EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1919

THE THREE STRINGS By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

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

READ THIS FIRST

READ THIS FIRST Evelyn Preston finds a stranger ad in the library of her home. I autopsy shows that death was to prussic acid. Her mother d her stepfather. Peter Burnham. dve bat are unable to throw light the mystery. Captain La Mon-me, who loves Evelyn. finds his ters to her have been intercepted blames Burnham. Burnham hes Evelyn to marry Palmer. an hitter, Maynard, a frilend of the wishes Evelyn to marry Palmer, an architect. Maynard, a friend of the fimily, calls on Palmer and they discuss the mystery. "Has it oc-curred to you that the dead man's friends may live in Germany?" asks Palmer. "Do you mean that the dead man was a German spy?" asks May-nard

NOW READ THIS

"YES." Paimer sat upright. "That to me is the only explanation for the, as you mention, inexplicable fact that no one has reported such a man as missing to the police or made inquirles for him. Coroner Penfield states his photograph has been circulated with a minute description of his clothes." "Has the photograph appeared in

the newspapers?" "I think not. From all accounts he

must have looked pretty gruesome. Maynard; the newspapers wouldn't want to publish a picture of a dead man sitting in a chair. It isn't done." "Pretty good publicity if it were done." retorted Maynard bluntly. "Have you told Detective Mitchell your theory?"

"Not yet." Palmer hesitated. "Let the police work out their theories first. There's another reason," and he smilled. "Washington is spy-mad; and I don't want to be classed among the men and women who write anonymously to the Department of Justice or telephone the Secret Service regarding the, to them, suspicious behavior of their neighbors. Hot air, most of it."

"Better hot air than run the risk of letting a spy escape through not reporting him," remarked Maynard, "If were you, Palmer, I wouldn't lose any time in seeing Mitchell, and suggest to him that the Secret Service take a hand in the game."

"They may be working from that and already," answered Palmer doubt fully. "However, if you think it best I'll step over to the Treasury Depart. ment and see Chief Connor. Would you like to come along?"

"Very much."

"Good." Palmer swung about and cathered up the blue prints of all sizes which littered his desk. He was in the act of placing them in his drawer when a sharp rap, followed instancey by the entrance of his office boy, interrupted him.

"General West is awaitin' in his car to speak to yo'." announced the darkey. "The general's in a pow'ful big hurry an' he wants ter see the plan for the new buildin' for the ordnance."

raimer selected four blue prints 'Ill be right back," he told Maynard and hurried out into the hall.

Left to himself Maynard gazed about the room and then back at the disorderly desk. Moving quietly over to it he scanned several drawings and eye fell on a small chess problem dia- attendant returned. prints and he picked it up to examine the captain directed and turned to in- by him.

more closely. With lightning speed terview some newcomers. bis trained eyes studied the diagram

and two women who had reached the interview when the swing door leading |" "I am convinced that the man found room ahead of them. At Palmer's to an inner office opened and Detective dead in Burnham's library on Tuesday having been in the house except Miss request to see the chief of the secret Mitchell stepped out. He halted at afternoon was a German spy," he Preston," added Mitchell. "We searchservice the captain smiled.

"Won't an assistant do?" he asked. back toward the door, and disappeared of Detective Mitchell, who is in charge "The chief's somewhat busy." to see Chief Connor, was not to be side. self. the secretary stepped inside the lines." inner room. tracked.

"No," he said decidedly. "I won't "Nice business keeping a man of my detain the chief but a minute; it's im-standing waiting in an antercom." portant. Here's my card," and he laid fumed Palmer, turning to Maynard, the man was a German spy?" it on the desk. The captain pushed but the latter's rejoinder was lost by over some printed blanks.

picked up his telephone receiver and Connor will see you."

the return of the secretary. "Fill out these forms," he directed. "Will you and your friend step this his relatives and friends are in Ger. me if he has any enemies?" both you and your friend," and he way, Mr. Palmer?" he said. "Chief many," explained Palmer. "If he had

heid a subdued conversation which he Paimer's walk past the secretary was us, or an Americans citizen, his ab- express hatred of Burnham." he said, a ripping and a tearing as the seat of discontinued when Palmer and May- indicative of his feeling of triumph; sence would have been reported and nard handed him the filled-in blanks he had gained his point, Maynard, fol- the aid of the police sought." bearing their signatures and addresses, lowing close at his heels, smothered a Conner nodded slightly. "That is a

