THE THREE STRINGS

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Evelyn Preston finds the body of a stranger in the library of her home in Washington and her mother and her stepfather, Peter Burnham, appear as mystified as she is. The man died of prussic acid. Captain La Montagne, in love with Evelyn, learns that his letters to het Jave been intercepted and blames Burn-bam. Burnham is slightly wounded by a bullet and blames La Mont.gne. by a bullet and blames La Monti, gne Mrs. Ward, the housekeeper in the Burnham home, has acted peculiarly since the discovery of the body, Evefollows her. Just as the girl bends to see if the key is in the lock, the door is pulled open. a she falls into the arms of her stepfather.

over to see it by chance a key was of water. in the lock on the other side of the door. Before she secured a good look at the hole the door was jerked open and Evelyn precipitated into the arms of her stepfather.

Peter Burnham regarded her in si lent indignation as she recovered her balance and released her hold of his arm which she had instinctively clung to for support.

"What is the meaning of this"" he demanded and his voice betrayed his excitement.

"I was trying to see if the door was locked on the inside." Evelyn was a triffe breathless as well as consumed with inward fury at having been caught in so ignominious a position by her stepfather. "I had no idea you were in the room."

"Oh, you hadn't." Burnham shoved his hands deep in the pockets of his dressing gown. "Well, if you must know, I came in to find out what you were doing in here. Don't deny you were here," as she started to speak. "I heard you from my bedroom and came in to investigate."

"You did not hear me," Evelyn retorted. "Mrs. Ward was in here. "Mrs. Ward!" Burnham turned and

gazed uneasily about the room, and back at Evelyn. "What was she doing here?

"She said she came in to straighten the room." Evelyn paused in her contemplation of Burnham and also glanced about the room. Mrs. Ward had evidently arranged the shades and curtains so as to darken the library. and Evelyn, her eyes accustomed to the sun-lit hall, made out the familiar objects with some difficulty. "I hope Mrs. Ward did not dust," she added as Burnham kept silent. "Detective Mitchell expressly stated we were not to dust in here."

"And pray where have you seen Mitchell?" asked Burnham quickly.

"Here," meeting his irate gaze calmly. "The detective spends a great deal of time in and about the house. Don't you think you had better go back to bed?"

Burnham muttered something she did not catch. "Have you seen that jackass, Jones?" he asked in a louder

"Yes, he is looking for mother." Evelyn's eyes were growing more ed to the light and she saw that a drawer of the desk table was opened, for the physicians," he said good na man here on Monday night in mistake thresh the subject out with him.

you lock the library door?"

nortiy

a difficult chess problem on the pocket you work yourself into these excite Mrs. Burnham nor I would permit to kap Dectective Mitchell standing board when a rap on his hall door ments."

disturbed him. exclaimed, pushing aside the chess dia- murderer still at large? Why, man, grams lying on the counterpane. my life's in danger any hour, any mobother about that thermometer," under restraint." frowning. "My temperature is normal.

Hayden smiled as he sat down, having first, however, poured out a glass is unsubstantlated."

"Come in, Jones," he called, but in- ham bitterly. "Nothing of the sort. grown husky. "Evelyn was expected Mitchell said you had telephoned for stead of his butler, Doctor Hayden Do you think a man of my tempera. in Washington and I wanted the him." walked in. Burnham's worried ex- ment can keep calm after finding a Frenchman told before they met." pression changed to one of relief. "I dead man in one of my rooms and

thought you would never come." he being shot at two nights ago-and the Monday night?" asked Hayden. "No, business in Philadelphia upset Evelyn made for the door he added my plans." Burnham's eyes again in an aside to Hayden: "When 1 "Draw up a chair and let's taik; don't ment until Rene La Montagne is put shifted from his physician. "I did not send important messages I telephone reach Washington until Tuesday."

frowning. "My temperature is normal, I've taken it," pointing to a sliver en-cased instrument lying on the bed cased instrument lying on the bed you on Thursday night; your charge ous agitation, and the astute physician her

