

# THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN  
Author of "The Nameless Man"

DAILY NOVELLETTE  
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 for a moment in the hall, then thrusting the note which Maxwell had given him inside a pocket, he followed Mrs. Ward into the room and stationed himself opposite her.

"Why did you alter the initial on the suitcase?" she demanded, and waited in growing wrath for an answer. Revolving 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— "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 interrupted 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.

"Late again, Jones," she remarked, and her tone caused the butler to flush uncomfortably. "Help Mr. Burnham off with his coat and then assist him to bed."

Burnham rejected the butler's aid with the same petulance he had shown to Maynard when the latter offered his assistance.

"I'm not a baby," he remarked through chattering teeth. "What if I did catch a chill coming home, Lillian! it's nothing serious. Here, take my keys, Jones, and bring me some whisky from the sideboard." Jerking the bunch of keys from the front door lock where he had left it clanking in his hand he entered the house, he tossed it to the waiting servant, and laying his hand on Maynard's arm started with him up the staircase. Mrs. Burnham turned to follow when Evelyn, who had remained in the vestibule, stepped inside the house, closed the door, and called her softly by name.

"Come in the dining room, Mother, dear," she said. "I must have a word with you, alone," and the quiet emphasis on the last word belied her unnaturally high color and brilliant eyes.

"Please, Mother." Seeing Mrs. Burnham hesitate, she moved forward and gently encircled her waist with her arm. "Spare just a moment to me."

Mrs. Burnham bent forward and kissed her with warmth. "Of course, Evelyn," she said cheerily. "Say as many words to me as you want," and she led the way into the drawing room, pausing only long enough to turn on the lights.

"Sit by me here," she suggested, making herself comfortable on the sofa, but Evelyn, too nervous to remain quiet, only paused in her restlessness moving about to stand in front of her.

"Mother," she began, and in spite of her determination to keep her voice steady it shook. "I love Rene La Montagne."

Mrs. Burnham's expression altered. "You think you do, Evelyn," she corrected gently.

"No, mother," Evelyn's gaze never shifted. "I love Rene and I intend to marry him."

"Need we go into that?" Mrs. Burnham smiled, not unkindly. "Suppose for tonight we just admit the first premise—you love him."

"Thank you, mother," Evelyn rested her hands against the table at her back and steadied herself. "Rene," she blushed hotly. "Rene loves me."

Mrs. Burnham gazed steadily at her daughter and a sudden wave of tenderness swept over her, and for a second the charming picture—Evelyn in her straight young beauty and her favored Belgian costume—was blurred

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."

"Thank you, mother, but I prefer to stand. I will not keep you long; in fact, her smile was very winning. "I will wait your answer."

Mrs. Burnham sighed. "The perversity of life!" she exclaimed. "Why do you pick out the one man I could not welcome as a son-in-law?"

"But why can't you welcome him?" asked Evelyn impetuously. "Rene is all that a man should be—tender, true and brave. Look at the record he had

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 victoriously. "Any more 'ins' you can think of? Mr. Burnham is determined to get Rene into trouble, and it

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."

"Charges can be disproved," retorted Evelyn. "Mother," she laid an imperious hand on her arm. "Mother, I assure you Rene is not guilty, no matter how much circumstantial evidence points to him; he no more killed that man than did Peter Burnham."

Rapidly approaching footsteps caused Mrs. Burnham to turn abruptly and she welcomed Maynard's entrance almost with eagerness.

"Hello," said the voice of her chum, Helen Whitman. "Peggy, have you seen asked to be in the parade next Monday?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to do it," replied Peggy slowly.

"You're not? Why, Peg, I thought, of course, you were. Why, the idea; everybody is going to do something for that."

"Well, I, for one, will be the laughing stock for nobody. If you want to be dressed up like a wax doll and sit in a chariot for every one to gaze at you can, but I'm not going to."

"Some people give the boys a hearty welcome when they come home," came from Helen sarcastically as she replaced the receiver on the hook. After shutting off, Peggy got up with tears in her eyes. She had been looking at the celebration from her own standpoint, never giving a thought to whom it was really for. Quickly she took up the telephone and got the chairman of the committee on the line. "Mr. Wood? Well, this is Margaret Starr on Woodstead street. I understand you need somebody for a role in the parade. If it is convenient for you I will stop at your office on my way down town."

The next day Peggy Starr started on a little visit to a neighboring city and when Ed called that evening he was told Miss Starr would return Monday. Of course, Ed firmly believed she had gone away in order not to be asked of the shoulders he turned and went to his office. Twice between Friday evening and Monday morning he called her up via telephone, only to hear she had not returned and there was no message. At last Monday came, the day of the great parade. The sun rose over the New England hills in the distance with alarming rapidity, and by 10 o'clock the parade had formed in line. The crowd in particular attracted much attention. The automobile was made into a modern chariot, with American flags covering the whole outside. Inside the chariot was pure white and on one end a high platform. One figure stood on this platform. "Columbia," in name, in blue and one in khaki. As the float moved slowly about the streets, and "Columbia" stood holding her torch majestically above her head every one was thrilled. At last the route was about to be completed. "Go 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)

"I love Rene and I intend to marry him."

"I have persuaded your husband to go to bed!" she said. "I think he will rest very comfortably. He has given me a prescription to fill for him; can you tell me where to find the nearest drug store which stays open all night?"

"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 thing does you good; not in that sense, but in a healthy one. Fortunately, tonight I was cast for an appropriate costume; uniforms are not conspicuous these days."

"Our uniforms are always conspicuous," retorted 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.

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

**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.

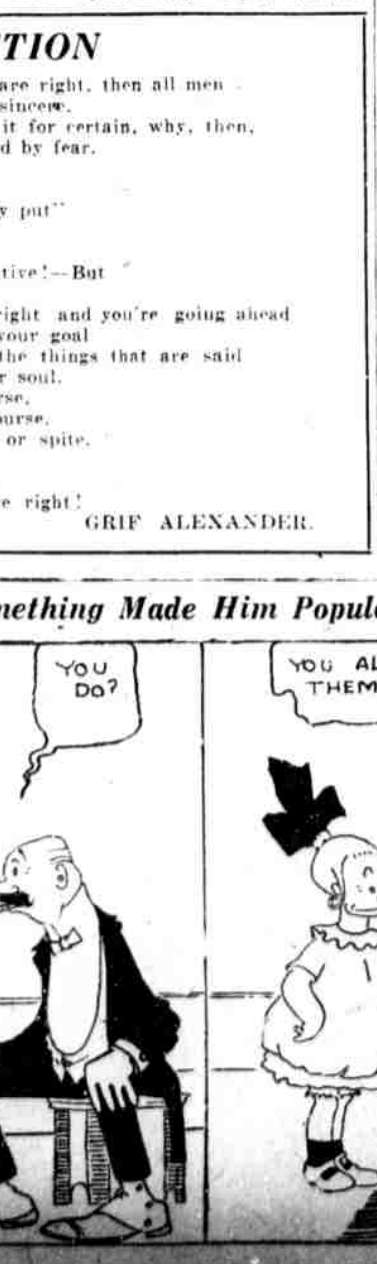
**DOROTHY DARNIT—Something Made Him Popular**

"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"



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

**THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN**

A Premium on Loyalty

BRUNO DUKE was about to begin outlining the method, and the reason for the last two divisions of the bonus when Charles said, in his half-apologetic manner:

"Mr. Duke, just what is the benefit of having that first third of the bonus on salary basis instead of an equal division? It seems to me that the salesmen would hardly like the discrimination. I can understand men of one group not caring to be put on equal terms with men of another group. I realize we made a mistake in doing that, but it seems to me that the salesmen would be better satisfied if treated on an equality basis, and, of course, the same reasoning applies to the warehousemen group and the office men group."

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," Duke replied. "The men receiving the larger salaries are doing for us something that is doing more valuable work and more responsible work, which they

have attained by effort and ability. Such men have earned the right to this preference, and the slight difference merely acts as a stimulus to the other fellows to fit themselves for the better jobs."

"And yet," James joined in the argument, "there are certain fellows who haven't got it in them to be more than packers or city salesmen or—as in the case of the three stenographers—Those three girls are good stenographers, but will never be anything else. There are certain people who can't do it. Yet they are fine people for the work they do. Take Olsen, for instance. He's a handy man and keeps stock picked up, the floor and windows clean and such like. He'll never be anything else, yet we'd have a job to get a better fellow to do his work. Do we want to get ambition stirred up in him when all it could do would be to make him discontented?"

"That's splendid," Duke exclaimed enthusiastically, "for it saves me giving reasons for paying a third of the bonus on the basis of years of service."

"Don't you see," he continued, "that the salary bonus is a premium on ability, while the service bonus is a premium on loyalty and the efficiency bonus is a premium on performance?"

"Let's consider Olsen. He's in the warehousemen group, which will get (based on a reference to the indispensable notebook) \$2004, a third of which is \$668. Now, if had on adding up the total years of service of all the men in this group that they amount to (once more referred to his notebook) ninety-three years."

"What about part years?" James asked.

"I'll explain. Any one who has worked less than a full year does not share in this part of the bonus. After a full year's service parts of years count as follows: Less than three months is not counted at all. Three to six months is counted as half a year; above six months is considered a full year."

"That's simple enough," Charles commented.

"Now to illustrate Olsen's case," Duke continued, "we'll compare him with a young man named Ferguson."

"Bright chap, Ferguson," James said.

"Yes, Ferguson gets \$25 a week, while Olsen gets \$16. Yet Ferguson has been with you just a year, while Olsen has been with you for fifteen years."

"On the salary basis Ferguson would receive about 50 per cent more money than Olsen. Yet Olsen's loyalty and three years of service are rewarded, for since ninety-three is the total years of service of all workers, one year will earn \$9.888. Therefore, Ferguson's one year's work earns a service bonus of . . . . . 0.50 Olsen's fifteen years' work earns a service bonus of . . . . . 1,492.50

"That," everybody has a decided incentive to stay with you, for the longer they stay the bigger this bonus becomes."

"By cracky!" James was becoming really enthusiastic. "I believe you've hit the sow on the ear."

"I mean," he corrected, "you got the sow on the nail; no, I mean—oh, darn it," he laughed, "you know what I mean."

"How does that last third of the bonus—the efficiency third—work?" Charles asked interestedly.

"That operates differently, according to the class of employment for the men they stay the bigger this bonus becomes."

**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 and Jim method, that the thumb is indicative of the amount of brain power you possess, the second phalanx is the longer of the two.

The first 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.

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."

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-all plans.

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.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

**Business Questions Answered**

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

You would kindly suggest one or more mediums of advertising through which the writer, instead of everybody's 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.

**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. With a little start he turned to the girl on the sofa calmly humming a popular air.

"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.

"Well, there's a good many girls that are going to be in it that are in even better society than you are, and they don't see anything the matter with it."

"It doesn't make the slightest difference to me what anybody else does, Ed, so please let the matter drop. And if you would go along now it would be very nice of you, as I have a good many things to do this evening."

Ed noticed the chill note in her voice and took his hat without another word. The moment he had left the room, Peggy jumped up to go after him. With great effort she held herself back, but he still continued to think of what he had said. She knew she had hurt Ed's feelings and it bothered her more than she cared to admit. Still thinking over what she had said, she was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello," said the voice of her chum, Helen Whitman. "Peggy, have you seen asked to be in the parade next Monday?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to do it," replied Peggy slowly.

"You're not? Why, Peg, I thought, of course, you were. Why, the idea; everybody is going to do something for that."

"Well, I, for one, will be the laughing stock for nobody. If you want to be dressed up like a wax doll and sit in a chariot for every one to gaze at you can, but I'm not going to."

"Some people give the boys a hearty welcome when they come home," came from Helen sarcastically as she replaced the receiver on the hook. After shutting off, Peggy got up with tears in her eyes. She had been looking at the celebration from her own standpoint, never giving a thought to whom it was really for. Quickly she took up the telephone and got the chairman of the committee on the line. "Mr. Wood? Well, this is Margaret Starr on Woodstead street. I understand you need somebody for a role in the parade. If it is convenient for you I will stop at your office on my way down town."

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**DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy**  
"LITTLE LAME LADDIE"

(When the Little Lame Laddie wishes to go to Birdland Peggy and Billy summon the Mighty Bronze Genie, who carries him there.)

**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

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

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