Maynard looked across at Detective Mitchell. "Have you identified the man?"

turned them over. As he did so his A touch of the push button and the smile as they reached the large table reasonable argument, Mr. Palmer, but raises itself above the trenches of privinear the window where sat Chief Con- it is not evidence. Any one who dies lege and sin. gram half buried among the larger "Take these gentlemen upstairs," nor with Detective Mitchell standing suddenly these days is a German spy "Glad to see you, Mr. Palmer," said Connor cordially, as Palmer introduced Maynard looked across at Detective Naynard looked across at Detective Maynard looked across at Detective

As Maynard accompanied Palmer and their guide up the winding stair. himself and then mentioned Maynard's Mitchell. case and through the broad corridors name. Chief Connor rose and extended man?"

the library bell just before she came upstairs from the kitchen and found the dead man sitting there. Our search then, of course, proved fruitless; the man had made good his escape."

"There wasn't a trace of any one sight of Maynard, who sat with his stated. "I presume from the presence ed the entire place."

"That bears out Burnham's theory into the room again. An instant later of the investigation of that mystery, that the man was murdered elsewhere Palmer, having made up his mind the call bell buzzed and, excusing him- that you are working along the same and carried into his house," remarked Palmer.

"It is an interesting theory," com-Connor's reply took the form of a question. "What leads you to think "The fact that no inquiries have

Palmer glanced involuntarily at been of any nationality at peace with Maynard. ""I never heard any one speaking slowly. "But he is not par-

ticularly popular." "That bears out what I have heard, scrambled higher into the tree. . There chief," broke in Mitchell.

"Yes," Connor turned again to Pal- garments. mer. "You have answered very concisely, Mr. Palmer; now please tell press animosity toward any one." Palmer moved restlessly. "That's a tured by your feroclous beast I am still

hard question." "Why?"

"Because Burnham is very out-"Mr. Palmer, I will be greatly

obliged if you will answer directly; Billy. does Burnham harbor animosity against any one?"

Maynard's eyes, "I believe he dislikes Rene La Montagne." "Rene La Montagne?"

"Captain in the French Flying Corps, Wait until I get hold of you." growled himself. "And here is one for boldness. his voice-"I'm more than a boy tramp an 'Ace'," explained Maynard, break- Johnny Bull, leaping up toward the rag- Ah, yum, yum !" like is all on Burnham's side; I But I must dine in quiet." said the

ham's behavior is peculiar at times, I understand."

"So it appears," replied Chief Connor dryly. "Mitchell has just informed me that Burnham's train reached Washington about 1:30 Tuesday morning."

"It did?" Palmer sat up and stared at the speaker, "Why, Burnham telephoned me Tuesday night from Union Station that he had just arrived." Maynard, the fingers of his right hand resting in his vest pocket, thrust a paper deeper down inside the lining as he listened absorbedly to the conversation. "There is another point where you

and told Charles to give any information can help us, Mr. Palmer," continued Chief Connor. "Has Burnham in your when Duke asked them when they started their profit-sharing plan, how long it ran and why they abandoned it. presence ever uttered seditious and disloyal sentiments?" "Never!" Palmer's denial was in-

stant. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Dearborn Independence

Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent has made a rediscovery of graft and profifeering; it becudgels the booze-disspensers; it flays the devil of milltarism; it jays into the curse of secret diplomacy, and altogether takes a shot at pretty much of every head that

"Damn it, Charles," growled James, "don't use sissy words.' The plan was a fizzle and the fellows—a lot of un-grateful fools, Mr. Duke. They are, Charles," he snapped when his brother was about to protest, "There, now you got me tangled up. As I was saying, the fellows used to work like human beings until we put in this 'give 'em beings until we put in this 'give 'em suddenly these days is a German spy —in the public's opinion. We must ment, we are glad to observe, is hitting then they've done nothing but kick—

