THE THREE STRINGS By NATALIESUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

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

Evelyn Preston finds a stranger ad in the library of her home in ashington. Death was due to prusacid. Her mother and step-er, Peter Burnham, arriving, fall to throw any light on the mat-ter. Captain La Montagne, in love with Evelyn, learns from Marian Van Ness, a friend, that his letters to Evelyn have been intercepted and blames Burnham. Burnham is shot and blames La Montagne for the shooting. Maynard, a friend, dis-covered that La Montagne always goes armed and suggests that he fears attack.

THEN READ THIS

LA MONTAGNE'S smile was enig-matic. "Life is held very cheap in wartime," he remarked, and stepped aghast at him. forward as the crowded elevator

stopped at their floor. "Enter." the closed taxl and the car speeding on its way to the Potomac garage that La Montagne addressed his equally silent companion.

"Evelyn writes that her mother is much incensed that I met her as she states, clandestinely, and forbids that she go again to stay with Madame Van Ness," he said. "It is unfairunjust! Next time-" His mouth closed like a steel trap. "I begin to think like Madame Van Ness."

Maynard looked at him keenly. "What do you mean?"

"Madama Van Ness told me Wednesday afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Burnham both disliked me; for what I know not, but she suggested-"Yes, go on!" There was subdued

eagerness in Maynard's tone.

"She suggested that while , Mrs. Burnham's prejudice against me might be prompted by her husband, his dislike was traceable to an event in Paris. But it hardly seems possible," he broke off to add.

"Oh, go on, man; I can judge better perhaps than you."

Burnham had his face slapped by Andre de Sartiges at the club in Paris; he did not challenge, as is the French custom." Maynard, drinking in what he said, nodded comprehension. "Later Burnham cut short his visit in Paris, or so I heard afterward; I was but a spectator at the quarrel in the club; in fact the scene was ridiculously funny and I laughed." Back to Maynard's memory came

Evelyn's words. "Mr. Burnham hates to be made ridiculous." *

"Humph! It looks as if your sense of humor had cost you a bride," he remarked dryly. "Burnham has apparently brooded over your untimely mirth until he has exaggerated it into a capital offense."

"But then he is of unbalanced mind!" exclaimed La Montagne, astonished. "To think of a laugh seven years old and charge me with an attempt to kill because of it - Mon Dieu!" He shook his head. such things possible? But yet Madame Van Ness believes Burnham's enmity

is of the past, and she is discerning." "You have discussed the matter with her?" Something odd in Maynard's "No. 1 did not see the taxl-driver's creased; for Mammy to miss her week- were devoid of light and the houses tone caused the Frenchman to glance face." at him quickly, but his face was ex-

"But yes, she is Evelyn's best friend." La Montagne answered simply, "She has been most kind in aidlatch key and stepped into her to a corner and pulled forward an shaped wing of the mansion on several shaped wing of the mansion of the several shaped wing of the ply. "She has been most kind in aiding me to set straight certain mis- apartment with reluctance. After her electric vacuum cleaner. "I'se been a of its floors, and her familiarity with knees creak. understandings with Evelyn. She has visit to the hairdresser she had per. wrestlin' wif dis hyar contraption most the house's architectural arrangea most sympathetic nature. You like her, n'est ce pas?"

his cigarette case and offered it to his the walk home because of her desire good, de vaccium's done gont out ob boudoir and Marian saw her knitting companion. "Have one?" There was silence as the French. "church night," and Marian dreaded Marian concealed her amusement

man busied himself in striking a match the long evening by herself before the from the tender old eyes watching her. ting before the desk, was examining which he first held against Maynard's return of the faithful old servant who "I'm afraid, Mammy, you are too adhad been her mother's personal maid dicted to dusters and brooms," she de a faint light glowed and Marian woncigarette before lighting his own. "She is very beautiful, that Madame years before, Mammy was a privileged marked.

