

# Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Al had left for his post, the Captain ceased to fight us and took charge. Once in, he was game. He spent the next fifteen minutes setting the stage, mentally and physically, for Lyon's entrance. The doorbell's shrill cut him off midway in his final instructions.

We heard Annie come down the hall. Shannon sat behind the desk. Allegra looked out at the sunlight that crept up the area's wall and locked her hands tight in her lap to check her trembling. Cochrane stared at nothing with a half smile and lighted a cigarette.

"Please," said Miss Agatha and he started and offered her one. She lighted it steadily as Lyon Ferriter entered.

He checked himself just over the threshold as though our plan were an invisible wall and I felt that his lank body grew tense. In the wintry light, his face looked paler and thinner but it was as controlled as his voice.

"I'm sorry to break in on a conference, but the hallman said you wished to see me, Miss Paget."

His eyes questioned each of us. He must have read danger in our silence for he looked at me last and longest.

Miss Agatha said, quite tranquilly:

"Two calls in a day may be an imposition, Mr. Ferriter, but when I heard you were here, I thought it best that you come in."

"A pleasure," he said, with a little bow, but now he watched Shannon. "I was just getting some things my sister needs."

The silence stretched each second. Shannon asked:

"And your sister, Mr. Ferriter. How is she?"

"Ill," Lyon replied. "Quite ill."

Again, the pause was hard to bear. Shannon cleared his throat.

"Mr. Ferriter, I've found out who killed your visitor."

Lyon might have been bronze. At last, he said:

"In the first place I'm not aware that he was my visitor. In the second place, if this is to be a police questioning, I must ask permission to call my lawyer."

"Sure," Shannon said and shoved the desk phone toward him. "Tell him to meet us at the Babylon and that I'm on my way up to arrest Ione Ferriter."

That name caught Lyon half-way across the floor and stopped him. He stared at Shannon, glanced at me and then smiled.

"Ione?" he asked lightly. "Arrest her?"

"Arrest her," Shannon repeated.

"For murder. I'm sorry to break it to you so sharply, Mr. Ferriter."

He made no further movement toward the telephone, but stood, looking hard at the policeman.

"What rot!"

The Captain pushed back his chair.

"No," he said. "Shall we go on up?"

"Surely," Lyon began and then his bluff broke. "You mustn't. She's ill. I tell you. You can't possibly think she had anything—"

The pain in his voice rang true. Shannon cut him off.

"I better give you the usual warning about whatever you say being used against you. I'm not sure whether you're accessory or not."

He paused. I was watching Lyon's hands. They hung at his sides, rigidly still. Shannon went on and I admired the confidence in his voice.

"She knifed this guy—for reasons of her own. Then she came out into the hall yonder and hollered."

"I see," said Lyon. "And swallowed the knife."

"Listen," Shannon answered, "if I wasn't so certain I'd not be telling you. The next night after the murder, this Mallory here bumped into her in the basement hallway. In the dark."

Lyon's eyes touched mine for a split second. Then they returned to Shannon. I saw his hands clench and instantly hang lax again. His voice was amused.

"I see. He recognized her in the dark."

Shannon shook his head, immune to irony.

"No. He knew it was a woman, that's all. But a taxi driver saw her come out of the basement. She got into his cab. Here's his affidavit. Care to read it?"

He offered the paper Cochrane had set down at his dictation. Lyon half reached for it, drew back and shook his head.

"I'm not interested," he said carefully. "It's a mistake. My sister was at the Babylon all that evening."

"I don't know now," Shannon went on, with narrowed eyes, "whether you really think so or not. Ferriter, she wasn't. She called at Mr. Mallory's boarding house. Mrs. Shaw, the landlady, identifies her, too. Right after that struggle in the basement, she went to see him."

"All of which," Lyon began and coughed. I jerked. For an instant, I thought I heard in his voice a trace of that foreign speech that had come to me twice before. It was not there when he resumed.

"You overlook the fact that my sister has been cleared. One of the hallboys saw her come in just before—"

"He's downstairs now," Shannon said, "and he's confessed. He never saw her at all. He said he did it because he didn't want to get a lady into trouble. Your sister, Ione, killed that man, whether it's news to you or not. She then dropped the knife down the elevator shaft and screamed. Shall we get on up town?"

This time he rose, but Lyon did not stir, and I saw the gloss of sweat on his leathery face.

"I see," he said with an ugly laugh. "A sort of social third degree, eh? By all means, Captain. Let's go uptown. I'd like to hear you tell that story in court."

Shannon's voice was more silky than I had thought it could be.

"Now, Mr. Ferriter," it purred, "I haven't been asking you. I've been telling you."

Miss Agatha spoke, so quietly that I wondered whether Lyon felt the edge of her words.

"I asked Captain Shannon to tell you what he knows, Mr. Ferriter. You were so considerate this morning that I believed you would rather be prepared, before—the arrest."

"There will be," he replied with an ugly defiance, "no arrest. No

is the purpose of my confession. She married my cousin, and hers, Lyon Ferriter, and went to Alaska."

"Lyon—" Shannon repeated, and gaped. The lean man frowned.

"If you please," he objected and went on. "She married Lyon Ferriter. He had been my partner in vaudeville. We are Bohemians by birth. I thought she would be happy. She was not. Ferriter abused her. I followed them to Alaska. All that she had written me was true and more. He was making her pose as his sister, with all that implied. Ferriter had got hold of the story of a lost gold strike, farther in. He and she and I went prospecting for it. We found it—and lost Ferriter."

I thought of the bullet scars on the dead man and held my peace. The slayer of Lyon Ferriter went on:

"I had gone there to take his wife, my daughter, away. He wore a beard and I grew one, that winter, after his death. We looked alike clean-shaven, and more so, bearded. We came back to the states—Lyon Ferriter and sister."

"My brother, a student but a weakling, had changed his name during the war. He was no longer Emil Horstman, but Everett Ferriter. Now, I was no longer Andreas Horstman but Lyon. I had enough for comfort. We were happy. I believed my daughter would make a good marriage when your nephew came of age."

He bowed precisely toward Miss Agatha as though he had complimented her, and pursued:

"Last Monday, my cousin, whom I thought dead, hailed me on the street. He had my arm before I saw him. There was nothing else to do. I brought him to my flat. There was no one in the hall and we walked upstairs. We talked a long while."

He paused and seemed to look back with critical eyes upon that interview. Shannon bent over his writing. I saw the quick rise and fall of Allegra's breath and the hawk look on her aunt's face.

"Lyon was greedy," Andreas Horstman said at last. "I offered him all the money. He wanted it—and Ione. She was still his wife. I ordered him out at last. He refused to go. Then I lost my temper. I called the police and he drew his knife and again I killed him. This time, permanently I think."

His face moved with a ghost of his whimsical smile. He shrugged and said:

"The rest you have found out—how I hid the knife in the basement and how Ione found her husband; how she went back to the cellar, to save her father—and got the knife only to drop it when Mr. Mallory came upon her; how she lost her head and went to his room; how Everett and I both bungled our last effort to find it and Everett killed himself because he feared death too much to live longer. Outside of trying to help the father she loves, my daughter had nothing to do with this—I tell you, not a thing."

Shannon started to speak but Cochrane's query forestalled him. "All right," he crooned, "you killed him. How did you get out afterward?"

For an instant, Lyon did not seem to understand. Then an odd expression crossed his face.

"Oh ho," he exclaimed softly. "Something is still a mystery, eh? You know so much, I thought you had read it all. It was simple. Let me show you."

He took a step backward and glanced about the room.

"Suppose the divan behind which Lyon's body lay was there."

Our eyes followed the pointing finger.

"The door," said Horstman, turning toward it with a smile, "would then be here."

He leaped. It slammed behind him. Like its echo, we heard the front door close.

I was quick but Shannon was quicker. He was at my elbow as I pulled the workroom portal open. He was past me and through the hall door before I reached it.

"Where?" he was barking at Hoyt, who stood in the open doorway of the waiting car. Eddie gabbled.

"Downstairs. On foot. He fell, I think. Shook the hull elevator. He—"

"All!" Shannon roared down the shaft.

"Here," his aid replied from below.

"Stop him," shouted the Captain and plunged down the stairs. I jumped for the car.

"Basement," I muttered to Eddie, who jerked his lever. I was thinking too hard to hear his questions. The knife had been hidden in the basement. Somehow, the murderer had left it there, unperceived, before. He might be taking that mysterious route thither again.

