

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 geologist, 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 asked 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. That night, David sees Grosvenor prowling through the Ferriter apartment. David confronts Grosvenor with the story. He is told to mind his own business.

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'Arnell," 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. Sometimes, 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

mark on a bleeding knuckle. Suspicion that had pointed first to Lyon Ferriter, that had centered on Grosvenor Paget, swung wildly about now like a weathervane in a whirlwind. I had left both men upstairs. The dim figure I had seen dart through the doorway had seemed slither than either. It could not have been the buxom Everett. Why had he been lurking in a basement hallway of all places? What had dropped to the floor with a clink of metal and then had vanished?

Suddenly I wanted to confide in someone. It was the lonely wretchedness of the overburdened. I thought, as I slapped at my dusty overcoat and trousers, of Shannon, of Miss Agatha, of Allegra, and each time found at once good reason why I could not go to them. As I picked up my suitcase, an amused voice asked behind me:

"Ever try a whiskbroom, accomplice? You can buy them at all the better stores."

Jerry Cochrane's coat collar was turned up about his ears. His round face had been spanked red by cold and wind had watered his canny eyes. He was sane flesh and blood. I was glad to see him.

"What's this?" he asked, nodding at my suitcase. "The body?"

He was medicine for the jitters. At my question he gave a gesture, half shrug, half shiver.

"I trailed Lyon Ferriter from the Babylon," he said. "Your hall force wouldn't let me wait in the vestibule. I was across the street when I saw you go down the cellar. So when you came out, I—"

I grabbed his arm so hard that he stopped and stared. I had trouble getting hold of words.

"Who came out ahead of you?" he repeated, wide-eyed. "Out of the cellar? Nobody."

"I groaned. 'If you'd only watched,' I began, but he cut me short.

"Listen," he bade. "I didn't have anything else to do, except freeze. No one came out of the basement except you. What's all the heat—"

"Save it," I told him and ran toward the Morello. My suitcase battered my legs. I swore at it and myself. If Cochrane were not mistaken, if the intruder who fled had not gone up to the street, he had lurked in the area by the stairs until after I had left. He might still be hiding in that black pit.

Beyond the Morello, a taxi swung into the curb. Someone entered it. The door slammed and it slid away. We were too far off to see the license number or even the passenger clearly.

"Sometime," Cochrane asked politely, "when you're not quite so active, you'll let me in on this?"

I told him, as well as I could, for I was winded, what had happened.

"Who was it?" Cochrane queried.

"I think," I answered, "it was Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

The wind boomed in the area while we talked in hushed voices. It struck my sweating face like the gush of a cold shower bath. Cochrane was panting, yet he shivered.

"Lyon?" he asked. I wondered why it should have been his first thought, as well as mine.

"Lyon Ferriter," I answered, "is upstairs—in Miss Paget's apartment. He couldn't have got down here ahead of me."

"Unless he took the hidden way the murderer traveled," Cochrane pointed out stubbornly, and his teeth chattered. "I'd like to know where he is, this minute."

I turned toward the steps and said:

"I can go back and find out if he's still upstairs."

"I'd like to know," Cochrane repeated in a cold-shaken voice, as he followed me upward. "If I'm going to live to understand all this, I've got to get a taxi and a drink fast. Find out if Ferriter is still upstairs and then—"

But we had no need for search. As I came out of the area, a lean figure left the Morello vestibule. Shoulders hunched against the wind, Lyon Ferriter strode past us. I thought he recognized me, for he looked hard and seemed about to check his pace and then pressed on. We watched him to the corner.

"Anyone," Cochrane gasped through his rattling teeth, "who can go without an overcoat on a night like this is a murderer or a suicide. Hi, taxi!"

THE DOWN-AND-OUTER

By JOAN SLOCUM

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IF DOUGLAS WALTON had asked Kay Bergen to marry him the afternoon she had told him she was going to New York to make good, Kay would have settled down happily with him at Forest Station. She'd more than half expected he would—and a good deal more than half hoped he would. But he didn't. On a business trip from New York to the city where he lived he had stopped off at the small town where Kay lived to see her.

"Oh, I see," said Douglas, at first a bit banteringly, then more and more seriously. "The small town cramps your style. Well, if that's the way you feel—only—I thought last summer—"

"What did you think last summer, Douglas?" asked Kay softly.

