

# Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

**SYNOPSIS**

David Mallory, in search of newspaper work in New York, is forced to accept a job as switchboard operator in a swank apartment house, managed by officious Timothy Higgins. There David meets Miss Agatha Paget, a crippled old lady, and her charming niece, Allegra.

**CHAPTER I—Continued**

"One minute," Miss Agatha commanded. "I should really like to know how you ran across Kenneth Grahame."

Again I heard the elevator bell.

"In books, Miss Paget." She marked the broad servility in my voice and the wrinkles about her alert eyes deepened.

"Then what," she asked, "are you doing in a job like this?"

"At present I'm keeping the elevator waiting. Excuse me."

The bell was silent when I reached the outer hall. I took the car down. Eddie Hoyt was back. He frowned as I stepped from the elevator.

"Fella," he said, "when you take that thing up you're supposed to bring it back again. Miss Ferriter had to walk up!"

"Eddie," I said, "I've been ridden plenty."

"Bad as that?" he asked.

"Worse," I told him, "and listen: if that blood-sweating behemoth in the circus suit inspired your crack, ask him from me why he had the car skied for a half-hour while you were out."

"Oh ho," said Eddie.

"Oh ho, what?" I asked. He shrugged.

"Just oh ho. You called at the Sphere again, Dave?"

I did. This morning. Once the answer was, "No opening at the minute." Now it's just, "No opening."

"Tough," he sympathized. "Why don't you ditch it and go home? This ain't your sort of work, Dave."

"You're telling me," I replied.

"I'll starve first, Eddie. And that may not be so far off either. Higgins is on the prod."

"Easy," Hoyt muttered and, as the signal buzzed, retired to the switchboard. Higgins, still in his borrowed plumage, came lurching in from the sidewalk. The coals of earlier wrath smoldered in his little eyes, and I felt my own anger revive as he paused before me.

"Mallory," he grumbled, "I want to talk to you."

I thought of my job and of the odd expression on the face of the girl, Allegra, when I had talked back to Miss Agatha and, though common sense muttered unheeded warning, I said: "Shoot."

My flippancy stung him.

"What I want to know," he said heavily, "is what you mean by that crack about 'doubling in brass.'"

"Simple," I told him. "A joke."

I pointed at the gilt trappings of the doorman's coat.

"Brass," I said. "Superintendent masquerading as doorman. Therefore doubling in brass. Begin to get it?"

Higgins looked dubious and then insulted.

"The trouble with you, me lad, is that you think you're too bloody good for your job. I'm—"

From the switchboard's alcove, Hoyt called:

"Hey, Mr. Higgins, Ferriter's line must be on the blink. They've left the receiver off or something."

"I'll tend to that presently," Higgins informed him. "What I want to tell you, Mallory, is—"

"Hey," Hoyt said tensely. "Hear it?"

Above someone screamed and I saw the red fade from Higgins' face. The sound ceased. It broke out again, louder, shriller, as though horror had abolished all self-control. It soared and fell and rose again like a siren gone mad. Higgins crossed himself. Hoyt babbled from the switchboard with the receiver still clamped to his ear:

"It's up in Three B."

ceased. She made a feeble gesture toward the door.

"In there," her whisper rasped. "He's—"

Her body gave way. It grew so inertly heavy that Allegra and Hoyt and I had trouble holding it. Over the sagging head, I asked Higgins: "Can you get a key?"

He nodded but still stood, gaping and uncertain, till a competent voice spoke from the Paget doorway.

"Allegra, Bertha, Edward," it ordered. "Pick her up. Lay her on my bed. Allegra. Keep her head down. Annie, take some cognac to Miss Allegra."

Miss Paget sat on her threshold in a wheel chair. She trundled herself into the hall to make way for those who bore the senseless woman and looked from Higgins to me. The elevator bell shrieked frantically and frightened voices called in the air shaft.

"Just what," Miss Paget asked calmly, "was all this about?"

Higgins answered in a husky voice, "Something's wrong in there," and nodded to the retreating door. There was an instant of silence. Then the old lady asked politely:

"What are you waiting for, Timothy? Or perhaps you two men would rather have me look?"

The superintendent fumbled in his uniform with a sickly grin. He looked at me with less dislike than he had shown all day.

"C'm on, Mallory," he ordered, and moved toward the door. He



"May I ask what you intend to do now?"

unlocked it but stood aside for me to enter.