Van Ness," pursued La Montagne. "Is character, and her shrewd comments she a divorcee or a widow?"

Maynard, gazing into the street, saw away the tedium of evenings at home. that their chauffeur was passing the When Marian felt the strain of overthat their chauffeur was passing the When Marian felt the strain of over-Potomac Garage instead of stopping work and long hours at the state de-Honey; is dey aworkin yo' as hard as and tapped upon the plate glass parti-tion and signed to the chauffeur to pull would put her to bed and nurse her up at the curb.

"Is Madame Van Ness a divorcee or healing, in its soothing influence, every gloves to the servant and threw hera widow?" "There is no Mr. Van Ness-here we

are; come on." and opening the door he sprang to the sidewalk, followed by the Frenchman, A man, evidently the foreman from his manner and dress, sauntered up and Maynard spoke to him.

"Is there a chauffeur named Sam employed here? He drives frequently for Mr. James Palmer," he added by way of explanation, as he saw the foreman looked dubious.

"Oh, ave," Ferguson turned and called to a helper lounging near the entrance. "Tell Dutch to come here." and the man threw down his tools and ran in the building. The foreman turned back to Maynard. "Dropped anything in his car?" he asked.

Further conversation was cut short by the appearance of Sam, still carrying the waste he had been busily wiping his hands on when sent for. A streak of black grease showed plainly where he had pushed nis red hair off

his forehead. "What's wanted, Boss?" he assec-Ferguson with a jerk of his thumb indicated Maynard and the chauffeur looked at him and bobbed his head in recognition. Ferguson, mildly curious. propped himself against a lamp-post and prepared to listen to the interview, but the arrival of several taxicabs called him away to his duties.

Maynard waited an appreciable moment for La Montagne to speak, but as the Frenchman said nothing, he addressed the waiting taxi-driver.

"You were in the Bellevue apart ment house last night between 9 and o'clock-" It was an assertion, but Sam took it as a question and an-

swered brinkly. "Yes, sir; I went there to take Jean," Sam's pronunciation ewhat faulty, "to the train. me waiting so long we 'most

"I didn't stop, Boss," quickly, "I went up in the elevator without getting off until I struck the Colonel's floor. I wasn't near Mr. Palmer's closed Mammy dosing in a comfortable Marian, who had curied up in a corner apartment." Sam's eyes never flick arm wicker chair. Marlan's surprised of the sofa and was lying back with ered under Maynard's level gaze.

with eager intentness, shook his head. am late tonight; jes' take yo' tings off "He is of similar build and height, an' Mammy'll hab supper in a jiffy." and his clothes the same as the man I saw leave Mr. Palmer's apartment." he

"Ne." La Montagne looked hard at Honey."

THE BLOTTED PAGE

suaded Evelyn, against the latter's all day.

and homely maxims frequently wiled "'Deed I 'spects dat's so, Honey; an'

tortured marve and bringing sleep in self on the sofa which stood in front

its train. She would have made her fortune as a masseuse, but loyalty to rest a bit. You go to bed, Mammy,

Optimism

Precious moments come but stay not;

Lots of gloomy things befall;

Things you want to do but may not

em most desirable of all.

There is happiness for you.

Scorn all personal complaint:

When your nose is in the paint.

Behind the clouds the sky is blue.

Patience! Somewhere if you're cheerful.

Do your stint though it be tearful.

And you cannot get perspective

There is happiness for you.

Blocks won't fit whate'er you do. \Patience! 'Neath the smiling heavens

Life is all at sixes, sevens:

for companionship. It was Mammy's it."

vicissitudes with fortifying courage.

Marian's light footfall made no sound as she crossed the tiny dining room on her way to the kitchenette and returned with a light-weight sumopening from it. A peep inside dis-

ejaculation awoke her. There was a brief silence, then La "Laws! Honey," she ejaculated, Montagne, who had been studying Sam straightening her white turban. "Yo"

said. "But I cannot swear to his iden- dinner down town." Marian looked up light. Too tired to move, she leaned "You cannot!" Maynard stared dear; hurry and get your things on." "I isn't goin' to church dia evenin'.

