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James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the pies of a siri
who hat a claim on him and kicks out
a man who says Cunningham owes him
a share on a business deal. She is the
silier of Wild Rose, a riding girl, who
tells her sister's trouble to Kirby Lane,
an upstanding and chivalrous cowboy.
Kirby takes up the matter with his two
cousingham, who demand to know the name
of the girl when he goes to his uncle's
appartment in When he goes to he takes
it and makes he secape by the fireescape, but is bhand by a reporter,
Horikawa, Cunningham's Japanesso valet,
disappoars, adding a new sensation, Both
Lane and Wild Rose are at the inquest,
also a woman whose potocaraph, signed
"Phyllis," was in the ced man's room.
Lane is arrested for the
released on bail. Rose one
if you cousins, and roveals she to see her
two cousins, and roveals she also had
been in Cunningham's spartment of the
night of the murder. Jack and James
Cunningham, nephews of the murder but
find here committed by a lefthanded rancher, who had a bitter
grudge against old Cunningham. The
purder had heen committed by a lefthanded person. Back in Denver, with
Cole Sanborn, a fellow cowpuscher,
Jane discovers that Cloon had roomed
near his uncle's apartment the night of
the murder. THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER XX

The Brass Bed THE rough riders gravitated back to the fire-escape. Kirby had studied the relation of his uncle's apartment to the building opposite. He had not yet examined it with reference to the ad-

joining rooms.
"While we're cuttin' trail might as well be thorough," he said to his friend.
"The miscreant that did this killin" might 'a' walked out the door or he might 'a' come through the window here. If he did that last, which fork of the road did he take? He could go down the ladder or swing across to the Wyndham an' slip into the corridor. Let's make sure we've got all the pros-pects figured out at that."

was out of reach of the fire-escape. But the nearest window of the one to the rear was closer. Beneath it ran a stone ledge. An active man could swing him-

pedestrian passing on the sidewalk at the entrance to the alley.
"I'm gonna take a whirl at it,"

Lane said, nodding toward the window. "How much do they give for burglary in this State?" asked Sanborn, his eye "I'd kinda hate to see you do dancing. twenty years."

They have to catch the rabbit beere they cook it, old-timer. Here goes. Keep an eye peeled an' gimme the office if any cop shows up."
"Mebbe the lady's at home. I don't allow to rescue you none if she mas-sacrees you," the world's champion

You're the daw-gonedest go-getter I

ever threw in with," Sanborn admitted. All right. Go to it. If I gotta go to the calaboose I gotta go, that's all." Kirby stepped lightly to the railing. odged far out with his weight on the ledge, and swung to the window-sill. The sash yielded to the pressure of his hands and moved up. A moment later he disappeared from Sanborn's view into the room.

It was the living room of the apartment into which Lane had stepped. The of yore uncle knew the Jap had killed walls were papered with blue and the him he'd sick the law on him. He rug was a figured yellow and blue. The wouldn't pull off any private execution furniture was of fumed oak, the chairs like this."

"Yes, if you will. Doesn't matter,

surprise on the table. It was littered with two or three newspapers. The date of the uppermost caught his eye, lit was a copy of the Post of the 25th. He looked at the other papers. One was the Times and another the News, dated respectively the 24th and the complies saw a chance to get away with the was an Express of the 28th. There was an Express of the 28th. Each contained language accounts of the kawa." Each contained long accounts of the kawa."
developments in the Cunningham mur- 'Mebb

apartment was closed, its tenant in Chleago. The only other persons who had a key and the right of entry were Horikawa and the Paradox janitor, and the house servant had fled to parts unknown. Who, then, had brought these papers here? And why? Some one, Lane guessed, who was vitally in.

"Well, we'd better telephone for the police an' let them do some of the police an' let them do some of the sheathed loveliness. The dark, longone, Lane guessed, who was vitally interested in the murder. He based his presumption on one circumstance. The to reach for the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the receiver when an extra presumption of the murder which made the murder when the murder when

He stood paralyzed on the threshold. In three strides Lane was beside him. On the bed, fully dressed, his legs His eyes, too, fastened on the sheet and stretched in front of him and his feet found there the pothooks we have crossed, was the missing man Heri-learned to associate with Chinese and buttoning one of the long gloves. Instead, she gave him a flash of her eyes stead, she gave him a flash of her eyes kawa. His torso was propped up Japanese chirography.

"Shows he'd been makin' himself at home." the champion rough rider said, head.

A handkerchief encircled each arm and bound it to the brass upright behind.

