

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER III

David Mallory, in search of newspaper work in New York, is forced to accept a job as switch-board 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. One day, talking with Higgins in the lobby, David is alarmed by a piercing scream. David finds the scream came from the Ferriter apartment, not far from the Pagets'. The Ferriters include Lyon and Everett, and their sister, Ione, Everett, a genealogist, is helping Agatha Paget write a book about her blue-blooded ancestors. Inside the apartment they find a black-bearded man—dead. No weapon can be found.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Hoyt had brought down a thick-shouldered person with an unlighted cigar clamped in his jaws who advanced and tapped Higgins on the shoulder so that the superintendent jumped.

"Higgins?" his accoster asked. "C'm on. Captain wants you."

My employer cast a look of appeal over his shoulder as he was marched away. It puzzled me. I could not imagine him a murderer, yet he had asked me for an alibi.

An elderly young man in a Chesterfield overcoat, with a cane hooked over his arm and glasses tethered to a black cord, approached the policeman at the door, stood for some minutes, not in argument but conversation with the sentinel, and then pushed past him, undeterred.

Something in his cocksure swagger irked me and woke foggy recollection. As he spoke, I recognized him. He had strolled through the anteroom of the Sphere's offices that noon while I had waited for the scornful office boy to tell me once again that Lomax, the city editor, could not see me.

"Evening," said the intruder briskly. "I'm from the Sphere. Duke. Larry Duke."

It was childish to vent my grievance against Lomax upon his reporter, but my nerves were jangled and I had had no lunch, thanks to my fruitless journey to the Sphere's office.

"Yes?" I said. Duke leaned against the switch-board and lit a cigarette. That made me angrier. I needed one so.

"Had a little killing upstairs, eh?" he asked. "Know anything about it?"

"Plenty," I told him. "I found the body."

That shook him up. He jerked so that his eyeglasses fell off. He hauled copy paper from his pocket. "Ain't," he grinned, "ain't this somepin? First, let's get your name right."

I gave it to him. He printed it carefully at the top of the page. "Now," he gloated, "tell me all about it. How did you know there'd been a killing? When did it happen?"

"Easy," I said. "I'm not working for the Sphere."

He put on his glasses again and stared at me.

"I don't get you," he said at last. "Sure you don't," I told him and I loved it. I was landing a punch at last after being hammered all over the ring. "You don't get me—or a word out of me."

He looked at me harder. "Now wait," he wheedled. "Don't be that way. If you can give this to me exclusive, there'll be a piece of change in it for you."

"I cap," I said, "but I won't, and I'll tell you why."

It felt so good to get a little of my own back that I wanted more. And besides I never saw a man with a black tie-ropes to his glasses whom I liked. In my mind I combined Duke and his boss, Lomax, retaining the worst features of both.

"Believe it or not," I told the reporter, "I used to be a newspaper man myself. I came to this town with a letter to Lomax from Doc Gilchrist. When Lomax didn't have two nickels to rub together, Doc gave him a job and taught him all he knows. I sent in the letter. Lomax was busy; come back in a week. In a week he was still busy. And the week after and the week after that."

"Boy," said Duke, "there are a lot better newspaper men than you'll ever be looking for work in this town and not finding any."

"Maybe," I granted. "If you knew the story I could write at present, you'd change your mind. Not getting a job isn't what grieves. Your boss is too important even to give old Doc Gilchrist's friend a hand-shake and wish him luck. Doc read me his letter to Lomax. Which is one of the reasons why I say hell with him and with you."

The thick man stood beside me; he had chewed an inch off his cigar since I had seen him last. "Hi, Larry," he said to Duke and turning to me:

"If you've finished the lecture, mug, the Captain wants you upstairs. As a matter of fact, he wants you anyway. On your feet."

"Hey listen, Jake," the reporter begged, "give me a steer, will you? What's going on? Is it big?"

"Colossal," the other replied, pushing me toward the elevator. "Shannon'll see you boys later. I can't stop now."

He glared at me all the way upstairs. I glared back. I felt better somehow. They had cops like him in my own town and besides, for the first time since I reached New York, I felt I was important to somebody.

The patrolman still stood before the Ferriter door. It was open and I could hear men inside talking and furniture being moved and I saw the short white glare of a flashlight. Jake pushed me off the elevator and I kept from asking him how he'd like a sock in the nose, remembering just in time that this wasn't my town.

"Whoa," he said as I turned toward the open door. "Not there, sap. In here."