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

ly devotional was almost unheard of, they belonged to were also lightless

"Oh, yes, I'se well, but I'se tired," From where she sat Marian could

duties.

except the Burnham mansion.

by the aid of a movable standing elec-

some papers.' In the room above only

after Marian sat in darkness.

Marian a sealed envelope.

"Why did you stop at Mr. Palmer's her "chile" kept her in devoted at | and don't worry over this apartment; apartment on your way to the tendance, sharing Marian's varying it is the most spotlessly clean place in

> mer afghan which she spread over closed eyes. She did not stir and and a ring bearing her crest. Mammy, with a final pat, stole from the room and went back to her quarters, there to dose in comfort.

Marian lay quietly on the sofa for more than an hour, and when she sat Men With Brains Will Rule "Don't trouble, Mammy, I had my up darkness had succeeded the twiat the kitchen clock. "You are late, back and propped her elbow on the window ledge and looked out. The view was more attractive than that The "Get Rich Quick" Will generally seen from back windows;

desk, and, taking the pages from the envelope, she proceeded to decode the messages written thereon. She had almost completed the task when, on starting a fresh page, her fountain pen commenced to leak and sent a stream of ink across her writing. With an impatient exclamation she picked up a fresh piece of blotting paper and rian's belongings into her bedroom checked the flow of ink, then contincompleted she gathered up the dispatches and the original messages and placing them in a large envelope, care fully sealed the package with red wax

(TO BE CONTINUED)

World in Future

Be Crowded Out

We are facing a new age, an era o world reconstruction, and never before did the world call so loudly for leaders, men who are experts in their particular line. Never before was the call for flying right back at them as Billy specially trained brains so loud as now.

In spite of the unrest, universal disturbance and, in some cases, anarchy, following the great war, we are advancing toward an era of prosperity and opportunity such as no country has ever before seen. He who looks abroad and Harold. at the great schemes already afoot, and who has a little imagination, can readily form an idea of the demand that will be made during the next score of years on the skill and genius of the world.

The call for superior service in the year to come will be and will continue insistent. But there will be no call for Bull, but Peggy and Billy felt that Harthe "get rich quick" young men, the old spoke the truth. gamblers, those who want to take short cuts to success, to get something for nothing. The cry will be for real men men prepared for great opportunities, ready to take responsible positions and fulfill large obligations, for men trained from the bottom to the top of a business in thoroughness and from east to west in knowledge of its possibilities. The places of honor, the big prizes of life. he most valuable service to their fellow men .- Christian Herald.

YOUTH AND AGE

Within the last few days a youth of fifty-two has been complaining of alleged senility on a certain executive board in this city and offers as a remedy that all members over sixty-five be called upon to resign. Dear child! May the years bring him wisdom!

When is a man old? The moment he realizes it. How long is a man young? As long

as he implicitly believes it.

Foch and Joffre are younkers, though over the sixty-five limit.

A fifty-year-old youth would be A mity-year-old youth would be want to win a young fellow, admire his a kind of salary raise. They told us about buying, selling, advertising and employif he applied for a license to marry a neckties. If you want to win a mature seventeen-year-old girl. His friends man ask his advice, and if you want an old fool!"-meaning, of course, that eats-that's salesmanship!" Sam, who gazed back at him unmoved. "You are not!" Marian's surprise in- the rows of neat back yards, however, his years should have given him better Age is comparative.

> Man improves as the years ripen him. Who can say at what age the soft

spots appear?

Wise age thinks things. Daring youth 'Taint any use ob falkin', ments enabled her to locate the differ does things. One is a complement of better judgment, to take a light dinner Honey, de store-man cheated yo', fo' ent rooms. Mrs. Burnham had neg- the other. Age needs hands. Youth ing. salesmen and all." "Yes, oh, yes." Maynard drew out down town with her and had prolonged dis hyar cleanin' machine ain't no lected to pull down the shades in her needs an older head.