In the forehead, just above the slant, oval eyes, was a bullet hole. The man had probably been dead for a day, at least for a good many hours.

The cartieman had no doubt that it was Horikawa. His picture, a good snapshot taken by a former employer at a pienic where the Japanese had a pienic where the paper. There were two or three sheets of the writing.

Kirby said the proper things, but he Kirby said the proper things, but he with a mind divided. For his nostrils were inhaling again the violatic pienic with the was thinking. 'I reckon I'll take his first visit to his uncle's apartment. He did not start. His eyes did not betray him. His face could be wooden on occasion, and it told no stories now, at the pienic were two or three sheets of the writing.

I would be a letter to his folks—or it with the mish of the writing.

Kirby said the proper things, but he kirb is nick the with a mind divided. For his nostrils were inhaling and the writing.

Kirby said the proper things and the with a mind di least for a good many hours.

The cattleman had no doubt that it was Horikawa. His pleture, a good snapshot taken by a former employer at a picnic where the Japanese had tell. I might as well know what this Horikawa was thinkin about first off

A moment later he was telephoning Kirby stepped to the window of the living room and called to his friend.

"Want me to help you gather the cuter door. It opened, and the janitor mystery to men. What was she like told him, and the look on his face tle Japanese quickly.

Sanborn swung across to the window and came through. "What is it?" he asked quickly.

"I've found Horikawa. "Found him-where?"

Sure they must. Same way ex-

actly."
"Unless tyin' him up here was an afterthought—to make it look like the added. other," suggested Lane. He added, after a moment. "Or for revenge, because Horikawa killed my nucle. If he did, fate couldn't have sent a retribution more exactly just."

watching his imperturbable Oriental face.

The cattleman admitted to himself that what he did not know about Japanese habits of mind would fill a great

"Sho, that's a heap unlikely. You'd many books. are Apache killers, both connected with this case, both with minds just alike.



On the bed was the missing man,

of this thing. Cunningham's enemies couldn't be his enemies, too, do you reckon?"

"More likely he knew too much an had to be got out of the road."

"Yes, but—" Sanborn stopped, frowning, while he worked out what he had to say. "He wasn't killed right after yore uncle. Where was he while the police were hunting for him everywhere? If he knew somethin' why Before he had finished the sentence, where? If he knew somethin' why Lane saw another way of flight. The didn't he come to bat with it? What apartment in front of Cunningham's was he waitin' for? An' if the folks that finally heavest here.

ledge. An active man could swing himself from the railing of the platform to
the coping and force an entrance into
that apartment through the window.

Kirby glanced up and down the alley.
A department store delivery auto was
moving out of sight. Nobody was in the
line of vision except an occasional

him?"

"I can't answer your questions right off the reel. Cole. Mebbe I could guess at one or two answers, but they likely wouldn't be right. F'r instance, I could guess that he was here in this room
from the time my uncle was killed till he met his own death."

"In this room?"

"In this room?"
"In these apartments. Never left ham was in his office. 'em, most likely. What's more, some one knew he was here an' kept him supplied with the daily papers. "Who?"

"If I could tell you that I could tell you who killed him," answered Kirby with a grim, mirthless smile. 'How do you know all that?"

Lane told him of the mute testimony nation at this follow-up murder. He papers in the living-room. might have been asking himself how rought those papers to him much more trouble was coming. of the newspapers in the living-room "Some one brought the every day," he added.

allow to rescue you none if she massacrees you," the world's champion announced, grinning.

"And then killed him. Does that look reasonable to you?"

"We don't know the circumstances.

"We don't know the circumstances.

Say. to make a long shot, that the Jap had been hired to kill my uncle by this who won't talk if we ask him not to." other man, and say he was beginnin' Horikawa knew about the killin' of my uncle an' was hired by the other man to keep away. Then he learns from the papers that he's suspected, an' he gets Going to lunch with Miss Phyllis Haranyions to go the redice with miss and the suspected of the suspected of

into the room.

It was the living room of the apart theory won't hold water. If some friend lation. I'll get in touch with a Japa-

Kirby accepted this. "That's true. The self-invited guest met his first There's another possibility. We've surprise on the table. It was littered been forgettin the two thousand dollars We've it in the safe.'

'Mebbe so. By what you tell me yore ter mystery.

uncle was a big, two-fisted scrapper. It outer office. A slender, dark young was a two-man job to handle him. This woman, beautifully gowned, was wait-

sections of the newspapers which made no reference to the Cunningham affair had been jammed into the waste paper basket close to an adjoining desk.