He jerked his head toward the Paget apartment, turned the door-knob and waved me in before him.

It was dark by now and all the lights were on in the workroom. Three men were there. The ember head, who I learned was Captain Malachi Shannon of the Homicide Squad, kept walking up and down before Higgins who sat and sweated in a chair by the desk where a greasy little dick took shorthand.

In the corner, calmly alert, Miss Paget occupied her wheel chair. She seemed more out of place, yet even more wholly enjoying herself, than a bishop in a crap game.

I must have showed what I thought for in the moment's silence, while Shannon walked up and down the rug again and Higgins perspired more, the old lady said:

"The Captain's associates are still busy in the Ferriter flat, David. So I put my own at his service."

The grin, that lent her withered face youth, heartened me. Shannon



"I came East for work I didn't get."

turned on Higgins again, started to speak, bit his lip, rumbled his hair and said at last:

"All right. You can go. But not far. I may want you later."

"Yes, sir," Higgins grunted, heaving himself up. The chair I took was warm from the superintendent's stewing. Jake stood in the doorway, and chewed his cigar. Shannon rumbled his hair some more and then wheeled on me.

"Now get this," he stormed, "I want the truth out of you."

Partly, it was the presence of the old lady; partly, it was because I hadn't liked being pushed around by Jake. My squabble with Duke had boosted my morale, too.

"And get this," I told Shannon and he gaped: "I'll tell you just as much more as you don't yell."

His eyes were clever for all the Irish obstinacy of his freckled face. "Tough, eh?" he asked at last.

"With tough guys."

I thought I saw traces of amusement on his face. I did not know whether Miss Agatha coughed or snorted. Shannon hesitated. I said:

"To save us both time, my name is David Mallory, twenty-nine, employed since last Saturday as a hall-man here, living in the superintendent's flat in the cellar."

"Ah," Shannon purred, looking at me hard, "one of these wise birds?"

"I passed for one," I replied, "in my home town. Even the cops said so."

"Cops knew quite a lot about you, eh?" the Captain asked politely.

"They did," I admitted. "I was a reporter on the News, in Omaha. You can check up on that, though I'd rather you wouldn't."

"I see," said Shannon in a deceptively mild voice, "then what are you doing on a job like this?"

"I have a yen for food," I answered and wished that Miss Paget were somewhere else. "I just can't get along without it. I came East for work I didn't get. I ran into Eddie Hoyt—he's on the elevator—last week. His father had worked for mine. Eddie got me this job. We were kids together."

"And if you were so hard up as that," the Captain went on and I felt something tense behind his pleasant manner, "why didn't you go back to Omaha?"

I drew a breath.

"I'll make this," I said, trying to be jaunty about it, "as short and as cheerful as I can. Hunter, who was city editor of the Sphere, liked my work. He sent for me to come on. Hunter was canned the day I'd planned to come and a so-and-so named Lomax took his place."

gave me a farewell dinner on the News and a gold watch. I haven't either of them now. My boss in Omaha, Gilchrist, raised Lomax from a pup, but not very far. Gilchrist gave me a letter. He was certain it would get me the job Hunter had promised. Well, it didn't. Or it hadn't up to noon today, which was the last time I called at the Sphere office."

"I won't crawl back home, whipped. That's why I'm in this handsome, second-hand uniform. It lets me stay alive here, and I make the rounds of the papers in my spare time. Every office boy in town now locks the city room door when he sees me coming."

I hated the shaky quality of my laugh.

"You can check up," I invited, "through the Omaha chief of the News—but you can see why I'd rather you didn't."

He nodded, thought a minute and then sat down with a sigh. "All right, fella," he said with the comradeship cops can always show when they need newspaper help. "Here's what we know so far."

He rattled through a catalogue of unrelated details:

Blackbeard had been stabbed through the heart. No one knew how he got into the Morello, for there was no entrance to this main building except the foyer or by elevator from the basement. No identification had been found in his clothes, though there was money in his pocket. No one knew whether the Ferriters knew him. Ione was still too hysterical to be questioned. Neither of her brothers had come in. Everett had gone out at four o'clock. No one had seen Lyon, the older brother, since he left the apartment house that morning.

"That," said Shannon, "is as far as we've gone. What have you got to add?"

I was so slow in answering that his eyes grew hard again. Astonishment silenced me. In the confusion before and after the finding of the dead man, I had forgotten that last telephone call from the Ferriter flat. Memory of it, flashing back now, blew my mind about.

