right, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co. READ THIS FIRST

La Montagne, who inquires for Van Ness apartments. Burn-m shouts: "That damned French-n did it!" and falls unconscious. mer goes to the Van Ness apart-it and Maynard goes with him. y are known to Miss Van Ness d their call appears to be merely ial. They find La Montagne and elyn there. Palmer, in love with elyn, is infuriated. Maynard etyn, is infuriated. Maynard identally upsets a sheaf of pers from a table.

## NOW READ THIS

THEY are the papers I carried home for you and carelessly left La Montagne, "I, fearing I might not meet you so immediately, asked Miss ton that she take them in charge. trust my walkaway with the papers d not distress you, Madame Van

Marian's smile was very charming. "You have not inconvenienced me." he said. "The papers were unimportant. Must you be going?" she added swiftly, seeing Palmer rise. The archiect, surprised by the question, stared t her in some confusion; he had imply risen because he was too nervus to sit still longer. Maynard, misaking Palmer's confusion for hesiancy, rose also.

"We must be off," he said. "Just pped in for a friendly chat. Can't see you home, Evelyn?"

"Thanks, Mr Maynard, but I am nding the night with Marian. Are you going also?" as La Montagne seeing the two men remained standing. rose to his feet. Before the Frenchman could answer her question, Maynard spoke for him.

"We are going to carry off Rene." he laughed. "Don't begrudge us the privilege of a talk about France, Evebn: I have messages for La Montagne, Mrs. Van Ness." His direct gaze held hers. "I hope very soon to be a neighbor of yours, as Palmer tells me there is a vacant apartment in the building. Will you let me come and see you again?"

Marian held out her hand; it remained but a second in his strong clasp, then was withdrawn. "I shall always be happy to see you and Mr. Palmer." she announced, and the infusion of Palmer's name robbed the sage of any special cordiality to faynard alone,

Palmer's reply was mingled with his bys to Evelyn; he was determined to have the last word with her, but La Montagne outmaneuvered him and. fust as the other men stepped into the corridor, he whisked back into the spartment, to return a second later to the corridor smiling happly.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed blandly Shall we take the elevator or walk?" "Watk," jerked out Palmer, his emper getting the upper hand, and La Montagne's eyebrows rose as he glanced significantly at Maynard. He vinced her that she was alone. Rais- after a lengthened pause Mrs. Burn- bed and Matilda to get up; instead nanted his companions in silence to to the next floor, where Palmer halted. "Will you please explain," he be- Mrs. Burnham walked in.

can, "why you stopped at the door of my apartment earlier this evening?" To inquire the direction of Madame Van Ness's apartment." La Montagne low and pulled the bedclothes up about ged at him in mild surprise. "I ld you so when you questioned me

'So you did: but you did not tell me you walked into my apartment out on the balcony," retorted

"But I did no such action." La Monne looked in bewilderment at Maypard standing silently by them.

"Tell us, La Montagne," began Maynd hurriedly, and thereby check-Palmer's next question, "did you d the front door of the apartment

"Do you mean opened?" Maynard "But yes, and hearing voices Tette I thought to inquire my way." quire your way," repeated Palmechanically. "I have seen you this autumn going upstairs in bedte building."

True, to visit my friend, Major tagne looked more closely at Mayrd and Palmer and their serious ner surprised him. "I fear I un intruded by stopping at risked disturbing you, but that

A man!" Palmer came closer, "Did see who he was?"

called to him to wait," went on Montagne, not answering the quesdirectly. "But he did not eviby heur my hah or my question re Madame Van Ness's apartor he did not stop."

ed. listening with eager atlooked his disappointment. you no idea who the man demanded. "It's important can you not describe the man?" that he wore the costume of a " responded the French offtook him to be a taxt-driver."

## The Telegram

on his way up the stairs to ounekseper's suite of rooms on d floor, was startled by the ted appearance of Mrs. Burn-his elbow. Absorbed in car-ic heavily laden tray without the contents he had failed to

wondering—" Mrs. Burnham paused thoughtfully; the housekeeper was indulging in a very substantial meal for one who claimed to be a seriously ill ice you come and accuse me of that."

After all my years of faithful serve ice you come and accuse me of that."

