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

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READ THIS FIRST Evelyn Preston finds the body of a stranger in the library of her home in Washington and her mother and her stepfather, Peter Burnham, are as mystified as she is. Captain La Montagne, in love with Evelyn, learns that his letters to her have been intercepted and blames Burnham. Burnham on the strength of ham. Burnham, on the strength of a disagreement with La Montagne in Paris years before, says La Mon-tagne killed the stranger, thinking the man was Burnham.

THEN READ THIS

HAYDEN shook his head in bewild-erment. "Then your theory that La" "He is not Montagne mistook this unidentified dead man for you, Burnham, hardly is borne out by the medical evidence."

face perspiration was trickling. "Why, simply that the man was American war preparations." killed by a dose of hydrocyanic acid."

"I had an appointment to meet La Montagne here on Monday night."

"You did!" Evelyn stared astounded at her stepfather.

"But I was detained and could not keep the appointment." went on Burnham. He moistened his dry lips before continuing. "I take back what I said about La Montagne mistaking the dead man for me. He undoubtedly brought the man here to assist in assassinating me and, finding I did not arrive, killed the man from a double motive-to get rid of a witness who might possible betray him and to convict me of the crime." Evelyn stared at Burnham and then

at her companions, her eyes half out of her head.

"You are mad! Utterly mad!" she

"So that is your cue, is it?" Burnham laughed heartily, immoderately, and Hayden edged nearer the bed, ready for any emergency. Mitchell was the first to speak.

"That's a very neat theory." he said. and his calm manner had a quieting effect upon Burnham. "You say you had an engagement to meet Captain La Montagne here, sir, but that you did not keep it. Then how did Captain La Montagne and this unidentified man-you claim, his companion-get inside your house?"

Burnham slipped his hand under the pillow and dragged out a sheet of note paper. "Here is a copy of my letter to Captain La Montagne making the appointment for Monday night. In it you will see that I said that my train might be late, and not wishing to keep him standing on the doorstep in what might be inclement weather, I inclosed my latch key."

before her vision and with a pitiful joying the surprise his information Mitchell's arms.

"THE BEST LAID PLANS"

Maynard, pacing with nervous apartment, paused in front or Doctor

"Things look black." he admitted. "Davilish black for Rene La Mon-

Hayden made a last entry in his day book and slipped it inside his pocket tive Mitchell who had walked in a before answering.

"I am afraid they do," he agreed. "Only to say that Detective Mitchell is still out; I left word for him to call here." Maynard flung himself down on the lounge by Hayden, "I wish I had been with you when Burnham preferred charges against Rene; rotten luck being detained down town and missing all the excitement."

Any comment Hayden might have made was checked by the noisy entrance of Palmer from his workshop, a small room at the back of his apart ment which he had fitted up with office appliances and draughtsman's tools. "Have you seen Siki?" he asked.

"I have," replied Maynard, "I sent him on an errand, Palmer. Siki told me it was his time off so-

"That's all right; glad you got some work out of the beggar." Palmer wheeled an arm chair forward and dropped wearily into it. "Night work is playing the devil with me. What is the latest bulletin from the Burn-

hams', Hayden?" "Burnham ill and Evelyn better,"

answered the physician tersely. Maynard laid down his cigarette case unopened. "Had Jones reported back when you were there, Hayden?" At the butler's name Palmer looked up

inquisitively. "Come to think of it, I didn't inquire," exclaimed Hayden, "The housekeeper, Mrs. Ward, opened the door for me and I went right upstairs to

see my two patients. Palmer stared abstractedly at his highly polished shoes, then looked over at Maynard. "Have you notified Chief Connor that Jones has decamped?" he

inquired.

Maynard waited until his cigarette was lighted before replying. "I have not," he said. "Chiefly because I am not altogether certain Jones cause I am not altogether certain Jones has decamped. On inquiry I found that Jones had taken 'French' leave in the past, always to return some days later with some very pat explanation for his absence."

Hayden laughed. "The Burnham household is a singular one," he said, whichever way you take it. There

ing; there is Mrs. Ward -- "He hesi- and it's not for us to interfere." tated. "A curious sort of woman

twenty-four hours looking up his past man spy, has he?" career," said Palmer dryly. "And I've dug up some interesting facts; for in. nor thinks; he does not confide in Mr. Palmer." Mitchell puffed constance, Jones has never taken out his me." replied Mitchell. "But I do tentedly at his cigar. "I've an opernaturalization papers."

