EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, 'APRIL 7, 1919

down.

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

ment, and

had money, influence, and came of a family long distinguished in his coun

try's annals, Undoubtedly society's verwould commend such an engage-t, and yet-Maynard's thoughts

reverted to Rene La Montagne, whose

aristocratic carriage and good looks were in vast contrast to the square-jawed bull-dog type of manhood lolling

"I wish you all success in your court-ship," said Maynard, suddenly con-scious that an answer was expected

before him in a swivel-chair.

DREAMLANDADVENTURES--ByDaddy THE DAILY NOVELETTE "THE BOY TRAMP"

A SURE CURE By Mary W. Ford

"I TELL you once and for all. Floss, if this toothache hangs on till Thursventure.) day I'll not drive you to the game."

"But Bob, dear, you have promise to take me, and the girls at school, also -what will we do?" "Floss, why pick on me all the time?-

have somebody cise's brother drive you "I wish you all success in your courts ship," said Maynard, suddenly con-scious that an answer was expected of him. "Do Burnham and his wife ap-prove?" "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 ber fortune if she marries without her mother's consent." "Ah, indeed? And who inherits the fortune in case Mrs. Burnham's con-sent is withheld?" "Mrs. Burnham." "Oh!" Maynard-stared blankly at "Oh!" Maynard-stared blankly at "Oh!" Maynard-stared blankly at "At "Oh!" Maynard-stared blankly at "At "Oh!" Maynard-stared blankly at "At "Chi" At "Chi" Atter each party or dance he would "But, Bobby, can't you see some den-

the river.

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

Peggy stopped her singing in a hurry and turned to Billy.

by that?" she asked.

it," rhymed Billy with a laugh.

be. After each party or dance he would inwardly, declare that a happier boy would never exist when it came time to return to college and escape this ever-lasting on-the-go stuff. Again Peggy stopped singing.

of us."

spot? I'm going to explore it. game

Bull Frog, as Billy started forward. Billy stopped hesitatingly.

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 ques-

tions about their business that they were

"Has your stock of merchandise in-

creased since the inventory which was

taken at the beginning of the last trad-

"You know more about that than I

"All right, Charles. It's perhaps a

Charles looked at James and said:

forgetful of everything else.

ing period?"

do."

glad; but I beg your pardon, I am rambling on about something you know nothing of ------"

""But if you tell me I might enjoy, it, too." said Doctor Howard, otherwise Helen Howard, with a mischlevous twinkle in her eye. Somehow or other this patient interested her. He had been so anxious to leave her at first and he had appeared so sullen; now his face was the picture of happiness. "Well, you see, it's just this way—er— er—doctor—""

"That's where Charles and I differ," "That's where Charles and I differ," "Now, tell me, please, when you explained James, "He said we ought to started your profit-sharing plan, how

(In this story Peggy and Billy get mixed up in an exciting detective ad-

ON A HIKE DEGGY and Billy were on a hike

their lunch along and were having the happlest 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 chatted with the birds, icked flowers, chased butterfiles, and et ships made of chips sailing away on

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

the water's edge.

"What do you think Bull Frog meant

"I guess he's a poet, and has to show "Sun, sun, shine, gentle sun," sang Perry.

"Shun, shun, dark thickets shun! roaked Bull Frog from the rushes. Peggy and Billy.

"That sounds like a warning," she you !" he barked. said. "And I see a dark thicket ahead

lasting on-the-go stuff. Half an hour later he was on the way to Doctor Howard's office, and Florence could be szen a half hour later explain-ing to the girls what had taken place at home with brother Bob, and assured them that she had a little scheme in mind and she was sure it would work and telling them she just knew posi-tively he would drive them to the game. "Yes," answered Billy, "but I don't raised his nose and sniffed the air. see any reason for shunning it. What danger can there be in such a peaceful