"Sorry," I told the Captain and gave a weak grin. "I just remembered something. I took a phone call from Three B a half-hour—maybe twenty minutes—before Miss Ferriter began her screaming. Perhaps I heard the man killed."

Even the oily little stenographer stared at me.

"What time was this?" Shannon asked hoarsely.

"Just before Miss Paget's chair broke down. That made me forget."

I told of the phone call from the Ferriter flat, of the comment in a thick, foreign tongue, apparently to someone else in the apartment and of the muffled thump that followed.

"What number was it?" Shannon asked.

I shrugged.

"Spring—something. It's on the pad downstairs."

"Jake," the Captain snapped. The detective clumped down the hall. Shannon ran fingers through his hair again and squinted at nothing.

"Know anything about these Ferriters?" he asked suddenly.

"No. I've been here only a week."

"Never heard why the three of them came here?"

Miss Paget cleared her throat and then spoke precisely.

"It was through me, Captain. Everett Ferriter, as I told you, is a genealogist of some reputation. He has been helping me with a book I'm compiling. When Mrs. Reynolds wished to rent her apartment, I told Everett about it. They are apparently gentlefolk, if that means anything."

"Not much, begging your pardon," Shannon retorted.

Miss Agatha nodded. "I quite agree," she said.

Amusement puckered the Captain's eyelids. He turned to me.

"When did this other one, this Lyon Ferriter, go out?"

I thought and shook my head.

"I haven't seen him today at all. The others on the hall—"

Shannon's angry grunt cut me short.

"They didn't see Blackbeard come in; they didn't see this Lyon go out. Yet he is out. And Blackbeard is across the hall. And you say someone made a phone call from that apartment and, unless he was talking to himself, there was another guy with him."

He rumbled his hair further. I asked Miss Agatha:

"Are the Ferriters foreign born?" She shook her head.

"I believe not. They speak excellent English."

"Then," I went on, "it was Blackbeard who telephoned. A thick voice that sounded as though it might be German."

Jake entered with the call sheet. The half-devoured cigar wobbled in his mouth and his finger shook as he handed the page to his chief and pointed.

The Captain said no word but looked for a long minute before he held the paper out to me with his thumbnail indenting its margin.

"That the call?" he asked in a voice I felt he kept so mild by great effort.

"Yes," I said. "At three-thirty by the clock on the switchboard. I don't know whether it was completed or not. I plugged in and then—"

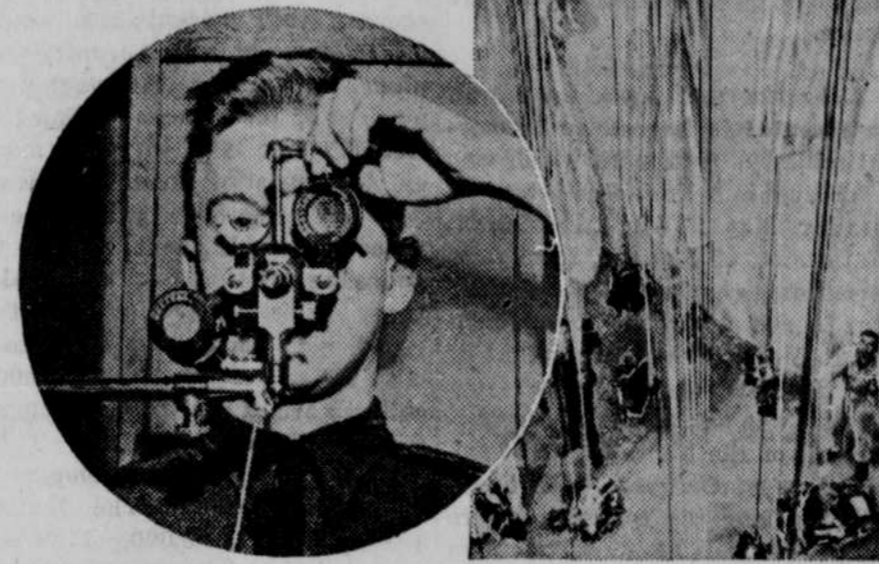
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Training Winged Gladiators At U. S. 'West Point of the Air'

Now that the government has launched its huge preparedness campaign, the classes at Randolph Field, Texas, Uncle Sam's "West Point of the Air," will be bigger than ever. The course consists of about 70 hours of flying, of which 30 hours are dual instruction and 40 hours solo. Civilian candidates must be unmarried male citizens of the United States, between 20 and 27, in excellent health.



