

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 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 genologist, 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. The police arrive.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"It wasn't completed," Shannon replied. "If it had been we'd have been here an hour sooner. He was calling Police Headquarters when he was killed."

He plumped into his chair as though the weight of jumbled facts had pushed him over.

"From three-thirty on, there was someone in the hall all the while?"

"I think so. I left Higgins there when I brought Miss Paget upstairs. Hoyt was there when I went down again."

"And neither of them saw anyone go out," he snarled like the victim of a practical joke. "And you didn't?"

"No."

He jumped up and began to walk the room, his jaw hard. Miss Agatha, leaning forward in her chair, watched him with the interest of a spectator at play.

"Could anyone leave without passing through the foyer?" Shannon threw at me.

"There's the fire escape," I suggested, "or the dumb-waiter."

"Thanks," he said savagely. "The fire escape hasn't been used in months. I happened to think of that. And the dumb-waiter rope broke this morning and that tub of lard Higgins hasn't fixed it yet. Yet somebody stabbed that guy next door and got away. How?"

"Stabbed him with what?" I asked and only made him angrier.

"If I knew," he squalled, "I'd not be suffering here. A knife, you goof. A knife that was in this."

He darted to the desk and held a leather sheath, blackened by long wear, up before me.

"Ever see that before?" he demanded and, scarcely waiting for my denial, plunged on. "We found this under Blackbeard's armpit—empty. Where's the knife? Gone with the murderer."

The hands he ran so frantically through his reddish gray hair seemed at last to control his mind. He asked me suddenly:

"Higgins had a key to that flat?"

"Yes."

"Anyone else beside these Ferriters?"

"I don't think so."

"Higgins says not," he growled. "Higgins goes in and messes up that phone receiver with his big paws until there's not a clear fingerprint on it. Wait a minute."

His eyes sparkled.

"Where was Higgins when you took that call?"

I saw Miss Agatha shift a little in her chair, start to speak and check herself. I said:

"Upstairs on the elevator."

"Doing what?"

I kept all feeling out of my voice.

"He said he was fixing the water tank on the roof."

"You can go," Shannon decided. "Jake, bring that big beef back here."

Miss Agatha said mildly as I rose:

"Timothy was on the fourth floor I'm certain, Captain."

"Sure he was," he agreed. "I just want to see if anyone saw him there."

He was pacing the floor again and the old lady was smiling oddly as Jake led me out. I felt Miss Agatha would confide in Shannon when I was gone.

Hoyt was on the elevator. He looked at me hard but said nothing while Jake took me downstairs. Higgins was arguing with a half-dozen men in the foyer and getting nowhere. I could tell they were reporters and the sight of them made me homesick. Higgins looked worse than I felt when Jake led him back to the car. His face was gray and his eyes made me think of a steer in a slaughterhouse chute. I waited by the elevator shaft till Hoyt came down again. With him was a policeman who shoed the reporters off the settees and out of the door. I followed Eddie over to the switch-board.

"You don't think," I asked and the words sounded foolish, "that Higgins is tied up in this thing?"

"Be your age," Hoyt advised me and then grinned. "The big boy looks sick, don't he?"

"That's what made me wonder."

"Look," Eddie muttered. "You know that smart little trick on the fourth floor—Mrs. Arnold's maid? Well, Mrs. Arnold's out this afternoon and Mrs. Higgins is away till tomorrow. And two and two makes—"

"Ah-hah!" I said.

"Right," Hoyt agreed. "Higgins has got an alibi, all right, but I think they'll have to tear it out of him. That's why he looks so sick."

"Well," I told him, "an alibi is an alibi."

A half-hour went by. A couple of the homicide men went away with their black satchels. A few indignant tenants worked through the blockade beyond the front door and hurried along the foyer talking to themselves. Eddie turned the car over to Boone of the night shift and went home, and Fineman, my relief, had just come in when Higgins came downstairs again.

He looked sick till he saw me and then he looked hearty once more.

"Hey," he called. "You. Come here."

I had been through a lot that afternoon and I suppose my mind had slowed up. I really thought he wanted to thank me for saying he had been on the roof, so when he spoke I stood and stared. His voice sounded as if he was afraid someone would overhear, but he could have been no angrier if he had screamed.

"You had your chance," he told me. "You didn't want it, eh? All right. I don't want you. Get your things and scam."

"Wait a minute," I stalled. "If you're canning me, what's it for?"

"After what I've been through upstairs," he wheezed and his big fists were clenched, "you've got the guts to ask that. Slandered me and a poor innocent girl, so ye did. You ought to thank me I'm just kicking you out into the gutter where you belong, instead of calling a cop."

