THE THREE STRINGS

room, Palmer, jump in."

Doctor Hayden."

Copyright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, Public Ledger Company

READ THIS FIRST

Evelyn Preston, returning to her Washington unexpectedly, inds the house deserted, and after in interval of several hours finds a lead man in the library. He wasn't here when she arrived. The Coroner, summoned, says the man has been dead twelve hours—ten hours before discovery. Evelyn declares the library bell rang a few min-utes before sile found the body. Those present at the investigation Penfield the Coroner: Hayden. the family physician; Maynard, a friend of the family; Mrs, Ward, the housekeeper, and Evelyn. Evelyn's stepfather, Peter Burnham, in an exemely nervous and irritable condi-on, meets his friend, James Palr, in the restaurant of a Washtel, where they are presentfrom hotel, where they are present-friend by Evelyn and Marion an Ness, her friend. Evelyn and her stepfather are surprised to see each other, and Burnham is further surprised to hear they have a guest.
"Another guest?" he asks "Whom do you mean?"

THEN READ THIS

EVELYN shot a half-resentful glance at him, then curbing her hot temper which his censorious air and manner invariably aroused, she answered cheerily. "None other than your old friend, Dan Maynard."

"Maynard in town!" exclaimed urnham in pleased surprise.

"Not only in town, but he is stoping at our house," rattled on Evelyn. noting with some surprise that Marian had permitted her "Honey-dew" melon to be taken away uneaten. "The servants are putting the house in order."

"Upon my word!" Burnham polished his eyeglasses and looked through them at Evelyn. "Where is Mrs.

"Ill," tersely. "Dr. Hayden is looking after her; and Marian is coming back to help me take care of her." Burnham stared at his stepdaughter.

"Mrs. Ward ill-what next? When did you and she arrive in Washington. Palmer, stopping his exchange of

Evelyn and her expression caused his interest to quicken. Evelyn was not used to subterfuge and the look she had favored her stepfather with was dicative of her feelings. "We didn't come together," she ex-

plained. "Mrs. Ward only arrived this afternoon, while I reached the house She stopped to help herself to beefsteak and several vegetables.

"Yes," prompted Burnham, and his restless glance passed from one companion to the other. "You reached -" A hand was laid on his shoulder and Maynard cut into the conversa-

"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. How are you, Burnham. and Palmer, too," shaking hands as the men rose.

"Marian, have you met Mr. May nard-Mrs. Van Ness?" asked Evelyn. and Maynard turned to encounter a pair of dark brown eyes raised to him in earnest appeal. The next instant Marian's hand was taken in a warm clasp and slowly released as Palmer made room for Maynard to sit be

you back to this country, Maynard?"

hands full at the State Department, murmured. Mrs. Van Ness."

listeners, and Marian's heart beat fast fore the Burnham residence,

be stated. "The Shoreham reminded out and, not waiting to see what be- straightened up. me particularly of Paris in its mili. came of the others, she caught Marian tary appearance, except that the uni. by the elbow and hurried her into the stated. forms are not worn and faded. By the house and upstairs. way, Burnham, among the French officers I met there was Rene La Monlin leaving the car. "Wait a second, Palmer," he said, "I'll send word if we since Evelyn Preston's discovery of "CONTINUED T

"Rene!" The startled exciamation aped Evelyn before she could check it; and her confusion was so great that she failed to observe the owered looks of two of her comnions. Burnham and Palmer exchanged glances, then their eyes droped to their cigars and they smoked

As Evelyn set down her goblet of vater a page stopped at her elbow. telephone has just come from

d, "to ask you to return home. said Mrs. Ward was quite ill." Evelyn pushed aside her plate. "I'll at once," she announced. "But

butler, Miss Preston," he ex-

rest of you need not come until

an rose and Maynard also tossed

is napkin and stood up.

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

in securing a seven-passenger car, lous faced butler who had been on and Burnham bundled his party into the outlook for the car and opened it with small ceremony.

Left and started on at a brisk pace for tor Hayden's soothing influence and tor Hayden's soothing influence and stored butler who had been on the outlook for the car and opened the front door when it first drew up effectual check to the servants' in-"We are right in your neighbor to the curb.