She began. "I wouldn't at thought if Ward, Jones, but see that you do not of you, Mrs. Burnham." Her face mention my comment upon her appearage worked and a few tears brimmed over

'Yes, ma'am, certainly, ma'am." stuttered Jones and hurried on his "Ste way. He stood in great awe of Mrs. ham. Burnham, whose caustic comments ing your feelings when she found him careless in his here to get facts. work had made an indelible impres-

Jonea's tap at the housekeeper's door brought a pretty chambermaid, who dimpled into a smile at sight of him. They had no opportunity to exchange plain puzzled myseif." They had no opportunity to exchange a word, for Mrs. Ward called to her to ake the tray and shut the door.

as the maid arranged the dishes
within easy reach of her hand. "Thank
you, don't wait any longer."

Walting until the pretty chambernight?" Mrs. Ward's eyelids flickered
night?" Mrs. Ward's eyelids flickered Walting until the pretty chambermaid had disappeared into the adjoining room. Mrs. Ward listened until her
sharp ears caught the click of the
latch of her sitting room door and con-

began. "I wouldn't 'a' thous you, Mrs. Burnham." Her

her eyelids and ran down on the cov "Stop crying!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham. "I have no intention of hurt-ing your feelings, Matilda; I came "Facts about what?"

"About what transpired in this ouse on Monday and Tuesday last."

"There is always a solution to a puzzle," responded Mrs. Burnham. "Answer my questions and we will take the tray and shut the door.
"Put the tray here," she directed.
tapping the chair by her bed. "That
will do," she added a moment later
as the maid arranged the dishes
"Tuesday afternoon, just after Miss

an," she remarked, inspecting the hot dishes with a critical eye.

"Mrs. Ward sent down word she particularly wanted a steak and all the rest," stammered Jones. "Cook. and I fust carried out her orders, ma'am. Shall I take off any of the dishes?"

"Oh, no; see that Mrs. Ward has every attention, Jones. I was only wondering—" Mrs. Burnham paused thoughtfully; the housekeeper was intended using.

"I am not malingering."

"I am not malingering."

"I am not malingering."

"Oh, was, you are," with stern emphasis. "And I want to know why?"

Mrs. Ward clutched the bedclothes, bending a little forward, she managed to see inside of the closet, the door of waster through the stood partly open; no one was there. Mrs. Burnham sighed. She did not like mysteries, her forte did not lie in

husband's bedroom; not finding him there, she went to her own room, and from there to her boudoir. Her hus-band dropped the newspaper he was reading and looked up impatiently as



"Stop crying!" exclaimed Mrs., Burnham. "I have no intention of hurting your feelings, Matilda. I came here

with avidity. finished the last morsel of bread when

"Good morning, Matilda," she said "Glad to see you are so cheerily Mrs. Ward settled back on her pil-

"Good morning," she replied. "It's

very good of you to come and see me so early in the morning." Mrs. Burnham, who was not noted for early rising, flushed at the housekeeper's inso-lent air; she was a woman, however, who carried the war into Africa when occasion arose, and discourtesy from a subordinate or servant instantly

aroused her resentment. "I expected to find you up, Ma-tilda," she said. "Doctor Hayden told me last evening that he had crossed you off his list of sick intents." "I know how I feel betfer than Doc-tor Hayden." responded Mrs. Ward

sullenly. "I am not able am as weak as a kitten." "I am not able to work: I "Staying in bed won't strengthen you," answered Mrsfl Burnham practi-cally. "Come, be sensible, follow Doc-

tor Hayden's orders.' "I shan't."
"But, Matilda, you can't stay in

"I can, too; until I am strong enough to get up," with sullen anger.
"I need nourishing food and rest. I've an," calmly. "He left today." La worked hard all summer, Mrs. Burn-

ham; surely you don't begrudge me a-few crumbs?" Mrs. Burnham eved her wrathfully. "You can hardly call your breakfast a 'few crumbs,' " she retorted, pointto get facts"

ir door," he said haughtily, as he ing to the empty dishes, "You have dightened himself. "I would not licked the platters clean, Matilda." a spark of humor lighting her eyes, so risked disturbing you, but that "What nonsense! Of course, I don't temper and not from temperature, un-

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

JULIA'S COMMENCEMENT

By Charlotte Trafton Smith

WAS in her junior year at high

school that the question of her com-mencement gown first began to trouble Julia King.

was merely indifference.