Shannon beat us to the foyer. As we slid past its closed door, I could hear him yapping like a thwarted terrier.

"He came down. And I followed him. If you've let him get by, I'll—"

I heard, once again, the voice—the real voice—of him we had known as Lyon Ferriter. It filled the shaft with a fearful sound, suddenly ended. The car lurched.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Milliners are making a plaything of veils. They arrange them in whimsical fashion to add a sprightly touch to the hat. It's new to tie your veil under your chin in a butterfly bow. Then too, milliners depend upon veils to give a gay color touch.

Decorative Veils

Dress Has Ruffles

A frock to be worn by a young girl at parties is one of pale pink net made with seven full ruffles on the skirt and tiny, very full, puffed sleeves.

## New Silk Lingerie Fascinates With Its 'Dressmaker Touch'

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It also answers to the call for black. Garments of black silk sheers profusely trimmed with fine black lace are featured throughout all lingerie collections of note. In this modish ensemble of gown and boudoir coat, the latter, as you will observe, is styled with a side drape finished off with a border of sheerest black lace. The gown underneath is also lace-trimmed. To add to this twosome, designers suggest a third "black beauty" (not illustrated) lace-lavished costume slip to wear under your newest black party dress of net, silk chiffon or lace.

EVERYONE should have a hobby. It is almost safe to say that the most alluring, the most all-prevailing hobby among the fair sex is that of acquiring a wardrobe of lovely lacy soft and silken lingerie. Certain it is that women's enthusiasm for pretty "undies," negligees and other flattering boudoir apparel needs no urge.

This is true of brides, debutantes, teen-age lassies, career women—in fact, everyone from girl to grandma, no matter how tailored and tweedy her exterior. When it comes to comfort, relaxation and self-expression of that innate love for the beautiful, it is in the touch and the wear of beguiling silken lingerie that most women feel the desires of their heart realized.

One of the most interesting gestures in modern lingerie styling is the dressmaker touch given to gowns and negligees. Many of them approach evening gowns in their technique and style. In fact, evening gown tactics are known to have been adopted to such an extent that in some instances frilled and lace-laden, ribboned "nighties" have actually gone dancing with onlookers being none the wiser. If you have ever visited an American silk industry exhibit, you would have noted that the emphasis on beguiling silken lingerie displayed in exquisite boudoir environs is more than impressive.

The fashion of giving dressmaker detail to boudoir apparel is happily stressed in the stunning twosome shown to the left in the illustration.

### Black Lace Magic



By all means include a large and lovely chiffon kerchief with a three-inch lace border in your collection of evening accessories. You will find it effective in many ways. Trailing gracefully from an embroidered pocket it adds infinite grace to your costume. Carry it in your hand nonchalantly or tuck it under your jeweled belt. These lovely lace kerchiefs designed by Burmel will add a decorative note to anyone's appearance if she is versed in kerchief technique. Worn as pictured, over a prettily groomed evening coiffure, you will take on the loveliness of a modern madonna. You can get these lace and chiffon whimsies in wicked black or angelic white. One of each would tune to every occasion.

### Decorative Veils

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### Furs for Women Vary in Durability

Probably no other article of women's apparel is surrounded by quite the aura of mystery as are fur coats. Only an expert can tell anything about the quality of furs. The best the average woman can do is to learn something of their wearing qualities and then select the type best suited to her needs.

Among the most durable furs are beaver, fisher, mink, otter, and badger. Other pelts that wear very well are Alaskan seal, kolinsky, krimmer, marten, muskrat, Persian lamb, raccoon and skunk. If you are selecting furs to stand hard daily wear, you will find these most satisfactory.

Less substantial, but not classed as actually fragile, are caracul, ermine, fox, leopard, lynx, marmot, nutria and opossum. These require constant care and should be sent to the furriers frequently for checking. Fragile furs include sable, chinchilla, squirrel, mole, chipmunk and kidskin.

### Winter Skiing Costumes Sold in Matching Colours

The mix-and-match movement has invaded the field of ski clothes. This year, along with the regulation two-piece costumes, you will find jackets and trousers in contrasting and matching colors.

The separate jackets are as trimly tailored as are those of more conventional suits and close with slide fasteners all the way up the front. They are reversible, with poplin, treated to be wind resistant, on one side and bright wool plaid on the other.