ON SUDDEN impulse Evelyn stoop- and put his thermometer in the glass clared Burnham, sitting belt upright, very obvious, however, that Burnham "Amateur diagnosticians make work then, but that he kliled the unknown Hayden decided it was better to

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN told you not to go to the door, Evelyn, but to walt for one of the servants. Author of "The Nameless Man" It is not dignified for you to answer the door bell." "I only went because I did not wish

Evelyn to marry him." Burnham on the steps any longer." she pro-"Work myself up!" exclaimed Burn. cleared his throat, his voice having tested, coloring under his rebuke. "Mr.

ness, "Your mother has repeatedly

"So I did. Why didn't you say at "Well, did you see La Montagne once that he was here?" glaring at

and spoke in a confidential whisper. Oriental lands.

This Genie was mighty-looking and

"Found the man and ventured to answer: "No, sir." "Identified the dead man?" "Well, you see, please good Mr. "Not yet, sir." Mitchell shifted his "Not yet, sir." Mitchell shifted his going to take the farm of Pat's mother on the bed. "It is only a matter of

deliberate impressiveness. "The dead man was murdered in mistake for me," he began. "And by the same man who on Thursday night again tried to kill me, that time by shoot-

Ing." Mitchell bent cagerly forward. "Who is this man?" "Rene La Montagne, of France." "You lie!" Evelyn, her eyes blazing with wrath, shook the bed to empha-size her words. "You lie!" "I don't!" Burnham glared back at her and emiled triumphantly. "I can

prove my statement. Take down the charge, Mitchell." "One moment." Hayden rose. "Let us talk this over a bit, Burnham. You say that the unidentified dead man was murdered in mistake for you by Captain La Montagne. Did Cap-tain La Montagne know you by sight

"Of course, he did." testily, met years ago in Paris."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

IN THE GARDEN

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before as usual. Don't you realize, Peter, that most valuable man and saves them grows plum discouraged if he is trying although we have something definite to thousands of dollars a year. He keeps to grow vegetables.

Entirely apart from economic rea-sons, every man should, if he has the ground, start a garden. It is well "All cipht then: I'll he there in the ground, start a garden. It is well sometimes for a man to know his limitations.

When nature fails to provide the work hard at a place when I know that amateur gardener with the horn of I'll not be there long. "Have you any plenty she sometimes compromises by plan worked out yet?" giving him a horny hand.

The garden has one drawback compared to fishing. The gardener has to are one or two questions I want to ask postpone his lying for several months.

Many a man is convinced he would the employes?" make a fine gardener simply because he vatered the rubber plant.

for seed onions in a tangle of weeds.

time?'

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "THE MIGHTY BRONZE GENIE"

"Is he?" exclaimed the Bronze

Genie. "We'll see about that!"

(Peggy and Billy find that Pat's mother is about to lose her home on a mortgage. They wish hard for aid and the Mighty Bronze Genic comes to their assistance.)

RICHES IN THE GROUND once that he was here?" glaring at her. "Ask him to come in," and as Evelyn made for the door he added Genie. They hadn't expected their wish to be answered by any such story-book send important messages I telephone character. They thought genii had from the library." He leaned over lived only in the long ago and in distant

working himself into a state of nerv-ous agitation, and the astute physician was wondering how much reliance to place upon his statements. It was

Peggy looked at Billy and Billy looked standing by Hayden and waited for Burnham to address him. "Found the murderer yet?" asked Finally Poerry and the start to say.

SHARING PLAN

Mixed Personalities

That's where I thought wrong, for when

I asked Bruno Duke what my next job

her and smiled triumphantly. "I can prove my statement. Take down the

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT-WHEN I wrote up my report on my

"We

would be-we have several problems pending-he opened his eyes wide and said :

work on you must stay there until the everybody on the qui vive to save exnew plan is put into force so that we penses."

