

TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunsight Pass," etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the face of a girl who has a claim on him and picks out a man who says Cunningham owes him a share on a business deal. She is the wife of Willie Rose, a riding cowboy who tells her sister's trouble to Kirby Lane. Kirby takes up the matter with his two cousins, James and James, who demand to know the name of the girl. When he goes to his uncle's apartment, he finds the man chloroformed and dead. On a table is a glove, and he takes it. He makes his escape by the fire-escape but is observed from the window. Cunningham's Japanese valet, Hori, is a woman whose photograph, which was in the dead man's pocket, is arrested for the murder, but she is released. Kirby Lane is arrested for the murder, but he is released. Kirby Lane is arrested for the murder, but he is released.



He could've rested his hand on that railing to take aim and made a dead-center shot.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XVIII "Burnin' a Hole in My Pocket"

COLE SANBORN passed through the Welcome Arch at the station carrying an imitation-leather suitcase. He did not take a car, but walked up Seventeenth avenue as far as the May Hotel. Here he registered, left his luggage, and made some inquiries over the telephone. Thirty minutes later he was shaking hands with Kirby Lane.

"You dawg-goned old hellamite, what you mean comin' down here an' gettin' thrown in the calaboose?" he demanded, thumping his fist on the shoulder of the man in the brown suit.

"I'm sure enough glad to see you, Mr. Champeen-of-the-World," Kirby answered, falling into the easy, easy manner of the outdoor country. "Come to the big town to spend that \$1000 you won the other day?"

"Y'betcha! It's burnin' a hole in my pocket. Say, you blamed ol' hornhead, come you not to stay for the final? Folks was plumb disappointed we didn't rife it off."

"Tell you about that later. How long you figurin' to stay in Denver, Cole?" "I dunno. A week, maybe. Fellow at the Empress wants me to go on that circuit an' do stunts, but I don't reckon I will. Claims he's got a trained bronco I can show on."

"Me, I'm gonna be busy as a dog with steam," said Kirby. "I got to find out who killed my uncle. Suspicion rests on me, on a man named Hull, on the Jap servant, an' on Wild Rose." "On Wild Rose?" exclaimed Cole, in surprise. "Have they gone crazy?"

"The police haven't got to her yet, old-timer. But their suspicions will be headed that way right soon if I don't get busy. She thinks her evidence will clear me. It won't. It'll add a motive for me to have killed him. The detectives will figure out we did it together, Rose an' me."

"Hell's bells! Ain't they got no sense a-tall?" Kirby looked at his watch. "I'm headed right now for the apartment where my uncle was killed. Gonna look the ground over. Wanna come along?" "Surest thing you know, I'm in this to a fare-you-well. Go ahead, I'll take your dust."

The little, long-bodied man from Burnin' Wyoming, clumped along in his high-heeled boots beside his friend. Both of them were splendid examples of physical manhood. The sun fan in his face, the ripple of health in

their blood. But there was this difference between them, that while it was written on every inch of Sanborn that he lived astride a cow-pony, Kirby might have been an irrigation engineer or a mining man from the hills. He had neither the bow legs nor the ungainly roll of the man who rides most of his waking hours. His clothes were well made and he knew how to carry them.

As they walked across to Fourteenth street, Kirby told as much of the story as he could without betraying Esther McLean's part in it. He trusted Sanborn implicitly, but the girl's secret was not his to tell.

From James Cunningham Kirby had got the key of his uncle's apartment. His cousin had given it to him a little reluctantly.

"The police don't want things moved about," he had explained. "They would probably er' me down if they knew I'd let 'em in."

"All I want to do is to look the ground over a bit. What the police don't know won't worry 'em any," the cattleman had suggested.

"All right," James had shrugged his shoulders and turned over the key. "If you think you can find out anything I don't see any objection to your going in."

Sanborn applied his shrewd common sense to the problem as he listened to Kirby.

"Looks to me like you're overlookin' a lot, son," he said. "What about this Jap fellow? Why did he light out so pronto if he ain't in this thing?"

"He might 'a' seen because he's a foreigner an' gessel they'd throw it on him. They would, too, if they could."

"Shucks! He had a better reason than that for cuttin' his stick. Sure had. He's in this somehow."