"the car can leave you after it has nard was quick to detect the faint. ian Van Ness, in lieu of a trained taken us home. There's plenty of very faint trace of accent in the nurse, had spent the night with the man's subdued voice.

would expedite matters to stop for Palmer: "Don't wait. Palmer, thanks; ence of bromides and toward morning hath "If he is not at your house I can and he waved his hand in farewell at hours Marian had thrown herself on inside go for him and bring him right over," the car moved off.

"Good idea." he said shortly. "I panion. "We might as well have a partment. hope I am not crowding you. Evelyn?" game until Hayden comes down-

ing room for him on the back seat. the butler. "There's several gentle-"Oh, no," she replied and sat silent, men waiting to see you."

clination to hysteria, Burnham's temper, and Evelyn's nervousness. Marian Van Ness, in lieu of a trained nurse, had spent the night with the hood," he said as Palmer drew back. "The doctor's here, sir," and May- per, and Evelyn's nervousness, Marhousekeeper. Mrs. Ward, who had funny for him to be here." "Perhaps," suggested Evelyn, "it Burnham faced about and called to finally quieted down under the influ-Hayden is here. See you tomorrow," slept heavily. In the few remaining giri the couch in the housekeeper's sitting answered Palmer, and Burnham "Come in the billiard room, Mayagreed.

"Come in the billiard room, Maynard," he said turning to his comgoing to her work at the State Despeak.

"We might as well lave a

To Evelyn the day had seemed as she shrank against Marian in mak- "Just a moment, sir," broke in Jones. never ending; she had gone out for never ending; she had gone out for part of the morning, returned for luncheon and afterward had attempt- learning to the men are craxy about her. She's interested in some man in town though, I hear. part of the morning, returned for less to remain long in one place, and told her the night before that he was less to remain long in one place, and shout 4 o'clock in the afternoon she he must have meant seeing this girl. found herself in the drawing-room gaz ing moodily out of the window, her knitting needles for once idle in her lap. The entrance of Jones with the tea roused her from her contemplation but of the closed house of her opposite



"Detective Mitchell, sir, of the Central Office," he said politely

**Wy wife will be delighted to know you have arrived in Washington," said Burnham. "She was overjoyed when your telegram came stating you might get here any moment. What brings set here any moment. What brings set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here any moment is a set here any moment. What brings set here any moment is a set here and the cool night air which fanned tried to dinner."

A man standing in the shadow of the drawing-room door came forward.

"Not many people are back yet, and whith angry tears.

"I won't stay in this losse anoth minute these way on any then said politicly." I was sent the tearward and then said politicly. "I was sent the tearward and then said politicly." I was sent the tearward and there is a self face to face with ner exchange.

"I won't stay in this losse anoth minute these you go. I saw you against the tearward and then said politicly." The section is a self face to face with ner you come here."

"I was invited to dinner."

"Not in this section, Miss Evelyn."

answered the butler, wheeling forward the tearward and there is a self face to face with ner you come here."

"I was invited to dinner."

"I won't stay in this losse anoth minute these you go. I saw you go. I get here any moment. What brings to back to this country, Maynard?"
"War work," began Maynard. "No, no soup," he broke off to say to the walter. "Bring me whatever Miss walter. "Bring me whatever Miss and his cheery smite gave her. Suddenly she caught Maynards eyes and his cheery smite gave her led in a gainst Maynard. "Who is he?"

**Tucia King was in Oshkosh, visit-nest of tables from which he extracted the butler, wheeling forward the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here this afternoon."

**A man found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the same gar."

**Lucia King was in Oshkosh, visit-nest of tables from which he extracted the butler, wheeling forward the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here this afternoon."

**No. In the same gar."

**No. In the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the sudden summons found dead here: "shouted the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a out to dinner, but the same gar."