"All right then; I'll be there in the morning." . I must own to being a bit

disappointed, for I find it tedious to

"Considering that I've had your report less than six hours you would hardly expect me to have one. There

you first. Tell me, what nationality are "Awfully mixed," I laughed. "George

make a fine gardener simply because he is Scotch-Irish. , I'm told that the two ming on the closed window. Finally, watered the rubber plant. Mr. Magnuses claim they are Yorkshire. unable to stiffe her curlosity longer, she

"What!" Hayden regarded Burn- spleen and nurse his wrongs, fancied that greatest of fall sports-searching fellows are Jewish while the shipping grouch?"

gave way to a smile as he sheathed his scimitar "Well, I'll not remove his head-

just yet, although I don't know but what he richly deserves it. This farm isn't very rich, but it looks to me to be worth more than \$600. If he is trying to get it for that, he is a rascal." "Hist! There's Miser Jenkins him-

"Hist! There's Miser Jenkins him-self." whispered Pat, pointing to a meadow beside the woods. "What do you think he is up to?" Miser Jenkins, a weasened, mean-looking man, was digging in the bank. Presently he found something which caused his face to light up with an evil joy. He gloated over it for a moment, then carefully filled in the hole and covered it with erass. After a sly look covered it with grass. After a sly look around to see whether he had been ob-served, he hurried off toward the house. We will take a look at that hole.

declared the Bronze Genie. Using the same stick with which Miser Jenkins had dug, he quickly cleared away the dirt. Peggy, Pat, and Billy crowding the \$600, so he can't take the Widow close to learn what had so pleased the

Clancey's house." "Raise \$600," howled the Genic. "Geewhillikers, it would be a lot easier to cut off his head."

Jenkins tries to get the widow's farm.)

"But that wouldn't be honest," ar-ing it, up to examine it more carefully, "gued Peggy stanchily. "He loaned "Coal!" he exclaimed. "This farm the Widow Clancey \$600, and she would overs a field of coal. It is worth a still owe him \$600 if you cut off his fortune. Pat's mother is rich instead hours now." "Ah, indeed. Well, I'll assist' in pushing the clock hands forward." Burnham paused to sip some water from a glass on the bedstand; his throat was getting dry. When he ad-dressed his companions he spoke with deliberate impressiveness. "The dead Bronze Genie swung his scimitar about lead anywhere, and Peggy didn't know "Show this Miser Jenkins to me!" "But what good would \$6000 do him if I cut off his head?" asked the Genie. "It might hire a band to give him a big funeral, but he couldn't hear the said Peggy aghast, as the Mighty Bronze Genie swung his scimitar about lead anywhere, and Peggy didn't know "It might hire a band to give him a big funeral, but he couldn't seem to "That kind of arguing didn't seem to (Tomorrow will be told how Miser) "Oh, we don't want you to kin much said Peggy aghast, as the Mighty Bronze Genie swung his scimitar about lead anywhere, and Peggy didn't know what to say next. The Genie noticed what to say next. The Genie noticed **BRUNO DUKE**, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc. (Copyright)

> "The salesmen hate him because he's got to do with pofit-sharing, anyhow? "The human element is often forgotalways cutting off odd items on their expense accounts. The bookkeepers hate ten in business organization plans. A him because he's so mean with supplies —he has charge of all office supplies— consider both the economic and the hu-Winvestigation work at Magnus Brothers I thought I was through, the to get straight. And George and "I never the

"I never thought of that," I adhis gang! They swear he lies awake mitted.

nights to think up ways of finding fault with the way shipments are sent. He's TODAY'S BUSINESS OUESTION always harping on 'classification of goods' and such like. Believe me, Mr. What is a "Power of Attorney"! "Next job? We are not through with Duke, Harlem is some bird." Annier will appear tomorrow this one yet. You'll be back on the job with Magnus Brothers in the morning remarked Duke; "he says he's their ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S

BUSINESS QUESTION An "encyclopedia" is a compre hensive summary of knowledge.

