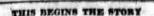
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1922



THIS BEGINS THE STORY Fames Cunningham is rich and ruth-the turns down the pies of a siri who has a claim on him andt kloks out a man who says Cunningham owes him a hare on a business deal. At a cowbay earnivel Wild Rese, a riding girl, is hrown and hurt by Wildfre, a wild pronho. The arsonuncer calls out Kirby Lace," who is a triand cf 'Wild fast cowbay, who is a triand cf 'Wild fast or whoy, who is a triand cf 'Wild fast or Best's sister's troubles, Rose, barins Cunningham is his uncle, says he'll have nothing to do with the fam-by Kirby then takes up the matter with his two cousing, favored protuges of whose out the same of the s

AND HERE IT CONTINUES T'D RATHER not give it-except to Uncle James himself

"Better write it," suggested Jack th a reminiscent laugh. "He's a bit

impetuous. I saw him throw a man down the stairs yesterday. Picked the fellow up at the foot of the flight. He certainly looked as though he'd like to murder our dear uncle." "What I'd like to know is this," said

What I d like to know is this," said Isne. "What sort of a reputation has Uncle James' in this way? Have you ever heard of his bein' in anything of this sort before?" No. I haven't," James said prompt-

I. Jack shrugged. "I wouldn't pick minky for exactly a moral man." he said flippantly. "His idea of living is to grab all the easy things he can." "Where can I see him most easily?
At his office?" asked Kirby. "He drove down to Colorado Springs today on business. At least he told ma he was going. Don't know whether he expects to get back tonight or not. He lives at the Paradox Apartments," Jack said. Jack said.

"Prob'ly I'd better see him there rather than at his office."

"Hone you have a pleasant time with the old boy," Jack murmured. "Don't think I'd care to be a champion of dames where he's concerned. He's a damned cantankerous old brute. I'll say that for him."

James arranged a place of meeting for luncheon next day. The young cat-tieman left. He knew from the fidgety manner of Jack that he had some immanner of Jack that he had some im-portant business he was anxious to talk ver with his brother.

CHAPTER VI

Lights Out It was five minutes to ten by his watch when Kirby entered the Paradox Apartments. The bulletin board told him that his uncle's apartment was 12. He did not take the self-serve elevator, but the stairs. The hall on the sec-ond floor was dark. Since he did not know whether the rooms he wanted were on this floor or the next he bracked at a door. like.

know whether the rooms be wanted were on this floor or the next he knocked at a door. Kirby thought he heard the whisper of voices and he knocked again. He had to rap a third time before the door was opened. "What is it? What do you want?" "What is it? What do you want?" If ever Lane had seen stark, naked fear in a human face, it stared at him out of that of the woman in front of him. She was a tall, angular woman of a harsh, forbidding countenance, ffat-breasted and middle-aged. Behind her, farther back in the room, the rough rider caught a glimpse of a fat. gross, ashen-faced man fleeing toward the inner door of a bedroom to escape being seen. He was thrusting into his coat pocket what looked to the man in the hall like a revolver. "Can you tell me where James Cun-"Can you tell me where James Cun-

stance, he was aware of a faint perfume of violet in the room, so faint that he had not noticed it before.

There grew on him a horror, an eag-erness to be gone from the rooms. It was based on no reasoning, but on some obscure feeling that there had taken place something evil, something that chilled his blood.

chilled his blood. Yet he did not go. He had come for a purpose, and it was characteristic of him that he stayed in spite of the dread that grew on him till it filled his breast. Again he groped along the wall for the light switch. A second match flared in his fingers and showed it to him.



Sound though Kirby Lane's nerves were, he could not suppress a gasp at what he saw

His first sensation was of relief. This is handsome apartment with its Persian is rugs, its padded easy-chairs, its harmo-nious wall tints, had a note of repose quite alien to tragedy. It was the home of a man who had given a good deal of attention to making himself comfort-able. Indefinably, it was a man's room. The presiding genius of it was mascu-line and not feminine. It lacked the touches of adornment that only a woman can give to make a place home-His first sensation was of relief. This ; the hook and-stood staring down at a the hook and—stood staring down at a glove lying on the table. As he looked at it the blood washed out of his face. He had a sensation as though his heart had been plunged into cracked ice. For he recognized the

glove on the table, knew who its owner was.