"Well, the police are after him. They'll likely run him down one of these days. Far as I'm concerned I've got to let his trail go for the present. There are possibilities right here on the

ground that haven't been run down yet. For instance, Rose met a man an' a woman comin' down the stairs while she was goin' up. Who was they?"

"Might 'a' been any o' the tenants here."

"Yes, but she smelt a violet perfume that both she an' I noticed in the apartment. My hunch is that the man an' the woman were comin' from my uncle's rooms."

"Would she recognize them? Rose, I mean?" asked Sanborn.

"No; it was on the dark stairs."

"Yes. Of course, there might be other reasons why they must keep quiet. Some love affair, for instance."

"Sure. That might be, an' that would explain why they went down the dark stairs an' didn't take the elevator."

"Just the same I'd like to find out who that man an' woman are," Kirby said. He lifted his hand in a small gesture. "This is the Paradox Apartments."

A fat man rolled out of the building just as they reached the steps. He pulled up and stared down at Kirby.

"What—what—?" His question hung poised.

"What am I doin' out o' jail, Mr. Hull? I'm lookin' for the man that killed my uncle," Kirby answered quietly, looking straight at him.

"But—"

"Why did you lie about the time when you saw me that night?" Hull got excited at once. His eyes began to dodge. "I ain't got a word to say to you—not a word—not a word!" He came puffing down the steps and went waddling on his way.

"What do you think of that prize package, Cole?" asked Lane, his eyes following the man.

"Gully as hell," said the bronco buster crisply.

"I'd say so, too," agreed Kirby. "I don't know as we need to look much farther. My vote is for Mr. Cass Hull—with reservations."

He was one of those loyal souls who can trust without asking for explanations.

"The lady of the violet perfume an' her escort were here," Kirby went on. "At least she was—most probably he was, too. It's a cinch the folks were in the rooms. They were scared stiff when I saw 'em a little later. They hid on the witness stand so as to clear themselves an' get me into trouble in their place. Olson locks e' the evidence. He good as told me he'd seen Hull in my uncle's rooms. If he did he must 'a' been present himself. Then there's the Jap Hori-kawa. He'd beat it before the police went to his room to arrest him at daybreak the mornin' after the murder. How did he know my uncle had been killed? It's not likely any one told him between half-past 10 an' half-past 5 the next mornin'. No, sir. He knew it because his eyes had told him so."

"I'll say he did," agreed Sanborn. "Good enough. That makes eight of us that came an' went. We don't need to figure on Rose an' me. I came by the door an' went by the fire-escape. She walked upstairs an' down, too. The violet perfume an' the man who took the stairs down. We know that. But how about Hull an' Olson an' the Jap? Here's another point. Say it was 9:50 when Rose got her. My uncle didn't reach his rooms before 9 o'clock. He changed his shoes, put on a smokin'

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Do You Like a Love Story? It wasn't handsome. It wasn't young. It wasn't romantic. But charming Molly loved him with all the fervency of her youthful and impulsive nature. Let Ruby Ayres tell you why in "A Man's Way" Begins Today on Comics Page

smoked an' lit a cigar. He had it half smoked before he was tied to the chair. That cuts down to less than three-quarters of an hour the time which he was chloroformed and tied to the chair, an' shot, in which at least six persons paid a visit here, one of the six sayin' long enough to go through his desk an' look over a whole lot of papers: Some o' these people were sure enough treadin' close on each other's heels an' I reckon some were makin' quick getaways."

"Looks reasonable," Cole admitted. "I'll bet I wasn't the only man in a hurry that night an' the only one trapped here. An' I can't. Don't you reckon some one else beat it by the fire-escape?"

"Might've."

They passed into the small room where James Cunningham had met his death. Broad daylight though it was, Kirby felt for an instant a tightening at his heart. In imagination he saw again the garbly gait of the dead man returned to his. With an effort he pushed from him the gruesome memory.

The chair in which the murdered man had been found was noted and marked. Attorney had taken it for an exhibit at the trial of the man upon whom evidence should fasten. The littered papers had been sorted and most of them removed, probably by James Cunningham, Jr. Otherwise the room remained the same.

The air was close. Kirby stepped to the window and threw it up. He looked out at the fire-escape and at the wall of the rooming house across the alley. Denver is still young. It offers the incongruities of the West. The Paradox Apartments had been remodelled and up to date. Adjoining it was the Wyndham Hotel, a survival of earlier days which could not long escape the march of progress.