"Shouldn't think it would pay to keep In this space Mr. Whitehead will ansuch a grouch as he is, though." I pro-tested. "Say, Mr. Duke, what's all this ment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE BLACKWOODS PHILOSOPHY

By DOROTHY CROWELL

MRS. ROBERT darted furtive glances grandmother. Mrs. Stetson took matmediately forwarded a telegram which brought that young man to the house When asked if they are English they burst out, "Grace, stop that silly in the wilderness within a day. He . What in the world is the Has Richard developed a "Great Scott!" he cried. "Where is she? "Great Scott !" he cried. "Where is she? I never realized Grace was as ill as

but-

that. Oh, I knew there was something.

"Grace is not ill." Mrs. Statson told That 'telegram is something he

He is a true spring philosopher who said, 'No we're Yorkshire' - they're pounding. can look forward with equanimity to good Yankees now, though. The office matter.

room men are mostly Irish. The sales-Grace shrugged her shoulders and No matter how far a sweet potato but they're a fine lot of fellows." I hardly see enough of him Markham had the wrong dope. The warchouse men don't work well to-man with the hoe is uplifted with the gether?" was ignorant.

"H-m," mused Duke, "it looks as if grouches alone."

what the fellows do in their spare

ome sort-I hear some of the desk men tunity.

question, Peter. Have you any idea many ways he shows it."

is best to let them fight out their

room of the house in the wilderness

folded in two substantial arms.

she was met with ready sympathy and

In a few words, Grace unfolded he

grievance, and when she had finished

ordered this room closed; very well, and then back at Hayden. "Worry has it shall remain closed. Please notify played the devil with my digestive or. like." Burnham's jaw protruded ob-unknown man in mistake for you?" Mrs. Ward to that effect, and also gans. I'll admit I had a beastly night, stinately. "Let me tell you somekindly tell Jones to bring me my but I am all right now. I don't like thing: La Montagne expected to find clothes. I'll-" a coughing spell inter- the baby's food my wife insists on me here Monday night because I wrote by the entrance of Evelyn, whose rupted him. "Tell Jones I'll discharge sending up to me, gruel and such stuff, him to meet me here."

on the floor near at hand. "Why did today, Burnham""

and an overturned scrap-basket lay turedly. "What are your symptoms for me."

him if he doesn't," he added as soon I want a square meal." as he could speak. "Also ask him if he sent that telephone for Doctor on Burnham's wrist. "Pulse all right." you make an appointment with him if hardly greeting Hayden as she walked he said cheerily. "Stop worrying, you did not like or trust the man?" Hayden."

"I heard him do that," volunteered Burnham, and give your nervous sys-Evelyn. "The doctor said he would be tem a rest. I have told you before that stand, once and for all, that neither half rose. in after his morning office hours were

over. "Oh, all right." Burnham moved

to the desk and picked up a pencil sharpener from among the brass ornaments lying about. "Hurry, Evelyn and send Jones to my room with my clothes."

But Evelyn did not start at once on her errand; there was a feverish anx lety about Burnham which puzzled her. His explanation of his presence in the room was plausible; it was a natural impulse to look in the library if he heard any one moving about in the room closed by order of the cor oner, and perfectly proper to lock the door to prevent others entering. But why had he not looked into the hall on first entering the library to see who had left the room? Why wait nearly five minutes, for that time at least had elapsed while she, Evelyn, had engaged the housekeeper in conversation, before jerking open the door? And why select the moment when she and not Mrs. Ward was standing before it? Come to think of it, she had rattled the knob in trying to open the door; o course, that would attract Burnham's attention and cause him to and ou who was trying to enter. Satisfied with the sudden solution which had curred to her, Evelyn woke up to the fact that Burnham was thumping nervously on the door which he held invitingly open.

"Hurry; hurry," he reiterated, and Evelyn sped out of the room.

Bursham waited a moment after sing the hall door and locking it urely, then taking out his bunch of keys he slipped the key on its sliver ring and dropped them back in his ket. Next he hurried over to the esk and gathered some papers from the drawer, closed it, picked up the scrap basket and placed it under the desk, and taking a pocket chess board from the table he returned to his bedthrough the communicating losing it carefully behind him. ulling up the shades and push ck the curtains and flooding the with light, he clambered back are he still clutched in his od in worming out

THE LOAN My friend protected me in youth.

