

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Colin Hewitt learns that the St. Lawrence River is a mysterious letter to Joe Laroux is really a den of thieves, one of the cutthroats of the West. New York killer who has threatened Colin's life. Laroux is the Mark's tool, but also Colin's only hope of deliverance. Now he leaves the club to be hi-jacked under a gun led by one Doltaire. He must save Laroux and goes to Bouchard's shack to ask him to guide him, overland to the club. There he hears familiar voices.

Chapter 19 THE SPY

COLIN moved forward again, but this time cautiously. And again he halted. He was within earshot now. The window sill was no more than waist high, and hidden in the darkness himself, he could see plainly into the interior of the shack.

Laroux and Bouchard! So Bouchard was the spy! Bouchard, though Colin had never seen the fellow before, was obviously the third man seated there at the rough board table—a big man, unshaven and unkempt. And Bouchard at the moment was lifting a bottle to his lips.

"Thousands, I tell you!" Bouchard asserted, and thumped the bottle on the table by way of emphasis. "Me, I am telling you, I saw it. It is underneath what they call their power

house door was left open. After a little while I looked in. There was a light there, and the dynamo was running, but I could not see anyone inside.

"And then all at once a part of the floor lifted and—a man's head was coming up. It was like he was riding on an elevator. I did not have time to see any more than I have told you a few minutes ago—but that is enough, eh? The man saw me. He fled at me—and I ran.

"And pretty soon they were all in the woods after me, but they were like puppy dogs chasing their own tails. I did not go the way they thought I would go—Bouchard burst into laughter again—"I went back to the power house. But there were two men left there to keep guard. It was no use staying there, so I said to myself, 'Anatole, you will go home and get a little sleep.'

Bouchard paused, wet his lips with his tongue, and looked longingly again at the bottle. Laroux, resenting, pushed it toward him.

"THE last one, you understand?" he cautioned gruffly. "There will be work to do tonight. Go on! What next?"

"Thanks, said Bouchard gratefully, as he helped himself to another generous swig. "Well, I got



"Soon they were all after me," said Bouchard.

house where the falls come over—you see—eh? It is clever."

"Hah!" observed Bouchard slyly. "There is a trapdoor, then. That is easy."

"No," said Bouchard, and tilted the bottle again. "It is not so easy as all that. They are not children, those fellows there—except in the woods." He laughed suddenly, uproariously, as he once more wiped his lips.

"There is a story about the children in the woods—eh?"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Laroux sharply. "Don't make so much noise, and don't drink so much! How do you get down under the power house?"

Bouchard scrubbed at his unshaven jaw with dirty fingers.

"It is that of which I am going to tell you," he answered with an untroubled grin. "How do you get down underneath, eh? Well, the floor is all cement. And it is laid with grooves that make big squares—you understand? But this is not for the frost. No! It is to fool the eye. It does not look like there was a part that was separate from the rest. But I am telling you that is the way, it is. I do not know how it comes up and down."

"WE'LL take care of that!" declared Laroux contemptuously. "We can blast the whole thing open now that we know. Go on, Bouchard, with the rest of it. How did you find this out?"

Colin stirred—noiselessly—tasting his muscles. He shared Laroux's impatience. He had heard a great deal—but also very little. What were those thousands that Bouchard talked about—what was the secret of this power house?

Bouchard's little rattling eyes were on the bottle—longingly, but it had been withdrawn from beyond his reach.

"It was yesterday morning, before it was light," he explained. "I was watching. I saw someone go from the club to the power house. It is only a little way—maybe thirty, forty yards. I followed. The power-

back here, and then that fog set in. It was not gone until midnight. Then I went back to the club, and stayed there and watched all day. So you see now, eh, why I was not here this afternoon?"

"That's all right, now that we understand," Bouchard conceded heartily. "Well, did you find out anything more?"

"No," replied Bouchard with a throaty chuckle, "except that some of them were lost for sure nearly all night, and that they do not search any more now. But what I found out before then I have not told you yet. I have stolen close to the club at night, and I have heard them talk. You bet! Listen! The big boss is a man they call the Mask."

"We will see who is the boss when we meet him!" observed Laroux grimly.

Bouchard shook his head.

"You will not meet him," he stated with a short laugh. "He is never there. He is always in New York. I have heard them talk a lot about him and—I do not understand—but they do not seem to know who he is themselves. That's funny, eh?—but it is true. And I have heard them talk a lot about what they call W. P., that is also in New York, but I do not understand about that either."

"New York is a long way off," Laroux pointed out derisively. "What do we care what it means? How many men have they got at the club?"

"Ten," said Bouchard laconically.

"Ho!" ejaculated Laroux facetiously. "Then we are too many! We ought to have refused half of those brave boys at St. Pierre and Miquelon who wanted to line their pockets. Think of it, Bouchard, when we come to divide! We could swallow the club alive."

But again Bouchard shook his head.

(Copyright, 1935, Frank L. Packard)

Colin takes a dive, tomorrow.

FOUL PLAY SEEN IN UMPQUA FIND

ROSEBURG, Ore., Aug. 18.—(AP)—The body of an unidentified man,

apparently about 35 years of age, was found in the Umpqua river at Reedsport yesterday, bearing evidences of foul play, causing officers to make a further investigation today.

The body was found floating beside the dock at the Winchester Bay Lumber Company mill. An examination by Coroner H. C. Stearns and Dr. H. C. Eastland of Reedsport, re-

vealed that the man's neck had been broken, but the body bore no further signs of bruises or injuries. There was a three foot length of heavy wire on the right foot, indicating that the body had broken loose from a weight.