"He is not." replied Palmer. "? ne declared a barred zone for enemy nard hastily broke into the conversaaliens, many Washington hostesses tion "What d'ye mean?" The question will find themselves left servantless "Your spy theory doesn't seem tenshot from Burnham, down whose hot and the kaiser will get just so much able, Palmer," he remarked. "If the meant when he said Captain La Monless first-hand information about man was caught spying, why doesn't tagne shot him on Thursday evening.

Hayden spoke deliberately to make demanded Maynard, and into his mind to be condemned these days for exsure the excited man understood him. flashed the recollection of his first im- posing, aye, even killing, a German nard in concert. Palmer, whose pipe "If these two men were drinking to pression when Jones admitted him on spy in line of duty." gether, as seems a natural supposition. Tuesday night at the Burnhams'; he

Palmer colored warmly at the de-

Chief Connor has come around to my for Mitchell on the lounge, then ask-"So odd that I have spent nearly theory that the dead man was a Ger- ed, "Can you arrest a French officer "I can't say, sir, what Chief Con-

son to do what he says."

day, Hayden, if this district is ever er's still flushed countenance, May, room and then at his companions, "I

"Do you mean Jones is a German?" and state the case? No one is going

"I did, but he had not been there

Palmer rose and offered the detec morose, secretive; and there is Jones," lective's peremptory tone, but con- live a cigar and match. "Sit down," he laughed again. "Jones is an od- trolled his anger as he remarked; "So he suggested as Hayden made room detailed here for murder?"

"If I can prove he's guilty, yes, know that when he requests a per- ative waiting for Captain La Mon-"His naturalization papers?" Hay, son not to interfere in the handling tagne at his apartment and at his offiden sat bolt upright. "Isn't Jones an of a case, it is healthier for the per- cial headquarters. They will notify me instantly upon his return." Seeing the gathering wrath in Palm. Mitchell turned and gazed about the hadn't an opportunity, doctor, when helping to carry Miss Preston to her room, to ask what Mr. Burnham the man who killed him come forward | Can any of you tell me where the shooting took place?"

"Here," replied Hayden and Mayhad gone out, was having difficulty "That's a specious argument," in making it draw again, and for the little cottage the bright light from

"If these two men were drinking to gether, as seems a natural supposition. La Montagne would have known his companion was not you and would not have administered the poison. He wasn't shooting at you in the dark." Not then, perhaps—" Evelyn, who had shot a grateful look at Hayden, whitened as she caught the venom in Burnham's tone. "Listen to me, Kitchell: I want your full attention. La Montagne has great reason to dislike me, to even fear me, Be quiet," as Evelyn endeavored to speak.

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In making it draw again, and for the bright lig

"It strikes me, Mitchell, you are not giving the captain a square deal"

Evelyn gazed aghast at Burnham butler's knowledge of English had been a member of the Secret Service | Mitchell viewed the room familiar objects wavered and danced "He is a German," Palmer was en. be known to American officials."

of his servant's double dealing."

"Just a moment, sir, if you please," put in a voice behind Palmer, and he jumped at the nearness of Detecthree men. "Kindly make no men-"Any news from police headquarters?" tion of Jones to Mr. Burnham; Chief

SELF-RESPECT

"To thine own self be true; and it must follow, like the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. '-Polonius's advice to

Be not afraid to stand alone Whene'er occasion offers. True heroism oft has shown Indifference to scoffers. By little things a man is cast In role of man or spaniel.

That man has proved himself at last

Who dares to be a Daniel. Your every thought and action

Ignores the jibes of knaves and fools Of every tribe and faction. Your Better Self! The Inward Voice!

