

THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

DAILY NOVELLE THE VICTORY GIRL

By HORTENSE CALDWELL

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "LITTLE LAME LADDIE"

READ THIS FIRST

Evelyn Preston discovers the body of a stranger in the library of her home in Washington. Her mother and stepfather, Peter Burnham, arrive but are unable to throw any light on the mystery. Captain La Montagne, in love with Evelyn, learns that his letters to her have been intercepted and blames Burnham. Burnham tells the police that he has reason to believe that La Montagne killed the unknown. There are two servants in the Burnham household whose actions are suspicious—Mrs. Ward, the housekeeper, and Jones, the butler. They dislike and distrust each other.

THEN READ THIS

JONES gathered up the soiled dish towels in silent fury. As he tucked them under his arm some dark stains on one cloth caught his eye. "Ah! Paint is it or ink?" he sniffed at the cloth, holding it close under his nose. "And why did you put fresh paint on your suitcase?" Instead of replying Mrs. Ward walked into the servants' dining room and, sitting down, composedly picked up her knitting. Jones hesitated a moment in the hall, then, thrusting the note which Maxian had given him inside a pocket, he followed Mrs. Ward into the room and stationed himself opposite her.

from sight by blinding tears. Unconscious of her mother's emotion, Evelyn waited a moment before speaking.

"Rene loves me and I love Rene," she reiterated. "Therefore, mother, will you announce our engagement to-morrow morning?" Mrs. Burnham sat bolt upright. "Will I do what?" she demanded. "Announce my engagement to Rene La Montagne?" "My dear child," Mrs. Burnham raised her hands in horror. "Utterly unthought of!" "But why? Rene and I have thought of it, and we are the most concerned." "Preposterous!" fumed Mrs. Burnham. "Why, the man's under a cloud!" "Exactly, mother; that is why I wish our engagement announced," Evelyn stood proudly erect. "Shall you make the announcement or I, mother?" Mrs. Burnham stared at her in blank astonishment. "Have you taken leave of your senses?" she demanded. "Sit down here, Evelyn, and let us discuss this matter rationally."

is plain to be seen that he has influenced you against me."

"Well, what of it?" Evelyn shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "Thank God, money isn't everything!" "You are very young," Mrs. Burnham smiled faintly. "In this case there is more than money involved; a crime and public scandal, child!" For a second Mrs. Burnham's composure deserted her. "You must be mad to desire to announce your engagement to a man whom your stepfather charges with a heinous crime." "Gently, Evelyn, gently," Mrs. Burnham rose. "Do not say things in anger which you may bitterly regret later." "I shall never regret one word I say in defense of Rene," responded Evelyn with undaunted spirit. "And when Mr. Burnham charges Rene killed that unknown man in our library, he lies!" Mrs. Burnham laid a firm hand on Evelyn's shoulder. "Hush!" she commanded. "Rene will have an opportunity to prove his innocence shortly. I understand." She faltered for a second, then continued sternly: "I understand he has been arrested for the crime."

will you forfeit your inheritance if you marry against my wishes?"

"Well, what of it?" Evelyn shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "Thank God, money isn't everything!" "You are very young," Mrs. Burnham smiled faintly. "In this case there is more than money involved; a crime and public scandal, child!" For a second Mrs. Burnham's composure deserted her. "You must be mad to desire to announce your engagement to a man whom your stepfather charges with a heinous crime." "Gently, Evelyn, gently," Mrs. Burnham rose. "Do not say things in anger which you may bitterly regret later." "I shall never regret one word I say in defense of Rene," responded Evelyn with undaunted spirit. "And when Mr. Burnham charges Rene killed that unknown man in our library, he lies!" Mrs. Burnham laid a firm hand on Evelyn's shoulder. "Hush!" she commanded. "Rene will have an opportunity to prove his innocence shortly. I understand." She faltered for a second, then continued sternly: "I understand he has been arrested for the crime."

ED HOLBURN rose from his chair and stood looking out. Apparently he was in deep thought, but he really was beginning to become very angry.

"Peggy Starr, I wouldn't believe you would be so unaccommodating, without saying a word from the patriotic point of view. It certainly wouldn't hurt you to help me out by just doing such a little thing as that." "I've told you I wouldn't be in that parade and I mean it. Why, Ed, do you think for a minute I would go riding all about the streets of this city mounted on an old wagon, and having every eye on the street corners looking me in the face. Well, I guess not," she ended with finality.

JUDGE OWL TELLS A SECRET

"HO, HO, it's a happy day!" sang the Mighty Bronze Genie, running and leaping, and jumping in glad some play.

"Hi, hi, it's a happy day!" echoed Little Lame Laddie from the Genie's shoulders.

"Chee, chee, it's a happy day!" warbled Bob Olink from an orchard.

"Rap, rap, it's a happy day!" drummed Reddy Woodpecker on a hollow tree.

"Tweet, tweet, it's a happy day," twittered dozens of birds as they entered the forest.

Lame Laddie, high on the Genie's shoulders, was delighted. His eyes sparkled gladly and his cheeks were red with pleased excitement.

"See the birds, the birds, the birds!" he cried. "I didn't know there were so many beautiful birds in all the world. And they all seem to be singing 'It's a happy day' just as I am singing it."

"That's what they are singing," replied Peggy.

"Oh, can you understand them?" asked Lame Laddie, his eyes growing bigger and brighter than ever. "I wish I could."

"Blow, blow, blow in his ear!" advised a deep hollow voice, seemingly coming from nowhere.

"What's that?" asked Billy, looking all around.

"Blow, blow, blow in his ear!" repeated the hollow voice. They looked and they looked, but they couldn't see where it came from. Peggy, however, had learned from experience that in



Hi, hi, it's a happy day! sang the Mighty Bronze Genie, running and leaping and jumping in glad some play.

Birdland it is wise to take such advice, even from unknown sources, so she blew in Lame Laddie's ear.

"Oh, oh!" he cried, clapping his hands over his ears. "I can understand what the birds are singing. Isn't it fine?"

"It would be fine if you would go away and let me sleep," grumbled the hollow voice.

"Why, it's Judge Owl," cried Peggy. "Wake up, wake up, Judge Owl. I want to introduce you to Lame Laddie."

"But the only answer was a snore—a muffled snore that seemed to come from nearby."

"I'll get him out!" screamed Reddy Woodpecker, beginning to drum vigorously on a tree. He drummed a regular bugle call: "I can't get him up, I can't get him up, I can't get him up in the day time."

"Why should I get up in the day time?"

time? It's a lot more fun roaming around at night learning secrets," grumbled the muffled voice.

"Well, there was a scraping and a fluttering and in a moment Judge Owl's head popped out of a hole in a tree right beside them."

"Hello," he said, putting on his dark goggles. "Did you blow in his ear?"

"Yes," answered Lame Laddie. "And I thank you for telling 'em to, for now I understand bird language, and it is wonderful."

"Phoo, phoo, it's just bird talk," said Judge Owl. "Why are you riding on the Bronze Genie's shoulders? Why aren't you running around on your own legs? Are you lazy?"

"I can't walk!" said Lame Laddie sadly. "Something happened to my legs when I was a tiny chap, and I haven't walked since."

"How silly!" grumbled Judge Owl sleepily. "How silly to go without legs, when there is a new leg builder close at hand!"

"A new leg builder here in Birdland?" asked Peggy in amazement.

"Right here in Birdland, 'camping by the river," hooted Judge Owl. "Who is he?" demanded Billy Belgium.

"They call him 'Great Doctor.' His being here is a secret, but I heard it while prowling around his camp last night and having fun scaring his negro servants into fits," hooted Judge Owl. "He is in the woods on a vacation."

"I'd heard a famous surgeon was camping near here," said the Genie. "If he is able to give Little Lame Laddie new legs in place of his useless old legs, we're going to get a pair. Come on!"

(Tomorrow they seek the camp of the Great Doctor.)



I love Rene and I intend to marry him."

made in that gallant army of France. You have every reason to be proud of Rene, mother. Why, then, are you so absurdly prejudiced against him? He has never done anything to you."

"Not to me perhaps," began Mrs. Burnham, but Evelyn gave her no time to finish.

"Is it fair to take Mr. Burnham's opinion about Rene instead of mine?" she demanded hotly. "My word is just as good as his, if not—"

"Stop, Evelyn!" Mrs. Burnham held up her hand imperatively. "It is not a question of word but of judgment; you are immature, impulsive, impressionable—"

"Good gracious, Mother," Evelyn laughed wistfully. "Any more 'ins' you can think of? Mr. Burnham is determined to get Rene into trouble, and it

to go to bed!"

"I have persuaded your husband to go to bed!"

"I am afraid it is fully six blocks away, on Connecticut avenue," exclaimed Mrs. Burnham. "It is a shame to take you out at this hour of the night."

"Not a bit of it," Maynard nodded gayly at Evelyn. "Too bad you can't stroll downtown with me, Evelyn, the night is so lovely. Fortunately, tonight I was cast for an appropriate costume; uniforms are not conspicuous these days."

"Our uniforms are always conspicuous," rebuked Evelyn. "Just think of the gallant men wearing them."

"All honor to them!" Maynard raised his hand in quick salute. "Some day, God willing, I'll go up the line with the boys in khaki and over the top; until then—"

"A quick sigh completed the sentence. "I've taken your hatch-key, Mrs. Burnham, so don't have any one wait up for me," and he hurried out of the house.

"Go to bed and get some rest, Evelyn," suggested Mrs. Burnham, patting with her hand on the electric light button. "We can talk more reasonably after a good night's sleep. Come and see me after breakfast and remember—"

"Yes, mother," Evelyn waited for her mother to lead the way up the staircase. But Mrs. Burnham did not complete her sentence until she had reached the second floor. In front of her door she turned and patted Evelyn on the shoulder. "Remember," she said, "do nothing rash."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Why did you alter the initial on the suitcase?" he demanded, and waited in a growing wrath for an answer. Receiving none, he again addressed the housekeeper. "Silence will not help you," he announced. "I know all."

"Then why ask me questions?" Inquired Mrs. Ward practically.

"Because I desire to know why that taxi-driver is here so often; in the back way; in the window, yonder, pointing to the one opening on the walk which separated the Burnham residence from its next-door neighbor, and which gave light and air to the rooms on that side of the house. What does he here of so secretive a nature?"

Mrs. Ward laid down her knitting and met his angry gaze with one equally furious.

"What concern is it of yours?" "That is my affair."

"That is no answer," Mrs. Ward shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Then shall I say," the butler leaned closer, "shall I say that that man's jack-in-the-box presence in this house is for you a menace?"

Mrs. Ward's laugh did not ring quite true.

"Since you must know," she commenced, and paused to glance over her shoulder to make certain that her

"Yes," Jones came nearer. "What?" "That man you call 'jack-in-the box'?"

"The taxi-driver," prompted Jones. "Go on, woman!"

"That man—the loud buzzing of the front door bell interrupting her. "Answer the bell!"

"Yes, yes, in a moment," Jones came yet nearer. "The taxi-driver—who is he?"

"A detective—now go," and Mrs. Ward resumed her knitting.

"The Handwriting on the Wall"

BY THE TIME Jones reached the front hall he found the door open and Mrs. Burnham awaiting his arrival with an angry sparkle in her eyes.

CONVICTION

If you're wrong but believe you are right, then all men will give credit to one who's sincere.

If you're right, but don't know it for certain, why, then, you are hampered by doubt and by fear.

And my feeling is strong That I'd rather be wrong And have my convictions "stay put" Than be right and not know just which way I should go.

That's what makes an executive!—But

When you know that you're right and you're going ahead On a path that will lead to your goal The things that are done and the things that are said By outsiders won't worry your soul.

They may shout till they're hoarse, But they won't change your course. You are proof against anger or spite, And if your faith's strong You are proof against wrong— That is, if you know you are right!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

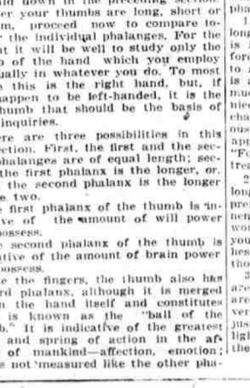
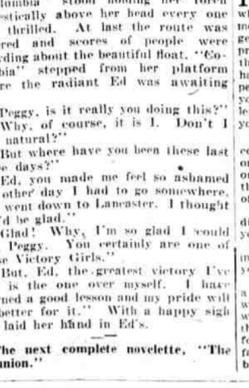
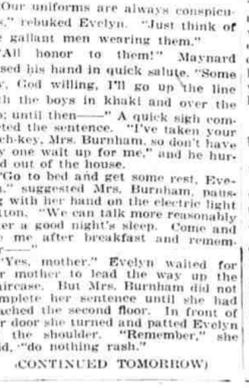
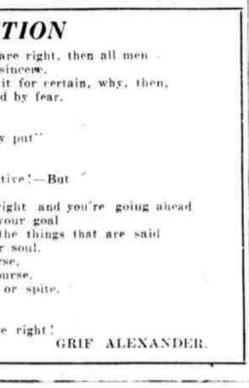
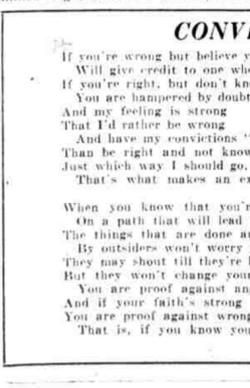
DOROTHY DARNIT—Something Made Him Popular

I KNOW WHY THE GIRLS LIKE TO HAVE YOU CALL YOU DO?

YOU ALWAYS MAKE THEM LAUGH I GUESS THAT'S IT

IT AIN'T WHAT YOU DO OR WHAT YOU SAY THAT MAKES 'EM LAUGH WELL WHAT IS IT THEN?

IT'S THAT FACE OF YOURS



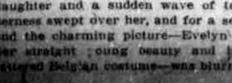
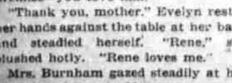
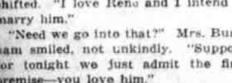
WHAT YOU ARE

As Shown by Thumbs and Fingers

By IRVING R. BACON

II. Phalanges of the Thumb

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.



BALANCED THUMB

LONG FIRST, SHORT SECOND PHALANX

SHORT FIRST, LONG SECOND PHALANX

HAVING ascertained, by the Jules

laid down in the preceding section, whether your thumbs are long, short or medium, proceed now to compare together the individual phalanges. For the present it will be well to study only the thumb of the hand which you employ habitually in whatever you do. To most people this is the right hand, but, if you happen to be left-handed, it is the left thumb that should be the basis of your inquiries.

There are three possibilities in this connection. First, the first and the second phalanges are of equal length; second, the first phalanx is the longer, or, third, the second phalanx is the longer of the two.

The first phalanx of the thumb is indicative of the amount of will power you possess.

The second phalanx of the thumb is indicative of the amount of brain power you possess.

Like the fingers, the thumb also has a third phalanx, although it is merged within the hand itself and constitutes what is known as the "ball of the thumb." It is indicative of the greater force and spring of action in the affairs of mankind—affection, emotion; but is not measured like the other phalanges, by length; but rather by its width and bulk. At present, the first two phalanges alone will be considered.

1. If the first phalanx is noticeably longer than the second, your will power is so far in excess of the restraining force of mentality that you are prone to act first and think afterward. This is a trait which often is productive of much harm, although it cannot be denied that there are times when, by chance, it may work out most advantageously. Whence the proverb so frequently applied to successful harum-scarum "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

2. If the second phalanx is noticeably longer than the first, your mentality is preponderant, and although you are eminently able to judge correctly what you should do most advantageous for you, your will power lacks initiative and you hesitate to undertake even the best-timed-of-plans.

3. If the first and second phalanges are of equal length, will and judgment are evenly balanced; although for the very best reason the second should be just a trifle longer than the first, as the light of intellect should really be in the lead of the heat of action.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is a "Bill of Exchange"?

Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

A hophead is a large cask; a measure of capacity, two barrels or sixty-three gallons.

Business Questions Answered

The writer, who was educated in French schools, has a practical knowledge of French business, and is a practical reader and speaking knowledge of ordinary mental caliber in a comparatively short time.

There are, of course, so many teachers of French today that there is lively competition in this field.

The best way to go about this is undoubtedly by advertising in the daily papers. Most everybody is reading the news from Europe and following it eagerly; therefore an ad in this or other good papers is sure to bring you some results. You see, an ad in the daily papers is going to be right in front of the very people who are most likely to want French.

You would be well advised to see a good agent and have him look after the advertising for you. The fact that you are a good French scholar does not give you authority to believe that you are a good advertising man.

Foolishment

A butterfly called on a bee. Said he: "Won't you please marry me?"

He called her his honey. Said she: "Don't get funny."

A stinging rebuke, you'll agree.

—New York Evening Telegram.