His voice had got away from him. A blond young man—one of our tenants but I didn't know which—paused an instant and stared at us before he went into the elevator. He looked so sleek and handsome and

without it. When you're my age, David, you'll take to the small vices remaining, as compensation for others you've missed. Have a drink?"

She looked toward a cellarette in the corner. I shook my head. Her sharply angled, eager face made me wonder whether the vitality denied her crippled legs had not flowed upward, to invigorate the rest of her. She took a long pull at her glass and wiped her lips on a lacy handkerchief.

"Grove," she began, "tells me you've been discharged."

I didn't know Grove but I said: "I have. I'm supposed to have bared the amours of the basement Casanova."

She gave her husky chuckle.

"It was I who bared them. Only a remarkable man could be wrong as often as Timothy."

She tinkled the ice in her glass, sipped it again and then looked straight at me.

"What are you going to do?"

"When you sent for me," I said, "I was just going to take a poke at Higgins."

The wrinkles about her eyes deepened.

"You quote Kenneth Grahame; you want to punch Timothy. What other recommendations have you?"

I did not understand. She prompted.

"You've been a reporter. What else can you do?"

I could not see where all this led, but I answered:

"I'm a fair blocking halfback and a good fencer. I also ride, swim and know a couple of card tricks."

"College, eh?"

I wondered if this was her idea of amusing herself.

"B. A.," I told her. "The diploma is in Omaha. I also had a Phi Beta key but I haven't now—there are rules against hoarding gold, you see. I can ransom my dress clothes though, if you feel you need a butler. They're in the trunk my former landlady is keeping for me. She insisted on it."

I had begun to feel like a laboratory specimen under her regard. It bothered me. When Miss Paget asked: "Would you care to work for me?" I shook my head.

"Kind of you," I told her, "but I think not. I've got relatives in Nebraska if I want charity."

I think that surprised her. She lit another cigarette.

"My boy," she said through a smoke cloud, "I'm beginning to understand why Higgins doesn't like you. It isn't charity. People I help have to work for what they get. Is that clear?"

It wasn't, but I nodded. She went on:

"I'm working, with Mr. Ferriter, on a genealogy of the Paget family. You've heard of the Pagets."

"Sorry," I said and hoped my denial would irk her. Instead she grinned and for an instant it seemed time had worn her old face so thin that a valiant spirit shone through the mask.

"Weren't you lucky," said Miss Agatha, "to have been raised in Nebraska? If you'll stop being suspicious, I've something to tell to you."

She finished her drink. Her eyes were bright and mocking.

"Paget, David, isn't just a family name. It's a religion—a very exclusive, comfortable religion. The only reason there wasn't a Paget on the Mayflower is that the ship had no royal suite. There aren't any D. A. R.'s or Sons of the Revolution among the Pagets. You see, the patriots were rather a mixed lot. I was raised in the fear of Pagetry and I'm doing a book about my forebears by way of reprisal. I need a man, preferably one who never heard of the Pagets, who can take what the heliotope Mr. Ferriter digs up and write it. He can't—or he's afraid to."

"A genealogy is just a catalogue," I told her. "You won't need a writer."

"Wrong all the way," she told me briskly. "That's just what I do need. There's never been a genealogy like this one. I'm prying the highly polished veneer off Pagetry. I'm going to tell the story of a family that is full of cowards and scoundrels and hypocrites and cheats and sluggards—like your family, like all families. I'm going to give as much space to my ancestors' frailties as to their virtues. It'll be a big book."

Again she gave that robust chuckle. I asked, defensively, for I felt her sweeping me along:

"Who'll dare to publish it?"

"I will," she said, and her teeth bit through an invisible thread. "One copy for each of the Pagets. Most of them are too far gone for the truth to reach them, but I want my children to know all about Pagetry before they're much older. They aren't really my children, though I raised them. My brother and sister-in-law died when Grosvenor was thirteen and Allegra ten."

"Grove is working in a bond house for all he's worth—which is about half of what he gets. Allegra is too pretty to have brains, yet she has them. I want my book to keep them from going Paget. Every family should have a factual account of its ancestors, their weaknesses and foibles and misdemeanors and felonies. The Pagets will be the first to get it. I don't want my youngsters to get the family delusion that just being a Paget is all that should be expected of anyone."

"I want my book to keep them from going Paget."

contented and so much else I was not, that the anger Higgins had kindled blazed up in me. I didn't even try to keep my voice down.

"You two-timing tomcat," I told him. "Go ahead and kick me out and we'll see who lands in the gutter first. Now get this, I never knew where you'd been this afternoon till I came down here. Now that I'm wise that leaves just one in the house who isn't—Mrs. Higgins!"