It was a small riding gauntlet with a device of a rose embroidered on the wrist. He would have known that glove among a thousand. He had seen it, a few hours since, on the hand of Wild Rose. woman can give to make a place home-

Yet one adornment caught Kirby's eye at once. It was a large photograph in a handsome frame on the table. The

CHAPTER VIII

icture showed the head and bust of By Means of the Fire Escape

the hall like a revolver. "Can you tell me where James Cun-ningham's apartment is?" asked Kirby. The woman gasped. The hand on the doorknob was trembling violently. Something clicked in her throat when the dry lips tried to frame an answer. "Head o' the stairs—right hand," the managed to get out, then shut the door swiftly in the face of the man, whose simple question had so shocked her. Kirby heard the latch released from Kirby near the lock below

where he had been playing in a pool TANGLED TRAILS By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunsight Pass," etc. Copyrtight, 1918, by William MacLeod Raine He stopped Lane, "Can you lend me a match, friend?"

The cattleman handed him three of four and started to go. "Just a mo'," the newspaperman said, striking a light. "Do you al-ways"--puff, puff--"leave your rooms" --puff, puff, puff--"by the fire es-

through him and sapped his supple strength like an illness. It was not possible that Rose could have done this in her right mind. But he had heard a doctor say once that under stress of great emotion people sometimes went momentarily insane. His friend had been greatly wrought up from anxiety, pais, fover and lack of sleep. -puff, cape?" Kirby looked at him in silence, think Ing furiously. He had been caught, after all. There were witnesses to prove he had gone up to his uncle's rooms. Here was another to testify he had left by the fire escape. The best he could say was that he was very unbuck.

In replacing the telephone he had ac-cidentally pushed aside a book. Beneath it was a alip of paper on which had been penciled a note. He read it, with-out any interest, unlucky.

Mr. Hull he come see you. He sorry you not here. He say maybe per-haps make honorable call some other time. S. HORIKAWA.

time, S. HORIKAWA. An electric bell buzzed through the apartment. The sound of it startled Kirby as thouch it had been the warn-ing of a rattleanske close to his head. Some one was at the outer door ringing for admission. It would never do for him to be caught here. He had been trained to swift thought reactions. Quickly, but noiseleasly, he stepped to the door and released the catch of the Yale lock so that it would not open from the outside without a key. He switched off the light and passed through the living-room into the bedchamber. His whole desire now was to be gone from the building as soon as possible. The bedroom also he darkened before he stepped to the bight and crept through it to the platform of the fire escape.

fire escape. The glove was still in his hand. . He The glove was still in his hand. He thrust it into his pocket as he began the descent. The iron ladder ran down the building to the alley. Is ended ten feet above the ground. Kirby lowered himself and dropped. He turned to the right down the alley toward Glenarm street.

Lane took his advice without delay.

To be continued tomorrow Fire Kills 32 Camp Dix Horses

Camp Dix, N. J., Jan. 24.—Thirty-two horses were burned to death, de-spite heroic efforts of soldiers to rescue them, in a fire, which Sunday night de-stroyed a stable of Battery D. Sixth Field Artillery. A man was standing at the corner of the alley trying to light a cigar. He was a reporter on the Times, just returning from the Press Club,

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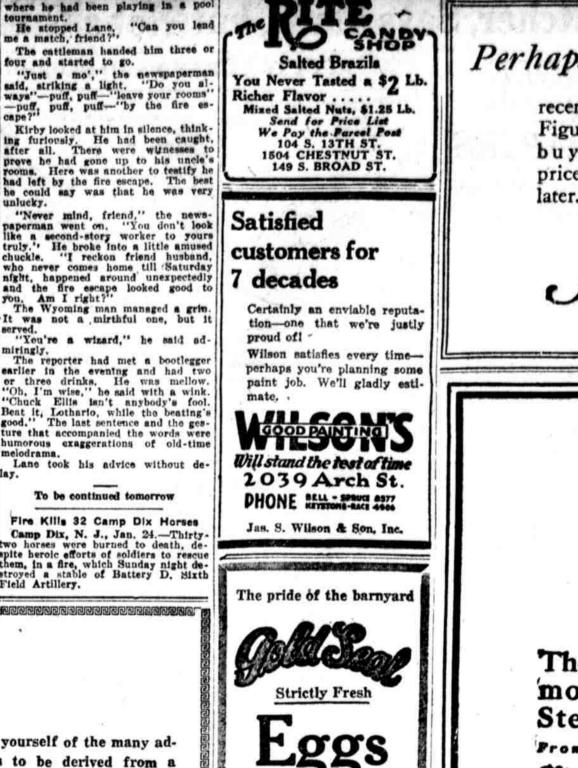
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WKIULLIJ



the door was ajar. No answer came. His finger found the electric push but-ton. He could hear it buzzing inside.