However, as the days went by and the girl heard over and over the foolishly extravagant plans of her friends she forgot the blue taffeta, and a great longing for a truly beautiful dress for her own graduation became an obsession. She was not naturally envious, but came near committing that transgression when she heard some one say at the reception:

"I think Olive Marston's dress is the loveliest thing I ever saw. That georette crepe over satin and so exquisitely embroidered in pearis!"

Julia's white teeth came together with a click. She went on serenely passing refreshment trays, but in her brain a single thought predominated:
"I'll have one decent dress if I have to work my fingers off to get it."

A few days later she went into the kitchen where.

Till have one decent dress if I have to work my fingers off to get it."

A few days later she went into the kitchen where Mrs. King. her tired face flushed with heat, was busily canning rhubarb. A sudden thought popped into Julia's mind.

"Mother!" she exclaimed. "You know Aunt Bee said yesterday we might have all the wiid berries we were willing to pick. There are strawberries, blueberries and blackberries in those old pastures. Oh, mother! do you suppose you could spare me part of the time to go out there to pick some to sell? Seems to me I might get enough to buy—that is, to have—oh. I do with to have a nice dress when I graduate!"

Mrs. King snapped a cover onto another can. "Spare you? Yes, ma'am," she said briefly. "And Julia, I heard Doctor Dustin's wife say yesterday she would pay a girl well to stay with the children evenings, for she likes to ride with the doctor. Her maid has left and they need some one occasionally to answer the telephone and take care of the children, who are in bed at 8 o'clock."

That vry afternoon Julia saw Mrs. Dustin and made arrangements to her helper four evenings a week through July and August.

Then began a busy time for the girl. Up early to help with the household duties ther was a sure of the sure of the children who help with the household duties there was a sure of sure of the sure of

archam. "I have no Intention of hurting your feelings, Matilda. I came here to get facts" to get facts."

It does again. "Why did you come of the standard properties of the standard properties of the standard properties."

I'd didn't "replied Mrs. Ward hotty." "I had to got to Baltimore on business; and their Washington twenty-four hours be belief in the standard properties. "I had to got to Baltimore on business; and their Washington railroad tickets to the wire came for me after you had at their Washington railroad tickets for Tuesday and the house was even to the house. You've always trust. "Instead of complying with hisr for the house." The house was even to be the house. You've always trust of the house. You've always trust. "I still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." The house was even to the house. You've always trust. "I still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." The house was even to be the house. You've always trust. "I still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." "I still rust Jones." dryp. "Thu is a better the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." "I still rust Jones." "I still rust Jones." "I still rust Jones." "Always trust is a still rust Jones." "The house the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." "The house the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." "The house the house." Always trust is a still rust Jones." "The house the house." "The house the hous

The next complete novelette—A Sure your own personal revenue, you musture.

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy "SMILING TEACHER"

(Peggy and Billy go with Smiling Teacher on a trip to the Sahara Des-ert in a Geography-plane. A Bedown seeks to wed Smiling Teacher and make Peggy a slave.)

THE SAND STORM

mencement gown first began to trouble to see inside of the closet, the door of which stood partly open; no one was there. Mrs. Burnham sighed. She did not like mysteries, her forte did not lie in solving them. The bedroom and the sitting-room and bath opening from it, all of which were given over to Mrs. Ward, were just above her boudoir, and the room's shape, like the boudoir, and the room's shape, like the boudoir, was octagonal.

A discreet knock on the door broke the silence, and in response to Mrs. Burnham's "Come in," the pretty chamber maid entered.

Mrs. Burnham rose instantly. "Don't go. Cora; I want you to help Mrs. Ward dress." Meeting the housekeper's i rate glare, she continued unruffled: "It is too weakening for you to remain in bed, Matilda, Cora will bring your meals to your sitting room today. Tomorrow—well see how you are tomorrow," and with a friendly wave of her hand she left the housekeeper glaring indignantly at the smiling Cora.