The furniture sat in self-conscious, orderly rectitude. There was a trophy of arms above the fireplace—rapiers, claymores, sabers and less familiar blades, which shone coldly in the wintry light, and there was a long couch beside the hearth.

"Everything's o.k.," Higgins said more to himself than to me. "Maybe she's gone daffy; maybe she got bad news or something. She could be under the stewed. Let's look around the rest of the place."

"Hold on," I told him.

"What?" he jerked.

"The phone," I said. It stood on a table between the couch and the wall. The receiver hook was empty. Something else was out of place. A fringed lampshade lay on the floor beyond the couch. I peered over the sofa's back into the space beyond and saw the lamp's overturned standard and beside it—

I heard Higgins' low moan. I felt his breath come and go upon my neck. I said:

"He's been killed."

"Who?" Higgins asked in a whisper.

A man lay on his back beside the fallen lamp. His head was tilted so that his black beard pointed upward like a charred stump at the telephone receiver dangling from the table. His hands were drawn up as though he had tried to clutch the lapels of his coat and the left side of his vest was glistening and sodden.

I answered, slowly, for my mouth was sticky.

"I never saw him before."

A low but steady sound came toward us. Higgins held his breath. I tiptoed toward the door as Miss Paget propelled herself into the room. She looked at us with a parental severity.

"Well?" she prompted. In relief we babbled our discovery. I began, but Higgins' heavy speech beat mine down and took command.

"Right over there, Miss Paget," he rattled. "Behind the couch where nobody'd be likely to see him. If you'll roll forward just a little—"

The old lady's calm voice sheared through his babbling. "No doubt," she replied. "May I ask what you intend to do now?"

Higgins stared.

"In such cases," she told him, "it is usually customary to notify the police, I believe."

The superintendent blundered toward the telephone, shrank back from the presence of the concealed body and, reaching across the couch back, picked up the instrument.

He waited, impatiently rattling the hook and then, with a grunt, set down the telephone.

**CHAPTER II**

Higgins' rush thrust me aside. He slammed the door in my face as I reached the elevator. I ran for the stairs and took them three at a time toward the screeching that tore the pious silence of the Morello to tatters. I reached the third floor ahead of the ancient car.

Before the closed door of the Ferriter apartment, Allegra seemed to wrestle with Miss Ferriter. Nearer me, in the hall, someone in a maid's uniform hopped about, making silly sounds, and on the threshold of the Paget flat, a stout, older woman wrung her hands and gaped. I heard Allegra gasp as she tried to control the wrenching body:

"Tone! What is it? Answer me."

A new spasm shook Ione Ferriter. She began again those long-drawn bursts of screaming and over Allegra's shoulder I saw a white face, wide-mouthed, distorted, like a Greek tragic mask.

Hoyt came toiling up the stairs behind me. Higgins blundered from the elevator and stood, quaking, in the hall.

"Hey," he bawled. "What's all this—?"

Another shriek tore through his query. I caught Miss Ferriter's shoulders and shook her. She gasped. I shook her again.

"Stop it," I bade. "Stop it, do you hear? What's the matter?"

Beneath my hands, I felt her twitch and quake but the screaming

"Nobody on the switchboard," he stuttered. "I'll go down myself," and rushed from the room. Miss Agatha called after him:

"Timothy. Be sure the door is locked behind you."

"Yes'm," he replied and we heard it slam. The old lady looked hard at me as I moved toward the hall.

"It might be well," I explained, "to look through the rest of the apartment."

She shook her head. I have seen few murderers, even at my age, but I understand it is best to do nothing till the police come. Usually thereafter, they follow your example."

She sat quite still in her chair by the door and her eyes searched slowly through all the room.

After a moment she asked, nodding toward the concealing couch: "When did he come in?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I never saw him."

She leaned back in her chair, her hands folded in her angular lap, her eyes narrow with thought. She asked at length:

"When did Ione—Miss Ferriter—come in?"

"I think it was she who rang the bell while I was in your apartment. She had to walk up."

She appeared to turn this over in her mind. The clock ticked loudly. Miss Agatha emerged from whatever inner communion she had held and looked at me again.

"You heard her screaming. What did you think of it?"

I did not answer for so long that she shrugged at last and said:

"That was a silly question. Forget it."

"No, it wasn't," I replied slowly. "It's just that I hadn't thought of it before. You mean there was something more than fright in the sound?"

"Do?" she retorted.

I went on: "Well, I mean it then. She was frightened by finding a man dead on her floor. There was something else. A deeper terror perhaps."

