

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Our neighbors were coming back. I rose to let them pass before she answered me and when we were seated again, she briefly and quickly patted my hand.

When the curtain fell and the house awoke, I must have shown my thought for Allegra looked at me sharply as I took up her cloak, and she said:

"You are a good egg, you know. I think you've suffered a lot tonight."

I did not tell her how much or why. I only answered:

"Not at all."

She wrinkled her straight little nose at me and jeered:

"Spoken like a gentleman to the old school. Mr. Wagner got you down and you know it. He helped me, though, if that's any comfort."

"It's more than that," I told her, and she glanced at me again as though she expected to find something in my eyes that was not there.

We moved with the crowd into the lobby and to the street beyond where the starters' whistles stabbed through the racket of cars and, at last, found a taxi-cab. I helped her in and gave the driver her address.

"Must we?" she asked as I sat down beside her.

I was a little stupefied by too much music on an empty stomach. I said:

"You ask the blindest questions. And you," she answered, "don't seem to have any human feelings at all. Aren't you ever hungry or anything?"

"Anything! I'm practically everything. So what?"

"All right," she snapped, "if you insist on being led, instead of leading me, astray! I'd like to go to Mino's."

"Mino's?" Somewhere I had heard that name. She misunderstood my hesitation and tried so tactfully to reassure a poor employee of her aunt that I smiled.

"One of the things I want most in the world at present is a chicken sandwich and a seidel of beer."

"My child," I told her, "your ambition touches me. It does indeed. Give me the address."

The cab swung east at my new order. I asked:

"Why should Mino's mean anything to a boy from the country—and what?"

"It shouldn't," she answered. "Maybe, you've heard Grove or me speak of it. He likes it and he used to take me there a lot. Perhaps," she added, and I thought her voice grew tighter, "he'll be there tonight."

"That'll be swell," I said as heartily as I could but she marked the hollow sound.

"You don't like Grove. And it's my fault."

"No," I answered, "it's probably mine."

"We'll go somewhere else if you'd rather," she said meekly. "I don't know why I said Mino's. If Grove burned up with delight at seeing either of us but I don't know—I just have a hunch."

"Always play them," I advised her.

"Right," she said and her head came up again, "we'll do just that."

Mino, himself, sleek as a black cat, ushered us into a wide, low-ceiled chamber where a band presided over a square of dance floor. About the polished rectangle that dancers were quitting, tables were packed and beyond them along the walls were high-backed stalls.

"Dance?" Allegra whispered to me.

I shook my head. The smell of food was hard for a starving man to stand.

"We'll sit over by the wall then, Mino," she told her guide. "Has—has Mr. Paget been in tonight?"

Mino seemed desolated that Mr. Paget had not. I did not share his grief. I gave our order to the waiter and prayed inwardly that he would be quick. From the center of the dance floor, a master of ceremonies spoke amid gusts of laughter and retired as two lines of girls pranced out on either side of the band platform.

"The midnight show," Allegra said, lifting her voice above the din. "Do you mind?"

"I can take it or leave it, I think," she said, "any sort of music please you? Have you no savagery in your breast, at all, Mister?"

If I had not matched her own deliberation when food arrived, she would have had her answer. Allegra lifted her seidel and grinned at me across it.

"Here's luck," she called through the racket.

Suddenly the music paused, the dancers held a complicated formation and before applause rattled, I heard a voice in the booth next to ours. The band reviving, blotted it out. The dancers stamped and whirled. I sat with my seidel still half-way to my lips. Reason told me I was mistaken. My ears defied it.

"It's not poison," Allegra said. "I could not answer her. I was back at the switchboard at the Molo and the wheel had just come."

"Miss Agatha's chair and I had a voice—that identical voice—to its own number while I rushed to the lady's aid. But the owner of that voice was dead. I must be mistaken. And yet I knew I was

not. I was not likely ever to forget the thick foreign cadences. I managed to smile at my astonished companion and slid out from my place.

"Will you excuse me—just for an instant?" I muttered and without waiting for reply stepped around the high back of my settle to the next booth.

CHAPTER XIII

I hit my foot against the wine bucket and I said:

"Excuse me."

