

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, Jane. Everett, a genealogist, is helping Agatha Paget write a book about her blue-blooded ancestors. Inside the apartment they find a black-headed man—dead. No weapon can be found. The police arrive. Higgins, who actively dislikes David, informs him that he is fired. David is called to the Paget apartment. There he finds elderly, prim-appearing Agatha Paget sipping a cocktail. She offers him a job helping write her family history—which will unearth a few family skeletons. He accepts the offer. Meanwhile, police suspect Lyon Ferriter of the murder. Jerry Cochran of the Press offers David a job helping solve the murder. David accepts. He is to keep on working for Miss Paget. Later David meets Grosvenor Paget, Allegra's brother.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"But how did he get out again?" I then asked.

"That," Cochran said and grinned at me, "is something to be disclosed to our readers in a later installment. And, by the way, our friend Blackbeard had been placed. The Medical Examiner says he had been shot in the chest. Not recently. In a way perhaps—World or rum. It may mean much, or nothing, like the rest of this case. The Ferriters are at the Babylon, eh?"

I nodded and was galled once more by the feeling that somehow I was betraying Miss Agatha. Then I looked at the clock and knew I was. As we left, Cochran asked: "Still living in the basement?"

I gave him my address.

"You can find me there any evening," I told him, "but not till late tonight. I've a lot still to go over when I get back to the Morello."

The maid, Annie, let me in. Remorse for my neglect hurried me down the hall. I came into the room so quickly that I caught Allegra and her brother off guard.



I saw his face clearly for a second.

They became in an instant two beautiful, well-bred youngsters, yet in the split second of surprise I thought I saw fear on the boy's face and I was certain the girl's eyes held tears. She had turned toward the window. Grosvenor spoke pleasantly enough but I was sure suspicion echoed in his voice:

"We thought you had gone for the day, Mr. Mallory."

"I don't wonder," I said. "I was delayed. If you're busy I can wait."

"No," he said nervously, "oh, no, no; not at all."

Allegra turned from the window and smiled. It wasn't a great success. Neither was the carelessness she pumped into her voice.

"Grove and I were having another of our squabbles, Mr. Mallory. You'll get used to them."

She went to the door, trying so hard to appear at ease that she was pitiful. She said from the threshold:

"Well, it's just as unsettled as when we began, Grove." And this I knew was sheer play-acting that hid something.

The boy lingered after she had left, wandering about the room, peering at titles on the bookshelves. I sat down, switched on the desk light and bent to my work. Twice I thought he was going to speak. At last, he said, with a wide yawn:

"I'm dead on my feet. I think I'll pass up supper tonight and go to bed now."

"Pleasant dreams," I told him. He smiled uncertainly and left.

It was nine o'clock when I finished. I stacked the papers neatly on the desk, swung about in the swivel chair and glanced upward at the narrow strip of sky above the upper row of lighted windows in the area wall. There were stars.

I started to rise, checked myself and sat, staring.

Those dark panes across the way were in the Ferriter apartment and behind one of them I had seen a light turned on. It showed the corner of a bureau, the foot of a bed and a man's moving figure. One of Shannon's cops, I thought, still searching the flat for what plainly was not there.

Belatedly, the intruder came to the window and drew the shade. I saw his face clearly for a second. It was Grosvenor Paget.

I sat still. For a few minutes my mind didn't work at all. It kept jumping at theories and falling short. Its first sensible act was its counsel: "It's none of your business, Dave; it's none of your business."

But I knew it was. The boy was deeper in this thing than anyone dreamed. That wasn't entirely his business. It was his sister's and his aunt's and, since I owed Miss Agatha much, mine as well. I thought of Cochran, too, and swore to myself.

When I looked again, all windows across the court were dark. I sat down and stared at some papers. I heard the latch of the front door turn. Feet crept along the hall. A door closed. I waited a minute. Then I picked up my hat and coat and rang the desk bell.

"Will you tell Miss Paget," I asked the maid, "that I'll be back promptly at nine tomorrow?"

She led me to the door and let me out. I did not ring for the ele-

vator. I went loudly down the first flight of stairs. Then I tiptoed back, crossed the hall and pressed the Ferriters' bell.

CHAPTER VI

Deep in the Ferriter apartment, the bell shrilled. It was so loud in the silence that I jerked my finger from the button.

I heard the far-off torrent of traffic and the muffled squawk of a radio, filtering in from the area. I heard a steady thumping in my own ears and wind muttering in the elevator shaft but no sound, no hint of movement beyond the Ferriters' door.