"Oh—" Douglas's voice was a little hard—"just that you weren't the kind of girl who'd think that kind of thing necessary to happiness. I thought you'd like—oh, last summer in the mountains I thought you'd like different things. But if you like New York and think you'll make good there, why that's that and there's nothing more to do about it. I don't think you're right."

He was irritatingly practical now, accepting her, not as a woman, but as a co-worker, another struggler in the fight to make a living. "I think I have a better chance of success right home in Forest Station than you have in New York."

He left a little later, after talking trivialities, and there was no approach to anything like sentiment between them.

So, decided Kay, if that was the way he felt about it, she would show him. She'd be as good a business woman as she could. She'd beat him at his own game.

Weeks passed. An occasional letter from Douglas. He was getting along slowly but surely, he wrote, in the law office where he held a junior partnership. Not big money in these times in a small town—but not bad, either, when you compared expenses and income. He was glad to hear of her success. She seemed to have struck a great piece of luck, working her way right up to the top. Hard work, of course, but if you like that kind of thing, of course it was great.

Kay had, indeed, done unexpectedly well, though she hated to have Douglas give her all the credit. In spite of depression, she had got into one of the big stores. And, because of a real genius for using words vividly, she had obtained a place in the advertising department, and had been promised a speedy rise to a really good job.

But when the first novelty of success and accomplishment had worn off, Kay found other visions mingling with those of her progress to fame. And, being an honest sort of a girl, she faced the facts and admitted to herself, after six months in New York, that she would give up everything she had gained or could look forward to for the sake of life beside Douglas in quiet little Forest Station. She liked her work. She found her new friends interesting. She thrilled to New York, with its vivid life and fast tempo. She enjoyed the few gay parties she found time for. But her heart was with Douglas.

His letters lately had been few and far between. Perhaps he didn't care for her as much as she had once hoped he did. Perhaps he cared for someone else. She knew nothing, really, of his friends and life. She'd never been in Forest Station, and in the mountains where she had met him at a resort hotel the summer before they were both, of course, among strangers. She kept reminding herself that he had never told her anything to make her know he really cared. Perhaps her belief that he did was only the natural reaction to what, she now acknowledged, was her love for him.

So Kay worked out a scheme to find out if Douglas cared.

"Dear Douglas"—she wrote. "This isn't a very cheerful letter, for I think I'm going to lose my job. Isn't that too awful? After I've had such fun and done so well. But the cruel, big city seems to be too big and cruel for me."

She waited for a sympathetic answer. None came. She wrote:

"The blow has fallen. I'm just not a big-city sort of person. I've lost my job. And in this unfriendly place I don't know where to turn for another."

No answer. In her next letter: "New York is pretty dreary when you're down and out. I've been walking the streets today looking for work. And there isn't any. Of course, I'm all right, for my father will be only too glad to have me back home again. But I'm ready to admit that New York's too much for me—too big, too impersonal, too cruel."

"And if that doesn't bring some sort of answer," thought Kay, "I'll give up, and stick to my work and try to enjoy it."

No letter came, and as she dressed for a party one evening a week later—she had been really thrilled when Courtney Brown, brilliant young advertising manager for the store, had asked her to go to dinner and the theater with him—she decided that her tactics with Douglas had been all wrong. He's lost what

interest he might have had in her last summer; was married, for all she knew. Her stupid blatant bids for sympathy. Oh, well, she'd go with Mr. Brown and have a good time and when she'd made good in her job she'd forget all about Douglas.

She pulled a black velvet dress over her shoulders and let it settle softly to the slender curves of her body, patted her hair in shape, and sat down to wait for Courtney Brown. When, in answer to the bell, she opened the door of her small apartment and found, not Courtney, but Douglas, standing there, the only thing she could think of to say was: "Oh!"

But Douglas said enough for two. "I've come to take you back to Forest City," he began. And that started things.

Half an hour later, said Kay: "Oh—I forgot. Where's Courtney Brown? He's my boss—and I was going to dinner with him. And, Douglas, I'll have to explain, I'm not really down and out—I just wrote that so I could find out how you felt about me."

She watched his face anxiously for signs of disappointment.

He beamed. "I know. Courtney Brown is an old friend of the family—his taking my sister to dinner and the show in your place. You don't think I didn't know how you were getting on, do you? Courtney kept me posted. And I realized that if I didn't come to rescue you soon you'd get away from me for ever—poor little Down-and-Outer."

Cupid's Code

By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE lighthouse stands on the point where the great ships steam past to enter the canal, and there lived Mary Ann and her father, who was the keeper of the light.