"Will you be still?" he asked in a hushed voice, and I knew from his eyes he was going to hit me.

"Go ahead," I invited. "There's plenty of reporters outside. It'll make a good story. The tabloids will have pictures, too. One of you in Wilson's uniform, maybe."

I waited. He stood still and at last opened his mouth.

I never found out what he was going to say for Fineman, at the switchboard, called:

"Hey, Mallory. You're wanted up in Three A right away."

"Don't bother to pack for me," I told Higgins. "I'll do it myself when I come down."

Boone, on the elevator, kept glancing at me as he took me up. Maybe I looked as sick as I felt. Anger is worse than liquor on an empty stomach.

They had closed the door of the Ferriter flat but there still was movement inside. I rang the Paget bell. The girl in uniform I'd seen in the hall while Miss Ferriter was screaming led me in. She led me down the hall and stood aside at an open door. I started to enter but astonishment stopped me. I could only stand on the threshold and stare without belief.



"I want my book to keep them from going Paget."

CHAPTER IV

Miss Agatha Paget laid a red ten on a black jack. A tall glass stood beside the cards on her table. A cigarette dangled from her lips. Through its smoke her eyes shone bright as the diamond pin at the throat of her black silk gown.

She should have been knitting instead of playing Canfield. The drink, the cards and the tobacco seemed as out of place as a cuspidor in church. She blew a cloud from her nose, ground out the cigarette on a tray, and nodded toward a chair.

"Come in, David," she said. "Sit down."

I obeyed. She held a card above the layout, placed it and then looked square at me.

"If that is an air of affronted plenty," she told me, "I can get along

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Fear of both constituents and Roosevelt influence Senators on inscription... Fletcher's Hatch Act boner only mistake so far in Willkie campaign.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—What is the real motive of the senators who are fighting so hard against conscription? That is a question frequently asked in Washington, and there is very little satisfaction to be derived from studying their speeches. They may make good arguments but, except in a few instances, they do not convince those carefully thinking over their remarks that they are giving the real lowdown as to why they do not want compulsory military training.

In some instances the men most violently against conscription take that attitude because they are afraid of their constituents.

In more spectacular instances, providing their motives could be exposed, they are afraid of what President Roosevelt might do.

FEAR REACTION AT HOME

Certain senators with very heavy German constituencies fall into group No. 1—those who are afraid of their voters back home. Close behind them, if not in fact in front of them, are certain senators whose states have a very high percentage of Irish voters. For more than 50 years, for example, it has been regarded as smart politics in Massachusetts to "twist the Lion's tail," by which was meant doing something to annoy Great Britain in order to curry favor with the heavy Irish population in eastern Massachusetts.

Of course in some states, particularly in the Middle West, there is a heavy pacifist sentiment, which inclines to make their senators and representatives afraid to take a warlike stand.

Curiously enough it was this section of the country which has been the little-army and little-navy section. Its senators and representatives seldom voted to appropriate for a new battleship, or more planes, or any other military expenditure. It was so in the days when people seemed to worry about taxes, even those who paid very little.

MISTRUST ROOSEVELT

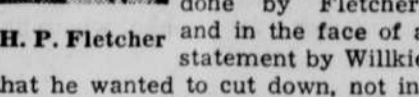
Much more important than fear of constituents, however, is a real fear on the part of many senators, of whom only a few are frank about it, of what President Roosevelt may do. They think that he is itching to get into the war. They think that if given half a chance he will plunge this country into the European situation. Most of those holding this view, of course, are opposed to this country having anything to do with the war. One of the reasons so many of them are opposed to the adjournment of congress is that they want to "ride herd on" the President, to keep him if possible from taking any action which would result in involving this country.

But this particular fight was just about lost, irreconcilably, in that very close vote on the amendment offered by Sen. Alva B. Adams of Colorado which would have prevented the President's sending the National Guard outside of U. S. territory and possessions in that year of training. The vote was mighty close—39 to 38, but that was the real test.

FLETCHER PULLED BONER

So far the only boner pulled in the Wendell Willkie campaign was perpetrated by Henry P. Fletcher, when he suggested that the Hatch Act could be evaded by having big contributors give to both national and local campaign funds.

The most extraordinary thing about it all is that it was done by Fletcher, and in the face of a statement by Willkie that he wanted to cut down, not increase expenditures in the campaign to be made for him and McNary.



H. P. Fletcher

It is extraordinary to have come from Fletcher because of Fletcher's really outstanding record as a diplomat. It would seem to indicate the wisdom of the old saw about putting a round peg in a square hole. As a diplomat, in South America, in the Far East and in Europe, Fletcher's record is one that any diplomatic official might well envy.

