

# 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, June. 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. The police arrive. Higgins, who actively dislikes David, informs him that he is fired. David is called to the Paget apartment. Agatha Paget 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 Cochrane 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. Then, that night, David sees Grosvenor prowling through the Ferriter apartment. David confronts Grosvenor with the story. He is told to mind his own business.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

Grosvenor watched me as I took my tankard. I thought he expected me to reach a foot for a brass rail or blow froth on the floor. Perhaps it was another doubt that bothered him. I forgot to wonder about it in admiration of Miss Agatha.



I saw, as I got to my knees, the outer door open and a dim figure that fled.

She plunged her patrician nose into the foam and, after a brief instant, set down the vessel empty with a contented sigh. She caught my eye.

"Beer," she said with authority, "is a mass beverage, David. Its virtue lies in volume. People who sip their beer also like afternoon tea or Wagner on a fiddle. No beer, Allegra?"

The girl sat close beside her brother. He peered into his tankard. One of her hands lay on his bowed shoulder.

"No," she said and smiled, "I'm too sleepy."

"Always," Miss Agatha told me, nodding toward her niece, "the soul of courtesy. How much of that material did you get through?"

"All of it," I said.

It pleased her. "Excellent," she exclaimed, with a tiny click of her teeth. "Then tomorrow we can get to work, burning the scandal at both ends."

"Isn't it nice," the girl asked, and I thought her jauntiness was forced, "that after all the family skeletons, Mr. Mallory will drink with you, Agatha?"

"Bah!" said Miss Agatha and reached for the untouched tankard, "David is—"

"Just," I said as she paused, "an elevator man coming up in the world."

The wrinkles came about her eyelids. She chuckled.

"That isn't what I was going to say. Since you are in New York and your people are in Nebraska, you may have more use for distance makes relations more endurable to one another. Of course the republic is founded on the American home—"

"There she goes," Allegra said in a loud aside to her brother.

"The family is the foundation of the nation," the old lady went on, "and I wonder if that isn't the trouble with things. I believe—"

The peal of the doorbell cut her short. Grosvenor rose to answer it.

"Damn," said Miss Agatha. "If it's that mat Shannon again—"

It was Lyon Ferriter. I admired Miss Paget's balance.

"Well!" she said warmly, as though a wish had been answered. "Come in and revel. Grove, another tankard."

Lyon checked the lad and smiled. His eyes, moving easily from face to face, rested on mine an instant and once more seemed puzzled.

"Thanks," he said and bowed to Miss Agatha. "I shouldn't have intruded but they said downstairs that you had just returned. I came, with Captain Shannon's permission, to get some things from my flat and I wanted to thank you—all of you—for your neighborliness. There's an odd word to use in New York, but I can think of no better. You were very good to my sister, Miss Paget."

"What," he asked and I thought he gloated, "is all this, hey?"

"I fell. I was tripped," I said sturdily.

Higgins chuckled. "So ye was tripped," he jeered. "Now ain't that too bad? The someone that tripped ye lays beside ye, me lad."

I looked down. The obstacle over which I had twice fallen was my own suitcase. Higgins, in a last flare of spite, had left it in the hall. I got up slowly and brushed dust from my sore knees.

"Who else," I asked, "was in here?" The superintendent chuckled and anger helped me get hold of myself.

"Who else?" he echoed. "Nobody, ye fool, but yourself and your clumsy feet."

Higgins locked the door behind me. I stumbled up the steps. The wind stung my face. Its blast seemed to scatter my mind. Someone had been in that basement hallway when I had entered—someone who feared to be found there, who had fought off my clumsy effort at capture. I had touched, I had heard the intruder. He had left his heel-

I know you now. Your face has bothered me for days. I saw you in Chicago.

"If you did," I told him, "you saw me get trimmed."

"By D'Armaillac," he said as if that excused anything. "You know," he told the others, "this lad really is good."

"Was good," I corrected. "That was two years ago." I was glad he fortified the hasty lie I had told to cover Grosvenor. Lyon ran on like a boy:

"I use the sword a little myself. Sometime, I'd like to show you my collection of blades. Some of them are rather good."

I almost told him I had seen them. Then I remembered the dead man who had lain before them, and didn't. I gave Miss Agatha my new address and left them talking as easily as though the last thirty-odd hours never had happened.

