and the picture book house girl. They did not notice Polly particularly, and she hurried across the street with quickly averted face.

"The next day she went to Hillside, Gilbert and the picture book house girl were not likely to be there, she thought. "You look a wreck, Polly," said Evelyn, sympathetically. "Do lie down and rest, because I want you to be nice and fresh for dinner. Dick's bringing a friend home with him."

Evelyn was so persistently talkative that Polly was given time to think of herself. At 5 she sent her hostess off to dress, and covering her own dainty gown with a gingham apron, went down to struggle with the roast for dinner. She did not want to meet the stranger, but she rather liked looking.

"Well, Polly Meade," called Dick Allen, popping his head in the door, "so you're keeping the best of things, are you? I'm glad to hear it. She thought she didn't care, but it was hard work."

"I'm Polly, of course. Evelyn knows, but I wouldn't let her tell you till I was sure the girl was married. Won't you live in that little house with me, Polly? We've had so much trouble over it."

"Oh, I don't deserve it," Gilbert said. "I'm so ashamed of myself, I can't explain now, but I promise you I will in a week or two. Won't you trust me?"

"That's too much to ask of any one. You can take your time, I'm not going to marry you now. If you can't tell me the whole truth I'm through with you forever."

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"And some one has taken all our fish!" added Billy

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION Betterly as a Scarcero

BETTERLY turned up this morning driving a racy little car. I spotted him at once from what Duke had told me.

"He's a quiet-looking chap, but when you begin to talk to him you realize that he never misses anything."

"Good morning," I greeted him, "you are Mr. Betterly?" "Yes—Mr. Flint."

"O. K.—I guess we've got each other's number," I laughed. "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

"It will be for me if that cop got my number—a ten-dollar fine day—I came so fast that I almost broke the Sabbath."

Duke strolled up and clipped in. "Some day, Betterly, you'll meet some one who won't stand for your damnable puns."

He turned to me and added quietly: "On the rear lawn, Peter, you'll see the trio—with Boardman talking like a soldier Kentucky Judge, and Blood and Carpenter listening so hard that their ears are sticking out—go and but in."

I strolled through the house and out on to the rear lawn through the big French windows of the dining hall.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Boardman jumped slightly and the other two looked anxious. "Any of you gentlemen going swimming today? Mr. Boardman, can you loan you one of Mr. Duke's bathing suits—I think it's big enough for you."

He looked uncomfortable and excused himself saying: "I don't care to swim, thanks—must leave that for you—youngsters."

Blood lit a cigarette. "I understand Mr. Duke came last night. Mr. Boardman hasn't seen him as yet. Is he around?"

"Yes, he's here, but is with a Mr. Betterly from New York."

"Betterly?" said Boardman sharply. "a guest, I suppose?" "Yes and no," I casually answered, "I think he's interested in the place."

"But," broke in Carpenter, "Mr. Duke asked us to take up the old place."

"I can't say as to that, for I don't know what you gentlemen have agreed to do—but there is Duke now." He and Betterly came through the orchard. Duke talking and pointing to the house. "Oh, Peter," called out Duke, "will you show Mr. Betterly the interior of the house for me?"

"But Miss Carstairs will, and I presume you will place it before her." Again Duke shook his head.

"Then I shall have to," Boardman smiled as he made his implied threat. "No good, Mr. Boardman—I've a better offer already."

"Mr. Carpenter agrees with me that the property isn't worth anything like the ridiculous price you asked. Don't you, Mr. Carpenter?"

"Carpenter half agreed rather shamefacedly. "I wasn't thinking of Mr. Carpenter," Duke calmly said.

"I find perhaps it's a good thing for Miss Carstairs that he didn't accept my offer."

Blood looked decidedly worried at this and blurted out: "I don't agree with Mr. Boardman. I think it is worth much more than thirty-five thousand."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "corporation"? Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A contractor is one who engages to do certain work or furnish goods at fixed rates; a public supply agent.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered What are the possibilities of a future for a male stenographer who does not want to stay in a rut and will work hard to educate and advance himself in life? Is it true that only one out of every hundred persons (who take the stenography course) pass the right exams to qualify for a C. P. A.?

I would like to have you send me a list of books which can help me on the following subjects, and which can be borrowed at a public library if possible:

How to develop a good memory. The cultivating of a pleasing personality. Tact, force of character and the ability to meet and converse with business men and to make a favorable impression.

I do not want to encourage you to do it, but I wish to say that you cannot spare me by sending me a fifteen-year reading course. A. S.

If the good stenographer will take some secretarial courses and then take a course in business he is fitting himself to be a corporation secretary. In that way he is putting himself in direct line with the more important and better paid executive work.

I should say that about three in a hundred is the number that pass the examination for C. P. A.'s in New York state. I am sending you by separate mail list of books which you requested, and I hope that they prove helpful to you.

Professor of Unconsidered Trifles

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Miss O'Flage Keeps Good Hours

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co. By HAYWARD



IF I FOXED ONE TROT LAST NIGHT I DID A HUNDRED! MY FEET KNOW IT! FIVE DANCES IN A WEEK! OH WELL, I'M YOUNG!

HO HUM I COULD YAWN MY HEAD OFF!

MISS O'FLAGE, DID YOU SEE THAT WONDERFUL SUNRISE THIS MORNING?

SUNRISE? WHY I'M ALWAYS IN BED BEFORE SUNRISE!

As Evelyn set down her goblet of water a page stopped at her elbow. "A telephone has just come from your butler, Miss Preston," he explained, "to ask you to return home. He said Mrs. Ward was quite ill."

"I have finished," As she spoke she rose and Maynard also stood up. "Wait a minute," remonstrated...

"Why can't I admit my inability to earn a large salary as readily as I admit that I don't like music?"