The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

Synopsis: Colin Hewitt, who now calls himself Donald Howard as part of the scheme he has adopted to evade the Mask, New York underworld killer, packs his effects in his cabin on the Bonaventure, preparing to land at Cap a l'Orage, remote settlement on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Mask killed Colin's friend Reddy Turner, but not before Reddy had pledged Colin to deliver a letter to Joe Lazarre, who lives near Cap a' l'Orage and presumably is employed by the Mask himself. The Mask is said to have "interests" nearby. But as he packs, Colin (who is a writer of detective fiction) thinks of Germaine Tremblay.

Chapter 12

GERMAINE TREMBLAY

The captain, Captain Rainville, had introduced her to him the second day out. "Mademoisell Germaine Tremblay"—the captain had lingered over the name affectionately. "You have only to be down here but a very little while, Mr. Howard, to know what the name of Tremblay means on the coast."

She had flushed prettily. "Captain Rainville is always like that!" she had protested. "Don't you believe a word he says. He is a great tease." But Catain Rainville, who had himself been born on the coast and knew everybody had been even conservative in what he had said. Those of the coast who were aboard had treated her with the utmost deference; and Colin heard much about the fame of the Tremblays and their connection with the north shore.

They had been amongst the earliest settlers, the first Tremblay coming originally from France. Several generations. Prospering; open-handed, respected. In short, the story of the Tremblays was the story of the north shore—and vice versa.

Colin frowned over his packing. Her father was Dr. Louis Tremblay of Cap a' l'Orage, the present head of the family. He had married an English girl. A romance begun in his college days in Montreal. But his wife was now dead. There was only a daughter and a son left. The son, following in his father's footsteps, had graduated in medicine in Montreal, and was now taking a special course in New York. Germaine—Mademoiselle Tremblay — was returning from a visit to some friends in Quebec.

Marvelous hair — like burnished gold where the sun glinted it. She inherited that from her mother, too, probably. Someone had said she could drive a dog team with the best of them—and yet she was scarcely up to his shoulder.

Colin went up on deck. Her chair was still unoccupied. He flung himself into his own chair and tugged a book out of his pocket. For some unaccountable reason he did not feel like talking to anybody—not even to Francois Joliecoeur, the old timber cruiser over there, who told entrancing tales of the coast and his own adventures—alas, not always true! A priceless old liar! A great character for a book written around these parts! A book? What book? Would he, Colin, ever write another? He had his own skin now, to put it bluntly, to think of first.

Somewhere a winch suddenly sputtered and clanked—noisily discordantly. They were getting cargo up on deck. A sure sign that another port was near at hand. Cap a'lOrage. He looked up.

She had just emerged from the captain's room up there off the lower bridge,the captain following her through the doorway. Colin heard her laugh ring out as she gayly spurned the captain's offer of assistance, and came lithely down the ladder.

How would he describe her if he were introducing her as a heroine to his readers? He wasn't much good when it came to his "girl" stuff—never had been. Always afraid of it. But he wasn't describing her now in a lame and groping paragraph as he rose from his chair to meet her and they automatically drifted over to the rail together— he was just looking at her.

"I thought you'd gone down to pack," he said.

"Oh, no," she laughted, "I did that before lunch except, of course, just the few finishing touches. And you?"

"All set," he answered.

"Captain Rainville chased me away." She waved her hand shoreward. "We'll be in shortly. That's Cap a' l'Orage over there. See that bald old mountain sticking out into the water with a lighthouse on top of it? The town is just this side of it in that little bay. You can begin to see the houses now."

"I see," he nodded. "Storm Cape. I've always meant to ask how it came by its name."

Studying her, he saw the smille fade from her eyes as she shook her head gravely.

"I am afraid it has earned it," she said seriously. "I can't explain it. Of course, the gulf is very wide here, like the open sea, and you can't see the other shore; but then that's true in lots of other places. But the storms do seem to center here and at times are very violent.

"Besides, though the gulf is famous for its fogs, we seem to get more than our share of those too—and so often they come upon us almost without warning at noll The storms are really very treacherous and there is scarcely a year goes by that one of our men is never heard of again. And another's sorrow in a little place like ours, you know, is one's own too."

He nodded his head.

"I can well appreciate that," he said quietly. "And so that's how it came by its name is it?"

