

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS.—A young Turner, crook and hoodlum friend of Colin Hewitt, the mystery writer, asks Colin to deliver a letter for him, should Reddy be put on the spot. Colin promises, and Reddy explains what underlies the request. It is the death of his beautiful sister, Annie, whose husband had been "bumped off" and who had been kidnapped by a man Reddy suspects was "The Mask." Later she was found dead in the river. The Mask is a powerful underworld figure, with many gangs, all separate. The gang leaders each know the man is only one of his innumerable disguises. Reddy believes he has picked up the Mask's trail, and knows his own life is in deadly peril.

Chapter Four
COLONEL HARGREAVES
"I DON'T like it," pronounced Colin gravely. "It's all right in a story; but, Reddy, if you get the goods on the Mask there's the law and—"

"The law be damned!" Reddy broke in fiercely. "With a hundred perjured witnesses and a million dollars to spend, he'd get off. This is between him and me. He killed my pal, and what he did to Annie I've told you. He'll get a chance to fight—but he'll die."

Colin paced the room and back again. "Look here, Reddy," he said, "about that letter you want me to deliver if—well, if things go wrong"

"A spot of Scotch, Colonel," suggested Colin, with a genial smile. "I'm sorry I have no Bourbon." "Sir, indeed, you overwhelm me." "Splendid!" applauded Colin. He poured out a generous portion. "Neat, or with a splash of soda?" he asked as he looked up—and the glass in his hand crashed and splintered on the floor.

In his left hand, dangling debonairly, "Colonel Hargreaves" held his shabby felt hat; in his right hand, his cloak hung back over his shoulder, an automatic held a bead on Reddy.

"Mr. Williamson, eh?" There was no age in the voice now, no soft southern drawl; it was curt, decisive, deadly cold. "I suggest that he is far better known as Reddy Turner, alias—oh, well, there are so many aliases."

Reddy's hand, arrested on its way to the bulge beneath the left shoulder of his coat, hung across his heart. His face had set.

"Who the hell are you?" he flung out. "What do you want?" "Two questions!" purred the stranger with a faint smile. "I will try to answer them both at once. I am the Mask, as I understand you call me—the man that you believed you had so nearly unseathed."

"Well, so you had. It is not often



"I'm afraid I intrude," said the Colonel.

with you. If it's a fair question, I'd like to know if it has anything to do with this inhuman cur you call the Mask. I know you said that you—"

He broke off suddenly. Someone was knocking at the door.

"Expecting anyone?" Reddy asked. "I'm always expecting someone," Colin answered with a faint smile. "You said it a little while ago."

"The park-benchers?" inquired Reddy. "Your leg-pullers?" Colin nodded.

"Probably. Do you mind?" The knock upon the door was repeated—but, it seemed, a little more loudly this time.

Reddy shrugged his shoulders. "It's nothing in my young life," he said.

Colin stepped to the door and threw it open. A curious figure confronted him across the threshold; the figure of an old, gray-haired, broad-brimmed soft hat and a shabby black Inverness cloak that was drawn tightly around a pair of stooped shoulders.

"I HOPE I do not intrude." There was polish in the man's voice, but also the quaver of age, and the trace of a southern drawl. "I will detain you but a moment if I may come in. A friend of mine to whom you were once very kind suggested that I might have something of interest to impart to you, sir, by way of a story. That you were in the habit of—"

"That's all right," said Colin heartily. "Come in."

The man stepped forward, and with a sort of old-world elegance removed his hat. And then halted in his tracks.

"Oh!" he exclaimed apologetically. "I am afraid I do intrude. You are already engaged."

"Quite all right!" smiled Colin, as he closed the door. "My friend, Mr. Williamson, Mr.—"

"Hargreaves, sir," supplied the stranger. "Served as a boy in the Confederate Army. 'Sixty-four to 'sixty-five, sir. Long gone by. Later, a colonel by courtesy. I'm a very old man now, sir." He bowed deeply to Reddy. "The honor of your acquaintance, Mr. Williamson!"

Detective Sergeant Mulvey comes into the tangle, tomorrow.

MRS. JACKSON IS BURIED, ASHLAND

Funeral rites were conducted in Ashland yesterday for Mrs. D. H. Jackson, member of a well known southern Oregon pioneer family, who died in the Community hospital in the Little city Friday, following a week's illness.

The wife of the late D. H. Jackson, former Jackson county sheriff, Mrs. Jackson had lived in Jacksonville and Medford before going to Ashland. Her people were for many years operators of the Eagle Flouring mills near Ashland.

Mrs. Jackson leaves one daughter, Mrs. Minnie Koyl of Ashland. Lightning that struck the blacksmith shop of L. J. Scrivano of Watsonville, Cal., welded together a horse-shoe, singletree and two heavy pieces of iron.

HIRAM JOHNSON'S SON IS SUICIDE

HILLSBOROUGH, Cal., Aug. 1.—Archibald M. Johnson, younger son

of United States Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California, committed suicide by shooting at his home here early today. Johnson was divorced by his wife at Reno June 13, and she since remarried in Chicago.

The body was found about 3 a. m. by the butler, who notified authorities. Senator Johnson was on his way here from San Francisco at the time the suicide became known. Johnson, the younger of the senator's two sons, was shot through the heart. He left two notes, addressed to his mother and his father. He was a practicing attorney in San Francisco, where his older brother, Hiram, Jr., also is a lawyer.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Old Man Opportunity!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Doug Silver Returns

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—A Difference Of Opinion

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



WEYERHAEUSER SHIP ON COLUMBIA SAND
ASTORA, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—The Weyerhaeuser Timber company's steam freighter, Hanley, bound from Longview for New York with a lumber cargo, grounded in the Columbia river near Brookfield, Wash., before dawn today. Indications were the ship had bumped on sand and was probably little, if any, damaged. Executions for capital crimes in Ohio were carried out at the county jails until 1933.

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