**No. In the tea-wagon and then going for a shouted th get here any moment. What brings her up at her apartment to take her to investigate the case of the man the tea-wagon and then going for a Preston has ordered. Palmer, I hear a sense of comfort. As the car turned "We don't know," acknowledged ness part and the other streets just brought sou have your hands full with governing to establish the contracts for executing temporary contracts for executing temporary.

ne is busy. I imagine you have your away. "I am very comfortable," she head.

up from the bread pellets she was preference to trusting his weight on him." suggested Mitchell. "We have arranging in a neat pile before her, one of the small pivot chairs in the brought the body down into the bilwell rather, we work night and day." tonneau of the machine, addressed liard room preparatory to taking it to during the day, but he was too well Eco "It must be a terrific strain," ac. Burnham several times, but apparently the morgue." knowledged Maynard. "So much re. his words were drowned in the rush sponsibility rests on the State Depart- of wind occasioned by the speed of did not comprehend what the detective ed harping on the subject. Being of ment." There was a haunting quality the car, for Burnham made no re was saying, and but for Maynard's in Maynard's voice which, no matter sponse. A short time later the car guiding hand he would not have found how trivial his remark, impressed his drew up to the curb, and stopped be his way into the room. The body lay on

memory of other scenes rose to Maynard was the first one out of the Stepping forward. Mitchell pulled terment her, but her manner indicated machine and turned at once to help down the sheet, signing to Burnham only polite attention and after a frac. Marian. For a brief second her hand to step nearer, and both he and Maytion of a second Maynard continued rested lightly on his arm, then was nard watched Burnham as he bent removed as she sprang to the sidewark, over the body. After what seemed "Washington is a changed city," Evelyn was no less quick in getting an interminable time to Maynard, he

Burnham was slower than the others

ment contracts for erecting temporary office buildings here and at cantonments."

"All architects are busy these days," "All architects are busy these days," teplied Palmer, accepting another gigar from Burnham. "In fact, every the is busy; I imagine you have your the is busy; I imagine you have your the image of the matter tonight."

"Author of the image of the matter tonight." tablish his identity. Your steplants that is chilly. "It's polly of course. Evelyn knows, bank think is an ectic the matter tonight."

"It's polly of course. Evelyn knows, bank the teacups as she rearranged them. "In fact, every the had many the pople. Has Mr. Burnham returned yet, Miss?"

"I don't think so." Evelyn rattled to the detective solicitously. "You have no extra wrap and the night air is chilly."

"Are you warm enough?" he asked solicitously. "You have no extra wrap and the night air is chilly."

"Are you warm enough?" he asked solicitously. "You have no extra wrap and the night air is chilly."

"Are you quite positive, Jones, that wide-eyed. Suddenly he took out his handkerchief and mopped his fore head.

"Are you quite positive, Jones, that handkerchief and mopped his fore head."

"Onlice buildings here and at canton ward and addressed Marian Van Ness.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked daughter found him in the library."

"I don't think so." Evelyn "is but it would! I was married. Won't you wide-eyed. Suddenly he took out his handkerchief and mopped his fore head.

"Onlice buildings here and at canton ward and addressed Marian Van Ness.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked with people. Has Mr. Burnham returned yet, Miss."

"I don't think so." Evelyn "

"Is polly of course. Evelyn knows, but it would! I was married. Won't you will enough!" had used the matter tonight."

"It's polly of course. Evelyn knows, but it would! I was married. Won't you will enough!" had used the teacups as she rearranged them.

"On I don't deserve it. Gilbert."

"On I don't deserve it. Gilbert."

"On I don't deserve it. Gilbert."

"On I don't deserve it.

Palmer, who had chosen to take "Palmer, who had chosen to take "Palmer, "An unknown man?" Marian, directly addressed, looked the vacant seat by the chaufteur in you may be able to help us identify one called, Miss."

> It seemed almost as if Burnham the billiard table covered by a sheet.

"I have no idea who he is." Burnham

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

A Question of Time

Jones had made the same answer to gotten all about the roast in the oven. the same question at least six times The next complete nevelette-"Esther trained a servant to betray his curia somewhat morbid tendency he, of all the household, had been the only one to get some entertainment out of the tragedy. The presence of the physicians, morgue attendants and detectives had thrilled him beyond words; he had never hoped to participate in a humble degree in what promised to be a mystifying and un usual case of sudden death.