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy "THE BOY TRAMP"

(Peppy and Billy on a hike are at-tacked by a raggedy figure, who takes their lunch. Johnny Bull grabs the raggedy figure.) ONE SURPRISE AND THEN

ANOTHER

"Yow, yow! ob, call off your dog !" begged the raggedy figure, but much to the surprise of Peggy and Billy mented Chief Connor, and turned to he spoke in a very low voice, almost a Palmer directly. "I understand, Mr. whisper. This was very strange, as he Palmer, that you are Mr. Burnham's might have been expected to yell his been made for him looks to me as if most intimate friend; can you tell loudest, with Johnny Buil chewing at his trousers seat. "Quick, he'll tear 'em ! urged the raggedy chap.

And indeed at that moment there was the trousers gave way and Johnny Bull dropped to the ground. The raggedy figure, still clutching Billy's lunch box,

he inspected the damage done to his dropped one end of the line downward. It fell over Johnny Bull's stubby tail,

Presently he looked down and grinned. and before Johnny or Billy or Peggy "That shows how wise I am to wear clad comfortably and respectably."

Billy.

figure "Why, not since breakfast," replied marked the raggedly figure, tying the stole my lunch," muttered Billy.

SHARING PLAN

The Plan That Didn't Work T WAS interesting to notice how Charles and James Magnus received

Charles always wanted to give the

fullest answers possible, but suggested

hat his brother do the talking. James

This usual formula was indulged in

The answer Charles gave was in sub-

The plan was put into force nearly

two years ago and is still in operation, but must be either abandoned or chang-

ed at the end of the present fiscal (and

calendar) year because no good results

He seemed better for having got his

deas on profit-sharing out of his sys-

was curt-I almost said discourteous-

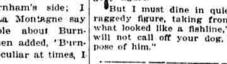
Bruno Duke's questions

ould be traced from it.

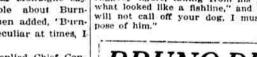
asked for.

stance this:

and feel now the need of a bite."



like is all on Burnham's side, I shut I must time in quiet. Said the heraggedy ngure should share their help me capture them. In the raggedy figure, taking from his pocket unch with them after he had robbed what looked like a fishline," and if you what looked like a fishline," and if you what looked like a fishline," and if you them of it, but they were hungry and there are deal them of it, but they were hungry and there are deal the are deal to be and what looked like a fishline."



me if you have heard Burnham ex-press animosity toward any one." "While the outer casing has been punced in the time was pulling on the line and drag-"While the outer casing has been punced in the time to the time." with water." "While the outer casing has been punc- ging Johnny Buil into the tree. Johnny Bull was taken entirely by surprise. He snapped and he growled "Give us back our lunch." demanded and he twisted, but being lifted by the tail in that way he was helpless. He "Because Burnham is very out-spoken and frequently exaggerates his did you last eat?" asked the raggedy his claws and teeth. "If I had known you

string to a branch and opening the "Fie on you, then, for keeping food lunch box. "Ah, what a delicious repast approvingly. "Aren't you ashamed of from one hungrier than yourself," is spread before us. Fair lady and kind yourself?" "Well, to be exact," Palmer avoided scolded the raggedy figure with a grin. sir, I invite you to my banquet. A

"And I feel the need of a bite, too. Peggy, and another to Billy, taking one he paused, looked around, and lowered

"Yow! Yow! Oh, call off your dog!" With that the raggedy figure suddenly

warhing my face before our meal," he said. "Had I been myself I would have done so, but being in the role of Hal, the knew what the raggedy figure was up boy tramp, it would never have done to

Billy looked at him in fresh surprise, they saw he was really only a boy about

"I don't like tramps," said Peggy, dis-

"I have not dined since yesterday noon sandwich for beauty and a sandwich for tramp. "I enjoy it, and I'm enjoying it bravery!" He tossed a sandwich to very particularly right now, for-" -Um a detective in the midst of a

they promptly ate the sandwiches he tramp.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-

NESS QUESTION

containing a memorandum of notes or debts in order of maturity.

A "tickler" is a book or card index

What does "dividend" mean? Answer will appear tomorrow.