I pressed the button again and held it down just to show the bell that its noise didn't scare me. It stopped, when at last I dropped my hand, as abruptly as the voice at the telephone had been checked the day before. I was sweating and inside me the wise, or timid, voice had begun again:

"It's none of your business, Dave; it's none of your business."

I was mired too deep now, to climb out and walk away priggishly while Allegra and Miss Agatha and that fool boy teetered on the brink

of a slough. I couldn't make Grosvenor a murderer—at least not this murderer. He hadn't the brains. He hadn't had even the common sense to pull down the shade before turning on the light. Yet the flat's silence damned him. It proved that he, unknown to the police, unknown to Higgins, had a key.

The wheedling voice inside me died away. Shannon was no fool. Shannon might have set a trap into which a young idiot had stumbled. I knew now what I must do. I crossed the hall and rang the Pagets' bell.

Grosvenor himself opened the door and the lie I had prepared for Annie served for him.

"Sorry," I said; "I forgot something," and stepped forward. He was in a dressing gown but his hair was sleek and his eyes were quick. I walked to the room where I had worked and turned on the lights. He stood in the hall, watching me and he looked in his broad, tasseled robe like a poster for men's socks. I could see he was relieved it was only I. He was easy to read.

"Could you come here a minute, Mr. Paget?" I called and I closed the door when he had entered. That frightened him. He turned white but he had enough backbone to keep his face stiff. He sat down and pulled his robe about him. I leaned against the desk. He cleared his throat, looked up at me and asked:

"Well?"

The way he spoke made me feel clumsy. It was hard to begin and I found myself saying aloud:

"It's none of your business, but—"

There I stuck. His eyelids flickered. I felt my muscles jerk as he slid a hand into the pocket of his robe. He took a cigarette from a silver case and then, remembering his manners, offered one to me. I held a match for him and then lit my own. Then I tried again:

"I'd like you to believe that I'm not hornning in. I'm not asking for your confidence, but I'll be glad to help you in any way I can."

His eyebrows arched a trifle.

"Kind of you," said he and his upstage stiffness irked me. I picked my words less carefully:

"I've proved that already, whether you like it or not. If I weren't in your corner, I'd be phoning Captain Shannon now. You can drop the air of patrician bewilderment, if you don't mind. All I really want to give is advice. The next time you prawl about the Ferriters' apartment, pull down the shades before you light up."

That hit him. He turned green and creased his lips to keep them from trembling. He did not heed the ash that shook from his cigarette onto his knees.

"If," I told him, "you want to leave it there, that's your affair. After all, it's none of my business."

He had got hold of himself. He took a long drag on his cigarette and ground out the butt in an ash tray.

"Which is, of course," he said, "the correct answer. It is none of your business. But if you insist on making it so, go ahead. I'll only say that you lie."

I could have smacked him down with great joy, but I held myself in. "I'm not a cop," I reminded him. He had picked his course. He was going to bluff it out.

"No," he said, "you're not. You're my aunt's—hireling."

I think he knew how close he came to a sock in the nose, for he half rose and his eyes widened. I didn't move. I only said:

"Thanks for putting me in my place. That makes everything simpler. I won't keep you any longer."

We heard the front door open and women's voices. They stirred more panic in Grosvenor than I had. He got up with a hiss of breath.

"Sit down, you ass," I told him softly. "Sit down and get hold of yourself."

He obeyed. I rumaged in my mind and then recited, loudly:

"D'Armhaillac was the greatest I ever saw. Utterly unbeatable if you let him come to you. His composed attack was like a song. Once you were on the defensive you were lost. He had a disarming trick that was sheer wizardry. I saw his epee jerk Kurthoff's and throw it away. And Kurthoff was no weakling. I learned the elements of that stunt once myself, but it's over a year now since I last touched a sword. Fencing is—"

I jerked up from my lounging position against the desk. Grosvenor rose and gave a weak smile as Allegra Paget pushed her aunt's wheel chair into the room. The old lady looked at me. Behind her I saw the girl stare at her brother and I wondered how much she knew. The thought made me sick. Miss Agatha said, crisply:

"David, I hired a writer. Maybe you thought I said 'lodger.'"

I felt Allegra look at me but I kept my eyes on the sharp old face before me and grinned.

"My fault," I said. "I started home an hour ago, but we got to talking about fencing and I never know when to stop."