My education he provided. He taught me love for honor, truth At heart, we've never been divided. And have I now forgotful grown Because he asks me for a loan ?

"You lie!" Evelyn, her eyes blazing with wrath, shook the bed to emphasize her words

"Because I wanted him to under-

But Burnham did not smile. "I know ham's flushed countenance with keen or otherwise.

"To prevent intrusions," replied what alls me," he retorted dogged, attention. "Come, come, Burnham, "Let us look at the situation sensibly

have ly, his eyes shifting about the room don't talk nonsense; be sensible."

When danger threatened me he came To my assistance gladly, proudly, I knew his worth and sang his fame Persistently and somewhat loudly And can I now proclaim him rash Because he needs a little cash?

It cost him money to defeat The enemy that once assailed me. He struggled in the battle's heat. In times of stress he never failed me. really cannot love him much If I grow chilly at his touch.

So. Uncle Sam, my wad is yours. Just help yourself to what you're needing. As long as Liberty endures Affection's calls we'll all be heeding. The jingle of our coins won't stop Till Victory Loan goes o'er the top GRIF ALEXANDER.

YOUR DOC'S NAME

and without excitement." said. "You can think me cracked if you "You believe La Montagne killed this "Yes."

Hayden's next question was checked hope of the centuries.

rather than have him bottle up his

'You did!" Hayden stared in as excitement. "Jones has gone," she announced, "We'll see." Hayden laid his fingers tonishment at his patient. "Why did

over to the ped.

left.'

"Gone! Gone where?" Burnham

"I don't know-no one knows," swooped with sinister hum and flash

"Walked out?"

"I suppose so," glancing in surprise at Burnham, who had almost shouted the question. He noted her expression the jeopardy in which his leader was and modified his tone. "What have placed, and dived to the rescue, galyou in your hand. Evelyn?" For answer she laid a small package bimself. on the bed and Burnham half ex-

tended his hand and then drew it this new assailant, and for a time the back.

"Who opened it?" age on the hall table downstairs when rades intervened. I went to answer the front door." Burnham pulled off the outer cover. midst of which two of the British pilots, in their anxiety to be "in at the death," ing of the package with such vigor collided. that its contents fell in a shower over avenged, for the squadron commander,

the bed. feet. "Why make such a fuss about Squadron laid down the folded newsthem?" observing Burnham's grow papers with which they had been swat ing wrath.

by the entrance of Evelyn, whose over-bright eyes indicated suppressed ence, but the potato bug keeps the ence, but the potato bug keeps the warehouse men are rough and ready, men are peculiar creatures, and that it good-natured, but pugnacious."

memory of Paris green. THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

AN EPIC OF THE AIR

With a reckless courage which few Hun airmen would emulate, the enemy

Evelyn waved her hands. "He just and gaudy coloring toward the commanding officer of the Umpteenth Squadron, R. A. F., who failed to no-

tice the swift attack and carried on all unconscious of his danger. But one of his subalterns had seen fellers.

-:-

'What do they think of hardware as lantly diverting the enemy's attention to the Magnus Brothers?"

The enemy lost no time in engaging business. I find that the longer a fellow's been in it the more he likes it. They ali thrilling duel raged between the young officer and his foe. It was not until think that the two bosses are fine, and silly daughter. "It's been opened," he exclaimed, the British airman, less experienced is while, of course, not agreeing with all Who opened it?" fight than his antagonist, appeared to they do, they feel that they get a square

"I don't know. I found the pack. be getting out maneuvred that his com- deal. They hate Harlem, though. "Are.you talking of a town or a person ?" quizzed Duke. Then followed a wild melee, in the "Harlem is the cashier. He's a very

short chap, not more than five foot two But they were soon to or five foot three inches. As clever at figures as anybody I ever saw, but my now that man does hate himself! He's circling warily round the enemy, at last