Take it as a general rule, the very tric lamp, while Peter Burnham, sit. best age in life is yours and mine. DEMOSTHENES MCGINNIS

WHIPPED TOPICS

dered if the housekeeper, Mrs. Ward, had left her bedroom and resumed her Shorter skirts are predicted. They Marian's eyes traveled downward ground.

to the open windows of Evelyn Pres- be a sure sign of coming rain. In Eng- I wished, Fr instance," and he went on ton's bedroom, but they were dark: land the fox must be very liable to to recount how he'd save a salesman evidently Evelyn was either lying clergyman's sore throat. down or had gone to another part of Investigation shows that vegetarians tion on the order.

on and signed to the chauffeur to pull would put her to bed and hurse her as the curb.

"Every one works hard these days, "Even as she looked a light do not live longer than meat-eaters.

"What did you say, Rene?" he asked. black hand possessed a magic touch the convergence of t sudden illumination she had an excel- diet while they are alive.

> and a second later the light was lieve in the theory of "gauze and efswitched off. For many minutes there- feet." "The fact was the whole spirit of

oped into heavy slumber, could pull A drapery firm in Peckham Rye is business with him. herself out of her chair. A trusted showing Paris models, to the accom-State Department messenger stepped paniment of a jazz band. The predomi-

plained, and took a chair just inside government will have to pass a short good." measure to protect the tradesmen. But First stopping to pull down her win- so many of them have one.--London dow shades Marian hurried to her Opinion.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "THE BOY TRAMP"

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

THE MOVING FORT

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

The boys rushed away, and just to time, for the tramps were nearing the

Billy, reaching the point where Round Robert was wading toward the bank, egan to bark like Johnny Bull and to shake the bushes, keeping out of sight himself. Up above Harold did the same thing. In the center Johnny Bull himself did the barking. The tramps paused in surprise.

"Whoops! There's a whole pack of dogs on shore," yelled Slim Jim.

"Don't be afraid. We can beat em off with rocks. Charge!" shouted Blinky. With that the tramps made a rush forward, hurling stones as they came Swish! Splash! Smack! Stones came Harold and Peggy got into action. The tramps dodged and ducked, but they and bushes to protect them, and so they got banged hard before they beat a quick retreat into the deeper water. "Victory" laughed Billy, joining Peggy

hurry up," answered Harold anxiously "These are desperate chaps who have been in gun fights. Rocks and a dog

"Ha, it's the plunder stolen from

the Chase Bank," shouted the sheriff

shout. They had found something in the water. They pulled and they tugged hind his tree. Two of the sheriff's men until they brought it to the surface. It pushed the fire away and dug up the craft that had been wrecked in the came upon a tin box. When this tin river. Attached to it were poles, which the tramps quickly tore loose to use as with money and Liberty Bonds. clubs. Then, with the launch top held didn't have the advantage of the trees before them like a moving fort, they Chase Bank," shouted the sheriff. advanced toward the shore.

Peggy threw with all their strength, tive went along with them. But the rocks fell harmlessly into the "Yes, but I wish that sheriff would 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 "Ur-r-r-rgh! I'll eat 'em up if they were afraid of neither stones nor dog. put a foot on shore," growled Johnny "Run run, you'd better run!" croaked

> the warning voice of Bull Frog. "Run before they see us," echoed Har-

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

The sheriff grinned at the surprise of he children, and motioned them to hide ehind trees.

