

THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

Copyright, 1919, by D. Appleton & Co. ... READ THIS FIRST ... Evelyn Preston finds a stranger ...

"Ah, indeed. What did she say?" ... "She stated that she left Chelsea a day earlier than she had intended on the receipt of a telegram from her niece saying her mother was ill. Mrs. Ward went on to say that her sister died shortly after her arrival in Baltimore, and the shock of finding a dead man here on top of her grief for her sister upset her."

attempt to shoot her husband last night? ... "No," Maynard balanced his hat on his knee with nice exactness. "Burnham asked me not to. And to be quite candid, after I had helped Doctor Hayden put him to bed I departed and left the doctor to tell as much as he thought fit to Mrs. Burnham when she returned."

make the match unsuitable. Palmer had money, influence, and came of a family long distinguished in his country's annals. Undoubtedly society's verdict would commend such an engagement, and yet—Maynard's thoughts reverted to Rene La Montagne, whose aristocratic carriage and good looks were in vast contrast to the square-jawed bulldog type of manhood loquacious before him in a swivel-chair.

"I wish you all success in your courtship," said Maynard, suddenly conscious that an answer was expected of him. "Do Burnham and his wife approve?"

"Burnham does," Palmer examined his fingernails critically. "I have never been able to get an opinion out of Mrs. Burnham; she can be very evasive when it suits her."

"Well, the main thing is to win the girl's affections," remarked Maynard. "Don't worry about the mother; her opinion is of secondary importance these days in selecting a husband."

"Not in this case; Evelyn loses her fortune if she marries without her mother's consent," he said soberly.

Maynard's mirth vanished. "I am sorry to hear it," he declared. "Burnham is a good fellow at bottom, and his wife, Maynard stooped over to pick up his hat which had finally overbalanced and rolled to the floor. There was a pause before he spoke again. "It must be doubly hard on you."

"Seditious Utterances" PALMER, fussing among his blue prints, looked up at his stenographer ushered Dan Maynard into his office.

"Mr. Palmer, ma'am." "Ask him up," Burnham half rose, then sank back and his wife observed his sudden pallor with concern.

"Well, why don't you order that taxicab?" "Because Doctor Hayden said you were to—What is it, Jones?" she broke off to ask as the butler came into the room.

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"You come at an opportune moment, James," exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, shaking hands cordially. "Peter was determined to go and see you, notwithstanding I told him Dan Maynard would bring you back to lunch with us."

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"No, I haven't seen her since last night, when, calling on Mrs. Van Ness, I found her there." Palmer paused to pick up the newspaper which lay at his feet, and folded it neatly before laying it on the sewing table.

"Mrs. Van Ness," repeated Burnham thoughtfully. "Oh, didn't Captain La Montagne mention last night that he was looking for Marian Van Ness's apartment, Palmer?"

"Yes," Palmer glanced over at Burnham and their glances met. "The captain was with Mrs. Van Ness and Evelyn when I called there."

"Mrs. Burnham asked a stitch and when she again looked up from her knitting she found her husband gazing out of the window and Palmer just lighting a cigarette."

"With your permission," he said, holding it up.

"Certainly; I don't object to tobacco smoke." She was about to resume her knitting when her glance strayed through the open door by which she sat and she recognized Doctor Hayden coming down the hall. "Excuse me," she exclaimed, "I'll be back in a moment," and she slipped out of the room before her husband looked around.

"Hurry down the hall Mrs. Burnham encountered Hayden near her bedroom and with a bare word of greeting opened the door and led him inside the room."

"You have two rebellious patients, Doctor; my husband and Mrs. Ward," she began.

"Mrs. Ward shouldn't give you any concern," replied Hayden. "She has recovered; but your husband had a touch of fever last night which may make him a bit—er—fractious," hesitating for a word as he saw how worried she was.

"Oh, I am not anxious about Peter, I can manage him," she said confidently. "It's Mrs. Ward; why is she malingering?"

Hayden looked at her in surprise. "Is she?"

"In my opinion she is," with emphasis. "Wait; I've noticed that whenever the Coroner or the detectives wish to interview her, Mrs. Ward always becomes worse or says so, and just to satisfy myself I examined the nurse's chart and found nothing on it to indicate such changes in her condition. Today she refused to get up."

"She did? But I told her last night—"

"I know, I heard you. She ate a large and substantial breakfast and then had the effrontery to tell me that she was too weak to get out of bed. I know a sick woman when I see one," ended Mrs. Burnham with vigor, "and in my opinion she is no invalid."