"Gun, gun; have you a gun?" croaked

and terming them are just knew posi-tively he would drive them to the game. "Dr. H. Howard--Walk in" met-Bob's eyes as he stepped from the elevator, and "walk in" Bob did; but he no sooner closed the door than he wished with all his heart that he had never en-tered, for right before him was a young slip of a girl working over a patient in a dental chair. Why, there must be some mistake, he assured himself; this mere child could never be the dentist he had come to see, and it seemed as though the tooth never ached so badly before. He stood up and was about to leave quietly, thinking he might escape unobserved, when a very sweet voice said: "Pardon me, but if you could wait just a moment I will attend to you. Yes?" Bob bowed and sat down again. Soon after the patient was gone and Bob was escorted to the chair-verily he thought he would be mur-dered now, and he knew, oh, yes, he folt sure if ever she touched that tooth he would how!; but very soon his head was laid very gently back on the chair-and the same sweet, even voice was again saying: "What tooth seems to bother you, please? Then-this one, is it not?" as she touched the tooth in question. Before Bob knew it she had prepared something, whatever it was he couldn't tell, and she was plugging away at the tooth, very, very gently, and soon Bob felt the greatest relief in his life-oh, the feeling was wonderful. "That feel better-yes?" "Say, it's won-derful," Bob declared. "Sis will be very glad; but I beg your pardon, I am

ittle 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 sult me are actually losing money withfloundered for an expression. "I understand" Duke interposed. "Now tell me, have you taken stock at in-

voice prices or at market prices?"

iss, let's forget it and call me Mise Howard." "Intats where Charles and we ought to solve and the solve and solve and the solve

A "seal" is a device which makes an impression on wax or paper.

"Shun ! Run ! Go get a gun !" croaked Bull Frog. Johnny Bull was still sniffing the air.

"I think I'll take a look at 'em," growled Johnny Bull. "They smell to me like a bad lot.' So Johnny Bull dived into the thicket and was soon lost to sight.

"Maybe we had better get out of here before the tramps see us," suggested Perry.

"You go back," said Billy. "I'll wait to see what Johnny Bull finds." But before Peggy could stir the bushes suddenly parted beside them and a raggedy figure appeared. The raggedy figure carried re club, and with this he aimed a blow at Billy's head, As Billy dodged the raggedy figure grabbed the box in which Billy was carrying their picnic

"Ha, ha, ha !" laughed the ragged" Agure. "Here's where I have a fine dinner," and he dodged back into the

But he dodged straight into trouble. There was a low growl, and then the raggedy figure flew out of the bushes with Johnny Bull at his heels.

have a bite myself," snarled Johnny Bull snapping at the raggedy figure's coat tails. A low hanging tree was close at hand and the raggedly figure didn't grabbed the lower branches and drew himself up. Johnny Bull leaped and

"Conceit may puff a fellow, but it will never prop. him." I am pasting your story in a cranblook, and I expect it to be a great help o me in later life. M. N. M.

I am glad Bruno is so helpful to you That's a good little epigram you sent o I am leaving it in your letter.

I strongly urge you, and indeed any vigorous, red-blooded American, to get into farm work, if possible. I refer you to Dr. David Snedden, Columbia Uni-versity, New York city.

L do not know anything about the school to which you refer. I suggest that you communicate with the super-intendent of the state Board of Educa-tion. He can give you just the informa-tion that you wish.

We are oulte interested in your depart-ment. We have tried all kinds of ways to much success. We have pienty of material and capital ompetitive basis. We have obviterilised in the daily papers. Sunday and trade papers. We have a good proposition to go built of the right man; that is, we will go fifty-fity with him. Can you give us any pointers as to how we can catch this fellow? J. A. O'N.

J. A. O'N. Have you tried the business colleges and night schools? There are a num-ber of industrial institutions teaching salesmanship. Get in touch with these institutions. They obuid probably sug-gest one or two good live wires from among their students. As there are he lot of salesmen reading this story. It might pay you to run an advertisement adjoining this feature. Of course, as good salesmen are

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 goat-rearing and bee-keeping. Stamped directed envelope in-

closed for your rep'y, which will much

They were all the same except that

some inclosed stamped telegram forms, and others intended to keep hens or pigs. One careful man, anxious to make the

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 en-tirely on the merits of my poem. The serpent only crept out in her postscript when ahe said: "P. S.—Could you kind-ly give me the address of the empty cottage. I should love to live in an abode that has been idealized by so true or neat"

poet." I replied to all who inclosed postage

for reply that the cottage in question was situated on the side of Mount Hell-

was situated on the side of Mount Hell-con, and was a mere product of a poet's fancy. Half of them sent abusive ist-ters in return and forgot to pay post-age on them. I have begun my next set of verses for the magazine. They will run to precisely thirty-six lines and their title -drived from the mobile game of polar

along the river. They had taken "I'll bet that old frog is just trying to scare us." he muttered.



ward the thicket when a call from be-

"Woof! Woof! Wait! Wait!"

bunch of tramps!" he added.

into them !" exclaimed Peggy.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT. profits you at once see what the effi-

ness finances."

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

Then the light dawned, for the broth-

"James," said Charles, "we don't

"Charles," chuckled James, "you and

f ought to go to school again-and here

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 con-

out realizing it. They ple 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.

long it ran and why you abandoned

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S BUSI-

NESS QUESTION

Answer will appear tomorrow.

What is a "tickler"?

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 feilows know as little as we do." Duke was frankly pleased at their powerdiation of his knowledge. I must

know all there is to know about busi-

ers looked at each other and laughed.

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clency of your organization is."

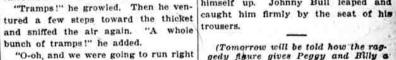
appreciation of his knowledge.

hind halted him again.

swered Bull Frog from the rushes along the water's edge

lunch. "Well, we will fool him. We are not bushes again. "fraid cats." Billy took another step to

"Woof! Woof Lunch! Lunch! I'll It was Johnny Bull, the dog friend of "Woof! Wait! I'm coming to guard "What is there to guard us against?" asked Peggy anxiously. Johnny Buil waste any time making for it. He



gedy foure gives Peggy and Billy a surprise.)



"Evelyn loses her fortune if she marries without her mother's consent"

"Sit down," he exclaimed heartily. Mrs. Burnham; aside from her affec the architect. "An unjust will," he ing out of the window and Palmer "I was afraid you wouldn't come back tion for her husband she is a proud said gravely. "It is unfair to Evelyn. very to after all; you need not wait. Miss woman, and to have her affairs dis-

chair near the one he occupied.

"Sit down," he suggested. "The police have barred us from the library: most insulting, I call it," he added bitterly. "So we shall have to smoke here; if you don't mind, Lillian?"

"Not in the least." Contrary to her husband's hopes Mrs. Burnham made no motion to leave the room. but instead went placidly on with her knitting. "Did you meet Evelyn downstairs, James?"

"No. I haven't seen her since last night, when, calling on Mrs. Van Ness, ok up the newspaper which lay at his feet, and folded it neatly before inying it on the sewing table.

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

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

Mrs. Burnham missed a stitch and

attempt to shoot her husband last make the match unsuitable. Palmer "Ah, indeed. What did she say?" "She stated that she left Chelsea a night? "No." Maynard balanced his hat on day earlier than she had intended on the library of her home. An ay shows death is due to be acid. Her mother and her ather, Peter Burnham, arrive ther, Peter Burnham, arrive in La Montagne, in love with n, learns that his letters have intercented and blames Burnhis knee with nice exactness. "Burn-ham asked me not to. And to be quite candid, after I had helped Doctor the receipt of a telegram from her niece saying her mother was ill. Mrs. Hayden put him to bed I departed and left the doctor to tell as much as Ward went on to say that her sister died shortly after her arrival in Balhe thought fit to Mrs. Burnham when timore, and the shock of finding a she returned."

"Was she out?"

"Yes, gone to some Red Cross meet-ig, so Jones told us." Maynard miled broadly. "I rather imagine

Palmer did not smile. "I am afraid

she has frequent occasion to think that and with reason. Frankly, May-nard, Burnham has been going at a

pretty lively clip during the lact six months and unless he pulls up he will be over the precipice," he said soberly.

Maynard's mirth vanished. "I am sorry to hear it." he declared. "Burn-

dead man here on top of her grief for her sister upset her." ing, so Jones told us." Maynara smiled broadly. "I rather imagine from what was said at breakfast this morning that Mrs. Burnnam laid her to too convivial Hayden, listened with close atten-

THE THREE STRINGS

"I did." "I did." "Then Mrs. Ward has told a straight story apparently." Mrs. Burnham's ex-pression grew peculiar and he asked Palmer did not smile. "I am afraid

Evelyn, learns that his letters have been intercepted and blames Burn-ham. Burnham is shot while visit-ing his friend. Palmer, and blames La Montagne for the shooting. La Montagne had stopped at the door to inquire for the Van Ness apart-ment. Palmer and Maynard, a rriend, call on Marian Van Ness and find La Montagne and Evelyn there. Palmer, who loves Evelyn, is infuriated. Burnham, whose wound was slight, tells his wife he ent himself while shaving and quickly, "Have you reason to doubt "Only this," she hesitated. "Please keep this confidential. When I en-gaged Mrs. Ward as my housekeeper three years ago she distinctly told me at himself while shaving and innoys her with his petulant talk and his remarks about the war. that she had no relatives living in

this country." NOW READ THIS

NOW READ THIS DETER!" Mrs. Burnham straight ened up and her indignation was nly marafest. "You must be out of "DETER!" Mrs. Burnham straightlainly manifest. "You must be out of pher ushered Dan Maynard into his There was a pause before he again office. "It must be doubly hard on your head; don't utter any more such arks in my presence."

right, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co puright, Public Ledger Company

READ THIS FIRST

"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

"Mr, Palmer, ma'am."

"Ask him up." Burnham half rose, then sank back and his wife observed his sudden pallor with concern. Would you mind leaving us together, Lillian? I want to speak to Palmer afidentially about my-my affairs." "Are you strong enough? Better wait, Peter," she coaxed; an obstinate frown was her only answer, and before she could raise further objections James Palmer was ushered in by