Her gaze abashed me a little. I grinned and shrugged.

"That's probably all imagination," I told her. "Anyway, Miss Ferriter is a gifted screamer. She sounded like the Eumenides on the wing."

Her thin eyebrows arched. Again I felt that she regarded me as a curiosity and once more it irked me.

"They were surprised"—I grinned at that patrician, puzzled face—"when I spoke to the waiter in Greek."

She started to reply and turned her head sharply as the outer door opened. Higgins and a hard-breathing patrolman entered the room.

"Over beyond the couch he lays," the superintendent informed the policeman with a discoverer's pride. The fear that had been a bond between us was gone now. He stared at me and growled:

"Go downstairs, Mallory. Miss Paget, there'll be nobody let in here now till the Hommycide Squad comes."

Hoyt blearied the car down and came to lean against the switchboard with a shaky grin.

"Whew!" he said. "That girl do it?"

I said "No," prompted more by a vestige of chivalry than knowledge. Hoyt glanced over his shoulder at the loiterers in the foyer, and strove to keep the secret that for a few minutes made him their superior. He mumbled:

"He had a black beard, eh? When did he come in? We'd 'a' spotted him, wouldn't we? A guy with a beard, hey? When did he get in? Tell me that."

"I can't," I said. I was shaky and I ached for another cigarette.

"Maybe he came in September and hid till he grew it."

"Aw," said Hoyt and stared toward the front door. The policeman on duty there had admitted a half-dozen men in civilian clothes and then had barred the way to others who strove to follow.

The intruders tramped down the hall toward us, satchel-laden, indifferent and unrespectful as the first half-dozen men off a suburban train. A man with reddish gray hair like embers and a stubborn freckled face, paused and said to Hoyt:

"Homicide Squad, Mac. Take us up."

Eddie obeyed. Lingering tenants, when I evaded their questions, wandered back to their apartments.

Higgins emerged from his basement apartment. He had doffed Wilson's regalia, evidently on the theory that one uniform at the door was all the house required. He squinted about the foyer and then ambled over to the switchboard. His breath was heavy with the fumes of a recent drink. I envied him.

Alcohol had softened him and something less apparent worried him. He bent confidentially toward me.

"Listen, Mallory," he said with the glibness of rehearsal. "Maybe I was a mite hasty a while ago. We'll let bygones be bygones. Listen: They'll be questionin' all of us. See? There's none of us to be leavin' the buildin' till they're through. You do me a good turn, now. I was upstairs when Miss Paget came in. Sure I was. But I was on the roof, lookin' at the water tank. It's been leakin'. Will ye—"

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

## Go-to-School Headwear Will Include Chic Matched Turbans

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



At the nape of the neck is sure news that is news. You can carry out the idea as extreme as you please. Knotted and tied, the ends will stream down to the waistline at the back or stop at the shoulders. You can get in the better shops a clever little chignon type such as Lillie Dache interprets via a red, white and black silk scarf manipulated as you see above to the left in the oval. Note the saucy chignon frill at the back and see the impudent bow to the fore designed to accent your widow's peak to the utmost. This turban also adapts itself to the new pompadour hairdress.

ITS high time to be tackling the go-to-school wardrobe problem. So far as millinery is concerned, thanks to the charming fashion of wearing bewitching little match turbans, such as have been so tremendously popular of late, the college girls' plan of action is made perfectly clear. Just keep in mind the slogan "a matching turban with every frock or blouse or suit." Sounds like a big order, doesn't it, but truth is it's as simple a way to get rid of the hat question as we know.

Not that new fall turbans are going to repeat summer versions. Indeed not! Just watch and see what happens when the fall style parade is in full swing. You are going to see the most captivating, unusual little pompadour concoctions enroll under the turban regime, that fancy can picture.

Designers are bending their efforts to create turbans that take kindly to the idea of being posed back of the new pompadour hairdo. So when you take a piece of your dress goods to match up a turban to go with your new fall frock be sure the model you select is the kind that will set off your flattering pompadour curls to perfection. Note the turban shown in the oval below to the left. Here a bright red drape is brought through a golden ring in a way that gives the exotic far east caste to the picture. It tells you that turbans that tilt forward go fifty-fifty with the very new pompadour types.