Instinct supplied the words. Thereafter, I had no others. In the booth, where I had heard the dire voice raised, sat Ione and Lyon Ferriter. I had rushed for an avenue to the end of mystery and had slammed up against a blank wall.

If my face were stupid with amazement, the Ferriters were calm. Ione smiled, though I thought her eyes widened. There was no flaw in Lyon's greeting.

"My dear chap," he said and real pleasure sounded in his easy voice, "this is splendid. Sit down."

He half rose and held out his hand. I took it. Instinct still controlled



"Why don't you play fair?"

me. My mind was crawling from the wreck of another collapsed hope. Perhaps I was beginning to have delusions. Maybe, I had only imagined the guttural voice that I had heard once before as the herald of murder. I managed to smile and released Lyon's cordial hand.

"Thanks," I said in a low, "I just wanted—to say hello."

"But sit down," Lyon urged, making room.

"Do," Ione begged.

"A glass of wine," her brother went on and signaled a waiter. "You're a godsend. The fact is that we're killing time rather than"—his lean face wrinkled in a faint grimace—"go home. We're also waiting for Everett who was to meet us here. We find Mino's rather more soothing than what the papers call the 'murder flat.' Louis, another glass."

"Thanks," I said again and shook my head. I did not dare inspect now the fresh horde of doubts that cried for attention. The most I could do was to cover up and I tried to keep my voice and my face quiet as I went on:

"I'm in the next booth, with Miss Paget. I thought I recognized your voice."

I hoped that by some sound or sign he might show alarm. The thick voice must have come from this booth. I was as sure of this as I could be of anything, but Lyon was drawing on in his faintly English accent:

"Then I'll not ask you both to join us, though you'd be most welcome. I think I'm beginning to bore my sister a bit." The fondness, that ever showed when he spoke of her, softened his face now. "We've been here," said Lyon, "for—when did we come in, Louis?"

"Seven-thirty, sir," the lingering waiter replied.

"For almost five hours, then. Which only goes to show how much misery loves any company, eh, Mallory? I wish you'd have a glass with us."

The band brayed on. My mind gyrated with the dancing chorus. "I must go back," I told Lyon. "We were on our way home. I've had a rather strenuous day."

"Good God," he said with a little shudder. "Who should know that better than I?"

He frowned at the welt on his hand. Ione said in her husky voice: "I think you're pretty generous to speak to him at all, Mr. Mallory."

"Accidents," I answered flatly, "will happen."

"Which," Lyon supplied with a crooked grin, "is scarcely news to our family, eh? Good luck, old chap," he added, as I mumbled farewell and backed away. "Nice of you to hail us."

As I returned to my table, I craned my neck into the booth beyond. It was unoccupied. That voice could not have come from there. It had issued from where Ione and Lyon sat. That meant then that Lyon—

I managed to smile at Allegra—but my pretense was poor. She asked: "What is the matter?"

"Nothing in the world," I lied, and sitting down, hid my treacherous face in the beer seidel. When I lowered the emptied glass, I added: "Lyon and Ione Ferriter are in the next booth."

She dropped her voice to match mine. Her earnest eyes probed and pried at the mask I wore.

"What happened?"

I jeered to hide my own confusion.

"You seem, my child, to have the wrong sort of hunches. Unless your brother is under the table, he had no date with her tonight. They have been here since seven-thirty."

She was only half satisfied, and mocked in turn:

"And I suppose your stampede to their booth was just a social call, eh?"

She was the one person in the world to whom I wanted to tell everything and I knew I would gain merit in her eyes by confiding in her. She was watching me with a fairer version of her aunt's derisive grin. I only said:

"Curiosity rather. I thought I recognized his voice." Perhaps, for that, the recording angel pasted a gold star on my report.

"You are," she told me, "the most chronic liar I ever met."

"You're just beginning to appreciate my virtues," I answered.

After a moment, she shivered a little and drew her coat up about her shoulders.

"Can the rest of them be displayed in a taxicab?" she asked. "I think we'd better go."

I knew she was worrying afresh over her no-account brother.

"There could be no better showcase," I boasted, as we rose.

The band blared its climax; the dancing girls skipped back to their dressing room in a rattle of applause. Beer rested uneasily in my stomach as I got my coat and hat from the check girl. I found myself shivering. Not even the smile Allegra gave me as I helped her into the taxicab dispelled my misery.

She was of the flotsam, the dark whirlpool into which we all were caught and whirled about ever more rapidly.

We sat speechless while the taxi rolled uptown until silence grew uncomfortable. I said at last, to keep thought at bay:

"I'll remember this evening. It's one thing more I owe you and your aunt. I hope the pay-off will come some day."

I knew the words were stilted while I spoke, but only half my mind had followed them.

Lyon had been the murderer. Why? Lyon had spoken over the telephone, again in the restaurant, in a voice not his own. Or were those blunted cadences really his, and the faintly English speech he employed, part of a disguise he wore?

Beside me, Allegra chuckled. "Must you," she asked, "behave like Electro, the mechanical man?"

"Meaning what?" I heard something more than jest behind her question.

She said, with an impatient gesture: "Meaning many things. Among them, your pretense of dumbness. You aren't dumb."

"Thanks."

"Or not," she pushed her attack, "as dumb as that. Why don't you play fair?"

There was earnestness in her speech. There was appeal on the face turned to mine. The world at the minute was filled with many things I was unfitted to handle. Her warm voice was blowing away everything but thought of how much I wanted her. I tried to get out of danger.

"I'm at least," I told her, "that dumb. How haven't I played fair?" She did not answer for a minute.

"I've told you more than I've ever told anyone else—except Grove. I trust you a lot. Why don't you trust me?"

"I'd trust you with anything that's mine," I said. I meant it too.

She laughed, but not as if she were amused.

"So you say," she answered. "You fall over a wine bucket, you're in such a hurry to see who is in the next booth."

She gave me the sort of look that always robbed me of my mind. Then she made it worse by slipping her strong little hand in mine. Her bright head was against my shoulder.

"You're pretty swell at that," she said.

I think the angel must have run out of gold stars before he laid aside my record that night. If I forgot all but my need of her, it was because her eyes and her soft mouth dared me; if, for an instant, I let go of everything I'd sworn to hold fast and kissed her, at least, I caught myself on the way down.

It wasn't the sort of kiss I, or she, wanted, yet it left us both breathless. There was ringing in my ears and I thought the cab had a flat till I found it was the pounding of my heart. The pressure of the diamond and platinum coronet against my forehead helped me to let her go. After a little, when I did not speak she asked in a shaky voice: "Well?"

I said none of the things I wanted to. I just patted the hand I still held and dropped it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Fruit Spots.

QUESTION: How can huckle-berry stains be removed from clothing and linen?

Answer: Most fruit stains when fresh can be removed from cottons and linens by pouring boiling water through the stain from a height of three or four feet. The stained part of the fabric is stretched over a pail and tied in place; boiling water is then poured on it, and has sufficient force to take out the stain. Soap should not be used on a fruit stain, for it sets the color. If fabric stained with fruit juice has been laundered, removal is much more difficult. One method is to bleach with Javelle water, which, however, if not thoroughly rinsed out soon after using, may weaken the fabric. Follow directions on the label of the container. This chemical will also work with stains that are old and dried. Another method is to rub the stain with glycerine, to let it stand for some hours, and then to pour boiling water through the stain from a height. These methods are for cotton and linen. For stains on colored fabric, silk or wool, and for all valuable pieces, it is best to have the job done by a professional.

Copper Valleys.

Question: I would like your advice as to the use of copper in the flashing of valleys and slate surfaced asphalt shingles. I have been told that a chemical reaction takes place at a point where the edge of the asphalt shingle contacts the copper, causing pinholes. Strips of the same material of which the asphalt shingles are made, have been recommended. The top strip is laid wider than the under strip. What is your opinion?

Answer: The chemical reaction you describe may take place when copper is used in connection with other types of shingles as well. However, if the flashing is installed according to directions, the results will be far more lasting than the method described above. Write to the Copper and Brass Research association at 420 Lexington avenue, New York city, for complete instructions.