### Dress Has Ruffles

A frock to be worn by a young girl at parties is one of pale pink net made with seven full ruffles on the skirt and tiny, very full, puffed sleeves.

## Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IF YOU lived within a ten-mile radius of Priscilla Lane's home you'd be more than likely to encounter her at one of the neighborhood movie houses in that vicinity, and to see her afterward but-tonholing the manager.

The "Four Mothers" star takes her movie-making very seriously, so she quizzes the men who make money by showing movies. "What do you think of that picture?" "Does it seem to be drawing?" "Do the



PRISCILLA LANE

fans here like that star?" That's the kind of thing Priscilla wants to know. When she's working she covers two or three pictures a week; other times she takes in four or five.

Metro previewed "Flight Command" aboard an airplane in flight one evening recently; afterward Bell and Monroe, president of Pennsylvania Central Airlines, predicted that pictures will be shown regularly on all commercial air lines within the next few years, as they are on ocean liners. Robert Taylor stars in "Flight Command," a naval aviation story.

We're to have "The Trial of Mary Dugan" again, with Robert Young in the leading male role. Remember it when Norma Shearer made it nine years ago? Laraine Day will play "Mary Dugan." (You probably saw her in "Foreign Correspondent.")

Edward J. Peters, chief engineer of Paramount's air conditioning department, has perfected a new type of ice. He calls it "snow ice," and because it lasts almost one-third longer than ordinary ice and requires a third less time to produce, it may affect the commercial ice industry.

It was developed because Director Charles Vidor was shooting a scene in "New York Town" (Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin and Robert Preston co-starring); bright set lights striking ordinary transparent ice in water made the ice invisible to the camera. Vidor wanted the ice to show, to emphasize an important story point. Hence the new ice.

Hollywood's biggest variety show—Al Pearce and His Gang—takes nine microphones to get their Friday broadcasts on the CBS network.

Carl Hoff's orchestra alone takes three; Pearce has one, and the rest of the cast another. Billy Gould gets a sixth one for his sound effects, and Wendell Niles has a booth, equipped with a microphone, of course, for his closing commercial. There's an audience applause microphone, so that the who listen may know how much those who are present are enjoying it, and when Bill Jordan and George Kent present their two-piano numbers the ninth mike is added to the engineer's problems.

Apparently quiz shows are as popular as ever with radio audiences—two new ones will take to the air shortly, over the CBS Pacific Network. They're "Don't Be Personal" and "Talk Your Way Out of This One"—studio audiences will participate, and the winners will receive cash prizes.

Girls who have ambitions to act on the screen or on the air might take a tip from Lurene Tuttle; she never misses a Helen Hayes broadcast, because she learns so much from Miss Hayes, and she studies Bette Davis' work in pictures—she says that when she worked with Miss Davis, the star gave her many valuable suggestions on the technique of acting. Now Lurene's learning still more from working with John Barrymore on the Vallee programs.

### ODDS AND ENDS

☛ "Here Comes the Navy," made by James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in 1934, is being re-issued by Warner Brothers.  
☛ George Burns and Gracie Allen have renewed the pledge they signed a year ago to support a certain number of youngsters at Boytown, Neb.  
☛ Donald Crisp ends a six-month vacation with a role in "Winged Victory."  
☛ "Kitty Foyle" is the forty-second picture in which Ginger Rogers has been featured or starred.  
☛ Guy Kibbee got the title role in "Scattergood Baines" at the request of the author.

## Lovely Frock for School or Parties



1269B

HERE'S an unusually sweet princess frock for junior girls that you'll want two ways for Sunday and everyday! This is the most becoming line in the world for petite figures. There are adroit gathers at the sides of the front panel to give a little roundness where roundness is needed, and the waist scoops in to beguiling thinness, above the piquant flare of the skirt.

In velveteen or taffeta, with a white silk pique collar, design No. 1269-B will be the prettiest kind of party frock. In flannel, spun rayon or corduroy it will be smart for classroom, all in one color or, as shown in the small sketch, with a wide splash of contrast down the front.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1269-B is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Corresponding bust measurements 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 (31) requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material without nap; 3/4 yard contrast for collar. Send order to:

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may affect the heart  
Gas trapped in the stomach or gut may set like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress start on Creomulsion. No laxative but made of the fastest-acting medicines known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't give relief, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE Money Back, \$50.

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## Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

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