The apartment held two rooms, a buffet kitchen and a bathroom. Kirby opened the door into the bedroom.

He stood paralyzed on the threshold.

On the bed, fully dressed, his legs to reach for the receiver when an exclamation stopped him. Sanborn was standing before a small writing desk, of which he had just let down the top. He had lifted idly a piece of blotting paper and was gazing down at a sheet of the soft lines of her body took on a sinuous grace. From her personality there seemed to emanate an enticing paper and was gazing down at a sheet of the seemed to emanate an enticing again the standing before a small writing desk, of which he had just let down the top.

He had lifted idly a piece of blotting paper and was gazing down at a sheet of the seemed to emanate an enticing aura of sex mystery.

She gave Kirby her little gloved hand.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lane." she said, smiling at him. "I've heard all sorts of good things about you from James—and Jack."

She did not offer her hand to San-

and a nod of the carefully coiffured

at a picnic where the Japanese had served the luncheon, had appeared in all the papers and on handbills sent out by James Cunningham. Jr. There was a scar, V-shaped and ragged, just above the left eye, that made identification case.

A moment later he was telephoning limited to never can tell. I might as well know what this thoughts. Had Phyllis Harriman been the woman Rose had met on the stairs? What had she been doing in Cunningham's room? Who was the man with tells about it here."

A moment later he was telephoning limited threeenes of those dark, shad-

of the Paradox stood in the doorway.
"Serious business, old man," Kirby
"Serious business, old man," Kirby

"We came in through the window," explained Kirby. "Thought mebbe the man that killed my uncle slipped in here." I hear you talk. I come in. You

"From this was in the guessed that grim tragedy was in the air. He followed Kirby to the bed-room."

"The cyes of the men met and Cole guessed that grim tragedy was in the air. He followed Kirby to the bed-room."

"True cnough, Shibo. But we're not burglars an' we're here. Lucky we are, .oo. We've found somethin."

"Mr. Jennings he in Chicago. He of chilliness. Now his anger seemed to be any strike grangely."

"His gaze was riveted to the bloodless, yellow face of the Oriental. Presently he broke the silence to speak again.

"The same crowd that killed Cunningham must 'a' done this, too."

"Prob'ly."

"Prob'ly." Hudson. You are discharged, sir. I'll not have you in my employ an hour longer. A man I have trusted and found wholly unworthy." cut a muscle of his impassive face twitching. "I'm sorry, Mr. Cunningham," the clerk said humbly. "I don't see how I lost the paper, if I did, sir. I was very careful when I took the deeds and leases out of the paper. "Some one killum plenty dead," he

said evenly. "Quite plenty," Kirby agreed, watching his imperturbable Oriental

CHAPTER XXI James Loses His Temper

paper with the Japanese writing have been lost. This man, by some piece of inexcusable carelessness, took them with a bundle of other documents to my lawyer's office. He must have taken them. They were lying with the others. Now they can't be found anywhere."

"Have you phoned to your lawyer?" asked Kirby.

"Phoned and been in person. They are nowhere to be found. They ought to turn up somewhere. This clerk probably dropped them. I've sent an advertisement to the afternoon papers."

Kirby was taken aback at this unexpected mischance, but there was no use this case, both with minds just alike, one of 'em a Jap an' the other prob'ly a white nam. A hundred to one shot. I'd call it. No. sir. Chances are the same man bossed both jobs."

"Yes," agreed Kirby. "The odds are all that way."

He stepped closer and looked at the greenish-yellow flesh. "May have been dead a couple o' days," he continued. "What was the sense in killin' him? What for? How did he come into it?"

Cole's boyish face wrinkled in perplexity. "I don't make head or tall one six feet."

James Loses His Temper

Cole grinned whimsically at his friend,
"Do we light out now or wait for the cops?" he asked.
"We wait. They'd probably find out, anyhow, that we'd been here."

Five minutes later a patrol wagon clanged up to the Paradox. A sergeant of police and two plain-clothes men took the elevator. The sergeant, heading the party, stopped in the decreasy of the apartment and let a hard, hostile eye travel up and down lane's six feet.

Author of "A Man Four-Square,"
"Gunsight Pass," etc.
couright, 1999. by William MacLeod Raine "Oh, it's you," he said suspiciously. Kirby smiled. "That's right, officer. We've met before, haven't we?". They had. The sergeant was the man who had arrested him at the Coroner's inquest. It had annoyed him that the authorities had later released the prisoner on bond.

"Have you touched the body or moved anything since you came?" the comforted himself with the reflection that a thorough search would probably restore them. anyhow.

