# Until You Try

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# Tangled Trails

-BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

man that killed my uncle slipped in

CHAPTER XXI.

Cole grinned whimsically at his

"Do we light out now or wait for

JAMES LOSES HIS TEMPER.

out, anyhow, that we'd been here."

The officer made no answer. He and

"His name is Cole Sanborn."

"What you doing here?"

"Yes."

This

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"The champion bronco buster?"

The sergeant looked at Sanborn

with increased respect. His eyes went

"Well, I'll say you could find him

"You're entitled to your opinion,

The sergeant glared at this cool cus-

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friend.

the cops?" he asked.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes, but--" Sanborn stopped, here." frowning, while he worked out what "I hear you talk. I come in. You he had to say. "Horikawa wasn't kill- no business here." ed right after yore uncle. Where was "True enough, Shibo. But we're not business of the translation. I'll get he while the police were huntin' for burglars an' we're here. Lucky we in touch with a Japanese in the meanhim everywhere? If he knew some- are too. We've found somethin'." thin' why didn't he come to bat with "Mr. Jennings he in Chicago. He no it? What was he waitin' for? An' if like you here." the folks that finally bumper him off "I want to show you somethin', knew he didn't aim to tell what he Shibo. Come." knew, whyfor did they figure they had Kirby led the way into the bedroom. it in the safe." to get rid of him?" Shibo looked at his countryman with-

"I can't answer your questions right out a muscle of his impassive face off the reel, Cole. Mebbe I could guess twitching. at one or two answers, but they likely "Some one killum plenty dead," he wouldn't be right. F'r instance, I said evenly. could guess that he was here in this "Quite plenty," Kirby agreed, room from the time my uncle was watching his imperturbable Oriental beards are so much out of fashion his killed till he met his own death."

"In this room?" "In these apartments. Never left that what he did not know about Jap-'em, most likely. What's more, some anese habits of mind would fill a great who was the first of our sovereigns to one knew he was here an' kept him many books. supplied with the daily papers."

"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 of the newspapers in the living-room. "Some one brought those papers to him every day," he added.

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

"We don't know the circumstances. of police and two plainclothes men took Say, to make a long shot, that the the elevator. The sergeant, heading Jap had been hired to kill my uncle the party, stopped in the doorway of by this other man, and say he was the apartment and let a hard, hostile beginnin' to get ugly an' make threats. eye travel up and down Lane's six Or say Horikawa knew about the feet. killin' of my uncle an' was hired by "Oh, it's you," he said suspiciously. the other man to keep away. Then Kirby smiled. "That's right, offihe learns from the papers that he's cer. We've met before, haven't we?" suspected, an' he gets anxious to go | They had. The sergeant was the to the police with what he knows. man who had arrested him at the cor-Wouldn't there be reason enough then oner's inquest. It had annoyed him to kill him? The other man would that the authorities had later released have to do it to save himself." the prisoner on bond.

"I reckon." Cole harked back to a "Have you touched the body or preceding suggestion. "The revenge moved anything since you came?" the theory won't hold water. If some sergeant demanded. friend of yore uncle knew the Jap had "No, sir, to both questions, except killed him he'd sick the law on him. the telephone when I used it to reach He wouldn't pull off any private exe- headquarters." cution like this."

Kirby accepted this. "That's true. the detectives went into the bedroom, There's another possibility. We've examined the dead valet's position and been forgettin' the two thousand dol- clothes, made a tour of the rooms, and lars my uncle drew from the bank the came back to Lane. day he was killed. If Horikawa an' "Who's your friend?" asked the sersome one else are guilty of the murder geant superciliously. an' the theft, they might have quarreled later over the money. Perhaps the accomplice saw a chance to get away with the whole of it by gettin' rid of Horikawa."