"Doctor Hayden went upstairs to see Mrs. Ward just now," he said finding that Evelyn asked no more questions. She looked up quickly and

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE PICTURE BOOK

HOUSE By Kitty Parsons

Nodding assent, the actor sped on need Doctor Hayden," and, turning, he the dead man, and the Burnham househis errand, leaving the others to fol- accompanied Maynard up the steps. hold had returned somewhat to its low more slowly. He was fortunate His words were overheard by the anx. normal condition, chiefly through Doc-

She was about to call to him when he turned and followed the girl up the nath to a little white house. Then, the tirl took a key from her pocket and locked the door and they disappeared Polly was sturned for a minute. Then

"Who lives in that darling little

ure-book house, around the corner from ou. Evic-it's so adorable?" ture-b

The day dragged horribly, and early in the afternoon she pleaded an excuse to go back to town and fled to the reclusion of her own bouse, where she could think ealmly. She never wanted

see tillbert again, she told berself; when he called, she hurried down

"What's up. Pollykins-you're as frosty as an keberg?" "I can't help it—I want to ask you something, Gilbert. Will you please tell me how you spent this morning?"

"Well, I can't believe it because w you in Hillsdale—going into Luck ing's house. You can't deny it." "You don't say so I never though you'd be out this morning. But it's all right, dear I can't explain now but I promise yea! I will in a week or two Won't you trust me T.

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

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-it's se hot here." "Come tomorrow—I'm dying to talk you, Sue Leland's engaged and Lucia

ng's married -I've forgotten his nam I'll have to run now. Good-by, dear 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 tried to think she didn't care, hu; it was hard work.

A motor horn interrupted her thoughts and she looked up quickly and saw a and she looked up quickly and saw a small roadster directly in front of her There were two passengers—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 Even, sympathetically. "Do lie down and lyn, sympathetically. 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 little time to berself. 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 cooking.

"Well, Polly Meade," called Dick Allen, popping his head in the door, "so you're keeping the home fires burn-ing while my wife is gadding about? I'll leave you a friend to entertain while I hunt for her. Be nice to him."

"Quite. Miss. I followed your in structions and stayed where I could hear the telephone bell if it rang; no has able to help us identify one called. Miss."

while I was out this include.

"Quite. Miss. I followed your in structions and stayed where I could hear the telephone bell if it rang; no has able to help us identify one called. Miss."

black and with agree with her, and after a while convinced her that he did. When Evelyn came in a few minutes have been picture book house, but they had for-picture book house, but they had for-picture book house, but they had for-picture book house, but they had to yen.

FORSYTHIA

Whene'er I see, Forsythia Thy fresh and spring-like face, know the sun has run with thee A swift and joyous race,

It set the pace, Forsythia. And with a pleasant grin, Just watched you in your errant grace,

And, watching, let you win

For siththe, dear Forsythia, Thou sweet, with pansy eyes. Thy blossoms, it is very clear, Are Springtime's sweetest prize. GRIF ALEXANDER.

-:-

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy (Billy Belgium goes into a fishing

contest with Kingfisher, Bine 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

The Fishers Are Fished

THE fish, or whatever was on the line. I 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 strangth against the mysterious force at the other end of the line. They couldn't see what must be a monster.

fish could pull so powerfully!

moment they held fast. Then the line thought flashed into Peggy's mind that over backward. But Billy still clung the deepest water it would turn around to his pole and Pat clung to Billy, and and swallow them. Peggy clung to Pat. Just as suddenly as it had slackened the line grew taut they sped across the current and up on again, dragging the three over the the shore again, wallowing through mud grass, scooting down the bank and into and weeds. What kind of a fish was Whoosh-sh-sh? roared the water past ran over the land?

heir cars. Whish-sh-sh! it rushed into In among the bushes they switched their eyes and blinded them. Gurgle- helter-skelter, their eyes so filled with way in which the fish come back.)



urgle-urgle! it poured down their throats.