"No, sir, to both questions, except the telephone when I used it to reach headquarters."

The officer made no answer. He and the detectives went into the bedroom, examined the dead valet's position and clothes, made a tour of the rooms, and clothes, made a tour of the rooms, and

シスタンパラランスを必要によりの(を記録についまりによった。 コートリッグ・キョンコーリーコニを表現の Wind and いっかん をはない District Control of the Control of the

"The champion bronce buster??"

sergeant, just as I am to mine, but be-

fore we're through with this case you'll have to admit you've been wrong." Lane turned to his friend. "We'll go

The sergeant glared at this cool cus tomer who refused to be appalled at the position in which he stood. He had half a mind to arrest the man again on

the spot, but he was not sure enough of his ground. Not very long since he had missed a promotion by being overzealous

He did not want to make the same mis-

with his habitual touch of irony. "What's in the wind now?"

"We'll get the writing translated.

They walked together as far as the

women who are forever a tantalizing mystery to men. What was she like

behind the inscrutable, charming mask

to leap out and strike savagely. "Gross incompetence and negligence,

leases out of the safe. It seems hardly

"But you lost it. Nobody else could have done it. I don't want excuses. You can go, sir." Cunningham turned abruptly to his cousin. "The sheets of

paper with the Japanese writing have

of her face?

The broker's desk buzzer

now, Cole, if you're ready."

What you doing here?"

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

The officer made no answer. He and the detectives went into the bedroom, examined the dead valet's position and clothes, made a tour of the rooms, and came back to Lane.

"Who's your friend?" asked the sergeant superciliously.

"His name is Cole Sanborn." "Frankly, James, I think you were partly to blame," he said. "You must have laid the writing very close in the safe to the other papers. Hadn't you better give Hudson another chance before you fire him?" His disarming smile robbed both the criticism and the suggestion of any offense they might otherwise have hed. The sergeant looked at Sanborn with ncreased respect. His eyes went back o Kirby sullenly.

C:4

75

€13

otherwise have had. In the end he persuaded Cunninghan to withdraw his discharge of the clerk. "He doesn't deserve it," James grumbled. "He's maybe spoiled out "We were in my uncle's apartment lookin' things over. We stepped out on the fire-escape an' happened to notice this window here was open a little. It just came over me that mebbe we chance of laying hands on the man who killed uncle. I can't get over my disappointment."

might discover some evidence here. So I got in by the window, saw the body of I got in by the window, saw the body of the Jap, an' called my friend."

"Some one hire you to hunt up evidence?" the officer wanted to know with point him out to us with his dead hand." Cunningham looked at him, and again the faint, ironic smile of admiration was in evidence. "You're confident, Kirby." "Why wouldn't I be? With you an' Rose McLean an' Cole Sanborn an' I "I bired myself. My good name is involved. I'm goin to see the murderer is brought to justice."
"You are, eh?" all followin' the fellow's trail, he can't "Well, I'll say you could find him if double an' twist enough to make a get-anybody could." away. We'll ride him down sure."
"You're entitled to your opinion, "Maybe we will and maybe we

away. We'll ride him down sure.
"Maybe we will and maybe we won't," the old broker replied. "I'd give odds that he goes root free."
"Then you'd lose," Kirby answered,

To be continued tomorrow DECORATING MARY'S HOME

Great Ballroom Being Regilded for Princess and Viscount

London, Feb. 2.—(By A. P.)—Chesterfield House, the future London home of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, is now in the hands of upholo-Seventeenth street and down it to the Equitable Building. James Cunningterers. The interior is being entirely

He looked up as they entered, a cold sided smile on his lips. Both the princess and her fiance are "Ah, my energetic cousin," he said, keen dancers and after the honeymoon ith his habitual touch of irony, a series of private dances is to be given What's in the wind now?"

Kirby told him. Instantly James became grave. His irony vanished. In his face was a flicker almost of consternation at this follow-up nurder. He might have been asking himself how Wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how Wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how Wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how wales, which also produced the might have been asking himself how wales. Wales, which also produced the gold for Queen Mary's wedding ring. The bride's "going away" hat is The bride's "going away" hat is being made at Luten, from the finest Dunstable straw by one of the very few hand plaiters left in that district who are skilled in the art.

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brackets? Personally, we like to call these, like the one illustrated above, by the old-fashioned name. Maybe it's because of the burnt hammered brase and style that suggests a period long past, but whose charm of decoration still remains. But we do know this: For homes of certain type nothing

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