"I shall talk to her," and Hayden's square jaw became more pronounced. "Do, please. Wait just a moment; why is she malingering?"

Hayden pondered the question before answering. "It may be, considering her emotions after the discovery of the dead man and her attempts to avoid interviews with Coroner Penfield and Detective Mitchell, that she wishes to get out of attending the inquest as a witness."

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"Youth knows it all. Life's problems are so plain to him he smiles to see His elders wander off so far From truth and simple verity. Religion, science, business, art— To think them deep is Age's whim. Youth simply takes the things apart— They're simple processes to him."

And then the scissors of the years Clip off his knowledge bit by bit, His confidence is turned to tears, And all avary his pretty wit. Ah, do not think men wiser grow With added years; The years appall! There's nothing left for Age to know! Youth has it all! Youth knows it all!

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A SURE CURE

By Mary W. Ford

"TELL me once and for all, Floss, if I'll not drive you to the game."

"But Bob, dear, you have promised to take me, and the girls at school, also—"

"Floss, why pick on me all the time?—have somebody else's brother drive you down."

"But, Bobby, can't you see some dentist—perhaps can relieve you—please do, and then if he can't relieve you, Bobby, I'll call on you, I know very well you aren't crazy about taking us to the game, and I suppose we do depend on your good nature, but Bobby, dear, the girls simply adore you—"

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE BOY TRAMP"

(In this story Peggy and Billy get mixed up in an exciting detective adventure.)

ON A HIKE

PEGGY and Billy were on a hike along the river. They had taken their lunch along and were having the happiest kind of a time. The day was beautiful with the sun shining, the birds singing, and a gentle breeze ruffling the surface of the water. All nature seemed joyous and at play.

Peggy and Billy chased with the birds, picked flowers, chased butterflies, and set ships made of chips sailing away on the river.

"Fun, fun, nothing but fun!" sang Peggy gleefully.

"Fun, fun, you'd better run!" answered Bull Frog from the rushes along the water's edge.

"What do you think Bull Frog meant by that?" she asked.

"I guess she's a poet, and has to show it," rhymed Billy with a laugh.

"Sun, sun, shine, gentle sun," sang Peggy.

"Shun, shun, dark thickets shun!" croaked Bull Frog from the rushes. Again Peggy stopped singing.

"That sounds like a warning," she said. "And I see a dark thicket ahead of us."

"Yes," answered Billy. "But I don't see any reason for shunning it. What danger can there be in such a peaceful spot? I'm going to explore it."

"Gun, gun; have you a gun?" croaked Bull Frog, as Billy started forward. Billy stopped hesitatingly.



"Run, run, you'd better run!" answered Bull Frog from the rushes along the water's edge

"I'll bet that old frog is just trying to scare us," he muttered.

"Well, we will fool him. We are not 'fraid cats." Billy took another step toward the thicket when a call from behind halted him again.

"Wolf! Wolf! Wait! Wait!" It was Johnny Bull, the dog friend of Peggy and Billy.

"Wolf! Wait! I'm coming to guard you!" he barked.

"What is there to guard us against?" asked Peggy anxiously. Johnny Bull raised his nose and sniffed the air.

"Tramps!" he growled. Then he ventured a few steps toward the thicket and sniffed the air again. "A whole bunch of tramps!" he added.

"Oh, oh, and we were going to run right into them!" exclaimed Peggy.

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN

THE two brothers sat with their hands spread over their knees and looked very uncomfortable, but they were so interested in Bruno Duke's questions about their business that they were forgetful of everything else.

"Has your stock of merchandise increased since the inventory which was taken at the beginning of the last trading period?"

Charles looked at James and said: "You know more about that than I do."

"All right, Charles. It's perhaps a little difficult to explain, for our stock is less but the value is more. You see, Mr. Duke, the war has caused prices to advance very much so that—that—" he floundered for an expression.

"I understand," Duke interposed. "Now tell me, have you taken stock at invoice prices or at market prices?"

"That's where Charles and I differ," explained James. "He said we ought to take stock at invoice prices, but I said we ought to take it at the present-day price. You see, Mr. Duke, if prices declined we'd take the loss right away—so if prices advanced we'd be justified in taking the profit right away, isn't that so?"

"If you could take the profit right away, yes. But it is only a potential profit and not a real one till the goods are sold and paid for and all the expenses involved in the sale are paid."

"There," Charles exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew you were wrong, James, we ought to take stock at the lowest figure whichever it may be, either invoice price or market price. You see, I'm right, for Mr. Duke agrees with me."