On came the tramps behind their vall. Johnny Bull growled and snaried, but wisely backed out of reach among

the shrubbery. The tramps, following him, walked right into a trap. Suddenly they were

grabbed, and quicker than a wink they were the prisoners of the sheriff's force. "You have no right to touch us. We haven't done anything!" cried Blinky,

as the tramps were hustled into their "Dig under the camp fire," cried Harold, the boy tramp-detective, from bewas a launch top, lost by some small ground. In the cool earth below they

> box was opened it was found to be filled "Ha, it's the plunder stolen from the

With that he and his men hustled "Bang! Bang!" went rocks the tramps away to the waiting autoagainst the top as Billy, Harold and mobiles. Harold, the boy tramp-detec-

"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 Bronze Giant help to bring fortune to a poor widow.)

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

SHARING PLAN

Criticism and Comment

COME of the opinions expressed to me Magnus Brothers were interesting, to these Christmas handouts. Them bo- Magnus till I left him. say the least of it. nuses is all right. Take 'em and sac The first one I tackled was a young nothing except 'thanks,' is my motto." on the profit-sharing plan-they were

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 in an elevator." tailor and admiring his neckties I quickly won his respect. Bruno Duke put me up to that dodge. He said: "If you "Well, there's no fool like to win an old chap, ask him what he

So, one poontime, 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. Fancy putting us on equal terms with the kids

"Yep, but them fellows don't need it; her with growing curiosity. they get a fat salary and all expenses Dan, the proud possessor of two gold paid. It's we fellows that need it. Be- service stripes and a wound stripe, was the devil they would be on the carpet for him "over here." His interest was would suit some women down to the every day. The trouble with this joint his return home. is that the bosses don't know what's go-When the fox barks, it is said to ing on. I could tell 'em a few things if

> from trouble by some ordinary correc-"How would you handle a profit-shar- canary she wants."

ing stunt?" I asked.

Evelyn crossed before the windows gransparent gauze. They evidently be- either in saving expenses or suggesting a new thing get the dough."

And that represented the attitude of many of the fellows—each felt that he a cage. No girl in her right mind necessitate another full day's work.

"ft's all right, I guess," he remarked around." inside the entrance hall and handed Marian a sealed envelope. casually, "although I always maintain A trade journal declares that if the bribe, he won't work with it. I guess "I was instructed to wair," he ex- demand for cheaper milk continues the it don't do no harm if it don't do no girl inside the store leaned over to play dollars was a sufficient sum for such a "How does it work?" I asked.

"Oh, ye get coin 'cording to yer sal-

will be for the men who can render THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT- but take it from me, if Charlie and Jim- particular attention; I got all the money mie Magnus plan it, it's en the dead I need, so it didn't bother me none either level. Don't ye worry yer head more way." Then George told me how the busiabout that. Just plug ahead an' do yer O of the profit-sharing plan of the best and you'll get yer salary raised ness had grown since he began work rapid, an' it's yer salary you live on, not nearly fifty years ago with old man

> "Well, but does it work out O. K .- peculiar! everybody pleased and all that?" asked innocently. "Oh, ye always get a lot of knocking from a bunch of soreheads. If ye give

some fellows the key ter heaven, they'd kick at havin' ter fly up instead of goin

"What's the bonus for, anyhow?" persisted. "Just fer-fer-I believe it's given as TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "diary"? Ansicer will appear Monday.

Later on I got the salesman's ideas

BUSINESS QUESTION to increase greatly or heap together. In this space Mr. Whitehead will an-

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S

it at a meeting, but I didn't pay no ment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

FIDO, JR.

By MARGARET L. AHERN

who get up orders. It's bad for the force the force the force the first spent fifteen minutes of ing.

morale of the place—it gives them kids her noon hour gazing covetously in the the big head."

A few minutes later the president of the big head."