Your Ego self-respecting! Obey its dictates and rejoice!— Or die, its laws neglecting!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

cry she sank fainting into Detective was creating. "Not liking his full den, glancing in surprise at Maynard names of Johannes, the butler, then and Palmer. Maynard's usually tran- he asked. about twenty-two years of age, short- quil manner had deserted him, while ened it to Jones and lengthened his Palmer's expression was a clear indigiven name, 'Adolph,' to Adolphus, cation of his feelings, "It may be strides back and forth in Palmer's Now Maynard." Palmer's manner that the dead man was a member of grew serious, "we must tell Burnham the Secret Service, but that does not

Instead of replying, the detective "Then we had supper," is not at his quarters or at the wall there." hangar, nor could I find him at the office of the French High Commis-

"Did you try the French Embassy."

since the scene this morning; but he whistled by Burnham and struck the

my best," he insisted a moment later, "That's our dining table. We had "I've tried to find the captain ever just about finished when a bullet

"Palmer pried it out," remarked

the Secret Service, but that does not necessarily mean that the Secret Service is going to announce that fact to the public, eh, Mitchell?"

"Quite true, doctor," answered the detective. "And it may also be that the dead man was just an ordinary American citizen, a law-abiding gentleman who placed too much confidence.

"Burnham's statement that La Montagnes and efficiency. Now he knew tagne had shot at him appeared to have so little foundation to go on that —" Recollection of the scene in La Montagne's apartment, the Maxim silencer, and the automatic brought him to a halt, confused; but he recovered himself almost instantly and, making no allusion to what had disconcerted."

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"Who is that?" demanded a startled viole, and in the doorway appeared him mother, with Molly's bright face peering over her shoulder. "Only the home guard, mother. Don't the statement that La Montagnes and efficiency. Now he knew that the old, ranking shealed forever, since the two whom he law coordinates and the world understood. He dropped his armful of wood with a crash and then deliberately began price is a morbid distrust of his own usefulness and efficiency. Now he knew that the old, ranking state the o

tive Mitchell who had waiked in a second before, unperceived by the the dead man was just an ordinary to a halt, confused; but he recovered to a halt, confused; but he recovered

shrugged his shoulders. "I've done Palmer, breaking his long silence.

Springing to his feet, Mitchell went over and inspected the hole. "Where's the bullet?" he asked

Hayden, rising. "Where did you put

Palmer leaned forward and tipped up a small bronze vase which stood on the table and out rolled the bullet. 'It's chipped and mushroomed out of shape," he said as Mitchell pounced on it." "But a gunsmith told me that it was undoubtedly of thirty-two cali-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DAILY NOVELETTE

THE HOME GUARD By Ellen L. Kennedy

THE early spring dusk was falling as Hugh Standish dropped from the suburban car and splashed through the ley slush and mud toward home. It had been a hard day and he was tired. His shoulders sagged a trifle and his limp was more perceptible than usual. But more depressing than any mere physical weariness was the dull heaviness that oppressed his spirits. He had felt it ever since his soldier brother's return from France. He recognized the symptom and in his heart did not hesitate to call it by the ugly name that it deserved. All the way out from the city the clanking carwheels had voiced it for him—'dealous fool,' they had reliterated over and over again.

As he turned in at the gate of the little sectors of the higher than high, light from the

brother's voice floated out to the watcher.

With an exclamation of impatience Hugh moved on, but still that stirring voice pursued him. Quietly he let himself in at the side door and tiptoed softly about the dimly lit kitchen. He had no desire to attract the attention of the joily group in the living room. Peering into the range, he discovered that the fire was nearly out and replenished it with the last few sticks remaining in the wood box.

"He can trail around in the moonlight with the nightingales," ran his thoughts; "it seems to be up to me to keep the home fires burning." Out in the woodshed he filled his arms with firewood and turned once more kitchenward, but paused at the sound of voices

vard, but paused at the sound of voices

in the room.
"Now, Molly, child, you run right back and help entertain all those people. I can manage alone," said his "But I would so much rather help here," was the reply in the girlish voice the listener loved.

the listener loved.

"Let me tell you one thing, Molly." The elder woman's tone was low and impressive. "The heroes of this war did not all get over to France. Some of the bravest of them never even saw a training camp or wore the khaki, Oh, I'm not belitting what Dick did. I know he was a good soldier and I am proud of him. It was always easy for Dick to do spectacular things. But if he could have been accepted Hugh would have made just as good a soldier, while Bick's courage is not the kind that would have kept him cheerful and faithful with only one old woman for a witness."

