

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 dead in the library of her home in Washington.

THEN READ THIS LA MONTAGNE'S smile was enigmatic. "Life is held very cheap in wartime," he remarked, and stepped forward as the crowded elevator stopped at their floor.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's apartment on your way to the Colonel's rooms?" "I didn't stop, Boss," quickly. "I went up in the elevator without getting out until I struck the Colonel's floor."

"You cannot!" Maynard stared aghast at him. "No," La Montagne looked hard at Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's apartment on your way to the Colonel's rooms?" "I didn't stop, Boss," quickly. "I went up in the elevator without getting out until I struck the Colonel's floor."

"You cannot!" Maynard stared aghast at him. "No," La Montagne looked hard at Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's apartment on your way to the Colonel's rooms?" "I didn't stop, Boss," quickly. "I went up in the elevator without getting out until I struck the Colonel's floor."

"You cannot!" Maynard stared aghast at him. "No," La Montagne looked hard at Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's apartment on your way to the Colonel's rooms?" "I didn't stop, Boss," quickly. "I went up in the elevator without getting out until I struck the Colonel's floor."

"You cannot!" Maynard stared aghast at him. "No," La Montagne looked hard at Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's apartment on your way to the Colonel's rooms?" "I didn't stop, Boss," quickly. "I went up in the elevator without getting out until I struck the Colonel's floor."

"You cannot!" Maynard stared aghast at him. "No," La Montagne looked hard at Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

"You are not!" Marian's surprise increased; for Mammy to miss her weekly devotionals was almost unheard of.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE BOY TRAMP"

(Billy and Peggy aid Harold, the boy tramp-detective to capture a gang of robbers.)



"YOU go up stream and I'll go down," whispered Billy to Harold. "Peggy, you guard the center."

"Whoops! There's a whole pack of dogs on shore," yelled Slim Jim. "Don't be afraid. We can beat 'em off with rocks."

"Up-r-r-gh! I'll eat 'em up if they put a foot on shore," growled Johnny Bull, but Peggy and Billy felt that Harold spoke the truth.

"The first one I tackled was a young chap named Parks. He was thin and accentuated it by wearing tight-fitting clothes. He wore very high collars and vivid neckwear and had an expression as though he had just bitten a quince."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" I persisted. "Just fer—fer—I believe it's given as a kind of salary raise. They told us about it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no particular attention; I got all the money I need, so it didn't bother me none either way."



"Ha, it's the plunder stolen from the Chase Bank," shouted the sheriff.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" went rocks against the top as Billy, Harold and Peggy threw with all their strength. But the rocks fell harmlessly into the water, and the tramps laughed.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" barked Johnny Bull, leaping to the water's edge and baring his teeth. But the tramps only waved their clubs and laughed the louder. Protected by the launch top they were afraid of neither stones nor dog.

"Run, run, you'd better run!" croaked the warning voice of Bull Frog. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

"Run before they see us," echoed Harold. "Run before they see us," echoed Harold.

The children turned to obey, only to meet with a surprise. There were the sheriff and his men ready and waiting for the tramps to reach shore.

"You have no right to touch us. We haven't done anything!" cried Blinky as the tramps were hustled into their clothes.

"Dig under the camp fire," cried Harold, the boy tramp-detective, from behind his tree. Two of the sheriff's men pushed the fire away and dug up the ground. In the cool earth below they came upon a tin box. When this tin box was opened it was found to be filled with money and Liberty Bonds.

"Ha, it's the plunder stolen from the Chase Bank," shouted the sheriff. "Thank you for helping me," he shouted to Peggy and Billy. "I'll give you a splendid dinner in return for the one I took as the boy tramp, and I'll have a big beefsteak for Johnny Bull."

"Woof! Woof! I like beefsteak better than tramp steak," barked Johnny Bull as the autos chugged out of sight.

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

(Next week will be told the story of how Peggy and Billy and the Brownie Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)



Sam's eyes never flickered under Maynard's level gaze

THE BLOTTED PAGE

MARIAN VAN NESS turned the latch key and stepped into her apartment with reluctance. After her visit to the hairdresser she had persuaded Evelyn, against the latter's better judgment, to take a light dinner down town with her and had prolonged the walk home because of her desire for companionship. It was Mammy's "church night," and Marian dreaded the long evening by herself before the return of the faithful old servant who had been her mother's personal maid years before. Mammy was a privileged character, and her shrewd comments and homely maxims frequently wiled away the tedium of evenings at home.