"Hold on a minute," Duke laughed. "Please don't commit me to something I never said. Tell me what you really did!"

"Split it 50-50," James admitted. "We ought to have shown a profit on stock of \$22,000, so we called it \$11,000 from the present profit figure of \$28,000, which leaves a real, actual—not a potential, Mr. James—profit of \$17,000."

"For statistical purposes it's desirable to divide profit into two parts—profit from buying and profit from selling. Profit or loss from buying is that difference in stock values which occurs between the buying and the selling of the goods. This figure is an index of the buyer's skill. The trading profit tells clearly of the salesman's skill."

The two brothers looked puzzled, so Duke added:

"If stock has to suffer a heavy markdown it should be considered as an error in buying and should not be blamed to the salesman. Any loss on price should be debited to the buying organization, and the selling profits should be based on the profit made by the salesman on the market price. Thus you can see whether the buying or selling end of your organization is weak. If the price variants on stock are charged to buying profits, and that amount be taken from the business net

profits you at once see what the efficiency of your organization is."

Then the light dawned, for the brothers looked at each other and laughed.

"James," said Charles, "we don't know all there is to know about business finances."

"Charles," chuckled James, "you and I ought to go to school again—and here we've been going along all these years—making money, too—without a real idea of the economics of business. I guess we succeeded because the other fellows know as little as we do."

Duke was frankly pleased at their appreciation of his knowledge. I must admit that Duke is very open to receive praise of his work.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I must congratulate you on being able to show a profit at all. Many people who consult me are actually losing money without realizing it. They pile up more and more stock and believe that shows a healthy growth, whereas it generally shows that slow moving or dead stock is being accumulated, and money locked up in dead stock is worse than useless."

"Now, tell me, please, when you state a profit-sharing plan, how long it ran and why you abandoned it?"

"I have had no practical experience in this line with newspapers, but have done some fairly good work on school publications. I believe, however, that my execution and ideas will come up to standard if I can get a chance."

"Therefore, if you can tell me just how I can get about obtaining such a connection as I desire you will be obliging very much indeed."

I wonder why it is so many people think that a newspaper has been branched through some special channel, or pulled?

Just take samples of your work and call personally on the city editors of the papers. If they need some one and your work has the right merit they'll be glad to get you.

It is, however, a rather crowded field and a man has to be above the average to hold a place on a big daily. You could perhaps get work with some advertising agency; they use artists in preparing advertisements. The trade journal field is also one worth trying to get in. Wall paper houses also need designers. Business houses who advertise largely also use artists in pen or pencil.

Getting your services is like selling anything else. You must call on the people who need the particular kind of service you sell and keep at it until you find a customer.

I am at present a student in Stuyvesant High School, and am completing the second year of my course. I am sixteen years of age, and born of American parents in New York.

I attend the high school which I attend there two sessions. I am in the early session, and I leave the school at 1 o'clock. I am desirous of obtaining a position after school hours. Do you know of anybody that requires a routine fellow? Do you think I could get a position on a farm during the summer vacation?

I recently heard a good business epigram.

"I tore open the first letter. It ran: 'Dear Sir: I should like to know where the empty cottage was vividly and beautifully described by you is situated. Will you please say (a) rent, (b) area of paddock, (c) if on gravel soil, I am anxious to take up guaranteeing an interesting. Stamped directed envelope enclosed for your reply, which will much oblige.'"

The verses were all the same except that some enclosed stamped telegram forms, and others intended to keep hens or pigs. One careful man, anxious to make the best of both worlds, inquired if there were a church and a public house in the immediate vicinity. One lady dwelt entirely on the merits of his poem. The serpent only crept out in her postscript when she said: "If I could you kindly give me the address of the empty cottage. I should love to live in an abode that has been idealized by so true a poet."

I replied to all who enclosed postage for reply that the cottage in question was situated on the side of Mount Helicon, and was mere product of a poet's fancy. Half of them sent abusive letters in return and forgot to pay postage on them.

I have begun my next set of verses for the magazine. They will run precisely thirty-six lines and their title—derived from the noble game of paper—will be "Full House"—Evelyn M. H. H.

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By MILT GROSS

FRENCHY—Tres Bon Bath—But—



KNOWLEDGE

Youth knows it all. Life's problems are so plain to him he smiles to see His elders wander off so far From truth and simple verity. Religion, science, business, art— To think them deep is Age's whim. Youth simply takes the things apart— They're simple processes to him.

THE EMPTY COTTAGE

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