Lane and his friend stepped out to the platform before the fire-escape. Below them was the narrow alleyway, directly in front of the iron frame of the Wyndham fire-escape.

A discovery flashed across Kirby's brain and started him. "That's the platform over there, an' if my uncle had been 'a' in a chair, sittin' in front of the window, he could 'a' rested his hand on that railing to take aim an' made a dead-center shot."

Cole thought it out. "Yes, he could. If yore uncle had been facin' the window. But the chair wasn't turned that way, you see."

"Not when I saw it. But some one might 'a' moved the chair afterward."

"The champion of the world grinned. "Set where Mr. Mitten, you're travelin' a wide trail this trip. If some one tied up the old man an' chloroformed him an' left him here convenient, then moved him back to the wall after he'd been shot, if a man was standin' in the room, he'd 'a' done it. What's the need of all them ifs? Since some one in the room had to be in the thing, we can figure he fired the shot, too, whilst he was doin' the rest. Besides, yore uncle's face was powder-marked, showin' he was shot from right close."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Lane, surrendering his brilliant idea reluctantly. "A moment, and his face brightened. "Look, Cole! The corridor of that hotel runs back from the fire-escape. If a fellow had been standin' there he could 'a' seen into the room if the blind wasn't down."

"Sure enough," agreed Sanborn. "If the murderer had give him an invite to a grandstand seat. But probably he didn't."

"No, but it was hot that night. A man roomin' at the Wyndham might come out to get a breath of air, say, an' if he had he might 'a' seen some-thing."

"Some more of them ifs, son. What are you drivin' at, anyhow?" "Olson. Maybe it was from there he saw what he did." Sanborn's face lost its whimsical decoration. His blue eyes narrowed in concentration of thought. "That's good guessin', Kirby. It may be 'way off; then again it may be absolutely correct. Let's find out if Olson stayed at the Wyndham whilst he was in Denver. He'd be more apt to hang out nearer the depot."

"Unless he chose the Wyndham to be near my uncle."

"Mebbe so. But if he did it wasn't because he meant the old man any good. The friends walked into the street and back toward the Paradox without a word. As they stepped into the elevator again, Lane looked at his friend and smiled. "I've a notion Mr. Olson had a right interestin' trip to Denver," he said quietly.

"I'll say he had," answered Sanborn. "An' that ain't but half of it either. He's mighty apt to have another interestin' one here one o' these days."

To be continued tomorrow

GOOD CHEER CLUB CONCERT Welsh Choir and Cambrians Will Feature Entertainment The Welsh Choir and the Cambrians, who won the prize at the Elstredford recently, will be the attractions at the concert which will be given tonight by the Good Cheer Club at the Sunday Breakfast Club, 220 North Twelfth street. This is one of a

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P. R. T. "Service Talks" to Employees.

Reproduced from issue of January 31, 1922

NOTES OF PRESIDENT MITTEN'S TALK TO P. R. T. EMPLOYES

With employees satisfied and public well served, with P. R. T. property built up, and the equivalent of 6% earned upon P. R. T. \$30,000,000 paid in capital, co-operative accomplishment has reached the goal set for it in 1911.

With great accomplishment to our credit, we have come together this evening to consider a co-operative pledge for the future, through which Men and Management will take another forward step in co-operative accomplishment.

P. R. T. Men and Management today stand out as best qualified to work out a practicable and satisfactory apportionment, as between capital and labor, of added income produced through co-operative effort.

P. R. T. Men and Management can undoubtedly repeat the good work of 1921, and produce net income of \$1,800,000 for 1922, which is the amount required to pay a dividend of 6% on P. R. T. capital stock.

Operating costs of 1922 can, I am sure, be reduced at least \$1,500,000 by extra effort of Men and Management and this without any lessening of service.

The Co-operative Plan of 1918 provides wages based upon the average of four cities—Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit, which assures proper comparison with wages paid elsewhere. The four-city average will continue as the wage base, and this would be quite all right in payment for ordinary service; but to my mind, P. R. T. employees, having put P. R. T. again on the map, as a result of ten years co-operative effort, are now entitled to participate in the financial result of further co-operative accomplishment.

