

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Caught in one of the heavy fogs that infest the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Germaine Tremblay and Colin Elliott, writer of detective fiction, have gone ashore while on their way from Cap A l'Orange to a sportsmen's club a few miles down the shore. Colin hoped to find Joe Lazarre there, and deliver a mysterious letter to him. Colin realizes suddenly he loves Germaine, but says nothing, for his life is in peril from the Mask, New York underworld ruler. Suddenly a heavy body falls nearby, and a string of oaks is heard.

Chapter 16 THE VOICES

GERMAINE sat bolt upright. Colin felt her hand close tightly over his—then draw quickly away again as she touched the revolver he was holding.

"Obviously no acquisition to our party!" he whispered grimly. "Don't make a sound! When I first heard a noise back there in the wood, I thought it was only some animal on the prowl."

"What's the matter?" demanded a voice.

"I fell over this bloody rock and bashed my leg."

"Well, never mind—come on!"

"Come on nothing!" retorted the injured one furiously. "At least not

be told where we'll get off with W. P. if we don't play our hand right here now!"

"No more than you, blast you!" rasped the man with the injured leg.

"Strike another match. All I'm saying is that you and I made a sweet pair of fools of ourselves in not making back for the club right from the start. I guess I can walk as fast as it will do us any good to go! What do you say, keep along the shore, now that we've found it, until we get to the river? Maybe by that time the fog will have lifted."

"All right," agreed the other shortly. "Come on!"

Colin's lips were a straight line. Again that night in Butch Connal's room! "W. P." That card he had found in the pocket of the Mask's tool! The Mask's "interests" on the north shore here, to which Reddy had referred, seemed to be rather definitely linked up now with Mr. Millionaire Waldrow Kenniston's club!

Footsteps crunched upon the sand and died away. Out of the fog, growing fainter in the distance, came an occasional curse—the man with the injured leg was evidently making heavy weather of it!

And then Germaine spoke.

"It would appear that you have



"Don't make a sound," Colin whispered grimly.

"I'll hurt my leg! I'll be sore as hell, and I can feel it bleeding."

"Let's take a look at it. Here—I'll strike a match."

Colin strained his eyes in the direction of the voices. He heard the match being struck, but its flame was almost indistinguishable—no more than a mere pinpoint of light.

"We were damn saps not to beat it back for the club at once!" Colin recognized the querulous voice as that of the injured man. "It was a fool stunt to keep on looking for the swine, or any trace of him, in a fog, even if Lazarre has got the wind up. And now we're lost ourselves, and have been for God knows how many hours!"

Colin, with a quick, low intake of his breath, leaned sharply forward; he sensed, rather than saw, Germaine stir suddenly at his side.

"Maybe we should have headed straight back when the fog first began to settle," the other admitted; "but Lazarre's dead right and you know it. The man, whoever he is, knows too much. He got one look too many before Lazarre fired at him."

"Too bad Lazarre missed," growled the injured one, "or we wouldn't all of us have been hunting our heads off ever since daybreak. And a hot chance we ever had of finding him in this God-forsaken wilderness, anyway!"

"Quit your grouching!" snapped the second man. "Hot chance or not, you know only too damned well we couldn't afford to pass it up. I'll admit the chances of getting him are small, but that's so much the worse for us. There's nothing to do now, of course, except to keep on trying to find our way back to the club as soon as you feel like walking again; but there's no use talking about it being Lazarre that's got the wind up any more than the rest of us."

"There's something that seems to be breaking around here lately that you don't like any more than any of us, and it looks as though this bird was in it. You haven't got to

located that friend of a friend of yours," she observed dryly.

COLIN did not answer at once. His brain was racing. Suppose on their return to Cap A l'Orange Germaine reported what she had heard! It would be the obvious and natural thing for her to do. She had heard nothing but a nest of crooks, and that it existed only for some criminal purpose.

A millionaire, and a salmon river on the isolated north shore! He paid a mental tribute to the Mask. The camouflage was magnificent. Yes—but Germaine. If she told! Eventually, of course, the police.

But the police were far away. Would the villagers themselves take action under the leadership of whatever local authority existed, or would someone, counting on being well paid for it, take a warning to the club? He did not care what happened finally to the club or what specifically was going on there—but there was Lazarre.

He did not want to see Lazarre in the toils, or in flight. His own chance was an alliance with Lazarre. As it was, the "members" were already alarmed at the presence of the man who had "got one look too many," and that was bad enough from his, Colin's, standpoint without adding anything more to it.

And then there was Germaine herself. From the moment it became known that she was the informant she would be in danger. And then, too, there was himself. He would inevitably be brought into it in court—evidence, testimony in due course. He could not testify under a false name.