Assuming that you will be getting together a whole collection of turbans to match (with each dress a self-fabric headpiece) we especially cite the "chignon" turban as a must have in the group. The turban with a chignon or with a bandanna tie

at the nape of the neck is sure news that is news. You can carry out the idea as extreme as you please. Knotted and tied, the ends will stream down to the waistline at the back or stop at the shoulders. You can get in the better shops a clever little chignon type such as Lillie Dache interprets via a red, white and black silk scarf manipulated as you see above to the left in the oval. Note the saucy chignon frill at the back and see the impudent bow to the fore designed to accent your widow's peak to the utmost. This turban also adapts itself to the new pompadour hairdress.

If you like bright stripes, tell the world this fall via a stylish peaked turban together with a gigantic matching envelope bag of red, white, yellow and blue striped fabric as worn by the smartly clad young woman pictured to the right.

It adds to the glamour of the new jersey frocks that the majority of them are accompanied with turbans or toques made of the identical jersey. The figure centered in the picture demonstrates how interestingly the alliance of a striped jersey frock and a matching striped jersey draped turban work out. Here a reefer of dusty rose flannel over a navy and white striped jersey dress, navy shoes with dusty rose quilted bag and gloves add a definite style touch, the cabochon twist of the matched jersey turban supplying the final touch of chic. See how flatteringly it reveals the pompadour, which, as said before, is the characteristic feature of the newer turbans.

The vogue for matched fabric hats is expressed not only in turbans for this fall but we will see many brimmed sports hats made of tweeds to match suits and coats to which add a shopping bag of the same and behold a perfect ensemble for travel and town wear.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Pompadour Felt



Whether the hat be wide of brim, a tiny toque, a draped turban or a dramatic beret, milliners are tempering them to the new pompadour hairdo. The model pictured accents sophisticated simplicity which is so important just now. Its lavish brim with neat grosgrain ribbon band and short streamers at the back are eminently style-right.

### Fashion Hints for The College Girl

While the dress of the college girl must assume a casual look, yet in reality it must observe most meticulous detail that insures for its style distinction.

You will thrill with delight at the sight of the new featherweight jersey dresses styled in classic simplicity but spectacular at that because of the fringed shawl or the self-jersey that is thrown nonchalantly about one's shoulders.

And then there are the newest-of-the-new pinafore frocks. Can imagination go beyond this—a navy dress with a bright red pinafore of sheer wool with pleated apron skirt and a jumper top all carried out in demure little girl fashion yet skillfully tuned to teen age wear? You will want to include one of the new and clever drawstring models done in jersey. They are fitted to waist with drawstrings that tie in front. Another suggestion is a plaid skirt with suede shirt in bright monotone.

### Suede for Sports Is Coming for Fall

Soft glove suede is being used by Voris, a West coast designer, in a collection of sports dresses for fall. One dress of suede, in a pottery pink shade, is carelessly and has soft, unpressed pleats in the skirt. The belt is just a wide sash of brown suede. Another dress of beige suede has a fly-front closing, a perfectly straight skirt and deep, saddle-stitched pockets on either hip.

### Color Contrast in Fall Wool Suits

Two-piece jacket-suits dramatize color contrasts and blends more eye appealingly than ever. Some of the new color contrast suggestions offered are olive green with mauve, brown with pale blue, plum with pale blue, dark brown with toffee tan, red with hunter's green and so on and on with the color spectrum fashion will make merry this fall.

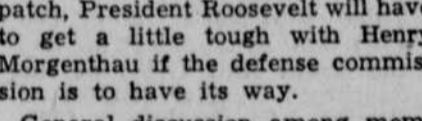
The schemes are worked out with monotone tweeds coupled with plaids and stripes. Lots of plaid is on the way for fall. It will be tailored into long coats, into separate jackets and for the costume entire.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Treasury department and the National Defense committee disagree on amortization of capital invested in war industries . . . TVA power assistance for national defense presents problems.

WASHINGTON.—Preliminary discussions among members of the house ways and means committee and the senate finance committee reveal wide differences of opinion between the national defense commission and the treasury department in the matter of the amortization of capital invested in war industries. The defense commission wants legislation that will stimulate investments in new plant and equipment. The treasury wants the most money possible.



As indicated in a previous dispatch, President Roosevelt will have to get a little tough with Henry Morgenthau if the defense commission is to have its way.

General discussion among members of the committees indicates that the bill likely to be laid before congress will raise somewhere between \$300,000,000 and \$700,000,000 in revenue from excess profits per year. It is realized that no large amount of revenue will accrue for 1940, even if the bill is made retroactive, as seems probable.