Mary Ann had kept house for her father for the five years since her mother died, in spite of the constant urging of Billy Bowen that she marry him. It was hard, hard for both of them. Billy wanted Mary Ann, and Mary Ann loved Billy, and yet she could not forget the promise she had made to her mother that she would look after her father for her.

This sparkling August morning her father had rowed across to the mainland for supplies, and just after he had gone Billy Bowen had come to see her. He looked so handsome with his thick black hair, bronzed face and white teeth, as he passionately urged her to marry him!

"I've waited for you two years, Mary Ann, and I need you!" he declared, and when she replied that her father needed her still, he lost his temper, and bitterly asserted that he did not believe she loved him at all. He vowed that unless she would promise to marry him soon he would take the boat for New York that night and she would never see him again.

"When the boat goes by the light tonight, I'll be on it," he said, his boyish voice rough with feeling; "and I'll be thinking, 'There's where the girl lives who doesn't love me!'"

And poor Mary Ann, loyal to her dead mother's trust, could only watch his lithe figure striding away without one backward look, and cry and cry and cry. Then she must bathe her face and brush her hair to hide her sorrow, for father must not know of her sacrifice.

She heard the sound of her father's oars, and soon he entered the little kitchen.

"Mary Ann," he said happily, "you've been a good daughter to me, and it has been hard on you here all alone with an old fellow like me . . . but it's over now. Jane Hatch said today that she'd marry me, and I guess I know what you'll do next! I've been watching that Billy Bowen making eyes at you. Maybe we can have a double wedding, girl!"

After supper she crept into her own little room to sob her heart out in the twilight of the summer evening. Zoom-m-m-m! sounded the whistle of the New York boat—Billy's boat. He was standing on the deck, looking at the light.

Mary Ann sprang from the bed, slipped off her shoes, and softly, breathlessly climbed the iron stairs to the light. She could see across the water the lights of the great ship like a string of jewels on a square of black velvet, and she knew that Billy Bowen's eyes must be turned towards the light.

She placed her little brown hand firmly on the black-handled copper knife switch that controlled the light, and the great beacon's rays, playing across the water like summer lightning, took on a strange significance.

Dot, dash, dot, dot, dash. In International code she flashed her message into the dark. "E-I-L-L-Y-Y-E-S-I!" Over and over she spelled it out.

But Billy Bowen, once a sailor in the navy, read it only once as he stood on the deck of the New York boat. Then hastily stripping off his coat and shoes, he climbed upon the rail and dived far out into the warm waters.

"Where'n thunder are you going?" shouted a deck hand as Billy came up, shook the water out of his eyes and struck out for the point where winked the light. He turned his head long enough to shout back:

"Going to get married!"

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

By ROGER E. WHITMAN

(© Roger E. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Cooling a House in Summer. WINDOWS on the sunny side of the house should be protected against the heat of the sun. Awnings do not always help, for some kinds confine heated air against the windows. Air under an awning will be heated and should be permitted to escape before the heat can pass through to the room. Outside venetian blinds are an advantage over canvas awnings in this regard, for while they cut off the direct heat of the sun, they permit the free escape of air from underneath.

For ventilation in a room, windows should be opened both at the top and at the bottom. Heated air under the ceiling of a room can then pass out through the upper part of the window opening and will be replaced by outdoor air drawn in through the lower part. Neither opening should be covered by curtains or shades, for these impede the flow of air.

Still air is more stifling and is more difficult to stand than air at the same temperature that is in motion. For comfort, air should be in circulation.

An electric fan arranged to blow out through the open upper part of a window will draw in outdoor air through the lower part. The circulation that is thus established will add greatly to comfort.

Slippery Floors. Question: We have an old farmhouse with oak flooring. When we wax it, the floor is too slippery, as we use hooked rugs. Can you tell us how to treat it, so that it will not be too oily or slippery?

Answer: Too many coats of wax and heavy applications of wax most frequently cause extreme slipperiness. Wax should be applied in thin coats, each coat being very well polished. Waxing of floors two or three times a year should be sufficient. Frequent rubbings with a soft cloth will keep the floors well polished. Excessive wax can be removed by wiping with turpentine. As a precaution against slipping of rugs, you can get a powder to be sprinkled on the backs of rugs. This is sold in department stores.

Whitewashed Stone. Question: The old cellar stone walls in our house have been whitewashed. We should like to cement the cellar walls, but are told that the cement will not stick to the whitewashed walls. Is this true? What can be done to remove the whitewash?

Answer: Whitewash is apt to peel taking the cement off with it. Remove the whitewash by scrubbing with a strong solution of household ammonia and water. Rinse the surface with clear water. For good results, be sure the surface of the stone is well roughened before putting on the new cement. Raking out the mortar joints will give the new cement a better bond on the wall.

Book Bindings. Question: What can be done to preserve book bindings of leather and cloth? The books are about 50 years old, and suffer from the effects of time, drying and disintegration rather than wear and tear.

Answer: For the leather bindings you can get preservatives especially made for the job. Any public library will tell you of them. This can also be used on leather backs and corners of cloth bindings. Cloth bindings can usually be cleaned by wiping with a cloth dampened with soapy water, after going over them with a stiff brush. Some bindings will not stand moisture; you should make a test on each one before going ahead.

Painting a Metal Bed. Question: We have a metal bed, mahogany color, from which the paint has become rubbed off in various parts, and I would appreciate it if you would advise me what kind of paint to use to repaint it. It has a fine grain running through it.

Answer: Any good brand of quick drying enamel can be used, but the wood graining, if desired, will have to be done by a professional. Before applying the enamel make sure the surfaces are free of any grease or dust. The old finish is made dull by rubbing lightly with fine sandpaper.

Resilvering a Mirror. Question: How can I remove the silvering from a mirror? The mirror is to be resilvered.

Answer: Remove the protective coating with a paint remover. The mirror is then placed horizontally, covered with a layer of salt and moistened with a mixture of 1 part water and 3 parts cider vinegar. After several hours, the silvering can usually be wiped off clean. The shop doing the resilvering can remove the old silvering for very little extra cost.

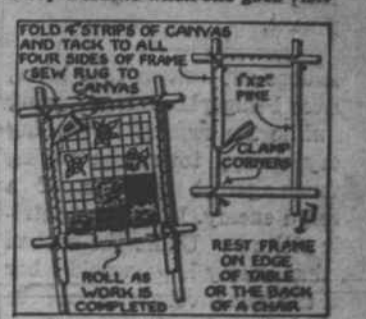
Whitewash for Bricks. Question: Please tell me how to whitewash my brick house. I want to be sure to use something that will not peel or flake off in any way. I understand the government uses some special mixture on light-houses, and am wondering if you could give me the formula.

Answer: The government whitewash formula is rather messy and complicated to make up. A cement composition paint or outside casein paint will make a more satisfactory finish for the brick wall, and will be much easier to apply.

Making a Frame For Rug Hooking

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

TWO of the nicest hook rugs I have were made without a frame. Many rug makers like to turn the work as they do different parts of the design. Then, too, whenever rug hookers meet there is sure to be an exchange of treasured bits of colored fabrics. In no time at all a rug making group is meeting and it is difficult to carry a frame when one goes visit-



ing. It is often difficult to find space to put a frame away in a small house or apartment, too.

You can see by this that I rather favor working without a frame though I know perfectly well that it is more efficient to work with one. Almost all professionals have frames that rest on a permanent base. I have sketched here the type of frame that most amateurs use. You can buy the corner clamps at the hardware store and put the frame together quickly. It may be the size of your rug or smaller. If it is smaller, just part of the rug is stretched on the frame at one time.

SEWING Book 5 tells you exactly how to prepare the burlap for a hooked rug like the one in this article and gives much other valuable information on rug hooking. There is still another hooked rug design in Book 6: also a braided and a crocheted rug. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
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Ship's Tonnage

The term tonnage may mean one of several things. In using it to designate the size of a warship it means the total weight of water displaced by the vessel. As applied to American merchant ships, it may be gross, net, or dead-weight tonnage. Gross tonnage is the space—on the basis of 100 cubic feet to a ton—available within the hull and the closed-in spaces above the deck for the carrying of cargoes, stores, etc. Net, or registered, tonnage, is the space that remains after room for machinery, crew quarters, etc., has been deducted. Dead-weight tonnage is weight of cargo and supplies that will depress the boat from its light water line to the load line, or, in other words, the weight of the total cargo that the vessel can carry safely.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE BRUSH COUGH DROPS

Sign of Wisdom The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—Montaigne.

KOHLER HEADACHE POWDERS HEADACHE LOZES

Facts of ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, convenience, of happiness. As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has— of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included