"It's only your chess problem dia-grams from Europe," exclaimed Eve-lyn, picking up one which feil at her a woman who cannot keep her husband's love once she has won it." everything that is his! He sneers at Within the week Grace had discarded everybody else. He has a bitter, sarher city frocks for more suitable garting the wasp which had invaded their

castic tongue and generally tries to make ments, which her own hands had fash-He changed the subject with abrupt. mess.-London Opinion. everybody miserable. ioned under the critical eyes of the

for months, and leaving your wife, didn't you?' seem suspicious and a bit secretive- | mind, Grace. You will find after you

"Well a business man has to attend-," he began.

tween myself and my conscience. You

wrote a pretty letter about going away

"Hum." Mrs. Stetson sniffed disdainfully. "Go in the kitchen and wash up." She pointed to a door at the end of the short hall. Richard pressed the latch and went in,

the organization must be treated in "Oh. it isn't that," Grace declared three distinct ways. I fear that a uniform plan would not work. One other ually I am losing Richard's love. In The figure bent over the table, rolling pin in hand, he failed to recogniz Mrs. Roberts tried to comfort her Alarmed at the heavy tread, the girl daughter, vowing to give Richard a looked up. "Dick," she gasped in aston-"No, a number go to night school of plece of her mind at the first opporishment. Both were embarrassed, and acted like two children. A formal hand Mrs. Roberts was to be farther talking dauces at times, but I think they shocked before the visit, was over. shake which left his hand white from are bluffing—they want to make the The cause of this new worry was her the flour was their greeting.

are bluffing—they want to make the daughter's firm determination to bury As the day passed Mrs. Stetson re-others feel that they are 'real reggeler herself in the country, and think out fused with a positiveness that forbade the reason for the growing coldness be- argument to assist in the kitchen, and "What do they think of nardware as a business and how do they feel toward all places in the world at Grandmother daughter. Richard seemed to find little. e Magnus Brothers?" "With few exceptions they like the miles and miles from everything. Mrs. if any, time to think of business. This new order of things appealed to him immensely. He had never known Grace in Roberts threw up her hands in despair this new role of housewife. Grace had as she heard this insane folly of her always been attired in some stylish dress, but this young person in gingham, Grandmother Stetson, while living in

who could, unaided, put together such the wilderness, knew human nature a meal, and after the dishes were with a knowledge that her daughter washed appear good enough to eat was could never acquire, and when Grace a revelation. walked dejectedly into the little sitting

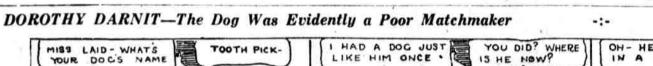
Mrs. Stetson's teachings were cer tainly bearing fruit. One day Grace went to her perplexed and not a little peeved. "Tell me, Grandmother Stetson," she asked, tears perilously near, "is a man's heart only gained through his stomach? That is horrible." She shuddered and brushed her hand furtively across her Mrs. Stetson smiled and interrupted, "My goodness, Grace, don't be so tragic, but you just remember this. In spite of all the fool notions these city friends of yours have filled your head with, a spickand-span gingham apron and the color in your cheeks, I don't mean that kind Copyright, 1918, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc. By CHAS. MCMANUS they adverise, and well-cooked meals will hold a man stronger than any other ties invented by mortal. And here's an. other thing. It doesn't cost much to give a good smile with it, too. A man will respond to good treatment every time and If he can't get that at home, then, just tell me where in this vale of woe he

After they had returned to their city

OH- HE GOT KILLED OH MERCY WHO WAS HE MAMAS CANARY BIRD FIGHTING WITH

home Mrs. Roberts dropped in for ene of her weekly calls. Seeing Grace at work attired in a plain gingham, her sleeves rolled up, and humming a tune, she threw up her hands in horror. "Go gracious, child," she walled, "are you crazy working this way and in su rig with the income Richard has? Do you want him to despise you? Grace laughed. "Despise me, mother dear?" She put her plump arms around her mother's neck and kissed her on

both cheeks. "Why, Richard says I look good enough to eat in this and for a livorce killer a gingham, every time. Why, it is the greatest thing in the world. complete nevelet



LIKE HIM ONCE .