When Marian felt the strain of overwork and long hours at the state department, Mammy, on her return would put her to bed and nurse her as she had done in infancy. Her large black hand possessed a magic touch healing, in its soothing influence, every tortured nerve and bringing sleep in its train. She would have made her fortune as a masseuse, but loyalty to

precious moments come but stay not; Lots of gloomy things befall; Things you want to do but may not seem most desirable of all. Life is all at sixes, seven; Blocks won't fit whether you do. Patience! 'Neath the smiling heavens There is happiness for you.

Nature's processes selective Scorn all personal complaint; And you cannot get perspective When your nose is in the paint. Do your stut though it be fearful. Behind the clouds the sky is blue. Patience! Somewhere if you're cheerful. There is happiness for you.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Optimism

precious moments come but stay not; Lots of gloomy things befall; Things you want to do but may not seem most desirable of all. Life is all at sixes, seven; Blocks won't fit whether you do. Patience! 'Neath the smiling heavens There is happiness for you.

Nature's processes selective Scorn all personal complaint; And you cannot get perspective When your nose is in the paint. Do your stut though it be fearful. Behind the clouds the sky is blue. Patience! Somewhere if you're cheerful. There is happiness for you.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Optimism

precious moments come but stay not; Lots of gloomy things befall; Things you want to do but may not seem most desirable of all. Life is all at sixes, seven; Blocks won't fit whether you do. Patience! 'Neath the smiling heavens There is happiness for you.

Nature's processes selective Scorn all personal complaint; And you cannot get perspective When your nose is in the paint. Do your stut though it be fearful. Behind the clouds the sky is blue. Patience! Somewhere if you're cheerful. There is happiness for you.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Optimism

precious moments come but stay not; Lots of gloomy things befall; Things you want to do but may not seem most desirable of all. Life is all at sixes, seven; Blocks won't fit whether you do. Patience! 'Neath the smiling heavens There is happiness for you.

Nature's processes selective Scorn all personal complaint; And you cannot get perspective When your nose is in the paint. Do your stut though it be fearful. Behind the clouds the sky is blue. Patience! Somewhere if you're cheerful. There is happiness for you.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

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

SOME of the opinions expressed to me of the profit-sharing plan of the Magnus Brothers were interesting, to say the least of it.

The first one I tackled was a young chap named Parks. He was thin and accentuated it by wearing tight-fitting clothes. He wore very high collars and vivid neckwear and had an expression as though he had just bitten a quince.

As he occupied the desk next to mine, I had a chance of getting acquainted, and by asking him for the name of his tailor and admiring his necktie, I quickly won his respect. Bruno Duke put me up to that dodge. He said: "If you want to win a young fellow, admire his neckties. If you want to win a mature man, ask his advice, and if you want to win an old chap, ask him what he eats—that's salesmanship!"

So, one noon, I said to Parks: "What's this profit-sharing stunt I've heard about—is it any good?" "Sure, Mike," he admitted, "the idea's good, but the execution's rotten. Pansy putting us on equal terms with the kids who get up orders. It's bad for the morale of the place—it gives them kids the big head."

"But I understand all were on a footing, salesman and all." "Yep, but them fellows don't need it; they get a fat salary and all expenses paid. It's we fellows who do the most important work. The salesmen make all kinds of bulls on their orders, and if we didn't watch 'em closer than the devil they would be on the carpet every day. The trouble with this joint is that the bosses don't know what's going on. I could tell 'em a few things if I wished, for instance," and he went on to recount how he'd save a salesman from trouble by some ordinary correction on the order.

"How would you handle a profit-sharing stunt?" I asked. "I don't know, but I'd do better than now, believe me. I'd arrange somehow that the fellows that did the most good either in saving expenses or suggesting a new thing get the most." And that represented the attitude of many of the fellows—each felt that he personally was not having a "square deal."

One evening as we were leaving I "happened" to be going George's way. We talked generalities for a few minutes, then I launched the profit-sharing business with him. "It's all right, I guess," he remarked casually, "although I always maintain that if a fellow won't work without a bribe, he won't work with it. I guess it don't do no harm if it don't do no good."

"How does it work?" I asked. "Oh, ye get coin 'ording to yer salary. I don't yet know how it's worked."

Copyright, 1919, by The Tribune Co.

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

SOME of the opinions expressed to me of the profit-sharing plan of the Magnus Brothers were interesting, to say the least of it.