was, for the line ran around a bend would be left struggling in the swift just below them, but they felt that it current. Where they were going they couldn't see, but they were certainly "G-g-gosh!" gasped Billy. "I guess on their way somewhere. Swish, splash. there is a whale in this river after all." they whisked across the stream, around Peggy thought so, too, for what other the bend, then across another broad. deep stretch of the river, so swiftly they Peggy and Pat braced themselves didn't have time to sink. Indeed, they against the roots of a tree, and for a scarcely had time to be scared, but the suddenly slackened, and they tumbled perhaps when the fish got them into

Instead of this happening, however, the river with a tremendous splash. this that jumped out of the water and

water and mud they couldn't look ahead Around stumps and through the shrubbery they sped to the very hole where they had been fishing, and then, splash, they plunged into the river a second time.

But now the pull on the line ceased bruptly. They began to sink in the deep pool, but Pat seized Peggy by the arm and swam with her to the shore. Billy followed, swimming with one hand while he clung to his precious pole with the other.

The first thought of all three when they gained the land was to capture the big fish that had given them such & startling ride. Billy reeled in the line rapidly, feeling only a light tugging at the other end. They could see something swirling on the hook, but it was not until Billy jerked it clear out of the water and out upon the land that they discovered what it was. Then all three

At the end of the line, firmly hooked

"Gee whillickers, that turtle sure is stronger than it looks!" gasped Billy. "It must be a charmed turtle, that

can become big or little at will." whispered Pat. "Nonsense," said Peggy, very posi-

fish," added Billy, holding up their empty baskets.

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

MANSION

Betterly as a Scarcerou

DETTERLY turned up this morning D driving a racy little car. I spotted him at once from what Duke had told fer offer already."

"He's a quiet-looking chap, but when hat he never misses anything." "Good morning," I greeted him, "you

ire Mr. Betterly?" "Yes-Mr. Flint?" "O. K .- I guess we've got each other's

umber." I laughed. "It's a fine day, "It will be for me if that cop got offer." my number—a ten-dollar fine day—I . Blood looked decidedly worried at this but I wish to say that you cannot scare me came so fast that I almost broke the and blurted out:

sabbath. Some day, Betterly, you'll meet some five thousand." one who won't stand for your damnable Duns.

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

f strolled through the house and out Dick disappeared and Polly found her-on to the rear lawn through the big self face to face with her ex-flance.

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

you." He looked uncomfortable and excused

imself saying: 'I don't care to swim, thanks-must eave that for you-youngsters." Blood lit a cigarette. "I understand

man hasn't seen him as yet. Is he wise have known that you had to pay around?" "Yes, he's here, but is with a Mr.

Betterly from New York." 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."

Duke talking and pointing to the house, be entirely ignored. "Oh. Peter," called out Duke, "will

the house for me?" I led off the obedient Betterly as Duke introduced himself to Boardman. sire to put on a swell front among his happened, as Duke was busy with one when one lacks a shirt, the other. One evening, however, Duke came into my bedroom and told me the story.

Boardman told him bluntly that he could buy "The Barracks" for \$35,000 disagreeable surmise that it is a shortright away and would give Duke extra for his work, so that Miss Carstairs could get ten thousand clear out

"Perhaps not." answered Boardman, no desire for sudden wealth, though I

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY 1"but Miss Carstairs will, and I presume | In this space Mr. Whitehead will an-Duke shook his head.

"Then I shall have to." Boardman smiled as he made his implied threat. "No good, Mr. Boardman-I've a bet-

the property isn't worth anything like you begin to talk to him you realize the ridiculous price you asked. Don't take the evening course) pass the rigid you, Mr. Carpenter?" Carpenter half agreed rather shame-

"Mr. Carpenter agrees with me that

facedly. "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

"I don't agree with Mr. Boardman. I Duke strolled up and chipped in, think it is worth much more than thirty-

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is a "corporation"? Ausicer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-NESS QUESTION "contractor" is one tcho engages to do certain work or furnish goods at fixed rates; a public supply

you will place it before her." Again swer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered

What are the possibilities of a future for 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 hurdred persons (who

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 meet and converse with business men and to make a favorable impression.

I do not want to encourage you to do it.

by sending me a fifteen-year reading course 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.