But he would not ask her to remain silent without giving her a reason. There seemed to be only one way out: to tell her as much of the truth as his promise to Reddy would permit. This sailing under false colors with Germaine was becoming unendurable.

"Look here!" he said abruptly. "My name's not Howard."

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Colin unbudens, tomorrow, to Germaine.

CHINA'S SORROW RAMPAGES AGAIN

HANKOW, China, Aug. 15.—(UP)—Growing apprehensions regarding

possible results of the flood of the Yellow river—called "China's sorrow"—near Szechui were revealed in Chinese dispatches from Chengchow today.

It was said an area 50 miles wide, extending from Kungshien to Szechui and Chengchow, was completely submerged, causing a loss of life authorities in Chengchow feared might total several thousand.

Property losses were said to be enormous. Similar conditions were understood to exist northeast of Chengchow.

Hoovers Visit Lassen. MINERAL, Calif., Aug. 14.—(AP)—Former President Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Hoover visited the Lassen National Park yesterday.

AUTOIST KILLED WHEN FRONT TIRE BLOWS OUT

BAKER, Aug. 15.—(UP)—Carbon Drury of Baker, 39, was killed Sun-

day afternoon when crushed beneath his overturned automobile on the Old Oregon Trail near Dale in Baker county.

Drury, who was riding alone, was badly mangled. Tracks indicated that one of the front tires on the automobile blew out and the car plunged over a 20 foot embankment. The driver was apparently thrown from

the automobile and caught beneath it when it stopped.

A technical library of engineering works has been added to the gifts being assembled for the projected University of Kansas City.

The first name of Flint, Michigan, was "Mus-on-la-wa-Ing," meaning "Open Plain Burnt Over."

S'MATTER POP—

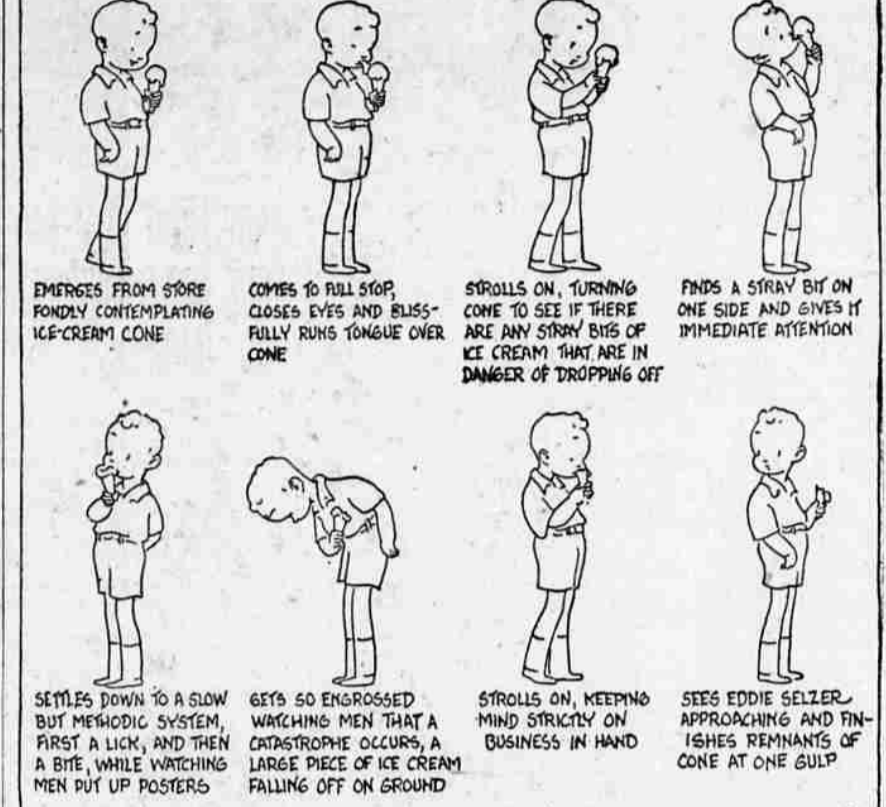
By C. M. PAYNE



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ICE-CREAM CONE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bandits Overboard!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—In Safe Hands!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—A Promising Fellow

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TWO TRANSIENTS DIE IN U. P. TRAIN WRECK

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Aug. 15.—(AP)—Two transient were believed killed and an unestimated number injured today when a west-bound Union Pacific freight train was wrecked at Altalia, 34 miles from

here, derailing 21 cars, several of them carrying transient riders. Eye witnesses said cars buckled in the long train after a journal broke on one car.

Approximately 90 per cent of all Kentucky school buildings are of frame construction.

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