(Copyright)

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT . , as I mentioned some time ago and we ; You want education more than a job; tet the knowledge and you can get your paid eight thousand dollars in bonus or about a hundred and twenty-seven dollars a head all round. The young boys were pleased, but the salesmen grumbled openly."

own job. While the school you mention is, of burse, a good one, resident education is est. Try one of the local evening best. 7 schools.

Under separate cover I send you names of books desired. A reading of hem will undoubtedly help you.

For the last four or five weeks I have been following Bruno Duke with interest; several days ago you mentioned the possi-bility that he might secure some experience in the advertising business. I hope he does, particularly in writing copy. Could you give me some advice on how to "break in" on the advertising game? F. M. F.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will an-buying, selling, advertising and employ swdr readers' business questions on ment. Business Questions Answered Please give me your oplnion of a corre-spondence salesman's training school thram deleted) in resards to its guarateer of a position as it claims. Is there any other position as it claims. Is there any other books and correspondence? J.J.C. I have no personal knowledge of the school you mention, although Tve seen its material.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE



crumbs that fall from our banquet table." laughed the raggedy figure, and he popped into Johnny Bull's mouth a piece of ham. Johnny never had eaten upside him before, but he grabbed on to that meat and gulped it down-or rather up. Hungry as' Peggy and Billy were, the raggedy figure seemed hungrier, but

ie shared the sandwiches, the cookles, he cake and other goodles with them, all in equal portions, and ne didn't for-get Johnny Bull. When the last scrap was gone, he untied Johnny Bull and dropped him to the ground.

gave them. Johnny Bull writhed and

"Ha, my good dog, you shall have the

growled at the end of the string.

"Now that my hunger has been appeased, I hasten to apologize for not

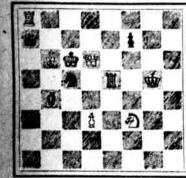
When he said "boy tramp" Peggy and and even Johnny Bull ceased growling over his injured tail. On looking closely

"If I had known you were only a boy, "Now, we will dine in peace," re- I'd have made it warm for you when you

"Not a bit of it," laughed the boy

Peggy and Billy were surprised that gang of robber tramps. I want you to

d the message beneath it:



White to Play and Mate in Two Move A second more and the diagram was tucked safely in an inner pocket as approaching footsteps heralded the return of Palmer, and when he entered Maynard was indolently reading the evening newspaper.

"There's no pleasing some people." fumed the architect, tossing the plans he carried into the open drawer, and thrusting the others pell mell on top of them he slammed the drawer shut and locked it securely. "We've got to nurry, Maynard, to get to the Treasury Department before closing time, Come

Stopping only long enough to push fown the safety lock of the door to oprivate office and cautioning the y to take all telephone messages. almer hurried the actor into the reet.

"Not a car in sight," he exclaimed boking up the street. "We'll have to walk; all Washington's doing it," he added, laughing, and the two men trode along, unconsciously quickening eir pace as they crossed Lafayette dere into Pennsylvania avenue. faynard on reaching the north front If the Treasury swerved toward the ow of steps leading to the buildbut Palmer stopped him.

Only one entrance used nowa he explained. "That on Fifth street, this way." and they hurd along Pennsylvania avenue and d the corner.

ving no attention to the sign Visitors Allowed" which hung usly near the only open door, led the way inside the buildd was promptly stopped by an ant, whose peremptory manner d somewhat at signt of Palmer's eard.

"Il take you to the Captain of the " he said. "Here, Tom." and to another attendant to take c, he escorted them into a m a few steps away. They it until the Captain of the

tendants pacing up and down. In the you sit here?" indicating chairs to Mitchell answered, "No; but our fin- aspects of sustained serious writing, and outer office of the secret service head his right. "You already know Mitch- ger-print experts will make a final re- at the same time produce enough of a quarters they were met by a polite ell. I believe."

him, which Palmer, his obstinacy the detective; he would rather have in the detective's face. aroused by what his amour propresseen the chief alone. Maynard, who aroused by what his amour propresseen the chief atome, any mark with emphasis. Don't give yoursen pro-took to be a slight in shelving him had acknowledged Mitchell's greeting too much concern. Mr. Palmer, the couplet such as, with a subordinate when he desired to courteously, waited for Palmer to open.

see the chief, declined to do. the interview, but it was not until The secretary's patience was wear- Connor remarked pleasantly: "Well, ing thin under Palmer's irritating gentlemen," that Palmer addressed manner and he was about to close the him.