"H'm," Miss Agatha said and turned upon her nephew who once more was a fashion plate for what the half-dressed man should wear. "I thought you were going to bed, faker?"

"I started to," he said, "but I couldn't sleep."

"You should have come to your Uncle Stanley's," she told him. "Allegra and I dozed so much that now we're wide awake again. Take some beer, Grove. It's relaxing and it's pibelian. It would be good for you on both counts."

"It might at that," he admitted. Allegra was watching him so hard that I feared her aunt would see it. I picked up my hat and said loudly: "I'm really going now. And I'll be a less permanent resident, hereafter."

"No," Miss Agatha corrected. "We'll all have beer and cheese as a nightcap. My tastes get lower as my age increases. Allegra, my dear, ring for Annie—no, don't. She's probably gone to bed. Grove, if you can pull yourself out of your insomnia and actually wake up, you can help me in the pantry. We'll be right back."

The girl started to follow them. She checked herself at the door and watched them down the hall. I saw her brace her shoulders before she turned around.

"You're fast on your feet, aren't you?" she asked me. "I think you actually fooled my aunt."

Something rode her. She seemed calm and there was a mocking glint in her level eyes but I could feel her worry. Thought of where it might lead made me feel sick again. I wanted her in my arms for many reasons. Not the least of them was that I knew she was scared. I grinned.

"I fooled you!" I told her. "We were just talking."

She brushed that aside. Her eyes admitted her fright and her bright mouth trembled.

"You and he have been quarreling," she whispered. "What about?"

I almost told her but I knew that it wouldn't be square, after what I'd said to Grove. I knew, as she stood near me and seemed to forget I was a hallman emeritus, that I needed my self-respect because I wanted her. She was one of the people who make you more decent than you are. So I said:

"You're wrong. We were just talking. Ask him yourself."

It didn't satisfy her.

"He's a fool," she said half to herself, "but a dear fool. What's he been doing?"

"You don't retain very well, do you?" I asked. "I said he'd been talking to me."

"You lie like a gentleman," she said and smiled.

I heard the clink of glass in the hall, and dropped my voice.

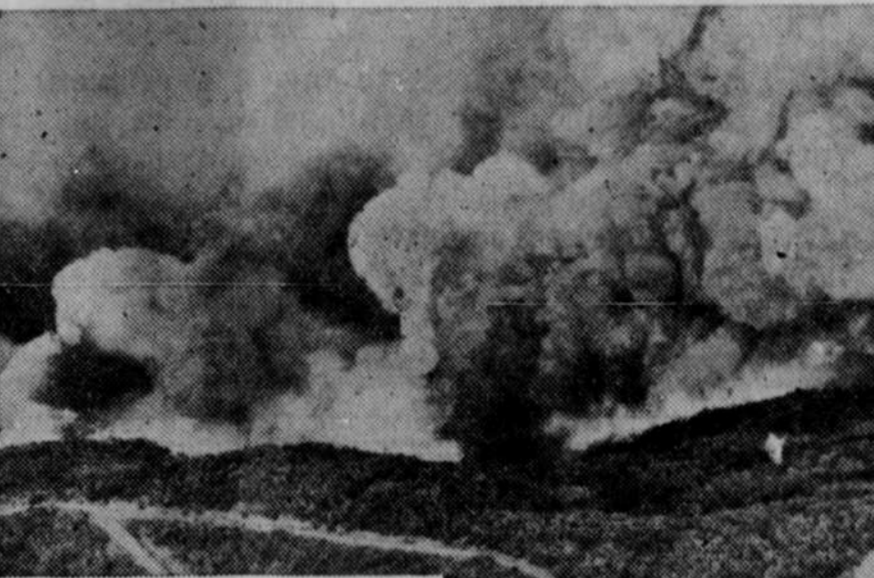
"Merely a vestige," I told her. "We were talking about fencing. If he were to ask me himself, that is all I could remember."

I think she understood what I did not say. She gave me a look that winded me again and then, turning, helped her brother guide a laden tea-wagon over the threshold. Behind it, Miss Agatha propelled her chair into the room.