The Plan which I propose to submit for approval of P. R. T. stockholders provides that co-operating employees receive in recognition of co-operative accomplishment, a co-operative dividend, limited to the added net income pro-

duced, but not to exceed in amount 10% of P. R. T. pay-roll. Payment of 6% P. R. T. dividend is to be first accomplished, followed by co-operative dividend to P. R. T. employees.

The forward step now contemplated must, for its assured acceptance by P. R. T. stockholders, go to them with such earnest endorsement of P. R. T. employees here assembled as will carry conviction that the earning of added surplus for distribution to P. R. T. employees is so certain that it will increasingly insure the earning and payment of dividends to P. R. T. stockholders.

This plan will in effect make P. R. T. a stock of preference, the 6% dividend on which is underwritten by Men and Management, who must reduce 1922 operating costs not less than \$1,500,000, in order to make possible a co-operative dividend to employees equaling 10% of P. R. T. pay-roll.

Planning to this accomplishment and to the making of these added economies assured, SERVICE TALKS will hereafter be issued from headquarters to aid and assist, while all departments will work to support that higher degree of co-operative accomplishment which naturally follows the past ten years of intensive training and must find expression in that higher standard of service represented in lessened accidents, closer attention to duty and greater consideration for public comfort.

\$1,500,000 of added net income, to be secured upon a system already noted for great achievement, would be an impossible task for an organization less attuned to great accomplishment through co-operative effort, but P. R. T. Men and Management will not only make good this additional undertaking, but can in addition be depended on to co-operate with the City in developing a so-well operated street car system that it will be one of, if not the principal wonder on display at the 1926 Sesqui-Centennial.

A WHALE OF A MEETING

First and last we've presided over a good many meetings, but never one like that of last evening.

The response of the P. R. T. family to President Mitten's invitation to drop in for a friendly chat was little short of a landslide of deluge proportions.

Mr. Pawling says his Auditorium seats about eleven thousand people. I guess he knows best, but it seemed to me that most of Philadelphia was present as I looked into that sea of happy, eager faces.

It was a truly wonderful gathering, an inspiring tribute paid to a gifted leader by those who know him best—his own folks—his pals of eleven years of joint effort to make a dream of the centuries come true.

My space is so limited I scarcely know where to begin, or how to restrain the impulse to write ream upon ream of the events of last evening. The briefest sketch will have to suffice.

Community singing of songs that reach the heart was beautiful beyond my powers of description. As I listened the thought came to me that in similar manner we are blending our lives in the great undertaking that had brought us together.

Our own Band of 100 pieces, and our Kilties, as well as the Orchestra, each rendered a program of superb selections. Many of our folks had not before heard them and were correspondingly pleased to learn of our accomplishments along this line.

Mr. Tulley's address evoked the warmest applause. Without any attempt at studied oratory, he spoke feelingly of his many years' close companionship with our great family, and of the almost unbelievable progress that had been achieved under the leadership of President Mitten.

He described briefly the early struggles to break through the shell of past misunderstandings, and then on down through the years to the present happy situation. It was heart talking to heart, and he was given an ovation as he predicted even happier days ahead. He closed with a powerful appeal for what he aptly termed "Super-Co-operation."

Pandemonium greeted the arrival of President Mitten and it was some minutes before the meeting could proceed. He was in the house of his friends, and they were not at all backward in letting him know just how they felt about it.

Extracts from Mr. Mitten's address appear upon the first page of this issue. Never was he followed with more rapt attention than that given him last evening as he reviewed the great work accomplished here in Philadelphia in the last decade. It was an account of stewardship such as falls to the lot of few men.

I shall not attempt to describe the earnestness with which his next forward step in Co-operative Plan development was received by his great audience, or the enthusiasm which it evoked. There was a hush, and then as the full significance of his words became apparent, there followed one of the most inspiring scenes I have ever witnessed.

With one accord seemingly, Committeemen and others grasped the several score location standards and rushed toward the platform, symbolic of the pledge of loyalty and co-operation which surged within their hearts, and to which they felt impelled to give visible physical expression.

If President Mitten ever entertained any doubt as to the place which he occupies in the minds and hearts of the employees of this Company—he received his answer last evening. [Editor.]

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