"Don't you suppose I have seen, too?"
Molly replied. "Don't you think I know
that Hugh has worn his old overcoat
all winter because the price of a new
one went to the Liberty Loan? And
the patches on it are just as much a
badge of honor as a medal. And he
has given not only his money, but his
time and strength to every worthy me and strength to every worthy

The eavesdropper thrilled at the trem-The eavesdropper thrilled at the trembling earnestness of the girl's voice; and now, as they slightly changed their positions, he saw his mother take the girl by the shoulders and look keenly into her flushed face. "Child," she said, "I have thought Hugh's lameness was his only infirmity, Now I believe he is lopelessly blind."

The color flamed higher in the girl's cheeks.

You must not be the one to open eyes," she replied.

Mitchell, you are not giving the capture.

i been a member of the Secret Service killed by a German, his identity would be known to American officials."

"Well, so it would." declared Hayden, glancing in surprise at Maynard and Palmer. Maynard's usually transplant and Palmer. Maynard's usually transplant and Palmer's expression was a clear indigenerated by the dead man was a member of the street of my days."

Mitchell viewed the room with increased interest, and then inspected the three men. "Why have you never reported the affair to headquarters?" with the lameness which barred him the asked.

Maynard answered for the others. "I suggested that we investigate the affair ourselves first," he said. "Buspham's statement that La Mon-like old, rankling soreness was been a consting accident had left him the sharply envied his handsome, ather the feeling was gone. But the war had thought to create the feeling was gone. But the war had revived it more strongly than ever, and efficiency. Now he knew to five dodshed asain. For once the truth of the old adage concerning listeners was refunded. Ever since his schoolboy days."

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American citizen, a lawabiding gentimes if almost instantly and misself almost instant and misself a be frightened. Both
his mother's shrewd, clear eyes
pered questioningly at his face. There
was a ring in his voice she had not
heard for months.
And all through the evening that folloy/ed those same eyes beamed behind
their spectacles with a griming satisfaction, for Hugh, generally so quiet,
was the life of the little party. His
rich bartione Joined with Dick's tenor,
Molly's contraite and Cousin Gertrude's
soprano in all the popular war songs
He discussed the league of nations
with Uncle Charles in a way that made
that worthy man's broad face beam
with approval. He was quietly deferential to Aunt Caroline and teased Cousin
Gertrude. To Molly he said but little
until Uncle Charles, consulting his
watch declared that "the women folks
nust hustle if they intended to get that
lat car to town. Then, finding Dick
helping Molly into her wraps, he coolly
took them from him, saying:
"You take Gertrude to the car—the
home guard will look after Molly."

After one quick glance at his brother's
determined face, Dick relinquished his
burden.

"Very well, sir." he said, raising file
hand in a military salute.

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home guard will look after Molly."

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"You take Gertrude to the car—the
home guard will loo

volumes. "Come, Molly," he said, and obediently Molly came, as she had long known she would come whenever that voice should summon her.

DREAMLANDADVENTURES--ByDaddy "THE MIGHTY BRONZE GENIE"

(The Mighty Bronze Genie comes unexpectedly to answer the call of Peggy and Billy, when Miser Jen-kins is about to seize the farm of Pat's mother on a mortgage.)

THE GENIE VANISHES

THE Mighty Bronze Genie scowled I fiercely as he led the way toward Widow Casey's little cottage. He unsheathed his scimitar and slashed savagely at weeds and bushes. Peggy and Billy wondered what would happen when he got his hands on Miser Jenkins. Even though he had promised not to TTHE early spring dusk was falling as cut the miser's head off, he might forget himself in his excitement over the discovery that the widow's farm covered a coal mine and was worth many times the sum for which it was mortgaged to Mr. Jenkins.

But when they got near the house, the Genie grew cautious. He held back Peggy, Billy and Pat.

"Let's listen at the window, and see what the miser is really up to," he said. So instead of going and boldly confronting the moneylender, they crept up through the shrubbery to the open kitchen window.

of Miser Jenkins.

"If you will give me a little more good security."
me until my soldier boy, Lieutenant "Oh, I don't know about time until my soldier boy, Lieutenant

swinging off the top of an evergreen shrub.

you have so much money," pleaded the

"The grasping wretch! Off with his me," said the miser.



scoundrel!" muttered the laid the whole evergreen on the

head," muttered the Genie, swinging his foot so that the house shook. his scimitar and slicing off more of the o'clock is the hour.'

evergreen. "The mortgage is due at 6 o'clock the widow. "Perhaps I can get some The mortgage is due at 6 o'clock the widow. "Perhaps I can get some today, Widow Clancey," said the voice one else to lend me \$600. The farm is worth much more than that and is

Mike, gets back, we will pay you with good interest," answered the widow. "Oh, but I can't wait. I must have my money today. I need it for other investments," said the miser. "The villain!" said the Bronze Genie, swinging off the top of an evergreen.

Peggy and Billy looked at each other in surprise. Perhaps Miser Jenkins wasn't so hard hearted after all.

"I don't want to rell after all.

"I don't want to rell after all. come, their hearts sank into their shoes,

s poor man. I must have my money— if you gave me enough—and today. Your time is up at 6 "I'll give you more than it "I'll give you more than it's worth— \$1000, that's \$400 more than you owe

"One thousand dollars. Geewhillikers, and he knows there's a coal mine on this farm worth a fortune," pered the Genie indignantly. scamp!" And the Genie showed bow he felt by slashing mightily at the ever-

"Oh, I wouldn't think of letting it go for that," said the widow. "If you don't take my offer, there's only one thing for me to do-foreclos

my one thing for me to do—foreclose my mortgage. Then I'll get the farm any way, and you'll get nothing, snarled the miser.
"Give me a few hours! If I could get to town I could raise \$600," pleaded

the widow.
"Not one minute will I wait after 6 o'clock!" The miser's voice grew harsh as he said it. "The scoundrel!" muttered the

Genie, with a powerful stroke that laid the whole evergreen on the ground. "The neighbors would not stand for your taking my farm. They'd-

"Let any one interfere and I'll fix them," threatened the miser, stamping "Six o'clock," muttered the Genie, just as if he were afraid. "I've got

to be going." And away he went across "Oh! he's deserted us." cried Pat. 'And I thought he was going to save

Peggy and Billy had thought so, too. were sure that at the right moment he would balk the cruel moneylender. But now as they watched him disappear in the woods whence he had

ou have so much mouey," pleaded the down't want to sell. I want to well abandoned the widow's farm to its come my soldier boy back to his old fate? Anxiously they asked each other those, whined the miser. "I am home," said the widow. "But, maybe these questions.

(In tomorrow's chapter Peggy, Billy and Pat find themselves made

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT-

Bruno Duke arranged that same eve-ning for us to meet the Magnus broth- "I follow you," James said, his ers to discuss some of his suggestions brows creased with thought. "A profit-relative to a profit-sharing plan for sharing plan should be in distinct their business.

in Duke's rooms on Seventy-seventh ing what other groups get." street. Charles and James Magnus "Fractly Mr Magnus" lit cigars and offered one to Duke-he ded his head with that quick movement refused because he preferred his hookah.
I then declined because I'd tried one of J. M.'s cigars before.

After a few whiffs I had told him would make each group suspicious of that he ought to call 'em the "Samson the other groups—we'd have more disbrand"—they were so strong. Betterly, Duke's friend, who helps him on advertising problems, met Duke know what the other group gets, but

'eave.

seated. Duke began: "We must, first of all, gentlemen. see that we are agreed on a few facts be encouraged, not merely at the must encourage loyalty and co-operation and stimulate

"Yes," Charles said-James merely

understood by the employes is destined to create distrust and that a plan to be understood by all must be simple."
Two heads nodded, one promptly and

"Good," commented Duke. "We also

ngree that the amount of money involved must be sufficient to assume real mportance in the eyes of the recipi-

"I suppose so," grunted James. Charles said, "Sure." "It is obvious, then, that the amount which would satisfy a warehouse boy

The brothers looked puzzled at this,

so Duke added. "Let me illustrate, The salesmen. of course, all know pretty accurately what the other salesmen get—there's no secrecy among them."

SHARING PLAN

Marshaling the Facts

HAD been back at the Magnus
Brothers only three days when runo Duke arranged that same everuse Duke arranged that same eve

groups, each group knowing what the Promptly at 8 o'clock we sat down fellows in that group get, but not know-"Exactly, Mr. Magnus," Duke nod-

"Hold on." exclaimed Charles: "that to be interested.

sension than ever. "Just so, but each group should with "J. M." one time and after he'd not what the individuals in other groups tried one of the cigars suggested that

they ought to be called the Adam and he had neglected during the discussion.

Eve Brand "for," said that atrocious "One other thing." said Duke when "after you've 'ad 'em you his hookah was properly alight; "a continual encouragement is necessary to Well, after we were all comfortably produce best results. You gentlemen have the eacouragement of profits from your own business. The workers must es," she replied.

must see for himself, or I must on which our reasoning must be based.

a spinster schoolma'am the rest days."

We agreed that a profit-sharing must received a bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when they have month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the last month of the year when the new bonus or for the year when the new bonus or for the year when the new bonus or for the year when year when year when year when year when year when year w is near enough for them to anticipate

but all the time." "That's so," growled James, "but it can't be done-can it?"

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What does "audit" mean? Answer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S

BUSINESS QUESTION A "Power of Attprney" is written

authority for one person to act for

Business Questions Answered

Only the cost of advertising! My dear lady, the selling of an invention is much more difficult and expensive than the completion of the invention itself. There are two or three ways in which you might dispose of your invention.
One is by advertising the sale of the

"That's so." Charles agreed. "The patent rights outright in the daily pa-

I have to admit an ignorance as to what a fence fabric is, so I cannot send what a fence fabric is, so. I cannot send you the names of the trade directories, but if you were to go to the public library and ask for N. W. Ayer's Directory, you will find listed therein all the journals of the country under the heading of the trade. This will enable you to pick out the trade journals interested in your fabric and an adverterested in your fabric and an adver-tisement in their column will tell your story to the very people who are likely

You might also try to sell it to some It is often satisfactory to sell such a thing on a royalty basis. By that I mean that you receive so much for every piece or yard of fabric that is made or manufacturer or some wholesale house

sold.

I cannot undertake to write your advertisement, for I know nothing of what your article is. I would strongly urge you to get some good advertising man to write this up for you. It is much cheaper, if it is done properly in the first place, than to do it improperly yourself and not get any results.

"A NUMBER OF THINGS"

The federal government contemplates the building of more roads this year

Under the postoffice appropriation act the federal government will spend \$200,000,000 on state highways during the next three years. Beans, plenty of them, says the United States Department of Agricul-

ture, are ready to replace higher priced foods in America's meals. Low priced beaus are going to swat Old Man H. C. of L. Within the last ten years the farm value of the sweet potato crop has doubled, and now it is second only to

In this space Mr. Whitchead will an-swer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employ-Farmers' Bulletin 999, issued by the Farmers' Bulletin 909, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the preparation of the soil and growing of sweet potatoes and the harvesting, storing and marketing of the crop.

Smut is a fungous disease that causes an annual loss of millions of dollars to the wheat growers of the central West, the spring wheat state, Minnesota and the Dakotas, and the Pacific Northwest Corn oil, which, so far as is known, s made only in this country and Can-

ada, has within the last decade come into prominenece as both a food and John Burroughs, naturalist and author, eighty-two years old, keeps healthy by sawing wood before break-fast. It is also a good way to keep the peace.

If the woodchopper of Ameronger had years ago devoted his time to split. ting kindling he would never have start-ed a world-fire. (Try our back-banded metaphors. Copyright applied for.) Plans for its welcome in Philadelphia indicate that the Iron Division not be allowed to rust.

Now that we are within measural distance of transatlantic airplane flight, the physical aspects of customs col tions will have to undergo radical re Bustleton, for instance, become the great port of entry into the

United States. Judging by the suggestions made by Hog Island men concerning substitutes for champagne in the christening of ships, there are many poets among the shipbuilders.

Taking His Chance "Just to think," said the Sweet Young Thing on the piano stool, "all these pretty keys once beipnged to an

"And now," replied the gallant man, "they belong to a dear,"—London

A Well-Bred Reply

OLD AGE-SOCO WELL CIVE MEA NICKEL'S WORTH MIXED-

DO PEOPLE ON THE COCO

-:- Copyright, 1919. by The Bell Syndicate, Inc. By CHAS. McMANUS HEART TROUBLE

DOROTHY DARNIT-A Nickel's Worth Ought to Be Enough OH- I FORCOT THE NAME OF

WANT YOU TO GET ME SOME PEROXIDE - I MUST DYE MY THAT STUFF SHE WANTS- BUT I HAIR-GUESS THE DRUG MAN WILL KNOW ALL-RIGHT

MISTER-WHAT