The events of the final sixty minutes had scrambled my mind. They had kicked over what theories I had built and now memory of Allegra, loyal and valiant and fearful, fought against the erection of new. I was half-way to the corner before I remembered my suitcase still in Higgins' basement flat. Here was something definite to do, an anodyne to

bewilderment. I faced about and went back to the Morello.

The light was out before the basement door and the hallway beyond was dark. I thought that Higgins might be asleep. That stopped me for a moment. Asleep or awake, I decided, there would be a squabble and I might as well face it now. I closed the door, felt for a match and, finding none, went along the black hall.

My fingers touched the white-washed stone, once, twice. They reached out a third time and recoiled. They had brushed rough cloth and underneath that was a body, pressed tight and still against the wall.

For a second, neither of us moved, or breathed. Then I lurched forward, arms spread wide. My hands grazed the harsh fabric but found no hold. Something tripped me. I went down. A foot stamped on my knuckles. I grabbed for it and missed, but its owner fell too, with a thud and a gasp and a flat chime of metal on stone. I leaped up to stumble once more over the thing that first had tripped me. I fell again, this time upon it. An angle smote me in the midriff, driving out my breath. I heard the quick sound of retreating feet. I saw, as I got to my knees, the outer door open and a dim figure that fled. Then I squatted, blinking in a blaze of light.

## CHAPTER VII

I could see nothing but that glare. It hurt my eyes. I knew dimly that my knees and my trampled hand ached. I squatted, half up, half down, for a long instant. The dazzling haze thinned and Higgins' red face came through.

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## Who's a Copycat? Everybody!

Man is, under the skin, and sometimes on top of it, remarkably akin to the lower animals. His sense of self-preservation is just as acute. So are his appetites and a great many of his emotions. The following series of photos is not intended to poke fun at anyone, but is designed merely to draw a few parallels. In some of the cases portrayed the subjects have deliberately copied denizens of the lower animal kingdom. In others the similarity is purely accidental. We could have drawn more deadly parallels, but our aim is a pleasing series and nothing would be gained by introducing unpleasantness. There is too much of that in the headlines.



VAMPIRE . . . In the upper picture we have a giant fruit bat, popularly called the vampire but through a belief that it sucks human blood. It is not pretty. The maid in the lower picture suggests a bat in flight—making a pretty picture. Her cloak is designed to act as a sail on a ski run. Her name, Madeline O'Reilly, of New York. She was photographed at North Conway, New Hampshire.



NOSY . . . This monkey gets his name from his extraordinary proboscis. Nature gave it to him for a reason—and the reason was not to make people laugh.



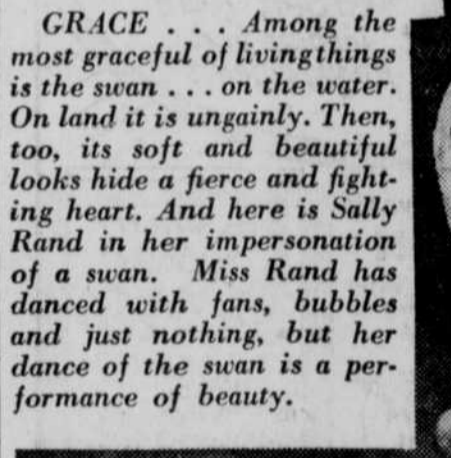
SCHNOZZOLA . . . Jimmy Durante, famed stage and screen comedian, found that his nose is his fortune. The garland is Hawaiian leis.



If we don't pay too much attention to the grizzly bear's ferocious claws we manage to feel sorry for him, with his nose pressed pathetically against the bars pining for freedom.



COUNTERPART . . . But we cannot pity this human counterpart of the bear, glaring through the bars of his cell, on charge of killing a four-year-old girl through criminal attack.



GRACE . . . Among the most graceful of living things is the swan . . . on the water. On land it is ungainly. Then, too, its soft and beautiful looks hide a fierce and fighting heart. And here is Sally Rand in her impersonation of a swan. Miss Rand has danced with fans, bubbles and just nothing, but her dance of the swan is a performance of beauty.



This baby lion is pleasant . . . but just wait! And so with the boy. Will that grand smile hold out through life, or become a snarl?



## Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO  
By VIRGINIA VALE  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

ROSALIND RUSSELL, who considers Columbia her lucky lot, has been signed to play the feminine starring role in that studio's new comedy, "This Thing Called Love," a tale of a six months' trial marriage which goes on the rocks before it is well launched. Miss Russell will be seen as a brisk and competent insurance executive (and let's hope she won't over-act, as she sometimes does) and Melvyn Douglas, playing opposite her, will be a mining engineer.

