COSTLY VIOLAS STOLEN Thieves Take Musical Instruments Worth \$8000; Ignore Jewels New York, Jan. 23.—Two violas and violin, valued at \$8000 and cherished as the handiwork of famous instrument makers more than a century ago, have been stolen from his apartment, Rene

Pollain, assistant director of the Ne York Symphony Orchestra, reported the police yesterday.

Jewelry and cash lying on a dress table in plain view were undisturby the thieves, who, Mr. Poliain segot into the flat by picking a lock.

EX-MEMBERS OF A. E. P.

TANGLED TRAILS By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunnight Pass," etc., Copyright, 1922, by William MacLeod Rains

James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the plea of a girl
who has a claim on him and kicks out
who has a claim on him and kicks out
a man who says Cunningham owes him a
share on a business deal. At a cowboy
cernival Wild Rose, a riding girl, is
thrown and burt by Wildfire, a wild
rencho. The announcer calls out
"Kirby Lane," who is a stalwart, galant cowboy.

AND HERE IT CONSTRUCT

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

ANE slid from the fence and reached for his saddle.

As he lounged forward, moving with ndolent grace, one might have guessed him a Southerner. He was leanloined and broad-shouldered. The long. flewing muscles rippled under his skin when he moved like those of a panther. From beneath the band of his pinched-in hat crisp, reddish hair

Wild Fire was off the instant his feet found the stirrups. Again the outlaw went through its bag of tricks and its straight bucking. The man in the saddle gave to its every motion lightly and easily. He rode with such grace that he seemed almost a part of the horse. His reactions appeared to anticipate the impulses of the screaming fend which he was astride. When Wild Fire jolted him with humpbacked jar-Fire joited him with humphacked jur-ring bucks his spine took the shock limply to neutralize the effect. When it leaped heavenward he waved his hat joyously and rode the stirrups. From first to last he was master of the sit-uation, and the outlaw, though still chites savagely, knew the battle was fighting savagely, knew the battle was

The broncho had one trump card left, trick that had unseated many a stub-born rider. It plunged sideways at the trick that had unseated many a stub-born rider. It plunged sideways at the fence of the inclosure and crashed dark destiny was she moving?

CHAPTER IV

was worn out and nervous. The pain in her arm throbbed feverishly. Her emotions had held her on a rack for many hours. There was in her no rewith pain, and for a moment every-thing went black before him. His leg had been jammed hard against the upper plank. But when the haze cleared he

was still in the saddle. The outlaw gave up. It trotted tamely back to the grand stand through the shredded fragments of pine in the splintered fence, and the grand stand

Kirby slipped from the suddle and limped back to his fellows on the fence. Aiready the crowd was pouring out from every exit of the stand. A thou-From all over Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and New Mexico hard-bitten, annburned youths in high-heeled boots and gaudy attire kad gathered for the Frontier Day celebration. Hundreds of cars had poured up from Denver. Trains had disgorged thousands of tourists

come to see the festival.

Many people would sleep out in automobiles and on the prairie. The late comers at restaurants and hotels would wait long and take second best. A big cattleman beckened to Lane. Place in my car, son. Run you back

One of the judges san in the tonpeau beside the rough rider.
"How's the leg? Hurt much?"
"Not much. I'm neticin' it some." "Not much. I'm neticin' Kirby answered with a smile.

You'll have to ride tomorrow. you and Sanborn for the finals. ven't quite made ap our minds." The cattleman was an expert driver. He wound in and out among the other another matter. the road before the great majority of the utemobiles had reached there, and was in town with the vanguard.

After dinner the rough rider asked the clerk at her hotel if there was any mail for Miss Rose McLean. Three He found a party just setting out for

going to keep me here a week. Well, he's got another guess ably after her sister got home from coming. I'll not stay," she exploded work.

"Now, looky here, you better do as the doc says. He knows best. a week in your young life?" Kirby sug-

"Not really hart. Jammed my leg mingham, Jr., or his brother Jack.

**Realist a fence. I drew Wild Fire." Why not call on them and genew ac-

"Did you win the championship?" qualitance? the girl asked enger.y.

Stopped to get your mail at the hotel. Thought you'd like to see it." Wild Hose looked the envelopes over he explained.

As she read the color chied from her "I did oce. When she had finished reading on ridin"

e letter Kirby speke gently. "Bad news, pardner?" She noddel, choking. Her

tage of her life in the open that in her relations with men she showed a boy-Rose caught her breath in a stress of They stepped out of the elevator at the in trouble. Sho-she-"

her thoughts overflowed in

"She doesn't say what it is, but—I thow her. She's grazy for fear—or markete—or something." Wild Rose was always quick-tempered, a passion-ete defender of children and all weak creatures. Now Lane knew that the hot blood was rushing stormity to her heart. Her little sister was in danger, the only near relative she had. She would fight for her as a cougar would for its young. "By God, if it's a man —if he's done her wrong—I'll shot him down like a gray wolf. I'll show him how safe it is to—to—""

So, Mong to be soon, the papers say, He's a wealthy promoter. His name's Cunningham."

"What Cunningham?" In his aston-ishment the words seemed to leap from him of their own volition safe it is to-to-

She broke down again, clamping tight He spake very gently. 'Does she him.

His sentence hung suspended in air, he young woman understood its

air. She-talks of suicide, Kirby, got to get to Lenver on the next Find out when it leaves. Ill send a telegram to her tenight tell-ing her I'll fix it. I will, too." "Sure. That's the way to talk. Be-

reasonable an' everything'll work out the Write your wire an' I'll take it with to the office. Soon as I've got the train schedule I'll come back."

moment her left hand fell in He boked down at the small, firm, written, a woman in it was a woman competent, trained hard as nails. She



It was James who spoke. His face was grave. charge, Kirby," he said. "What is the name of the young woman

serve power of endurance

face him with what he's done,

moved past him blazing with anger.

as soon as she.

He was at the elevator cage almost

"Listen, Rose. You know better than that. I told you he was my uncle because you'd find it out if I'm goin'

The elevator slid down and stopped.

can't drive him by threats.'

Not Always Two to Make a Quarrel Kirby put Wild Rose on the morning "No. I'm going to see him and have rain for Denver. She had escaped from it out," she flung back. the doctor by sheer force of will. The night had been a wretched one, almost sleepless, and she knew that her fever would rise in the afternoon. But that splintered fence, and the grand stand could not be helped. She had more impose to its feet with a shout of applause portant business than her health to at-

"Oh, don't baby me, Kirby!" she burst out. "I'm all right. What's it matter if I am fagged. Don't you see? tend to just now. Ordinarily Rose bloomed with vitality, but this morning she looked tired and worn. In her eyes there was a "Will it do any harm to take a friend worn." and worn. In her eyes there was a hard brilliancy Kirby did not like to see. He knew from of old the fire that could blaze in her heart, the insurgent impulses that could sweep her into recklessness. What would she do if the sand cars of lifty different makes were anorting impatiently to get out of the fam as soon as possible. For Cheyenne was full, full to overflowing. The town reared with a high tide of jocund life. From all over Colorado, Wyoming, "Good luck," she called through the "True enough." A sardonic, mirth-"Good luck to you," he answered.

"True enough." A sardonic, mirth-less smile touched his face. "But James Cunningham is, my uncle, not yours."

"Your uncle?" She rose, staring at him with big, dilated eyes. "He's your

"Write me soon as you find out how uncle, the man who—"
things are."

But as he walked from the station his heart misgave him. Why had he let her "I see." Her eyes attacked him heart misgave him. Why had he let her go alone, knowing as he did how swift scornfully. "You think we'd better not she blazed to passion when wrong was done those she loved? It was easy done those she loved? It was easy think we'd better go easy on him. Uncle's rich, and he might not like plain words. Oh, I understand now."

Wild Rose flung out a gesture that breaking that she might need a friend at mained that she might need a friend at hand, might need him the worst way.

All through breakfast he was ridden by the fear of trouble on her horizon. Comrades stopped to slap him on the back and wish him good luck in the finals, and though he made the proper answers it was with the surface of a mind almost wholly preoccupied with to help you. He's no friend of mine, but I know him. He's strong. You

While he was rising from the table he made a decision in the flash of an eye. He would join Rose in Denyer at once. Already dozens of cars were taking the Already dozens of cars were taking the down and stopped. "Will you stand aside, sir?" Rose demanded. "I won't have anything to do with any of that villain's family.

in his pocket and set out for the hos-pital.

Denver and easily made arrangements to take the unfilled seat in the tonneau.

By the middle of the afterneon he He found Miss Rese reclining in a begint chair, in a frame of mind highto pital chair, in a frame of mind highto indignant. "That doctor talks as the back of the arternoon a was at a bearding-house on Cherokee street inquiring for Miss Rose McLean.

She was out, and the landlady did not know when she would be back. Prob-

Lane wandered down to Curtis street, What's restlessly took his way up Seventeenth. He had an uncle and two cousins living in Denver. With the uncle he was on A week's a week, and I don't intend bad terms, and with his cousins on no to siny. Why did you had when you terms at all. It had been ten years since he had seen either land. since he had seen either James Cun-ningham, Jr., or his brother Jack.

> He went into a drug store and looked Finals towerrow. Sanbern the name up in a telephone book, His How's the arm? Bone cousin James had an office in the Equitable Building. He hung the book up on the book and turned to go. As he did so he come face to face with Rose McLean

"You-here!" she cried.
"Yes, I-I had business in Denver,"

of tore one open.
"From my little sister Eather." she cause—" She stopped abruptly, plained. "Mind if I read it? I'm struck by another phase of the situasome worried about her. She'n been tion. 'Did you leave Cheyeune without writing kinda funny tately.''

"I didn't want to ride. I'm fed up

"You throw away the championship and a thousand-dollar prize to-to-"
"You're forgettin' Cole Sanborn," he frank and direct, met those of her friend without evasion. It was a heritage of her life in the open that in her where can we have a talk? Let's go up
tage of her life in the open that in her to the nezzanine gallery at the Albany. It's right next door."

second floor and he found a settee in a corner where they might be alone. It struck him that the shadows in her The gid flong aside the rug that cov-red her and rose from the chair. She eyes had deepened. She was, he could see plainly, laboring under a tension of repressed excitement. The misery of her soul buned looked his way. soul buyed out at him when she

"Have you anything to tell me?" he neked, and his low, gentle voice was a comfort to her raw nerves. "It's a man, just as I thought—the man she works for."

"Is he married?"
"No. Going to be soon, the papers

Ishment the words seemed to leap from him of their own volition. "James Cunningham, a big land and

mining man. You must have heard of "Yes, I've heard of him. Are you sure?"

She nodded. "Esther won't tell me a thing. She's shielding him. But I went through her letters and found a note from him. It's signed 'J. C.' I necused him point-blank to her and she just put her head down on her arms and sobbed.

I know he's the man."
"What do you mean to do?" "I mean to have a talk with him first off. I'll make him do what's right.'

train schedule I'll come back."

"You're a good pal, Kirby. I always knew you were."

For a moment her left hand fell in like that."

He shook his head. "Not the best way, Rose. Let's be sure of every move we make. Let's check up on this man before we lay down the law to bim.

Some arresting quality in him held would go through with whatever she set to do.

As his eyes rested on the fingers there came to him a swift, unreasoning presShe stepped into the car. The door clanged shut. Kirby was left standing alone.

CHAPTER V

With the aid of a tiny looking-glass a young woman was powdering her nose. Lane interrupted her to ask if he might see Mr. Cunningham.

"Name, please?" she parroted pertly, and pressed a button in the switchboard before her.

hefore her.

Presently she reached for the powderpuff again. "Says to come right in.
Door 't end o' the hall."

Kirby entered. A man sat at a desk
telephoning. He was smooth-shaven
and rather heavy set, a year of two beyond thirty, with thinning hair on the
top of his head. His eyes in repose
were hard and chill. From the conversation his visitor gathered that he was
a captain in the Red Cross drive that
was on.

the straight, clean-built young cattleman. He knew that the strong face,
brown as Wyomling, expressed a pungent personality back of which was
dynamic force. What did Lane want
with bis uncle? They had quarreied.
His cousin knew that, Did young Lane
expect him to back his side of the
quarrel? Or did he want to win back
favor with James Cunningham, Sr.,
millionaire?
Kirby smiled. He guessed what the

Millionaire?

Kirby smiled. He guessed what the other was thinking. "I don't want to interfere in your friendship with him. All I need is his address and a little information. I've come to have another row with him, I reckon."

row with him, I reckon."

The interest in Cunningham's eyes quickened. He laughed. "Aren't you in bad enough already with uncle? Why another quarrel?"

"This isn't on my own account.
There's a girl in his office—"

A rap on the door interrupted Kirby.
A young man walked into the room. He was good-looking, young, exquisite, dark-eyed and black-haired. His clothes had been made by one of the best ite, dark-eyed and black-haired. His clothes had been made by one of the best tailers in New York. Moreover, he knew how to wear them.

sation his visitor gathered that he was a captain in the Red Cross drive that was on.

As he hung up the receiver the man rose, brisk and smiling, hand outstretched. "Glad to meet you, Cousin Kirby. When did you reach town? And how long are you going to stay?"

"Got in hour an' a half ago. How are you, James?"

"Busy, but not too busy to meet old friends. Let me see. I haven't seen you since you were ten years old, have I?"

"I was about twelve. It was when my father moved to Wyoming."

"Well, I'm glad to see you. Where you staying? Eat lunch with me tomorrow, can't you? I'll try to get Jack, too."

"Suits me fine," agreed Kirby.

"Anything I scan do for you in the meantime?"

"Yes. I want to see Uncle James."

There was a film of wariness in the eyes of the oil broker as he looked at

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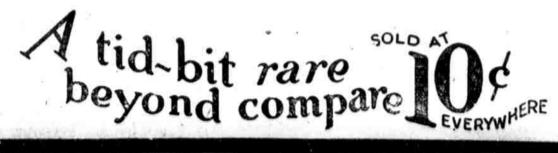
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