The probability at the moment is that no rate higher than 40 per cent will be fixed for excess profits, but it seems likely that this will be divided into four brackets rather than the two brackets prescribed in the amendment proposed by Sen. Robert LaFollette when the new tax law was under consideration.

Another factor playing on this problem is that many small companies have not had many good years in the last five, some of them even having deficits. The effect of a comparison with these, in computing the "excess" profits they might enjoy next year, for instance, would be very hard to them indeed.

### HUMOR IN TVA APPROPRIATION

There is a bit of humor in this TVA national defense appropriation which the administration had so much trouble getting started. For instance, Speaker William B. Bankhead, who went to Chicago hoping passionately that he would be the vice presidential nominee. He knew the left wingers suspected him of being in sympathy with the southern conservatives—so he tried appeasement.

"We established, financed and set up on a firm and enduring foundation," he said in his "keynote" speech, "the great Tennessee Valley authority which, for all time, will furnish a great vehicle for the development and conservation of the commerce and resources of that great geographical area which it served, which will be a potential factor in flood control and navigation, and which OFFERS NOW READY ASSISTANCE IN THE PREPAREDNESS PROGRAM for the manufacture of many of the essential ingredients of national defense."

But it so happens that, after months of searching, the ONLY power shortage which the New Dealers have been able to dig up in their arguments for the grid system on the excuse of national defense is in TVA territory. Which would seem to make this "now ready assistance" notion of Mr. Bankhead the height of something or other.

### SPEED WAS STRESSED

Incidentally, there is at least the suspicion that the New Dealers pulled a rather fast one in thus convincing the defense commission. In his report to the President, Stettinius uses the words: "Delay of a few weeks in authorizing this undertaking (TVA dam) might delay a year in filling the dam for generation of power as it is necessary to catch the flood waters next spring."

Obviously Mr. Stettinius did not mean "next" spring, though as this is written there has never been a correction to this effect. But previously in hearings Stettinius had made it clear he was thinking of water storage in the spring of 1942.

Asked about the prospects, a man familiar with TVA operations since they started said:

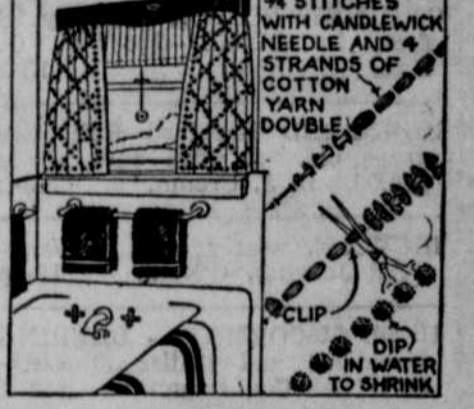
"If the dam were started tomorrow, construction could not be completed to the point of storing water for two years. Based on TVA's dam building record at Norris, a similar project, it would be three years after the project is approved before water could be stored.

"Maybe they are going to get work done faster, because of the emergency, but there was no reason for delay at Norris. Moreover, Norris dam was built at a time of great unemployment, when there was no possibility of priority for any other project, and when all the labor that could possibly be used was eager for jobs."

## Showing a New Use For Candle Wicking

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
WHEN we last heard of Marty and Bill the curved bottom shelf of that old buffet had not been used. Well, Bill made it into a cornice board for the bathroom window, and painted it blue. Then Marty went into action on curtains to match.

Grandmother is an expert at doing old-fashioned candle wicking, so together they made the tufted curtains illustrated. They used



plain white muslin marked off diagonally in three-inch squares. They found the blue they wanted for the tufting in a soft string type of cotton yarn. The sketch tells you the rest. The dipping is what really turned the clipped stitches into tufts; then the curtains were stretched into shape to dry but were not ironed. All this about curtains has given Gram the most wonderful idea for something for a bride's kitchen shower that is coming off soon. It is pretty clever, we think. Watch for it, next week.

NOTE: Many other old-time stitches have modern uses. Sewing Book 2 contains directions for 42 of these stitches with suggestions for their use in your home. To get a copy send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Drawer 10  
Bedford Hills New York  
Enclose 10 cents for each book ordered.  
Name .....

### President Inviolable

Theoretically, the President of the United States cannot be legally arrested for any act whatsoever, even the commission of murder. His person is inviolable during his term of office and he is beyond the reach of any other department of the government, except through impeachment. If the President were impeached, convicted and removed from office he would then be subject to arrest as a private citizen. The President might be arrested by mistake.

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### Time for Good

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon.

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### Give a Thought to MAIN STREET

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