The first one I tackled was a young chap named Parks. He was thin and accentuated it by wearing tight-fitting clothes. He wore very high collars and vivid neckwear and had an expression as though he had just bitten a quince.

As he occupied the desk next to mine, I had a chance of getting acquainted, and by asking him for the name of his tailor and admiring his necktie, I quickly won his respect. Bruno Duke put me up to that dodge. He said: "If you want to win a young fellow, admire his neckties. If you want to win a mature man, ask his advice, and if you want to win an old chap, ask him what he eats—that's salesmanship!"

So, one noon, I said to Parks: "What's this profit-sharing stunt I've heard about—is it any good?" "Sure, Mike," he admitted, "the idea's good, but the execution's rotten. Pansy putting us on equal terms with the kids who get up orders. It's bad for the morale of the place—it gives them kids the big head."

"But I understand all were on a footing, salesman and all." "Yep, but them fellows don't need it; they get a fat salary and all expenses paid. It's we fellows who do the most important work. The salesmen make all kinds of bulls on their orders, and if we didn't watch 'em closer than the devil they would be on the carpet every day. The trouble with this joint is that the bosses don't know what's going on. I could tell 'em a few things if I wished, for instance," and he went on to recount how he'd save a salesman from trouble by some ordinary correction on the order.

"How would you handle a profit-sharing stunt?" I asked. "I don't know, but I'd do better than now, believe me. I'd arrange somehow that the fellows that did the most good either in saving expenses or suggesting a new thing get the most." And that represented the attitude of many of the fellows—each felt that he personally was not having a "square deal."

One evening as we were leaving I "happened" to be going George's way. We talked generalities for a few minutes, then I launched the profit-sharing business with him. "It's all right, I guess," he remarked casually, "although I always maintain that if a fellow won't work without a bribe, he won't work with it. I guess it don't do no harm if it don't do no good."

"How does it work?" I asked. "Oh, ye get coin 'ording to yer salary. I don't yet know how it's worked."

Copyright, 1919, by The Tribune Co.

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

SOME of the opinions expressed to me of the profit-sharing plan of the Magnus Brothers were interesting, to say the least of it.

The first one I tackled was a young chap named Parks. He was thin and accentuated it by wearing tight-fitting clothes. He wore very high collars and vivid neckwear and had an expression as though he had just bitten a quince.

As he occupied the desk next to mine, I had a chance of getting acquainted, and by asking him for the name of his tailor and admiring his necktie, I quickly won his respect. Bruno Duke put me up to that dodge. He said: "If you want to win a young fellow, admire his neckties. If you want to win a mature man, ask his advice, and if you want to win an old chap, ask him what he eats—that's salesmanship!"

So, one noon, I said to Parks: "What's this profit-sharing stunt I've heard about—is it any good?" "Sure, Mike," he admitted, "the idea's good, but the execution's rotten. Pansy putting us on equal terms with the kids who get up orders. It's bad for the morale of the place—it gives them kids the big head."

"But I understand all were on a footing, salesman and all." "Yep, but them fellows don't need it; they get a fat salary and all expenses paid. It's we fellows who do the most important work. The salesmen make all kinds of bulls on their orders, and if we didn't watch 'em closer than the devil they would be on the carpet every day. The trouble with this joint is that the bosses don't know what's going on. I could tell 'em a few things if I wished, for instance," and he went on to recount how he'd save a salesman from trouble by some ordinary correction on the order.

"How would you handle a profit-sharing stunt?" I asked. "I don't know, but I'd do better than now, believe me. I'd arrange somehow that the fellows that did the most good either in saving expenses or suggesting a new thing get the most." And that represented the attitude of many of the fellows—each felt that he personally was not having a "square deal."

One evening as we were leaving I "happened" to be going George's way. We talked generalities for a few minutes, then I launched the profit-sharing business with him. "It's all right, I guess," he remarked casually, "although I always maintain that if a fellow won't work without a bribe, he won't work with it. I guess it don't do no harm if it don't do no good."

"How does it work?" I asked. "Oh, ye get coin 'ording to yer salary. I don't yet know how it's worked."

Copyright, 1919, by The Tribune Co.

FRENCHY—Along Came Saturday and Fun



FRENCHY—Along Came Saturday and Fun



FRENCHY—Along Came Saturday and Fun



FRENCHY—Along Came Saturday and Fun