One of the classrooms at Randolph Field. The students are receiving instructions in radio code work. Messages are tapped from the rostrum on a "buzzer." The students receive them through their headsets and write them down. Three classes enter the school each year.



The eyes of this cadet are undergoing a rigid test. Ears, heart and muscular action also come in for rigid inspection.



Parachute instruction. The cadets are dropping the "skyhooks" with 200-pound dummies in a special room at Randolph Field.



This U. S. training plane is about to go into a slow roll, with a student pilot at one of the dual controls. Right: Model planes are used to demonstrate proper air technique.



Almost 500 pilots-to-be are now in training at Randolph Field, which at present has 200 training planes. Photo shows student pilots and planes just before the daily program gets under way. Right: Cadets are part of the strenuous daily routine the flying cadets undergo in being transformed to full-fledged birdmen.



On way to the training planes to go aloft in their first solo test.

Eliminating Blemishing Birthmarks

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

BIRTHMARKS occur more frequently in girls than in boys, about three to one, so that it was not surprising perhaps that one of the Dionne quintuplets should have a birthmark or haemangioma, as it is called. By means of radium, Dr. Howard Kelly of Baltimore successfully removed this blemish. A haemangioma is a growth of tissue containing small blood vessels.

The first thought many mothers have when they discover a birthmark—strawberry mark, port wine stain, blood tumor—is that radium must be used. It will be gratifying to mothers to know that unless the mark is large or is very thick and raised above the skin, a simple method of removing these marks or stains is available.

Dr. Norman M. Wrong, Toronto, in the Canadian Medical Association, reports a series of 156 patients with angioma treated by carbon dioxide snow at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

"The technique of the treatment of skin diseases by carbon dioxide snow is both simple and inexpensive. A chamois bag is placed over the nozzle of a tank of carbon dioxide and when the gas escapes the temperature is lowered to such an extent that some of it is converted into snow. This is then made into a suitably sized pencil in a wooden mold and the pencil is applied to the tumor with firm pressure."

While this is simple enough, Dr. Wrong states that experience is required in determining the length of time to keep snow applied to the tumor, amount of pressure to use and the type of tumor which is best treated by this freezing process.

Early Treatment Advisable. The usual types are (a) the port wine stain with no increase in tissue, (b) the strawberry mark with large vessels immediately beneath the skin and (c) the enlarged lump or growth of blood vessels and tissue raised above the skin.

Experience with these marks and growths makes it advisable that, instead of waiting for them to disappear treatment should be given as early as possible if the child is well. It is in the thin small marks that the carbon dioxide snow is most effective.

SUNSTROKE and heat exhaustion are two different ailments and require different treatment.

In sunstroke you may feel tired and dizzy before the regular symptoms occur. These are headache, feeling of oppression, sometimes a tightness in the chest, great thirst, restlessness, frequent desire to pass urine, hot skin, a "sicky" feeling, flushed face and high temperature, finally unconsciousness.

Treatment in sunstroke is to lay the patient in a cool, shady place, off the ground if possible or on the ground on newspapers or clothing if no bench or table is available. Cold cloths are then applied to back of neck, face and chest, clothing removed, body sprinkled with water. The head should be kept high and patient fanned with a towel or piece of clothing. When patient is able to swallow, cool water containing a pinch of salt should be given.

In heat exhaustion due to working in a hot, ill ventilated room, there is at first usually faintness, headache, dizziness and a staggering gait. The face is pale instead of flushed and skin is cold and damp, and low temperature (not high) is present. Unconsciousness may or may not occur.

In the treatment of heat exhaustion, patient is laid in a cool spot, cold applications made to the head and heat (by hot water bags or other methods) applied to the body. If patient is conscious he is given as much water as he can drink containing a quarter teaspoonful of salt to each glass of water. If he is unconscious, the salt solution is used as an emema.

QUESTION BOX Q.—What would cause the veins in my hands and arms to be especially prominent? I am only 22 years old.

A.—Your veins may be very near the surface or you have not much fat under the skin. Exercise of any kind would be helpful, giving the heart more driving power.

Q.—What causes gas pains?

A.—Gas pains may be due to a sluggish liver and gall bladder, or to foods that cause gas such as cabbage, onions, lettuce and others.

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Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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DOAN'S PILLS

WATCH

YOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

THE SPECIALS