"Mebbeso. By what you tell me yore back to Kirby sullenly. uncle was a big, two-fisted scrapper. It was a two-man job to handle him. "We were in my uncle's apartment This li'l' Jap never in the world did it lookin' things over. We stepped out alone. What it gets back to is that on the fire escape an' happened to he was prob'ly in on it an' later for notice this window here was open a some reason his pardner gunned him." little. It just came over me that meb-

"Well, we'd better telephone for the be we might discover some evidence police an' let them do some of the here. So I got in by the window, saw

the body of the Jap, an' called my Kirby stepped into the living-room, friend." followed by his friend. He was about "Some one hire you to hunt up evito reach for the receiver when an ex- dence?" the officer wanted to know clamation stopped him. Sanborn was with heavy sarcasm. standing before a small writing-desk, "I hired myself. My good name is of which he had just let down the top. involved. I'm goin' to see the murder-He had lifted idly a piece of blotting- er is brought to justice." paper and was gazing down at a sheet "You are, eh?" of paper with writing on it.

"Looky here, Kirby," he called. In three strides Lane was beside if anybody could." him. His eyes, too, fastened on the sheet and found there the pot-hooks sergeant, just as I am to mine, but we have learned to associate with before we're through with this case Chinese and Japanese chirography. you'll have to admit you've been

home," the champion rough rider said. "We'll go now, Cole, if you're ready." Lane picked up the paper. There were two or three sheets of the writ- tomer who refused to be appalled at ing. "Might be a letter to his folks -or it might be-" His sentence flickered out. He was thinking. "I reckon I'll take this along with me an' have it translated, Cole."

He put the sheets in his pocket after he had folded them. "You never can tell. I might as well know what this Horikawa was thinkin' about first off as the police. There's just an off chance he might 'a' seen Rose that night an' tells about it here."

A moment later he was telephoning to the City Hall for the police.

There was a sound of a key in the outer door. It opened, and the janitor of the Paradox stood in the doorway. "What you do here?" asked the lit-

tle Japanese quickly. "We came in through the window," explained Kirby. "Thought mebbe the TORONTO on the spot, but he was not sure enough of his ground. Not very long being overzealous. He did not want to make the same mistake twice.

the position in which he stood. He had

half a mind to arrest the man again

The Wyoming men walked across to Seventeenth Street and down it to the Equitable Building. James Cunningham was in his office.

He looked up as they entered, cold smile on his lips.

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

Kirby told him. Instantly James became grave. His irony vanished. Some chairs that were like skeletons In his face was a flicker almost of consternation at this follow-up murder. He might have been asking him-

"We'll get the writing translated. Above us, and there were no sounds You have it with you?" he said.

His eyes ran over the pages Lane But there was more than sound and handed him. "I know a Jap we can get to read it for us, a reliable man, one who won't talk if we ask him not to."

The broker's desk buzzer rang. He talked for a moment over the teleplone, then hung up again.

"Sorry," Cunningham said, "I'm going to be busy for an hour or two. Going to lunch with Miss Phyllis Harriman. She was Uncle James's fiancee, perhaps you know. There are some affairs of the estate to be arranged. I wonder if you could come back later this afternoon. Say about four o'clock. We'll take up then the

"Suits me. Shall I leave the writing here?"

"Yes, if you will. Doesn't matter, of course, but since we have it I'll put

(To be continued.)

### Razors and Royalty.

It is rather odd that at a time when Majesty King George should wear one. The cattleman admitted to himself In this respect he follows the example wear a beard for nearly 300 years.

We must travel back in history as far as Charles I. before coming to another bearded king. He was the last king, until what we call modern times, to wear a beard and "his own hair." Indeed, when George III. was on the throne no beard had been seen in Eng-"We wait. They'd probably find land within living memory.

Like our present king, Charles the Five minutes later a patrol wagon First seems to have copied his father. clanged up to the Paradox. A sergeant James I's beard, too, had been, in a way, rather a novelty, because his three immediate predecessors had been a boy and two women.

By the way, the predecessor and father of these three, Henry VIII., the much-discussed and much-married Tudor monarch, broke the record of a fairly long line of beardless kings by himself cultivating a beard, for none of his predecessors, from Henry V. to Henry VII., wore a beard.

All the Saxon kings favored beards, but William the Norman only wore a moustache, as did his sons and several of their successors on the throne. But Richard the Lion Heart made beards fashionable again, for his brother John, Henry III., and the first three Edwards were all razorshy. Indeed, from 1066 to 1413 no clean-shaven king sat on the throne of England.

To sum up, since the Norman Conquest, there have been thirteen beardwearing kings, fourteen clean-shaven kings, and six who shaved the chin but not the upper lip.

Adding a New Customer. Visitor-"But, my dear, how have you succeeded in earning so much

money?" Little Bess-"Oh, bein' paid for kisses an' takin' castor oil."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Doctor's Orders.

"Have you any dog biscuits?" said "Shows he'd been makin' himself at wrong." Lane turned to his friend. Mrs. Jameson to the grocer.

"Dog biscuits?" asked the grocer. "Yes, but what do you want them for? You don't keep a dog, do you?"

"I know we don't," replied Mrs. Light, I love thee Jameson, "but the doctor has ordered my husband to eat animal food."



Some Strength. "You say she's a remarkably strong

"She is indeed-strong enough to hold her tongue."

woman?

LIMITED

CANADA

Here was a place where none would

Haunted House.

ever come since he had missed a promotion by For shelter, save as we did from the

rain. We saw no ghost, yet, once outside

again, Each wondered why the other should

be dumb; For we had fronted nothing worse

than gloom "Ah, my energetic cousin," he said, And ruin, and to our vision it was

Where thrift, outshivering fear, had let remain

self how much more trouble was com- There were no trackless footsteps on the floor

of home.

elsewhere.

there was more

air Between us and the chimney, long before

Our time. So townsmen said who found her there.

-Edwin Arlington Robinson.



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4527. Light gray chambrey with bandings in blue would be good for this little model, or, brown linen with red embroidery. There is a choice of two sleeves with this style, a becoming "baby" puff sleeve, or one in flare

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Certainly Absent-minded.

It was knocking-off time in an Irish shipyard, and one of the men shouted: 'Any av you fellows ceen me waistcoat?"

Pat looked around. "Why, shure, Murphy," he exclaimed, "ut's got it on you have."

"Begorra, Pat," said Murphy, solemnly, "an' so Oi have. An ut's a good job you was noticin' the fact, otherwise Oi'd have gone home with-

A Long Job.

The tickets for a certain Sundayschool annual tea had been distributed to the scholars, and the superintendent was surprised when a small boy inquired how it was he had not got

The superintendent looked at the boy and said: "You don't attend the school!"

"Oh, but I do " replied the boy. "When was the last time you came?" asked the superintendent.

"Last treat day, sir," replied the boy. "Where have you been since?" "Please, sir, I-I-I've had a bad cold."



At the Summer Hotel. "The day is breaking." "A day here would break most any-

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A Study in Fitness.

And, Twilight, thou When Love is near. Come softly Twilight, I hear Love's coming; Get thee gone, Day, With your whirring wings and your humming.

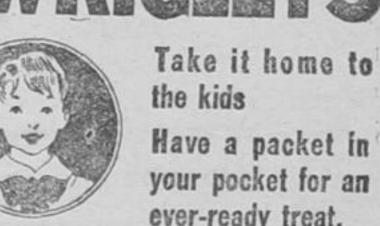
When Day is here;

-R. K. Dekky.

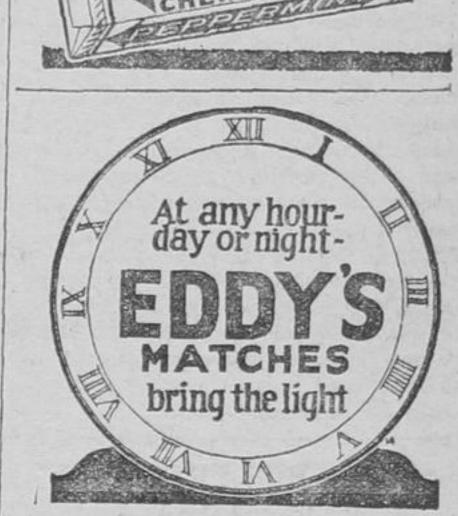
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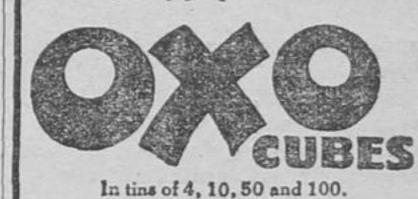




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