A few minutes later the president of the big head." "But I understand all were on a foot- Lieutenant Dan Taylor, lunching alone with the lieutenant. "It surely does at his club across the street, watched make your old uncle glad to see you again, Danny," he said, "and if there's anything at all I can do for you-His offer was accepted with suspicious

alacrity. Dan explained glibly that he sides, it's really we fellows who do the feeling rather bored after his strenuous wanted to look over the contents of his most important work. The salesmen activities of the last year. This state safety deposit box, and since his right make all kinds of bulls on their orders, of affairs was possibly due to the fact and if we didn't watch 'em closer than that there had been no girl waiting arm was still lame possibly he could have the assistance of one of the clerks. For answer his uncle pressed a button aroused now for the first time since beside his desk. A young woman appeared almost immediately. Dan, ma-"If it was a fur cost she was looking neuvering to a position in back of her.

at so earnestly," he soliloquized, "or a frantically signaled to his uncle. The colored evening gown, I could understand it. But it's a bird and animal While he watched the girl went in-

side the store. Dan nastily paid his dow at the miscellaneous assortment of livestock. On one side some tiny white mice to assure his uncle that the clipping

such sharp suddenness that Marian started up in alarm. Throwing the

empty cage, and presently its occupant | And Marjorie confided to him her

—a small but very fat Boston terrier— longing to possess the "little chap." Shawas thrust in unceremoniously. The told him how she had figured that five with him for a moment, and Dan had tiny puppy, and how she had been a delightful glimpse of rosy cheeks and saving up a "dog fund;" and then of brown eyes. When she left Dan fol- her disappointment at learning that ary. I don't yet know how it's worked, lowed her through the noonday crowd the small dog had a most distinguished

Miss Hill proved to be the girl of the bird store. From her demure blush as sudden illumination she had an excellent view of the white walls of her friend's room. Even as she watched friend's room. Even as she watched windows gowns too much composed of that the fellows that did the most good dow at the miscellaneous assortment. that she should work with Dan that afternoon at least; but he made haste

latter, hidipg a smile, dismissed his

efficient employe with some casual in-

structions and asked her to send Miss

Hill to him.

During the afternoon a minimum of business was transacted by Dan and his The grossest case of idleness on record One evening as we were leaving I On the other side of the window two acting secretary. However, he found time afghan aside and switching on the is that of the Trafalgar Square foun- "happened" to be going George's way. white, curly haired dogs frisked around. to tell her of the big kennels at his electricity she hurried to the door tains which, after doing no work durbefore Mammy, whose dose had develing the war, have now started playing.

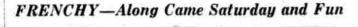
Is that of the Tratagar Square fountial to the big kennels at his document of th would carry one of those toy lambs Ironsides." "He'll try to-I mean, he could-eat that little chap in the bird-In the centre of the window was an store in one mouthful," said Dan.

By MILT GROSS and high-class canine family tree—being a direct descendant of Ringmaster 1—and his present owners refused to part with him for less than twenty-five dot-

Needless to say, the puppy of un peachable ancestry disappeared from the store window the next day. When lunch that noon, he found an unexpected visitor tied to his desk. A note from Dan explained the situation. It read as follows: "I am paying my charming assistant, not in coin of the realm but in the original way you see hitched to your desk. Don't dare remove him." He will be called for at 5 o'clock."

Dan's uncle viewed the pup with a quizzical smile. Fortunately, he liked dogs, too. "I suppose," he remarked thoughtfully, "that you have to be fed at more or less frequent intervals, like all infants. Although—pardon my rudeness, old man—from the contour of your small anatomy you don't look as though you had room for a drop more." An excited office boy was presently sent cut to procure some milk for the puppy. Then, still holding Dan's note, his uncle sighed and addressed the pup again, "Perhaps you understand, Fido, junior" visitor tied to his desk. A note

"Perhaps you understand,
—a vigorous wagging of
tail testified that Fido, j



WELL! WELL!

WELL GOOD MORAN

FRENCHY

GOOD MORNING

COME RIGHT IN

MAKE YOURSEL



NO. NO NO NO!

GOODNESS NE

FRENCHY MUSTNT

GRIF ALEXANDER.

THERE NOW THERE NOW!

RUN ALONG AND ARUSE YOURSELF WITH THE PAN IF YOU WISH COMPREE

COMPRE





Convright, 1919, by The Tribune Co.