She nodded her head in turn; and then her mood changed swiftly and she was smiling at him again—half teasingly, and yet half in earnest, too, it seemed.

"Do you know," she said, "that I've really been worrying a lot about you ever since I knew you were getting off at Cap a l'Orage?"

He fell in with her mood.

"How awful!" he said tragically.

"No really!" she returned quickly. "Madame Frenier does the best she can with her so-called 'hotel,' but it is far from being a modern hostelry and far, I am afraid, from what you will expect. It's mostly post office and general store. You know, we are supposed to be hospitable here on the coast, and I am sure father would take you completely under his wing, only"—her face clouded suddenly—"I don't think he's very well.

"That's what has brought me back a little sooner than I had expected. But, in any case, I promise you that you won't be utterly deserted . . If you like an occasional tramp through the woods . . . and I've got a rather jolly little motorboat, not terribly swanky, but a brave little craft just the same."

"Glorious!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "As for the rest, I am sure that Madame Frenier and I will get along famously. And besides—"

He studied her for a moment. His thoughts raced suddenly. Why not? He couldn't go around everywhere asking for Joe Lazarre! This was the obvious, the natural, the least suspicious move to make. He didn't like that—with her! But what could he do?

"And besides," he went on, "I'm not sure that I am going to be wholly a stranger in a strange land. A friend of a friend of mine!" He laughed a little. "You know! I believe he's down here at Cap a l'Orage. His name is Lazarre. Joe—short for Joseph, of course."

"Lazarre?" she repeated, and shook her head. "It's not an uncommon name by any means, but I am sure I know everyone in Cap a l'Orage, and there is no one by that name in the village."

Colin dug for a cigarette and lighted it. Lazarre wasn't the man's real name of course. Everybody in the whole business seemed to indulge in fictitious names—himself included! But Reddy had said that it was as Lazarre the man was known here. Not so easy, apparently from what she had just said, to pick up the trail! And yet he had scarcely expected to find the man a resident of Cap a l'Orage. Reddy's uncertainty as to Lazarre's exact whereabouts had suggested a decided question mark in that regard. But someone in Cap a l'Orage must have seen or heard of Joe Lazarre.

"Oh, well," he said lightly, "it really doesn't matter."

"Wait!" she cried out impulsively.

He waited. He liked the dainty way in which her brow was suddenly profoundly puckered.

"Of course!" she said. "I hadn't thought of that! If he's a friend of a friend of yours and moving in exalted social circles"—she was a little witch—she made him a staid bow—"perhaps he's one of the men who come down every year to the club."

"The club?" he echoed. "Then there is a club at Cap a l'Orage?"

(To be continued)

Sundown Stories

RIP'S LONG WALK

By Mary Graham Bonner

"Bow-wow, bark, bark," said Rip, the Dog. "I haven't had a good, long romp in ever so long."

"Why don't you take one now?" asked Willy Nilly, the little man who lived with his animmal friends in Puddle Muddle.

"I think I'll do that very thing," said Rip, wagging his tail at the thought of the pleasure ahead of him. "But won't you join me?"

"I'd like to," sighed Willy Nilly, as he stroked one of his side whiskers thoughtfully, "but I really should fix the horn on my automobile Two-Ways and do so many chores. There have been a lot of interruptions lately, and I've no more backbone than a kite if I don't do some work."

"Too bad you fell you can't come along," said Rip, shaking his head regretfully, "but you dont mind if I go?"

"Not in the least, not in the least," said Willy Nilly.

So Rip started off on his walk. He hadn't had a walk in so long a time that he went on and on and on and on. Everything seemed so interesting to him and he sniffed the good air and stopped now and then for a de-

licious cooling drink of brook water.

But after awhile he became very hungry.

"I should have brought something to eat along with me," he said. "I wonder what I can find in this neighborhood."

All of a sudden there appeared a man driving a little car. The man stopped and said: "How would you like a nice bone?"

Rip got a smell of food, but there was something about the man's face he didn't like.

Tomorrow: Rip's Decision.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Write your question plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose three cents in coin or stamps for return postage. Do not use postcards. The reply is sent direct to the inquirer. Address the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D.C.

Q. How far has a baseball been hit for a home run? L.S.

A. The record is held by William Barrett, who in 1925 while with Danville, Va., knocked a ball 502 feet 7 inches at Raleigh, N. C.