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 hun-

dred 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.

THE Professor of Unconsidered Trifles | have sometimes thought of it as a re-

remarked, "When I was giving Uncle sand dollars if I had it. But anything Sam what I owed of my income tax the beyond that sum would be an embarother day I was desperately afraid that rassment. It might be that after I had the man in front of me and the man behind me would find out how very little

I had to pay," "Bragging again!" said the Peripa-Mr. Duke came last night, Mr. Board- tetic Philosopher, "We would not other-

any income tax." "This disclosed to me a mean trait "Betterly?" sa'd Boardman sharply: fessor, ignoring the interruption, "that I guilty of, if the occasion for it arose, had aforetime suspected. I am ashamed

of my lack of earning power." "Don't worry unless your wife does,"

said the Poet. But the Professor, having started, was "I can't say as to that, for I don't not to be switched from his topic. "A know what you gentlemen have agreed man's earning power," he went on, "is to do-but there is Duke now." He and a near relation. If it is a poor relation Betterly came through the orchard, it must either be frankly treated as such or turned into a rich relation. It cannot

"To be ashamed of a poor relation you show Mr. Betterly the interior of simply because he is poor is to be a question. It may be so, If it is so "What makes a man a snob? The de-

il was some days before I heard what acquaintances. The sporting of a dickey "Frankly, this discovery about myself annoys and alarms me. It betrays a

disinclination to recognize one of my

\$2000 coming on my part that it is incumbent is, suppose I am a newspaper. I'm upon me to correct. This I am quite willing to expend any amount of effort unwilling to admit. "Let me make myself clear. I have

By HAYWARD

Professor of Unconsidered Trifles helped himself to the marmalade and idea of what I would do with fifty thougrown accustomed to that amount T

might be willing to take on some more.

but from where I stand it seems unlikely."

"Try me," said the Philosopher. "Studying the matter dispassionately." went on the Professor, "I think I can absolve myself of any desire for money in my character," went on the Pro- just as money. What I think I could be would be a certain amount of pride in

ability to earn a lot of it." "That," said the Poet, "bars you from politics, where a man either gets more than he earns or much less than he would be able to earn elsewhere."

"Better try politics, Professor," said "Mayhap," said the Professor, and resumed his discourse. "To say that

some men get more than they earn and that some get less is to beg the there must be a reason for it. And there is. If I have 'the goods' and I fancy I do one or two things rather well, I must lack salesmanship, I must lack the ability to 'put it over.'

"Why not admit it? "Certain efficiency experts will jump in to make the question read, 'Why no correct it?

"Well, since a man is what his work to make myself a better newspaper, but I'll be darned if I'm going to waste time trying to boost my circulation. If I become so good a newspaper that my circulation increases I shall be grateful and happy, but I am offering no premiums and seeking no new subscribers

the Philosopher. "None whatever," admitted the Pro-"I am not complaining. I am trying to find out why I am ashamed to let people know how little I earn. "I am not ashamed of some other shortcomings. I detest music and I never have hesitated to let the fact be

Then you have no kick coming," said

known, though it damns me among many people of culture. "There is something lacking in me so far as music is concerned; something imperfectly developed so far as pictures are concerned. I love to see a tree but take no joy in a picture of a tree. I am not dead to all art. Joyce Kilmer's poem about a tree moves me

to tearful reverence. Why can't I admit my inability to earn z large salary as readily in 2

IF I FOXED ONE TROT LAST NIGHT I MISS OFLAGE, DID SUNRISE? WHY I'M DID A HUNDRED! MY FEET KNOW IT! COULD YAWN YOU SEE THAT WONDERFUL ALWAYS IN BED FIVE DANCES IN A WEEK! OH WELL MY HEAD OFF SUNRISE THIS MORNING? BEFORE SUNRISE! JIM YOUNG ! !

.:-

THE VANISHING FISH

fish!" added Billy

gave a cry of astonishment. was a tiny mud-turtle.

tively. "That turtle couldn't drag a little doll, much less three big children Some one has been up to shenanigans." "And some one has taken all our

"The place strely is bewitched," de-

(Tomorrow will be told the strange