But it sense of the forehead through which a bullet had crashed.
Who's there?" he asked sharply. No volce replied, but there was a faint rustle of some one or some thing stirring.
He waited, crouched in the darkness. There came another vague rustle of movement. And presently another, this time closer. Every sense in him was alert, keyed up to closest attention. He knew that some one, for some sinister purpose, had come into this apartment and been trapped here by him.
The moments flew. He thought he could hear his hammering heart. A stiffed gasp, a dozen feet from him, was just audible.
He leaped for the sound. His out-

t, caught at a small wrist, and fastened here. In a fraction of a second left him he realized, beyond question, that it was a woman he had assaulted. The hand was represented from him The hand was woman he had assaulted. The hand was wrenched from him. There came a zigzag fash of lightning Scaring his brain, a crash that filled the world for him—and he floated into

unconsciousness.

CHAPTER VII Foul Play

Lane came back painfully to a world of darkness. His head throbbed dis-tressingly. Querulously he wondered where he was and what had taken place. He drew the fingers of his outthe drew the ingers of his out-etretched hand along the nap of a rug and he knew he was on the floor. Then his mind cleared and he remembered that a woman's hand had been imprisoned in his just before his brain stopped functioning.

Who was she? What was she doing Who was she? What was she doing here? And what under heaven had hit him hard enough to put the lights out so instantly? He sat up and held his throbbing head. He had been struck on the point of the chin and going down like an aged

head. He had been struck on the point of the chin and gone down like an axed bullock. The woman must have lashed out at him with some weapon. In his pocket he found a match. It fared up and lit a small space in the pit of blackness. Unsteadily he got to his feet and moved toward the door. It is mind was quite clear now and his senses abnormally sensitive. For in-

Kirby heard the latch released from its catch. The key in the lock below also turned. "She's takin' no chances," he mur-mured. "Now I wonder why both her an' my fat friend are so darned wor-ried. Who were they lookin' for when and the felt once more a strange sen-sential and the felt once more a strange sen-ant and the felt once more a strange sen-strange from the strange senried. Who were they lookin' for when they opened the door an' saw me? An' why did it get her goat when I asked where Uncle James lived?'' As he took the treads that brought him to the next landing the cattleman had an impression of a light being flashed off somewhere. He turned to the right as the woman below had di-treted. The first door had on the namel a

The first door had on the panel a one he had met only recently. Where? First with his uncle's name. He knocked, and at the same instant noticed that the Cheyenne hospital. He had been

Twice he pushed it. "Nobody at home. looks like," he said to himself. "Well, I reckon I'll step in an' leave a note. Or maybe I'll wait. If the door's open he's liable to be right back." He stepped into the room. It was the same drug he sniffed now. He stood on the threshold, groped for the switch, and flashed on the lights. Sound though Kirby Lane's perves were, he could not repress a gasp at what he saw.

to be right back." He stepped into the room. It was dark. His fingers groped along the wall for the button to throw on the light. Before he found it a sound startled him. It was the soft faint panting of some bene breathing. He was a man whose nerves were under the best of control, but the cold feet of mice pattered up and down his spine. Something was wrong. The dixth sense of danger that comes to some men who live constantly in peril was warning him. "Who's there?" he asked sharply. No voice replied, but there was a to be cold not repress a gasp at were, he could not repress a gasp at were, he could not repress a gasp at was ware the back." Leaning back in an armchair, looking up at him with a horrible sardonic grin, was his Uncle James Cunning-ham. His wrists were tied with ropes to the arms of the chair. A towel, passed around his throat, fastened the body to the back of the chair and propped up the bead. A bloody clot of hair hung tangled just above the tem-ple. The man was dead beyond any possibility of doubt. There was a small hole in the center of the forehead through which a bullet had crashed. Beneath this was a thin trickle of blood

He leaped for the sound. In our one corner. flung hand struck an arm and slid down one corner. it cought at a small wrist, and fastened This deak held the young man's gaze. This deak held the young man's gaze.

And hung on the hoor. Some one, in a desperate hurry, had searched every pigeon-hole. The window of the room was open. Perhaps it had been thrown up to let out the fumes of the chloroform. Kirby stepped to it and looked down. The

fire escape ran past it to the stories above and below.

above and below. The young cattleman had seen more than once the tragedies of the range. He had heard the bark of guns and had looked down on quiet dead men, but a minute before full of lusty life. But these had been victims of warfare in the open, usually of sudden passions that had flared and struck. This was different. It was murder, deliberate, cold-blooded, atrocious. The man had been tied up, made helpless and done to death without mercy. There was a note of the abnormal, of the unhuman, about the affair. Whoever had killed James Cunningham deserved the ex-treme penalty of the law. He was a man who no doubt had made mans enemies. Always he had

He was a man who no doubt had made many enemies. Always he had demanded his pound of flesh and got it. Some one had waited patiently for his hour and exacted a fearful yengeance for whatever wrong he had suffered. Kirby decided that he must call the police at once. No time ought to be lost in starting to run down the mur-derer. He stepped into the living-room to the telephone, lifted the receiver from

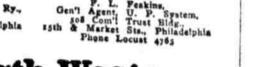


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