Mrs. Burnham went at once to her husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and she went to sleep with a between the seniors were waitfully:

"Do you suppose I can have a silk the band of Smiling Teacher, the she want of she went as a silk the souden and the seriors were waitfully:

"Do you suppose I can have a silk the band of Smiling Teacher, the she want of she went as a silk the souden as the seniors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the bear of the bear continued to take the hand of Smiling Teacher, the shear work and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bedroom; not finding him libers and the seriors were husband's bed

was julia had been telling her mother of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wonderful gowns the suddenly asked wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wonderful gowns the suddenly asked wonderful gowns the suddenly asked with the property of the wonderful gowns the suddenly asked wonderful gowns the seniors were having made that she suddenly asked wonderful gowns the suddenly asked wonderful gowns the suddenly asked the same late to take the same true to the desert were wonderful gowns the seniors were in the clear are above. There have gown the she with the glass cabin through the circle and out into the desert weep on the full speed into the same period against the glass cabin through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on through the circle and out into the desert weep on the same period gown the she with the should the same period gown



became aware of a roaring sound, like a waterfail or a rapids. The moon grew dark and looking they saw a black cloud rushing down upon them. This cloud awallowed up the Bedouins, as though it were a flood.

"A sand storm!" grunted the camel, and abruptly he stopped his fight, and flopped down on his knees. Smilling Teacher, Peggy and Billy, again went flying over his head. "Get behind me and cover up your heads," warned the camel, stretching out his long neck flat on the sand.

on the sand. "No, run for the plane," cried Billy,

Peggy found herself back in her seat in school

Teacher and Peggy. They obeyed on the instant, and he lifted them from the ground as the camel rushed strutches.

"No, run for the plane," cried Billy, and away they raced.

Darting over a ridge and into a hollow, they found the Geography-plane before them. In a trice Billy had jumped into the pliot's seat, while Smiling Teacher and Peggy had darted into the cabin. The engine started with a roar, the plane darted out of the hollow, and rose into the air, just as the blinding, swirling blizzard of sand swept upon them. The plane rocked and shook, while the sand peliced against the glass cabin.

## BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

morning-not, however, until Walter had removed the breakfast ware and had quietly shut the door behind him. He cleared his throat, a mannerism

her helper four evenings a week through July and August.

Then began a busy time for the girl. Up early to help with the household duties, then walking out to the farm to pick berries in the hot sun. It was not an easy task she had set herself, and many a good time did she miss during the summer.

But the little hoard hidden in the tin box in her dresser drawer was stradilly growing. Even after the berry season was over and school had reopened Mrs. Dustin frequently needed Julia's help, and as the evenings were fairly quiet after 8 o'clock she had excellent opportunity for study. Mrs. Dustin had told her friends of the girl's reliability, and frequently they, too, employed her. So the months sped by until it was really time to purchase the material for the dreamed-of gown.

"I wish you were going to have a new dress, marmee," said Julia impulsively one day, as Mrs. King was mending a little rent in the well-worn but spotless

James looked a bit angry and uncomfortable, but Charles spoke up.

"Thank you, Mr. Duke, I never realized it that way before, I see now that the profits from the business are really only \$28,000 and that is the sum out of which we must pay any bonuses—that is, if you can show us a reasonable way to do it."

"Well," added James, "now we have that straightened—and I hope I'm man enough to admit I was wrong, Mr. Duke—I suppose you have all the facts enough to admit I was wrong, Mr.
Duke—I suppose you have all the facts
you need?"

Duke shook his head. "No. I've a
very important question to ask you

of course, an ad in this and other
evening papers would quickly get you
a part-time job. The best plan, however, is to ask the school you are
going to attend to help you find a position.

What is a "seal"?
Answer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-NESS QUESTION "Filling" is arranging or laying away in order.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

swer readers' business questions on buy ing, selling, advertising and employment Business Questions Answered

In this space Mr. Whitehead will an-

Would you kindly advise a young man on the matter of evening employment? I graduated from a perochial school and have had no further education since then, but mited to go to some particular college in New York.

THE BOWLER

A bowler bold was Dickey Quirled-The best you ever saw. Among the commies of the world

His upper lip was ever stuf-A man you had to like. Whenever Fate gave him a biff He made a lucky strike.

Old Dicky Quirled was there! For if his purse was lean or fat He'd still have some to spare, A lucky dog!-with every touch He started in to win.

He didn't care for poodles much

You needed money? As to that

But had a bulldog chin. Although the very best or men A bunch of wise old owis Declared him chicken-hearted when

He had too many fouls. He never never rushed the can But always kept his wits. He never was a bottleman But sometimes ran to spiits.

A little touchy-just a bli!-Ne'er perfect is our bliss!-For when he didn't make a hit It sometimes came amiss.

St. Peter's written in his book His frame-up without doubt; For Death has given him the hook And Fate has bowled him out GRIF ALEXANDER.

Copyright, 1919, by The Tribune Co. By MILT GROSS

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT. apart from yourself. You each receive shich might just as easily be unrelated as related.