A few years ago the beautiful Rosalind was borrowed by Columbia for the title role in "Craig's Wife," an unsympathetic part, as you'll probably recall, but in it she proved



ROSALIND RUSSELL

so conclusively that she could act that the picture gave her a place at the top. She scored another Columbia triumph as "Hildy Johnson" in "His Girl Friday."

Two daughters of famous football coaches are up for roles in "Tillie the Toiler"; they are Marcia Shaughnessy and Annie Lee Staggs, and were suggested by no less a personage than Maude Adams, the famous actress, who coached them at Stevens college.

The 52.6 second kiss record set by Ann Sheridan and George Brent in "Honeymoon for Three" brought reactions of all kinds from here, there and elsewhere.

A Los Angeles laundry asked for the handkerchief used by Brent to wipe off Miss Sheridan's lipstick, offering to launder it for nothing. An inventor in Indianapolis asked Brent to be the first to try his new lipstick remover. A clock manufacturer inquired what kind of watch was used to time the kiss. A New York promoter telegraphed a \$500 offer to the pair if they would officially open a "kissathon" by repeating the performance.

And then a woman's club in Topeka, Kan., passed a resolution recommending that endurance kissing be banned on the ground that it is unhygienic. And countless males between the ages of 17 and 60 wrote in, volunteering to take over Brent's next assignment of that kind for nothing.

When young Betty Brewer was working with him in "Rangers of Fortune" Fred MacMurray taught her to croon. Since then she has been rehearsing her sister and brother and a little neighbor girl in a quartet which she calls "Betty Brewer and Her Playmates," and it's so good that an advertising agency may put them on the air this fall.

As old as radio is the annoying production problem of performers kicking the microphone stand or striking it with their hands if they make gestures while on the air. If a grating sound comes from your receiving set, that's probably the reason.

Cecil B. DeMille thought he'd solved the problem for his radio theater last year, by using a hanging microphone—but without a base stand to guide them, actors bumped their heads into the mike. (Gluttons for punishment, these actors!)

Undaunted, C. B. went to work again. And this year when the cast assembled for the theater's first production, "Manhattan Melodrama," with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and, of course, Don Ameche, they found that a circular guard rail had been built under the mike. That suited them perfectly—they could rest their scripts on it.

ODDS AND ENDS  
"Most Inspirational Extra of the Year" is the title bestowed on Doris Davenport by the Hollywood Studio Club, because she rose from the extra ranks to the feminine lead in "The Westerner."  
Douglas Fairbanks Jr., is vacationing at his farm in Virginia  
Susanna Foster, starlet of Paramount's "There's Magic in Music," was all ready to leave for a vacation in Kearney, Neb., when her dog, Rex, was struck by an automobile. She unpacked her trunks and abandoned her plans, to stay at home until Rex recovered.

## Jacket and Skirt For School Miss



JUST as necessary as a sharp pencil and a notebook, for a smart start in school, this tailored jacket-and-skirt duo is one thing that every 8-to-16 student should have! Wear it with tailored blouses or sweaters, as a suit; wear it with scarfs, beads or lapel gadgets, as a frock. Either way, design No. 1233-B will be your day-in-day-out stand-by. It's easy to make, and when home-sewn, costs very little.

Flannel, wool crepe, homespun and thin tweed are grand for this style. It looks especially pretty in pastels or plaid and plain combinations. With nipped-in waist, flared skirt and a trio of pockets, it's just as becoming as it is smart and useful.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1233-B is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material without nap. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.  
Room 1324  
211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago  
Enclose 15 cents in coins for  
Pattern No. .... Size .....  
Name .....  
Address .....

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

### FEED GRINDERS

FEED GRINDERS—Big capacity. Low price. Pays for itself in just a few hours. Satisfaction guaranteed. MILLER MFG. CO., Stratton, Nebraska.

### Kind Nature

Nature is always kind enough to give even her clouds a humorous lining.—James Russell Lowell.

**Black Leaf 40** KILLS LICE  
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... NO MUCH FEATHER OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

### World a Staircase

The world is like a staircase; some go up and some go down.

## 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. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

### ASSURANCE

The buyer's assurance is the advertising he or she reads in the newspaper. That is the buyer's guide. It tells the prices one must expect to pay. Let the seller who tries to charge more beware!