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

Burnham, who had darted an impatient look at his wife, pointed to a

I found her there." Palmer paused to

when she again looked up from her knitting she found her husband gaz-



Of course, as good salesmen carce, it is necessary to have a In this space Mr. Whitchead will an-swer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employ. ment. Example the selling of the selling and employ. please her mother, or select a wealthy "With your permission," he said, Hall," and the stenographer walked cussed in public must go against the are sold and paid for and all the ex-"Not at all, Mr. Gordon." "Not at all, Mr. Gordon." "You know me?" "Choose love in a cottage." "Palmer shrugged his shoulders. "To was really enthusiastic about it, and I man;" orpenses involved in the sale are paid." holding it up. "Ur wait?" "Ur wait?"
"Why, I mappen to know from the mane, and show in the state are paid."
"There shrugged his shoulders. "To interpret the service of the scheder state are paid."
"The state a hashi tar the capted terr from and the should it, and it is state an easy time winning Evelyn,"
"It was out, closing the door behind her. Pal- grain." "Certainly: I don't object to tobacco mer swung his swivel chair about so It was Palmer's turn to smile. "You "There." Charles exclaimed triumph-"Certainly: I don't object to tobacco mock." She was about to resume her knitting when her glance strayed through the open door by which she sat and she recognized Doctor Hay-den coming down the hall. "Excuse me," she exclaimed, "I'l) be back in The Empty Cottage The initial fault was mine. I know I ought not to have written poetry. Still I submit that the writing of poetry is at the Belasco, to ask you to wait for me; my stupidity." He leaned a little nearer. "Have you seen the taxi-driver?" May be a start of the country does she "New York; she comes of old Knicklore of an amiable weakness th ment," and she slipped out of the criminal offense. But I was tempted in this way: I noticed that the Balmoral om before her husband looked Magazine always used half a page of yerse each month. Now half a page of ran to just thirty-six lines. It occurred to me that poems of this length would around. Hurrying down the hall Mrs. Burn-ham 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, Dector; my husband and Mrs, Ward," Hittle nearer. "Have you seen the taxi-driver?" Naynard's face fell; he had jumped to the conclusion from pany reported Sam was engaged to motor a party out to Camp Meade; Palmer drummed his fingers on the desk a second, then askid derupty: All from?" he asked. "New York; she comes of old Knick-"New York; she comes of old Knick-in his chair. "Her daughter is like her in looks as well as in disposition; sighed, then spoke carefully, choosing his words. "I hope to marry her." Maynard looked at hin. but his grave manner precluded jesting. After all trom?" he asked. "New York; she comes of old Knick-"New York; she comes of old Knick-in his chair. "Her daughter is like her in looks as well as in disposition; be also has a will of her own." he sighed, then spoke carefully, choosing his words. "I hope to marry her." be exceedingly welcome to the editor. Most poets are unbusinessilike, and write epics or epigrams. Few, I estimated, would have the keen business sense to send just what the editor needed. think that a newspaper has to be approached through some special channel, or pull? 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 ad-yertising agency; they use artists in pre-paring advertisements. The trade jour-nal field is gliso one worth trying to get in. Wall paper houses also need de-signers. Business houses who adver-tise largely also use artists in pen or parting wour services is like selling. The verses were published and filled ctor; my husband and Mrs. Ward," desk a second then asked abruptly: all there was not so much difference he began. "Did you tell Mrs. Burnham about the in Evelyn's and Palmer's ages as to "Mrs. Ward shouldn't give you any ncern," replied Hayden. "She has KNOWLEDGE vered; but your husband had a ich of fever last night which may Youth knows it all. Life's problems are make him a bit-er-fractious," hesi-So plain to him he smiles to see ating for a word as he saw how wor-His elders wander off so far ried she was. From truth and simple verity. "Oh. I am not anxious about Peter Religion, science, business, artcan manage him," she said confi-To think them deep is Age's whim. sition of thirty-six lines. The verses were published and filled in beautifully a gap at the end of the ntly. "It's Mrs. Ward; why is she Youth simply takes the things apartnalingering?" They're simple processes to him. Hayden looked at her in surprise. "Golden Buttercup: An Intense Romance of the French Revolution." And then the scissors of the years thought I had finished with the Clip off his knowledge bit by bit, "In my opinion she is," with emphaprice should be debited to the buying organization, and the selling profits should be based on the profit made by the salesmen on the market price. Thus you can see whether the buying or sell-ing 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 beastly thing. His confidence is turned to tears, . A week later I found out my mistake. "Wait: I've noticed that when-An angry postman came up to my door, deposited a huge bundle of letters And all awry his pretty wit. ever the Coroner or the detectives Ah, do not think men wiser grow Palmer tilted still farther back in wish to interview her, Mrs. Ward alhave to stay with me now and be my nurse in the future and little doctor and retired growling. They were all addressed to me, care of the editor. For one brief moment I thought I his chair. "Has it occurred to you that the dead man's friends or rela-lives may reside in Germany?" With added years! The years appall! ways becomes worse or says so, and at the dead man's friends or rela-ves may reside in Germany?" Helen raised the shining gem on the "Do you mean that the dead man "Do you mean that the dead man also." Helen raised the shining gem on the finger to her lips, and Bob was entirely ratisfied. If the price variants on stock are There's nothing left for Age to know! ist to satisfy myself I examined the Youth has it all! Youth knows it all! we's chart and found nothing on it GRIF ALEXANDER. was a German spy?" in indicate such changes in her condi-The next complete novelette-While Mothers Beign. (CONTINUED TOMORROW) Today she refused to get up." I tore open the first letter. It ran: "Dear Sir-I should like to know where the empty cottage so vividly and the did? But I told her last

"I know. I heard you. She ate a so and substantial breakfast and had the effrontery to tell me she was too weak to get out of I know a sick woman when I ne," ended Mrs. Burnham with "and in my opinion she is no

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

ian pondered the question be newering. "It may be, considher emotions after the discovery dead man and her attempts to Interviews with Coroner Pend Detective Mitchell, that she to get out of attending the

you've hit it," ejaculated "I've been question and this morning about