To cultivate a gentle mind; -And though it chafes us now and then I think we always should be kind! Ah, yes, we always should be kind! And so when tigers come my way I think you'll almost always find I'll very gently run away. But, later, since I may not boot him I very probably will shoot him.

Because his views seem strange to me. As though 'twere something good to see 'Tis gentleness he needs, you see. Let kindly feelings therefore hum Which gives him opportunity To send us all to Kingdom Come. And since we are too kind to bang him I really think we ought to hang him!

GRIF ALEXANDER

votion," or "Ho Hum" For alliteration "Have you identified the is to editorial sprightliness what a set of pliant springs are to Mr. Ford's

he noted the numerous uniformed at his hand to the famous actor. "Won't There was a faint pause before automobile-they soften the harder port soon," he answered. mental jar to keep the mind gently

"Slow work," observed Palmer, and stimulated. secretary, who invited them to be Palmer nodded curtly; he was some what taken aback at the presence of what taken aback at the presence of th torials. It is pleasant to read about "Slow work-but sure," he remarked the disorderous Bolsheviki, for examwith emphasis, "Don't give yourself ple, and then come upon a lyrical

-:-

police will solve the riddle. And it is Bumps come to all; but to some men a police will solve the riddle. And it is bumpa case presenting some unique fea-ls a blow; to others a boost on the

tôres, I'll admit." "It does," exclaimed Mitchell eager-ly. "Here we have a man, without an identifying mark on his person or his clothes, poisoned some time be-to the solution of the grass and the solution of the grass and the solution of the grass and the solution of the solution of the grass and the solution of the solution of the grass and the solution of the solution of the grass and the solution of the solution of the grass and the solution of the solution tween 2 and 3 Tuesday morning and lines, extra tire, one-man top, and everything! Its most laudable features are the three speeds and reverse—especially which an hour previous had not con-the three speeds and reverse. Take that first verse, for the three speeds and reverse, for the reverse. Take that first verse, for the three speeds and reverse. Take that first verse, for the reverse. Take that first verse, for the three speeds and reverse. Take that first verse, for the verse. Take the verse verse. Take the verse verse verse. Take the verse verse verse. Take the verse verse verse verse verse. Take the verse v which an hour previous had not contained his body," Mitchell rumpled his when you start it backward: hair, "and no one in the house but Blows come to all; but to some men Miss Evelyn Preston, who arrived that morning. It's a very pretty problem." Is a blow others a boost out of "low."

There was some one else in the house beside Miss Preston," replied pamer warmly. "The man who car-ried the dead body into the library. It's a great pity the house wasn't down or downside up, or in a Republi-nee and instantly from top to hot. That is the beauty of the Detroit The casual and transposable quality is (tom." even better illustrated by the other

"True," agreed Maynard. "But none findly agreed alay hard. But how lyric: of us, the coroner and Doctor Hayden included, realized there might be a murderer concealed on the premises murderer concealed on the premises until after Penfield's statement that spect, the Detroit type of verse lacks the man had been dead about twelve only one quality to make it the ideal hours, and Miss Preston's immediate poetry; it is not gasless .-- Cartoon had asked. declaration that some one had rung Magazine.

- : -

. . .