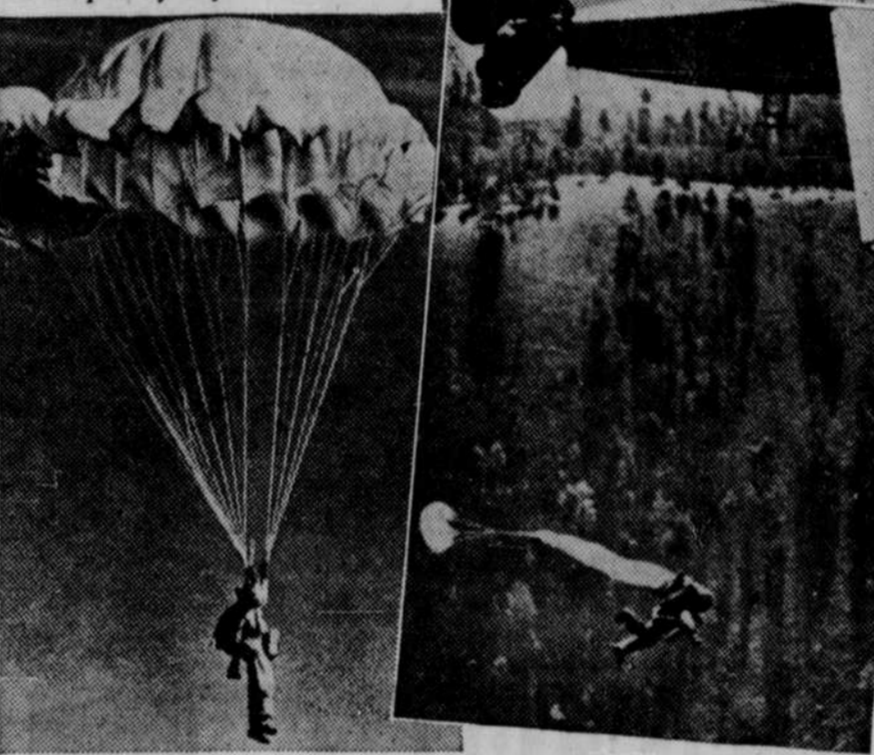
Prehistoric man could produce fire but he could not always put it out. Modern man finds himself in much the same predicament when it comes to putting out large-scale fires, such as forest fires are likely to become, but he is making great strides towards gaining fire control. By using parachutes to combat forest fires started either by man's carelessness or by nature's blitzkriegs, the U. S. Forest Service demonstrates that parachute troops may be used to fight destruction as well as to cause it. The smoke jumpers have performed excellent work in combating dry lightning blazes in our national forests this summer.

U. S. Smoke-Jumpers Wage Blitzkrieg on Forest Fires

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Aerial view of a forest fire roaring across the heavily wooded slopes of a forest area.



Descending to the scene of the forest blaze. The parachute is specially designed, with a rate of descent of about twelve feet per second.



None too happy a landing, but this frequently happens when the smoke-jumpers drop to the scene of a national forest blaze. The mask worn by the jumper protects his face from branches.



The kit of a forest service "smoke jumper." It consists of the tools for nipping fires in the bud, rations, first aid kit, six-pound radiophone, a mask for tree-top landings, and a light, strong rope.



A parachute and supplies have landed, and are being carried away.

Underweight Child Needs More Exercise

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

I HAVE spoken before of the number of recruits who were rejected for war service because the chest was too small. Practically every one of these young fellows, on questioning, stated that they had never played games because their parents were afraid they would get hurt.

When parents see that their children are not as others, underweight, tall for their age, round or drooping shoulders, it is only natural that they are somewhat alarmed at the thought of games or vigorous exercise. The result is that these youngsters do not get any exercise and properly directed exercise at this "growing" age is exactly what

the body, including heart and lungs, greatly needs.

"There are children who show pallor, excessive growth, muscular weakness, bad posture—sitting and standing. There are rapid fatigue, palpitation of the heart, stitches in the side, stomach ache, headache, dizziness and fainting spells."

Dr. L. F. Meyer, in *Oriental Journal of Internal Medicine*, reports that the general test of circulation by exercise (10 deep bends of the knees) shows that this group reacts otherwise than completely healthy children. The pulse remains fast in one-third of the children for longer than five minutes after exercise. The blood pressure differs from normal for it also remains high for more than five minutes. These two tests—heart beat and blood pressure—increased for longer than five minutes show insufficiency of circulation and inability to react properly from exercise.

Group Games Improve Circulation.

Dr. Meyer suggests that as these children are nearing puberty, the circulation may improve and be equal to the demands made upon it. However, the treatment recommended is: "Invigoration of the body by gymnastics and sport, especially by breathing exercises."

The point then for parents is to have these slender, gangling, pale, overgrown children attend a gymnasium where exercise and group games are supervised. All group games not only strengthen the circulation by calling on the heart and lungs for more blood, but develop self-reliance.