Odor in Refrigerator.

Question: Our gas refrigerator has a removable top. Roaches had established themselves inside, and in order to destroy them, we removed the top and poured in a disinfectant containing concentrated cresol. Now everything placed in the box becomes permeated with an obnoxious taste and odor. Please help.

Answer: Never use any chemical that has a strong odor in a refrigerator or any other food storage container. Wash the affected area with warm water to which has been added one teaspoonful of trisodium phosphate. Rinse with clear water. Do this when the refrigerator is defrosted. An excellent deodorant for refrigerators is powdered charcoal. It is made up in perforated containers, and can be purchased at most stores handling kitchen appliances and utensils.

Heating Plant.

Question: (same writer) What type of stove should I use for heating my house in the mountains? Wood is handy, and oil is easily procured.

Answer: If the house is compact in design and of open interior, and if the ceilings are not more than 15 inches above the top of the door openings, you would get satisfaction with a pipeless heater, to be put in the cellar, or a circulating hot air heater to go on the ground floor. Either one of these would be especially good if you plan to use the house only on week-ends and short visits. If you expect to live there permanently, you might do better to put in hot water or steam heat.

Old Boards.

Question: Could boards on the walls of an old barn be used as under flooring, or possibly even for finished flooring? In the latter case, is it better to lay the flooring first, and then to use a machine sander, or to have them planed at the mill before laying?

Answer: Boards that are not warped, and that are sound, can be used again. If they are hardwood, they would make good finish floors. If they are fairly smooth, machine sanding after laying might be enough, but I should prefer to have them run through a planer at a mill.

Damp Closet.

Question: What is the best medium to use in a clothes closet to absorb dampness?

Answer: One very simple method is the continuous burning of an electric light in the closet, the door of which is kept closed. The light should be placed on the floor, so that the heat will rise and circulate. For a closet of ordinary size, a 25-watt lamp is usually sufficient, but a larger lamp, of course, will furnish more heat.

Vines on Stucco.

Question: Vines have started to creep on our stucco house. We are told that this should be prevented, for vines hold water and in winter the ice that forms tends to crack the stucco. Is this true?

Answer: If the stucco is in good condition and without cracks, the only harm that can come is the holding of moisture during the summer, and the invitation to birds to nest in it. The stucco will be damaged only when there are cracks into which the tendrils can penetrate and get the start they need.

Iodine Alone Aid in Many Goiter Cases

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

IN MY student days the severe type of goiter—exophthalmic goiter or Grave's disease—was a serious matter to the patient and his family. It often meant traveling hundreds of miles to some outstanding surgeon and often the case was too far advanced to obtain successful results. Today, while practically every hospital has one or a number of surgeons skilled in this operation, it is known that many cases can be successfully treated by X-rays and still others are relieved of their symptoms by rest and medicine.

TODAY'S HEALTH COLUMN

There are, of course, certain cases in which operation should be performed as pointed out by Drs. Walter Redisch, New York, and William H. Perloff, Philadelphia, in Endocrinology.

1. Those cases in which there is mechanical pressure present, aside from the regular symptoms of severe goiter.

2. Cases in which one or more nodules or lumps can be felt, firmer than the remainder of the gland.

3. Those cases in which other forms of treatment such as rest and iodine have failed.

4. Wherever there is immediate danger from heart and blood-vessel disturbances.

Record of Results. In recording the results obtained by use of iodine alone, Drs. Redisch and Perloff state that iodine causes a great improvement in some patients, has no effect in others, and makes still others worse. By using sodium iodide with the pure iodine, instead of potassium iodide, results showed about 10 per cent of the cases completely and permanently cured, 40 per cent free of symptoms so long as iodine is used, and almost 50 per cent "almost" free of symptoms, but with some signs and symptoms still present.

The thought then is that while many cases must undergo surgery, and others treatment by X-ray, there are many other cases in which iodine alone, or iodine with rest, brings relief of symptoms.

Dr. Barton

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1282-B is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 34-inch material for jumper; 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved blouse; 1 1/2 yards for short-sleeved. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 247 W. Forty-Third St. New York

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