-:-

Charles sighed and began: "We got

the whole force together on December 26-two years ago-and told the men that, beginning January 1, we should make every one on the place a profit sharer with us. We would take 20 real friend, was up in her room, with per cent of the profit and divide it a new little head reposing in the curve

sharer with us. We would take a performance of the profit and divide it equally among the people who had been with us a full year. That bonus would be paid at the end of the year, or, with us a full year. That bonus would it aboy it aboy it aboy it aboy it arms. "A boy!" James's heart had leaped with the would touch a penny of the people work fairly well for a month or two, the workers appeared is stimulated—then they dropped into the babits and works, for I heard indirectly that some of the people said we never would give them their share, as pressed it, in our favor. "Well, I thought that we would be aboy. "Well, I thought that we would be aboy. The mether and a deep feeling of admiral But while they told us they were many and the babits and works." "Well, I thought that we would be aboy. The mether and a deep feeling of admiral bis section the transment of whom he had a deep feeling of admiral bis work to the proper with a lurch. "Here, boy," the driver commanded, "Here the first form whom he had a deep feeling of admiral bis work to the broked with a lurch. "Here, boy," the driver commanded, "Here the first form and with the bing floor, Mrs. example, and see how feelingly it flows stimulated-then they dropped into the He kicked a pebble viciously. Today

dered how we arrived at the figure." "Yes," broke in James again. "I suppose they wanted us to throw open our books for them-if they can't take our word for it, they can go hang. They should be satisfied with getting a gift without suspicioning it."

"Hello, son!" John's greeting had been. James had tried to laugh at the joke. but a small lump in his throat checked the laugh. Next he met his father, and asked for his weekly allowance. Father had given him the money, then looked him over, with a slow disconcerting gase. "You must hurry up, James, and grow to an age when you'll be able to earn your own allowances." said the father with a kind pat on James's shoulder, but James had swallowed another hard lump "How much profit did you make that "How much profit did you make that first year?" I asked. They both looked at me, for it was the first question I James had swallowed another hard lump

"We thought we had forty thousand, in his throat, He wandere He wandered back into the house and

WHILE MOTHERS REIGN By JOSEPHINE MURPHY

ideas on profit-sharing out of his sys-tem. "In fact, Mr. Duke," Charles took up the story, "we must do something dif-ferent, for the organization seems to be undermined, unfortunately—and by our extra bonus money, too." "In as few words as possible," Duke abruptly asked, "tell me what your plan was and how it operated." "Suppose you' — James?" began Charles. "No," snapped the brother, "it's your fool scheme."

He arose and walked down the path

"Uninteresting." "I wonder just when a fellow becomes uninteresting," he said.

out into the broad sunny avenue. His sister's words came as a climax to an already unhappy week and mother, his real friend, was up in her room, with

tion. "Hello, son!" John's greeting had

Binality it stopped with a lurch.
"Here, boy." the driver commanded, "take this up to the third floor, Mrs.
Hale."
James took the box filled with grocer-ies and started on his journey. He was puffing breathlessly when he came down.
After hours of climbing stairs the day ended, leaving him with weary feet, skinned knuckles and every bone in his body having a separate ache. He had pocketed his fifty cents and was on his way home. He stopped at the florist's and purchased some very pale, creamy looking roses. It was guilte late by now, but he knew they would be very much re-lieved because he wasn't there.
He pictured them all at the table.

lieved because he wasn't there. He plctured them all at the table. Father at the head, then brother and sister. No, mother wouldn't be there i if she were, and he would straighten up his shoulders, she would say. "Sit here next to mother, my little man." At last he treached the house and walked bravely in. One of his long legs came in connection with a leg of the chair, but he recovered himself quickly, and zoing over near his father placed the fifty cents he had received from him that morning near his plate. "I worked today, father," he said in a low voice. "and I'm able to return the money to you. I'm just as much obliged, though. It's all right, isn't it." he asked. "You see, I wanted roses for mother."

asked. "You see, I wanted roses for mother." Still the father did not answer because of a tightening in his thfoat. James turned and flew up stairs Reaching his mother's room, he gently ushed open the door. Yes, she was there. She looked around dreamily, then standing there. Coat torn, two buttons missing, muddy shoes and withal hold-ing carefully an armful of roses. Be put out her arms and in a minute was in them, sobbing and kissing her be was in them, sobbing and kissing her be was in them, sobbing and kissing her be was in them, sobbing and kissing her and and his uninteresting age. After a long silence he looked up and doesn't matter, with knocks and digs. With a half smile. "The world doesn't matter, with knocks and digs.

the next camplete novelette-Turning



KINDNESS It is the dut St all men i would not hurt an anarchist I ought to note each mental twist

FRENCHY-All Shined Up and on His Way