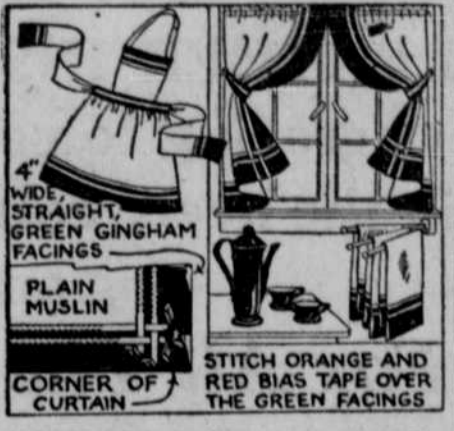
BRILLIANT DIPLOMAT

In Latin America, Fletcher, who speaks Portuguese, the language of the Brazilians, as well as Spanish and French, so endeared himself to the Latins that, when any difficulty arose at the Pan American conference at Havana in 1928, Charles E. Hughes, head of the U. S. delegation, would send Fletcher to patch it up. He never failed.

The New Dealers have leaped on Fletcher's campaign fund suggestion like hungry cats at fish. It was the first "break" since the nomination of Willkie. Attorney General Robert H. Jackson seriously urges congress to amend the law so as to prevent such wickedness.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



ideas for more aprons and other fascinating things to make for almost nothing.

NOTE: As a service to our readers Mrs. Spears has prepared a series of homemaking booklets. Booklet 5 just published contains 32 pages of clever ideas fully illustrated; and a description of the other numbers in the series. Booklets are 10 cents each to cover cost and mailing. Send order to:

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

Good Counsel

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind, and courteous; to approach night with weariness that woos sleep and joy that comes from work well done—this way I desire to waste wisely my days.

KITCHEN showers are fun for everyone and, while they are always supposed to be a surprise, the prospective bride will be wise to give out a broad hint as to her color scheme. The dearest wish of one bride-to-be was a kitchen in gay Mexican colors. Her friends had a wonderful time selecting everything from pottery to peeling knife handles in tones of green, orange and red. One gift that was appreciated most of all was the apron, curtain and tea towel set sketched here.

This set was made from muslin flour and sugar bags. Muslin by the yard would do just as well, and I have shown in the sketch how the gingham facings and bias tape trimming were applied to add the correct touch of color. If you have never cut an apron without a special pattern, you will find directions in Book 4 along with

Directions in Book 4 along with

BIG ANNIVERSARY SALE

BUY NOW! BIG BARGAINS

SALE

(ENDS LABOR DAY)

JUST THINK OF IT!

Firestone TIRES

AS LOW AS

\$5.15

AND YOUR OLD TIRES

LIFETIME GUARANTEE
EVERY Firestone Tire carries a written lifetime guarantee — not limited to 12, 18 or 24 months, but for the full life of the tire without time or mileage limit.

Firestone CONVOY

SIZE	PRICE
4.75/5.00-19	\$5.15
5.25/5.50-19	\$6.15
6.00/18	\$6.85

AND YOUR OLD TIRE

Now! The Famous **Firestone HIGH SPEED TIRE** At These **LOW Prices**

What a buy! Millions of new cars were originally equipped with this great Firestone High Speed Tire — now built to deliver still longer non-skid mileage. Patented construction provides maximum protection against blowouts. At these low prices, it is the outstanding value of 1940. Let us equip your car with a complete set today.

\$9.99

AND YOUR OLD TIRE SIZE 6.00-18

SALE ENDS SEPT. 2ND

GET OUR LOW PRICES ON THE FAMOUS FIRESTONE STANDARD TRUCK TIRES

SIZE	PRICE
4.75/5.00-19	\$7.53
5.25/5.50-17	9.27
5.25/5.50-18	8.46
6.00-16	9.99
6.25/6.50-16	12.23
7.00-16	13.89

AND YOUR OLD TIRE
Other Sizes Proportionately Low

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Spears and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network. See Firestone Champion Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at the New York World's Fair.

Love of a Good Man

In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.—George Eliot.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SCHOOL

VAN SANT
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
In Its Fiftieth Year
Co-Educational
DAY OR EVENING—ALL YEAR
Standard Courses
207 S. 19th—OMAHA—JA 5896

Being Virtuous
Be virtuous and you will be eccentric, yet blessed.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tired easily? Worried due to female functional disorders? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound famous for over 60 years in helping such weak, rundown, nervous women. Start today!

WNU—U 35-40

Full Life
He most lives who lives most for others.