Q. What is meant by a wood-burning automobile? M.B.D.

A. In Germany a wood-gas power generator is in use. It is a system whereby wood is burned in such a way as to generate a gas which takes the place of gasoline vapor. Only heavy trucks and busses are using it as the fuel is heavy. It takes about 2 1-3 pounds of wood per mile. Wood is carried in a rack beside the driver's seat or on the running board. Wood-gas generators also are used in China.

Q. Does an assistant postmaster have to give bond? J.M.

A. He is required to give bond.

Q. How old is Prince Wilhelm Friedrich of Germany? M.I.

A. He is the eldest son of the ex-crown prince of Germany and was 27 years old July 4.

Q. In the early days of the republic, were elections for presidential candidates held on the same day in all the states? D.S.

A. Congress has power to determine the time of choosing the presidential electors and on March 1, 1792, enacted that the choice should be made within 34 days preceding the first Wednesday in December. All states did not choose the same day. On January 25, 1845, congress passed an act providing that presidential electors should be chosen on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November.

Q. What are real wages? S.O.

A. The amount of purchasing power represented by nominal wages are the real wages.

Q. When is the Henley Regatta held? W.H.

A. This annual open rowing contest is held in July. It lasts three days. The regatta was established in 1839.

Q. Is the gold held in this country but belonging to other countries counted in the total amount of gold stock here? E.C.W.

A. Foreign earmarked gold in this country is not counted in monetary stock.

Q. Was the league of nations projected by Woodrow Wilson before he attended the Versailles conference? H.B.

A. The project of the league of nations had long been an ideal of the war president. It is item 14 in the famous fourteen points.

Q. In what part of England is the Lake District? M.A.M.

A. It lies within the counties of Cumberland ,Westmoreland and a small portion of Lancashire. The district is about 30 miles from north to south and 25 miles from east to west. It contains about sixteen lakes. It was made famous by a group of poets who made it their home about 1800.

Q. Where was T. S. Eliot, the poet, educated? How does he rank as a critic? C.G.

A. T. S. (Thomas Stearns) Eliot received his A.B. at Harvard in 1909 and his A.M. in 1910. Subsequently, he studied at the Sorbonne and at Merton college, Oxford, becoming a teacher and lecturer in London. Louis Untermeyer says: Besides his poetry, Eliot has published four books of essays; The Sacred Wood, Homage to John Dryden, For Lancelot Andrews, and Dante. These volumes establish Eliot as the most provocative and perhaps the most important critic of literature now writing in English. Intensified by learning, sharpened by original apprehensions, his work has exercised an incalculable influence on his times.

Q. How old are some of the cricket game scores which have been kept? P.B.

A. The earliest matches of which copies of the scores have been preserved were Kent vs. All-England in 1746 and Hambledon vs. Kent in 1772.

Q. How many voyages did Sindbad the sailor make? J.H.

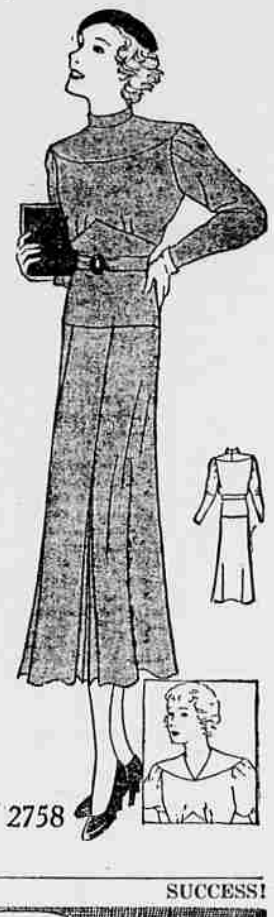
A. In Arabian Nights he relates the events of seven voyages.