It was apparent, Coroner Stearns stated, that the body had been in the water about seven or eight days,

AUTO INDUSTRY CODE AGREED ON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—(AP)—An agreement between the automobile

industry and the N. E. A. upon the "open shop" provision of the industry code was reached today, with spokesmen for the manufacturers accepting a modification proposed by Robert W. Lea, deputy administrator.

The change, which officials indicated represented the views of Hugh B. Johnson, the administrator, was the first modification of the "collective bargaining" labor clause of the

industrial act which has been written in cooperation with the N. E. A.

Missing.

PORTLAND, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Police were today asked to search for Arthur S. Blanchard, 45, for years an employee of the Mountain States Power company at Albany. His wife said he had been missing since 7:15 p. m. Saturday.

S'MATTER POP—

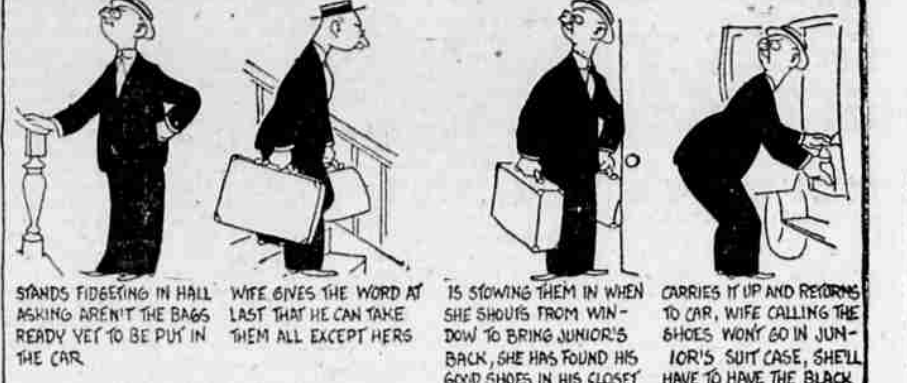
By C. M. PAYNE



(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE BAGS FOR THE CAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Saving Room For The Treasure Chest!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—The Posse Wins!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Just Wasting Time

By SOL HESS



LIVESTOCK CONFAB TO BE HELD SOON

DENVER, Aug. 18.—(AP)—F. E. Mollin, secretary of the American Livestock association, said today he expects Secretary of Agriculture Wallace to call a conference in Chicago soon after August 25 between a committee of livestock men and a group representing meat processors to work out a marketing agreement.

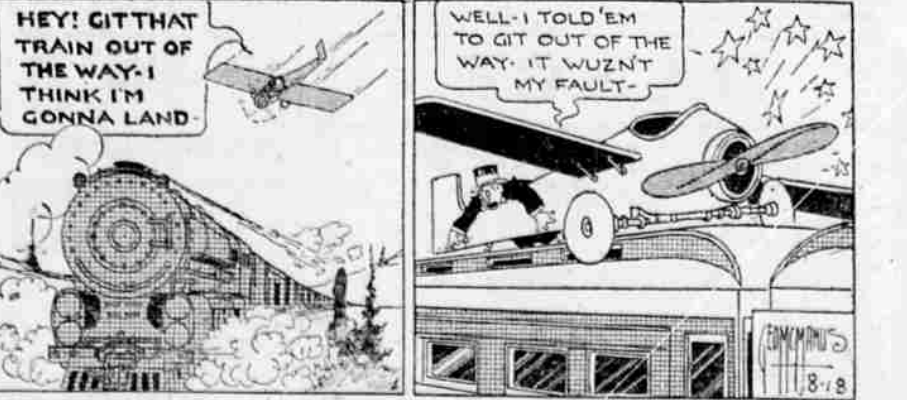
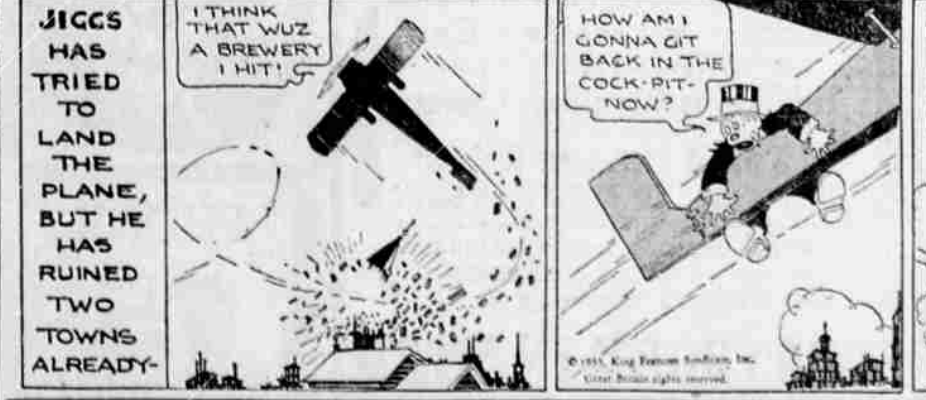
ROSEBURG SUSPECT ESCAPES EN ROUTE

DENVER, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Handcuffed and chained to a bed, H. B. Graham, a prisoner from Roseburg, Oregon, enroute to Texas, broke a heavy iron bar last night and escaped while his guard was out to lunch.

His guard, Detective H. C. Hudson of Tyler, Texas, left the room to eat lunch and when he came back 15 minutes later Graham had disappeared.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation