

# TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE  
Author of "A Man Four Square,"  
"Gunlight Pass," etc.  
Copyright, 1922, by William MacLeod Raine

**THIS BEGINS THE STORY**  
James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He runs down the block and kicks out a man who has a business deal. At a cowboy show he meets a girl who is a wild, wild girl. The announcer calls out "Kirby Lane," who is a stunner, and last cowboy.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**

Lane slid from the fence and reached for his saddle.  
As he lunged forward, moving with indolent grace, one might have guessed him a Southerner. He was lean and broad-shouldered. The long, flowing muscles rippled under his skin when he moved like those of a panther. From beneath the band of his pitched-in hat crisp, reddish hair escaped.



It was James who spoke. His face was grave. "That's a serious charge, Kirby," he said. "What is the name of the young woman?"

The broncho had one trump card left, a trick that had unsettled many a stunner. He plunged sideways at the fence of the enclosure and crashed through it. Kirby's nerves shrieked with pain, and for a moment everything 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. He trotted tamely back to the grand stand through the shredded fragments of pine in the splattered fence, and the grand stand rose to its feet with a shout of applause for the victor.

Many people would have been out in automobiles and on the prairie. The late comers at restaurants and hotels would wait long and take second best.

A big gentleman beckoned to Lane. "Place in my car, son. Run you back to town."

One of the judges sat in the tannin beside the rough rider.  
"How's the leg? Hurt much?"  
"Not much, I'm on my feet," Kirby answered with a smile.

"You'll have to ride tomorrow. It's you and Sanborn for the finals. We haven't quite made up our minds. The cattlemen was an expert driver. He would in and out among the other cars speeding over the prairie, struck the road before the vast majority of the automobiles had reached there, and was in town with the vanquished."

After dinner the rough rider asked the clerk at her hotel if there was any mail for Miss Rose McLean. Three letters were handed him. He put them in his pocket and set out for the hospital.

He found Miss Rose reclining in a hospital chair, in a frame of mind highly indignant. "That doctor talks as though he's going to keep me here a week. Well, he's got another guess coming. I'll not stay," she exploded.

She stepped into the car. The door clanged shut. Kirby was left standing alone.

### CHAPTER V Cousins Meet

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.  
Presently she reached for the powder-puff 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 or 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.

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. 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 can 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

the straight, clean-built young cattleman. He knew that the strong face, brown as Wyoming, expressed a put-gent personality back of which was dynamic force. What did Lane want with his uncle? They had quarreled. Kirby 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 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."  
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 tailors in New York. Moreover, he knew how to wear them.  
James Cunningham, Junior, introduced him to Kirby as his cousin Jack. After a few moments of talk the broker reverted to the subject of their previous talk.  
"Kirby was just telling me that he has come to Denver to meet Uncle James," he explained to his brother. "Some difficulty with him, I understand."

Jack Cunningham's black eyes fastened on his cousin. He waited for further explanation. It was plain he was interested.  
"I'm not quite sure of my facts," Lane said. "But there's evidence to show that he has ruined a young girl in his office. She virtually admits that he's the man. I happen to be a friend of her family, an' I'm goin' to call him to account. He can't get away with it."

Jack Cunningham's black eyes fastened on his cousin. He waited for further explanation. It was plain he was interested.

"I'm not quite sure of my facts," Lane said. "But there's evidence to show that he has ruined a young girl in his office. She virtually admits that he's the man. I happen to be a friend of her family, an' I'm goin' to call him to account. He can't get away with it."

Kirby chanced to be looking at his cousin Jack. What he saw in that

French Flannels  
Best of fine, soft wool dyed in delicious shades of old rose, lavender, heliotrope, light blue or pink. These goods are simply wonderful for one-piece dresses and wrappers.

Viyella Flannel  
A very brave showing of patterns and colorings—quite the best we've had. For wrappers, pajamas, sports skirts and dresses, you'll find abundant choice.

1008 Chestnut Street

the straight, clean-built young cattleman. He knew that the strong face, brown as Wyoming, expressed a put-gent personality back of which was dynamic force. What did Lane want with his uncle? They had quarreled. Kirby 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 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."  
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 tailors in New York. Moreover, he knew how to wear them.  
James Cunningham, Junior, introduced him to Kirby as his cousin Jack. After a few moments of talk the broker reverted to the subject of their previous talk.  
"Kirby was just telling me that he has come to Denver to meet Uncle James," he explained to his brother. "Some difficulty with him, I understand."

Jack Cunningham's black eyes fastened on his cousin. He waited for further explanation. It was plain he was interested.  
"I'm not quite sure of my facts," Lane said. "But there's evidence to show that he has ruined a young girl in his office. She virtually admits that he's the man. I happen to be a friend of her family, an' I'm goin' to call him to account. He can't get away with it."

Kirby chanced to be looking at his cousin Jack. What he saw in that

French Flannels  
Best of fine, soft wool dyed in delicious shades of old rose, lavender, heliotrope, light blue or pink. These goods are simply wonderful for one-piece dresses and wrappers.

Viyella Flannel  
A very brave showing of patterns and colorings—quite the best we've had. For wrappers, pajamas, sports skirts and dresses, you'll find abundant choice.

1008 Chestnut Street

young man's eyes surprised him. There were astonishment, incredulity and finally a cunning narrowing of the black pupils.  
It was James who spoke. His face was grave. "That's a serious charge, Kirby," he said. "What is the name of the young woman?"  
To be continued tomorrow

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

Pollina, assistant director of the New York Symphony Orchestra, reported to the police yesterday.  
Jewelry and cash lying on a dressing table in plain view were undisturbed by the thieves, who, Mr. Pollina said, got into the flat by picking a lock.  
EX-MEMBERS OF A. R. F.  
Rene W. Lardner wants you to read the "New Rules Laid Down for Open Wharves" in Magazine Section of next Sunday's P.



## Sensational Reductions Continued

IN PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN, READING, LANCASTER AND VICINITY

**"Sunnyfield" PRINT Butter 45<sup>c</sup> lb.**

**Ivory Soap 5<sup>c</sup> Small Cake**  
Save 2c a Cake

**Gulden's Mustard 9<sup>c</sup>**  
Save 4c a Jar

**Maillard's EAGLE SWEET Chocolate 12<sup>1c</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 1/2-lb. Cake**  
Save 7 1/2c a Cake

**GRANDMOTHER'S Wheat Farina 15<sup>c</sup> pkg.**  
10c a Package Below Other Advertised Brands

**Evaporated Milk 7<sup>c</sup> Tall Can**  
Save 3c a Can

**Condensed Milk 10<sup>c</sup>**  
Save 3c a Can  
Fresh Packed Direct from Choicest Milk Producing Districts

**Red Circle Coffee 25<sup>c</sup> A lb**  
Imported Direct from the Choicest Plantations  
A trial will make you a steady RED CIRCLE COFFEE drinker

**OTHER SUGGESTED ATTRACTIONS**

|                       |                   |                                      |                          |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Quaker Oats           | 1 sm. pkg 10c     | Hellman's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise     | small 12c                |
| Mother's Oats         | 1 sm. pkg 10c     | Heinz's Baked Beans                  | Tomato Sauce sm. can 10c |
| Karo Blue Label Syrup | 1 1/2-lb. can 10c | Blue Peter Norwegian Smoked Sardines | can 10c                  |
| Glen Rosa Marmalade   | 1-lb. jar 25c     |                                      |                          |

**CRACKER SPECIALS**

|                |        |
|----------------|--------|
| Fig Newtons    | 20c lb |
| Sylph Sandwich | 30c lb |

**BOKAR COFFEE SUPREME**  
A & P Sole Distributors

**ORANGE PEKOE TEA**  
1/4 Lb 12<sup>c</sup> | 1/2 Lb 23<sup>c</sup> Pkg

**THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.**  
The World's Largest Grocery House—4981 Stores in the U. S.  
New Stores Opened Last Week:

|                        |  |                     |
|------------------------|--|---------------------|
| 1946 E. Ontario Street | 1306 South Street                                | 2014 Diamond Street |
| 424 E. Haines Street   | Salem, N. J., 144 Broadway                       | 1200 Pine Street    |
|                        | Atlantic City, N. J., Columbia and Pacific Aves. |                     |
|                        | Chester, Pa., 720 Welsh Street                   |                     |

# Whit CHOCO-PIC

MEANING: chocolate covered PHILADELPHIA ICE CREAM

M-m-m! Everybody's eating them, loving 'em, too. Choco-Pics, of course!

Buy a Choco-Pic today! Unfold the shiny foil that protects the dainty chocolate loaf. What's inside? Well, just bite into it!

My! What a sweet surprise. How good that rich smooth ice cream tastes! Ever dream of anything so good?—Chocolate Covered Philadelphia Ice Cream!

For luncheons, desserts and afternoon teas—in fact, any time and every time.

A tid-bit rare beyond compare **10<sup>c</sup> EVERYWHERE**

SOLD AT