Smart for "Back" to School or College

Wear—Simple Enough to Run Up at Home

By HELEN WILLIAMS

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern



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MUTT AND JEFF — JEFF'S GOT THE POLE BUT HE HASN'T CAUGHT THE CAT

ACROSS

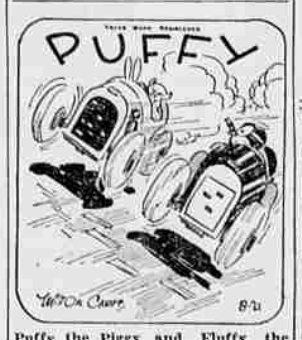
1. In what way
4. Pungent edible bulb
9. City in Belgium
12. Silkworms
13. Sprinkle with dirty water or mud
16. Launder
17. Beverage
18. Pixels
19. Adhesive
21. Half: prefix
22. Small fish
24. Thus
25. At that time
27. Negative
29. Bird's beak
31. Flower
32. In Italy, a house
35. One who exacts exorbitant interest
37. Place of nether darkness
39. Pleasure excursion
40. Wagnerian character
42. Yale
43. Syllable of hesitation
44. Container
46. Ekints
48. Like
49. Among
51. General tendency
54. Encourage
55. Kind of fruit
56. Singing voice
59. Figurative
62. Snow runner
63. Allow
64. Corpulent
65. Receptacle for coins selected for trial at the British mint

DOWN

1. Chop
2. Anglo-Saxon money of account
3. Small handful
4. Siberian river
5. Orderly
6. Small islands
7. Unclosed: poet.
8. Symbol for sodium
9. Part of a plant
10. Body of land almost surrounded by water
11. Metric measures
14. From there
16. Possesses
20. Resentful
21. Pronoun
22. Harden
23. Worth having
26. Pay attention to
28. Fertile spot
30. Begin to grow
32. Metalliferous rocks
34. Famous American's nickname
36. Tell over
38. Water falling from clouds
41. Withdraw
45. The Christian era: abbr.
47. Weep convulsively
50. Liquefy
52. Shield or protection
53. Coarse file
54. Indian mulberry
55. Watch pocket
57. Heavens
58. Half dozen
60. Leave
61. Engineering degree

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

S	A	P		Y	A	W	L		S	C	A	R
E	R	E		O	L	E	A		T	O	G	A
C	I	R	C	U	L	A	R		E	N	O	S
T	A	T	A		A	R	G	U	E	S		
			D	A	Y		E	N	D	I	N	G
A	S	P	E	N		A	S	A		D	O	E
C	H	O	W		H	I	S		C	E	N	T
E	O	S		A	A	R		W	A	R	E	S
S	T	I	L	L	Y		P	E	A			
			T	I	L	L	E	R		B	O	S	S
C	O	I	N		O	L	I	G	A	R	C	H
A	L	O	E		F	I	N	E		R	U	E
B	A	N	S		T	A	K	E		A	D	D

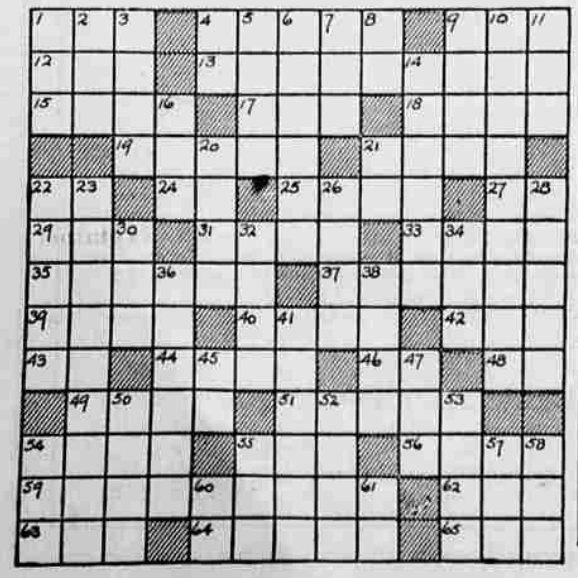


Puffy the Piggy, and Fluffy the Bunny,

Are racing an auto for great sums of money.

They're just under way in the opening lap.

Their rival is Gasso, a daredevil chap.



GIRLS TAKE VACATION

Silverton—A group of the senior Girl Reserves, accompanied by Miss Elaine Clover, advisor, left Friday forenoon for Indian Bluff on the Abiqua for two days' vacation.

LITTLE BOY BETTER

Stayton—Voljean, little grandson of George Davie, who was struck on the head with a hammer while at play is reported improving nicely.

Gervais—Mrs. John Gotchen, and children Tress and Teddy, spent several days at Newport and stopped with Mr. and Mrs. S. Stevens Money en route to their home in Portland.

Jefferson—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Adams and daughter were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Parlow. The Adams family was on its way to Chicago to attend the world's fair.