Correcting a Mistaken Idea

Tiffs is the story that Charles Magnus

Told Bruno Duke that September and the last is from your invested capital."

Told Bruno Duke that September and the last is from your invested capital."

Tot what you would call a "shark" at it—
am also good at drawing.

Some business experience would undoubtedly be of benefit to me, but in this case of the salary would be more important, as I must try to earn at least ten or more dollars a week. As two or little more hours will have to be devoted to homework, plenty of time must be reserved for that. A. D. James looked a bit angry and uncom-ortable, but Charles spoke up.

Thank you, Mr. Duke, I never real-going to attend some day college.

You may get a job in a night restaurant or as a night bellhop—these positions pay well.

The best plan would be to go to the college which you are going to attend—virtually all colleges have an employment department, and are able to help students to get part or full time work.

A Lovely Dream '

(Or Two Down and One to Go) The porter smirked weakly as he took The porter smirked weakly as he took my bag. He knew escape was out of the question. His mustache drooped. Only a few months, and it had stood out, an offense to the countryside, a waxed abomination. From underneath it in those days at the front, when he was in authority over me, there had issued brutal noises, overaspirated, an offense to sensitive ears. Now he was a porter. There was no occasion to mince words. He knew it. My silence froze his noncommissioned soul with dread. "You can put my bag down here, sergeant," I said, with sinister meaning. He obeyed, and stood waiting, his thumbs in line with the seam of his trousers.

"The question is, of course," I said carelessly, "not when you are going to die, for it is now. Nor yet why you are going to die, because you know as well as I do what happened in billets on the Poperinghe road. I had cleaned my riffe."

my fiffe." He made a gesture of despair, I froze

him anew.
"Never again will you perjure your-self to win the appropriation of a self to win the appropriation of a self-to-win the approximation of a self-t self to win the approbation of a tem-porary acting adjutant." I said. I cogliated deeply. Undoubtedly there was nothing for it but an untidy death. How? A distant whistle gave me light. In five seconds the boat express roared around the curve. As it thundered along the platform, I dextrously tripatong the platform. I dextrously tripped him up. For a moment he tottered, and nearly regained his equilibrium. I hacked his shin at the psychological moment, and he went over the side. I turned to the bookstail and bought a Sporting Life. There was a very interesting thing about Wells in it.

By two o'clock the place was very full. As the band began to have trouble with some jazz music, he came in. By great good luck—or was it providence?—the only vacant place was at my table. He glared at me with his goggle eye, but did not recognize me. I knew him. I had been looking for his purple face or weeks. He ordered his soup.

I felt stealthily in my pocket. I managed to tear the leaf out of my paybook without his noticing anything.

He breathed heavily, waiting for fish and Chablis. As he cast a glazed eye upon a neighboring light of the chorus, I defuly abstracted his menu card.

I deftly abstracted his menu card.

His eyes came round to it soon, and he went all mottled. I smiled at him.

"Yes," I said. "Seven days No. 1 for losing a shirt. Your signature I think? And that of one of your hirelings." He stared at the red ink, fascinated. I reached for his glass. I unscrewed in reached for his glass. I unscrewed my little flask of strychnine, which you my little flask of strychnine, which you him have it practically neat.

ilmost immediately, hypnotized by my Ten seconds later he rolled to the carpet. The band played "For Me and My Gal." He squirmed. A crowd gathered. "It's all right." I said. "He's showing me the new movement—No. 25." The crowd went away. The manager said if we wanted to dance would we go to the ten room, please? I laughed considerably, and went home, after dropping my elgarette ash on his face as he rolled about.

There is a third man on my list, too. But I woke before I'd had time to do anything lethal to him.—B. W. L. in

Flaw in His Culture

Flaw in His Culture

Doctor E, his wife and small daughter lived in an Arizona frontier town, and little Margaret, whose four short years had been spent in adult society, was forbidden to play with the Mexican and Indian half-breed children who sometimes hung over the doctor's gate.

During the mother's absence one day, the easy-going doctor turned the child out among several swarthy youngsters who had gained entrance to the yard. The mother, returning unexpectedly, was horrified to find her darling at play with her low-cast neighbors. Calling Margaret in, she upbraided the doctor for his negligence in permitting their child to associate with those "horrid little half-breeds."

After a lame defense, the erring parent took himself off, whereven the