Liver Extract Is Good for Pimples

IT WOULD now appear that another use for liver extract has been discovered which may mean much to the appearance and thus the happiness of many girls and boys and young men and women.

Until recently, acne—pimples—was considered a distressing ailment which often came with puberty and had to be endured for 10 or 15 years—the most important years in life from the appearance standpoint.

Some skin specialists were able to help many patients by prescribing a diet. Then X-ray treatment was found effective. Recently, the injection of pituitary extract has given splendid results, as has also the use of viosterol by mouth. Now comes liver extract.

Boiling Increases Efficiency.

Dr. W. Marshall, Appleton, Wis., in the *Journal of Investigative Dermatology* (skin diseases), reports his use of boiled liver extract in the treatment of 14 cases of acne in which he obtained satisfactory results. The injection of liver extract—six drops—is given so that a sufficient amount of the specific (or needed) vitamin may be had. When injectable liver extract is boiled for 30 minutes, its acne-improving factor seems to increase. "When this boiled extract is given to patients already taking liver extract regularly, their improvement appears more rapid."

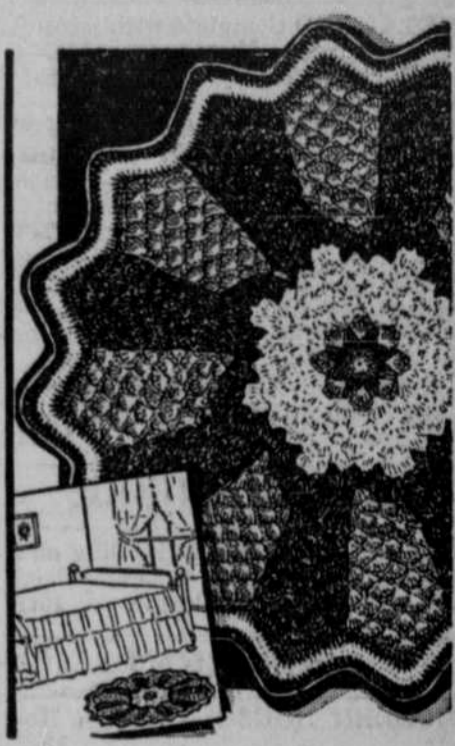
This means then that to our present knowledge of the beneficial effects of X-rays, injection of pituitary extract and taking viosterol by mouth, is added the further knowledge that the use of liver extract boiled for 30 minutes and injected under the skin also cures many cases of acne.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—How many thyroid glands does one have? After the removal of the thyroid gland, is medicine substituted for the lost secretion? Is X-ray a successful way to treat a goiter?

A.—1. There is only one thyroid gland but it is in two sections.
2. If there is a great increase in weight after removal of thyroid gland, thyroid extract is given.
3. X-ray is an effective method of removing a goiter but takes a long time.

Rug to Crochet in Simple Crochet Stitch



Pattern 6601.

CHOOSE three colors or two shades and white for this easy shell stitch rug crocheted in sections for easy handling. Use four strands of string, candlewick or rags.

Pattern 6601 contains directions for making rug; illustrations of it and stitches; materials required; color schemes. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

Gratitude

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render them service.—Rochefoucauld.

To Check Constipation Get at Its Cause!

If constipation has you down so you feel heavy, tired and dopey, it's time you did something about it. And something more than just taking a physic! You should get at the cause of the trouble.

If you eat the super-refined food most people eat, the chances are the difficulty is simple—you don't get enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean heavy food. It's a kind of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines.

If this common form of constipation is your trouble, eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly, and drink plenty of water. All-Bran isn't a medicine—it's a crunch, toasted cereal. And it will help you not only to get regular but to keep regular. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Discriminate Reading

It does not matter how many, but how good, books you have. It is much better to trust yourself to a few good authors than to wander through several.—Seneca.

WHY SUFFER Functional FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Helped Thousands!

Few women today do not have some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—you work too much, cry too much.

Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet unstrung nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy fainting spells due to functional disorders. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down nervous women. Try it!

Our Patience

How patiently you hear him groan, how glad the case is not your own.

The CURTIS HOTEL
MINNEAPOLIS
In Tune with Modern Times
Rooms with New conveniences and soft water private baths
One person - \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00
Two persons - \$3.00 to \$6.00
Excellent Cafes

WNU-U 38-40

Weakness of Force

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS